









# THE HOME COMPANION

IN ACCIDENT, DISEASE, EMERGENCY, HEALTH, AND SICKNESS.

FORMING A SUPPLEMENT TO "THE HOME COMPANION," AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE, PRICE ONE PENNY. PUBLISHED AT 69, FLEET-STREET, LONDON; AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

SUPPLEMENT, No. 1.]

ALWAYS ON SALE.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## INTRODUCTION.

"Accidents will happen in the best regulated families."—Children will play with fire and get burnt; horses will run away and break people's legs, ribs, collar-bones, or some other bones; little boys will leave orange-peel on the pavement to throw elderly people down and dislocate their limbs; dust or lime will blow in people's eyes; carts or horses will run over little children that get in the way, or won't get out of it; boats will upset and immerse people in the water and nearly drown them; quarrelsome people will fight and bruise or stab one another; adders will bite people that meddle with them, and sometimes those that won't; knives will slip and cut awkward persons' hands; and all sorts of accidents will happen, in spite of everything. They always have ever since I can remember; and then people say that things have gone on in this way ever since the world began. But this is not all.

Aldermen like good things, so do other people; but then they suffer for it; for they get indigestion, or apoplexy, or some other disease, and therefore we may set it down as a rule that what people call "good things" are in reality bad things. Young ladies will dance at parties, and then run into the cold draughty passages, or eat ices, or drink cold water when in a perspiration, and then their mammae wonder the next day how it is they are ill; besides, they will go out in pretty little thin shoes in cold, wet, drizzling weather, and without a bonnet or handkerchief on. How can they be astonished when the next morning introduces them to a sore throat or influenza? Yes, and the young men are not a bit better; they will wear thin boots and light coats in wet weather, because it looks stylish; and then they go and play cricket, or row, and drink cider, or cold water, or some other cold fluid, and lie down in the shade when over-heated. Now all this is very wrong, and I hope it is not altogether through wilfulness, or obstinacy, or whatever you may choose to call it. You know what is said about ladies on that point—

"When a woman will, she will—  
You may depend on't,  
And when she won't, she won't—  
And there's an end on't."

Now my object is to furnish such rules, hints, cautions, and directions, that, if followed, will assist in preventing, checking, or curing disease, alleviating pain, and perhaps preventing death or serious permanent injury, likely to result from accidents, imprudence, or wilfulness. We know that medical aid cannot always be commanded at once, especially in country towns or villages, and for want of proper directions many a life or limb may be lost, or rendered permanently useless; therefore to obviate such disastrous results I have compiled the following pages, which will furnish ample directions for all the common emergencies, diseases, and accidents that are likely to come under the notice of an individual during his career in life; and in order to make the directions more explicit, I have occasionally introduced neat little woodcuts. It should be borne in mind by every one that reads these pages, that I do not attempt to instruct them in the treatment of serious diseases or accidents, books will not supply this information; it is only to be acquired by practice and thought. My object is, 1st. to enable people generally to distinguish a disease or accident of a serious kind from one that requires only a simple remedy, so that professional aid may be sought immediately; 2nd. to enable all persons to treat simple diseases or accidents; 3rd. to enable any one to act in emergent cases until such time as medical aid can be procured.

In performing the task of compilation I have endeavoured to bring together as much useful information regarding each accident, or emergency, as could be crowded into a small volume, and have consulted all the best works, British and foreign, that bear upon the several subjects treated of, besides bringing a large stock of practical experience, acquired at home and in foreign countries.

In the directions given, I have endeavoured rather to secure simplicity of language than elegant diction; but there are words that will creep in (in fact they must be used), and this cannot be avoided, because no other words can be found to convey the same meaning. When my readers meet with such, let them consult either "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, revised by R. A. Davenport," or "Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge;" but in the absence of such works a common English dictionary will no doubt solve the difficulty.

If, after all my efforts, I shall have alleviated one suffering being, cured one aching body, prevented some serious injury by furnishing ample hints to obviate bungling or unnecessary interference, and saved either life, limb, health, happiness, or pocket, then my labours will be rewarded and my satisfaction complete.

THE HOME COMPANION.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

1. If you have a sound constitution, do not meet with any serious accidents, and follow the rules necessary to preserve health, I have no doubt that you will arrive at a good old age.
2. The chief conditions essential to health are—1. Pure air; 2. Good nourishing food; 3. Cleanliness; 4. Exercise; 5. Proper temperature; 6. Amusements; 7. Exemption from distress of mind and harassing cares; 8. Early rising.

### I.—PURE AIR.

3. The air fit for respiration or breathing, consists chiefly of two gases,—one called *oxygen*, which furnishes about 20 parts or measures in every 100 measures of air; and another called *nitrogen*, which furnishes about 80 parts or measures, and the remaining very small proportion consists of another gas, called *carbonic acid gas*.

4. When a full-grown, healthy person inhales the air, the lungs draw in about 20 cubic inches of it at every inspiration; and, therefore, he will use about 57 hogsheads in 24 hours. As the air passes into the lungs, it contains a large proportion of oxygen; but when it passes out, or is expired, it has lost the chief part of this gas, which is replaced by a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas; \* therefore, air once breathed is not fit to be breathed again.

5. When air contains any other ingredients than those enumerated above—viz., oxygen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid gas, or the proportions of those ingredients differ, it cannot be breathed for any length of time without producing injurious results.

6. The reason air is injurious when it contains too great a proportion of carbonic acid gas, is because this gas is not fit for respiration. You know that it is very dangerous to sit in a close room where there is a charcoal fire, and frequent cases have been recorded of persons dying in consequence; indeed, suicide has been committed by using a charcoal fire. Now the reason is this: the charcoal, when it burns, unites with the oxygen in the air of the room, and forms carbonic acid; if the air of the room does not contain much oxygen, the charcoal will not burn as well as if it does, because oxygen is a supporter of combustion, as well as life. This carbonic acid gas, about which I have told you, is often found in wells and pits, and would kill any one that went into them; therefore, if ever you have occasion to go down into such places, be sure and let down a lighted candle first, and if it goes out, you will know that it is very improper to descend, while the gas is there. Now, as you may want to know how this gas is to be got rid

\* For the manner in which the oxygen of the air acts upon the charcoal, and how carbonic acid is given off from the lungs, see *Family Friend*, vol. III., p. 150.

will tell you. Get some lime, and sprinkle it with water; throw it into the well, and wait for a short time; then lower your lighted candle, and if it burns, you can go down; but if it burns dimly, throw down a trifle more lime, and you may then descend with perfect safety, because the carbonic acid has united with the lime, and formed a carbonate of lime.

7. This carbonic acid gas, then, is generated, in all rooms where human beings, or breathing animals, are congregated; and, therefore, ventilation is required to carry off the vitiated air, and supply pure and respirable air.

8. Ventilation is required in all apartments, even our stables, and cow-houses, but especially in our sleeping apartments. Various methods have

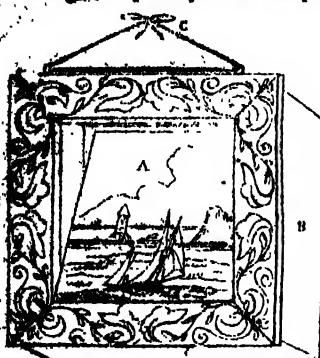


Fig. 1.

been used for the purpose of ventilating rooms, and among others, that proposed by Dr. Arnott, which consists in making an aperture, opening into the chimney as near to the ceiling as possible. This aperture is fitted with a metal frame (Fig. 1, B), having a moveable part (A), which opens into the chimney, but cannot open into the room; therefore the return of smoke is prevented. The back part of the moveable piece is fitted with a weight which regulates its motion. These valves are generally made plain, but by attaching a piece of cord (C), and having a gilt frame, with a landscape painted on the moveable piece, as in Fig. 1, they may be made ornamental to a room. By means of this valve, the most impure air in a room is allowed to escape into the chimney, and as any person may admit this plan, from the Queen's in Buckingham Palace, where it was used many years ago, to the humblest peasant in the realm, I have given this plan in preference to any other mode; besides ventilation is too vast a subject to enter into fully now.

In ventilating large rooms, churches, town-halls, &c., it is desirable to

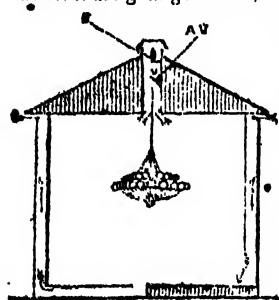


Fig. 2.

have shafts to admit fresh air, and one for the escape of foul air. A plan has been introduced of late years, which is exhibited in Fig. 2. The direction of the admission of air is seen by the arrows; the current of fresh air entering at the upper part on one side, according to the direction of the wind; that on the right of the diagram entering the room by the skirting-board, which is pierced with small holes, or narrow slits, of an inch in width, and nearly the depth of the skirting; and that on the left passing through the floor. The outlet for the vitiated air is placed in the centre of the ceiling, over the chandeliers, and this is

provided with a valve (v), which opens upwards; above this is a gaslight, (s) which rarefies the air, and so draws up the foul air from the room, like a cupping-glass does the blood from our bodies.

9. The chief points requiring attention in ventilating rooms or houses consist:—1. Of having an inlet for fresh air, and an outlet for vitiated air; 2. The air admitted should be as pure as possible free from local vitiations, such as drains, smoke of manufactories, &c.; 3. When air is admitted into an apartment, it should be at the lowest part, and the aggregate area of admission should be twice as great as that of the outlet; 4. When there are galleries in a hall, church, &c., they should be supplied with fresh air from the outside of the building, and not from the body of the room; 5. Air may be warmed when admitted into a large room, by making it pass over pipes filled with hot water; 6. All ventilating shafts, chimneys, &c., should be as smooth inside as possible, as every projection impedes the currents of air.

10. Where gas or oil is consumed for lighting a room, a large amount of carbonic acid and water is generated, and this takes place in every room where we have even candles. Now, the reason is this—the hydrogen of the gas, or oil, or tallow, unites with the oxygen of the air, taking eight measures of oxygen to one of itself, to form nine measures of water, which is deposited on the windows and walls, if provision is not made for its escape; then the carbon unites with a portion of the oxygen to form carbonic acid gas, six parts, by weight, of the carbon combining with sixteen parts, by weight, of oxygen.

11. Every room should have a fireplace, and particularly bed-rooms, but when there is not one, some other means of ventilation should be contrived, such as inserting a revolving ventilator like fig. 3, in the upper part of the room, over the door. Such a contrivance may be procured and fixed for about sixpence or eightpence, and when the upper sash of the window is left down for about an inch, the room will be rendered quite sweet and wholesome.

12. Whenever persons leave a room in which they have sat for some time, the window should be opened and the door set ajar; the same plan should be pursued with bed-rooms. I know many persons that sleep with their windows little open, and the plan is not objectionable except in damp weather. In high houses it is advisable to light the staircase by a sky-

light hung in the centre, so that it will serve for the purpose of ventilation as well.

## II.—FOOD.

13. It is highly necessary that the food partaken of by man should be of a nutritious kind, because there is a continual waste of substance going on, which therefore requires a continual supply of nutritious aliment or food to support it.

14. Our bodies are composed of certain essential elements, which they have not the power of forming or of changing into others; that is to say, we cannot create any one of the material elements entering into the composition of our bodies, nor can we change one of them into another; hence it follows that we must derive them from our food.

15. The elements of which our bodies are composed are thirteen:—1. carbon; 2. hydrogen; 3. oxygen; 4. nitrogen; 5. phosphorus; 6. sulphur; 7. iron; 8. chlorine; 9. sodium; 10. potassium; 11. calcium; 12. magnesium; 13. fluorine.

16. Man is designed to live on a mixed diet, experience proves that such is the case, and anatomy establishes it as a fact. We are not carnivorous or herbivorous, but omnivorous; that is to say, we do not live wholly upon flesh, or vegetables, but devour both kinds. It is found that the most perfect physical development, and greatest amount of intellect, is found among those races that adopt a mixed diet, and there is no question that a considerable variety of food is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health and life.

17. We have already learned (§ 14) that there are certain elements entering into our composition, and that we cannot form any one of them, but that they are derived from our food. Let us now see how some of them are supplied by the food. As infants we live upon milk, which is undoubtedly the best type we have of food, containing, as it does, a mixture of oleaginous, albuminous, and saccharine substances. The materials of which milk is composed are required and used to form cartilage, cellular tissue, membrane, &c. Then we are fed with farinaceous foods, sweetened with sugar, which contribute to form fat, and other foods furnish fibrine, albumen, casein, and gluten, to keep up the muscular and albuminous tissues. Fatty matters, saccharine and starchy compounds, act as fuel to maintain the animal heat, and save the tissues of the body from being injured by the excessive action of oxygen.

18. When food is taken into the mouth and masticated, it is mixed with the saliva and other fluids, and is then forced into the stomach, where it undergoes a peculiar process, being mixed with a fluid called the gastric juice, which is an acid secretion and powerful solvent and antiseptic. This juice converts the aliment or food into a homogeneous semi fluid pulpy mass called chyme, and the process has received the name of *chymification*, which we commonly call digestion, and the chyme itself formed is acid.

19. When the food has been chymified or digested, it passes from the stomach into one of the small intestines, where it is acted upon by the bile and other fluids, and becomes separated into two portions—one a milky kind of fluid called chyle, which is an alkaline, and another the refuse of the food, or excrementitious matter. The chyle is absorbed by small vessels, and conveyed to a particular part of the body, whence it is conveyed by a tube to be poured into the venous system, and thus nourish our bodies.

20. When improper food is taken, it cannot be digested so readily as that which is proper, hence it is returned from a particular part of the stomach (which acts as a sentry with orders not to let any undigested food pass) to be acted upon again by the gastric juice until it is fit for the purpose of nutrition.

21. Certain articles of food take a longer time to digest than others, because they are naturally more difficult of digestion. Fatty or oily matters are very difficult to digest, and therefore dyspeptic persons should never use these substances, as the gastric juice possesses very little influence on them, and the oily particles float on the contents of the stomach, becoming rancid, and giving off acrid volatile fatty acids, which cause heartburn, nausea, and eructations, which frequently end in vomiting. This is generally the case after eating fresh pork or mutton fats, goose, &c. From experiments and observations made by Dr. Beaumont, it appears that the frequent use of fatty matters causes the presence of bile in the gastric fluids; and that the gastric juice is better able to act upon these fatty matters when the bile is present. His experiments were made on a Canadian, who had an opening into his stomach caused by a gun-shot wound. By means of this opening, Dr. Beaumont was enabled to introduce various kinds of food into the stomach, and withdraw it from time to time for the purpose of making his observations. The experiments led him to determine the time required to digest fatty substances, which is as follows:

Food.	How Prepared.	Hours.	Minutes.
Beef, salt (fresh.)	Boiled.	5	30
Mutton, salt.	Boiled.	4	30
Butter.	Melted.	3	30
Cheese (old and strong.)	Ras.	3	30
Milk.	Raw.	2	15
Milk.	Boiled.	2	0
Liver (beef, fresh.)	Boiled.	2	0
Brains (animal.)	Boiled.	1	45

\* For the description, properties, &c., of these several substances, see "Familiar Lectures on Chemistry," by Family Tutor, vol. I., p. 11, and 12.

† See papers upon "The Physiology of Health and Disease," in Family Tutor, vol. I., p. 151, &c. [The Family Tutor is published fortnightly, by all Booksellers, price 2d.]

# IN ACCIDENT, DISEASE, EMERGENCY, HEALTH, AND SICKNESS.

22. All individuals that suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia should avoid fat meat, roast goose or duck, marrow, butter, oil, liver, brains, yolk of egg, milk, and especially cream; all kinds of fried food, rich cheese, melted butter, pastry, hashes, stews, and fat broths; buttered toast, or cakes, and suet puddings; nuts, walnuts, cocoa-nuts, chocolate, and, in fact, all oily or fatty matters that are apt to disturb the stomach, even mayonaisse, thyme, parsley, water-cresses, radishes, onions, and nutmeg; and all kinds of sauces, such as soy, catsup, &c.

23. Vegetables are not easily digested, the operation goes on slower than with meats and farinaceous substances. The following Table exhibits their relative digestibility:

Food.	How Prepared.	Hours.	Minutes.
Beets.	Boiled.	3.	15
Potatoes (Irish.)	Boiled.	3.	30
Turnips (Ant.)	Boiled.	3.	45
Carrots (orange.)	Boiled.	3.	15
Potatoes (Irish.)	Baked.	2.	30
" "	Roasted.	2.	40
Paranips.	Boiled.	2.	30
Cabbage.	Boiled.	1.	20

It therefore appears that potatoes are the most easily digested among the vegetable, and that cabbage is the least digestible. It is important that vegetable as well as other food should be masticated thoroughly to assist the process of digestion. We know by experience that mealy potatoes digest better than waxy ones, therefore dyspeptic persons should not eat new potatoes.

24. Animal food is facilitated in its digestion by perfect mastication or chewing, and tenderness of fibre. The digestibility of animal food, however, is influenced by many circumstances, such as age, fatness, freshness, mode of killing it, and sex. The flesh of young animals is more tender than that of older ones. The flesh of females is more tender than that of males; and that of emaculated animals more tender, and better flavoured than either of them. Fresh meat does not digest so well as that which has been kept; violent exertion previous to death makes the flesh more tender, hence the reason game is so much esteemed. The digestibility of various kinds of meat is given by Dr. Beaumont as follows:

Food.	How Prepared.	Hours.	Minutes.
Venison (steak.)	Broiled.	1.	35
Pig (suckling.)	Roasted.	2.	30
Lamb (fresh.)	Boiled.	2.	30
Pork (newly salted)	Baked.	3.	0
" "	Stewed.	3.	0
" (steak.)	Broiled.	3.	15
" (newly salted.)	Fried.	3.	15
" (fat and lean.)	Roasted.	3.	15
Beef (fresh & lean)	Roasted.	3.	0
" (steak.)	Stewed.	3.	0
" (fresh & lean, dried.)	Roasted.	3.	30
" (with mustard)	Boiled.	3.	30
" (old, hard, & salted.)	Fried.	4.	0
Vent (fresh.)	Boiled.	4.	15
" "	Broiled.	4.	0
Mutton (fresh.)	Fried.	4.	30
" "	Boiled.	3.	0
" "	Roasted.	3.	15

25. The digestibility of food is affected by the state of mind and body, habit, and many other circumstances relating to the individual. Passion retards digestion; and excitement of any kind is injurious. It is beneficial to rest before and after a meal, and this applies to mind as well as body. An hour's rest is of great importance; then exercise should follow; but the exercise should be moderate.

26. Certain foods are more nutritious than others, and I cannot do better than give the relative nutritive properties of flesh, fowl, and fish, in order that any one may choose for themselves:

Beef .....	26 parts of nutritive matter.
Veal .....	25 " "
Mutton .....	24 " "
Pork .....	24 " "
Chicken .....	27 " "
Cod .....	24 " "
Haddock .....	18 " "
Sole .....	31 " "

27. The time required for the digestion of food, by the healthy stomach, is from three to four hours; and food should not be taken for an hour or so after the stomach has disposed of its contents.

28. Dr. Coombs observes, that "the number and periods of our meals should be in proportion to the real wants of the system, as modified by age, sex, health, and manner of life, and as indicated by the true returns of appetite." It is well to have fixed periods for our meals; which should not exceed three for grown up people, although five is generally the number. Children require feeding more often than adults. The best time for breakfast is as soon after rising and dressing as possible, and the meal should consist of a light diet and coffee. It is improper for delicate persons to exercise either body or mind much before breakfast; it produces exhaustion and languor. Lanchon is not a necessary meal, except when the period between breakfast and dinner is too long. It should consist of a light diet,

and be partaken of about five hours after breakfast. Dinner should be taken about one or two o'clock; and after partaking of the most digestible food it is advisable to rest, if possible, for a short time; and then take a light supper. You remember the old saying,

"After dinner a walk,  
After supper a nap."

This should consist of a light nutritive diet, with a moderate quantity of tea or coffee, and be partaken of about six o'clock in the evening. Suppers are unnecessary to persons that dine late, and at any time lighter than dinner to those who take much exercise.

29. Food is rendered injurious to dyspeptic people by certain processes of cooking, but most animal and vegetable substances require the aid of the cook to make them digestible, except oysters, and some few fruits, such as pears, apples, &c. Pickling, salting, and smoking makes meat hard, and more indigestible, consequently unfit for persons labouring under indigestion, unless it be bacon. Boiling is the best process that food can undergo to make it digestible (see § 24). Over-boiling renders some food very indigestible,—for example, eggs; and it lessens the nutritive quality of others. Roasting, next to boiling, is the best method of cooking meat, which should not be underdone, or overdone. Broiling makes meat more savoury, but broiled meats are unsuited for persons with delicate stomachs. Baking and frying should never be practised for animal food, as it makes it very indigestible, and gives rise to unpleasant symptoms (see § 31). Baked rice, tapioca, and other kinds of puddings, are exceptions to this rule.

30. It is impossible to fix the proper amount of food to be taken at any one meal, as much will depend upon habits, age, constitution, and other conditions; but the following hints are worth remarking:—Never open your appetite; that is to say, do not eat until you are obliged to drop your knife and fork, because you cannot eat any more; rather endeavour to rise from your meal with a sense of satisfaction, ease, and some little appetite. Always remember that your stomach may be overworked the same as your body, and that, unlike yourself, it cannot cry out "Hold, enough!" when you give it too much to do.

31. When eating, chew your food slowly and thoroughly, so that it may be well mixed with saliva. If you eat too fast, it is not properly prepared for the operation of the gastric juice, and cannot afford your body so much nourishment as if it were thoroughly masticated. Never use too many kinds of food at one meal.

32. The best bread is that which is a day old; it may be dried from the loaf or made into dry toast. If ordinary bread disagrees with you, try the unfermented bread, avoid pastry, pancakes, dumplings, &c.

33. The best kinds of meat for dyspeptic people are beef and mutton; fowls or chicken (boiled); and rabbits. If you are troubled with indigestion, avoid pork, either fresh or pickled, veal, ducks, geese, or lamb.

34. The best kinds of fish are soles, whiting, and oysters; the two latter boiled and eaten without butter, and the latter eaten raw.

35. The best vegetables are potatoes, nicely boiled and mashed, or baked in their skins (see § 23). Avoid peas, beans, and cabbage.

36. Drink water, or toast and water, and, if necessary, add a little brandy, as wine is apt to disagree with dyspeptic people. Allsop's pale ale is a mild, tonic malt liquor, and less objectionable than most fermented liquors. Tea and coffee are not objectionable, if not too strong. Avoid chocolate and cocoa.

## III.—CLEANLINESS.

37. It is highly important that the skin should be frequently cleansed, in order to remove the residue of the fluid poured out through its minute orifices. If this residue is not removed by some means, certain diseases are produced, or, at the least, aggravated.

38. The best method of cleansing the skin is to wash it frequently,—not merely the face and hands, but the whole body; therefore it is desirable to bathe, or to use cold affusion.

39. Baths are divided into warm and cold—the former comprising hot, tepid, and vapour baths, and the latter the plunge and shower bath. To this we may add cold affusion.

40. A hot bath ranges from 97° to 106° of Fahrenheit, and is used to promote a copious perspiration. A tepid bath ranges from 86° to 98° Fahrenheit; and the vapour bath from 109° to 130° Fahrenheit. The two last are used in acute rheumatism, gout, and skin diseases. The period of immersion or use should not be less than twenty minutes, nor exceed one hour. An excellent vapour bath is made by placing a bucket of boiling water under the chair upon which a person is seated, and surrounding the chair and person with a blanket. When the vapour decreases, throw a hot brick into the bucket. If the vapour of sulphur is required, the bath should be superintended by a medical man.

41. There are several forms of warm bath, such as the foot bath, the hip bath, and the hand bath; but warm water is the remedy employed, except in certain cases ordered otherwise by a medical man.

42. The plunge bath varies in temperature from 42° to 58° Fahrenheit. If properly used, it increases the circulation and muscular elasticity, gives strength to the whole system, and promotes the secretions. It should never be taken by those who are in a delicate state of health without the advice of a medical man. To benefit by this bath, the bather should be warm, and only make three plunges, and then come out of the bath. He should then get an agreeable glow over the whole body, and a sense of being refreshed; but if the immersion be too long, the action of the heart and vessels becomes languid, a sense of coldness at the stomach is felt, and sometimes faintness.



and alarming symptoms ending in death follow, especially if the temperature is under 50°.

43. The *shower bath* is too well known to need any description. Its use should be avoided in advanced life, every period of pregnancy, certain diseases of the chest, and early infancy. Its beneficial effect is increased by keeping the feet in warm water during the shower; this is found to be the case in chronic headache and some nervous affections. If not in good health never use this bath without consulting a medical man.

44. *Cold affusion* is performed by suddenly pouring water over the whole surface of the body, either by means of a sponge or a jug. It is a modification of the shower bath, and is extremely useful in nervous complaints, and is an excellent prophylactic.

45. Next to washing and bathing, frequent change of the clothing next to the skin tends to keep the body in health. The teeth also require cleaning.

#### IV.—EXERCISE.

46. Exercise may be muscular, general active, general passive, or mental.

47. Muscular exercise is extremely useful; it develops the active organs of locomotion—the muscles—and increases the circulation and nervous energy.

48. Muscular exercise should not be protracted to any great extent when persons are of delicate constitutions or their systems debilitated by diseases. It should be gradual and easy.

49. All muscular exertion practised for the benefit of the health should be voluntary to have the desired effect. It should be made a pastime, not a task.

50. Active bodily exercise consists in walking, running, jumping, riding, dancing, rowing, boxing, &c. These may be made amusing as well as healthful; and when the weather does not permit females to walk or ride, the exercise of driving, or throwing a few small leather balls over the head, can be practised in-doors. The former is exhilarating, and the latter tends to expand the chest and increase the circulation.

51. All bodily exercise must be proportioned to the strength and health of people.

52. Passive bodily exercise consists in sailing, carriage-riding, boating, &c.

53. Mental exercise should not be too severe; the brain should not be abused; it requires rest as well as the muscles. An inactive life is bad; but beware of taxing the brain too much. Remember that many eminent men have killed themselves by intense study.

54. Repose of body is necessary as well as repose of mind, and eight hours is a fair allowance for adults; however, many persons only take six.



Fig. 4.

#### V.—TEMPERATURE.

55. Sudden alternations of heat and cold are injurious, especially to young persons; therefore the clothing should be adapted to the temperature of the season of the year and the climate.

56. When persons have damp or wet clothes on them, they should change them as soon as possible, because the evaporation of the watery particles will reduce the temperature of the body, check the perspiration, and cause inflammation of some part.

57. The proper temperature for the body, in health, ranges from 60° to 72°.

58. Dry and sufficient clothing is a great remedy against disease; it prevents colds, rheumatism, fevers, and many other serious disorders.

#### VI.—AMUSEMENTS.

59. Amusements may be solitary to many. Among the former, we may class reading and drawing; and among the latter, dancing, music, theatrical exhibitions, lectures, &c.

60. The object of amusements should be to combine instruction with pleasure, and so to please the mind.

61. Amusements may be sensual, intellectual, and moral. The first is to be avoided, the others to be cultivated; for all that can ennoble us, and place us higher in the scale of creation, is to be cherished and applauded.

#### VII.—EXEMPTION FROM HARASSING CARES.

62. Mental distress and anxiety act injuriously upon the body, and tend to shorten life. We can scarcely have a better example of this than in medical men, who seldom live to a great age. But let us see what Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, says about the duration of life: "Taking 100 individuals in each class, the number who attained the age of 70 have been among divines, 42; agriculturists, 40; employes in high offices, 35; mercantile persons, 35; military men, 32; employes in lower offices, 32; advocates, 28; teachers—professors, 27; medical men, 24."

63. The continuance of life depends upon the physical condition of the body, which is influenced by the mind; hence it is affirmed that married men live longer than bachelors, because it is supposed, notwithstanding all the cares attending the matrimonial state, that they are much happier. Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, thus speaks of the relative mortality: "The mortality of bachelors, from the age of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent. Of married men of the same ages, 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60 there are but 28 bachelors alive for 48 married."

men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors for 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors there are 9 married men."

#### VIII.—EARLY RISING.

64.—Early rising conduces to health and to prolong life; and I might cite many examples of men who attained a great age and were always early risers. The Duke of Wellington is a remarkable instance of this; Napoleon is another.

65. Perhaps you remember the old maxim,

"Early to bed, early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Do not forget this distich, because it contains much useful advice.

#### MEDICINES.

##### ARTICLES REQUIRED FOR MIXING MEDICINES.

66. Three glass measures, one to measure ounces, another to measure drachms, and a measure for minims or small doses.

A pestle and mortar of glass or Wedgwood ware, a glass funnel, and glass stirring rods.

A spatula or flexible knife for spreading ointments, making pills, &c.

A set of scales and weights.

A small slab of marble, slate, or porcelain, for making pills upon, mixing ointments, &c.

##### WEIGHTS AND MEASURES USED FOR MEDICINES.

67. *Weights.*—When you open your box containing the scales and weights, you will observe that there are several square pieces of brass of different sizes and thicknesses, and stamped with a variety of characters. These are the weights, which I will now explain to you.

68. Medicines are made up by troy weight, although drugs are bought by avoirdupois weight, and of course you know that there are only 12 ounces to the pound troy, which is marked lb.; then each ounce, which contains 8 drachms, is marked ʒi.; each drachm, containing 3 scruples, is marked ʒi.; and each scruple of 20 grains is marked ʒi. The grain weights are marked by little circles, each circle signifying a grain.

For example, fig. 5 represents a five-grain weight. Besides these weights you will find others marked ʒss, which means ½ a scruple; ʒss, meaning ½ a drachm; and ʒss, meaning ½ an ounce.

When there are ounces, drachms, or scruples, the number of them is shown by Roman figures, thus: i. ii. iii. iv. v., &c., and prescriptions are written so.

69. *Measures.*—Liquid medicines are measured by the following Table:

60 minims.....	are contained in	1 fluid drachm.
8 fluid drachms.....		1 fluid ounce.
16 fluid ounces.....		1 pint.
8 pints.....		1 gallon.

and the signs which distinguish each are as follows:—c, means a gallon; o, a pint; ʒ, a fluid ounce; ʒ, a fluid drachm; and m, a minim.



Fig. 6.

71. In order that we may measure medicines accurately, we have graduated glass vessels (Fig. 6): 1. for measuring ounces; 2. for drachms and minims; and 3. for minims.

72. When proper measures are not at hand, it is necessary to adopt some other method of determining the quantities required, and therefore I have drawn up the following table for that purpose:

A tumbler.....	usually contains about	10 ounces.
A taceup.....		6 "
A wineglass.....		2 "
A tablespoon.....		5 drachms.
A dessertspoon.....		3 "
A teaspoon.....		1 "

Some persons keep a medicine-glass, which is graduated, so as to show the number of spoonfuls it contains.

##### PROCESSES OF MAKING MEDICINES.

73. *To powder substances.*—Place the substance in the mortar and strike it gently with direct perpendicular blows of the pestle, until it separates into several pieces, then remove all but a small portion, which bruise gently at first, and then triturate it; that is, rub the pestle round and round the mortar from right to left, or in the direction of the arrows in fig. 7, observing that the circles described by the pestle in the mortar should gradually decrease in diameter, and the increase again, as in fig. 8, because by this means every part of the powder is subjected to the process of pulverization.

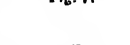


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

74. Some substances require to be prepared in a particular manner before they can be powdered, or to be assisted by adding some other body. For example, camphor powders more easily when a few drops of spirits of wine are added to it; mace, nutmegs, and such oily aromatic substances are better for the addition of a little white sugar; resins and gum resins should be powdered in a cold place,

and if they are intended to be dissolved, a little fine well washed white sand mixed with them assists the process of powdering. Tough roots, like gentian and columba, should be cut into thin slices; and fibrous roots, like ginger, cut in length, otherwise the powder will be full of small fibres. Vegetable matters require to be dried before they are powdered, such as peppermint, loosestrife, senna, &c.

75. Be careful not to pound too hard in a glass, porcelain, or Wedgewood's ware mortar; they are intended only for substances that pulverize easily, and for the purpose of mixing or incorporating medicines. Never use acids in a marble mortar, and be sure that you do not powder galls or any other astringent substances in an iron mortar.

76. Sifting is frequently required after powdering substances, and this is usually done by employing a fine sieve, or tying the powder up in a piece of muslin, and striking it against the left hand over a piece of paper.

77. Filtering is frequently required for the purpose of obtaining clear fluids, such as infusions, eye-washes, and other medicines; and it is therefore proper that you should know how to perform the simple operation. We must first of all make the filter-paper; this is done by taking a square sheet of white blotting-paper (A B C D, fig. 9), and doubling it over (at A B), so as to form an angular piece, which is then doubled upon itself (at A E), and the base rounded off (so as to leave it like the shaded part). We next procure a piece of iron or copper wire, and twist it into the form of fig. 10. This is to place the funnel, to prevent it passing too far into the neck of the bottle. We must now open out the filter-paper very carefully, and having placed it in the funnel, moisten it with a little water. Then place the wire (fig. 10) in the space (A fig. 11) between the funnel and the bottle, and pour the liquid down one of the glass stirring-rods, or gently down the side of the paper, otherwise the fluid is apt to burst the paper.

78. Maceration is another process that is frequently required to be performed in making up medicines, and consists simply in immersing the medicines in cold water or spirits for a certain time.

79. Digestion resembles maceration, except that the process is assisted by a gentle heat. The ingredients are placed in a Florence flask, such as salad oil is sold in, which is fitted with a plug of tow or wood, and has a piece of wire twisted round the neck, as in fig. 12. The flask is held by means of the wire over the flame of a spirit lamp, or else placed in some sand warmed in an old iron saucepan over the fire, care being taken not to place more of the flask below the sand than the portion occupied by the ingredients.

80. Infusion is one of the most frequent operations required in making up medicines, its object being to extract the aromatic and volatile principles of substances that would be lost by decoction or digestion; and to extract the soluble from the insoluble parts of bodies. Infusions may be made with cold water, in which case they are weaker, but more pleasant. The general method employed consists in slicing, bruising, or powdering the ingredients first, then placing them in a common jug (which should be as globular as possible) and pouring boiling water over them; cover the jug with a cloth folded six or eight times, but if there is a lid to the jug so much the better; when the infusion has stood the time directed, hold a piece of very coarse linen over the spout, and pour the liquid through it into another jug.

81. Decoction, or boiling, is employed to extract the mucilaginous or gummy parts of substances, their bitter, astringent, or other qualities, and is nothing more than boiling the ingredients in a saucepan with the lid slightly raised. Be sure never to use an iron saucepan for astringent decoctions, such as oak bark, galls, &c., as it will turn the saucepan black and spoil the decoction. The enamelled saucepans are very useful for decoctions, but an excellent plan is to put the ingredients into a jar and boil the jar, thus preparing it by a water bath, as it is technically termed.

82. Extracts are made by evaporating the liquors obtained by infusion or decoction, but these can be bought much cheaper and better of chemists and druggists, and so can tinctures, confections, cerates, plasters, and syrups, but as every one is not always in the neighbourhood of druggists, I shall give recipes for those most generally useful, and the method of making them.

#### PRECAUTIONS TO BE OBSERVED IN GIVING MEDICINES.

83. Sex.—Medicines for females should not be so strong as those for males, therefore it is advisable to reduce the doses about  $\frac{1}{3}$ th.

84. Temperament.—Persons of a phlegmatic temperament bear stimulants and purgatives better than those of a sanguine temperament, therefore the latter require smaller doses.

85. Habits.—Purgatives never act so well upon persons accustomed to take them, as upon those who are not, therefore it is better to change the form of purgative from pill to potion, powder to draught, or aromatic to saline. Purgatives should never be given when there is an irritable state of the bowels.

86. Stimulants and narcotics never act so quickly upon persons accustomed to use spirits freely, as upon those who live abstemiously.

\* A very convenient and ingenious plan of sifting powders is described and illustrated in the fifth volume of *Family Friend*, p. 206. [The *Family Friend* is published weekly by all Booksellers, price 2d.]

† For the directions respecting the decanting, straining, and filtering of liquids, see *Family Friend*, vol. v., p. 174.

87. Climate.—The action of medicines is modified by climate and seasons. In summer certain medicines act more powerfully than in winter, and the same person cannot bear the dose in July that he could in December.

88. General Health.—Persons whose general health is good bear stronger doses than the debilitated, and those who have suffered for a long time.

89. Idiosyncrasy.—Walker will inform you that this long term means a peculiar temperament or disposition not common to people generally. For example, some persons cannot take calomel in the smallest dose without being salivated, or rhubarb without having convulsions; others cannot take squills, opium, senna, &c., therefore it is wrong to insist upon their taking these medicines.

90. Form Best Suited for Administration.—Fluids act quicker than solids; and powders sooner than pills.

91. Best Method of Preventing the Nauseous Taste of Medicines.—Castor oil may be taken in milk, coffee, or spirit, such as brandy; but the best method of covering the nauseous flavour is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wine-glass, pour the castor oil into the centre of the juice, and then squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice upon the top of the oil. Cod-liver oil may be taken like castor-oil in orange-juice. Peppermint-water almost prevents the nauseous taste of Epsom salts; a strong solution of extract of liquorice covers the disagreeable taste of aloes; milk, that of cinchona bark; and cloves that of senna.

92. An excellent way to prevent the taste of medicines is to have the medicine in a glass, as usual, and a tumbler of water by the side of it, then take the medicine and retain it in the mouth, which should be kept closed, and if you then commence drinking the water, the taste of the medicine is washed away. Even the bitterness of quinine and aloes may be prevented by this means.

93. Giving Medicines to Persons.—Medicines should be given in such a manner that the effect of the first dose should not have ceased when the next dose is given, therefore the intervals between the doses should be regulated accordingly.

#### DOSES OF MEDICINE FOR DIFFERENT AGES.

94. It must be plain to every one that children do not require such powerful medicine as adults, or old people, and therefore it is desirable to have some fixed method of determining or regulating the administration of doses of medicine. Now, we will suppose that the dose for a full-grown person is one drachm, then the following proportions will be suitable for the various ages given; keeping in view other circumstances such as sex, temperament, habits, climate, state of general health, and idiosyncrasy.

Age.	Proportion.	Proportionate Dose.
Weeks 7	one-fiftieth	of grains 4
Months 7	one-twelfth	of grains 5
Under 2 years	one-eighth	of grains 7½
" 3	one-sixth	of grains 10
" 4	one-fourth	of grains 15
" 7	one-third	of scruple 2
" 11	one half	of drachm 1
" 20	two-fifths	of scruple 2
Above 21	the full dose	of drachm 1
" 65	The inverse gradation of the above.	

#### TERMS USED TO EXPRESS THE PROPERTIES OF MEDICINES.

*Absorbents* are medicines which destroy acidities in the stomach and bowels, such as magnesia, prepared chalk, &c.

*Alteratives* are medicines which restore health to the constitution, without producing any sensible effect, such as sarsaparilla, sulphur, &c.

*Analeptics* are medicines that restore the strength which has been lost by sickness, such as gentian, bark, &c.

*Anodynes* are medicines which relieve pain, and they are divided into three kinds, *purgatives*, *hypnotics*, and *narcotics* (see these terms); camphor is anodyne as well as narcotic.

*Antacids* are medicines which destroy acidity, such as lime, magnesia, soda, &c.

*Antalkalics* are medicines given to neutralize alkalies in the system, such as citric, nitric, or sulphuric acids, &c.

*Anthelmintics* are medicines used to expel and destroy worms from the stomach and intestines, such as turpentine, cowhage, male fern, &c.

*Antibilious* are medicines which are useful in bilious affections, such as calomel, &c.

*Antirheumatics* are medicines used for the cure of rheumatism, such as colchicum, iodide of potash, &c.

*Antiscorbutics* are medicines against scurvy, such as citric acid, &c.

*Antiseptics* are substances used to correct putrefaction, such as bark, camphor, &c.

*Antispasmodics* are medicines which possess the power of overcoming spasms of the muscles, or allaying severe pain from any cause unconnected with inflammation, such as valerian, ammonia, &c.

*Aperients* are medicines which move the bowels gently, such as dandelion-root, &c.

*Aromatics* are cordial, spicy, and agreeably-flavoured medicines, such as cardamoms, cinnamon, &c.

*Astringents* are medicines which contract the fibres of the body, diminish excessive discharges, and act indirectly as tonics, such as oak-bark, galls, &c.

*Attenuants* are medicines which are supposed to thin the blood, such as ammoniated iron, &c.

*Balanoids* are medicines of a soothing kind, such as tolu, Peruvian bark, &c.

**Carminatives** are medicines which allay pain in the stomach and bowels, and expel flatulence, such as aniseed-water, &c.

**Cathartics** are strong purgative medicines, such as jalap, &c.

**Cordials** are exhilarating and warming medicines, such as aromatic confection, &c.

**Corratives** are medicines and food which increase the strength, such as iron, gentian, sago, &c.

**Demulcents** correct acrimony, diminish irritation, and soften parts by covering their surfaces with a mild and viscid matter, such as linseed-tea, &c.

**Diasthetics** are medicines which remove obstructions, such as iodide of potash, &c.

**Diaphoretics** clean the surfaces over which they pass, such as soap, &c.

**Diaphoretics** produce perspiration, such as tartrate of antimony, &c.

**Digestives** are remedies applied to ulcers or wounds, to promote the formation of matter, such as resin ointments, warm poultices, &c.

**Disruptants** possess the power of repelling or resolving tumours, such as galbanum, &c.

**Diuritics** act upon the kidneys and bladder, and increase the flow of urine, such as nitre, squilla, &c.

**Drastics** are violent purgatives, such as gamboge, &c.

**Emetics** produce vomiting, or the discharge of the contents of the stomach, such as mustard, tartar emetic, warm water, &c.

**Emollients** are remedies used externally to soften the parts they are applied to, such as spermaceti, palm oil, &c.

**Epiuritics** are medicines which blister or cause effusion of serum under the cuticle, such as Spanish flies, &c.

**Errhines** are medicines which produce sneezing, such as tobacco, &c.

**Escarotics** are medicines which corrode or destroy the vitality of the part to which they are applied, such as lunar caustic, &c.

**Expectorants** are medicines which increase expectoration, or the discharge from the bronchial tubes, such as ipecacuanha, &c.

**Febri-fuges** are remedies used in fevers, such as antimonial wines, &c.

**Hydragogues** are medicines which have the effect of removing the fluid of dropsy, by producing water evacuations, such as gamboge, calomel, &c.

**Hypnotics** are medicines that relieve pain by procuring sleep, such as hops, &c.

**Laxatives** are medicines which cause the bowels to act rather more than natural, such as magnesia, &c.

**Narcotics** are medicines which cause sleep or stupor, and allay pain, such as opium, &c.

**Nutrients** are remedies that nourish the body, such as sugar, sago, &c.

**Paragorics** are medicines which actually assuage pain, such as compound tincture of camphor, &c.

**Prophylactics** are remedies employed to prevent the attack of any particular disease, such as quinine, &c.

**Purgatives** are medicines that promote the evacuation of the bowels, such as senna, &c.

**Refrigerants** are medicines which suppress an unusual heat of the body, such as wood-sorrel, tamarind, &c.

**Rubefacients** are medicaments which cause redness of the skin, such as mustard, &c.

**Sedatives** are medicines which depress the nervous energy, and destroy sensation, so as to compose, such as foxglove, &c.

**Salagogues** are medicines which promote the flow of saliva or spittle, such as salt, calomel, &c.

**Soporifics** are medicines which induce sleep, such as hops, &c.

**Stimulants** are remedies which increase the action of the heart and arteries, or the energy of the part to which they are applied, such as saffron, which is an internal stimulant, and savine, which is an external one.

**Stomachics** restore the tone of the stomach, such as gentian, &c.

**Styptics** are medicines which constrict the surface of a part, and prevent the effusion of blood, such as kino, &c.

**Sudorifics** promote profuse perspiration or sweating, such as ipecacuanha, &c.

**Tonics** give general strength to the constitution, restore the natural energies, and improve the tone of the system, such as chamomile, &c.

**Vesicants** are medicines which blister, such as strong liquid ammonia, &c.

## DRUGS, &c., WITH THEIR PROPERTIES AND DOSES.

96. I have arranged the various drugs, &c., according to their properties, and have given the doses of each; but in compiling this list I have necessarily omitted many from each class, because they cannot be employed except by a medical man. The doses are meant for adults.

97. Medicines have been divided into four grand classes—1. General Stimulants; 2. Local Stimulants; 3. Chemical Remedies; 4. Mechanical Remedies.

### I.—GENERAL STIMULANTS.

98. General stimulants are subdivided into two classes, diffusible and permanent stimulants; the first comprising narcotics and anti-spasmodics, and the second tonics and astringents.

99. Narcotics are medicines which stupify and diminish the activity of the nervous system. Given in small doses, they generally act as stimulants, but an increased dose produces a stupifying effect. Under this head we include alcohol, camphor, ether, the hop, and opium.

100. Alcohol, or rectified spirit, is a very powerful stimulant, and is never used as a remedy without being diluted to the degree called proof spirit; and even then it is seldom used internally. It is used externally in restraining bleeding, when there is not any vessel of importance wounded. It is

also used as a lotion to burns, and is applied by dipping a piece of lint into the spirit, and laying it over the part. Freely diluted (one part to eighteen) with water, it forms a useful collyrium, or wash, in the last stage of ophthalmia. Used internally, it acts as a very useful stimulant when diluted and taken moderately, increasing the general excitement, and giving energy to the muscular fibres; hence it becomes very useful in certain cases of debility, especially in habits disposed to create acidity; and in the low stage of low fevers. Dose.—It is impossible to fix anything like a dose for this remedy, as much will depend upon the individual; but diluted with water, and sweetened with sugar, from half an ounce to two ounces may be given three or four times a day. In cases of extreme debility, however, much will depend upon the disease. Caution.—Remember that alcohol is an irritant poison, and that the indulgence in its use daily originates dyspepsia or indigestion, and many other serious complaints. Of all kinds of spirits, the best cordial and stomachic is brandy.

101. Camphor (*Camphoru*) is not a very steady stimulant, as its effect is transitory; but in large doses it acts as a narcotic, abating pain, and inducing sleep. In moderate doses it operates as a diaphoretic and anti-spasmodic, increasing the heat of the body, allaying irritation, and spasm. It is used externally as a liniment when dissolved in oil, alcohol, or acetic acid, being employed to allay rheumatic pains; and it is also useful as an embrocation in sprains, bruises, chilblains, and, when combined with opium, it has been advantageously employed in flaccid colic, and severe diarrhoea, being rubbed over the bowels. When reduced to a fine powder, by the addition of a little spirit of wine, and friction, it is very useful as a local stimulant to indolent ulcers, especially when they discharge a foul kind of matter; a pinch is taken between the finger and thumb, and sprinkled into the ulcer, which is then dressed as usual. When dissolved in oil of turpentine, and a few drops are placed in a hollow tooth and covered with jeweller's wool, or scraped lint, it gives almost instant relief to tooth-ache. Used internally, it is apt to excite nausea, and even vomiting, especially when given in the solid form. As a stimulant it is of great service in all low fevers, malignant measles, malignant sore throat, and running snail-pox; and when combined with opium and bark, it is extremely useful in checking the progress of malignant ulcers, and gangrene. As a narcotic it is very useful, because it allays pain and irritation without increasing the pulse very much. When powdered and sprinkled upon the surface of a blister, it prevents the cantharides acting in a peculiar and painful manner upon the bladder; combined with senna it increases its purgative properties; and it is also used to correct the nausea produced by squills, and the irritating effects of drastic purgatives and mezerion. Dose.—From four grains to one scruple, repeated at short intervals when used in small doses, and long intervals when employed in large doses. Doses of the various preparations.—Camphor mixture from  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce to 3 ounces; compound tincture of camphor (*Puregoric Elixir*) from 15 minims to 1 drachm. Caution.—When given in an over-dose it acts as a poison, producing vomiting, giddiness, delirium, convulsions, and sometimes death. Mode of Exhibition.—It may be rubbed up with almond emulsion, or mucilage, or the yolk of eggs, and by this means suspended in water, or combined with chloroform as a mixture, in which form it is a valuable stimulant in cholera and other diseases. (See Mixtures).

102. Ether is a diffusible stimulant, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic. Sulphuric ether (*Spiritus Aetheris Sulphurici*) is used externally both as a stimulant and an anæsthetic. In the former case its evaporation is prevented by covering a rag moistened with it with oiled silk, in order to relieve headache; and in the latter case it is allowed to evaporate, and thus produce coldness, hence it is applied over scalded surfaces by means of rags dipped in it. As a local application, it has been found to afford almost instant relief in ear-ache, when combined with almond oil, and dropped into the ear. Internally it is used as a stimulant and narcotic in low fevers, and cases of great exhaustion. Dose from 15 minims to  $\frac{1}{4}$  drachm, repeated at short intervals, as its effects soon pass off. It is usually given in a little camphor julap, or water. Nitric ether (*Spiritus Aetheris Nitrici*) is a refrigerant, diuretic, and anti-spasmodic, and is well known as "sweet spirit of nitre." Used externally, its evaporation relieves headache, and it is sometimes applied to burns. Internally, it is used to relieve nausea, flatulence, and thirst in fevers; also as a diuretic. Dose from 10 minims to 1 drachm. Compound spirit of sulphuric ether (*Spiritus Aetheris Sulphurici Compositus*) is a very useful stimulant, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic. Used internally in cases of great exhaustion, attended with irritability. Dose from  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm to 2 drachms in camphor julap. When combined with laudanum it prevents the nauseating effects of the opium, and acts more beneficially as a narcotic.

103. The Hop (*Humulus lupulus*) is a narcotic, tonic, and diuretic; it reduces the frequency of the pulse, and does not affect the head like most anodynes. Used externally it acts as an anodyne and discutient, and is useful as a fomentation for painful tumours, rheumatic pains in the joints, and severe contusions. A pillow, stuffed with hops, acts as a narcotic. When the powder is mixed with lard, it acts as an anodyne dressing in painful ulcers. Dose, of the extract, from 5 grains to 1 scruple; of the tincture, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm to 2 drachms; of the powder, from 5 grains to 1 scruple; of the infusion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce to 1 ounce.

104. Opium is a stimulant, narcotic, and anodyne; used externally it acts almost as well as when taken into the stomach, and without affecting the head or causing nausea. Applied to irritable ulcers in the form of tincture, it promotes their cure, and allays pain. Cloths dipped in a strong solution, and applied over painful bruises, tumours, or inflamed joints, allays pain. A small piece of solid opium, stuffed into a hollow tooth, relieves tooth-ache. A weak solution of opium forms a valuable collyrium in



ophthalmia, and two drops of the wine of opium dropped into the eye, acts as an excellent stimulant in bloodshot-eye, or after long continued inflammation, it is useful in strengthening the eye. Applied as a liniment, in combination with ammonia and oil, or with camphorated spirit, it relieves muscular pain. When combined with oil of turpentine, it is useful as a liniment in spasmodic colic. Used internally it acts as a very powerful stimulant; then as a sedative, and finally as an anodyne and narcotic, allaying pain in the most extraordinary manner, by acting directly upon the nervous system. In acute rheumatism it is a most excellent medicine when combined with calomel and tartrate of antimony; but its exhibition requires the judicious care of a medical man. *Doses of the various preparations*: *Confection of opium*, from 5 grains to  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm; *extract of opium*, from 1 to 5 grains (this is a valuable form, as it does not produce so much after derangement of the nervous system as solid opium); *pills of soap and opium*, from 5 to 10 grains; *compound squacumha powder* ("Dover's powder"), from 5 to 20 gr. ins; *compound kino powder*, from 5 to 20 grains; *wine of opium*, from 10 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. Opium is a powerful poison when taken in too large a quantity (See Poisons), and therefore should be used with extreme caution. It is on this account that I have omitted some of its preparations.

105. **ANTISPASMODICS**, are medicines which possess the power of overcoming spasms of the muscles, or allaying any severe pain which is not attended by inflammation. The class includes a great many, but the most safe and serviceable you will find to be ammonia, assafoetida, galbanum, valerian, bark, ether, camphor, and opium; with the minerals, oxide of zinc and calomel.

106. *Ammonia* (*Ammonia sesquicarbonas*), or "Volatile salt," is an antispasmodic, antacid, stimulant, and diaphoretic. Used externally, combined with oil, it forms a cheap and useful liniment, but it should be dissolved in *puer's* spirit before the oil is added. One part of this salt, and three parts of extract of belladonna, mixed and spread upon leather, makes an excellent plaster for relieving rheumatic pains. As a local stimulant it is well known, as regards its effects in hysterics, faintness, and lassitude, when applied to the nose as common smelling salts. It is used internally as an adjunct to infusion of gentian in dyspepsia or indigestion, and in moderate doses in gout. *Dose*, from 5 to 20 grains. *Caution*. Over-doses act as a narcotic and irritant poison. *Bicarbonate of Ammonia* (*Ammonia bicarbonas*), used internally the same as the "Volatile salt." *Dose*, from 6 to 24 grains. It is frequently combined with Epsom salts. *Solution of sesquicarbonate of ammonia* (*Liquor ammonie sesquicarbonatis*), used the same as the volatile salt. *Dose*, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm to 1 drachm, combined with some milky fluid like almond emulsion.

107. *Asafoetida* is an antispasmodic, expectorant, excitant, and antheimic; used internally it is extremely useful in dyspepsia, flatulent colic, hysteria, and nervous diseases; and where there are no inflammatory symptoms, it is an excellent remedy in whooping cough and asthma; used locally as an enema, it is useful in flatulent colic, and convulsions that come on through teething. *Doses of various preparations*:—*Solid gum*, from 10 to 20 grains as pills; *mixture*, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce to 1 ounce; *tincture*, from 15 minims to 1 drachm; *ammoniated tincture*, from 20 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. Never give it when inflammation exists.

108. *Galbanum* is stimulant, antispasmodic, expectorant, and deobstruent; used externally, it assists in dissipating indolent tumours when spread upon leather as a plaster, and is useful in weakness of the legs from rickets, being applied as a plaster to the loins. Used internally it is useful in chronic or old standing rheumatism and hysteria. *Doses of preparations*:—*Of the gum*, from 10 to 30 grains as pills; *tincture*, from 15 minims to 1 drachm. It may be made into an emulsion with mucilage and water.

109. *Valerian* is a powerful antispasmodic, tonic, and excitant, acting chiefly on the nervous centres. Used internally it is employed in hysteria, nervous languors, and spasmodic complaints generally. It is useful in low fevers. *Doses of various preparations*:—*Powder*, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, three or four times a day; *tincture*, from 2 to 4 drachms; *ammoniated tincture*, from 1 to 2 drachms; *infusion*, from 2 to 3 ounces or more.

110. *Bark* (*Cinchona lancifolia cortex*), or, as it is commonly called, "Peruvian bark," is an antispasmodic, tonic, astringent, and stomachic; used externally, it is an excellent detergent for foul ulcers, and those that heal slowly. Used internally, it is particularly valuable in intermittent fever or ague, malignant measles, dysentery, diarrhoea, intermittent rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, nervous affections, malignant sore throat, erysipelas; and its use is indicated in all cases of debility. *Doses of its preparations*:—*Powder*, from 5 grains to 2 drachms, mixed in wine, water, milk, syrup, or solution of liquorice; *infusion*, from 1 to 3 ounces; *decoction*, from 1 to 3 ounces; *tincture* and *compound tincture*, each from 1 to 3 drachms. *Caution*. If it causes oppression at the stomach, combine it with an aromatic; if it causes vomiting, give it in wine or soda-water; if it purges, give opium; and if it constipates, give rhubarb.

111. *Ether* (*sulphuric*), is given internally as an antispasmodic in difficult breathing and spasmodic asthma; also in hysteria, cramp of the stomach, hicough, locked jaw, and cholera. It is useful in checking sea-sickness. *Dose*, from 20 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. An over-dose induces apoplectic symptoms.

112. *Cumpher* is given internally as an antispasmodic in hysteria, cramp in the stomach, flatulent colic, and St. Vitus' dance. *Dose*, from 2 to 20 grains.

113. *Opium* is employed internally in spasmodic affections, such as cholera, spasmodic asthma, whooping-cough, flatulent colic, and St. Vitus'

dance. *Dose*, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a grain to 2 grains of the solid opium, according to the disease.

114. *Oxide of Zinc* (*Zinci oxydum*) is an antispasmodic, astringent, and tonic. Used externally, as an ointment, it forms a useful astringent in affections of the eyelids, arising from relaxation, or as a powder, it is an excellent detergent for unhealthy ulcers. Used internally, it has proved efficacious in St. Vitus' dance and some other spasmodic affections. *Dose*, from 1 to 6 grains, twice a day.

115. *Calomel* (*Hydrargyri chloridum*) is an antispasmodic, alterative, deobstruent, purgative and emetic. Used internally, combined with opium, it acts as an antispasmodic in locked jaw, cholera, and many other spasmodic affections. As an alterative and deobstruent, it has been found useful in leprosy and itch, when combined with antimonials and guaiacum, and in enlargement of the liver and glandular affections. It acts beneficially in dropsies, by producing watery motions. In typhus, it is of great benefit when combined with antimonials; and it may be given as a purgative in almost any disease, provided there is not any inflammation of the bowels, irritability of the system, or great debility. *Dose*, as a deobstruent and alterative, from 1 to 5 grains daily; as a cathartic, from 5 to 15 grains; to produce pyalism or salivation, from 1 to 2 grains, in a pill, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  grain of opium, night and morning. *Caution*: When taking calomel, exposure to cold or dampness should be guarded against, as such an imprudence would bring out an eruption of the skin, attended with fever. When this does occur, leave off the calomel, and give bark, wine, and purgatives; take a warm bath twice a day, and powder the surface of the body with powdered starch.

116. **TONICS** are given to improve the tone of the system, and restore the natural energies and general strength of the body. They consist of bark (See § 110), quassia, gentian, chamomile, wormwood, and angostura bark.

117. *Quassia* is a simple tonic, and can be used with safety by any one, as it does not increase the animal heat, or quicken the circulation. Used internally, in the form of infusion, it has been found of great benefit in indigestion and nervous irritability, and is useful after bilious fevers and diarrhoea. *Dose*, of the infusion, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ounces, three times a day.

118. *Gentian* is an excellent tonic and stomachic; but when given in large doses, it acts as an aperient. It is used internally in all cases of general debility, and, when combined with bark, is used in intermittent fevers. It has also been employed in indigestion, and it is sometimes used, combined with volatile salt, in that disease (§ 106); but at other times alone, in the form of infusion. After diarrhoea it proves a useful tonic. Used externally its infusion is sometimes applied to foul ulcers. *Dose*, of the infusion  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 ounces; of the tincture 1 to 4 drachms; of the extract from 10 to 30 grains.

119. *Chamomile* (*Anthemis nobilis*).—The flowers of the chamomile are tonic, slightly anodyne, antispasmodic, and emetic. They are used externally as fomentations, in colic, face-ache, and tumours, and to unhealthy ulcers. They are used internally in the form of infusion, with carbonate of soda, ginger, and other stomachic remedies; in dyspepsia, flatulent colic, debility following dysentery and gout. Warm infusion of the flowers acts as an emetic; and the powdered flowers are sometimes combined with opium or kino, and given in intermittent fevers. *Dose*, of the powdered flowers, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, twice or thrice a day; of the infusion from 1 to 2 ounces, as a tonic, three times a day; and from 6 ounces to 1 pint, as an emetic; of the extract, from 3 to 20 grains.

120. *Wormwood* (*Artemisia absinthium*) is a tonic and anthelmintic. It is used externally as a discutient and antispasmodic. It is used internally in long-standing cases of dyspepsia, in the form of infusion, with or without aromatics. It has also been used in intermittents. *Dose*, of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces, three times a day; of the powder, from 1 to 2 scruples.

121. *Angostura bark* (*Cortex angostura*), or *cusparia*, is a tonic and stimulant. It expels flatulence, increases the appetite, and produces a grateful warmth in the stomach. It is used internally in intermittent fevers, dyspepsia, hysteria, and all cases of debility, where a stimulating tonic is desirable, particularly after bilious diarrhoea. *Dose* of the powder from 10 to 30 grains, combined with cinnamon powder, magnesia, or rhubarb; of the extract from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 grains; of the infusion from 1 to 3 ounces. *Caution*. It should never be given in inflammatory diseases, or hectic fever.

122. **ASTRINGENTS** are medicines given for the purpose of diminishing excessive discharges, and to act indirectly as tonics. This class includes catechu, kino, oak bark, logwood, rose leaves, chalk, and white vitriol.

123. *Catechu* (*Acacia catechu*) is a most valuable astringent. It is used externally, when powdered, to promote the contraction of flabby ulcers. As a local astringent it is useful in relaxed uvula, a small piece being dissolved in the mouth; small spotty ulcerations of the mouth and throat, and bleeding gums, and for these two affections it is used in the form of infusion, to wash the parts. It is given internally in diarrhoea, dysentery, and hemorrhage from the bowels. *Dose* of the infusion from 1 to 3 ounces; of the tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the powder from 10 to 30 grains. *Caution*. It must not be given with soda or any alkali; nor metallic salts, albumen, or gelatine, as its property is destroyed by this combination.

124. *Kino* (*Pterocarpus erinaceus*) is a powerful astringent. It is used externally to ulcers to give tone to them when flabby and discharging foul and thin matter. It is used internally in the same diseases as catechu (§ 123). *Dose* of the powder from 10 to 30 grains; of the tincture from 1 to 2 drachms; of the compound powder from 10 to 20 grains; of the infusion from 1 to 1½ ounce. *Caution*.—(See § 123.)

125. *Oak bark* (*Quercus robur cortex*) is an astringent and tonic. It is

used externally in the form of decoction, to restrain bleeding from lacerated surfaces. As a local astringent it is used in the form of decoction as a gargle in sore throat and relaxed uvula. It is used internally in the same diseases as catechu (§ 123), and when combined with aromatics and bitters, in intermittent fevers. Dose of the powder from 15 to 30 grains; of the decoction from 2 to 8 drachms.

126. *Logwood (Hæmatoxylon)* is not a very satisfactory astringent. It is used internally in diarrhoea, the last stage of dysentery, and a lax state of the intestines. Dose of the extract from 10 grains to 1 drachm; of the decoction from 1 to 3 ounces, three or four times a day.

127. *Rose leaves (Rosa Gallica)* are astringent and tonic. They are used internally in spitting of blood, hæmorrhage from the stomach, intestines, &c., as a gargle for sore throat, and for the night sweats of consumption. The infusion is frequently used as a tonic with diluted sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), after low fevers. Dose of infusion from 2 to 4 ounces.

128. *Chalk (Creta preparata)*, when prepared by washing, becomes an astringent as well as antacid. It is used internally in diarrhoea, in the form of mixture, and externally as an application to burns, scalds, and excoriations. Dose of the mixture from 1 to 2 ounces.

129. *White vitriol (Zinci sulphus)*, or sulphate of zinc, is an astringent, tonic, and emetic. It is used externally as a collyrium for ophthalmia (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia"), and as a detergent for scrofulous ulcers, in the proportion of 3 grains of the salt to 1 ounce of water. It is used internally in indigestion, and many other diseases; but it should not be given unless ordered by a medical man, as it is a poison.

## II.—LOCAL STIMULANTS.

130. Local stimulants comprise emetics, cathartics, diuretics, diaphoretics, expectorants, sialogogues, errhines, and epispastics.

131. *EMETICS* are medicines given for the purpose of causing vomiting, as in cases of poisoning. They consist of ipecacuanha, chamomile (§ 119), and mustard.

132. *Ipecacuanha* is an emetic, diaphoretic, and expectorant. It is used internally to excite vomiting in doses of from 20 to 30 grains of the powder, or 1 to 1½ ounce of the infusion, every half hour until vomiting takes place. To make it act well and easily the patient should drink half-pint doses of warm water. As a diaphoretic it should be given in doses of 3 grains, mixed with some soft substance, such as crumbs of bread, and repeated every 4 hours. Dose of the wine from 20 minims to 1 drachm (as a diaphoretic); and from 1 drachm to 1½ ounce (as an emetic). Caution. Do not give more than the doses named above, because although a safe emetic, yet it is an acrid-narcotic poison.

133. *Mustard* is too well-known to require describing. It is an emetic, diuretic, stimulant, and rubefacient. It is used externally as a poultice, (which is made of the powdered seeds, bread-crumbs, and water\*), in all cases where a stimulant is required, such as sore throats, rheumatic pains in the joints, cholera, cramps in the extremities, diarrhoea, and many other diseases. When applied it should not be left on too long, as it is apt to cause ulceration of the part. From 10 to 30 minutes is quite long enough. When used internally as an emetic, a large tea-spoonful mixed with a tumbler of warm water generally operates quickly and safely, frequently when other emetics have failed. In dropsy it is sometimes given in the form of whey, which is made by boiling ½ an ounce of the bruised seeds in a pint of milk, and straining off the curd. From 3 to 4 ounces of this is to be taken for a dose 3 times a day.

134. *CATHARTICS* are divided into laxatives and purgatives. The former comprise manna, tamarinds, castor oil, sulphur, and magnesia; the latter, senna, rhubarb, jalap, colocynth, buckthorn, aloes, cream of tartar, scammony, calomel (§ 115), Epsom salts, Glauber's salts, sulphate of potash, and Venice turpentine.

135. *Manna* is a very gentle laxative, and therefore used for children and delicate persons. Dose for children from 1 to 4 drachms; and for adults from 1 to 2 ounces, combined with rhubarb and cinnamon water.

136. *Tamarinds* are gently laxative and refrigerant. As it is agreeable, this medicine will generally be eaten by children when they will not take other medicines. Dose from ½ to 1 ounce. As a refrigerant beverage in fevers it is extremely grateful. (See § 282.)

137. *Castor oil* is a most valuable medicine, as it generally operates quickly and mildly. It is used externally, combined with citron ointment, as a topical application in common leprosy. It is used internally as an ordinary purgative for infants, as a laxative for adults, and in diarrhoea and dysentery. In colic it is very useful and safe; and also after delivery. Dose for infants from 40 drops to ½ drachm; for adults from ½ to 1½ ounce. (See § 91.)

138. *Sulphur*.—Sublimed sulphur is laxative and diaphoretic. It is used externally in skin diseases, especially itch, both in the form of ointment and as a vapour-bath. It is used internally in hæmorrhoids, combined with magnesia, as a laxative for children, and as a diaphoretic in rheumatism. Dose from 1 scruple to 2 drachms, mixed in milk or with treacle. When combined with an equal proportion of cream of tartar it acts as a purgative.

139. *Magnesia*.—Calined magnesia possesses the same properties as the carbonate. Dose from 10 to 30 grains, in milk or water. Carbonate of magnesia is an antacid and laxative, and is very useful for children when teething, and heartburn in adults. Dose, from ½ to 2 drachms, in water or milk.

140. *Senna* is a purgative, but is apt to gripe when given alone; there-

fore it is combined with some aromatic, such as cloves or ginger, and the infusion should be made with cold instead of hot water. It usually acts in about four hours, but its action should be assisted by drinking warm fluid.

Dose of the confection, commonly called "*lenitive electuary*," from 1 to 3 or 4 drachms at bedtime; of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces; of the tincture, from 1 to 2 drachms; of the syrup (used for children), from 1 drachm to 1 ounce. Caution. Do not give Senna in any form except confection, in hæmorrhoids, and never in irritability of the intestines.

141. *Rhubarb (Rhei radix)*, is a purgative, astringent, and stomachic. It is used externally in the form of powder to ulcers, to promote a healthy action. It is given internally in diarrhoea, dyspepsia, and a debilitated state of the bowels. Combined with a mild preparation of calomel (*Nithargyrum cum creta*), it forms an excellent purgative for children. Dose of the infusion from 1 to 2 ounces; of the powder from 1 scruple to ½ a drachm as a purgative, and from 6 to 10 grains as a stomachic; of the tincture and compound tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the compound pill from 1 to 30 grains.

142. *Jalap* is a powerful cathartic and hydrogogue, and is apt to gripe. Dose of the powder from 10 to 30 grains, combined with a drop or two of aromatic oil; of the compound powder from 15 to 40 grains; of the tincture, from 1 to 3 drachms; of the extract, from 10 to 20 grains. The watery extract is better than the alcoholic.

143. *Colocyth* is a powerful drastic cathartic, and should never be given alone unless ordered by a medical man, as its action is too violent for some constitutions. Dose of the extract, from 5 to 15 grains; of the compound extract from 5 to 15 grains.

144. *Buckthorn (Rhamnus)* is a brisk purgative for children in the form of syrup. Dose of the syrup from 1 to 6 drachms.

145. *Aloes* is a purgative and cathartic in large, and tonic in smaller doses. Dose of powder from 2 to 10 grains, combined with soap, bitter extracts, or other purgative medicines, and given in the form of pills; of the compound pill from 5 to 20 grains; of the pill of aloes and myrrh from 5 to 20 grains; of the tincture from 4 drachms to 1 ounce; of the compound tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the extract from 6 to 10 grains; of the compound decoction from 4 drachms to 2 ounces.

146. *Cream of tartar (Potassa bitartus)* is a purgative and refrigerant. It is used externally in dropsy, especially of the belly, in doses of from 1 scruple to 1 drachm. As a refrigerant drink, it is dissolved in hot water, and sweetened with sugar, and is used in febrile diseases, care being taken not to allow it to rest too much upon the bowels. Dose, as a purgative, from 2 to 4 drachms; as a hydrogogue from 4 to 6 drachms, mixed with honey or treacle. Caution. Its use should be followed by tonics, especially gentian (§ 118) and angostura (§ 121).

147. *Scammony (Convolvulus scammonia)*, is a drastic purgative, generally acting quickly and powerfully; sometimes producing nausea and even vomiting, and being very apt to gripe. It is used internally, to produce watery evacuations in dropsy, to remove intestinal worms, and correct the slimy motions of children. Dose of the powder from 5 to 16 grains, given in liquorice water, treacle, or honey; of the confection from 20 to 30 grains. Caution. Do not give it in an irritable or inflamed state of the bowels.

148. *Epsom Salts* is a purgative and diuretic. It generally operates quickly, and therefore is extremely useful in acute diseases. It is found to be beneficial in dyspepsia when combined with infusion of gentian and a little ginger. It forms an excellent enema with olive oil. Dose from ½ to 2 ounces, dissolved in warm tea or water. Infusion of roses (§ 127) partially covers its taste and assists its action.

149. *Glauber's Salt (Sodæ sulphas)* is a very good purgative. Dose, from ½ to 2 ounces, dissolved in warm water.

150. *Sulphate of Potash* is a cathartic and obstructant. It is used internally, combined with aloes or rhubarb in obstructions of the bowels, and is an excellent saline purgative in dyspepsia and jaundice. Dose of the powdered salt from 10 grains to 1 drachm.

151. *Venice turpentine* is cathartic, diuretic, stimulant, and anthelmintic. It is used externally as a rubefacient, and is given internally in flatulent colic, in tape-worm, rheumatism, and other diseases. Dose, as a diuretic, from 10 drops to 1 drachm; as a cathartic, from 10 to 12 drachms; as an anthelmintic, from 1 to 2 ounces, every 8 hours, till the worm be ejected.

152. *DIURETICS* are medicines which promote an increased secretion of urine. They consist of nitre, acetate of potassa, squills, juniper, and oil of turpentine.

153. *Nitre (Nitrax potassa)* is a diuretic and refrigerant. It is used externally as a detergent when dissolved in water, and as a lotion to inflamed and painful rheumatic joints. It is given internally in doses of from 10 grains to a drachm, or even 2 drachms; in spitting blood it is given in 1 drachm doses with great benefit. As a topical application it is beneficial in sore throat, a few grains being allowed to dissolve in the mouth.

154. *Acetate of Potassa* is diuretic and cathartic. It is given internally in dropsy with great benefit, in doses of from 1 scruple to 1 drachm, every 3 or 4 hours, to act as a diuretic in combination with infusion of quassia. Dose, as a cathartic, from 2 to 3 drachms.

155. *Squills (Scilla maritima)* is diuretic and expectorant when given in small doses; and emetic and purgative when given in large doses. It is used internally in dropsies, in combination with calomel and opium; in asthma, with ammoniacum; in catarrh, in the form of oxymel. Dose of the dried bulb powdered from 1 to 4 grains every 6 hours; of the compound pill, from 10 to 20 grains; of the tincture, from 10 minims to 1 drachm; of the oxymel, from ½ to 2 drachms; of the vinegar, from 20 minims to 2 drachms.

156. *Juniper (Juniperus communis)* is diuretic and stomachic. It is

\* Vinegar is not necessary.

given internally in dropsies. \*Dose of the infusion from 2 to 3 ounces Every 4 hours; of the oil, from 1 to 5 minims.

157. *Oil of Turpentine* is a diuretic, anthelmintic, and rubefacient. It is used externally in flatulent colic, sprinkled over flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry. It is used internally in the same diseases as Venice turpentine (§ 151). Dose from 5 minims to 1 ounce.

158. **DIAPHORETICS** are medicines given to increase the secretion from the skin by sweating. They comprise acetate of ammonia, calomel (§ 115), antimony, opium (§ 104), camphor (§ 101), and sarsaparilla.

159. *Solution of acetate of ammonia (Liquor ammonia acetatis)* is a most useful diaphoretic. It is used externally as a discutient, as a lotion to inflamed milk-breasts, as a collyrium, and a lotion in scald head. It is given internally to promote perspiration in febrile diseases, which it does most effectually, especially when combined with camphor mixture. Dose, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1½ ounce every 3 or 4 hours.

160. *Antimony—Tartar emetic (Antimonii potassio-tartras)* is diaphoretic, emetic, expectorant, alterative, and rubefacient. It is used externally as an irritant in white swellings and deep-seated inflammation, in the form of an ointment. It is given internally in pleurisy, bilious fevers, and many other diseases; but its exhibition requires the skill of a medical man to watch its effects. Dose, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a grain to 4 grains. Caution. It is a poison, and therefore requires great care in its administration.—*Antimonial Powder (Pulvis antimonialis compoitus)* is a diaphoretic, emetic, and alterative. It is given internally in febrile diseases, to produce determination to the skin; in rheumatism, when combined with opium or calomel, it is of great benefit. Dose, from 3 grains to 1 scruple every 4 hours, taking plenty of warm fluids between each dose.

161. *Sarsaparilla (Sarza)* is diaphoretic, alterative, diuretic, and tonic. It is given internally in cutaneous diseases, old-standing rheumatism, scrofula, and debility. Dose of the decoction, from 4 to 8 ounces; of the compound decoction, from 4 to 8 ounces; of the extract, from 5 grains to 1 drachm.

162. **EXPECTORANTS** are medicines given to promote the secretion from the wind-pipe, &c. They consist of antimony (§ 160), ipecacuanha (§ 132), squills (§ 155), ammoniacum, and tolu.

163. *Ammoniacum* is an expectorant, antispasmodic, and deobstruent. It is used externally as a discutient, and is given internally, with great benefit, in asthma, hysteria, chronic catarrh. Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

164. *Tolu (Balsamum toluatum)* is an excellent expectorant, when there are no inflammatory symptoms. It is given internally in asthma and chronic. Dose of the balsam, from 5 to 30 grains, combined with mucilage and suspended in water; of the tincture, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 drachms; of the syrup, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 drachms.

165. **SIALOGOGUES** are given to increase the flow of saliva or spittle. They consist of ginger and calomel (§ 115).

166. *Ginger* is a sialogogue, carminative, and stimulant. It is used internally in flatulent colic, dyspepsia, and to prevent the griping of medicines. When chewed it acts as a sialogogue, and is therefore useful in relaxed uvula. Dose, from 10 to 20 grains of the powder; of the tincture, from 10 minims to 1 drachm.

167. I shall pass over the class of *errhines*, or medicines to cause sneezing, to consider **EPISPASTICS** and **RUBEFACIENTS**; or those remedies which are applied to blister and cause redness of the surface. They consist of cantharides, ammonia (§ 106), Burgundy pitch, and mustard (§ 133).

168. *Cantharides (Cantharis)* or Spanish flies, when used internally, are diuretic and stimulant; and epispastic and rubefacient when applied externally. Mode of application:—A portion of the blistering plaster (*emplastrum cantharidis*) is spread with the thumb upon brown paper, linen, or leather, to the size required; its surface then slightly moistened with olive oil and sprinkled with camphor, and the plaster applied by a light bandage. Caution. If a blister is to be applied to the head, shave it at least ten hours before it is put on; and it is better to place a thin piece of gauze, wetted with vinegar, between the skin and the blister. If a distressing feeling is experienced about the bladder, give warm and copious draughts of linseed-tea, milk, or decoction of quince seeds, and apply warm fomentations of milk and water to the blistered surface. The period required for a blister to remain on varies from 8 to 10 hours for adults, and from 20 minutes to 2 hours for children: as soon as it is removed, if the blister is not raised, apply a "spongio-piline" poultice, and it will then rise properly. When it is required to act as a rubefacient, the blister should remain on from 1 to 3 hours for adults, and from 15 to 40 minutes for children. To dress a blister: Cut the bag of cuticle containing the serum at the lowest part, by snipping it with the scissors, so as to form an opening like this—V; and then apply a piece of calico spread with spermaceti or some other dressing. \*Never attempt to exhibit cantharides internally, as it is a poison, and requires extreme caution in its use even by medical men.

169. *Burgundy pitch* is warmed and spread upon linen or leather, and applied over the chest in cases of catarrh, difficult breathing, and hooping cough; over the loins in debility or lumbago; and over any part that it is desirable to excite a mild degree of inflammation in.

### III.—CHEMICAL REMEDIES.

170. The chemical remedies comprise refrigerants, antacids, antalkalies, and escharotics.

171. **REFRIGERANTS** are medicines given for the purpose of suppressing an unnatural heat of the body. They are Seville oranges, lemons, tamarinds (§ 136), nitre (§ 153), and cream of tartar (§ 146).

172. *Seville oranges* and sweet oranges are formed into a refrigerant

beverage,\* which is extremely grateful in febrile diseases. The rind is a nice mild tonic; carminative, and stomachic. Dose of the tincture, from 1 to 4 drachms; of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces.

\*173. *Lemons* are used to form a refrigerant beverage,\* which is given to quench thirst in febrile and inflammatory diseases. Lemon-juice given with carbonate of potash ( $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of the juice to 20 grains of the salt), and taken while effervescing, allays vomiting; a tablespoonful, taken occasionally, allays hysterical palpitations of the heart. It is useful in scurvy caused by eating too much salt food. The rind forms a nice mild tonic and stomachic in certain forms of dyspepsia. Dose of the infusion\* (made the same as orange-peel), from 1 to 2 ounces.

174. **ANTACIDS** are given to correct acidity in the system. They are soda, ammonia (§ 106), chalk (§ 128), and magnesia (§ 139.)

175. *Soda, carbonate of, and sesquicarbonate of soda*, are antacids and deobstruents. It is used internally in acidity of the stomach and dyspepsia. Dose of both preparations, from 10 grains to half a drachm.

176. **ANTALKALIES** are given to neutralize an alkaline state of the system. They are citric acid, lemon-juice (§ 173), and tartaric acid.

177. *Citric acid* is used to check profuse sweating, and as a substitute for lemon-juice when it cannot be procured. Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

178. *Tartaric acid*, when largely diluted, forms an excellent refrigerant beverage and antalkali. It enters into the composition of extemporaneous soda water.\* Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

179. **ESCHAROTICS** are remedies used to destroy the vitality of a part. They comprise lunar caustic, blue-stone, and solution of chloride of zinc.

180. *Lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver*, is an excellent remedy in erysipelas when applied in solution (1 drachm of the salt to 1 ounce of water), which should be brushed all over the inflamed part, and for an inch beyond it. This blackens the skin, but it soon peels off. To destroy warts, proud flesh, and unhealthy edges of ulcers, &c., it is invaluable; and as an application to bed-sores, pencilled over with a solution of the same strength and in the same manner as for erysipelas. Caution. It is a poison.

181. *Blue-stone, or sulphate of copper*, is used in a solution of from 4 to 15 grains to the ounce of water, and applied to foul and indolent ulcers, by means of rag dipped in it, and is rubbed, in substance, on fungous growths, warts, &c., to destroy them. Caution. It is a poison.

182. *Solution of chloride of zinc*, or more commonly known as "Sir William Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid," is a valuable escharotic in destroying the parts of poisoned wounds, such as the bite of a mad dog. It is also very useful in restoring the hair after the scalp has been attacked with ring-worm; but its use requires extreme caution, as it is a powerful escharotic. In itch, diluted (1 part to 32) with water, it appears to answer very well. Caution. It is a most powerful poison.

### IV.—MECHANICAL REMEDIES.

183. The mechanical remedies comprise anthelmintics, demulcents, diluents, and emollients.

184. **ANTHELMINTICS** are medicines given for the purpose of expelling or destroying worms. They are cowhage, scammony (§ 147), male fern-root, calomel (§ 115), gamboge, and turpentine (§§ 151 and 157.)

185. *Cowhage (Macuna)* is used to expel the round worm (*lumbricus terreis*), which it does by wounding it with the fine prickles. Dose, of the confection, for a child 3 or 4 years old, a teaspoonful early, for 3 mornings, followed by a dose of castor-oil. (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia, § 211.")

186. *Male Fern-root (Aspidium felix mas)* is a powerful anthelmintic and an astringent. It is used to kill tapeworm (*tenia solium*). Dose, 3 drachms of the powdered root mixed in a teacupful of water, to be taken in the morning while in bed, and followed by a brisk purgative 2 hours afterwards; or 30 drops of the ethereal tincture, to be taken early in the morning. (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia, § 293.")

187. *Gamboge (Cambogia)* is a powerful drastic and anthelmintic. It is used internally in dropsies, and for the expulsion of tapeworm; but its use requires caution, as it is an irritant poison. Dose, from 2 to 6 grains, in the form of pills, combined with colocynth, soap, rhubarb, or bread-crumbs.

188. **DEMULCENTS** are used to diminish irritation, and soften parts by protecting them with a viscid matter. They are tragacanth, linseed, marsh-mallow, mallow, liquorice, arrowroot, isinglass, suet, wax, and almonds.

189. *Tragacanth* is used to allay tickling cough, and lubricate abraded parts. It is usually given in the form of mucilage. Dose, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, or more.

190. *Linseed* is emollient and demulcent. It is used externally when reduced to powder, as a poultice; and the oil combined with lime water is applied to burns and scalds. It is used internally as an infusion in diarrhoea, dysentery, and irritation of the intestines after certain poisons, and in catarrh. Dose of the infusion as much as the patient pleases.

191. *Marsh-mallow (Althœa)* is used internally in the same diseases as linseed (§ 190). The leaves are used externally as a fomentation, and the boiled roots are bruised and applied as an emollient poultice. Dose, the same as linseed.

192. *Mallow (Malva)* is used externally as a fomentation and poultice in inflammation, and the infusion is used internally in dysentery diseases of the kidneys, and the same diseases as marsh-mallow (§ 191). It is also used as an enema. The Dose is the same as for linseed and marsh-mallow.\*

193. *Liquorice (Glycyrrhiza Glabra)* is an agreeable demulcent, and is given in the form of decoction in catarrh, and some forms of dyspepsia, and the extract is used in catarrh. Dose of the extract, from 10 grains to 1 drachm; of the decoction from 2 to 4 ounces.

\* For receipts to form these agreeable drinks, and also summer beverages, see *Farm Friend*, vol. III., p. 12.



194. *Arrowroot*, isinglass, almonds, suet, and wax, are too well known to require descriptions. (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia" for preparations.)

195. *Diluents* are chiefly watery compounds, such as weak tea, water, thin broth, gruel, &c.

196. *Emollients* consist of unctuous remedies, such as cerates and ointments, and any materials that combine heat with moisture. (See "Spongio-piline," § 312.)

## DOMESTIC PHARMACOPŒIA.

197. In compiling this part of my hints, I have endeavoured to supply that kind of information that is so often wanted in the time of need, and cannot be obtained when a medical man or a druggist is not near. The doses are all fixed for adults, unless otherwise ordered, and may be reduced by consulting the Table given in § 83. The various remedies are arranged in sections, according to their uses, as being more easy for reference.

### I.—COLLYRIA, OR EYE-WASHES.

198. *Alum*.—Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of alum in 8 ounces of water. *Use*, as an astringent. When the strength of the alum is doubled, and only half the quantity of water used, it acts as a discutient.

199. *Camom*.—Add 1 ounce of diluted acetic acid to 3 ounces of decoction of poppy heads. *Use*, as an anodyne wash.

200. *Compound Alum*.—Dissolve alum and white vitriol, of each 1 drachm in 1 pint of water, and filter through paper. *Use*, as an astringent wash.

201. *Zinc and Lead*.—Dissolve white vitriol and acetate of lead, of each 7 grains, in 4 ounces of elder-flower water, then add 1 drachm of laudanum (tincture of opium), and the same quantity of spirit of camphor; then strain. *Use*, as a detergent wash.

202. *Acetate of Zinc*.—Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of white vitriol in 5 ounces of water. Dissolve 2 scruples of acetate of lead in 5 ounces of water. Mix these solutions, then set aside for a short time, and afterwards filter. *Use*, as an astringent; this forms a most valuable collyrium.

203. *Sulphate of Zinc*.—Dissolve 10 grains of white vitriol in a pint of water or rose-water. *Use*, for weak eyes.

204. *Zinc and Camphor*.—Dissolve a scruple of white vitriol in 8 ounces of water, then add 1 drachm of spirit of camphor, and strain. *Use*, as a stimulant.

205. *Compound Zinc*.—Dissolve 10 grains of white vitriol in 8 ounces of camphor water (*Mistura camphore*), and the same quantity of decoction of poppy heads. *Use*, as an anodyne and detergent; useful for weak eyes.

### II.—CONFECTIONS AND ELECTUARIES.

206. *Confections* are used as vehicles for the administration of more active medicines, and *Electuaries* are made for the purpose of rendering some remedies palatable. Both should be kept in closely covered jars.

207. *Almond Confection*.—Remove the outer coat from an ounce of sweet almonds, and beat them well in a mortar with 1 drachm of powdered gum arabic, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of white sugar. *Use*, to make a demulcent mixture, known as almond emulsion.

208. *Alum Confection*.—Mix 2 scruples of powdered alum with 4 scruples of treacle. *Dose*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm. *Use*, as an astringent in sore throat and relaxed uvula, and ulcerations of the mouth.

209. *Orange Confection*.—Take 1 ounce of the freshly rasped rind of orange, and mix it with 3 ounces of white sugar, after it is well beaten. *Dose*, from 1 drachm to 1 ounce. *Use*, as a gentle stomachic and tonic, and for giving tonic powders in.

210. *Black Pepper Confection*.—Take of black pepper and elecampane-root each 1 ounce; fennel seeds, 3 ounces; honey and sugar, of each 3 ounces. Rub the dry ingredients to a fine powder, and when the confection is wanted, add the honey, and mix well. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, in hemorrhoids.

211. *Cowhage*.—Mix as much of the fine hairs or spicules of cowhage as it will take up. *Dose*, a teaspoonful every morning and evening. *Use*, as an anthelmintic.

212. *Senna Confection*.—Take of senna 4 ounces, figs  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pound, cassia pulp, tamarind pulp, and the pulp of prunes, each 4 ounces; coriander seeds, 2 ounces; liquorice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce; sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound; water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint. Rub the senna with the coriander, and separate, by sifting, 5 ounces of the mixture. Boil the water with the figs and liquorice added, until it is reduced to one half; then press out and strain the liquor. Evaporate the strained liquor in a jar by boiling (§ 81) until 12 fluid ounces remain; then add the sugar, and make a syrup. Now mix the pulps with the syrup, add the sifted powder, and mix well. *Dose* (See § 140.) *Use*, purgative.

213. *Castor Oil and Senna Confection*.—Take 1 drachm of powdered gum arabic, and 2 ounces of confection of senna (§ 212), and mix by gradually rubbing together in a mortar, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of castor oil. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, purgative.

214. *Sulphur and Senna Confection*.—Take of sulphur and sulphate of potash each  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce; of confection of senna, 2 ounces; and oil of sweet almond, 20 minims; mix well. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, purgative.

215. *Cream of Tartar Confection*.—Take 1 ounce of cream of tartar, and 1 drachm of powdered ginger; mix into a thick paste with treacle. *Dose*, 2 drachms. *Use*, purgative.

216. *Antispasmodic Electuary*.—Take 6 drachms of powdered valerian and orange leaves, mixed and made into an electuary, with a sufficient quantity of syrup of wormwood. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms, to be taken 3 or 4 times a day.

### III.—DECOCTIONS.

217. These preparations soon spoil, and therefore should only be made in small quantities, particularly in summer (§ 81).

218. *Of Chimaphila*.—Take 1 ounce of pyrola (chimaphila or winter-green), and boil it in a pint and a half of water until it is only 1 pint; then strain. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 ounces, four times a day. *Use*, in dropsies, as a diuretic.

219. *Of Logwood*.—Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of bruised logwood in 2 pints of water until it comes to 1 pint; then add 1 drachm of bruised cassia, and strain. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 ounces. *Use*, (See § 126), as an astringent.

220. *Of Dandelion*.—Take 2 ounces of the freshly-sliced root, and boil in 2 pints of water until it comes to 1 pint; then add 1 ounce of compound tincture of horse-radish. *Dose*, from 2 to 4 ounces. *Use*, in a sluggish state of the liver.

### IV.—EMBROCATIONS AND LINIMENTS.

221. These remedies are used externally as local stimulants, to relieve deep-seated inflammations when other means cannot be employed, as they are more easily applied locally.

222. *Anodyne and Discutient*.—Take 2 drachms of scraped white soap,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of extract of henbane, and dissolve them by a gentle heat in 6 ounces of olive oil. *Used* in doses of 2 or 3 drachms at a time, for glandular enlargements which are painful and stubborn.

223. *Strong Ammoniated*.—Add 1 ounce of strong liquid ammonia (*Liquor ammonia fortis*) to 2 ounces of olive oil; shake them well together until they are properly mixed. *Use*. Employed as a stimulant in rheumatic pains, paralytic numbnesses, chronic glandular enlargements, lumbago, sciatica, &c.

224. *Compound Ammoniated*.—Add 6 teaspoonfuls of oil of turpentine to the strong ammoniated liniment above; *Use*, for the diseases mentioned and for the head of strong ammoniated liniment, and chronic affections of the knee and ankle-joints.

225. *Lime and Oil*.—Take equal parts of common linseed-oil and lime-water (*Liquor calcis*), and shake well. *Use*. Applied to burns, scalds, sun-peelings, &c.

226. *Camphorated*.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of camphor, and dissolve it in 2 ounces of olive oil. *Use*, as a stimulant, soothing application, in stubborn breasts, glandular enlargements, dropsy of the belly, and rheumatic pains.

227. *Soap Liniment with Spanish Flies*.—Take 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of soap tincture, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of tincture of Spanish flies; mix and shake well. *Use*, as a stimulant to chronic bruises, sprains, rheumatic pains, and indolent swellings.

228. *Turpentine*.—Take 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of resin cerate (*ceratum resine*), and melt it by standing the vessel in hot water; then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of oil of turpentine, and mix. *Use*, as a stimulant application to ulcers, burns, scalds, &c.

### V.—ENEMAS.

229. Are a peculiar kind of medicines, administered by injecting them into the rectum or outlet of the body. The intention is either to empty the bowels, kill worms, protect the lining membrane of the intestines from injury, restrain copious discharges, to allay spasms in the bowels, or nourish the body. These clysters, or glisters, are administered by means of bladder and pipes, or a proper apparatus.

230. *Laxative*.—Take 2 ounces of Epsom salts, and dissolve in  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pint of gruel, or thin broth, with an ounce of olive oil. *Use*, as all enemata are used.

231. *Nutritive*.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of strong beef tea, and thicken with hartshorn shavings or arrow-root.

232. *Turpentine*.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of oil of turpentine, the yolk of one egg, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of gruel. Mix the turpentine and egg, and then add the gruel. *Use*, as an anthelmintic.

233. *Common*.—Dissolve 1 ounce of salt in 12 ounces of gruel.

234. *Castor oil*.—Mix 2 ounces of castor oil with 1 drachm of starch, then rub them together, and add 14 ounces of thin gruel. *Use*, purgative.

235. *Opium*.—Rub 2 grains of opium with 2 ounces of starch, then add 2 ounces of warm water. *Use*, as an anodyne, in colic, spasms, &c.

236. *Oil*.—Mix 4 ounces of olive oil with  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of mucilage and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of warm water. *Use*, as a demulcent.

237. *Assafoetida*.—Dissolve 2 drachms of the gum in a pint of barley-water. *Use* as an anthelmintic, or in convulsions from teething.

### VI.—GARGLES.

238. Are remedies used to stimulate chronic sore throats, or a relaxed state of the swallow, or uvula.

239. *Acidulated*.—Mix 1 part of white vinegar with 3 parts of honey of roses, and 24 of barley-water. *Use*, in chronic inflammations of the throat, malignant sore throat, &c.

240. *Astringent*.—Take 2 drachms of roses and mix with 8 ounces of boiling water, infuse for 1 hour, strain, and add 1 drachm of alum and 1 ounce of honey of roses. *Use*, in severe sore throat, relaxed uvula, &c.

241. *For salivation*.—Mix from 1 to 4 drachms of bruised gall-nuts with a pint of boiling water, and infuse for 2 hours, then strain and sweeten.

242. *Tonic and stimulant*.—Mix 6 ounces of decoction of bark with 2 ounces of tincture of myrrh, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, in scorbutic affections.

243. *Alum*.—Dissolve 1 drachm of alum in 15 ounces of water, then add

half an ounce of treacle and 1 drachm of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, as astringent.

244. *Myrrh*.—Add 6 drachms of tincture of myrrh to 7 ounces of infusion of linseed, and then add 2 drachms of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, as a detergent.

245. *For slight inflammation of the throat*.—Add 1 drachm of sulphuric ether to half an ounce of syrup of marsh-mallows, and 6 ounces of barley-water. To be used frequently.

## VII.—LOTIONS.

246. *LOTIONS* are usually applied to the parts required by means of a piece of linen rag wetted with them, or by wetting the bandage itself.

247. *Emollient*.—Use decoction of marsh-mallow or linseed.

248. *Elder-flowers*.—Add 2½ drachms of elder-flowers to 1 quart of boiling water, infuse for 1 hour, and strain. *Use*, as a discutient.

249. *Sedative*.—Dissolve 1 drachm of extract of henbane in 24 drachms of water.

250. *Opium*.—Mix 2 drachms of bruised opium with half a pint of boiling water, allow it to grow cold, and use for painful ulcers, bruises, &c.

251. *Stimulant*.—Dissolve 1 drachm of caustic potash in 1 pint of water, and then gradually pour it upon 24 grains of camphor and 1 drachm of sugar, previously bruised together in a mortar. *Used* as in fungoid and flabby ulcers.

252. *Ordinary*.—Mix 1 drachm of salt with 8 ounces of water. *Used*, for foul ulcers and flabby wounds.

253. *Cold evaporating*.—Add two drachms of Sulard's extract (*Liquor plumbi diacetatis*), and the same quantity of sweet spirit of nitre (*Spiritus aetheris nitrici*) to a pint of cold water. *Use*, as a lotion for contusions, sprains, inflamed parts, &c.

254. *Hydrochlorate of ammonia*.—Dissolve half an ounce of sal ammoniac (*Ammonia hydrochloras*) in 6 ounces of water, then add an ounce of distilled vinegar and the same quantity of rectified spirit. *Use*, as a refrigerant.

255. *Yellow lotion*.—Dissolve 1 grain of corrosive sublimate (*Hydrargyri chloridum*, A VIOLENT POISON) in an ounce of lime-water, taking care to bruise the crystals of the salt in order to assist its solution. *Use*, as a detergent.

256. *Black wash*.—Add half a drachm of calomel to 4 ounces of lime-water, or 8 grains to an ounce of lime-water; shake well. *Use*, as a detergent.

257. *Acetate of lead with opium*.—Take 10 grains of acetate of lead, and a drachm of powdered opium, mix, and add an ounce of vinegar and 4 ounces of warm water, set aside for an hour, then filter. *Use*, as an astringent.

258. *Kresote*.—Add a drachm of kresote to a pint of water, and mix by shaking. *Use*, as an application in *tinea capitis*, or other cutaneous diseases.

259. *Galls*.—Boil one drachm of bruised galls in 12 ounces of water until only half a pint remains, then strain, and add 1 ounce of laudanum. *Use*, as an astringent.

## VIII.—OINTMENTS AND CERATES.

260. These remedies are used as topical applications to parts, generally ulcers, and are usually spread upon linen or other materials.

261. *Camphorated*.—Mix ½ an ounce of camphor with 1 ounce of lard, having, of course, previously powdered the camphor. *Use*, as a discutient and stimulant in indolent tumours.

262. *Chalk*.—Mix as much prepared chalk as you can into some lard, so as to form a thick ointment. *Use*, as an application to burns and scalds.

263. *For Itch*.—Mix 4 drachms of sublimed sulphur, 2 ounces of lard, and 2 drachms of sulphuric acid together. To be rubbed into the body.

264. *For Scrofulous Ulcerations*.—Mix 1 drachm of ioduret of zinc, and 1 ounce of lard together. *Use*, twice a day to the ulcerations.

265. *Catechu*.—Mix 1 ounce of powdered catechu, 2½ drachms of powdered alum, 1 ounce of powdered white resin, and 2½ ounces of olive oil together. *Use*.—To apply to flabby and indolent ulcers.

266. *Tartar Emetic*.—Mix 20 grains of tartar emetic and 10 grains of white sugar with 1½ drachms of lard. *Use*, as a counter-irritant in white swellings, &c. (§ 160.)

## IX.—PILLS.

267. *Strong Purgative*.—Take of powdered aloes, scammony, and gamboge each 15 grains, mix and add sufficient Venice turpentine to make into a mass, then divide into 12 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 occasionally.

268. *Milder Purgative*.—Take 4 grains of powdered scammony and the same quantity of compound extract of colocynth, and 2 grains of calomel, mix well, and add a few drops of oil of cloves, or thin gum water, to enable the ingredients to combine properly, divide into 2 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 when necessary.

269. *Common Purgative*.—Take of powdered jalap and compound extract of colocynth each 4 grains, of calomel 2 grains, mix as usual, and divide into 2 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 occasionally.

270. *Tonic*.—Mix 24 grains of extract of gentian and the same of green vitriol (*sulphate of iron*) together, and divide into 12 pills. *Dose*, 1 to 2 when necessary. *Use* in debility.

271. *Cough*.—Mix 1 drachm of compound powder of ipecacuanha with 1 scruple of gum ammoniacum and dried squill bulb, and make into a mass with mucilage, then divide into 20 pills. *Dose*, 1, 3 times a day.

272. *Astringent*.—Mix 16 grains of acetate of lead (*Sugar of lead*) with 4 grains of opium, and make into a mass with syrup, so as to make 8 pills.

*Dose*, from 1 to 2. *Use* as an astringent in obstinate diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera.

## X.—MIXTURES.

273. *Fever, simple*.—Add 3 ounces of the spirit of mindererus (*Liquor ammonia acetatis*) to 5 ounces of water, or medicated water, such as cinnamon, aniseed, &c. *Dose* for an adult, 1 ounce every 3 hours. *Use*, as a diaphoretic.

274. *Aromatic*.—Mix 3 drachms of aromatic confection with 2 drachms of compound tincture of cardamoms, and 8 ounces of peppermint water. *Dose*, from 1 to 1½ ounce. *Use*, in flatulent cholera and spasms of the bowels.

275. *Cathartic*.—Dissolve 1 ounce of Epsom salts in 4 ounces of compound infusion of senna, then add 3 ounces of peppermint water. *Dose*, from 1½ to 2 ounces. *Use*, as a warm stomachic and cathartic.

276. *Diuretic*.—Add ½ an ounce of sweet spirit of nitre, 2 drachms of tincture of squills, and 2 ounces of liquid acetate of ammonia, to 8 ounces of decoction of broom. *Dose*, 1 ounce every 2 hours. *Use*, in dropsical.

277. *Cough*.—Dissolve 3 grains of tartar emetic and 15 grains of opium in 1 pint of boiling water, then add 4 ounces of treacle, 2 ounces of vinegar, and 1 pint more of boiling water. *Dose*, from 2 drachms to 1 ounce. *Use*, in common catarrh, bronchitis, and irritable cough.

278. *Cough, for Children*.—Mix 2 drachms of ipecacuanha wine with ½ an ounce of oxymel of squills, and the same quantity of mucilage, and 2 ounces of water. *Dose*, 1 teaspoonfull for children under 1 year, 2 teaspoonfulls from 1 to 5 years, and a tablespoonfull from 5 years every time the cough is troublesome.

279. *Anti-spasmodic*.—Dissolve 50 grains of camphor in 2 drachms of chloroform, and then add 2 drachms of compound tincture of lavender, 6 drachms of mucilage of gum arabic, 8 ounces of aniseed, cinnamon, or some other aromatic water, and 2 ounces of water; mix well. *Dose*, 1 tablespoonfull every ½ hour if necessary. *Use* in cholera in the cold stage, when cramps are severe, or exhaustion very great; as a general anti-spasmodic in doses of 1 dessert spoonful when the spasms are severe.

280. *Tonic and Stimulant*.—Dissolve 1 drachm of extract of bark, and ½ a drachm of powdered gum arabic in 6 ounces of water, then add 1 ounce of syrup of marsh-mallow, and the same quantity of syrup of tolu. *Dose*, 1 tablespoonfull every 3 hours. *Use*, after fevers and catarrhs.

281. *Stomachic*.—Take 20 grains of powdered rhubarb, and dissolve it in 3½ ounces of peppermint water, then add 20 drops of volatile and compound tincture of gentian, each 1½ drachm. *Mix*. *Dose*, from 1 to 1½ ounces. *Use* as a tonic, stimulant, and stomachic.

## XI.—DRINKS.

282. *Tamarind*.—Boil 2 ounces of the pulp of tamarinds in 2 pints of milk, then strain. *Use*, as a refrigerant drink.

283. *Tamarind*.—Dissolve 2 ounces of the pulp in 2 pints of warm water and allow it to get cold, then strain. *Use*, refrigerant.

## XII.—POWDERS.

284. *Compound Soda*.—Mix 1 drachm of calomel, 5 drachms of sesqui carbonate of soda, and 10 drachms of compound chalk powder together. *Dose*, 5 grains. *Use*, as a mild purgative for children during teething.

285. *Tonic*.—Mix 1 drachm of powdered rhubarb with the same quantity of dried carbonate of soda, then add 2 drachms of powdered Calumba root. *Dose*, from 10 to 20 grains as a tonic after fevers, in all cases of debility and dyspepsia attended with acidity.

286. *Rhubarb and Magnesia*.—Mix 1 drachm of powdered rhubarb with 2 drachms of carbonate of magnesia, and ½ a drachm of ginger. *Dose*, from 15 grains to 1 drachm. *Use*, as a purgative for children.

287. *Sulphur and Potash*.—Mix 1 drachm of sulphur with 4 scruples bicarbonate of potash, and 2 scruples of nitre. *Dose*, from ½ a drachm to 1 drachm. *Use*, as a purgative, diuretic, and refrigerant.

288. *Anti-Diarrhœal*.—Mix 1 grain of powdered ipecacuanha, and grain of powdered opium, with the same quantity of camphor. *Dose*, 1 of these powders to be given in jam, treacle, &c., five or six times a day if necessary.

289. *Anti-spasmodic*.—Mix 4 grains of subnitrate of bismuth, 48 grains carbonate of magnesia, and the same quantity of white sugar, and divide in 4 equal parts. *Dose*, 1-4th part. *Use*, in obstinate pain in stomach with cramps, unattended by inflammation.

290. *Anti-Pertussal, or Against Hooping Cough*.—Mix 1 drachm of powdered belladonna-root, and 5 drachms of white sugar, together. *Dose*, 5 grains morning and evening for children under 1 year; 12 grains for those between 2 and 3 years of age; 24 grains for those between 5 and 10; 48 grains for adults. *Caution*, this should be prepared by a chemist, as belladonna is a poison, and occasional doses of castor-oil should be given while it is being taken.

291. *Purgative (common)*.—Mix 10 grains of calomel, with 1 drachm powdered jalap, and 20 grains of sugar. *Dose*, 50 grains for adults.

292. *Sudorific*.—Mix six grains of compound antimonial powder, and grains of sugar together. *Dose*, as mixed, to be taken at bed-time. *Use* in catarrh and fever.

## XIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

293. *Ethereal Tincture of Male Fern*.—Digest 1 ounce male-fern in 3 ounces of sulphuric ether, then strain. *Dose*, 30 drops early morning. *Use*, to kill tape-worm.

294. *Emulsion, Laxative*.—Rub down an ounce of castor-oil in 2 dr

of mucilage of gum arabic, 3 ounces of dill-water, and add a drachm of tincture of jalap gradually. *Dose*, as prepared thus, to be taken while fasting in the morning.

295. *Emulsion, Purgative*.—Rub down 6 grains of scammony with 4 drachms of white sugar in a mortar, and gradually add 4 ounces of almond emulsion, and 2 drops of oil of cloves. *Dose*, as prepared, early in the morning.

296. *To Prevent Pitting after Small-pox*.—Spread a sheet of thin leather with the ointment of ammoniacum with mercury, and cut out a place for the mouth, eyes, and nostrils. This forms what is called a mask, and, after anointing the eyelids with a little blue ointment (*Unguentum hydragryri*), it should be applied to the face, and allowed to remain for 3 days for the distillat kind, and 4 days for the running variety. *Period to apply it*:—Before the spots fill with matter, although it will answer sometime even after they have become pustulous. It may be applied to any part in the same way.

297. *Mucilage of Gum Arabic*.—Rub 1 ounce of gum arabic in a mortar, with 4 ounces of warm water. *Use*, for coughs, &c.

298. *Mucilage of Starch*.—Rub 1 drachm of starch with a little water, and gradually add 5 ounces of water, then boil until it forms a mucilage. *Use*, for enemata, topical application, and demulcent.

### DOMESTIC SURGERY.

299. Under this head I propose giving such hints and advice as will enable any one to act on an emergency, or in ordinary trivial accidents requiring simple treatment; and also to distinguish between simple accidents, and the best means to adopt in all cases that fall under a person's notice. The subject naturally divides itself into five parts:—1st, Dressings; 2nd, Bandages; 3rd, Apparatus; 4th, Minor Operations; 5th, Accidents.

#### I.—DRESSINGS.

300. *Dressings* are substances usually applied to parts for the purpose of soothing, promoting their reunion when divided, protecting them from external injuries, as a means of applying various medicines, to absorb discharges, protect the surrounding parts, and securing cleanliness.

301. Certain instruments are required for the application of dressings in domestic surgery, viz. Scissors, a pair of tweezers, or simple forceps, a knife, needles and thread, a razor, a lancet, a quill, and a sponge.

302. The materials required for dressings consist of lint, scraped linen, carded cotton, tow, ointments spread on calico, adhesive plaster, compresses, poultices, old rags of linen or calico, and water.

303. The following rules should be attended to in applying dressings: 1. Always prepare the new dressing before removing the old one; 2. Always have hot and cold water at hand, and a vessel to place the foul dressings in; 3. Have one or more persons at hand ready to assist, and tell each person what they are to do before you commence, it prevents confusion; thus one is to wash out and band the sponges, another to heat the adhesive plaster, or band the bandages and dressings, and, if requisite, a third to support the limb, &c.; 4. Always stand on the outside of a limb to assist; 5. Place the patient in as easy a position as possible so as not to fatigue him; 6. Arrange the bed after changing the dressings, but in some cases you will have to do so before the patient is placed on it; 7. Never be in a hurry when applying dressings, do it quietly; 8. When a patient desires moving from one bed to another, the best way is for one person to lie on each side of the patient, and each to place an arm behind his back, he passes his arms over their necks, then let their other arms be under his thighs and by holding each others' hands, the patient can be raised with ease and removed to another bed. If the leg is injured the third person should steady it, and if the arm, the same precaution should be adopted. Sometimes a stout sheet is passed under the patient, and by several people holding the sides, the patient is lifted without any fatigue or much disturbance.

304. *Lint* may be made in a hurry, by nailing the corners of a piece of linen to a board, and scraping its surface with a knife. It is used either alone or spread with ointment. Scraped lint, is the fine filaments of ordinary lint, and is used to stimulate ulcers and absorb discharges; it is what the French call *Charpie*.

305. *Scraped Lint* is made into various shapes, for particular purposes. For example, when it is screwed up into a conical shape, as in Fig. 13, it is called a *tent*, and is used to dilate fistulous openings, so as to allow the matter to escape freely, to plug wounds, so as to promote the formation of a clot of blood, and thus arrest the hæmorrhage.



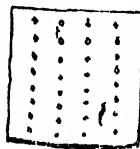
scraped lint into a ball, and the middle is then doubled and pushed into a deep seated wound so as to press upon the bleeding vessel, while the loose lint is used to assist in forming a clot, or it is used in deep ulcers to keep the matter and keep the edges apart. This form is called the *bourdonnet*. Another form is that called the *pelote*, which is merely a ball of scraped lint tied up in a piece of ligament rag, as in Fig. 14. This is used in the treatment of protrusion of the navel in children.

306. *Carded Cotton* is used as a dressing for superficial ulcers, and care should be taken to free it from specks, as flies are apt to lay their eggs there, and generate maggots.

308. *Ointments* are spread on calicoes, lint, or even thin layers of tow by means of a knife; they should not be spread too thick.

309. *Adhesive Plaster* is cut into strips, ranging in width according to the nature of the wound, &c., but the usual width is about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch. Isinglass plaster is not so irritating as diachylon, and is more easily removed.

310. *Compresses* are made of pieces of linen, calico, lint, or tow, doubled or cut into various shapes. They are used to confine dressings in their places, and to apply an equal pressure over parts. They should be free from darns, hems, and knots. Ordinary compresses are square, oblong, and triangular. The *pierced compress*, fig. 15, is made by folding up a square piece of linen 5 or 6 times on itself, and then nicking the sides with the scissors, so as to cut out small pieces. It is then opened out and spread out.



other times doubly; or they are graduated by placing square pieces of cloth on one another, so arranged that they decrease in size each time. They are used for keeping up pressure upon certain parts.

311. *Pads* are made by sewing tow inside pieces of linen, or folding linen and sewing the pieces together. They are used to keep off pressure from parts, such as that caused by splints in fractures.

312. *Poultices* are usually made of linsed-meal, oatmeal, or bread, either combined with water and other fluids; sometimes they are made of carrots, and mustard.

The required form and size is cut off, and the edges are pared or bevelled off with a pair of scissors, so that the crutch may come in contact with the surrounding skin in order to prevent evaporation of the fluid used; for, as it only forms the vehicle, we can employ the various poultices generally used with much less expenditure of time and money, and increased cleanliness. For example, a *vinegar poultice* is made by moistening the fabric with distilled vinegar; an *alum poultice*, by using a strong solution of alum; a *charcoal poultice*, by sprinkling powdered charcoal on the moistened surface of the material; a *yeast poultice*, by using warmed yeast, and moistening the fabric with hot water, which is to be well squeezed out previous to the absorption of the yeast; a *beer poultice*, by employing warm porter-dregs or strong beer as the fluid; and a *carrot poultice*, by using the expressed and evaporated liquor of boiled carrots. The material costs about one-farthing a square inch. As a fomentation it is most invaluable, and by moistening the material with compound camphor liniment or hartshorn, it acts the same as a mustard poultice.\* It is a real blessing to the poor, who cannot afford to waste "the staff of life" in making poultices.

Water is used as a lotion to keep the parts cool, or as a dressing to unhealthy ulcers; in the latter case it is applied by means of a piece of lint dipped in it, and laid over the part, so as to allow the water to evaporate, lint is

#### II.—BANDAGES.

They are better after they have been washed are to retain dressings, apparatus, or parts of the body in their positions, support the soft parts, and maintain equal pressure.

315. Bandages are simple and compound; the former are simple strips rolled up tightly like a roll of ribbon. There is also another simple kind which is rolled from both ends,—this is called a *double-headed bandage*. The compound bandages are formed of many pieces.

316. Bandages for the head should be 2 inches wide and 5 yards long; for the neck, 2 inches wide and 3 yards long; for the arm, 2 inches wide and 7 yards long; for the leg, 2½ inches wide and 7 yards long; for the thigh, 3 inches wide and 8 yards long; and for the body, 4 or 6 inches wide

to be bandaged, and hold the roll between the little, ring, and middle finger of the left hand, using the thumb and fore-finger of the same hand to guide it, and the right hand to keep it firm, and pass the bandage partly round the leg towards the left hand. It is sometimes necessary to reverse this order, and therefore it is well to be able to use both hands. Particular parts require a different method of applying bandages, and therefore I shall describe the most useful separately, and there are different ways of putting on the same bandage, which consist in the manner the folds or turns are made. For example, the *circular bandage* is formed by horizontal turns, each of which overlaps the one made before it (See Fig. 16); the *spiral* consists of spiral turns; the *oblique* follows a course oblique

\* Full directions will, no doubt, be supplied to those who purchase the material, if inquired for.

or slanting to the centre of the limb; and the recurrent folds back again to the point whence it started. (See fig. 17).



Fig. 16.

319. To confine the Ends of Bandages, some persons use pins, others slit the end for a short distance, and tie the two strips into a knot as in fig. 16; and some use a strip of adhesive plaster, but this is a dirty method. Always place the point of a pin in such a position that it should not be likely to prick the patient, or the person dressing the limb, or be likely to draw out by using the limb; therefore, as a general rule, turn the head of the pin from the free end of the bandage, or towards the upper part of the limb.

320. The Oblique bandage is generally used for arms and legs to retain dressings.

321. The spiral bandage is generally applied to the trunk and extremities, but it is apt to fall off even when very carefully applied; therefore generally use another called the recurrent.

322. The recurrent bandage (Fig. 17) is the best kind of bandage that we can employ for general purposes. The method of putting it on is as follows:—Apply the end of the bandage that is free, with the outside of it next to the skin, and hold this end with the finger and thumb of the left hand, while some one supports the heel of the patient; then with the right hand pass the bandage over the piece you are holding, and keep it crossed thus, until you can place

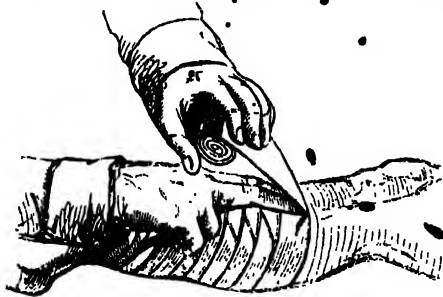


Fig. 17.

your right forefinger upon the spot where it crosses the other bandage, where it must be kept firm. Now hold the roll of the bandage in your left hand, with the palm looking upwards, and taking care to keep that part of the bandage between your right forefinger, and the roll in your left hand quite slack; turn your left hand over, and bring the bandage down upon the leg as in Fig. 17; then pass the roll under the leg towards your right hand, and repeat this until the leg is bandaged up to the knee, taking care not to drag the bandage at any time during the process of bandaging. When you arrive at the knee, pass the bandage round the leg in circles just below the knee, and pin it as usual. Bandaging is very easy, and if you once see any one apply a bandage properly, and attend to these rules, there will not be any difficulty; but bear one thing in mind, without which you will never put on a bandage even decently; that is, never to drag or pull at a bandage, but make the turns while it is slack, and you have your right forefinger placed upon the point where it is to be folded down. When a limb is properly bandaged, the folds should run in a line corresponding to the shin-bone (See Fig. 17). Use, to retain dressings, and for varicose veins.

323. A bandage for the chest is always placed upon the patient while in a sitting posture; and it may be put on in circles or spirally. Use in fractures of the ribs, to retain dressings, and after severe contusions.

324. A bandage for the belly is placed on the patient as directed in § 323, if spirally carrying it from above downwards. Use to compress the belly after dropsy, or retain dressings.

325. The hand is bandaged by crossing the bandage over the back of the hand. Use, to retain dressings.

326. For the head, a bandage may be circular, as in Fig. 18; or spiral, as in the same figure; or both. In applying the one, as in Fig. 18, commence by placing one circular turn just over the ears; then bring it down from left to right, and round the head again so as to alternate a spiral with a circular turn. Use to retain dressings on the head, or over the eye; but this form soon gets slack. The circular bandage is the best, crossing it over both eyes.



Fig. 18.

327. For the Foot.—Place the end just above the outer ankle, and make two circular turns to prevent its slipping; then bring it down from the inside of the foot over the instep towards the outer part; pass it under the sole of the foot, and upwards and inwards over the instep towards the inner ankle, then round the ankle, and repeat again, so as to make it like Fig. 19. Use to retain dressings to the instep, heel or ankle.



Fig. 19.

328. For the leg and foot, commence and proceed as directed in § 327; then continue it up the leg as ordered in § 322.

329. As it sometimes happens that it is necessary to apply a bandage at once, and the materials are not at hand, it is desirable to know how to substitute something else that any one may apply with ease. This is found to be effected by handkerchiefs, and an experienced surgeon (Mr. Mayor) has paid great attention to the subject, and brought it to much perfection. It is to him, therefore, that I am indebted for most of these hints.

330. Any ordinary handkerchief will do; but a square of linen folded into various shapes answers better. The shapes generally required are as follows:—The triangle, the long square, the cravat, and the cord.

331. The triangular handkerchief is made by folding it from corner to corner. Use, as a bandage for the head. Application. Place the base round the head, and the short part hanging down behind, then tie the long ends over it.

332. The long-square is made by folding the handkerchief into three parts, or double it once upon itself. Use, as a bandage to the ribs, back, &c. If one handkerchief is not long enough sew two together.

333. The cravat is folded as usual with cravats. Use, as a bandage for the head, arms, legs, feet, neck, &c.

The cord is used to compress vessels, being, in fact, a temporary tourniquet when a knot is made in it, and placed over the vessel to be compressed. It is merely a handkerchief twisted in its long diameter.

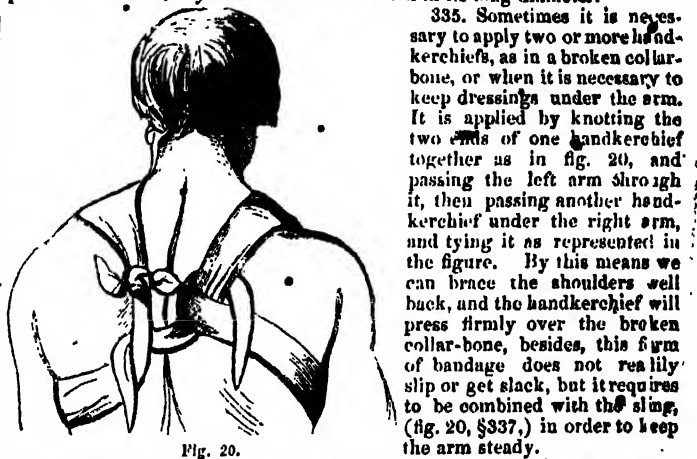


Fig. 20.

336. When a woman has an inflamed breast that requires support, or dressings to be kept to it, tie two ends of the handkerchief round her neck, and bring the body of it over the breast, and pass it upwards and backwards under the arm of that side, and tie the ends of those around the neck.

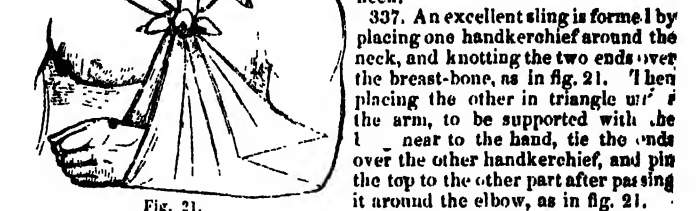


Fig. 21.

337. An excellent sling is formed by placing one handkerchief around the neck, and knotting the two ends over the breast-bone, as in fig. 21. Then placing the other in triangle under the arm, to be supported with the hand near to the hand, tie the ends over the other handkerchief, and pin the top to the other part after passing it around the elbow, as in fig. 21.

### III.—APPARATUS.

338. When a person receives a severe contusion of the leg or foot, or breaks his leg, or has painful ulcers over the leg, or is unable from some cause to bear the pressure of the bedclothes, it is advisable to know how to keep them from hurting the leg. This may be done by bending up a fire-guard, or placing a chair, resting upon the edge of it back and front of the seat over the leg, or putting a box on each side of it and placing a plank over them; but the best way is to make a cradle, as it is called. This is done by getting three pieces of wood, and three pieces of iron wire, and passing the wire through the wood as in fig. 22. This can be placed to any height, and is very useful in all cases where pressure cannot be borne.

339. When a person breaks his leg, and splints cannot be had directly get a bunch of straw or twigs, and roll it up in a handkerchief, and place one on each side of the leg or arm, and bind another handkerchief firmly around them, or make a long bag about three inches in diameter, or of more, of coarse linen (duck, or carpet, and stuff this full of straw sawdust or sand, sew up the end, and use this the same as the twigs. It forms an excellent extemporaneous splint. Another good plan is to get a hat-box made of chip, and cut it into suitable lengths, or for want of all these, some bones out of a pair of saws, and run them through a stout piece of rug, protecting the leg with a fold of rug, linen, &c.

340. When dry warmth is required to be applied to any part, fry a flour pancake and lay it over the part; or warm some sand



in the patient's socks, and put it to the part; salt does as well, and may be put into a paper bag; or warm jars, and rolled up in flannel.

#### IV.—MINOR OPERATIONS.

341. Bleeding is sometimes necessary at once in certain accidents, such as concussion, and therefore it is well to know how to do this. First of all bind up the arm above the elbow with a piece of bandage or a handkerchief, pretty firmly, then place your finger over the veins at the bend of the arm, and feel if there is any pulsation, if there is try another vein, and if it does not pulsate or beat, choose that one. Now rub the arm from the wrist towards the elbow, place the left thumb upon the vein, and hold the lancet as you would a pen, and nearly at right angles to the vein, taking care to prevent its going in too far, by keeping the thumb near to the point, and resting the hand upon the little finger. Now place the

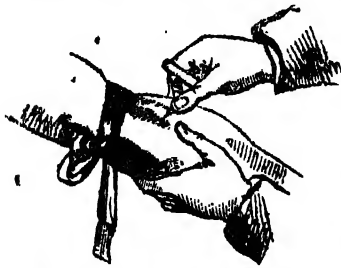


Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.

point of the lancet on the vein, push suddenly inwards, depress the elbow, raise the hand upwards and outwards as to cut obliquely across the vein, as fig. 24. When sufficient blood is drawn off, which is known by feeling the pulse at the wrist, and near to the thumb, as shown by the black line in fig. 25, bandage the arm. If the pulse feels like a piece of cord, more blood should be taken away, but if it is soft, and can be easily pressed, the bleeding should be stopped. When you bandage the arm place a piece of lint over the opening made by the lancet, and pass a bandage lightly, but firmly, around the arm, so as to cross it over to the bend of the elbow.

342a. Dry Cupping is performed by throwing a piece of paper dipped into wine, and ignited into a wide-glass, and placing it over the part, such as the neck, temples, &c. It thus draws the flesh into the glass, and causes a termination of blood to the part, which is useful in headache, or many other complaints. This is an excellent method of extracting the poison from wounds made by adders, mad dogs, fish, &c.



Fig. 26.

343. Ordinary Cupping is performed the same as dry cupping, with this exception, that the part is scarified or scratched with a lancet, so as to cause the blood to flow. Then the glass is placed over it again with the lighted paper in it, and when sufficient blood has been taken away, then the parts are sponged, and a piece of sticking plaster applied over them.

#### LEECHES AND THEIR APPLICATION.

344. The leech used for medical purposes is called the *hirudo Medicinalis*, to distinguish it from other varieties, such as the *h. sanguisuga*, or horse-leech, and the *h. medicinalis*, or Lisbon leech. It varies from 2 to 4 inches in length, and is of a blackish brown colour, marked on the back with six yellow spots, and edged with a yellow line on each side. Formerly



Fig. 27.

leeches were supplied by Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and other fenny countries, but latterly most of the leeches are procured from France, where they are now becoming scarce.

346. When leeches are applied to a part, it should be thoroughly freed from down or hair by shaving, and all dirt, liniments, &c. carefully and effectually washed away by washing. If the leech is hungry it will soon bite. If great difficulty is experienced in getting them to fasten on. When this is the case, roll the leech in a little porter, or moisten the surface with a little blood, or milk, or sugar and water. Leeches may be applied by holding them over the part with a piece of linen cloth, or by means of a glass, as in Fig. 28.



Fig. 28.

347. When applied to the gums, care

should be taken to use a leech glass, as they are apt to creep down the patient's throat; a large swan's quill will answer the purpose of a leech glass. When leeches are gorged, they will drop off themselves; never tear them off from a person, but just dip the point of a moistened finger in some salt and touch them with it.

345. Leeches are supposed to abstract about two drachms of blood, or six leeches draw about an ounce; but this is independent of the bleeding after they have come off, and more blood generally flows then than during the time they are sucking.

348. After leeches come away, encourage the bleeding by flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry, and then apply a warm "spongio-piline" poultice. If the bleeding is not to be encouraged, cover the bites with rag dipped in olive oil, or spread with spermaceti ointment, having previously sponged the parts clean.

349. When bleeding continues from leech bites, and it is desirable to stop it, apply pressure with the fingers over the part, or dip a rag in a strong solution of alum and lay over them, or use the tincture of sesquichloride of iron, or apply a leaf of matio to them, placing the under surface of the leaf next to the skin, or touch each bite with a finely-pointed piece of lunar caustic; and if all these tried in succession fail, pass a fine needle through a fold of the skin so as to include the bite, and twist a piece of thread round it, as in Fig. 29. Be sure never to allow any one to go to sleep with leech bites bleeding, without watching them carefully; and never apply too many to children.

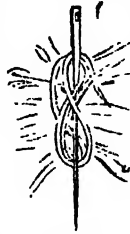


Fig. 29.

350. After leeches have been used they should be placed in water, containing 16 per cent. of salt, which facilitates the removal of the blood they contain; and they should afterwards be placed one by one in warm water, and the blood forced out by gentle pressure. The leeches should then be thrown into fresh water, which is to be renewed every 24 hours; and they may then be re-applied after an interval of 8 or 10 days; a second time they may be disgorged, after which they should be placed in reservoirs made of millstones, covered with Roman cement, and filled with water, which should be frequently changed. The bottom of the reservoir should be covered with a layer of clay, 14 inches deep, in which several aquatic plants (the typha, and the pond-weed, for example), are allowed to grow. Instead of the reservoir you may use a tub with lumps of clay moistened with water, and moss, and stones; they are thus enabled to clean themselves from the slime which covers their bodies and kills them.

351. If a leech is accidentally swallowed, or by any means gets into the body, employ an emetic, or enema, of salt and water.

352. Scarification is useful for contusions, and inflammation of parts. It is performed by scratching, or slightly cutting through the skin with a lancet, holding the lancet as you would a pen when you are ruling

#### V.—ACCIDENTS.

Burns.—If the skin is much injured, spread some linen pretty thickly with chalk ointment (§ 262), and lay over the part, and give the patient some brandy and water. If much exhausted; then send for a medical man. If the injury is very painful, use the same ointment, or apply carded cotton dipped in lime-water and linseed-oil (§ 225). If you please you may lay cloths dipped in ether over the parts, or cold lotions

354. Scalds.—Treat the same as burns (§ 353), or cover with scraped raw potato; but the chalk ointment is the best. In the absence of all these, cover the parts with treacle, and dust on plenty of flour.

355. Body in Flames.—Lay the person down on the floor of the room, and cover the tablecloth, rug, or other large cloth over him, and roll him on the floor.

356. Put in the Eye

your forefinger upon the cheek-bone, having the patient before you; then draw up the finger, and you will probably be able to remove the dirt; but if this will not enable you to get at it, repeat this operation while you have a netting-needle or bodkin placed over the eyelid; this will turn it inside out as in Fig. 30, and enable you to remove the sand or eyelash, &c., with the corner of a fine silk handkerchief. As soon as the substance is removed, bathe the eye with cold water, and exclude the light for a day. If the inflammation is severe, take a purgative, and use a refrigerant lotion (§ 253).

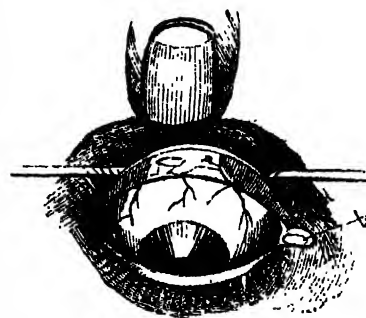


Fig. 30.

357. Lime the Eye.—Syringe it well with warm vinegar and water (1 ounce to 8 ounces of water); take a purgative, and exclude light.

358. Iron or Steel Spicule in the Eye.—This occurs while turning iron or steel in a lathe. Drop a solution of sulphate of copper (from 1 to 3 grains of the salt to 1 ounce of water) into the eye, or keep the eye open

Always send off for a surgeon immediately as an accident occurs, but treat as directed until he arrives.



in a wine-glassful of the solution. Take a purgative, bathe with gold lotion, and exclude light to keep down inflammation.

359. *Dislocated Thumb*.—This is frequently done while boxing, or by a fall. Make a clove hitch, by passing the loop *a* behind *b*, as in Fig. 31, and apply over the thumb by placing a piece of rag under the string to prevent it cutting the thumb; then pull in the same line as the thumb, as in Fig. 32. Afterwards apply a cold lotion (§ 254.)



Fig. 31.

*Cuts and Wounds*.—Cut thin strips



Fig. 33.

of sticking-plaster, and bring the parts together; or if large and deep, cut two broad pieces so as to look like the teeth of a comb, and place one on each side of the wound, which must be cleaned previously. These pieces must be arranged as in Fig. 33, so that they shall interlace one another; then by laying hold of the pieces on the right hand side with one hand, and those on the other side with the other hand, and pulling them from one another, the edges of the wound are brought together, and without any difficulty.

361. *Ordinary Cuts* are dressed by thin strips (§ 360), applied as in Fig. 34; that is, by pressing down the plaster on one side of the wound, and keeping it there and pulling in the opposite direction, then suddenly depressing the hand when the edges of the wound are brought together.

the lotion to drop on the cloth, and thus keep it always wet.

363. *Hæmorrhage*, when caused by an artery being divided or torn, may be known by the blood jumping out of the wound, and being of a bright scarlet colour. If a vein is injured, the blood is darker, and flows continuously. To stop the latter, apply pressure by means of a compress (§ 310) and bandage. To arrest arterial bleeding get a piece of wood (part of a mop-handle will do), and tie a piece of tape to one end of it (a Fig. 36); then tie a piece

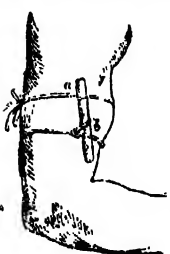


Fig. 36.

of tape loosely over the arm, and pass the other end of the wood under it (*b*); twist the stick round and round until the tape compresses the arm sufficiently to arrest the bleeding, and then confine the other end by tying the string round the arm as in Fig. 36. If the bleeding is very obstinate, and it occurs in the arm, place a cork underneath the string, on the inside of the fleshy part; that is on the opposite part to *b* in Fig. 36, where the artery may be felt beating by any one; if in the leg, place the cork in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little of the outside of the groin. It is an excellent thing to accustom yourself to find out the position of these arteries, or indeed any that are superficial, and to explain to every one in your house where they are, and how to stop bleeding. If a stick cannot be got, take a handkerchief, make a cord bandage of it (§ 334) and tie a knot in the middle; the knot acts as a compress, and should be placed over the artery, while the two ends are to be tied around the limb. Observe always to place the ligature between the wound and the heart. Putting your finger into a bleeding wound, and making pressure until a surgeon arrives, will generally stop violent bleeding.

364. *Bleeding from the Nose*, from whatever cause, may generally be stopped by putting a tent (Fig. 13) into the nostrils; if this does not do, apply a cold lotion to the forehead (§ 253 and 254); raise the head, and place both arms over the head, so that it will rest on both hands; dip the tent, slightly moistened into some powdered gum arabic, and plug the nostrils again; or dip the tent into equal parts of powdered gum arabic and alum, and plug the nose. If the bowels are confined, take a purgative.

365. *Violent Shocks* will sometimes stun a person, and he will remain unconscious. Untie strings, collars, &c.; loose anything that is tight, and interfere with the breathing; raise the head; see if there is bleeding from any part; apply smelling-salts to the nose, and hot bottles to the feet.

366. In *Convulsion*, the surface of the body is cold and pale, and the pulse weak and small, the breathing slow and gentle, and the pupil of

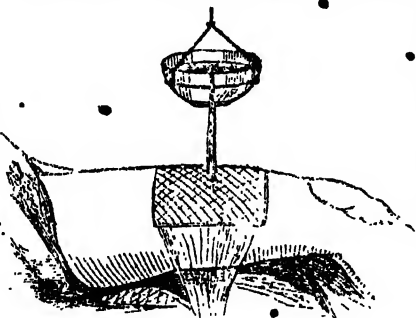


Fig. 35.

the eye generally contracted or small. You can get an answer by speaking loud, so as to arouse the patient. Give a little brandy and water, keep the place quiet, apply warmth, and do not raise the head too high. If you tickle the feet, he feels it.

367. In *Compression of the Brain*, from any cause, such as apoplexy, or a piece of fractured bone pressing on it, there is loss of sensation. If you tickle the feet, he does not feel it. You cannot arouse him so as to get an answer. The pulse is slow and laboured; the breathing slow, laboured, and snoring; the pupil enlarged. Raise the head, unloose strings or tight things, and send for a surgeon. If one cannot be got at once, apply mustard-poultices to the feet, and leeches to the temples (Fig. 28, § 348.)

368. *Choking*.—When a person has a fish bone in the throat, press the forefinger upon the root of the tongue, so as to induce vomiting; if this does not do, let them swallow a large piece of potato or soft bread; and if these fail give a mustard emetic. (§ 133.)

369. *Drowning*.—Attend to the following essential rules: 1. Lose no time; 2. Handle the body gently; 3. Carry the body with the head gently raised, and never hold it up by the feet; 4. Send for medical assistance immediately, and in the meantime act as follows: 1. Strip the body, rub it dry; then wrap it in hot blankets, and place it in a warm bed in a warm room; 2. Cleanse away the froth and mucus from the nose and mouth; 3. Apply warm bricks, bottles, bags of sand, &c. to the arm-pits, between the thighs and soles of the feet; 4. Rub the surface of the body with the hands enclosed in warm dry worsted socks; 5. If possible, put the body into a warm bath; 6. To restore breathing put the pipe of a common bellows into one nostril, carefully closing the other and the mouth; at the same time drawing downwards, and pushing gently backwards the upper part of the windpipe, to allow a more free admission of air; blow the bellows gently, in order to inflate the lungs, till the breast be raised a little; then set the mouth and nostrils free, and press gently on the chest; repeat this until signs of life appear. When the patient revives apply smelling salts to the nose, give warm wine or brandy and water. *Cautions*. 1. Never rub the body with salt or spirits; 2. Never roll the body on casks; 3. Continue the remedies for 12 hours without ceasing.

370. *Hanging*; loose the cord, or whatever suspended the person, and proceed as for drowning (§ 369), taking the additional precaution to apply 8 or 10 leeches to the temples. (§ 346.)

371. *Apparent Death from Drunkenness*.—Raise the head, unloose the clothes; maintain warmth of surface, and give a mustard emetic as soon as the person can swallow.

372. *Apoplexy*.—Raise the head; unloose all tight clothes, strings, &c.; apply cold lotions (§ 253, 254) to the head, which should be shaved; apply leeches to the temples, and send for a surgeon.

373. *Suffocation* from noxious gases, &c. Remove to the fresh air; dash cold vinegar and water in the face, neck, and breast; keep up the warmth of the body; if necessary apply mustard poultices to the soles of the feet, and try artificial respirations as in drowning. (§ 369.)

374. *Lightning and Sun-stroke*. Treat the same as apoplexy. (§ 372.)

## POISONS.\*

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

375. A Poison is a substance which is capable of altering, or destroying, some or all of the functions necessary to life.

376. When a person is in good health and is suddenly attacked, after having taken some food or drink, with violent pain, cramp in the stomach, sense of sickness or nausea, vomiting, convulsive twitchings and a sense of suffocation; or if he be seized, under the same circumstances, with giddiness, delirium, or unusual sleepiness, then poisoning may be supposed.

377. Poisons have been divided into four classes: 1st. Those causing local symptoms. 2nd. Those producing spasmodic symptoms. 3rd. Narcotic or sleepy symptoms; and 4th. Paralytic symptoms.

378. Poisons may be mineral, animal, or vegetable.

379. 1st. Always send immediately for a medical man; 2nd. Save all fluids vomited, and articles of food, cups, glasses, &c., used by the patient before being taken ill, and lock them up; 3rd. Examine the cups, to guide you in your treatment; that is, smell them, and look at them.

380. As a rule, give emetics after poisons that cause sleepiness and raving; chalk, milk, eggs, butter, and warm water, or oil after poisons that cause vomiting and pain in the stomach and bowels with purging; and when there is no inflammation about the throat, tickle it with a feather to excite vomiting.

381. *ARSENIC* (White Arsenic; Orpiment, or Yellow Arsenic; realgar or Red Arsenic; Scheele's Green, or Arsenite of Copper; King's Yellow; Arsenic Drops; and Arsenical Paste).—E. Little or no taste. Within an hour heat and pain in the stomach, followed by vomiting of green, yellow, and bloody matter, burning, and violent thirst; purging, and twisting about the navel; pulse small, quick, and irregular; breathing laboured, voice hoarse, and speaking painful; skin cold and clammy. Sometimes there are cramps and convulsions, followed by death.—T. Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed tea, apply leeches to the bowels, foment, and give starch or gruel enemas. Scrape the iron rust off anything you can get at, mix it with plenty of water and give in large draughts frequently, and give an emetic of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol.) *Caution*. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled with fluid, and the object is to get rid of the poison as speedily as possible.

382. *COPPER* (Blue vitriol, or blue stone; verdigrise; verditer; verdigrise).—The abbreviations used are as follow:—E. effects or symptoms. T. treatment. A. antidotes or counter poisons. D. A. dangerous antidotes.

*crystals*)—E. An acid, rough, disagreeable taste in the mouth; a dry parched tongue, with sense of strangling in the throat; coppery eructations; frequent spitting; nausea; frequent desire and effort to vomit, or copious vomiting; severe darting pains in the stomach; griping; frequent purging; belly swollen and painful; skin hot; and violent burning thirst breathing difficult; intense headache and giddiness; followed by cold sweats, cramps in the legs, convulsions and death.—A. White of eggs mixed with water (12 to 1 pint), to be given in wine-glassfuls every two minutes prussian blue; iron filings mixed with water, or very strong coffee.—D. A. Vinegar, bark, alkalies, gall nuts.—T. If there is much pain in the belly or stomach, apply leeches. Give large draughts of milk and water to encourage vomiting.

383. **MERCURY** (*Corrosive sublimate; calomel; red precipitate; vermilion; turpeth mineral; prussiate of mercury*).—E. Acid metallic taste; tightness and burning in the throat; pain in the back part of the month, stomach, and bowels; anxiety of countenance; nausea and vomiting of bloody and bilious fluids; profuse purging, and difficulty of making water; pulse small, hard, and quick; skin clammy, icy coldness of the hands and feet; and death in 24 or 36 hours.—A. White of eggs mixed with water, given as above (§ 382); milk; flour and water, mixed pretty thick; linseed tea; and barley water.—T. Give large draughts of warm water, if you cannot get anything else; foment the bowels with poppy-head fomentations, and apply leeches if the belly is very tender.

384. **ANTIMONY** (*Tartar emetic; butter of; hermes mineral*).—E. A rough metallic taste in the month, nausea, copious vomitings, frequent hicough, purging, colicky pains, frequent and violent cramps, sense of choking, severe heartburn, pain at the pit of the stomach, difficult breathing, wildness of speech, cramps in the legs, and death.—A. Decoction or tincture of galls; strong tea; decoction, or powder of Peruvian bark.—D. A. White vitriol, or speccavanha, as emetics.—T. Give large draughts of water, or sugar and water, to promote vomiting; apply leeches to the throat and stomach if painful; and give one grain of extract of opium dissolved in a wine-glassful of sugar and water, as soon as the vomiting ceases, and repeat three times at intervals of a quarter of an hour.

385. **TRI** (*Butter of tin; putty powder*).—E. Colic and purging.—A. Milk.—T. Give warm or cold water to promote vomiting, or tickle the throat with a feather.

386. **ZINC** (*White vitriol; flowers of; chloride of*).—E. An astringent taste, sensation of choking, nausea, vomiting, purging, pain and burning in the throat and stomach, difficult breathing, pallor and coldness of the surface; pinched face, cramps of the extremities, but with the exception of the chloride, seldom death.—A. For the two first give copious draughts of milk, and white of eggs and water, mucilage, and olive oil; for the third, carbonate of soda, and warm water in frequent draughts, with the same as for the other compounds.—T. Relieve urgent symptoms by leeching and fomentations, and after the vomiting give castor-oil. For the chloride use frictions and warmth. (§ 340).

387. **SILVER** (*Lunar caustic; flowers of silver*). **GOLD** (*Chloride of*); and **BISMUTH** (*nitrate; flowers of; pearl white*), are not frequently met with as poisons.—E. Burning pain in the throat, mouth, and the usual symptoms of corrosive poisons.—A. For silver, common salt and water; for gold and bismuth, no antidotes are known.—T. Give milk and mucilaginous fluids, and castor-oil.

388. **ACIDS** (*Hydrochloric or spirit of salt, nitric or aquafortis; sulphuric or oil of vitriol*).—E. Acid-burning taste, acute pain in the gullet and throat; vomiting of bloody fluid, which effervesces when chalk is added to it; hicough, tenderness of the belly, cold sweats, pinched face, convulsions, and death.—A. Give calcined magnesia, chalk, soap and water.—D. A. Carbonated alkalies. *Caution*.—Do not give water if oil of vitriol has been taken.—T. Excite vomiting; give fluids after the poison has been ejected.

389. **CHLORINE** (*gas*).—E. Violent coughing, tightness of the chest, debility, inability to stand.—A. The vapour of caustic ammonia to be inhaled—10 drops of liquid ammonia to 1 ounce of water to be taken.—T. Dash cold water over the face, and relieve urgent symptoms.

390. **LEAD** (*sugar of; red lead; white lead, wine sweetened by; and water impregnated with*).—E. Sugary astringent metallic taste, tightness of the throat, colicky pains, violent vomiting, hicough, convulsions, and death.—A. Epsom or Glauber's salts; plaster of Paris; or phosphate of soda.—T. An emetic of sulphate of zinc (24 grains to half pint of water); leeches to belly, and fomentations if necessary.

391. **PHOSPHORUS**.—E. Intense burning and pain in the throat and stomach.—A. Magnesia and carbonate of soda.—T. Large draughts of cold water, and tickle the throat with a feather. *Caution*. Do not give oil or milk.

392. **LIME**.—E. Burning in the throat and stomach, cramps in the belly, hicough, vomiting, and paralysis of limbs.—A. Vinegar or lemon juice.—T. Thin starch water to be drank frequently.

393. **ALKALIES** (*Caustic; potash; soda; ammonia*).—E. Acid, hot, disagreeable taste; burning in the throat, nausea, and vomiting bloody matter, profuse purging, pain in the stomach, colic, convulsions, and death.—A. Vinegar and vegetable acids.—T. Give linseed tea, milk, almond or olive oil, and excite vomiting.

394. **BARYTA** (*carbonate; pure and muriate*). (See Lime, § 392.)

395. **NITRE**.—E. Heart-burn, nausea, violent vomiting, purging, difficult breathing, violent pain in the bowels and death.— (See Arsenic, § 381.)

396. **MALEFIC POISONS** (*Bone-berries; fool's parsley; deadly nightshade;*

\* See Narcotics.

*water-hemlock; thorn apple; opium; camphor, &c.*).—E. Giddiness, faintness, nausea, vomiting, stupor, delirium, and death.—T. Give emetics, large draughts of fluids, tickle the throat, apply smelling salts to the nose, dash cold water over the face and chest, apply mustard poultices, and, above all, endeavour to rouse the patient by walking between two persons; and, if possible, by electricity.

397. **VEGETABLE IRRITATING POISONS** (*Mazereau; monk's-hood; bitter apple; gamboge; white hellebore, &c.*).—E. Acrid, biting, bitter taste, choking sensation, dryness of the throat, retching, vomiting, purging, pains in the stomach and bowels, breathing difficult, and death.—T. Give emetics of chamomile, mustard, or sulphur of zinc; large draughts of warm milk, or other bland fluids to foment and leech the belly if necessary, and give strong infusion of coffee.

398. **OXALIC ACID**.—E. Vomiting and acute pain in the stomach, general debility, cramps, and death.—A. Chalk.—T. Give large draughts of lime-water or magnesia.

**SPANISH FLIES**.—E. Acrid taste, burning heat in the throat, stomach, and belly; bloody vomitings, colic, purging, retention of urine, convulsions, death.—T. Large draughts of olive oil, thin gruel, milk, starch enemata, and camphorated water.

400. **POISONOUS FISH** (*Old-wife; sea-lobster; mussel; tunny; blowers; rock-fish; &c.*).—E. Intense pain in the stomach after swallowing the fish, vomiting, purging, and sometimes cramps.—T. Give an emetic, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, and plenty of warm water. Follow emetics by active purgatives, abate inflammation by the usual remedies, and drink freely of sugar and water.

401. **BITES OF REPTILES** (*Viper; Adder; viper; Indian serpents; rattlesnake*).—E. Violent and quick inflammation of the part, extending towards the body, soon becoming livid; nausea, vomiting; convulsions; difficult breathing; mortification; cold sweats and death.—T. Suppose that the wrist has been bitten, as in *b* fig. 37,

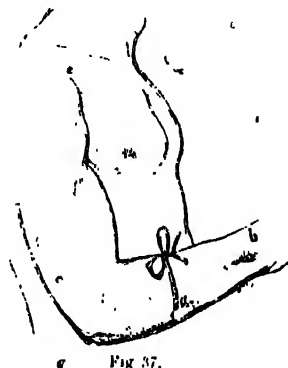


Fig. 37.

immediately tie a tape between the wound and the heart (*a*), scarily the parts with a pen-knife, razor, or lancet, and apply a cupping-glass over the bite (§ 342), frequently removing it and bathing the wound with volatile alkali, or heat a poker and burn the wound well, or drop some of Sir Wm. Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid into the wound. Give plenty of warm drinks, and cover up in bed.

402. **MAD ANIMALS, BITE OF**.—E. Hydrophobia, or a fear of fluids.—T. Tie a string tightly above the part, as in *b* fig. 38, cut out the bite, and canterize the wound with a red-hot poker, lunar caustic, or Sir Wm. Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid. Then apply a piece of "spongio-pilule," give a purgative, and plenty of warm drink.



Fig. 38.

403. **INSECT STINGS** (*Wasp, bee, gnat, hornet, gad-fly, scorpion*).—E. Swelling, nausea, and r.—T. Press the barrel of a watch-key over the part so as to expose the which must be removed. Lay a rag moistened with hartshorn and oil over the part. Give 6 or 8 drops of hartshorn in 2 ounces of infusion of chamomile, and cover up in bed.

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# THE HOME COMPANION;

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 1.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

[First Impression of 500,000 Gratis;  
Subsequent Numbers, 1d.]

## A BOOK FOR THE HOME F.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

When the night cometh round, and our  
duties are done,  
And a calm stealth over the breast;  
When the bread that is needful is honestly  
won,  
And our wordly thoughts nestle to rest  
How sweet at that hour is the truth-written  
page,  
With fancy and action allied!  
The magic of childhood, the place of age,  
Is a Book for the Home Fireside!

There, manhood may strengthen a wavering  
mind,  
By the sage's severest of lore;  
There, woman, with sweetness and pathos  
combined,  
Make the fountains of feeling run o'er;  
There the voices of children may warble  
like birds,  
What the poet has uttered with pride;  
And the faint and desponding take heart  
at the words  
Of a Book for the Home Fireside!

Many souls have been trained into good-  
ness and grace,  
And many stern hearts chastened down;  
Many men have been nerved to look up with  
calm face,  
Whatever misfortune might frown;  
Many minds have been roused to new life,  
and grown great,  
Though baffled, obstructed, and tried;—  
Have been schooled to endure, taught to  
"labour and wait,"  
By a Book for the Home Fireside!

And not with the presence of Home is it  
gone,  
For abroad in the fulness of day  
Its spirit remains with us, cheering us on,  
O'er the roughness of life's common way.

And nature looks lovely, but lovelier yet  
Through the glass of reflection described;  
We have read of her wonders,—and who  
would forget?  
In the Book for the Home Fireside!

Whatever be my fortune, in shadow or shine,  
Mid comfort, stern labour, or woe,  
May I ne'er miss the taste of those waters  
divine  
From the well-springs of genius that flow.  
I should lose, a sweet charm, I should lack  
a great joy,  
And my heart would seem withered and  
dried,  
Did I want what has been my delight from  
a boy,  
A Book for the Home Fireside!

Bless the bards and the prosemen, whatever  
their clime,  
Who bequeath us the wealth of their  
thought,  
Their truth revelations, their visions sub-  
lime,  
Their fancies so tenderly wrought.  
We were poor, with the riches of kings for  
our dower,  
Without what their pens have supplied,  
And that brain must be barren which owns  
not the power  
Of a Book for the Home Fireside!

Dear child! let thy leisure be fluted with  
the page,  
But one nor too light nor austere;  
May its precepts improve thee, its spirit  
bloom;  
And its sentiments soften and cheer  
May it keep thy affections in fi-  
bloom;  
Console thee, and teach thee  
Be a flower in the sunshine  
the gloom,  
A Book for the Home Fireside!

## THE SMITH FAMILY.

### THEIR ADVENTURES WITH A ROBBER.

BY PAUL CRETON.

THE Smiths of Smithville had for a long time been very much annoyed by the depredations of some unknown individual, whose confused ideas concerning the rights of property led to the frequent abstraction of divers goods and chattels from the premises of the said Smiths, in a furtive and mysterious manner. Bags of wheat and oats vanished from the granary, pork from the cellar, and corn from the crib; in one night a sheep, that had just been slaughtered, coolly trotted away; and on another occasion, several gallons of maple syrup evaporated in the night-time. Milking-stools went off on three legs, and one morning Mr. Smith's best axe was found to have "cut stick." Log-chains became rattle-snakes and crept off, iron wedges made splits in the Smith property, boots walked away, and jacks rode off with the team-horse.

Vain were the efforts of the elder and younger Smiths to discover the mystery of these disappearances, and to entrap the offender. Despairing of bringing him to justice, the Smiths found they could do nothing more than take measures to insure the safety of their property. Accordingly they built a new granary, with strong walls, a narrow, grated window, and a heavy oak door, to which was attached a formidable padlock. This prison-like portion of the barn was built sufficiently large to allow the Smiths to lock up with the grain a great deal of portable property, such as was most likely to tempt the cupidity of thieves.

After the granary was finished, a month passed, during which time the depredations of the robber or robbers were confined to the orchard and hen-roost; when, late one Sunday evening, the elder Smith, as he was sitting tipped against the kitchen wall, smoking his pipe, preparatory to his retiring, bethought him that he had neglected to lock the granary before leaving the barn. This was by no means a singular circumstance, considering that the granary was usually locked by the younger Smith, who had that night "gone a-courting."

It was a moonlight evening, and Mr. Smith on approaching the barn was considerably startled at seeing the door ajar. Certain of having shut the door an hour previously, Mr. Smith thought of robbers. His suspicions were confirmed, when, on a nearer approach, he plainly heard a movement in the

barn. Too cautious to endanger his life by boldly attacking the robber, Mr. Smith, with considerable trepidation, resolved to watch his movements and discover who he was.

Looking through a crack in the east side of the barn, he saw a ghoul-like figure glide across the floor towards the granary. A happy thought entered Mr. Smith's brain. Stealing into the barn, he crept silently along by the mow, until near the granary, when—clap! he shut the door, adjusted the padlock, turned the key, and was off as if for his life!

"It is impossible to say what made Mr. Smith tremble so. It might have been the smothered cry of alarm which issued from the granary walls, and rang fully on his ears—a cry well calculated to awaken superstitious fear. But Mr. Smith never owned that he was frightened; although on reaching the kitchen, he was as white as a ghost, or as ghosts are supposed to be.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith.  
"I've caught the robber!" ejaculated Smith in a breath. "He's looked up in the granary. Give me my boots!"

"Why—what—what are you going to do?"  
"Get help! He's a desperate fellow, and 'twill be dangerous to meddle with him alone!"

It is impossible to describe the excitement of Mr. and Mrs. Smith on that memorable occasion. The latter took it upon herself to load the old musket, while her husband went for the neighbours.

Mr. Smith exchanged his slippers for his boots, and ran first to Deacon Naffles' house, where he expected to find the younger Smith, who was courting Naffles' daughter. He was surprised to see the house all dark—as if the Naffles' had retired to rest and blown out the candle. He knocked, however, furiously, as the occasion required. After some delay, Deacon Naffles came down in his night-clothes, stared at Smith in astonishment, and demanded his business at that time of night.

"Caught the thief—locked up—in the granary—where's Peter?"  
"Hal caught a thief!" cried Deacon Naffles, who, having lost some property, as well as his neighbour, was interested in the intelligence. "Good enough! keep him till morning!"

"Twont do!" replied Mr. Smith, in an excited manner. "He's a desprit fellow—break out—I must rouse the neighbours—where's my son, Peter?"

"O Sally is sick to night—so Peter courted her only about an hour, and went home."

"Went home!"  
"Yes," said the deacon, "half an hour ago."  
The elder Smith clapped his hand to his forehead, as if he had been struck either by an idea, or some other weighty substance.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed.  
"What?" asked the deacon.  
"I believe," stammered the elder Smith—"I—I have locked up!"  
"Who?"  
"Peter!"

"I bet you have!" cried the deacon. "I heard him say he had got to carry the buggy-cushions into the granary before he went to bed."

"Look here," whispered the elder Smith, "I beg of you never to mention this—I—I—if it should get out!"

"O, I'll keep the secret!" interrupted the deacon, trying to preserve a becoming gravity. "The joke is safe—and I'd advise you to hurry home and let out Peter."

The elder Smith turned on his heel and vanished—feeling very weak—probably from the effects of the excitement he had undergone.

Let us now look in upon the younger Smith, who was actually shut up in the granary. It is impossible to describe his rage on finding himself thus entrapped. After shouting until he was hoarse, and nearly deaf, he closed his teeth angrily, and sat down on a bag of meal to wait the result.

Peter had not long been in this dark dungeon, before he heard a noise in the barn. Supposing it was the old man, who, having discovered his error, was coming to liberate him, his anger evaporated, and he could not laughing at the ludicrous mistake.

But there was a mystery about the sounds he heard, which caused the younger Smith to doubt whether they were made by his father, after all. Listened. They turned the key cautiously in the lock. Slowly, stealthily the door opened, while Peter scarcely breathed. Somebody entered noiselessly, touched young Smith's shoulder as he passed, and began to explore the further part of the dungeon. Peter dropped on his hands and knees, and taking advantage of the noise made by the robber, crept out. Then, to shut the door and lock it, was the work of a moment.

was locked up.  
Listening a moment, and hearing no sound, Peter became firmly convinced that he had committed no error, but caught a real thief, and immediately for assistance.

Shortly after, very much ashamed of his mistake, the elder Smith sneaked into the barn, and approached the granary. (It is necessary in this place to observe that the elder Smith had looked up his son with the key which belonged to the granary, and which he had carried away with him, and that Peter looked up the thief with a false key, which the latter had brought with him, and carelessly left in the lock on entering the granary, and which the younger Smith had carried away.)

And now the elder Smith made haste to open the door.

"Peter!" he called, putting his head into the granary.

No sound replied.

"Are you asleep? Come, don't go playing any tricks on me—it was all a—e—for I really took you to be a rob!"

Mr. Smith's tongue was stopped by a violent blow on the mouth. Mr. S. in an instant, was tumbled down amidst a wilderness of barrels, bags, rakes, and shovels. Mr. Smith was considerably stunned by the blow and fall, and when Mr. Smith got upon his legs again, the door was closed and locked. Mr. Smith was a prisoner. I leave the reader to imagine his feelings!

Meanwhile, Peter was raising forces to assist in taking the thief out of the granary in safety. Having first told his story to Mrs. Smith, who was exceedingly astonished, he hastened to alarm Joe Ferris, a stout fellow, who lived in the woods near by, and who had complained of losing quite as much property as the Smiths. Mrs. F. put her head out of the window, and wished to know what Peter wanted. The young man asked for Joe. After some hesitation, the woman replied that her husband had the headache, and could not get up.

"It's very important!" said Peter. "I've caught the thief, and locked him up in the granary!"

"O—have you?" said Mrs. Ferris in a feeble voice. "How fortunate! But as my husband has the headache, I think you had better keep the—man till morning."

"No, we'll have him to-night!" cried Peter, and away he ran.

Now, if the younger Smith thought he was regaling Mrs. Ferris with glad tidings, he was considerably in error. The truth is, in closing the window, she was as pale as death. The reader may guess the cause of her agitation, when I inform him that there was no Joe Ferris sick with the headache in the house.

But Mrs. F. was a woman of energy and decision. She caught up a hammer, threw her shawl over her head, and left the house. She was soon in Mr. Smith's barn with her hand on the granary door.

"Joseph!" she whispered.

No reply.

"Joseph—it is me—are you here?" she added, knocking on the door.

"Let me out," said a voice within.

Without any further delay, Mrs. Ferris having thrown the barn-door wide open, so that she could perform her operations, commenced hammering the padlock in a most destructive manner.

Now Mr. Smith, who was within, was exceedingly astonished at what he heard. He certainly wished to be let out, but he had no desire to have the padlock smashed, without first trying other means. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind, however, when he reflected that the person who was breaking the lock had called him Joseph, and that the voice was marvellously like a woman's. With great anxiety of mind he waited for the door to open.

At length the lock was torn away, and Mrs. Ferris whispered—

"Come, quick, Joseph! There's no time to lose! They'll be here in a minute!"

She caught somebody by the arm, and that somebody followed her into the moonlight. Then he caught her by the arm, and both stopped, looking each other full in the face.

Mrs. Ferris screamed, turned paler than the moonlight, and dropped her hammer. Mr. Smith was scarcely less astonished; but recovering himself, he said, rather coolly, considering the occasion—

"You are late to-night, Mrs. Ferris; allow me to see you home."

She could not refuse his arm; and when she saw that he was conducting her to his house, instead of her own, she had not the power to say a word, or make the least resistance.

The good lady's feelings, on being brought before Mrs. Smith, can be "more easily imagined than described." In her fear and confusion, she made some very startling truths; and with tears in her eyes, and on her knees, begged her "kind, dear friends," to be merciful, and not to expose her. Mrs. Smith recovered from her amazement and exclaimed "I never! I never! I never!" and Mr. Smith, who was not the least excited of the three, indulged in some equally sensible remarks.

Meanwhile, Mr. Joe Ferris, who was the man who had taken the younger Smith's place in the granary, and given it up in turn to the elder Smith, went home by a circuitous route, wondering by what strange accident he had got caught, and congratulating himself on his escape. He had left his door, when, hearing his name called by somebody in the road, he turned and saw three men going by.

"Joe Ferris, is that you?" cried the voice of the younger Smith. "Come on, if you are ready. I've got Bill Hodges and Mr. Blake—and I think we'll be enough for one thief—but the more the merrier, so come on. I knew you would go in for the fun, in spite of your headache."

Joe was quite as much in the dark now, as when he was locked up in the granary; but concluding it would be best to put a bold face on the matter, and accompanying Peter, he appeared himself ready, and jumped over the fence. At first he was afraid of committing himself, but the conversation by the way showing him—as he thought—exactly how the ground lay, he laughed heartily at the queer manner in which the thief was caught, and boldly

volunteered to be the first to enter the granary where he was confined; at the same time chuckling joyously at the anticipation of the younger Smith's dismay, on finding, instead of a thief, his own father under lock and key!

With great glee the men proceeded at once to the granary, where Peter proposed leaving his companions, in order to go to the house for a lantern, and to see if his father had returned; upon which Joe Ferris laughed all to himself, and advised the younger Smith to be sure and bring the old man, if he was anywhere to be found!

"Hallo!" cried Bill Hodges; "the granary door is open! the thief has broke out!"

Peter came back filled with consternation. Joe Ferris was no less surprised. The strange events of the night were involved in a deeper mystery than ever, when the elder Smith, having heard the approach of Peter and his companions, made his appearance with a light.

"Hallo, neighbour!" cried Joe Ferris, "what is all this hubbub about? Peter has been telling us about thieves."

"I declare, father," said the younger Smith, "after you shut me up for a thief, I shut up a real thief, and left him in my place."

"I know it; your mother has told me," replied the elder Smith; "and when I came to let you out"—

"O! I see it all!" groaned Peter—"he got away!"

"Yes, and shut me up!"

"And how did you get out?"

Why, the thief's wife had the kindness to conv. and break the lock!"

So saying, the elder Smith held the lantern up to the face of Ferris, who turned ghastly white, and trembled as if he had been in an ague fit.

The whole affair was now explained, to the astonishment of everybody in general, and of Joe in particular, who was too much astonished to make any resistance, while Peter and his companions were tying his hands behind him.

Ferris and his wife were accommodated with lodgings in Mr. Smith's house that night; and, on the following day, a search having been instituted, and all sorts of goods found on Joe's premises, they were both committed to jail, to await their trial.

What their sentence was, when convicted of the crime charged against them, I have quite forgotten; but it is certain that the good people of Smithville were troubled no more with the mysterious disappearance of their goods and chattels, and that the Smiths remembered with peculiar satisfaction the manifold mistakes committed on the night of their adventures with the robbers.

## THE SETTING SUN.

BY THEODORE SEDGWICK FAY.

FAREWELL, O Sun!  
To the horizon's rim  
Low bowed, thy glory dim,  
Thy journey done:  
So some fallen monarch lies,  
Blinding the sight no more,  
At will scanned earless o'er,  
By common eyes.  
Lower—more low—  
The broken edge, between,  
Of our old earth is seen  
Ascending slow;  
As its unswerving bound,  
With mountain, sea, and plain,  
Nation and town, again  
Comes steady round.  
Linger awhile!  
Still let thy crimson beam  
Through the dark forest stream  
O'er the field smile.  
In vain! thy hour is past:  
Never on earth was given  
A glory so like heaven,  
And given to last.

Now almost gone:  
How mournfully we gaze  
On thy slow-sinking blaze.  
Farewell, O Sun!  
So some beloved one dies,  
And takes, in faith's warm light,  
His everlasting flight  
From our wet eyes.  
Thou dost not set:  
Though plunged our globe beneath,  
Though quenched in seeming death,  
Thou shinest yet.

In God's appointed time,  
Thou wilt, like him once slain,  
Yes, as  
Uprise sublime.  
Yes, even now,  
O'er realms, to thee revealed,  
From our small view concealed,  
Bendeth thy brow.  
Thou seest, from pole to pole,  
Blue gleaming at thy feet,  
With many a shore and fleet,  
Atlantic roll.  
Beneath thy eye,  
Arctic ice-cliff and plain,  
Warm field of golden grain,  
And Indian valley flow:  
While on the ship's lone way,  
Around the Cape, stern tossed,  
The dark and frowning coast  
Smiles in thy ray.

And so, when I,  
Life's weary traveler o'er,  
Reach that black, fatal shore,  
At length to die,  
Almighty God! teach me,  
As Earth's brief phantoms fade,  
To follow undismayed,  
Trusting in Thee.

Beyond Death's night,  
Let nobler prospect's rise,  
New fields and fairer skies  
Break on my sight:  
And so, my tired race run,  
May my last moments shine,  
Radiant and calm, like thine,  
O setting Sun!

HONOURABLE ORIGIN OF A NAME.—The villages of Winnebourg and Metternich, near Coblenz—the former the birth-place, the latter the property of Prince Metternich—led M. Dumas into a little digression on the subject of the celebrated diplomatist. The family name, we are informed, was originally Metter, but received the addition of the last syllable in the following manner:—"In one of the great battles of the 16th century, the Emperor of Germany saw an entire regiment take to flight, with the exception of one man, who stood his ground and defended himself gallantly, till he fell with wounds. The Emperor inquired his name. 'It was Metter,' said the soldier, at supper, talking of the regiment in question. 'They all fled—but Metter held.' Everybody knows that *met* is the German for 'not.' The family adopted the additional monosyllable, and hence the origin of the house of Metternich.—*Blackwood's Magazine*



## THAT LAZY FELLOW, THEOPHILUS BRIGGS.

BY AUGUSTIN.

I AM sorry I have undertaken to say anything about Theophilus. Not that I am afraid he will read this, and attack me with a stick. No danger. Theophilus never opens a magazine—rarely ever opens a newspaper, and when he does he only reads the anecdotes. Besides, I don't intend to name where he lives. There is no danger. Even if the bookseller reads the *Companion*, and sends for Theophilus and shows it to him, and urges him "not to stand it," he is too lazy to get angry; or if he does, he is far too lazy to attack any one.

No; the reason I am sorry I undertook to say anything about him, is because there is so very little I can possibly say. There is no use in attempting to say anything about his father. It is true he kept shop, and sold marbles to me when I was a boy, and was in the militia. I have racked my memory, and cannot recollect anything concerning him except that he sold tape, and nails, and calico, over his little counter, as far back as I can remember, without one single incident which I can possibly dress up into an interesting narration.

As to Mrs. Briggs, she was simply, solely, and only Mrs. Briggs, and that is literally all I, or anybody else, ever knew about her. She made a new bonnet and two new calico dresses for herself every year, made and mended the clothes of Mr. Briggs and Theophilus, ground the coffee, baked the biscuits, and occasionally the cakes, helped a neighbour to work, suckled Theophilus when he was a baby, thrashed him when he was a boy, and knocked upon the partition, (Mr. Briggs's family lived in the back part of his shop,) when dinner was ready. Love and marriage are always interesting, and if I knew anything about theirs, I would relate it, even if I had to add a little fiction in the way of an opposing father, or a wonderful rescue of Mrs. Briggs, that was to be, by Mr. Briggs from some mad dog or runaway horse, or something or other. But nobody ever knew or said anything about their marriage. I suppose they went to school together, and grew up together, and got married together, so much as a matter of course as not to excite any stir at all in Pikeville—yes, I will call our man by that name, for there is no use wounding, or running the risk of wounding, Theophilus's feelings.

Much more has now been said about Mr. and Mrs. Briggs than I thought could possibly be said; so I feel encouraged to go on and speak about their only son.

I might have described the death and quiet funeral of his father, and how his mother followed his father to the little graveyard just three months after that funeral. But I forbear. Easy, unoffending, kind-hearted in their lives, they sleep peacefully together. If they did and said nothing else during their lives, they, at least, injured no one, and it is a vast deal better the world should be peopled with such people, than with active, but wrangling and hard-hearted couples.

I want to dwell on the loveable qualities of Mrs. Briggs as a mother—for there is something to me actually *holy* in the character of a mother, apart from all other qualities of the female. Yet I cannot conscientiously do it in her case. True, she suckled Theophilus and Lucinda his sister, and slapped them when they cried, and gave them cakes when they stopped crying, and nursed them when they had eaten too much cake, or had the hooping-cough. All this is true, but it was only what the mere animal mother has instinct to do. At this moment, you might ask Theophilus or Lucinda, and they could not tell one single thing done by their mother to improve their minds, or waken their immortal souls to the knowledge of immortality.

She did teach Lucinda a peculiar way of preparing pickles, so that they answered either for preserves or pickles, having a remarkable half-sweet, half-sour taste, but I believe this is all, except, of course, that Lucinda learned from her how to cut out, and sew, and cut candle-papers. This was all she received from her mother beyond her mere existence.

Theophilus had his father's fat figure, red hair, and every-day sort of face, inherited his father's little shop, his father's habits of opening the shutters late in the morning, breakfasting late in the back-room, sitting on a tea-chest in front of the door, or by the little stove in the shop, as it happened to be summer or winter, all day cutting a stick, or chatting with somebody. If a customer came in, he rose slowly, clasped his pocket-knife by shutting it against his thigh, slipped it in his pocket, went round the counter, weighed the sugar wanted, or measured off the gingham, just like a man who had plenty of time to do it in.

Lucinda inherited her mother's realm in the back-room, and kept up the rapping when dinner was ready, as it had been kept up for the last forty years by her mother. I always thought her superior to her mother. She was rather pretty, medium size, lively black eye, red lips, rosy cheek, loving heart—only needed the mind within her to be lighted, to glow and sparkle, and be a lovely and fascinating girl. Apparently, however, the very same path lay before her as before her mother:—grinding coffee, baking tarts, making pickles, making garments, mending socks, and combing her hair, seemed to be literally and absolutely all that lay before her through life, with some slight change as to the maternal duties of nursing in case she married.

From Monday till Saturday, every day seemed to be a mere repetition of the preceding one. On Sunday they went to church regularly; but I do firmly believe that they always returned without the increase of a single idea—at least, of any one strong enough to waken and move them on a higher course of thought, and feeling, and action.

Everybody in the town—there are about four hundred persons in Pikeville—liked Theophilus and Lucinda well enough; but the brother was hardly ever mentioned, without the adjective *lazy* attached. "That lazy fellow,

Theophilus Briggs," was his usual designation. It was only a few days ago, when I was attending on Mrs. Milson—for I am a practicing surgeon in Pikeville,—that I overheard Mrs. Jones tell Mrs. Smithers, who had also dropped in to sit up with Mrs. Milson, that Mr. Briggs was heard to express himself more strongly in admiration of her—Mrs. Smithers's—daughter Jane, than was altogether consistent with mere admiration.

"Well, what then?" said Mrs. Smithers—I thought rather tartly.

"Why, nothing," replied Mrs. Jones, "except that Theophilus is old enough to marry."

"Do you think I'd let my Jane marry that lazy fellow, Theophilus Briggs?" said Mrs. Smithers, in a half-groan, loud enough to waken my patient.

I could not stand it. My surgery is right opposite Briggs's shop, and I have seen so very much of him sitting on his tea-chest, that I felt myself to be more acquainted with him than anybody else. I am only going to stay a few months longer in Pikeville, to gain a little more reading and practice in my profession, and then I intend going to a wider field; and so I determined I would take the first opportunity to talk with my neighbour—see if I could not benefit him a little. I think it was the Monday after, that that I did so. I had that morning operated for *strabismus* on Henry Milson's left eye—had read hard upon the operation, both before and after it—had ridden over to Squire Smithers', and got back—had drawn my dentist chair near the widow to read a little more upon Mrs. Milson's very delicate diagnosis, when I saw Theophilus sitting as usual on the box opposite. No one was with him. I laid aside my book, went out, locked the door, and went over, determined to spend the hour, before the bell rang for supper, in talking to Theophilus.

In order not to make too sudden an attack, I drew out my knife as I slowly sauntered over, took a seat by Theophilus on the box, split off of it a splinter to chip, and chatted a few minutes about the warm, beautiful weather we had.

"There is something," said I, "in this bright, blooming weather, that warns one through and through. It is like spending an hour with Jane Smithers to have an hour of such sunshine!"

My figure was not extravagant. I have been married two years, and, besides, Jane is so lovely and intelligent, and warm-hearted, and laughing a girl, that to call her embodied sunshine is a compliment to the sun, not to her!

I saw I had hit the nail on the head. Theophilus coloured, and looked up with more life in his eye than I had ever seen before.

"Think so?" said he.

"I'll tell you what it is," said I, "that girl is a prize. She deserves to marry a man. All her sunshine would be wasted on anything else."

"Don't understand," replied my companion, rather earnestly.

I had no time to lose, for the sun was getting low—so I came right to the point. Nothing but a hearty slap will waken a sleepy-headed man.

"Theophilus," said I—and I glanced at the well-formed head and open countenance of the man, and saw he was worth talking to, notwithstanding his drooping shoulders and listless habits. "Theophilus," said I, putting my hand on his shoulder, "I know you love Jane: I know you won't get her, unless you change very much in some things. I am going to leave here in a short time, and I want to have a plain talk with you before I go, because I like you. You won't be offended?"

"No."

"You have one grand fault. It has wrapped itself all around you like a boa constrictor—which you saw in the show here last March. It is sliming you over with its saliva, and will swallow you up, presently, before you know it."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"Just exactly this: you are *lazy*—daily becoming more so."

"Well, fact is, I believe I am, but I don't see why I should slave myself. I make enough for me and Lucinda to live on. And if I ever do marry"—here he coloured—"I dare say something will turn up. Everything is cheap. I will have a plenty to live on."

Phidias cut a Venus out of the quarries in Mount Hybla. Here was a rougher, deader quarry, to get a perfect man out of!

"You were created by God?"

"What a question!"

"Well, He is working out some great plan in the millions that have trod, are treading, and will tread the earth. He don't create these millions by millions, but individual by individual, giving each man his peculiar duty in the world. He made you to do something—or He would not have made you at all—there would have been no object in it."

"Very well."

"You see, no man was created to be nothing and do nothing. Every man has his own business, and it is his duty to God to do all he can, to the utmost of his strength in that business—for God as loudly commands you to be not slothful in business, as he does not to steal, lie, or murder."

"I see!"

"There are many different sorts of business in the world. It is by division of labour that each is carried on; just as in a large printing establishment: one class of workmen have the sole duty of preparing the paper; another the duty of setting the type; another the duty of passing the sheets through the press; another the duty of receiving them from the steam-driven cylinders; another the duty of taking them, thus completely printed, and folding them for the post or for binding. You see, by the energy of each class, and of each individual of each class, the whole work moves with order and speed, scattering printed sheets over the reading world."

"Whether a man plough or plow law, or act as a legislator, or sell goods, or doctor, it is only when a man throws his whole force into his peculiar

## THAT LAZY FELLOW, THEOPHILUS BRIGGS.

he does his duty. Every blow of Peter's hammer, down yonder in the blacksmith's shop, every piece of business you do, every visit I pay as a doctor, has a double object, you see—individual profit and general improvement;—at least it ought to have. Well, then, every wasted moment, every half-effort of any man, is just so much lost—lost to the man himself—lost to the public. Every one of us has his business—every man's work in that business has a certain value. Every hour, then, you waste on this box in lazy trifling, not only confirms you in the disease of indolence, not only habituates your mind to idle thought and talk—but every such an hour is an actual and deliberate theft of just so much value as that hour spent in work would have yielded—a theft from your own fortune, Theophilus, and a theft from the public."

"Every man has his place, Doctor. Mine is a mighty little one. Not much to be done in it!"

"But do you do with all your might, all you can possibly do in it?"

"I might do a great deal more business if I would, but I do not make a living; that's all I want."

"Ah, but what do you mean by a living? The living a rational man ought to live, is not only to have plenty of food and clothing, but a plenty of books and papers for the living of his mind—pictures and statuary too, where it can be afforded. You ought to be active, too, if it was only not to set an example of laziness—if it was only to stir everybody all around you into greater energy and enterprise by your example. Besides, you ought to get rich as fast as you can—if it was only to increase your power of doing good."

"Doing good? Pshaw, you are preaching!"

"Yes, doing good. If you were rich, you could educate orphans, build asylums and colleges. If you had five thousand pounds to spare, and the soul to give it, you might build up a free school in this very town, which would give all the children a good education, and refine and improve the place beyond anything you can think. If you,"—continued I,—"had spent those hours in some business, which you have spent in lying on this box doing nothing, you would be able to do it now—and would thus have made yourself a blessing to the town for ever!"

My lazy friend here clasped his everlasting knife, and put it in his pocket. It was a good omen. "Theophilus," said I, standing in front of him, "consider, will you, my dear fellow, what a tremendous mass of work is upon all men now! The generation passing away, is leaving to us the world-wide business which has strained its efforts to the utmost. The cultivation of the immense raw material consumed in the ten thousand manufactories of the world, is passing from their hard hands into ours. The machinery of these ten thousand manufactories has to be kept up in uninterrupted speed. The innumerable roads and vessels by which the commerce of the world is carried through it; the million inventions by which cities are lighted with gas, by which thought is flashed on lightning around the world, by which all surgery is performed without pain,—pshaw! you know all the thousand new inventions, from a new plough to a new telescope—all these have to be kept up in full use."

"But, Doctor—"

"Wait a moment!—our government has to be kept up, too, in all its branches—made to do more and more for its own citizens—more and more for the freedom of the old world. What a vast amount of legislating has to be done! and what a vast deal of voting; and of reading, and thought, that the voting may be intelligent and good! The vast system of education, too, has to be kept up. All the thousands of schools and colleges have to be kept supplied with able teachers."

"Don't know what you mean."

"I mean that our generation inherits the work of the six thousand years since creation,—has to keep it up in full vigour. Besides, millions of acres more have to be brought under cultivation. Thousands of manufactories more have to be established. Thousands of new steamships have to be built. Thousands on thousands of miles of railroads and telegraphs have to be added to those now in use."

"Plenty of work to do, I'll acknowledge."

"That's not all, all the thousand new evils of this new age have to be held down—and strangled. Intemperance has to be banished; quackery in science and politics has to be unmasked and killed. The world, my dear fellow, has a vast deal to do, and a vast deal of evil to be kept from doing."

"But I haven't to do all this!"

"Very true; but suppose everybody was to sit on his tea-chest and say the same, would anything be done then?"

My lazy friend put an almond in his mouth, and slowly cracked it, as he meditated my question.

"Theophilus," continued I, hoping the glacier of his mind was slowly detaching itself under the warmth of my eloquence, and was about to move.

"Theophilus," said I, "tell me; what have you done since your father"

"Well, I have sold goods, and snatched with the neighbours, and—and one to church on Sunday, and—and—that's all, I believe?"

"Except eating your meals and sleeping, and sitting out here in the sun, without a bit more real thought than occupies a bullfrog squatted on a log."

"said you wouldn't get angry, you know," said I; and I laid one hand on each of his shoulders, and looked him steadily in the eyes, while I continued, with all the earnestness I was capable of—"Theophilus, in that yours there sleeps a mind which you might waken to think and will, to make you a blessing to yourself and everybody. In that yours there slumbers a heart, which might be roused to such a love and zeal, as would warm you and all around you through and through! You might do so much more; you might be so much happier if you only would. What to see you live on in such idleness. Why, I would not wonder to see you lying in the gutter there, in the mud, all the time."

Why, man, you are a living corpse! There is almost as little stir about you—you do almost as little in the town, as if you were in the graveyard, instead of your shop. This tea-chest is your coffin; you are just as useless, sitting idle on it, as if you were lying dead in it."

"I believe you are half right, Doctor."

"I am whole right. Just look at it. If you were only to devote every hour to doing something—enlarging your business, or improving your mind by reading, or doing something or other, it doesn't matter what, so that it be something!—the habit of activity would grow upon you; your business and your money would increase; your mind would act more the more you used it; your heart would warm; you would be a new man. You would feel like a healthy man after a brisk walk on a cold bright morning—cheerful, hearty, happy. You would enjoy your very meals more. You would be far more respected. You would become, at least, very well off. You would be able to marry Jane; for I believe she loves you in spite of your present laziness, though she would have the sense never to marry you, even if her mother would let her, while you are what you have been all along. You could build up a bright and happy home. You could hope to be elected to any office almost, in the land. You see, a broad and indefinite course of usefulness, and honour, and happiness is before you, if you will only waken out of the mud of your sloth, and think, and act, and live!"

Theophilus had risen from the box, and stood before me really awakened. That picture of Jane and house-keeping touched him.

"You may be as happy and as prosperous as you please, by being active. You will sink lower and lower into brutal sloth, by being—just as you are. You ain't thirty years old, Theophilus," continued I; "if now, in the spring and heat of young blood, you are so lazy, what on earth will you be when you get older? What on earth but a poor, miserable, idling, drivelling, chattering, good-for-nothing old bachelior, rotting before you are dead; your soul dwindled and dead within you, like the kernel of a frost-bitten peach?"

"Strikes me, you talk plain enough, doctor?"

"Have to shout when one talks to the deaf! have to cut and slash when the limb is mortified; have to apply mustard plaster where we want action to follow."

"Well, doctor, what would you have me to do?"

"Do? Why, split this tea-chest into kitchen wood; rise two hours earlier to-morrow morning; subscribe this evening for a good newspaper, and a magazine—there's the *Home Companion*; clean out your shop, and paint it, and fill it with more goods, and advertise. When you do talk, and when other people talk with you, talk yourself, and make them talk about something. When you go to church, listen to every word sung, or prayed, or preached, if it be only for the sake of keeping your mind busy. You are in a comatose state—stir about with all your might, or your lethargy will become fixed."

Here the bell rung for supper, and I arose.

"Much obliged for your visit, doctor; believe I'll take your mustard and medicine—don't know—I'll see."

"Shall, if I can make him!" said Lucinda, who had been sitting near the door inside, listening, with female curiosity, to our talk, but keeping unseen and still. As she spoke, she came to the door. Her eyes were really awake, she checked flushed, and I knew my visit had not been lost, at least, upon her. I could see the Venus starting out from the block!

"Good bye, doctor," said both, as they shook me warmly by the hand, which was unnecessary, as I was not going to be absent from town. I answered cordially, and walked slowly away. The sun was just down. "Rose at four," murmured I, recalling the events of the day; "read two hours; did that *strabismus* case; rode over to Squire Smithers'; read up Mrs. Milson's case; had a talk with that lazy fellow, Theophilus. Put that down in note-book among my 'Cases in Pikesville,' as 'Case of Mental Catalepsy;' write out treatment—WATCH EFFECTS."

**TAKING NOTES.**—Some years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favourite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased, as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro, "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching!"



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT: CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

On the south-western coast of Ireland there is a little nook of country over which impetuous tourists step disdainfully, nor notice the many exquisite beauties that lie there like hidden violets, lovely, but unseen. It is a land of hoary castles, and many a mouldering tradition—a land where the blue sea indents the shore into sweet and sunny bays, seeming as if the ocean loved the earth and sought to steal half-timidly into its arms;—a land where wild and rugged rocks start up by every solitary pathway—strange, uncouth, fantastic in their forms, like night-mares petrified. It is rife, too, with the chronicles of the past; and white-haired Senachies will sit by the bog-wood blaze the long night through, telling of vanished days, and long-forgotten deeds of the old sea-kings of the coast, ruthless, reckless men, who, sitting on the summits of their lofty watch-towers all day long, gazed across the wide Atlantic for some hapless bark whose rich spoils might fill their greedy coffers.

There were entrancing stories, too, of beautiful maidens, who, captured by these pirate chieftains in their ocean forays, pined and pined in their captivity until they died. One, I well remember; and many a night in boyhood I listened eagerly to the tale.

The galley of one of these fierce rulers of the coast captured an Italian bark, and amongst other prizes was one more inestimable than a freight of jewels. This was a noble Venetian maiden, beautiful and proud! The chieftain claimed her as his share, and bore her to his dark, sullen, sea-beaten castle. In time, he conquered the hate she bore him as her captor, so far as to win her consent to be his bride. She wedded, but still in secret did she hate him, and in this hollow intercourse the years wore on. One day, there came a minstrel to the castle; he, too, was from sunny Italy; and the exiled lady's eye lightened, and her bosom heaved, as she for the first time for years heard the sweet liquid accents of her mother tongue. She had him to her chamber, where he lay at her feet all day, and sang sweet canzonets that breathed of love. The lady listened—she could not help it, he sang so feebly—and from listening came to love. For a brief time

they were happy; but it was very brief. In an evil hour their passion was discovered, and by the mandate of the furious sea-king, the minstrel was doomed to die. That night, when all was still, and the inmates of the castle wrapt in slumber, a woman's foot stole gently down the winding stair that led to the armoury, where the ammunition was deposited; and one might have heard in the silence of that dangerous chamber, the loud pulses that throbbed in that woman's burning heart. In another instant a yellow sound was heard. The sea rushed back in terror from the shore, the sea-birds felt stupefied from their cries on the cliffs, the trees bent as if to the power of some mighty storm, while, with a stunning roar and crimson flash, the massive castle shot up into the air, and the next instant minstrel, lady, and pirate-king, were sepulchred beneath the ruins!

There was not a moss-covered stone throughout that land but had its tradition; and some there were that had whole centuries of legends heaped upon them. One spot in particular seemed to be the especial haunt of all such lore, and truly there never was a meetier dwelling for romance! It was a small and lovely lake. In the midst was set a green island, which the rippling waves clasped as if in very love; while on its emerald turf through which the white rocks peeped, arose an old, grey castle. Above the crumbling top the snowy sea-gulls gleaned as they floated in the sunshine, and the rabbits played beneath its walls in many a wild and antic gambol. Beyond this island lay a narrow, rocky channel, through which the sea rushed foaming into the lake, and where, on one side, a tall and spectral stone stood up as if to guard the pass. It was the traditioned grave of a famous saint, who, the peasants said, might be sometimes seen in the dusk of twilight weeping for a brief while over the sins of a wicked world. Farther still, over the seaward shores of the lake, gleamed the blue ocean, that, like a beauty-bestowing cestus, girdled around that fairy scene. It was a hallowed spot—so still, so lovely, and so beautiful—a place where youth might wander with untrammelled feet, and never tire—a sanctuary, where Age in its infirmity might nestle, and scarcely feel the chilling breath of Time! The atmosphere around it seemed redolent of poetry and joy; the fields were always green, the waves were ever blue, the sun sent down from heaven his brightest beams to decorate its beauty.

There was a lofty mountain, too—a sullen, haughty-looking giant, who, with his dark fir-groves that waved like a beard upon his cheek, sat watching jealously the azure lake that sparkled gem-like at his rugged foot. Sometimes, in the winter time, when the winds whirled around his summit, strange sounds of wrath would be heard afar up his steep declivities, and lightnings would flash around his crown, as if he was engaged in fearful combat with some spirit of the air who sought to steal his treasure from him. Then, again, in the golden summer, when Old Ocean's heart was calm, how gently its billowy bosom throbbed against his rocky base; with what low, sweet sighing, the wind came down the deep defiles, and waned with the waves! Then the apple-trees were borne down with fruit, and the storm-cock revelled on the crimson berries of the mountain ash. Flocks of fishing-boats went out each dawn, and in the dusk of night returned; and then, if more than ordinary success had crowned their toils, what revelling there was around each humble hearth! It was a calm, a blessed place—that remote and lonely lake; and many a time and oft its features mingle with my dreams, and make my slumbers happy!

On the northern side of this lake there stood, some years ago, a pretty cottage,—a long, low edifice, with thatched roof, and deep eaves where the swallow nested in the early spring. It was a picture of rural comfort, compact—so compact that it looked like a man who wraps himself up as closely as possible on a cold day—and the small, narrow-paned windows with which its thick walls were pierced, gave no promise of chilly draughts, and their long retinue of coughs and syrups. Two tall and ancient ash-trees stood opposite the door, which opened upon a sort of esplanade and grass from which a few stone steps led immediately down to the beach of white sand, and the cool blue waters that kissed its brow. Along the side of the slight hill on which the cottage stood, and communicating with the esplanade by a simple wicket-gate, stretched out a noble orchard. It was full of venerable apple and pear trees, whose boughs, though gnarled and twisted into a thousand fantastic devices, gave no indication, when summer came, of any of the feebleness of age, but burst into an amplitude of fruit and blossom that would have caused all Hesperides to wither with envy had they witnessed it.

Through this orchard a winding walk of flowers was traced—a rivulet of blossom, that in the early spring gushed with anemones, and pale, spiritual, snowdrops! It was pleasant beyond utterance to stand in that orchard walk, and peeping, as it were, through a casement of rich green leaves, watch the sun set as it fell like a mantle of changing silk over wave, and wood, and island! First, on the dark mountain top, a small bright spot of crimson glory settled like some beauteous bird that came to nestle there at eve. Then, it grew larger and more vivid, till, pouring down the mountain side, gushing lava—stream of light—it burst over the blue lake, and spread like rosy oil upon its waters. And when the sun swam forth, like a fiery wan, from behind the golden clouds, how still became the woods, winds and waves hushed with adoration!

Then came on the hour for twilight dreams! The old grey castle meditated again with the pulses of its antique life. Banners, shadowy as robes of angels, waved heavily on the walls; knights rode gallantly its postern-gates, while fair ladies, sighing, watched them from their turret chambers; for a brief while the Spirit of the Past, faded before the returned Spirit of the Past.

Next came moonlight—the hour of fairy revel when in the deep rings that marked the sword, an elfin multitude whirled in joyous dances, as the brown leaves whirl in the autumn. How the rays



**Carminatives** are medicines which allay pain in the stomach and bowels, and expel flatulence, such as aniseed-water, &c.

**Cathartics** are strong purgative medicines, such as jalap, &c.

**Cordials** are exhilarating and warming medicines, such as aromatic confection, &c.

**Corroborants** are medicines and food which increase the strength, such as iron, gentian, sago, &c.

**Demulcents** correct acrimony, diminish irritation, and soften parts by covering their surfaces with a mild and viscid matter, such as linseed-tea, &c.

**Deobstruents** are medicines which remove obstructions, such as iodide of potash, &c.

**Detergents** clean the surfaces over which they pass, such as soap, &c.

**Diaphoretics** produce perspiration, such as tartaric acid, &c.

**Diuretics** are remedies applied to ulcers or wounds, to promote the formation of matter, such as resin ointments, warm poultices, &c.

**Disinfectants** possess the power of repelling or repelling vapours, such as salubrium, &c.

**Diuretics** act upon the kidneys and bladder, and increase the flow of urine, such as nitre, squills, &c.

**Drastics** are violent purgatives, such as gamboge, &c.

**Emetics** produce vomiting, or the discharge of the contents of the stomach, such as mustard, tartar emetic, warm water, &c.

**Emollients** are remedies used externally to soften the parts they are applied to, such as spermaceti, palm oil, &c.

**Epiplastics** are medicines which blister or cause effusion of serum under the cuticle, such as Spanish flies, &c.

**Errhines** are medicines which produce sneezing, such as tobacco, &c.

**Escarotics** are medicines which corrode or destroy the vitality of the part to which they are applied, such as lunar caustic, &c.

**Expectorants** are medicines which increase expectoration, or the discharge from the bronchial tubes, such as ipecacuanha, &c.

**Febri-fuges** are remedies used in fevers, such as antimonial wines, &c.

**Hydragogues** are medicines which have the effect of removing the fluid of dropsy, by producing water evacuations, such as gamboge, calomel, &c.

**Hypnotics** are medicines that relieve pain by procuring sleep, such as hops, &c.

**Laxatives** are medicines which cause the bowels to act rather more than natural, such as manna, &c.

**Narcotics** are medicines which cause sleep or stupor, and allay pain, such as opium, &c.

**Nutrients** are remedies that nourish the body, such as sugar, sago, &c.

**Paregorics** are medicines which actually assuage pain, such as compound tincture of camphor, &c.

**Prophylactics** are remedies employed to prevent the attack of any particular disease, such as quinine, &c.

**Purgatives** are medicines that promote the evacuation of the bowels, such as senna, &c.

**Refrigerants** are medicines which suppress an unusual heat of the body, such as wood-sorrel, tamarind, &c.

**Rubefacients** are medicaments which cause redness of the skin, such as mustard, &c.

**Sedatives** are medicines which depress the nervous energy, and destroy sensation, so as to compose, such as foxglove, &c.

**Stalogogues** are medicines which promote the flow of saliva or spittle, such as salt, calomel, &c.

**Soporifics** are medicines which induce sleep, such as hops, &c.

**Stimulants** are remedies which increase the action of the heart and arteries, or the energy of the part to which they are applied, such as sassafras, which is an internal stimulant, and saffron, which is an external one.

**Stomachics** restore the tone of the stomach, such as gentian, &c.

**Styptics** are medicines which constrict the surface of a part, and prevent the effusion of blood, such as kino, &c.

**Sudorifics** promote profuse perspiration or sweating, such as ipecacuanha, &c.

**Tonics** give general strength to the constitution, restore the natural energies, and improve the tone of the system, such as chamomile, &c.

**Vesicants** are medicines which blister, such as strong liquid ammonia, &c.

## DRUGS, &c., WITH THEIR PROPERTIES AND DOSES.

96. I have arranged the various drugs, &c., according to their properties, and have given the doses of each; but in compiling this list I have necessarily omitted many from each class, because they cannot be employed except by a medical man. The doses are meant for adults.

97. Medicines have been divided into four grand classes—1. General Stimulants; 2. Local Stimulants; 3. Chemical Remedies; 4. Mechanical Remedies.

### 1.—GENERAL STIMULANTS.

98. General stimulants are subdivided into two classes, diffusible and permanent stimulants; the first comprising narcotics and anti-spasmodics, and the second tonics and astringents.

99. Narcotics are medicines which stupify and diminish the activity of the nervous system. Given in small doses, they generally act as stimulants, but an increased dose produces a stupifying effect. Under this head we include alcohol, camphor, ether, the hop, and opium.

100. Alcohol, or rectified spirit, is a very powerful stimulant, and is never used as a remedy, without being diluted to the degree called proof spirit; and even then it is seldom used internally. It is used externally in restraining bleeding, when there is not any vessel of importance wounded. It is

also used as a lotion to burns, and is applied by dipping a piece of lint into the spirit, and laying it over the part. Freely diluted (one part to eighteen) with water, it forms a useful collyrium, or wash, in the last stage of ophthalmia. Used internally, it acts as a very useful stimulant when diluted and taken moderately, increasing the general excitement, and giving energy to the muscular fibres; hence it becomes very useful in certain cases of debility, especially in habits disposed to prostrate acidity; and in the low stage of low fevers. Dose.—It is impossible to fix anything like a dose for this remedy, as much will depend upon the individual; but diluted with water, and sweetened with sugar, from half an ounce to two ounces may be given three or four times a day. In cases of extreme debility, however, much will depend upon the disease. Caution.—Remember that alcohol is an irritant poison, and that the indulgence in its use daily originates dyspepsia or indigestion, and many other serious complaints. Of all kinds of spirits, the best cordial and stomachic is brandy.

101. Camphor (*Camphora*) is not a very steady stimulant, as its effect is transitory; but in large doses it acts as a narcotic, abating pain, and inducing sleep. In moderate doses it operates as a diaphoretic and anti-spasmodic, increasing the heat of the body, allaying irritation, and spasm. It is used externally as a liniment when dissolved in oil, alcohol, or acetic acid, being employed to allay rheumatic pains; and it is also useful as an embrocation in sprains, bruises, chilblains, and, when combined with opium, it has been advantageously employed in flutulent colic, and severe diarrhoea, being rubbed over the bowels. When reduced to a fine powder, by the addition of a little spirit of wine, and friction, it is very useful as a local stimulant to indolent ulcers, especially when they discharge a foul kind of matter; a pinch is taken between the finger and thumb, and sprinkled into the ulcer, which is then dressed as usual. When dissolved in oil of turpentine, and a few drops are placed in a hollow tooth and covered with Jeweller's wool, or scraped lint, it gives almost instant relief to tooth-ache. Used internally, it is apt to excite nausea, and even vomiting, especially when given in the solid form. As a stimulant it is of great service in all low fevers, malignant measles, malignant sore throat, and running small-pox; and when combined with opium and bark, it is extremely useful in checking the progress of malignant ulcers, and gangrene. As a narcotic it is very useful, because it allays pain and irritation without increasing the pulse very much. When powdered and sprinkled upon the surface of a blister, it prevents the cantharides acting in a peculiar and painful manner upon the bladder; combined with senna it increases its purgative properties; and it is also used to correct the nausea produced by squills, and the irritating effects of drastic purgatives and mezerion. Dose.—From four grains to one scruple, repeated at short intervals when used in small doses, and long intervals when employed in large doses. Doses of the various preparations.—Camphor mixture from  $\frac{1}{4}$  an ounce to 3 ounces; compound tincture of camphor (*Paregoric Elixir*) from 15 minims to 1 drachm. Caution.—When given in an over-dose it acts as a poison, producing vomiting, giddiness, delirium, convulsions, and sometimes death. Mode of Exhibition.—It may be rubbed up with almond emulsion, or mucilage, or the yolk of eggs, and by this means suspended in water, or combined with chloroform as a mixture, in which form it is a valuable stimulant in cholera and other diseases. (See Mixtures).

102. Ether is a diffusible stimulant, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic. Sulphuric ether (*Spiritus Etheris Sulphurici*) is used externally both as a stimulant and an anodyne. In the former case its evaporation is prevented by covering a rag moistened with it with oiled silk, in order to relieve headache; and in the latter case it is allowed to evaporate, and thus produce coldness, hence it is applied over scalded surfaces by means of rags dipped in it. As a local application, it has been found to afford almost instant relief in ear-ache, when combined with almond oil, and dropped into the ear. Internally it is used as a stimulant and narcotic in low fevers, and cases of great exhaustion. Dose from 15 minims to 1 drachm, repeated at short intervals, as its effects soon pass off. It is usually given in a little camphor julap, or water. Nitric ether (*Spiritus Etheris Nitrici*) is a refrigerant, diuretic, and anti-spasmodic, and is well known as "sweet spirit of nitre." Used externally, its evaporation relieves headache, and it is sometimes applied to burns. Internally, it is used to relieve nausea, flatulence, and thirst in fevers; also as a diuretic. Dose from 10 minims to 1 drachm. Compound spirit of sulphuric ether (*Spiritus Etheris Sulphurici Compositus*) is a very useful stimulant, narcotic, and anti-spasmodic. Used internally in cases of great exhaustion, attended with irritability. Dose from  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm to 2 drachms in camphor julap. When combined with laudanum it prevents the nauseating effects of the opium, and acts more beneficially as a narcotic.

103. The Hop (*Humulus lupulus*) is a narcotic, tonic, and diuretic; it reduces the frequency of the pulse, and does not affect the head like most anodynes. Used externally it acts as an anodyne and discutient, and is useful as a fomentation for painful tumours, rheumatic pains in the joints, and severe contusions. A pillow, stuffed with hops, acts as a narcotic. When the powder is mixed withlard, it acts as an anodyne dressing in painful ulcers. Dose, of the extract, from 5 grains to 1 scruple; of the tincture, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  a drachm to 2 drachms; of the powder, from 5 grains to 1 scruple; of the infusion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce to 1 ounce.

104. Opium is a stimulant, narcotic, and anodyne; used externally it acts almost as well as when taken into the stomach, and without affecting the head or causing nausea. Applied to irritable ulcers in the form of tincture, it promotes their cure, and allays pain. Cloths dipped in a strong solution, and applied over painful bruises, tumours, or inflamed joints, allays pain. A small piece of solid opium, stuffed into a hollow tooth, relieves tooth-ache. A weak solution of opium forms a valuable collyrium in



# IN ACCIDENT, DISEASE, EMERGENCY, HEALTH, AND SICKNESS.

ophthalmia, and two drops of the wine of opium dropped into the eye, acts as an excellent stimulant for oodshot-eye, or after long-continued inflammation, it is useful in strengthening the eye. Applied as a liniment, in combination with ammonia, oil, or with camphorated spirit, it relieves muscular pain. When combined with oil of turpentine, it is useful as a liniment in spasmodic colic. Used internally it acts as a very powerful stimulant; then as a sedative, and finally as an anodyne and narcotic, allaying pain in the most extraordinary manner, by acting directly upon the nervous system. In acute rheumatism it is a most excellent medicine when combined with calomel and tartrate of antimony; but its exhibition requires the judicious care of a medical man. Doses of the various preparations: *Confection of opium*, from 5 grains to 1 drachm; *extract of opium*, from 1 to 5 grains (this is a valuable form, as it does not produce so much after-deregulation of the nervous system as solid opium); *pills of soap and opium*, from 5 to 10 grains; *compound ipecacuanha powder* ("Dover's powder"), from 5 to 20 grains; *compound kino powder*, from 5 to 30 grains; *wine of opium*, from 10 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. Opium is a powerful poison when taken in too large a quantity (See Poisons), and therefore should be used with extreme caution. It is on this account that I have omitted some of its preparations.

105. **ANTISPASMODICS**, are medicines which possess the power of overcoming spasms of the muscles, or allaying any severe pain which is not attended by inflammation. The class includes a great many, but the most safe and serviceable you will find to be ammonia, asafoetida, galbanum, valerian, bark, ether, camphor, and opium; with the minerals, oxide of zinc and calomel.

106. *Ammonia* (*Ammonia sesquicarbonas*), or "Volatile salt," is an antispasmodic, antacid, stimulant, and diaphoretic. Used externally, combined with oil, it forms a cheap and useful liniment, but it should be dissolved in proof spirit before the oil is added. One part of this salt, and three parts of extract of belladonna, mixed and spread upon leather, makes an excellent plaster for relieving rheumatic pains. As a local stimulant it is well known, as regards its effects in hysteria, faintness, and lassitude, when applied to the nose as common smelling salts. It is used internally as an adjunct to infusion of gentian in dyspepsia or indigestion, and in moderate doses in gout. Dose, from 5 to 20 grains. *Caution*. Over-doses act as a narcotic and irritant poison. *Bicarbonate of Ammonia* (*Ammonia bicarbonas*), used internally the same as the "Volatile salt." Dose, from 6 to 24 grains. It is frequently combined with Epsom salts. *Solution of sesquicarbonate of ammonia* (*Liquor ammoniæ sesquicarbonatis*), used the same as the volatile salt. Dose, from 1/2 a drachm to 1 drachm, combined with some milky fluid like almond emulsion.

107. *Asafoetida* is an antispasmodic, expectorant, excitant, and anthelmintic; used internally it is extremely useful in dyspepsia, flatulent colic, hysteria, and nervous diseases; and where there are no inflammatory symptoms, it is an excellent remedy in whooping-cough and asthma; used locally as an enema, it is useful in flatulent colic, and convulsions that come on through teething. Doses of various preparations: *Solid gum*, from 10 to 20 grains as pills; *mixture*, from 1/4 an ounce to 1 ounce; *tincture*, from 15 minims to 1 drachm; *ammoniated tincture*, from 20 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. Never give it when inflammation exists.

108. *Galbanum* is stimulant, antispasmodic, expectorant, and deobstruent; used externally, it assists in dissipating indolent tumours when spread upon leather as a plaster, and is useful in weakness of the legs from rickets, being applied as a plaster to the loins. Used internally it is useful in chronic or old standing rheumatism and hysteria. Doses of preparations:—Of the gum, from 10 to 30 grains as pills; *tincture*, from 15 minims to 1 drachm. may be made into an emulsion with mucilage and water.

109. *Valerian* is a powerful antispasmodic, tonic, and excitant, acting chiefly on the nervous centres. Used internally it is employed in hysteria, nervous languors, and spasmodic complaints generally. It is useful in low fevers. Doses of various preparations:—*Powder*, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, three or four times a day; *tincture*, from 2 to 4 drachms; *ammoniated tincture*, from 1 to 2 drachms; *infusion*, from 2 to 3 ounces or more.

110. *Bark* (*Cinchona lanceifolia cortex*), or, as it is commonly called, "Peruvian bark," is an antispasmodic, tonic, astringent, and stomachic; used externally, it is an excellent detergent for foul ulcers, and those that heal slowly. Used internally, it is particularly valuable in intermittent fever or ague, malignant measles, dysentery, diarrhoea, intermittent rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, indigestion, nervous affections, malignant sore throat, erysipelas; and its use is indicated in all cases of debility. Doses of its preparations:—*Powder*, from 5 grains to 2 drachms, mixed in wine, water, milk, syrup, or solution of liquorice; *infusion*, from 1 to 3 ounces; *decocction*, from 1 to 3 ounces; *tincture* and *compound tincture*, each from 1 to 3 drachms. *Caution*. If it causes oppression at the stomach, combine it with an aromatic; if it causes vomiting, give it in wine or soda-water; if it purges, give opium; and if it constipates, give rhubarb.

111. *Ether* (*sulphuric*), is given internally as an antispasmodic in difficult breathing and spasmodic asthma; also in hysteria, cramp of the stomach, hicough, locked-jaw, and cholera. It is useful in checking sea-sickness. Dose, from 20 minims to 1 drachm. *Caution*. An over-dose induces apoplectic symptoms.

112. *Camphor* is given internally as an antispasmodic in hysteria, cramp in the stomach, flatulent colic, and St. Vitus' dance. Dose, from 2 to 20 grains.

113. *Opium* is employed internally in spasmodic affections, such as cholera, spasmodic asthma, whooping-cough, flatulent colic, and St. Vitus'

dance. Dose, from 1/2 of a grain to 2 grains of the solid opium, according to the disease.

114. *Oxide of Zinc* (*Zinci oxydum*) is an antispasmodic, astringent, and tonic. Used externally, as an ointment, it forms a useful astringent in affections of the eyelids, arising from relaxation, or as a powder, it is an excellent detergent for unhealthy ulcers. Used internally, it has proved efficacious in St. Vitus' dance and some other spasmodic affections. Dose, from 1 to 6 grains, twice a day.

115. *Calomel* (*Hydrargyri chloridum*) is an antispasmodic, deobstruent, purgative and emetic. Used internally, combined with it acts as an antispasmodic in locked-jaw, cholera, and many other spasmodic affections. As an alterative and deobstruent, it has been found useful in leprosy and itch, when combined with antimonials and guaiacum, and in enlargement of the liver and glandular affections. It acts beneficially in dropsies, by producing watery motions. In typhus, it is of great benefit when combined with antimonials; and it may be given as a purgative in almost any disease, provided there is not any inflammation of the bowels, irritability of the system, or great debility. Dose, as a deep alterative, from 1 to 5 grains daily, as a cathartic, from 5 to 1 to produce pyalism or salivation, from 1 to 2 grains, in a pill, with 1/2 of opium, night and morning. *Caution*: When taking calomel, exposure to cold or dampness should be guarded against, as such an imprudence would bring out an eruption of the skin, attended with fever. When this does occur, leave off the calomel, and give bark, wine, and purgatives; take a warm bath twice a day, and powder the surface of the body with powdered starch.

116. Tonics are given to improve the tone of the system, and restore the natural energies and general strength of the body. They consist of bark (See § 110), quassia, gentian, chamomile, wormwood, and angostura bark.

117. *Quassia* is a simple tonic, and can be used with safety by any one, as it does not increase the animal heat, or quicken the circulation. Used internally, in the form of infusion, it has been found of great benefit in indigestion and nervous irritability, and is useful after bilious fevers and diarrhoea. Dose, of the infusion, from 1 1/2 to 2 ounces, three times a day.

118. *Gentian* is an excellent tonic and stomachic; but when given in large doses, it acts as an aperient. It is used internally in all cases of general debility, and, when combined with bark, is used in intermittent fevers. It has also been employed in indigestion, and it is sometimes used, combined with volatile salt, in that disease (§ 106); but at other times alone, in the form of infusion. After diarrhoea it proves a useful tonic. Used externally its infusion is sometimes applied to foul ulcers. Dose, of the infusion 1 1/2 to 2 ounces; of the tincture 1 to 4 drachms; of the extract from 10 to 30 grains.

119. *Chamomile* (*Anthemis nobilis*).—The flowers of the chamomile are tonic, slightly anodyne, antispasmodic, and emetic. They are used externally as fomentations, in colic, face-ache, and tumours, and to unhealthy ulcers. They are used internally in the form of infusion, with carbonate of soda, ginger, and other stomachic remedies; in dyspepsia, flatulent colic, debility following dysentery and gout. Warm infusion of the flowers acts as an emetic; and the powdered flowers are sometimes combined with opium or kino, and given in intermittent fevers. Dose, of the powdered flowers, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, twice or thrice a day; of the infusion from 1 to 2 ounces, as a tonic, three times a day; and from 6 ounces to 1 pint, as an emetic; of the extract, from 5 to 20 grains.

120. *Wormwood* (*Artemisia absinthium*) is a tonic and anthelmintic. It is used externally as a discutient and antiscapic. It is used internally in long-standing cases of dyspepsia, in the form of infusion, with or without aromatics. It has also been used in intermittents. Dose, of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces, three times a day; of the powder, from 1 to 2 scruples.

121. *Angostura bark* (*Cortex angostura*), or cusparia, is a tonic. It expels flatulence, increases the appetite, and produces a warmth in the stomach. It is used internally in intermittent fevers, dyspepsia, hysteria, and all cases of debility, where a stimulating tonic is desirable, particularly after bilious diarrhoea. Dose of the powder from 10 to 20 grains, combined with cinnamon powder, magnesia, or rhubarb; of the extract from 3 to 10 grains; of the infusion from 1 to 2 ounces. *Caution*. It should never be given in inflammatory diseases, or hectic fever.

122. **ASTRINGENTS** are medicines given for the purpose of diminishing excessive discharges, and to act indirectly as tonics. This class includes catechu, kino, oak bark, logwood, rose leaves, chalk, and white vitriol.

123. *Catechu* (*Acacia catechu*) is a most valuable astringent. It is used externally, when powdered, to promote the contraction of flabby ulcers. As a local astringent it is useful in relaxed uvula, a small piece being dissolved in the mouth; small spotty ulcerations of the month and throat, and bleeding gums, and for these two affections it is used in the form of infusion, to wash the parts. It is given internally in diarrhoea, dysentery, and hemorrhage from the bowels. Dose of the infusion from 1 to 3 ounces; of the tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the powder from 10 to 30 grains. *Caution*. It must not be given with soda or any alkali; nor metallic salts, or gelatine, as its property is destroyed by this combination.

124. *Kino* (*Pterocarpus erinaceus*) is a powerful astringent. It is used externally to ulcers to give tone to them when flabby and thin matter. It is used internally in the same diseases. Dose of the powder from 10 to 30 grains; of the tincture from 1 to 2 drachms; of the compound powder from 10 to 20 grains; of the infusion from 1 1/2 to 2 ounces. *Caution*.—(See § 123.)

125. *Oak bark* (*Quercus robur cortex*) is an astringent and tonic. It is

used externally in the form of decoction, to restrain bleeding from lacerated surfaces. As a local astringent it is used in the form of decoction as a sore throat and relaxed uvula. It is used internally in the same diseases as catechu (§ 123), and when combined with aromatics and bitters, in intermittent fevers. Dose of the powder from 15 to 30 grains; of the decoction from 2 to 8 drachms.

126. *Logwood (Hæmatoxylum)* is not a very satisfactory astringent. It is used internally in diarrhoea, the last stage of dysentery, and a lax state of the intestines. Dose of the extract from 10 grains to 1 drachm; of the decoction from 1 to 3 ounces, three or four times a day.

127. *Rose leaves (Rosa Gallica)* are astringent and tonic. They are used internally in spitting of blood, hæmorrhage from the stomach, intestines, &c., as a gargle for sore throat, and for the night sweats of consumption. The infusion is frequently used as a tonic with diluted sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), after low fevers. Dose of infusion from 2 to 4 ounces.

128. *Chalk (Creta preparata)*, when prepared by washing, becomes an astringent as well as antacid. It is used internally in diarrhoea, in the form of mixture, and externally as an application to burns, scalds, and excoriations. Dose of the mixture from 1 to 2 ounces.

129. *White vitriol (Zinci sulphas)*, or sulphate of zinc, is an astringent, tonic, and emetic. It is used externally as a collyrium for ophthalmia (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia"), and as a detergent for scrofulous ulcers, in the proportion of 3 grains of the salt to 1 ounce of water. It is used internally in indigestion, and many other diseases; but it should not be given unless ordered by a medical man, as it is a poison.

## II.—LOCAL STIMULANTS.

130. Local stimulants comprise emetics, cathartics, diuretics, diaphoretics, expectorants, sialogogues, errhines, and epispastics.

131. **EMETICS** are medicines given for the purpose of causing vomiting, as in cases of poisoning. They consist of ipecacuanha, chamomile (§ 119), and mustard.

132. *Ipecacuanha* is an emetic, diaphoretic, and expectorant. It is used internally to excite vomiting in doses of from 20 to 30 grains of the powder, or 1 to 1½ ounce of the infusion, every half hour until vomiting takes place. To make it act well and easily the patient should drink half-pint doses of warm water. As a diaphoretic it should be given in doses of 3 grains, mixed with some soft substance, such as crumbs of bread, and repeated every 4 hours. Dose of the wine from 20 minims to 1 drachm (as a diaphoretic); and from 1 drachm to 1½ ounce (as an emetic). Caution. Do not give more than the doses named above, because although a safe emetic, yet it is an acrid-narcotic poison.

133. *Mustard* is too well-known to require describing. It is an emetic, diuretic, stimulant, and rubefacient. It is used externally as a poultice, (which is made of the powdered seeds, bread-crumbs, and water\*), in all cases where a stimulant is required, such as sore throats, rheumatic pains in the joints, cholera, cramps in the extremities, diarrhoea, and many other diseases. When applied it should not be left on too long, as it is apt to cause ulceration of the part. From 10 to 30 minutes is quite long enough. When used internally as an emetic, a large tea-spoonful mixed with a tumbler of warm water generally operates quickly and safely, frequently when other emetics have failed. In dropsy it is sometimes given in the form of whey, which is made by boiling ½ an ounce of the bruised seeds in a pint of milk, and straining off the curd. From 3 to 4 ounces of this is to be taken for a dose 3 times a day.

134. **CATHARTICS** are divided into laxatives and purgatives. The former comprise manna, tamarinds, castor oil, sulphur, and magnesia; the latter, senna, rhubarb, jalap, colocynth, buckthorn, aloes, cream of tartar, scammony, calomel (§ 115), Epsom salts, Glauber's salts, sulphate of potash, and Venice turpentine.

135. *Manna* is a very gentle laxative, and therefore used for children and delicate persons. Dose for children from 1 to 4 drachms; and for adults from 1 to 2 ounces, combined with rhubarb and cinnamon water.

136. *Tamarinds* are gently laxative and refrigerant. As it is agreeable, this medicine will generally be eaten by children when they will not take other medicines. Dose from ½ to 1 ounce. As a refrigerant beverage in fevers it is extremely grateful. (See § 282.)

137. *Castor oil* is a most valuable medicine, as it generally operates quickly and mildly. It is used externally, combined with citron ointment, as a topical application in common leprosy. It is used internally as an ordinary purgative for infants, as a laxative for adults, and in diarrhoea and dysentery. In colic it is very useful and safe; and also after delivery. Dose for infants from 40 drops to 2 drachms; for adults from ½ to 1½ ounce. (See § 91.)

138. *Sulphur*.—Sublimed sulphur is laxative and diaphoretic. It is used externally in skin diseases, especially itch, both in the form of ointment and as a vapour-bath. It is used internally in hæmorrhoids, combined with magnesia, as a laxative for children, and as a diaphoretic in rheumatism. Dose from 1 scruple to 2 drachms, mixed in milk or with treacle. When combined with an equal proportion of cream of tartar it acts as a purgative.

139. *Magnesia*.—Calced magnesia possesses the same properties as the carbonate. Dose from 10 to 30 grains, in milk or water. Carbonate of magnesia is an antacid and laxative, and is very useful for children when teething, and heartburn in adults. Dose, from ½ to 2 drachms, in water or

140. *Senna* is a purgative, but is apt to gripe when given alone; there-

fore it is combined with some aromatic, such as cloves or ginger, and the infusion should be made with cold instead of hot water. It usually acts in about four hours, but its action should be assisted by drinking warm fluids.

Dose of the confection, commonly called "lenitive electuary," from 1 to 3 or 4 drachms at bedtime; of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces; of the tincture, from 1 to 2 drachms; of the syrup (used for children), from 1 drachm to 1 ounce. Caution. Do not give senna in any form except confection, in hæmorrhoids, and never in irritability of the intestines.

141. *Rhubarb (Rhei radix)*, is a purgative, astringent, and stomachic. It is used externally in the form of powder to ulcers, to promote a healthy action. It is given internally in diarrhoea, dyspepsia, and a debilitated state of the bowels. Combined with a mild preparation of calomel (*Hydrargyrum cum creta*), it forms an excellent purgative for children. Dose of the infusion from 1 to 2 ounces; of the powder from 1 scruple to ½ a drachm as a purgative, and from 6 to 10 grains as a stomachic; of the tincture and compound tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the compound pill from 10 to 20 grains.

142. *Jalap* is a powerful cathartic and hydrogogue, and is apt to gripe. Dose of the powder from 10 to 30 grains, combined with a drop or two of aromatic oil; of the compound powder from 15 to 40 grains; of the tincture, from 1 to 3 drachms; of the extract, from 10 to 20 grains. The watery extract is better than the alcoholic.

143. *Colocynth* is a powerful drastic cathartic, and should never be given alone unless ordered by a medical man, as its action is too violent for some constitutions. Dose of the extract, from 5 to 15 grains; of the compound extract from 5 to 15 grains.

144. *Buckthorn (Rhamnus)* is a brisk purgative for children in the form of syrup. Dose of the syrup from 1 to 6 drachms.

*Aloes* is a purgative and cathartic in large, and tonic in smaller doses. Dose of powder from 2 to 10 grains, combined with soap, bitter extracts, or other purgative medicines, and given in the form of pills; of the compound pill from 5 to 20 grains; of the pill of aloes and myrrh from 5 to 20 grains; of the tincture from 4 drachms to 1 ounce; of the compound tincture from 1 to 4 drachms; of the extract from 6 to 10 grains; of the compound decoction from 4 drachms to 2 ounces.

146. *Cream of tartar (Potassa bitartas)* is a purgative and refrigerant. It is used internally in dropsy, especially of the belly, in doses of from 1 scruple to 1 drachm. As a refrigerant drink, it is dissolved in hot water, and sweetened with sugar, and is used in febrile diseases, care being taken not to allow it to rest too much upon the bowels. Dose, as a purgative, from 2 to 4 drachms; as a hydrogogue from 4 to 6 drachms, mixed with honey or treacle. Caution. Its use should be followed by tonics, especially gentian (§ 113) and angostura (§ 121).

147. *Scammony (Convolvulus scammonia)*, is a drastic purgative, generally acting quickly and powerfully; sometimes producing nausea and even vomiting, and being very apt to gripe. It is used internally, to produce watery evacuations in dropsy, to remove intestinal worms, and correct the slimy motions of children. Dose of the powder from 5 to 16 grains, given in liquorice water, treacle, or honey; of the confection from 20 to 30 grains. Caution. Do not give it in an irritable or inflamed state of the bowels.

148. *Epsom Salts* is a purgative and diuretic. It generally operates quickly, and therefore is extremely useful in acute diseases. It is found to be beneficial in dyspepsia when combined with infusion of gentian and a little ginger. It forms an excellent enema with olive oil. Dose from ½ to 2 ounces, dissolved in warm tea or water. Infusion of roses (§ 127) partially covers its taste and assists its action.

149. *Glauber's Salt (Soda sulphas)* is a very good purgative. Dose, from ½ to 2 ounces, dissolved in warm water.

150. *Sulphate of Potash* is a cathartic and deobstruent. It is used internally, combined with aloes or rhubarb in obstructions of the bowels, and is an excellent saline purgative in dyspepsia and jaundice. Dose of the powdered salt from 10 grains to 1 drachm.

151. *Venice turpentine* is cathartic, diuretic, stimulant, and anthelmintic. It is used externally as a rubefacient, and is given internally in flatulent colic, in tape-worm, rheumatism, and other diseases. Dose, as a diuretic, from 10 drops to 1 drachm; as a cathartic, from 10 to 12 drachms; as an anthelmintic, from 1 to 2 ounces, every 8 hours, till the worm be ejected.

152. **DIURETICS** are medicines which promote an increased secretion of urine. They consist of nitre, acetate of potassa, squills, juniper, and oil of turpentine.

153. *Nitre (Nitras potassa)* is a diuretic and refrigerant. It is used externally as a detergent when dissolved in water, and as a lotion to inflamed and painful rheumatic joints. It is given internally in doses of from 10 grains to a drachm, or even 2 drachms; in spitting blood it is given in 1 drachm doses with great benefit. As a topical application it is beneficial in sore throat, a few grains being allowed to dissolve in the mouth.

154. *Acetate of Potassa* is diuretic and cathartic. It is given internally in dropsy with great benefit, in doses of from 1 scruple to 1 drachm, every 3 or 4 hours, to act as a diuretic in combination with infusion of quassia. Dose, as a cathartic, from 2 to 3 drachms.

155. *Squills (Scilla maritima)* is diuretic and expectorant when given in small doses; and emetic and purgative when given in large doses. It is used internally in dropsies, in combination with calomel and opium; asthma, with ammoniacum; in catarrh, in the form of oxymel. Dose of the dried bulb powdered from 1 to 4 grains every 6 hours; of the compound pill, from 10 to 20 grains; of the tincture, from 10 minims to 1 drachm; of the oxymel, from 1 to 2 drachms; of the vinegar, from 20 minims to 2 drachms.

156. *Juniper (Juniperus communis)* is diuretic and stomachic. It is

\* Vinegar is not necessary.

given internally in dropsies. \*Dose of the infusion from 2 to 3 ounces every 4 hours; of the oil, from 1 to 5 minims.

157. *Oil of Turpentine* is a diuretic, anthelmintic, and rubefacient. It is used externally in flatulent colic, sprinkled over flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry. It is used internally in the same diseases as Venice turpentine (§ 151). Dose from 5 minims to 1 ounce.

158. *DIAPHORETICS* are medicines given to increase the secretion from the skin by sweating. They comprise acetate of ammonia, calomel (§ 115), antimony, opium (§ 104), camphor (§ 101), and sarsaparilla.

159. *Solution of acetate of ammonia (Liquor ammoniac acetatis)* is a most useful diaphoretic. It is used externally as a discutient, as a lotion to inflamed milk-breasts, as a collyrium, and a lotion in scald head. It is given internally to promote perspiration in febrile diseases, which it does most effectually, especially when combined with camphor mixture. Dose, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1½ ounce every 3 or 4 hours.

160. *Antimony—Tartar emetic (Antimonii potassio-tartras)* is diaphoretic, emetic, expectorant, alterative, and rubefacient. It is used externally as an irritant in white swellings and deep-seated inflammation, in the form of an ointment. It is given internally in pleurisy, bilious fevers, and many other diseases; but its exhibition requires the skill of a medical man to watch its effects. Dose, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a grain to 4 grains. Caution. It is a poison, and therefore requires great care in its administration.—*Antimonial Powder (Pulvis antimonialis compositus)* is a diaphoretic, emetic, and alterative. It is given internally in febrile diseases, to produce determination to the skin; in rheumatism, when combined with opium or calomel, it is of great benefit. Dose, from 3 grains to 1 scruple every 4 hours, taking plenty of warm fluids between each dose.

161. *Sarsaparilla (Sarza)* is diaphoretic, alterative, diuretic, and tonic. It is given internally in cutaneous diseases, old-standing rheumatism, scrofula, and debility. Dose of the decoction, from 4 to 8 ounces; of the compound decoction, from 4 to 8 ounces; of the extract, from 5 grains to 1 drachm.

162. *EXPECTORANTS* are medicines given to promote the secretion from the wind-pipe, &c. They consist of antimony (§ 160), ipecacuanha (§ 132), squills (§ 155), ammoniacum, and tolu.

163. *Ammoniacum* is an expectorant, antispasmodic, and deobstruent. It is used externally as a discutient, and is given internally, with great benefit, in asthma, hysteria, chronic catarrh. Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

164. *Tolu (Balsamum toluatum)* is an excellent expectorant, when there are no inflammatory symptoms. It is given internally in asthma chronic. Dose of the balsam, from 5 to 30 grains, combined with mucilage and suspended in water; of the tincture, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 drachms; of the syrup, from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 drachms.

165. *SIALOOGUES* are given to increase the flow of saliva or spittle. They consist of ginger and calomel (§ 115).

166. *Ginger* is a sialogogue, carminative, and stimulant. It is used internally in flatulent colic, dyspepsia, and to prevent the griping of medicines. When chewed it acts as a sialogogue, and is therefore useful in relaxed uvula. Dose, from 10 to 20 grains of the powder; of the tincture, from 10 minims to 1 drachm.

167. I shall pass over the class of *errhines*, or medicines to cause sneezing, to consider *EPISPASTICS* and *RUBEFACIENTS*; or those remedies which are applied to blister and cause redness of the surface. They consist of cantharides, ammonia (§ 106), Burgundy pitch, and mustard (§ 133).

168. *Cantharides (Cantharis)* or Spanish flies, when used internally, are diuretic and stimulant; and epispastic and rubefacient when applied externally. Mode of application:—A portion of the blistering plaster (*emplastrum cantharidis*) is spread with the thumb upon brown paper, linen, or leather, to the size required; its surface then slightly moistened with olive oil and sprinkled with camphor, and the plaster applied by a tight bandage. Caution. If a blister is to be applied to the head, shave it at least ten hours before it is put on; and it is better to place a thin piece of gauze, wetted with vinegar, between the skin and the blister. If a distressing feeling is experienced about the bladder, give warm and copious draughts of linseed-tea, milk, or decoction of quince seeds, and apply warm fomentations of milk and water to the blistered surface. The period required for a blister to remain on varies from 8 to 10 hours for adults, and from 20 minutes to 2 hours for children: as soon as it is removed, if the blister is not raised, apply a "spongio-piline" poultice, and it will then rise properly. When it is required to act as a rubefacient, the blister should remain on from 1 to 3 hours for adults, and from 15 to 40 minutes for children. To dress a blister: Cut the bag of cuticle containing the serum at the lowest part, by snipping it with the scissors, so as to form an opening like this—V; and then apply a piece of calico spread with spermaceti or some other dressing. \*\* Never attempt to exhibit cantharides internally, as it is a poison, and requires extreme caution in its use even by medical men.

169. *Burgundy pitch* is warmed and spread upon linen or leather, and applied over the chest in cases of catarrh, difficult breathing, and whooping cough; over the loins in debility or lumbago; and over any part that it is desirable to excite a mild degree of inflammation in.

### III.—CHEMICAL REMEDIES.

170. The chemical remedies comprise refrigerants, antacids, antalkalies, and escharotics.

171. *REFRIGERANTS* are medicines given for the purpose of suppressing an unnatural heat of the body. They are Seville oranges, lemons, tamarinds (§ 186), nitre (§ 153), and cream of tartar (§ 146.)

172. *Seville oranges* and sweet oranges are formed into a refrigerant

beverage,\* which is extremely grateful in febrile diseases. The rind is a nice mild tonic; carminative, and stomachic. Dose of the tincture, from 1 to 4 drachms; of the infusion, from 1 to 2 ounces.

\*173. *Lemons* are used to form a refrigerant beverage,\* which is given to quench thirst in febrile and inflammatory diseases. Lemon-juice given with carbonate of potash ( $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of the juice to 30 grains of the salt), and taken while effervescing, allays vomiting; a tablespoonful, taken occasionally, allays hysterical palpitations of the heart. It is useful in scurvy caused by eating too much salt food. The rind forms a nice mild tonic and stomachic in certain forms of dyspepsia. Dose of the infusion (made the same as orange-peel), from 1 to 2 ounces.

174. *ANTACIDS* are given to correct acidity in the system. They are soda, ammonia (§ 106), chalk (§ 128), and magnesia (§ 139.)

175. *Soda, carbonate of, and sesquicarbonate of soda*, are antacids and deobstruents. It is used internally in acidity of the stomach and dyspepsia. Dose of both preparations, from 10 grains to half a drachm.

176. *ANTALKALIES* are given to neutralize an alkaline state of the system. They are citric acid, lemon-juice (§ 173), and tartaric acid.

177. *Citric acid* is used to check profuse sweating, and as a substitute for lemon-juice when it cannot be procured. Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

178. *Tartaric acid*, when largely diluted, forms an excellent refrigerant beverage and antalkali. It enters into the composition of extemporaneous soda water.\* Dose, from 10 to 30 grains.

179. *ESCHAROTICS* are remedies used to destroy the vitality of a part. They comprise lunar caustic, blue-stone, and solution of chloride of zinc.

180. *Lunar caustic, or nitrate of silver*, is an excellent remedy in erysipelas when applied in solution (1 drachm of the salt to 1 ounce of water), which should be brushed all over the inflamed part, and for an inch beyond it. This blackens the skin, but it soon peels off. To destroy warts, proud flesh, and unhealthy edges of ulcers, &c., it is invaluable; and as an application to bed-sores, pencilled over with a solution of the same strength and in the same manner as for erysipelas. Caution. It is a poison.

181. *Blue-stone*, or sulphate of copper, is used in a solution of from 4 to 15 grains to the ounce of water, and applied to foul and indolent ulcers, by means of rag dipped in it, and is rubbed, in substance, on fungous growths, warts, &c., to destroy them. Caution. It is a poison.

182. *Solution of chloride of zinc*, or more commonly known as "Sir William Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid," is a valuable escharotic in destroying the parts of poisoned wounds, such as the bite of a mad dog. It is also very useful in restoring the hair after the scalp has been attacked with ring-worm; but its use requires extreme caution, as it is a powerful escharotic. In itch, diluted (1 part to 32) with water, it appears to answer very well. Caution. It is a most powerful poison.

### IV.—MECHANICAL REMEDIES.

183. The mechanical remedies comprise anthelmintics, demulcents, diluents, and emollients.

184. *ANTHELMINTICS* are medicines given for the purpose of expelling or destroying worms. They are cowhage, scammony (§ 147), male fern-root, calomel (§ 115), gamboge, and turpentine (§§ 151 and 157.)

185. *Cowhage (Macuna)* is used to expel the round worm (*lumbricus terreus*), which it does by wounding it with the fine prickles. Dose, of the confection, for a child 3 or 4 years old, a teaspoonful early, for 3 mornings, followed by a dose of castor-oil. (See "Domestic Pharmacopoeia," § 211.)

186. *Male Fern-root (Aspidium felix mas)* is a powerful anthelmintic and an astringent. It is used to kill tapeworm (*taenia solium*). Dose, 3 drachms of the powdered root mixed in a tea-cupful of water, to be taken in the morning while in bed, and followed by a brisk purgative 2 hours afterwards; or 30 drops of the ethereal tincture, to be taken early in the morning. (See "Domestic Pharmacopoeia," § 293.)

187. *Gamboge (Cambogia)* is a powerful drastic and anthelmintic. It is used internally in dropsies, and for the expulsion of tapeworm, but its use requires caution, as it is an irritant poison. Dose, from 2 to 6 grains, in the form of pills, combined with colocynth, soap, rhubarb, or bread-crumbs.

188. *DEMULCENTS* are used to diminish irritation, and soften parts by protecting them with a viscid matter. They are tragacanth, linseed, marsh-mallow, mallow, liquorice, arrowroot, isinglass, suet, wax, and almonds.

189. *Tragacanth* is used to allay tickling cough, and lubricate abraded parts. It is usually given in the form of mucilage. Dose, from 10 grains to 1 drachm, or more.

190. *Linseed* is emollient and demulcent. It is used externally when reduced to powder, as a poultice; and the oil combined with lime water is applied to burns and scalds. It is used internally as an infusion in diarrhoea, dysentery, and irritation of the intestines after certain poisons, and catarrh. Dose of the infusion as much as the patient pleases.

191. *Marsh-mallow (Althaea)* is used internally in the same diseases as linseed (§ 190). The leaves are used externally as a fomentation, and the boiled roots are bruised and applied as an emollient poultice. Dose, the same as linseed.

192. *Mallow (Malva)* is used externally as a fomentation and poultice in inflammation, and the infusion is used internally in dysentery diseases of the kidneys, and the same diseases as marsh-mallow (§ 191). It is also used as an enema. The Dose is the same as for linseed and marsh-mallow.

193. *Liquorice (Glycyrrhiza Glabra)* is an agreeable demulcent, and given in the form of decoction in catarrh, and some forms of dyspepsia, and the extract is used in catarrh. Dose of the extract from 10 grains to 1 drachm; of the decoction from 2 to 4 ounces.

\* For receipts to form these agreeable drinks, and also summer beverages, Friend, vol. III., p. 12.



194. *Arrowroot*, isinglass, almonds, suet, and wax, are too well known to require descriptions. (See "Domestic Pharmacopœia" for preparations.)

195. *DILUENTS* are chiefly watery compounds, such as weak tea, water, thin broth, gruel, &c.

196. *EMOLLIENTS* consist of unctuous remedies, such as cerates and ointments, and any materials that combine heat with moisture. (See "Spongio-pilule," § 312.)

### DOMESTIC PHARMACOPŒIA.

197. In compiling this part of my hints, I have endeavoured to supply that kind of information that is so often wanted in the time of need, and cannot be obtained when a medical man or a druggist is not near. The doses are all fixed for adults, unless otherwise ordered, and may be reduced by consulting the Table given in § 83. The various remedies are arranged in sections, according to their uses, as being more easy for reference.

#### I.—COLLYRIA, OR EYE-WASHES.

198. *Alum*.—Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of alum in 8 ounces of water. *Use*, as an astringent. When the strength of the alum is doubled, and only half the quantity of water used, it acts as a diuretic.

199. *Common*.—Add 1 ounce of diluted acetic acid to 3 ounces of decoction of poppy heads. *Use*, as an anodyne wash.

200. *Compound Alum*.—Dissolve alum and white vitriol, of each 1 drachm in 1 pint of water, and filter through paper. *Use*, as an astringent wash.

201. *Zinc and Lead*.—Dissolve white vitriol and acetate of lead, of each 7 grains, in 4 ounces of elder-flower water, then add 1 drachm of laudanum (tincture of opium), and the same quantity of spirit of camphor; then strain. *Use*, as a detergent wash.

202. *Acetate of Zinc*.—Dissolve  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of white vitriol in 5 ounces of water. Dissolve 2 scruples of acetate of lead in 5 ounces of water. Mix these solutions, then set aside for a short time, and afterwards filter. *Use*, as an astringent; this forms a most valuable collyrium.

203. *Sulphate of Zinc*.—Dissolve 10 grains of white vitriol in a pint of water or rose-water. *Use*, for weak eyes.

204. *Zinc and Camphor*.—Dissolve a scruple of white vitriol in 8 ounces of water, then add 1 drachm of spirit of camphor, and strain. *Use*, as a stimulant.

205. *Compound Zinc*.—Dissolve 10 grains of white vitriol in 8 ounces of camphor water (*Mistura camphoræ*), and the same quantity of decoction of poppy heads. *Use*, as an anodyne and detergent; useful for weak eyes.

#### II.—CONFECTIONS AND ELECTUARIES.

206. *Confections* are used as vehicles for the administration of more active medicines, and *Electuaries* are made for the purpose of rendering some remedies palatable. Both should be kept in closely covered jars.

207. *Almond Confection*.—Remove the outer coat from an ounce of sweet almonds, and beat them well in a mortar with 1 drachm of powdered gum arabic, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of white sugar. *Use*, to make a demulcent mixture, known as almond emulsion.

208. *Alum Confection*.—Mix 2 scruples of powdered alum with 4 scruples of treacle. *Dose*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm. *Use*, as an astringent in sore throat and relaxed uvula, and ulcerations of the mouth.

209. *Orange Confection*.—Take 1 ounce of the freshly rasped rind of orange, and mix it with 3 ounces of white sugar, after it is well beaten. *Dose*, from 1 drachm to 1 ounce. *Use*, as a gentle stomachic and tonic, and for giving tonic powders in.

210. *Black Pepper Confection*.—Take of black pepper and elecampane-root each 1 ounce; fennel seeds, 3 ounces; honey and sugar, of each 2 ounces. Rub the dry ingredients to a fine powder, and when the confection is wanted, add the honey, and mix well. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, in hæmorrhoids.

211. *Cowhage*.—Mix as much of the fine hairs or spicula of cowhage into treacle as it will take up. *Dose*, a teaspoonful every morning; and evening. *Use*, as an anthelmintic.

212. *Senna Confection*.—Take of senna 4 ounces, figs  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pound, cassia pulp, tamarind pulp, and the pulp of prunes, each 4 ounces; coriander seeds, 2 ounces; liquorice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce; sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound; water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint. Rub the senna with the coriander, and separate, by sifting, 5 ounces of the mixture. Boil the water with the figs and liquorice added, until it is reduced to one half; then press out and strain the liquor. Evaporate the strained liquor in a jar by boiling (§ 81) until 12 fluid ounces remain; then add the sugar, and make a syrup. Now mix the pulps with the syrup, add the sifted powder, and mix well. *Dose* (See § 140.) *Use*, purgative.

213. *Castor Oil and Senna Confection*.—Take 1 drachm of powdered gum arabic, and 2 ounces of confection of senna (§ 212), and mix by gradually rubbing together in a mortar, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of castor oil. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, purgative.

214. *Sulphur and Senna Confection*.—Take of sulphur and sulphate of ash, each  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce; of confection of senna, 2 ounces; and oil of sweet almond, 20 minims; mix well. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms. *Use*, purgative.

215. *Cream of Tartar Confection*.—Take 1 ounce of cream of tartar, and a drachm of powdered ginger; mix into a thick paste with treacle. *Dose*, drachms. *Use*, purgative.

216. *Antispasmodic Electuary*.—Take 6 drachms of powdered valerian d orange leaves, mixed and made into an electuary, with a sufficient quantity of syrup of wormwood. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 drachms, to be taken 3 or three times a day.

#### III.—DECOCTIONS.

217. These preparations soon spoil, and therefore should only be made in small quantities, particularly in summer (§ 81).

218. *Of Chimaphila*.—Take 1 ounce of pyrola (chimaphila or winter-green), and boil it in a pint and a half of water until it is only  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint; then strain. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 ounces, four times a day. *Use*, in dropsies, as a diuretic.

219. *Of Logwood*.—Boil  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of bruised logwood in 2 pints of water until it comes to 1 pint; then add 1 drachm of bruised cassia, and strain. *Dose*, from 1 to 2 ounces. *Use*, (See § 126), as an astringent.

220. *Of Dandelion*.—Take 2 ounces of the freshly-sliced root, and boil in 2 pints of water until it comes to 1 pint; then add 1 ounce of compound tincture of horse-radish. *Dose*, from 2 to 4 ounces. *Use*, in a sluggish state of the liver.

#### IV.—EMBROCATIONS AND LINIMENTS.

221. These remedies are used externally as local stimulants, to relieve deep-seated inflammations when other means cannot be employed, as they are more easily applied locally.

222. *Anodyne and Discutient*.—Take 2 drachms of scraped white soap,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of extract of henbane, and dissolve them by a gentle heat in 6 ounces of olive oil. *Used* in doses of 2 or 3 drachms at a time, for glandular enlargements which are painful and stubborn.

223. *Strongly Ammoniated*.—Add 1 ounce of strong liquid ammonia (*Liquor ammonia fortius*) to 2 ounces of olive oil; shake them well together until they are properly mixed. *Use*. Employed as a stimulant in rheumatic pains, paralytic numbnesses, chronic glandular enlargements, lumbago, sciatica, &c.

224. *Compound Ammoniated*.—Add 6 teaspoonfuls of oil of turpentine to the strong ammoniated liniment above. *Use*, for the diseases mentioned under the head of strong ammoniated liniment, and chronic affections of the knee and ankle-joints.

225. *Lime and Oil*.—Take equal parts of common linseed-oil and lime-water (*Liquor calcis*), and shake well. *Use*. Applied to burns, scalds, sun-peelings, &c.

226. *Camphrated*.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of camphor, and dissolve it in 2 ounces of olive oil. *Use*, as a stimulant, soothing application, in stubborn breasts, glandular enlargements, dropsy of the belly, and rheumatic pains.

227. *Soap Liniment with Spanish Flies*.—Take 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of soap tincture, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of tincture of Spanish flies; mix and shake well. *Use*, as a stimulant to chronic bruises, sprains, rheumatic pains, and indolent swellings.

228. *Turpentine*.—Take 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of resin cerate (*ceratum resinæ*), and melt it by standing the vessel in hot water; then add  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of oil of turpentine, and mix. *Use*, as a stimulant application to ulcers, burns, scalds, &c.

#### V.—ENEMAS.

229. Are a peculiar kind of medicines, administered by injecting them into the rectum or outlet of the body. The intention is either to empty the bowels, kill worms, protect the lining membrane of the intestines from injury, restrain copious discharges, to allay spasms in the bowels, or nourish the body. These clysters, or glisters, are administered by means of bladders and pipes, or a proper apparatus.

230. *Laxative*.—Take 2 ounces of Epsom salts, and dissolve in  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a pint of gruel, or thin broth, with an ounce of olive oil. *Use*, as all enemata are used.

231. *Nutritive*.—Take 12 ounces of strong beef tea, and thicken with hartshorn-shavings or arrow-root.

232. *Turpentine*.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of oil of turpentine, the yolk of one egg, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of gruel. Mix the turpentine and egg, and then add the gruel. *Use*, as an anthelmintic.

233. *Common*.—Dissolve 1 ounce of salt in 12 ounces of gruel.

234. *Castor oil*.—Mix 2 ounces of castor oil with 1 drachm of starch, then rub them together, and add 14 ounces of thin gruel. *Use*, purgative.

235. *Opium*.—Rub 2 grains of opium with 2 ounces of starch, then add 2 ounces of warm water. *Use*, as an anodyne, in colic, spasms, &c.

236. *Oil*.—Mix 4 ounces of olive oil with  $\frac{1}{2}$  an ounce of mucilage and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a pint of warm water. *Use*, as a demulcent.

237. *Assafœtida*.—Dissolve 2 drachms of the gum in a pint of barley-water. *Use* as an anthelmintic, or in convulsions from teething.

#### VI.—GARGLES.

238. Are remedies used to stimulate chronic sore throats, or a relaxed state of the swallow, or uvula.

239. *Acidulated*.—Mix 1 part of white vinegar with 3 parts of honey of roses, and 24 of barley-water. *Use*, in chronic inflammations of the throat, malignant sore throat, &c.

240. *Astringent*.—Take 2 drachms of roses and mix with 8 ounces of boiling water, infuse for 1 hour, strain, and add 1 drachm of alum and 1 ounce of honey of roses. *Use*, in severe sore throat, relaxed uvula, &c.

241. *For salivation*.—Mix from 1 to 4 drachms of bruised gall-nuts with a pint of boiling water, and infuse for 2 hours, then strain and sweeten.

242. *Tonic and stimulant*.—Mix 6 ounces of decoction of bark with 2 ounces of tincture of myrrh, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a drachm of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, in scorbutic affections.

243. *Alum*.—Dissolve 1 drachm of alum in 15 ounces of water, then add

half an ounce of treacle and 1 drachm of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, as astringent.

244. *Morrh.*—Add 6 drachms of tincture of myrrh to 7 ounces of infusion of linseed, and then add 2 drachms of diluted sulphuric acid. *Use*, as a detergent.

245. *For slight inflammation of the throat.*—Add 1 drachm of sulphuric ether to half an ounce of syrup of marsh-mallows, and 6 ounces of barley-water. To be used frequently.

#### VII.—LOTIONS.

246. *Lotions* are usually applied to the parts required by means of a piece of linen rag wetted with them, or by wetting the bandage itself.

247. *Emollient.*—Use decoction of marsh-mallow or linseed.

248. *Elder-flowers.*—Add 2½ drachms of elder-flowers to ½ quart of boiling water, infuse for 1 hour, and strain. *Use*, as a discutient.

249. *Sedative.*—Dissolve 1 drachm of extract of henbane in 24 drachms of water.

250. *Opium.*—Mix 2 drachms of bruised opium with half a pint of boiling water, allow it to grow cold, and use for painful ulcers, bruises, &c.

251. *Stimulant.*—Dissolve 1 drachm of caustic potash in 1 pint of water, and then gradually pour it upon 24 grains of camphor and 1 drachm of sugar, previously bruised together in a mortar. *Used* as in fungoid and flabby ulcers.

252. *Ordinary.*—Mix 1 drachm of salt with 8 ounces of water. *Used*, for foul ulcers and flabby wounds.

253. *Cold evaporating.*—Add two drachms of Sulard's extract (*Liquor plumbi diacetatis*), and the same quantity of sweet spirit of nitre (*Spiritus atheris nitrivi*) to a pint of cold water. *Use*, as a lotion for contusions, sprains, inflamed parts, &c.

254. *Hydrochlorate of ammonia.*—Dissolve half an ounce of sal ammoniac (*Ammonia hydrochloras*) in 6 ounces of water, then add an ounce of distilled vinegar and the same quantity of rectified spirit. *Use*, as a refrigerant.

255. *Yellow lotion.*—Dissolve 1 grain of corrosive sublimate (*Hydrargyri chloridum*, A VIOLENT POISON) in an ounce of lime-water, taking care to bruise the crystals of the salt in order to assist its solution. *Use*, as a detergent.

256. *Black wash.*—Add half a drachm of calomel to 4 ounces of lime-water, or 8 grains to an ounce of lime-water; shake well. *Use*, as a detergent.

257. *Acetate of lead with opium.*—Take 10 grains of acetate of lead, and a drachm of powdered opium, mix, and add an ounce of vinegar and 4 ounces of warm water, set aside for an hour, then filter. *Use*, as an astringent.

258. *Kreasote.*—Add a drachm of kreasote to a pint of water, and mix by shaking. *Use*, as an application in *linen capitis*, or other cutaneous diseases.

259. *Galls.*—Boil one drachm of bruised galls in 12 ounces of water until only half a pint remains, then strain, and add 1 ounce of laudanum. *Use*, as an astringent.

#### VIII.—OINTMENTS AND CERATES.

260. These remedies are used as topical applications to parts, generally ulcers, and are usually spread upon linen or other materials.

261. *Camphorated.*—Mix ½ an ounce of camphor with 1 ounce of lard, having, of course, previously powdered the camphor. *Use*, as a discutient and stimulant in indolent tumours.

262. *Chalk.*—Mix as much prepared chalk as you can into some lard, so as to form a thick ointment. *Use*, as an application to burns and scalds.

263. *For Itch.*—Mix 4 drachms of sublimed sulphur, 2 ounces of lard, and 2 drachms of sulphuric acid together. To be rubbed into the body.

264. *For Scirrhous Ulcerations.*—Mix 1 drachm of ioduret of zinc, and 1 ounce of lard together. *Use*, twice a day to the ulcerations.

265. *Catechu.*—Mix 1 ounce of powdered catechu, 2½ drachms of powdered alum, 1 ounce of powdered white resin, and 2½ ounces of olive oil together. *Use*—To apply to flabby and indolent ulcers.

266. *Tartar Emetic.*—Mix 20 grains of tartar emetic and 10 grains of white sugar with 1½ drachms of lard. *Use*, as a counter-irritant in white swellings, &c. (§ 160.)

#### IX.—PILLS.

267. *Strong Purgative.*—Take of powdered aloes, scammony, and gamboge each 15 grains, mix and add sufficient Venice turpentine to make into a mass, then divide into 12 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 occasionally.

268. *Milder Purgative.*—Take 4 grains of powdered scammony and the same quantity of compound extract of colocynth, and 2 grains of calomel, mix well, and add a few drops of oil of cloves, or thin gum water, to enable the ingredients to combine properly, divide into 2 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 when necessary.

269. *Common Purgative.*—Take of powdered jalap and compound extract of colocynth each 4 grains, of calomel 2 grains, mix as usual, and divide into 2 pills. *Dose*, 1 or 2 occasionally.

270. *Tonic.*—Mix 24 grains of extract of gentian and the same of green vitriol (*sulphate of iron*) together, and divide into 12 pills. *Dose*, 1 to 2 when necessary. *Use* in debility.

271. *Cough.*—Mix 1 drachm of compound powder of ipecacuanha with 1 scruple of gum ammoniacum and dried squill bulb, and make into a mass with mucilage, then divide into 20 pills. *Dose*, 1, 3 times a day.

272. *Astringent.*—Mix 16 grains of acetate of lead (*Sugar of lead*) with 4 grains of opium, and make into a mass with syrup, so as to make 8 pills.

*Dose*, from 1 to 2. *Use* as an astringent in obstinate diarrhoea, dysentery, and cholera.

#### X.—MIXTURES.

273. *Fever, simple.*—Add 8 ounces of the spirit of mindererus (*Liquor ammoniac acetatis*) to 5 ounces of water, or medicated water, such as cinnamon, aniseed, &c. *Dose* for an adult, 1 ounce every 3 hours. *Use*, as a diaphoretic.

274. *Aromatic.*—Mix 2 drachms of aromatic confection with 2 drachms of compound tincture of cardamoms, and 8 ounces of peppermint water. *Dose*, from 1 to 1½ ounce. *Use*, in flatulent colic and spasms of the bowels.

275. *Cathartic.*—Dissolve 1 ounce of Epsom salts in 4 ounces of compound infusion of senna, then add 3 ounces of peppermint water. *Dose*, from 1½ to 2 ounces. *Use*, as a warm stomachic and cathartic.

276. *Diuretic.*—Add ½ an ounce of sweet spirit of nitre, 2 drachms of tincture of squills, and 2 ounces of liquid acetate of ammonia, to 8 ounces of decoction of broom. *Dose*, 1 ounce every 2 hours. *Use*, in dropsical.

277. *Cough.*—Dissolve 3 grains of tartar emetic and 15 grains of opium in 1 pint of boiling water, then add 4 ounces of treacle, 2 ounces of vinegar, and 1 pint more of boiling water. *Dose*, from 2 drachms to 1 ounce. *Use*, in common catarrh, bronchitis, and irritable cough.

278. *Cough, for Children.*—Mix 2 drachms of ipecacuanha wine with ½ an ounce of oxymel of squills, and the same quantity of mucilage, and 3 ounces of water. *Dose*, 1 teaspoonful for children under 1 year, 2 teaspoonfuls from 1 to 5 years, and a tablespoonful from 5 years every time the cough is troublesome.

279. *Anti-spasmodic.*—Dissolve 50 grains of camphor in 2 drachms of chloroform, and then add 2 drachms of compound tincture of lavender, 2 drachms of mucilage of gum arabic, 8 ounces of aniseed, cinnamon, or some other aromatic water, and 2 ounces of water; mix well. *Dose*, 1 tablespoonful every ½ hour if necessary. *Use* in cholera in the cold stage, when cramps are severe, or exhaustion very great; as a general anti-spasmodic in doses of 1 dessert spoonful when the spasms are severe.

280. *Tonic and Stimulant.*—Dissolve 1 drachm of extract of bark, and ½ a drachm of powdered gum arabic in 6 ounces of water, then add 1 ounce of syrup of marsh-mallow, and the same quantity of syrup of tolu. *Dose*, 1 tablespoonful every 3 hours. *Use*, after fevers and catarrhs.

281. *Stomachic.*—Take 20 grains of powdered rhubarb, and dissolve it in 3½ ounces of peppermint water, then add sal volatile and compound tincture of gentian, each 1½ drachm. Mix. *Dose*, from 1 to 1½ ounces. *Use* as a tonic, stimulant, and stomachic.

#### XI.—DRINKS.

282. *Tamarind.*—Boil 2 ounces of the pulp of tamarinds in 2 pints of milk, then strain. *Use*, as a refrigerant drink.

283. *Tamarind.*—Dissolve 2 ounces of the pulp in 2 pints of warm water and allow it to get cold, then strain. *Use*, refrigerant.

#### XII.—POWDERS.

284. *Compound Soda.*—Mix 1 drachm of calomel, 5 drachms of sesqui carbonate of soda, and 10 drachms of compound chalk powder together. *Dose*, 5 grains. *Use*, as a mild purgative for children during teething.

285. *Tonic.*—Mix 1 drachm of powdered rhubarb with the same quantity of dried carbonate of soda, then add 2 drachms of powdered Calumba root. *Dose*, from 10 to 20 grains as a tonic after fevers, in all cases of debility and dyspepsia attended with acidity.

286. *Rhubarb and Magnesia.*—Mix 1 drachm of powdered rhubarb with 2 drachms of carbonate of magnesia, and ½ a drachm of ginger. *Dose*, from 15 grains to 1 drachm. *Use*, as a purgative for children.

287. *Sulphur and Potash.*—Mix 1 drachm of sulphur with 4 scruples bicarbonate of potash, and 2 scruples of nitre. *Dose*, from ½ a drachm to 1 drachm. *Use*, as a purgative, diuretic, and refrigerant.

288. *Anti-Diarrhœal.*—Mix 1 grain of powdered ipecacuanha, and grain of powdered opium, with the same quantity of camphor. *Dose*, these powders to be given in jam, treacle, &c., five or six times a day if necessary.

289. *Anti-spasmodic.*—Mix 4 grains of subnitrate of bismuth, 48 grains carbonate of magnesia, and the same quantity of white sugar, and divide in 4 equal parts. *Dose*, 1-4th part. *Use*, in obstinate pain in stomach with cramps, unattended by inflammation.

290. *Anti-Pertussis, or Against Hooping Cough.*—Mix 1 drachm of powdered belladonna-root, and 5 drachms of white sugar, together. *Dose*, 2 grains morning and evening for children under 1 year; 12 grains for between 2 and 3 years of age; 24 grains for those between 5 and 10; 48 grains for adults. *Caution*, this should be prepared by a chemist, as belladonna is a poison, and occasional doses of castor-oil should be given while it is being taken.

291. *Purgative (common).*—Mix 10 grains of calomel, with 1 drachm powdered jalap, and 20 grains of sugar. *Dose*, 50 grains for adults.

292. *Sudorific.*—Mix six grains of compound antimonial powder, and grains of sugar together. *Dose*, as mixed, to be taken at bed-time. *Use* in catarrh and fever.

#### XIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

293. *Ethereal Tincture of Male Fern.*—Digest ½ ounce male-fern in 8 ounces of sulphuric ether, then strain. *Dose*, 30 drops early morning. *Use*, to kill tape-worm.

294. *Emulsion, Laxative.*—Rub down an ounce of castor-oil in 2 dr

mucilage of gum arabic, 3 ounces of dill-water, and add a drachm of tincture of jalap gradually. *Dose*, as prepared thus, to be taken while fasting in the morning.

295. *Emulsion, Purgative*.—Rub down 6 grains of scammony with 6 drachms of white

with the ointment of ammoniacum with mercury, and cut out a place for the mouth, eyes, and nostrils. This forms what is called a mask, and, after anointing the eye-lids with a little blue ointment (*Unguentum hydragryi*), it should be applied to the face, and allowed to remain for 3 days for the distinet kind, and 4 days for the running variety. *Period to apply it*:—Before the spots fill with matter, although it will answer sometimes even after they have become pustulous. It may be applied to any part in the same way.

297. *Mucilage of Gum Arabic*.—Rub 1 ounce of gum arabic in a mortar, with 4 ounces of warm water. *Use*, for coughs, &c.

298. *Mucilage of Starch*.—Rub 1 drachm of starch with a little water, and gradually add 5 ounces of water, then boil until it forms a mucilage. *Use*, for enemas, topical application, and demulcent.

### DOMESTIC SURGERY.

299. Under this head I propose giving such hints and advice as will enable any one to act on an emergency, or in ordinary trivial accidents requiring simple treatment; and also to distinguish between serious and simple accidents, and the best means to adopt in all cases that are likely to fall under a person's notice. The subject naturally divides itself into five parts:—1st, Dressings; 2nd, Bandages; 3rd, Apparatus; 4th, Mutilations; 5th, Accidents.

#### I.—DRESSINGS.

300. *Dressings* are substances usually applied to parts for soothing, promoting their reunion when divided, protecting external injuries, as a means of applying various medicines, charges, protect the surrounding parts, and securing cleanliness.

301. Certain instruments are required for the application of dressings in domestic surgery, viz. Scissors, a pair of tweezers, or simple knife, needles and thread, a razor, a lancet, a piece of lunar caustic, and a sponge.

302. The materials required for dressings consist of lint, scraped linen, basted cotton, tow, ointments spread on calico, adhesive plaster, compresses, poultices, old rags of linen or calico, and water.

303. The following rules should be attended to in applying dressings:—1. Always prepare the new dressing before removing the old one: 2. Always have hot and cold water at hand, and a vessel to place the foul dressings in: 3. Have one or more persons at hand ready to assist, and tell each person what they are to do before you commence, it prevents confusion; thus one is to wash out and hand the sponges, another to heat the adhesive plaster, or hand the bandages and dressings, and, if requisite, a third to support the limb, &c.: 4. Always stand on the outside of the limb to dress it: 5. Place the patient in as easy a position as possible so as not to fatigue him: 6. Arrange the bed after changing the dressings, but in cases where you will have to do so before the patient is placed on it: 7. Never be in a hurry when applying dressings, do it quietly: 8. When a patient requires moving from one bed to another, the best way is for one person to stand on each side of the patient, and each to place an arm behind his back while he passes his arms over their necks, then let their other arms be held under his thighs and by holding each others' hands, the patient can be raised with ease and removed to another bed. If the leg is injured a third person should steady it, and if the arm, the same precaution should be adopted. Sometimes a stout sheet is passed under the patient, and by several people holding the sides, the patient is lifted without any fatigue or much disturbance.

304. *Lint* may be made in a hurry, by nailing the corners of a piece of linen to a board, and scraping its surface with a knife. It is used either alone or spread with ointment. Scraped Lint, is the fine filaments of ordinary lint, and is used to stimulate ulcers and absorb discharges: it is what the French call *Charpie*.

305. *Scraped Lint* is made into various shapes, for particular purposes. For example, when it is sewed up into a conical shape, as in Fig. 13, it is called a *tent*, and is used to dilate fistulous openings, so as to allow the matter to escape freely, to plug wounds, so as to promote the formation of a clot of blood, and thus arrest bleeding. When it is rolled into little balls they are called *boulettes*, and are used for absorbing matter in cavities, or blood in wounds. Another useful form is made by rolling a mass of scraped lint into a long roll and then tying it in the middle with a piece of thread; the middle is then doubled and pushed into a deep seated wound so as to press upon the bleeding vessel, while the ends remain loose and assist in forming a clot, or it is used in deep seated ulcers to absorb the matter and keep the edges apart. This form is called the *bourdonnet*. Another form is that called the *pelote*, which is merely a ball of scraped lint tied up in a piece of linen rag, as in Fig. 14. This is used in the treatment of protrusion of the navel in children.

306. *Cuppled Cotton* is used as a dressing for superficial burns, and care should be taken to free it from specks, as flies are apt to lay their eggs there, and generate maggots.

307. *Tow* is chiefly employed as a padding for splints, as compresses, and also as an outer dressing where there is much discharge from a surface.

308. *Ointments* are spread on calicoes, lint, or even thin layers of tow by means of a knife; they should not be spread too thick.

*Plaster* is cut into strips, ranging in width according to wound, &c., but the usual width is about 2 or 3 inches.

*Compresses* are made of pieces of linen, calico, lint, or tow, doubled or cut into various shapes. They are used to confine dressings in their places, and to apply an equal pressure over parts. They should be free from darns, hems, and knots. Ordinary compresses are square, oblong, and triangular. The *pierced compress*, fig. 15, is made by folding up a square piece of linen 5 or 6 times on itself, and then nicking the sides with the scissors, so as to cut out small pieces. It is then opened out, and spread with ointment. It is applied to discharging surfaces, for the purpose of allowing the matter to pass freely through the holes, and is frequently covered by a thin layer of tow. Compresses are also made in the shape of a Maltese cross, and half a cross, sometimes split singly, and at other times doubly; or they are graduated by placing square pieces of folded cloth one on another, so arranged that they decrease in size each time. They are used for keeping up pressure upon certain parts.

FIG. 15.

311. *Pads* are made by sewing tow inside pieces of linen, or folding linen and sewing the pieces together. They are used to keep off pressure from parts, such as that caused by splints in fractures.

312. *Poultices* are usually made of linseed-meal, oatmeal, or bread, either combined with water and other fluids; sometimes they are made of carrots, charcoal, potatoes, yeast, and linseed-meal, mustard, &c., but the best and most economical kind of poultice is a fabric made of sponge and wool, matted together, and backed by Indian-rubber. It is called "Markwick's Patent Spongio-piline," and when I tell you that it gained a prize medal at the Great Exhibition last year, that will be some recommendation for its use. The method of using this poultice is as follows:—A piece of the material of the required form and size is cut off, and the edges are pared or bevelled off with a pair of scissors, so that the escharotome may come in contact with the surrounding skin in order to prevent evaporation of the fluid used; for, as we can employ the various poultices generally used

For example, a *vinegar* poultice is made by moistening the fabric with distilled vinegar; an *alum* poultice, by using a strong solution of alum; a *charcoal* poultice, by sprinkling powdered charcoal on the moistened surface of the material; a *yeast* poultice, by using warmed yeast, and moistening the fabric with hot water, which is to be well squeezed out previous to the absorption of the yeast; a *beer* poultice, by employing warm porter-dregs or strong beer as the fluid; and a *carrot* poultice, by using the expressed and evaporated liquor of boiled carrots. The material costs about one-farthing a square inch. As a fomentation it is most invaluable, and by moistening the material with compound camphor liniment or hartshorn, it acts the same as a mustard poultice.\* It is a real blessing to the poor, who cannot afford to waste "the staff of life" in making poultices.

313. *Water* is used as a lotion to keep the parts cool, or as a dressing to unhealthy ulcers; in the latter case it is applied by means of a piece of lint dipped in it, and laid over the part, so as to allow the water to evaporate, and sometimes the lint is covered with a piece of oiled silk to prevent evaporation.

#### —BANDAGES.

314. *Bandages* are strips of calico, linen, flannel, muslin, elastic-webbing, bunting, or some other substance of various lengths, such as 3, 4, 8, 10, or 12 yards, and 1, 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 4, or 6 inches wide, free from hems or darns; soft and unglazed. They are better after they have been washed. Their uses are to retain dressings, apparatus, or parts of the body in their proper positions, support the soft parts, and maintain equal pressure.

315. Bandages are simple and compound; the former are simple strips rolled up tightly like a roll of ribbon. There is also another simple kind which is rolled from both ends,—this is called a double-headed bandage. The compound bandages are formed of many pieces.

316. Bandages for the head should be 2 inches wide and 5 yards long; for the neck, 2 inches wide and 3 yards long; for the arm, 2 inches wide and 7 yards long; for the leg, 2½ inches wide and 7 yards long; for the thigh, 3 inches wide and 8 yards long; and for the body, 4 or 6 inches wide and 10 or 12 yards long.

317. To apply a single-headed bandage, lay the outside of the end next to the part to be bandaged, and hold the roll between the little, ring, and middle fingers, and the palm of the left hand, using the thumb and fore-finger of the same hand to guide it, and the right hand to keep it firm, and pass the bandage partly round the leg towards the left hand. It is sometimes necessary to reverse this order, and therefore it is well to be able to use both hands. Particular parts require a different method of applying bandages, and therefore I shall describe the most useful separately, and there are different ways of putting on the same bandage, which consist in the manner the folds or turns are made. For example, the *circular* bandage is formed by horizontal turns, each of which over-laps the one made before it (See Fig. 16); the *spiral* consists of spiral turns; the *oblique* follows a course oblique

\* Full directions will, no doubt, be supplied to those who purchase the material, if inquired for.





or slanting to the centre of the limb; and the recurrent folds back again to the point whence it started. (See fig. 17).



Fig. 16.

319. To confine the *Ends of Bandages*, some persons use pins, others slit the end for a short distance, and tie the two strips into a knot as in fig. 16; and some use a strip of adhesive plaster, but this is a dirty method. Always place the point of a pin in such a position that it should not be likely to prick the patient, or the person dressing the limb, or be likely to draw out by using the limb; therefore, as a general rule, turn the head of the pin from the free end of the bandage, or towards the upper part of the limb.

320. The *Oblique bandage* is generally used for arms and legs to retain dressings.

321. The *Spiral bandage* is generally applied to the trunk and extremities, but it is apt to fall off even when very carefully applied; therefore we generally use another called the recurrent.

322. The *recurrent bandage* (Fig. 17) is the best kind of bandage that we



Fig. 17.

can employ for general purposes. The method of putting it on is as follows:—Apply the end of the bandage that is free, with the outside of it next to the skin, and hold this end with the finger and thumb of the left hand, while some one supports the heel of the patient; then with the right hand pass the bandage over the piece you are holding, and keep it crossed thus, until you can place your right forefinger upon the spot where it crosses the other bandage, where it must be kept firm. Now hold the roll of the bandage in your left hand, with the palm looking upwards, and taking care to keep that part of the bandage between your right forefinger, and the roll in your left hand quite slack; turn your left hand over, and bring the bandage down upon the leg as in Fig. 17; then pass the roll under the leg towards your right hand, and repeat this until the leg is bandaged up to the knee, taking care not to drag the bandage at any time during the process of bandaging. When you arrive at the knee, pass the bandage round the leg in circles just below the knee, and pin it as usual. Bandaging is very easy, and if you once see any one apply a bandage properly, and attend to these rules, there will not be any difficulty; but bear one thing in mind, without which you will never put on a bandage even decently; that is, never to drag or pull at a bandage, but make the turns while it is slack, and you have your right forefinger placed upon the point where it is to be folded down. When a limb is properly bandaged, the folds should run in a line corresponding to the shin-bone (See Fig. 17). Use, to retain dressings, and for varicose veins.

323. A bandage for the chest is always placed upon the patient while in a sitting posture; and it may be put on in circles or spirally. Use in fractures of the ribs, to retain dressings, and after severe contusions.

324. A bandage for the belly is placed on the patient as directed in § 323, if spirally carrying it from above downwards. Use to compress the belly after dropsy, or retain dressings.

325. The hand is bandaged by crossing the bandage over the back of the hand. Use, to retain dressings.

326. For the head, a bandage may be circular, as *b* in Fig. 18; or spiral, as *a* in the same figure; or both. In applying the one, as in Fig. 18, commence by placing one circular turn just over the ears; then bring it down from left to right, and round the head again so as to alternate a spiral with a circular turn. Use to retain dressings on the head, or over the eye; but this form soon gets slack. The circular bandage is the best, crossing it over both eyes.



Fig. 18.

327. For the foot.—Place the end just above the outer ankle, and make two circular turns to prevent its slipping; then bring it down from the inside of the foot over the instep towards the outer part; pass it under the sole of the foot, and upwards and inwards over the instep towards the inner ankle, then round the ankle, and repeat again, so as to make it like Fig. 19. Use to retain dressings to the instep, heel or ankle.



Fig. 19.

328. For the leg and foot, commence and proceed as directed in § 327; then continue it up the leg as ordered in § 322.

329. As it sometimes happens that it is necessary to apply a bandage at once, and the materials are not at hand, it is desirable to know how to substitute something else that any one may apply with ease. This is found to be effected by handkerchiefs, and an experienced surgeon (Mr. Mayor) has paid great attention to the subject, and brought it to much perfection. It is to him, therefore, that I am indebted for most of these hints.

330. Any ordinary handkerchief will do; but a square of linen folded into various shapes answers better. The shapes generally required are as follows:—The triangle, the long square, the cravat, and the cord.

331. The *triangular handkerchief* is made by folding it from corner to corner. Use, as a bandage for the head. Application. Place the base round the head, and the short part hanging down behind, then tie the long ends over it.

332. The *long-square* is made by folding the handkerchief into three parts, or double it once upon itself. Use, as a bandage to the ribs, back, &c. If one handkerchief is not long enough sew two together.

333. The *cravat* is folded as usual with cravats. Use, as a bandage for the head, arms, legs, feet, neck, &c.

334. The *cord* is used to compress vessels, being, in fact, a temporary tourniquet when a knot is made in it, and placed over the vessel to be compressed. It is merely a handkerchief twisted in its long diameter.

335. Sometimes it is necessary to apply two or more handkerchiefs, as in a broken collar-bone, or when it is necessary to keep dressings under the arm. It is applied by knotting the two ends of one handkerchief together as in fig. 20, and passing the left arm through it, then passing another handkerchief under the right arm, and tying it as represented in the figure. By this means we can brace the shoulders well back, and the handkerchief will press firmly over the broken collar-bone, besides, this form of bandage does not readily slip or get slack, but it requires to be combined with the sling, (fig. 20, § 337,) in order to keep the arm steady.

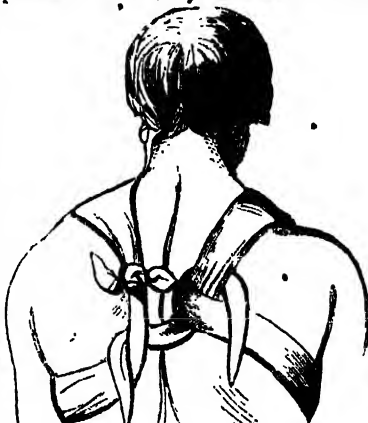


Fig. 20.

336. When a woman has an inflamed breast that requires support, or dressings to be kept to it, tie two ends of the handkerchief round her neck, and bring the body of it over the breast, and pass it upwards and backwards under the arm of that side, and tie the ends of those around the neck.

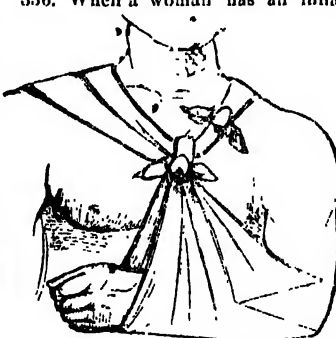


Fig. 21.

337. An excellent sling is formed by placing one handkerchief around the neck, and knotting the two ends over the breast-bone, as in fig. 21. Then placing the other in triangle under the arm, to be supported with the base near to the hand, tie the ends over the other handkerchief, and pin the top to the other part after passing it around the elbow, as in fig. 21.

### III.—APPARATUS.

338. When a person receives a severe contusion of the leg or foot, or breaks his leg, or has painful ulcers over the leg, or is unable from some cause to bear the pressure of the bedclothes, it is advisable to know how to keep them from hurting the leg. This may be done by bending up a fire-guard, or placing a chair, resting upon the edge of it back and front of the seat over the leg, or putting a box on each side of it and placing a plank over them; but the best way is to make a *cradle*, as it is called. This is done by getting three pieces of wood, and three pieces of wire, and passing the wire through the wood as in fig. 22. This can be placed to any height, and is very useful in all cases where pressure cannot be borne.

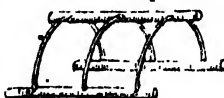


Fig. 22.

339. When a person breaks his leg, and splints cannot be had directly get a bunch of straw or twigs, and roll it up in a handkerchief, and place one on each side of the leg or arm, and bind another handkerchief firmly around them, or make a long bag about three inches in diameter, or more, of coarse linen (duck, or carpet, and stuff this full of straw, sawdust or sand, sew up the end, and use this the same as the twigs. It forms an excellent extemporaneous splint. Another good plan is to get a hat-box made of chip, and cut it into lengths, or for want of all these, some bones out of a fowl, and run them through a stout piece of rug, proper the object is



Fig. 23. a fold of rug, linen, &amp;c.

340. When dry warmth is required to be applied to *diter*; verdigrise fry a flour pancake and lay it over the part; or wax. T. treatment. A.

in the patient's socks, and lay it to the part; salt does as well, and may be put into a paper bag; or warm water put into ginger-beer bottles or stone jars, and rolled up in flannel.

#### IV.—MINOR OPERATIONS.

341. Bleeding is sometimes necessary at once in certain accidents, such as concussion, and therefore it is well to know how to do this. First of all bind up the arm above the elbow with a piece of bandage or a handkerchief,

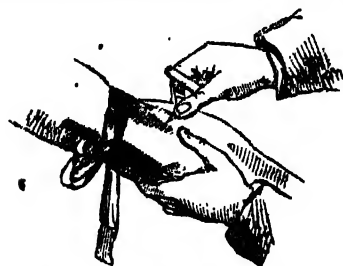


Fig. 24.



Fig. 25.

342. *Dry Cupping* is performed by throwing a piece of paper dipped into spirit of wine, and ignited into a wine-glass, and placing it over the part, such as the neck, temples, &c. It thus draws the flesh into the glass, and causes a termination of blood to the part, which is useful in headach, or many other complaints. This is an excellent method of extracting the poison from wounds made by adders, mad dogs, fish, &c.



Fig. 26.

pretty firmly, then place your finger over the veins at the bend of the arm, and feel if there is any pulsation, if there is try another vein, and if it does not pulsate or beat, choose that one. Now rub the arm from the wrist towards the elbow, place the left thumb upon the vein, and hold the lancet as you would a pen, and nearly at right angles to the vein, taking care to prevent its going in too far, by keeping the thumb near to the point, and resting the hand upon the little finger. Now place the point of the lancet on the vein, push it suddenly inwards, depress the elbow, and raise the hand upwards and outwards so as to cut obliquely across the vein, as in fig. 24. When sufficient blood is drawn off, which is known by feeling the pulse at the wrist, and near to the thumb, as shown by the black line in fig. 25, bandage the arm. If the pulse feels like a piece of cord, more blood should be taken away, but if it is soft, and can be easily pressed, the bleeding should be stopped. When you bandage the arm place a piece of lint over the opening made by the lancet, and pass a bandage lightly, but firmly, around the arm, so as to cross it over to the bend of the elbow.

343. *Ordinary Cupping* is performed the same as dry cupping, with this exception, that the part is scarified or scratched with a lancet, so as to cause the blood to flow. Then the glass is placed over it again with the lighted paper in it, and when sufficient blood has been taken away, then the parts are sponged, and a piece of sticking plaster applied over them.

#### LEECHES AND THEIR APPLICATION.

344. The leech used for medical purposes is called the *hirudo Medicinalis*, to distinguish it from other varieties, such as the *h. sanguisuga*, or horse-leech, and the *h. provincialis*, or Lisbon leech. It varies from 2 to 4 inches in length, and is of a blackish brown colour, marked on the back with six yellow spots, and edged with a yellow line on each side. Formerly leeches were supplied by Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and other sunny countries, but latterly most of the leeches are procured from France, where they are now becoming scarce.



Fig. 27.

345. When leeches are applied to a part, it should be thoroughly freed from down or hair by shaving, and all dirt, liniments, &c. carefully and effectually cleared away by washing. If the leech is hungry it will soon bite, but sometimes great difficulty is experienced in getting them to fasten on. When this is the case, roll the leech in a little porter, or moisten the surface with a little blood, or milk, or sugar and water. Leeches may be applied by holding them over the part with a piece of linen cloth, or by means of a glass, as in Fig. 28.

347. When applied to the gums, care should be taken to avoid any account of the leech, see *Family Tutor*, vol. II.

should be taken to use a leech glass, as they are apt to creep down the patient's throat; a large swan's quill will answer the purpose of a leech glass. When leeches are gorged, they will drop off themselves; never tear them off from a person, but just dip the point of a moistened finger in some salt and touch them with it.

345. Leeches are supposed to abstract about two drachms of blood, or six leeches draw about an ounce; but this is independent of the bleeding after they have come off, and more blood generally flows then than during the time they are sucking.

348. After leeches come away, encourage the bleeding by flannels dipped in hot water and wrung out dry, and then apply a warm "spongio-piline" poultice. If the bleeding is not to be encouraged, cover the bites with rag dipped in olive oil, or spread with spermaceti ointment, having previously sponged the parts clean.

349. When bleeding continues from leech bites, and it is desirable to stop it, apply pressure with the fingers over the part, or dip a rag in a strong solution of alum and lay over them, or use the tincture of sesquichloride of iron, or apply a leaf of matico to them, placing the under surface of the leaf next to the skin, or touch each bite with a finely-pointed piece of lunar caustic; and if all these tried in succession fail, pass a fine needle through a fold of the skin so as to include the bite, and twist a piece of thread round it, as in Fig. 29. Be sure never to allow any one, to go to sleep with leech bites bleeding, without watching them carefully; and never apply too many to children.

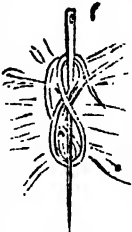


Fig. 29.

350. After leeches have been used they should be placed in water, containing 16 per cent. of salt, which facilitates the removal of the blood they contain; and they should afterwards be placed one by one in warm water, and the blood forced out by gentle pressure. The leeches should then be thrown into fresh water, which is to be renewed every 24 hours; and they may then be re-applied after an interval of 8 or 10 days; a second time they may be disgorged, after which they should be placed in reservoirs made of millstones, covered with Roman cement, and filled with water, which should be frequently changed. The bottom of the reservoir should be covered with a layer of clay, 14 inches deep, in which several aquatic plants (the typha, and tris pendulo-acorus, for example), are allowed to grow. Instead of the reservoir you may use a tub with lumps of clay moistened with water, and moss, and stones; they are thus enabled to clean themselves from the slime which covers their bodies and kills them.

351. If a leech is accidentally swallowed, or by any means gets into the body, employ an emetic, or enema, of salt and water.

352. *Scarification* is useful in severe contusions, and inflammation of parts. It is performed by scratching, or slightly cutting through the skin with a lancet, holding the lancet as you would a pen when you are ruling lines on paper.

#### V.—ACCIDENTS.\*

353. *Burns*.—If the skin is much injured, spread some linen pretty thickly with chalk ointment (§ 262), and lay over the part, and give the patient some brandy and water if much exhausted; then send for a medical man. If not much injured, and very painful, use the same ointment, or apply carded cotton dipped in lime-water and linseed-oil (§ 225). If you please you may lay cloths dipped in either over the parts, or cold lotions (§ 253 and 251).

354. *Scalds*.—Treat the same as burns (§ 353), or cover with scraped raw potato; but the chalk ointment is the best. In the absence of all these, cover the parts with treacle, and dust on plenty of flour.

355. *Body in Flames*.—Lay the person down on the floor of the room, and throw the tablecloth, rug, or other large cloth over him, and roll him on the floor.

356. *Dust in the Eye*.—Place your forefinger upon the cheek-bone, having the patient before you; then draw up the finger, and you will probably be able to remove the dirt; but if this will not enable you to get at it, repeat this operation while you have a netting-needle or bodkin placed over the eyelid; this will turn it inside out as in Fig. 30, and enable you to remove the sand or eyelash, &c., with the corner of a fine silk handkerchief. As soon as the substance is removed, bathe the eye with cold water, and exclude the light for a day. If the inflammation is severe, take a purgative, and use a refrigerant lotion (§ 253).

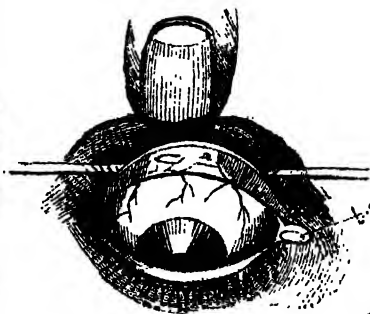


Fig. 30.

357. *Lime in the Eye*.—Syringe it well with warm vinegar and water (1 ounce to 8 ounces of water); take a purgative, and exclude light.

358. *Iron or Steel Spicula in the Eye*.—This occurs while turning iron or steel in a lathe. Drop a solution of sulphate of copper (from 1 to 3 grains of the salt to 1 ounce of water) into the eye, or keep the eye open

\* Always send off for a surgeon immediately an accident occurs, but treat as directed until he arrives.



in a wine-glassful of the lotion. Take a purgative, bathe with gold lotion, and exclude light to keep down inflammation.

359. *Dislocated Thumb.*—This is frequently done while boxing, or by a fall. Make a clove hitch, by passing the loop a behind *b*, as in Fig. 31, and apply over the thumb by placing a piece of rag under the string to prevent it cutting the thumb; then pull in the same line as the thumb, as in Fig. 32. Afterwards apply a cold lotion (§ 254.)



Fig. 31.

#### Cuts and Wounds.

—Cut thin strips of sticking-plaster, and bring the parts together; or if large and deep, cut two broad pieces so as to look like the teeth of a comb, and place one on each side of the wound, which must be cleaned previously. These pieces must be arranged as in Fig. 33, so that they shall interlace one another; then by laying hold of the pieces on the right hand side with one hand, and those on the other side with the other hand, and pulling them from one another, the edges of the wound are brought together, and without any difficulty.

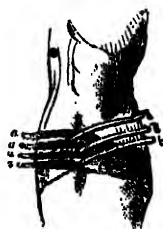


Fig. 33.

361. *Ordinary Cuts* are dressed by thin strips (§ 360), applied as in Fig. 34; that is, by pressing down the plaster on one side of the wound, and keeping it there and pulling in the opposite direction, then suddenly depressing the hand when the edges of the wound are brought together.



Fig. 34.

the lotion to drop cloth, and thus keep ways wet.

363. *Hæmorrhage*, caused by an artery divided or torn, may be known by the blood jumping out of the wound, and being of a bright scarlet colour. If a vein is injured, the blood is darker, and flows continuously. To stop the latter, apply pressure by means of a compress (§ 310) and bandage. To arrest arterial bleeding get a piece of wood (part of a mop-handle will do), and tie a piece of tape to one end of it (a Fig. 36); then tie a piece



Fig. 35.

of tape loosely over the arm, and pass the other end of the wood under it (*b*); twist the stick round and round until the tape compresses the arm sufficiently to arrest the bleeding, and then confine the other end by tying the string round the arm as in Fig. 36. If the bleeding is very obstinate, and it occurs in the arm, place a cork underneath the string, on the inside of the fleshy part; that is on the opposite part to *b* in Fig. 36, where the artery may be felt beating by any one; if in the leg, place the cork in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knee to a little of the outside of the groin. It is an excellent thing to accustom yourself to find out the position of these arteries, or indeed any that are superficial, and to explain to every one in your house where they are, and how to stop bleeding. If a stick cannot be got, take a handkerchief, make a cord bandage of it (§ 334) and tie a knot in the middle; the knot acts as a compress, and should be placed over the artery, while the two ends are to be tied around the limb. Observe always to place the ligature between the wound and the heart. Putting your finger into a bleeding wound, and making pressure until a surgeon arrives, will generally stop violent bleeding.



Fig. 36.

364. *Bleeding from the Nose*, from whatever cause, may generally be stopped by putting a tent (Fig. 13) into the nostrils; if this does not do, apply a cold lotion to the forehead (§ 253 and 254); raise the head, and place both hands over the head, so that it will rest on both hands; dip the tent, slightly moistened into some powdered gum-arabic, and plug the nostrils again; or dip the tent into equal parts of powdered gum-arabic and alum, and plug the nose. If the bowels are confined, take a purgative.

365. *Violent Shocks* will sometimes stun a person, and he will remain unconscious. Untie strings, collars, &c.; loose anything that is tight, and interferes with the breathing; raise the head; see if there is bleeding from any part; apply smelling-salts to the nose, and hot bottles to the feet.

366. In *Convulsion*, the surface of the body is cold and pale, and the pulse weak and small, the breathing slow and gentle, and the pupil of

the eye generally contracted or small. You can get an answer by speaking loud, so as to arouse the patient. Give a little brandy and water, keep the place quiet, apply warmth, and do not raise the head too high. If you tickle the feet, he feels it.

367. In *Compression of the Brain*, from any cause, such as apoplexy, or a piece of fractured bone pressing on it, there is loss of sensation. If you tickle the feet, he does not feel it. You cannot arouse him so as to get an answer. The pulse is slow and laboured; the breathing slow, laboured, and snoring; the pupil enlarged. Raise the head, unloose strings or tight things, and send for a surgeon. If one cannot be got at once, apply mustard-poultices to the feet, and leeches to the temples (Fig. 28; § 346.)

368. *Choking.*—When a person has a fish bone in the throat, press the forefinger upon the root of the tongue, so as to induce vomiting; if this does not do, let them swallow a large piece of potato or soft bread; and if these fail give a mustard emetic. (§ 133.)

369. *Drowning.*—Attend to the following essential rules: 1. Lose no time; 2. Handle the body gently; 3. Carry the body with the head gently raised, and never hold it up by the feet; 4. Send for medical assistance immediately, and in the meantime act as follows: 1. Strip the body, rub it dry; then wrap it in hot blankets, and place it in a warm bed in a warm room; 2. Cleanse away the froth and mucus from the nose and mouth; 3. Apply warm bricks, bottles, bags of sand, &c. to the arm-pits, between the thighs and soles of the feet; 4. Rub the surface of the body with the hands enclosed in warm dry worsted socks; 5. If possible, put the body into a warm bath; 6. To restore breathing put the pipe of a common bellows into one nostril, carefully closing the other and the mouth; at the same time drawing downwards, and pushing gently backwards the upper part of the windpipe, to allow a more free admission of air; blow the bellows gently, in order to inflate the lungs, till the breast be raised a little; then set the mouth and nostrils free, and press gently on the chest; repeat this until signs of life appear. When the patient revives apply smelling salts to the nose, give warm wine or brandy and water. *Cautions.* 1. Never rub the body with salt or spirits; 2. Never roll the body on casks; 3. Continue the remedies for 12 hours without ceasing.

370. *Hanging;* loose the cord, or whatever suspended the person, and proceed as for drowning (§ 369), taking the additional precaution to apply 8 or 10 leeches to the temples. (§ 346.)

371. *Apparent Death from Drunkenness.*—Raise the head, unloose the clothes; maintain warmth of surface, and give a mustard emetic as soon as the person can swallow.

372. *Apoplexy.*—Raise the head; unloose all tight clothes, strings, &c.; apply cold lotions (§ 253, 254) to the head, which should be shaved; apply leeches to the temples, and send for a surgeon.

373. *Suffocation* from noxious gases, &c. Remove to the fresh air; dash cold vinegar and water in the face, neck, and breast; keep up the warmth of the body; if necessary apply mustard poultices to the soles of the feet, and try artificial respirations as in drowning. (§ 369.)

374. *Lightning and Sun-stroke.* Treat the same as apoplexy. (§ 372.)

## POISONS.\*

### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

375. A Poison is a substance which is capable of altering, or destroying, some or all of the functions necessary to life.

376. When a person is in good health and is suddenly attacked, after having taken some food or drink, with violent pain, cramp in the stomach, sense of sickness or nausea, vomiting, convulsive twitchings and a sense of suffocation; or if he be seized, under the same circumstances, with giddiness, delirium, or unusual sleepiness, then poisoning may be supposed.

377. Poisons have been divided into four classes: 1st. Those causing local symptoms. 2nd. Those producing spasmodic symptoms. 3rd. Narcotic or sleepy symptoms; and 4th. Paralytic symptoms.

378. Poisons may be mineral, animal, or vegetable.

379. 1st. Always send immediately for a medical man; 2nd. Save all fluids vomited, and articles of food, cups, glasses, &c., used by the patient before being taken ill, and lock them up; 3rd. Examine the cups, to guide you in your treatment; that is, smell them, and look at them.

380. As a rule, give emetics after poisons that cause sleepiness and raving; chalk, milk, eggs, butter, and warm water, or oil after poisons that cause vomiting and pain in the stomach and bowels with purging; and when there is no inflammation about the throat, tickle it with a feather to excite vomiting.

381. *ARSENIC (White Arsenic; Orpiment, or Yellow Arsenic; realgar or Red Arsenic; Scheele's Green, or Arsenite of Copper; King's Yellow; Arque Drops; and Arsenical Paste).*—E. Little or no taste. Within an hour heat and pain in the stomach, followed by vomiting of green, yellow, and bloody matter, burning, and violent thirst; purging, and twisting about the navel; pulse small, quick, and irregular; breathing laboured, voice hoarse, and speaking painful; skin cold and clammy. Sometimes there are cramps and convulsions, followed by death.—T. Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed tea, apply leeches to the bowels, foment, and give starch or gruel enemas. Scrape the iron rust off anything you can get at, mix it with plenty of water and give in large draughts frequently, and give an emetic of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol.) *Caution.* Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled with fluid, and the object is to get rid of the poison as speedily as possible.

382. *COPPER (Blue vitriol, or blue stone; verdigrise; verditer; verdigrise*

\* The abbreviations used are as follow:—E. effects or symptoms. T. treatment. A. antidotes or counter poisons. D. A. dangerous antidotes.

*crystals*)—E. An acid, rough, disagreeable taste in the mouth; a dry parched tongue, with sense of strangling in the throat; coppery eructations; frequent spitting; nausea; frequent desire and effort to vomit, or copious vomiting; severe darting pains in the stomach; griping; frequent purging; belly swollen and painful; skin hot; and violent burning thirst; breathing difficult; intense headache and giddiness; followed by cold sweats, cramps in the legs, convulsions and death.—A. White of eggs mixed with water (12 to 1 pint), to be given in wine-glassfuls every two minutes; prussian blue; iron filings mixed with water, or very strong coffee.—D. A. Vinegar, bark, alkalies, gall nuts.—T. If there is much pain in the belly or stomach, apply leeches. Give large draughts of milk and water to encourage vomiting.

383. **MERCURY** (*Corrosive sublimate; calomel; red precipitate; vermilion; turbeth mineral; prussiate of mercury*).—E. Acid metallic taste; tightness and burning in the throat; pain in the back part of the mouth, stomach, and bowels; anxiety of countenance; nausea and vomiting of bloody and bilious fluids; profuse purging, and difficulty of making water; pulse small, hard, and quick; skin clammy, icy coldness of the hands and feet; and death in 24 or 36 hours.—A. White of eggs mixed with water, given as above (§ 382); milk; flour and water, mixed pretty thick; linseed tea; and barley water.—T. Give large draughts of warm water, if you cannot get anything else; foment the bowels with poppy-head fermentations, and apply leeches if the belly is very tender.

384. **ANTIMONY** (*Tartar emetic; butter of; kermes mineral*).—E. A rough metallic taste in the mouth, nausea, copious vomitings, frequent hicough, purging, colic pains, frequent and violent cramps, sense of choking, severe heartburn, pain at the pit of the stomach, difficult breathing, wildness of speech, cramps in the legs, and death.—A. Decoction or tincture of galls; strong tea; decoction, or powder of Peruvian bark.—D. A. White vitriol, or sipecauanha, as emetics.—T. Give large draughts of water, or sugar and water, to promote vomiting; apply leeches to the throat and stomach if painful; and give one grain of extract of opium dissolved in a wineglassful of sugar and water, as soon as the vomiting ceases, and repeat three times at intervals of a quarter of an hour.

385. **TIN** (*Butter of tin; putty powder*).—E. Colic and purging.—A. Milk.—T. Give warm or cold water to promote vomiting, or tickle the throat with a feather.

386. **ZINC** (*White vitriol, flowers of; chloride of*).—E. An astringent taste, sensation of choking, nausea, vomiting, purging, pain and burning in the throat and stomach, difficult breathing, pallor and coldness of the surface; pinched face, cramps of the extremities, but with the exception of the chloride, seldom death.—A. For the two first give copious draughts of milk, and white of eggs and water, mangel, and olive oil; for the third, carbonate of soda, and warm water in frequent draughts, with the same as for the other compounds.—T. Relieve urgent symptoms by leeching and fomentations, and after the vomiting give castor-oil. For the chloride use frictions and warmth. (§ 340).

387. **SILVER** (*Lunar caustic; flowers of silver*). **GOLD** (*Chloride of*); and **BISMUTH** (*nitrate; flowers of; pearl white*), are not frequently met with as poisons.—E. Burning pain in the throat, mouth, and the usual symptoms of corrosive poisons.—A. For silver, common salt and water; for gold and bismuth, no antidotes are known.—T. Give milk and mucilaginous fluids, and castor-oil.

388. **ACIDS** (*Hydrochloric or spirit of salt; nitric or aquafortis; sulphuric or oil of vitriol*).—E. Acid-burning taste, acute pain in the gullet and throat; vomiting of bloody fluid, which effervesces when chalk is added to it; hicough, tenderness of the belly, cold sweats, pinched face, convulsions, and death.—A. Give calcined magnesia, chalk, soap and water.—D. A. Carbonated alkalies. *Caution*.—Do not give water if oil of vitriol has been taken.—T. Excite vomiting; give fluids after the poison has been ejected.

389. **CHLORINE** (*gas*).—E. Violent coughing, tightness of the chest, debility, inability to stand.—A. The vapour of caustic ammonia to be 10 drops of liquid ammonia to 1 ounce of water to be taken.—T. Dash cold water over the face, and relieve urgent symptoms.

390. **LEAD** (*sugar of; red lead; white lead; wine sweetened by; and water impregnated with*).—E. Sugary astringent metallic taste, tightness of the throat, colic pains, violent vomiting, hicough, convulsions, and death.—A. Epsom or Glauber's salts; plaster of Paris; or phosphate of soda.—T. An emetic of sulphate of zinc (24 grains to half pint of water), leeches to belly, and fomentations if necessary.

391. **PHOSPHORUS**.—E. Intense burning and pain in the throat and —A. Magnesia and carbonate of soda.—T. Large draughts of cold water, and tickle the throat with a feather. *Caution*. Do not give oil or milk.

392. **LIME**.—E. Burning in the throat and stomach, cramps in the belly, hicough, vomiting, and paralysis of limbs.—A. Vinegar or lemon juice.—T. Thin starch water to be drank frequently.

393. **ALKALIES** (*Caustic; potash; soda; ammonia*).—E. Acrid, hot, disagreeable taste; burning in the throat, nausea, and vomiting bloody matter, profuse purging, pain in the stomach, colic, convulsions, and death.—A. Vinegar and vegetable acids.—T. Give linseed tea, milk, almond or olive oil, and excite vomiting.

394. **BARYTA** (*carbonate; pure and puritate*). (See *Lime*, § 392.)

395. **NITRE**.—E. Heart-burn, nausea, violent vomiting, purging, convulsions, difficult breathing, violent pain in the bowels and death.—T. (See *Arsenic*, § 381.)

396. **NARCOTIC POISONS** (*Dane-berries; Jooks pearsley; deadly nix*

\* See Narcotics.

*water-hemlock; thorn apple; opium; camphor &c.*).—E. Giddiness, faintness, nausea, vomiting, stupor, delirium, and death.—T. Give emetics, large draughts of fluids, tickle the throat, apply smelling salts to the nose, dash cold water over the face and chest, apply mustard poultices, and, above all, endeavour to rouse the patient by walking between two persons; and, if possible, by electricity.

397. **VEGETABLE IRRITATING POISONS** (*Mezereum; monk's-hood; bitter apple; gamboge; white hellebore, &c.*).—E. Acrid, biting, bitter taste, choking sensation, dryness of the throat, retching, vomiting, purging, pains in the stomach and bowels, breathing difficult, and death.—T. Give emetics of chamomile, mustard, or sulphur of zinc; large draughts of warm milk, or other bland fluids; foment and leech the belly if necessary, and give strong infusion of coffee.

398. **OXALIC ACID**.—E. Vomiting and acute pain in the stomach, general debility, cramps, and death.—A. Chalk.—T. Give large draughts of lime-water or magnesia.

399. **SPANISH FLIES**.—E. Acrid taste, burning heat in the throat, stomach, and belly; bloody vomitings, colic, purging, retention of urine, convulsions, death.—T. Large draughts of olive oil, thin gruel, milk, starch enemata, and camphorated water.

400. **POISONOUS FISH** (*Old-wife; sea-lobster; mussel; tunny; blowers; rock-fish; &c.*).—E. Intense pain in the stomach after swallowing the fish, vomiting, purging, and sometimes cramps.—T. Give an emetic, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, and plenty of warm water. Follow emetics by active purgatives, abate inflammation by the usual remedies, and drink freely of sugar and water.

401. **BITES OF REPTILES** (*Viper; black viper; Indian serpents; rattlesnake*).—E. Violent and quick inflammation of the part, extending towards the body, soon becoming livid; nausea, vomiting; convulsions; difficult breathing; mortification; cold sweats and death.—T. Suppose that

the wrist has been bitten, as in *b* fig. 37, immediately tie a tape between the wound and the heart (*a*), scarify the parts with a pen-knife, razor, or lancet, and apply a cupping-glass over the bite (§ 342), frequently removing it and bathing the wound with volatile alkali, or heat a poker and burn the wound well, or drop some of Sir Wm. Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid into the wound. Give plenty of warm drinks, and cover up in bed.

402. **MAD ANIMALS, BITE OF**.—E. Hydrophobia, or a fear of fluids.—T. Tie a string tightly above the part, as in *Fig. 38*, cut out the bite, and cauterize the wound with a red-hot poker, lunar caustic, or Sir Wm. Burnett's Disinfecting Fluid. Then apply a piece of "spongio-piline," give a purgative, and plenty of warm drink.

403. **INSECT STINGS** (*Wasp, bee, gnat, hornet, gad-fly, scorpion*).—E. Swelling, nausea, and fever.—T. Press the barrel of a watch-key over the part so as to expose the sting, which must be removed. Lay a rag moistened with hartshorn and oil over the part. Give 6 or 8 drops of hartshorn in 2 ounces of infusion of chamomile, and cover up in bed.

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# THE HOME COMPANION;

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 1.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

First Impression of 500,000 Gratis;  
Subsequent Numbers, 1d.

## A BOOK FOR THE HOME FIRESIDE.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

When the night cometh round, and our  
duties are done,  
And a calm stealth over the breast;  
When the bread that is needful is honestly  
won,  
And our wordly thoughts nestle to rest  
How sweet at that hour is the truth-written  
page,  
With fancy and fiction allied!  
The magic of childhood, the place of age,  
Is a Book for the Home Fireside!  
There, manhood may strengthen a wavering  
mind,  
By the sage's severest of lore;  
There, woman, with sweetness and pathos  
combined,  
Make the fountains of feeling run o'er;  
There the voices of children may warble  
like birds,  
What the poet has uttered with pride;  
And the faint and desponding take heart  
at the words  
Of a Book for the Home Fireside!  
Many souls have been trained into good-  
ness and grace,  
And many stern hearts chastened down;  
Many men have been nerved to look up with  
calm face,  
Whatever misfortune might frown;  
Many minds have been roused to new life,  
and grown great,  
Though baffled, obstructed, and tried:—  
Have been schooled to endure, taught to  
"labour and wait,"  
By a Book for the Home Fireside!  
And not with the presence of Home is it  
gone,  
For abroad in the fullness of day  
Its spirit remains with us, cheering us on,  
O'er the roughness of life's common way.

And nature looks lovely, but lovelier yet  
Through the glass of reflection described;  
We have read of her wonders,—and who  
would forget!  
In the Book for the Home Fireside!  
Whatever be my fortune, in shadow or shine,  
Mid comfort, stern labour, or woe,  
May I ne'er miss the taste of those waters  
divine  
From the well-springs of genius that flow.  
I should lose a sweet chara, I should lack  
a great joy,  
And my heart would seem withered and  
laid I want what has been my delight from  
a boy,  
A Book for the Home Fireside!  
Bless the bards and the prosemen, whatever  
their clime,  
Who bequeath us the wealth of their  
thought,  
Their truth revelations, their visions sub-  
lime,  
Their fancies so tenderly wrought.  
We were poor, with the riches of kings for  
our dower,  
Without what their pens have supplied,  
And that brain must be barren which owns  
not the power  
Of a Book for the Home Fireside!  
Dear child! let thy leisure be linked with  
the page,  
But one nor too light nor austere;  
May its precepts improve thee, its spirit  
engage,  
And its sentiments soften and cheer;  
May it keep thy affections in freshness and  
bloom,  
Console thee, and teach thee and guide;  
Be a flower in the sunshine,—a star in  
the gloom,—  
A Book for the Home Fireside!

## THE SMITH FAMILY.

### THEIR ADVENTURES WITH A ROBBER.

BY PAUL CRETON.

THE Smiths of Smithville had for a long time been very much annoyed by the depredations of some unknown individual, whose confused ideas concerning the rights of property led to the frequent abstraction of divers goods and chattels from the premises of the said Smiths, in a furtive and mysterious manner. Bags of wheat and oats vanished from the granary, pork from the cellar, and corn from the crib; in one night a sheep, that had just been slaughtered, coolly trotted away; and on another occasion, several gallons of maple syrup evaporated in the night-time. Milking-stools went off on three legs, and one morning Mr. Smith's best axe was found to have "cut stick." Log-chains became rattle-snakes and crept off, iron wedges made splits in the Smith property, boots walked away, and jack rode off with the same horse.

Vain were the efforts of the elder and younger Smiths to discover the mystery of these disappearances, and to entrap the offender. Despairing of bringing him to justice, the Smiths found they could do nothing more than take measures to insure the safety of their property. Accordingly they built a new granary, with strong walls, a narrow, grated window, and a heavy oak door, to which was attached a formidable padlock. This prison-like portion of the barn was built sufficiently large to allow the Smiths to lock up with the grain a great deal of portable property, such as was most likely to tempt the cupidity of thieves.

After the granary was finished, a month passed, during which time the depredations of the robber or robbers were confined to the orchard and hen-roost; when, late one Sunday evening, the elder Smith, as he was sitting tipped against the kitchen wall, smoking his pipe, preparatory to his retiring, bethought him that he had neglected to lock the granary before leaving the barn. This was by no means a singular circumstance, considering that the granary was usually locked by the younger Smith, who had that night "gone a-courting."

It was a moonlight evening, and Mr. Smith on approaching the barn was considerably startled at seeing the door ajar. Certain of having shut the door an hour previously, Mr. Smith thought of robbers. His suspicions were confirmed, when, on a nearer approach, he plainly heard a movement in the

barn. Too cautious to endanger his life by boldly attacking the robber, Mr. Smith, with considerable trepidation, resolved to watch his movements and discover who he was.

Looking through a crack in the east side of the barn, he saw a ghost-like figure glide across the floor towards the granary. A happy thought entered Mr. Smith's brain. Stealing into the barn, he crept silently along by the mow, until near the granary, when—clap! he shut the door, adjusted the padlock, turned the key, and was off as if for his life!

It is impossible to say what made Mr. Smith tremble so. It might have been the smothered cry of alarm which issued from the granary walls, and rang fully on his ears—a cry well calculated to awaken superstitious fear. But Mr. Smith never owned that he was frightened; although on reaching the kitchen, he was as white as a ghost, or as ghosts are supposed to be.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith.  
"I've caught the robber!" ejaculated Smith in a breath. "He's looked up in the granary. Give me my boots!"

"Why—what—what are you going to do?"  
"Get help! He's a desperate fellow, and 'twill be dangerous to meddle with him alone!"

It is impossible to describe the excitement of Mr. and Mrs. Smith on that memorable occasion. The latter took it upon herself to load the old musket, while her husband went for the neighbours.

Mr. Smith exchanged his slippers for his boots, and ran first to Deacon Naffles' house, where he expected to find the younger Smith, who was courting Naffles' daughter. He was surprised to see the house all dark—as if the Naffles' had retired to rest and blown out the candle. He knocked, however, furiously, as the occasion required. After some delay, Deacon Naffles came down in his night-clothes, stared at Smith in astonishment, and demanded his business at that time of night.

"Caught the thief—locked up—in the granary—where's Peter?"

"Hal caught a thief!" cried Deacon Naffles, who, having lost some property, as well as his neighbour, was interested in the intelligence. "Good enough! keep him till morning!"

"Twont do!" replied Mr. Smith, in an excited manner. "He's a despit fellow—break out—I must rouse the neighbours—where's my son Peter?"

"O Sally is sick to night—so Peter courted her only about an hour, and went home."

"Went home!"

"Yes," said the deacon, "half an hour ago."

The elder Smith clapped his hand to his forehead, as if he had been struck either by an idea, or some other weighty substance.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed.

"What?" asked the deacon.

"I believe," stammered the elder Smith—"I—I have locked up!"

"Who?"

"Peter!"

"I bet you have!" cried the deacon. "I heard him say he had got to carry the buggy-cushions into the granary before he went to bed."

"Look here," whispered the elder Smith, "I beg of you never to mention this—I—I—if it should get out!"

"O, I'll keep the secret!" interrupted the deacon, trying to preserve a becoming gravity. "The joke is safe—and I'd advise you to hurry home and let out Peter."

The elder Smith turned on his heel and vanished—feeling very weak—probably from the effects of the excitement he had undergone.

Let us now look in upon the younger Smith, who was actually shut up in the granary. It is impossible to describe his rage on finding himself thus entrapped. After shouting until he was hoarse, and nearly deaf, he closed his teeth angrily, and sat down on a bag of meal to wait the result.

Peter had not long been in this dark dungeon, before he heard a noise in the barn. Supposing it was the old man, who, having discovered his error was coming to liberate him, his anger evaporated, and he could not help laughing at the ludicrous mistake.

But there was a mystery about the sounds he heard, which caused the younger Smith to doubt whether they were made by his father, after all. He listened. They turned the key cautiously in the lock. Slowly, stealthily the door opened, while Peter scarcely breathed. Somebody entered noiselessly, touched young Smith's shoulder as he passed, and began to explore the further part of the dungeon. Peter dropped on his hands and knees, and taking advantage of the noise made by the robber, crept out. Then, to shut the door and lock it, was the work of a moment. Somebody was locked up.

Listening a moment, and hearing no sound, Peter became firmly convinced that he had committed no error, but caught a real thief, and was immediately for assistance.

Shortly after, very much ashamed of his mistake, the elder Smith sneaked into the barn, and approached the granary. "It is necessary in this place to observe that the elder Smith had picked up his son with the key which belonged to the granary, and which he had carried away with him, and that Peter locked up the thief with a false key, which the latter had brought with him, and carelessly left in the lock on entering the granary, and which the younger Smith had carried away."

And now the elder Smith made haste to open the door.

"Peter!" he called, putting his head into the granary.

No sound replied.

"Are you asleep? Come, don't go playing any tricks on me—it was all a mistake—for I really took you to be a rob!"

Mr. Smith's tongue was stopped by a violent blow on the mouth. Mr. Smith, in an instant, was tumbled down amidst a wilderness of barrels, bags, rakes, and shovels. Mr. Smith was considerably stunned by the blow and fall, and when Mr. Smith got upon his legs again, the door was closed and locked. Mr. Smith was a prisoner. I leave the reader to imagine his feelings!

Meanwhile, Peter was raising forces to assist in taking the thief out of the granary in safety. Having first told his story to Mrs. Smith, who was exceedingly astonished, he hastened to alarm Joe Ferris, a stout fellow, who lived in the woods nearby, and who had complained of losing quite as much property as the Smiths. Mrs. F. put her head out of the window, and wished to know what Peter wanted. The young man asked for Joe. After some hesitation, the woman replied that her husband had the headache, and could not get up.

"It's very important!" said Peter. "I've caught the thief, and locked him up in the granary!"

"O—have you?" said Mrs. Ferris in a feeble voice. "How fortunate! But as my husband has the headache, I think you had better keep the—the man till morning."

"No, we'll have him to-night!" cried Peter, and away he ran.

Now, if the younger Smith thought he was regaling Mrs. Ferris with glad tidings, he was considerably in error. The truth is, in closing the window, she was as pale as death. The reader may guess the cause of her agitation, when I inform him that there was no Joe Ferris sick with the headache in the house.

But Mrs. F. was a woman of energy and decision. She caught up a hammer, threw her shawl over her head, and left the house. She was seen in Mr. Smith's barn with her hand on the granary door.

"Joseph!" she whispered.

No reply.

"Joseph—it is me—are you here?" she added, knocking on the door.

"Let me out," said a voice within.

Without any further delay, Mrs. Ferris having thrown the barn-door wide open, so that she could perform her operations, commenced hammering the padlock in a most destructive manner.

Now Mr. Smith, who was within, was exceedingly astonished at what he heard. He certainly wished to be let out, but he had no desire to have the padlock smashed, without first trying other means. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind, however, when he reflected that the person who was breaking the lock had called him Joseph, and that the voice was marvellously like a woman's. With great anxiety of mind he waited for the door to open.

At length the lock was torn away, and Mrs. Ferris whispered—

"Come, quick, Joseph! There's no time to lose! They'll be here in a minute!"

She caught somebody by the arm, and that somebody followed her into the moonlight. Then he caught her by the arm, and both stopped, looking each other full in the face.

Mrs. Ferris screamed, turned paler than the moonlight, and dropped her hammer. Mr. Smith was scarcely less astonished; but recovering himself, he said, rather coolly, considering the occasion—

"You are late to-night, Mrs. Ferris; allow me to see you home."

She could not refuse his arm; and when she saw that he was conducting her to his house, instead of her own, she had not the power to say a word, or make the least resistance.

The good lady's feelings, on being brought before Mrs. Smith, can be "more easily imagined than described." In her fear and confusion, she confessed some very startling truths, and with tears in her eyes, and on her knees, begged her "kind, dear friends," to be merciful, and not to expose her. Mrs. Smith recovered from her amazement and exclaimed "I never! I never! I never!" and Mr. Smith, who was not the least excited of the three, indulged in some equally sensible remarks.

Meanwhile, Mr. Joe Ferris, who was the man who had taken the younger Smith's place in the granary, and given it up in turn to the elder Smith, went home by a circuitous route, wondering by what strange accident he happened to get caught, and congratulating himself on his escape. He had reached his door, when, hearing his name called by somebody in the road, he turned and saw three men going by.

"Joe Ferris, is that you?" cried the voice of the younger Smith. "Come on, if you are ready. I've got Bill Hodges and Mr. Blake—and I think we'll be enough for one thief—but the more the merrier, so come on. I knew you would go in for the fun, in spite of your headache."

Joe was quite as much in the dark now, as when he was locked up in the granary; but concluding it would be best to put a bold face on the matter, and accompanying Peter, he speared himself roady, and jumped over the fence. At first he was afraid of committing himself, but the conversation by the way showing him—as he thought—exactly how the ground lay, he laughed heartily at the queer manner in which the thief was caught, and boldly

volunteered to be the first to enter the granary where he was confined; at the same time chuckling joyously at the anticipation of the younger Smith's dismay, on finding, instead of a thief, his own father under lock and key!

With great glee the men proceeded at once to the granary, where Peter proposed leaving his companions, in order to go to the house for a lantern, and to see if his father had returned; upon which Joe Ferris laughed all to himself, and advised the younger Smith to be sure and bring the old man, if he was anywhere to be found!

"Hallo!" cried Bill Hodges; "the granary door is open! the thief has broke out!"

Peter came back filled with consternation. Joe Ferris was no less surprised. The strange events of the night were involved in a deeper mystery than ever, when the elder Smith, having heard the approach of Peter and his companions, made his appearance with a light.

"Hallo, neighbour!" cried Joe Ferris, "what is all this hubbub about? Peter has been telling us about thieves."

"I declare, father," said the younger Smith, "after you shut me up for a thief, I shut up a real thief, and left him in my place."

"I know it; your mother has told me," replied the elder Smith; "and when I came to let you out?"

"O! I see it all!" groaned Peter—"he got away!"

"Yes, and shut me up!"

"And how did you get out?"

"Why, the thief's wife had the kindness to come and break the lock!"

So saying, the elder Smith held the lantern up to the face of Ferris, who turned ghastly white, and trembled as if he had been in an ague fit.

The whole affair was now explained, to the astonishment of everybody in general, and of Joe in particular, who was too much astonished to make any resistance, while Peter and his companions were tying his hands behind him.

Ferris and his wife were accommodated with lodgings in Mr. Smith's house that night; and, on the following day, a search having been instituted, and all sorts of goods found on Joe's premises, they were both committed to jail, to await their trial.

What their sentence was, when convicted of the crime charged against them, I have quite forgotten; but it is certain that the good people of Smithville were troubled no more with the mysterious disappearance of their goods and chattels, and that the Smiths remembered with peculiar satisfaction the manifold mistakes committed on the night of their adventures with the robbers.

## THE SETTING SUN.

BY THEODORE SEDGWICK FAY.

FAREWELL, O Sun!

To the horizon's rim

Low bowed, thy glory dim,

Thy journey done:

So some fallen monarch lies,

Blinding the sight no more,

At will scanned careless o'er,

By common eyes.

Lower—more low—

The broken edge, between,

Of our old earth is seen

Ascending slow;

As its unswerving bound,

With mountain, sea, and plain,

Nation and town, again

Comes steady round.

Linger awhile!

Still let thy crimson beam

Through the dark forest str.

O'er the field smile.

In vain! thy hour is past:

Never on earth was giv'n

A glory so like heaven,

And giv'n to last.

Now almost gone:

How mournfully we gaze

On thy slow-sinking blaze.

Farewell, O Sun!

So some beloved one dies,

And takes, in faith's warm light,

His everlasting flight

From our wet eyes.

Thou dost not set:

Though plunged our globe beneath,

Though quenched in seeming death,

Thou shinest yet.

In God's appointed time,  
Thou wilt, like Him once slain,  
Before our eyes again  
Uprise sublime.

Yes, even now,  
O'er realms, to thee revealed,  
From our small view concealed,  
Bendeth thy brow.

Thou set'st, from pole to pole,  
Blue gleaming at thy feet,  
With many a shore and fleet,  
Atlantic roll.

Beneath thy eye,  
Arctic ice-cliff and plain,  
Warm field of golden grain,  
And Indian valley lie;

While on the ship's lone way,  
Around the Cape, storm tossed,  
The dark and frowning coast  
Smiles in thy ray.

And so, when I,  
Life's weary travel o'er,  
Reach that black, fatal shore,  
At length to die,

Almighty God! teach me,  
As Earth's brief phantoms fade,  
To follow undismayed,  
Trusting in Thee.

Beyond Death's night,  
Let nobler prospect rise,  
New fields and fairer skies  
Break on my sight.

And so, my tired race run,  
May my last moments shine,  
Radiant and calm, like thine,  
O setting Sun!

HONOURABLE ORIGIN OF A NAME.—The villages of Winneburg and Metternich, near Coblenz—the former the birth-place, the latter the property of Prince Metternich—led M. Dumas into a little digression on the subject of the celebrated diplomatist. The family name, we are informed, was originally Metter, but received the addition of the last syllable in the following manner:—"In one of the great battles of the 15th century, the Emperor of Germany saw an entire regiment take to flight, with the exception of one man, who stood his ground and defended himself gallantly, till he fell covered with wounds. The Emperor inquired his name. 'It was Metter. That night, at supper, talking of the regiment in question—'They all fled—but Metter not.' Everybody knows that *met* is the German for 'not.' The family adopted the additional monosyllable, and hence the origin of the house of Metternich.—*Blackwood's Magazine*."



# THAT LAZY FELLOW, THEOPHILUS BRIGGS.

BY AUGUSTIN.

I AM sorry I have undertaken to say anything about Theophilus. Not that I am afraid he will read this, and attack me with a stick. No danger. Theophilus never opens a magazine—rarely ever opens a newspaper, and when he does he only reads the anecdotes. Besides, I don't intend to name where he lives. There is no danger. Even if the bookseller reads the *Companion*, and sends for Theophilus and shows it to him, and urges him "not to stand it," he is too lazy to get angry; and if he does, he is far too lazy to attack any one.

No; the reason I am sorry I undertook to say anything about him, is because there is so very little I can possibly say. There is no use in attempting to say anything about his father. It is true he kept shop, and sold marbles to me when I was a boy, and was in the militia. I have racked my memory, and cannot recollect anything concerning him except that he sold tape, and nails, and calico, over his little counter, as far back as I can remember, without one single incident which I can possibly dress up into an interesting narration.

As to Mrs. Briggs, she was simply, solely, and only Mrs. Briggs, and that is literally all I, or anybody else, ever knew about her. She made a new bonnet and two new calico dresses for herself every year, made and mended the clothes of Mr. Briggs and Theophilus, ground the coffee, baked the biscuits, and occasionally the cakes, helped a neighbour to work, suckled Theophilus when he was a baby, thrashed him when he was a boy, and knocked upon the partition, (Mr. Briggs's family lived in the back part of his shop, when dinner was ready. Love and marriage are always interesting, and if I knew anything about theirs, I would relate it, even if I had to add a little fiction in the way of an opposing father, or a wonderful rescue of Mrs. Briggs, that was to be, by Mr. Briggs from some mad dog or runaway horse, or something or other. But nobody ever knew or said anything about their marriage. I suppose they went to school together, and grew up together, and got married together, so much as a matter of course as not to excite any stir at all in Pikeville—yes, I will call our man by that name, for there is no use wounding, or running the risk of wounding, Theophilus's feelings.

Much more has now been said about Mr. and Mrs. Briggs than I thought could possibly be said; so I feel encouraged to go on and speak about their only son.

I might have described the death and quiet funeral of his father, and how his mother followed his father to the little graveyard just three months after that funeral. But I forbear. Easy, unoffending, kind-hearted in their lives, they sleep peacefully together. If they did and said nothing else during their lives, they, at least, injured no one, and it is a vast deal better the world should be peopled with such people, than with active, but wrangling and hard-hearted couples.

I want to dwell on the loveable qualities of Mrs. Briggs as a mother—for there is something to me actually *holy* in the character of a mother, apart from all other qualities of the female. Yet I cannot conscientiously do it in her case. True, she suckled Theophilus and Lucinda his sister, and slapped them when they cried, and gave them cakes when they stopped crying, and nursed them when they had eaten too much cake, or had the whooping-cough. All this is true, but it was only what the mere animal mother has instinct to do. At this moment, you might ask Theophilus or Lucinda, and they could not tell one single thing done by their mother to improve their minds, or waken their immortal souls to the knowledge of immortality.

She did teach Lucinda a peculiar way of preparing peaches, so that they answered either for preserves or pickles, having a remarkable half-sweet, half-sour taste, but I believe this is all, except, of course, that Lucinda learned from her how to cut out, and sew, and cut candle-papers. This was all she received from her mother beyond her mere existence.

Theophilus had his father's fat figure, red hair, and every-day sort of face, inherited his father's little shop, his father's habits of opening the shutters late in the morning, breakfasting late in the back-room, sitting on a tea-chest in front of the door, or by the little stove in the shop, as it happened to be summer or winter, all day cutting a stick, or chatting with somebody. If a customer came in, he rose slowly, clasped his pocket-knife by shutting it against his thigh, slipped it in his pocket, went round the counter, weighed the sugar wanted, or measured off the gingham, just like a man who had plenty of time to do it in.

Lucinda inherited her mother's realm in the back-room, and kept up the rapping when dinner was ready, as it had been kept up for the last forty years by her mother. I always thought her superior to her mother. She was rather pretty, medium size, lively black eye, red lips, rosy cheek, loving heart—only needed the mind within her to be lighted, to glow and sparkle, and be a lovely and fascinating girl. Apparently, however, the very same path lay before her as before her mother—grinding coffee, baking tarts, making pickles, making garments, mending socks, and combing her hair, seemed to be literally and absolutely all that lay before her through life, with some slight change as to the maternal duties of nursing in case she married.

From Monday till Saturday, every day seemed to be a mere repetition of the preceding one. On Sunday they went to church regularly; but I don't firmly believe that they always returned without the increase of a single idea—at least, of any one strong enough to waken and move them on a higher course of thought, and feeling, and action.

Everybody in the town—there are about four hundred persons in Pikeville—liked Theophilus and Lucinda well enough; but the brother was hardly ever mentioned, without the adjective *lazy* attached. "That lazy fellow,"

Theophilus Briggs," was his usual designation. It was only a few days ago, when I was attending on Mrs. Wilson—for I am a practicing surgeon in Pikeville,—that I overheard Mrs. Jones tell Mrs. Smithers, who had also dropped in to sit up with Mrs. Wilson, that Mr. Briggs was heard to express himself more strongly in admiration of her—Mrs. Smithers's daughter Jane, than was altogether consistent with mere admiration.

"Well, what then?" said Mrs. Smithers—"I thought rather tartly.

"Why, nothing," replied Mrs. Jones, "except that Theophilus is old enough to marry."

"Do you think I'd let my Jane marry that lazy fellow, Theophilus Briggs?" said Mrs. Smithers, in a half-groan, loud enough to waken my patient.

I could not stand it. My surgery is right opposite Briggs's shop, and I have seen so very much of him sitting on his tea-chest, that I felt myself to be more acquainted with him than anybody else. I am only going to stay a few months longer in Pikeville, to gain a little more reading and practice in my profession, and then I intend going to a wider field; and so I determined I would take the first opportunity to talk with my neighbours—see if I could not benefit him a little. I think it was the Monday afternoon that I did so. I had that morning operated for *strabismus* on Henry Milson's left eye—had read hard upon the operation, both before and after it—had ridden over to Squire Smithers', and got back—had drawn my dentist chair near the window to read a little more upon Mrs. Milson's very delicate diagnosis, when I saw Theophilus sitting as usual on the box opposite. No one was with him. I laid aside my book, went out, locked the door, and went over, determined to spend the hour, before the bell rang for supper, in talking to Theophilus.

In order not to make too sudden an attack, I drew out my knife as I slowly sauntered over, took a seat by Theophilus on the box, split off of it a splinter to chip, and chatted a few minutes about the warm, beautiful weather we had.

"There is something," said I, "in this bright, blooming weather, that warms one through and through. It is like spending an hour with Jane Smithers to have an hour of such sunshine!"

My figure was not extravagant. I have been married two years, and, besides, Jane is so lovely and intelligent, and warm-hearted, and laughing a girl, that to call her embodied sunshine is a compliment to the sun, not to her!

I saw I had hit the nail on the head. Theophilus coloured, and looked up with more life in his eye than I had ever seen before.

"Think so?" said he.

"I'll tell you what it is," said I, "that girl is a prize. She deserves to marry a man. All her sunshine would be wasted on anything else."

"Don't understand," replied my companion, rather earnestly.

I had no time to lose, for the sun was getting low,—so I came right to the point. Nothing but a hearty slap will waken a sleepy-headed man.

"Theophilus," said I—and I glanced at the well-formed head and open countenance of the man, and saw he was worth talking to, notwithstanding his drooping shoulders and listless habits. "Theophilus," said I, putting my hand on his shoulder, "I know you love Jane. I know you won't get her, unless you change very much in some things. I am going to leave here in a short time, and I want to have a plain talk with you before I go, because I like you. You won't be offended?"

"No."

"You have one grand fault. It has wrapped itself all around you like a boa constrictor—which you saw in the show here last March. It is slining you over with its saliva, and will swallow you up, presently, before you know it."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

"Just exactly this: you are *lazy*—daily becoming more so."

"Well, fact is, I believe I am, but I don't see why I should slay myself. I make enough for me and Lucinda to live on. And if I ever do marry"—here he coloured—"I dare say something will turn up. Everything is cheap. I will have a plenty to live on."

Phidias cut a Venus out of the quarries in Mount Hybla. Here was a rougher, deader quarry, to get a perfect man out of!

"You were created by God!"

"What a question!"

"Well, He is working out some great plan in the millions that have trod, are treading, and will tread the earth. He don't create these millions by millions, but individual by individual, giving each man his peculiar duty in the world. He made you to do something—or He would not have made you at all—there would have been no object in it."

"Very well."

"You see, no man was created to be nothing and do nothing. Every man has his own business, and it is his duty to God to do all he can, to the utmost of his strength in that business—for God as loudly commands you to be not slothful in business, as he does not to steal, lie, or murder."

"I see!"

"There are many different sorts of business in the world. It is by division of labour that each is carried on; just as in a large printing establishment: one class of workmen have the sole duty of preparing the paper; another the duty of setting the type; another the duty of passing the sheets through the press; another the duty of receiving them from the steam-driven cylinders; another the duty of taking them, thus completely printed, and folding them for the post or for binding. You see, by the energy of each in their target each individual of each class, the whole work moves with, or, more correctly, scattering printed sheets over the reading world."

"Whether a man ploughs or plaid law, or acts as a legislator in the deep, or doctor, it is only when a man throws his whole force whirled in joyous



## THAT LAZY FELLOW, THEOPHILUS BRIGGS.

business that he does his duty. Every blow of Peter's hammer, down yonder in the blacksmith's shop, every piece of business you do, every visit I pay as a doctor, has a double object, you see—individual profit and general improvement;—at least it ought to have. Well, then, every wasted moment, every half-effort of any man, is just so much lost—to the man himself—lost to the public. Every one of us has his business—every man's work in that business has a certain value. Every hour, then, you waste on this box in lazy trifling, not only confirms you in the disease of indolence, not only habituates your mind to idle thought and talk—but every such an hour is an actual and deliberate theft of just so much value as that hour spent in work would have yielded—a theft from your own fortune, Theophilus, and a theft from the public."

"Every man has his place, Doctor. Mine is a mighty little one. Not much to be done in it!"

"Yes, but do you do with all your might, all you can possibly do in it?"

"Why no; I might do a great deal more business if I would, but I do enough to make a living; that's all I want."

"Ah, but what do you mean by a *living*? The living a rational man ought to live, is not only to have plenty of food and clothing, but a plenty of books and papers for the living of his mind—pictures and statuary too, where it can be afforded. You ought to be active, too, if it was only not to set an example of laziness—if it was only to stir everybody all around you into greater energy and enterprise by your example. Besides, you ought to get rich as fast as you can—if it was only to increase your power of doing good."

"Doing good? Pahaw, you are preaching!"

"Yes, doing good. If you were rich, you could educate orphans, build asylums and colleges. If you had five thousand pounds to spare, and the soul to give it, you might build up a free school in this very town, which would give all the children a good education, and refine and improve the place beyond anything you can think. If you,"—continued I,—"*had spent those hours in some business, which you have spent in lying on this box doing nothing, you would be able to do it now—and would thus have made yourself a blessing to the town for ever!*"

My lazy friend here clasped his everlasting knife, and put it in his pocket. It was a good omen. "Theophilus," said I, standing in front of him, "consider, will you, my dear fellow, what a tremendous mass of work is upon all men, now! The generation passing away, is leaving to us the world-wide business which has attained its efforts to the utmost. The cultivation of the immense raw material consumed in the ten thousand manufactories of the world, is passing from their hard hands into ours. The machinery of these ten thousand manufactories has to be kept up in uninterrupted speed. The lumberable roads and vessels by which the commerce of the world is carried through it; the million inventions by which cities are lighted with gas, by which thought is flashed on lightning around the world, by which all surgery is performed without pain,—pahaw! you know all the thousand new inventions, from a new plough to a new telescope—all these have to be kept up in full use."

"But, Doctor—"

"Wait a moment!—our government has to be kept up, too, in all its branches—made to do more and more for its own citizens—more and more for the freedom of the old world. What a vast amount of legislating has to be done! and what a vast deal of voting; and of reading, and thought, that the voting may be intelligent and good! The vast system of education, too, has to be kept up. All the thousands of schools and colleges have to be kept supplied with able teachers."

"Don't know what you mean."

"I mean that our generation inherits the work of the six thousand years since creation,—has to keep it up in full vigour. Besides, millions of acres more have to be brought under cultivation. Thousands of manufactories more have to be established. Thousands of new steamships have to be built. Thousands on thousands of miles of railroads and telegraphs have to be added to those now in use."

"Plenty of work to do, I'll acknowledge."

"That's not all, all the thousand new evils of this new age have to be held down and strangled. Intemperance has to be banished; quackery in science and politics has to be unmasked and killed. The world, my dear fellow, has a vast deal to do, and a vast deal of evil to be kept from doing."

"But I hav'n't to do all this!"

"Very true; but suppose everybody was to sit on his tea-chest and say the same, would anything be done then?"

My lazy friend put an almond in his mouth, and slowly cracked it, as he meditated my question.

"Theophilus," continued I, hoping the glacier of his mind was slowly detaching itself under the warmth of my eloquence, and was about to move.

"Theophilus," said I, "tell me; what have you *done* since your father died?"

"Well, I have sold goods, and chatted with the neighbours, and—and gone to church on Sunday, and—and—that's all, I believe?"

"Except eating your meals and sleeping, and sitting out here in the sun, without a bit more real thought than occupies a bullfrog squatted on a log. You said you wouldn't get angry, you know," said I; and I laid one hand on each of his shoulders, and looked him steadily in the eyes, while I continued, with all the earnestness I was capable of—"Theophilus, in that bread of yours there sleeps a mind which you might waken to think and will, to make you a blessing to yourself and everybody. In that

ry but (one) these slumbers a heart, which might be roused to such a love as would warm you and all around you through and it do so much more; you might be so much happier if ate to see you live on in such idleness. Why, I would artily a que in lying in the gutter there, in the mud, all the time.

"man, you are a living corpse! There is almost as little stir about you—you do almost as little in the town, as if you were in the graveyard, instead of your shop. This tea-chest in your Coffin; you are just as useless, sitting idle on it, as if you were lying dead in it."

"I believe you are half right, Doctor."

"I am whole right. Just look at it. If you were only to devote every hour to doing something—enlarging your business, or improving your mind by reading, or doing something or other, it doesn't matter what, so that it be *something*!—the habit of activity would grow upon you; your business and your money would increase; your mind would act more the more you used it; your heart would warm; you would be a new man. You would feel like a healthy man after a brisk walk on a cold bright morning—cheerful, hearty, happy. You would enjoy your very meals more. You would be far more respected. You would become, at least, very well off. You would be able to marry Jane; for I believe she loves you in spite of your present laziness, though she would have the sense never to marry you, even if her mother would let her, while you are what you have been all along. You could build up a bright and happy home. You could hope to be elected to any office almost, in the land. You see, a broad and indefinite course of usefulness, and honour, and happiness is before you, if you will only waken out of the mud of your sloth, and think, and act, and live!"

Theophilus had risen from the box, and stood before me really awakened. That picture of Jane and housekeeping touched him.

"You may be as happy and as prosperous as you please, by being active. You will sink lower and lower into brutal sloth, by being—just as you are. You ain't thirty years old, Theophilus," continued I; "if now, in the spring and heat of young blood, you are so lazy, what on earth will you be when you get older? What on earth but a poor, miserable, idling, drivelling, chattering, good-for-nothing old bachelor, rotting before you are dead; your soul dwindled and dead within you, like the kernel of a frost-bitten peach?"

"Strikes me, you talk plain enough, doctor?"

"Have to shout when one talks to the deaf! have to cut and slash when the limb is mortified; have to apply my stard plaster where we want action to follow."

"Well, doctor, what would you have me to do?"

"Do? Why, split this tea-chest into kitchen wood; rise two hours earlier to-morrow morning; subscribe this evening for a good newspaper, and a magazine—there's the *Home Companion*; clean out your shop, and paint it, and fill it with more goods, and advertise. When you do talk, and when other people talk with you, talk yourself, and make them talk about *something*. When you go to church, listen to every word sung, or prayed, or preached, if it be only for the sake of keeping your mind busy. You are in a comatose state—stir about with all your might, or your lethargy will become fixed."

Here the bell rung for supper, and I arose.

"Much obliged for your visit, doctor; believe I'll take your mustard and medicine—don't know—I'll see."

"Shall, if I can make him!" said Lucinda, who had been sitting near the door inside, listening, with female curiosity, to our talk, but keeping unseen and still. As she spoke, she came to the door. Her eyes were really awake, her cheek flushed, and I knew my visit had not been lost, at least, upon her. I could see the Venus starting out from the block!

"Good bye, doctor," said both, as they shook me warmly by the hand, which was unnecessary, as I was not going to be absent from town. I answered cordially, and walked slowly away. The sun was just down. "Rose at four," murmured I, recalling the events of the day; "read two hours; did that *strabismus* case; rode over to Squire Smithers'; read up Mrs. Milson's case; had a talk with that lazy fellow, Theophilus. Put that lawn in note-book among my 'Cases in Pikeville,' as 'Case of Mental 'atalepsy;' write out treatment—WATCH EFFECTS."

**TAKING NOTES.**—Some years ago, when there were slaves in Massachusetts, and some of the best men in the community owned them, there was a clergyman in a town in Essex county, whom we may call Mr. Cogswell, who had an old and favourite servant, by the name of Cuffee. As was often the case, Cuffee had as much liberty to do as he pleased, as anybody else in the house; and he probably entertained a high respect for himself.

Cuffee, on the Sabbath, might have been seen in the minister's pew, looking round with a grand air, and, so far as appearance indicated, profiting quite as much by his master's preaching as many others about him.

Cuffee noticed, one Sunday morning, that several gentlemen were taking notes of the sermon; and he determined to do the same thing. So, in the afternoon, he brought a sheet of paper, and pen and ink. The minister, happening to look down into his pew, could hardly maintain his gravity, as he saw his negro, "spread out" to his task, with one side of his face nearly touching the paper, and his tongue thrust out of his mouth. Cuffee kept at his notes, however, until the sermon was concluded, knowing nothing, and caring as little, about the wonderment of his master.

When the minister reached home, he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa? Taking notes," was his reply.

"You taking notes!" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, Massa; all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said Mr. Cogswell.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper; and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders, dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why, this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching!"



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

ON the south-western coast of Ireland there is a little nook of country over which impetuous tourists step disdainfully, nor notice the many exquisite beauties that lie there like hidden violets, lovely, but unseen. It is a land of hoary castles, and many a mouldering tradition—a land where the blue sea indents the shore into sweet and sunny bays, seeming as if the ocean loved the earth and sought to steal half-timidly into its arms;—a land where wild and rugged rocks start up by every solitary pathway—strange, uncouth, fantastic in their forms, like night-mares petrified. It is rife, too, with the chronicles of the past; and white-haired Senachies will sit by the bog-wood blaze the long night through, telling of vanished days, and long-forgotten deeds of the old sea-kings of the coast, ruthless, reckless men, who, sitting on the summits of their lofty watch-towers all day long, gazed across the wide Atlantic for some hapless bark whose rich spoils might fill their greedy coffers.

There were entrancing stories, too, of beautiful maidens, who, captured by these pirate chieftains in their ocean forays, pined and pined in their captivity until they died. One, I well remember; and many a night in boyhood I listened eagerly to the tale.

The galley of one of these fierce rulers of the coast captured an Italian bark, and amongst other prizes was one more inestimable than a freight of jewels. This was a noble Venetian maiden, beautiful and proud! The chieftain claimed her as his share, and bore her to his dark, sullen, sea-beaten castle. In time, he conquered the hate she bore him as her captor, so far as to win her consent to be his bride. She wedded, but still in secret did she hate him, and in this hollow intercourse the years wore on. One day, there came a minstrel to the castle; he, too, was from sunny Italy, and the exiled lady's eye lightened, and her bosom heaved, as she for the first time for years heard the sweet liquid accents of her mother tongue. She bade him to her chamber, where he lay at her feet all day, and sang sweet canzonets that breathed of love. The lady listened—she could not help it; he sang so feelingly—and from listening came to love. For a brief time

they were happy; but it was very brief. In an evil hour their passion was discovered, and by the mandate of the furious sea-king, the minstrel was doomed to die. That night, when all was still, and the inmates of the castle wrapt in slumber, a woman's foot stole gently down the winding stair that led to the armoury, where the ammunition was deposited; and one might have heard in the silence of that dangerous chamber, the loud pulses that throbbed in that woman's burning heart. In another instant a hollow sound was heard. The sea rushed back in terror from the shore, the sea-birds fell stupefied from their eyries on the cliffs, the trees bent as if to the power of some mighty storm, while, with a stunning roar and crimson flash, the massive castle shot up into the air, and the next instant minstrel, lady, and pirate-king, were sepulchred beneath the ruins!

There was not a moss-covered stone throughout that land but had its tradition; and some there were that had whole centuries of legends heaped upon them. One spot in particular seemed to be the especial haunt of all such lore, and truly there never was a meetier dwelling for romance! It was a small and lovely lake. In the midst was set a green island, which the rippling waves clasped as if in very love; while on its emerald turf through which the white rocks peeped, arose an old, grey castle. Above the crumbling top the snowy sea-gulls gleamed as they floated in the sunshine, and the rabbits played beneath its walls in many a wild and antic gambol. Beyond this island lay a narrow, rocky channel, through which the sea rushed foaming into the lake, and where, on one side, a tall and spectral stone stood up as if to guard the pass. It was the traditioned grave of a famous saint, who, the peasants said, might be sometimes seen in the dusk of twilight weeping for a brief while over the sins of a wicked world. Farther still, over the seaward shores of the lake, gleamed the blue ocean, that, like a beauty-bestowing centurion, girdled around that fairy scene. It was a hallowed spot—so still, so lovely, and so beautiful—a place where youth might wander with untrammelled feet, and never tire—a sanctuary, where Age in its infirmity might nestle, and scarcely feel the chilling breath of Time! The atmosphere around it seemed redolent of poetry and joy; the fields were always green, the waves were ever blue, the sun sent down from heaven his brightest beams to decorate its beauty.

There was a lofty mountain, too—a sullen, haughty-looking giant, who, with his dark fir-groves that waved like a beard upon his cheek, sat watching jealously the azure lake that sparkled gem-like at his rugged foot. Sometimes, in the winter time, when the winds whirled around his summit, strange sounds of wrath would be heard afar up his steep declivities, and lightnings would flash around his crown, as if he was engaged in fearful combat with some spirit of the air who sought to steal his treasure from him. Then, again, in the golden summer, when Old Ocean's heart was calm, how gently its billowy bosom throbbed against his rocky base; with what low, sweet sighing, the wind came down the deep defiles, and wandered with it. Then the apple-trees were borne down with fruit, and the storm-cocoon on the crimson berries of the mountain ash. Flocks of fishing-boats went out each dawn, and in the dusk of night returned; and then, if more than ordinary success had crowned their toils, what revelling there was around each humble hearth! It was a calm, a blessed place—that remote and lonely lake; and many a time and oft its features mingle with my dreams, and make my slumbers happy!

On the northern side of this lake there stood, some years ago, a pretty cottage—a long, low edifice, with thatched roof, and deep eaves where the swallow nested in the early spring. It was a picture of rural comfort, compact—so compact that it looked like a man who wraps himself up as closely as possible on a cold day—and the small, narrow-paned windows with which its thick walls were pierced, gave no promise of chilly draughts, and their long retinue of coughs and syrups. Two tall and ancient ash-trees stood opposite the door, which opened upon a sort of esplanade and grass garden, from which a few stone steps led immediately down to the beach of smooth, white sand, and the cool blue waters that kissed its brow. Along the side of the slight hill on which the cottage stood, and communicating with the esplanade by a simple wicket-gate, stretched out a noble orchard. It was full of venerable apple and pear trees, whose boughs, though gnarled and twisted into a thousand fantastic devices, gave no indication, when summer came, of any of the feebleness of age, but burst into an amplitude of fruit and blossom that would have caused all Hesperides to wither with envy had they witnessed it.

Through this orchard a winding walk of flowers was traced—a rivulet of blossom, that in the early spring gushed with anemones, and pale, spiritual, snowdrops! It was pleasant beyond utterance to stand in that orchard walk, and peeping, as it were, through a casement of rich green leaves, watch the sun set as it fell like a mantle of changing silk over wave, and wood, and plain! First, on the dark mountain top, a small bright spot of crimson glory settled like some beauteous bird that came to nestle there at evening, it grew larger and more vivid, till, pouring down the mountain side, a gushing lava—stream of light—it burst over the blue lake, and spread like rosy oil upon its waters. And when the sun swam forth, like a fiery swan, from behind the golden clouds, how still became the woods, winds and waves hushed with adoration!

Then came the hour for twilight dreams! The old grey castle seemed again with the pulses of its antique life. Banners, shadowy as the robes of angels, waved heavily on the walls; knights rode gallantly to postern-gates, while fair ladies, sighing, watched them from their turret-hambers; for a brief while the Spirit of the Present, faded before the spirit of the Past.

Next came moonlight—the hour of fairy revelry when in the green rings that marked the sward, an elfin multitude whirled anon, as the brown leaves whirl in the autumn winds. How the

of the pale moonlight fell across the transparent lake like the silver trellis-work that guards a costly mirror. How dark became the woods, how white the shore, and how peacefully that little cottage slept beneath the shadow of the trees. How wild and musical was the boatman's song as it came floating across the waters, telling in sonorous verse the deeds of some forgotten chieftain. Moonlight on that lake was very beautiful—so beautiful that one could have wished it moonlight there for ever!

It was a warm and cosy room. In fact, it was an unmistakable winter-room, and the wide hearth, filled with blazing logs of bog-wood, that hissed and spluttered like live things, as the flame licked them with its fiery tongue, seemed made expressly for ghost stories in the long December nights. Warm corners into which elders could draw their chairs, and with easy incredulity at the stories of *The Headless Coach*, or *The Poohs*, while the juveniles listened to the wild tales with wondering faces, over which the changing firelight would throw a half unearthly shade. Then, the furniture, too, had an air of supreme comfort. There were none of your requisited antiques, your Elizabethan or prie-Dieu chairs, the very look of which makes every well-constituted back ache; but real, honest, old-fashioned fellows, that looked as hospitable as ever they could, and seemed, with their wide arms and large backs, to be giving a perpetual invitation to come and sit on them. These were respectable family chairs, and would no more have submitted to the modern indignity of being swathed half their time in clumsy saving covers, than they would to the profane touch of French polish. The decorations of the mantel-piece were also in keeping. No Bohemian vases, or French mirrors, or pendule clocks—there were none of these. But there was a long narrow mirror in three compartments, surrounded by a gilt frame, considerably tarnished; some specimens of native amber and copper ore from the neighbouring mines; a periwinkle soldier, a shell jacket was a little out at the elbow; a fortune-teller, of old cloth, on a round card, where she twirled nightly for the amusement of those curious in the affairs of destiny; some porcupine's quills; and a Chinese, in carved ivory, completed these unpretending decorations.

But the reader is very naturally asking, all this time, where this chamber is. Question easy of solution! Does he recollect the long, low, picturesque cottage, described a few pages back? Yes! Then this room is the best in that romantic little tenement.

This cottage belonged to a widow lady, the quietest of all widows, who, having ventured once on the treacherous sea of matrimony, after a ten years' cruise returned to port alone—or, to drop metaphor, buried her husband. He, however, left after him a dear memento of his love, and the devotedness with which Mrs. Tregar watched over her infant daughter, was the best tribute she could pay to the memory of the father. Our widow did not dream of marrying again; she perhaps felt herself unequal to undertaking the responsibility of another spouse, so she resigned herself to weeds, and took to cultivating flowers. In that pure mountain solitude, the young Avisia grew to womanhood, and though far removed from the influence of cities and their stimulative education, she possessed that natural beauty and inborn grace that adorns the wild-flower of the hills, but which the forced blossom of the hot-house lacks. She was, to a certain extent, formed by books; and who is it that books will not form? And the wild scenery amid which she lived, and the fresh buoyant air which she breathed, braced her intellect and made her feelings healthy. She was contemplative, too, and full of that shadowy romance, in whose atmosphere youth loves to wander, and which sometimes clings to Age, like a green vine, trailing its flexile shoots across the crevices of some decaying wall. Sometimes, however—probably from her character being self-formed—there was a wild energy in her thoughts that startled, coming, as it did, from one so gentle; and a pale fire seemed to play in her mild dove-like eyes, which, though harmless as the gloves of a phosphoric sea, one felt was a light that hovered over the resting place of passion, as the ignis-fatuus hovers above the graves of men.

But enough of description. Let us return to the little parlour, and take our places amid the group that sat around the fire, gazing out upon the white snow, and enjoying the cheering bog-wood blaze. Mrs. Tregar, a tall, aristocratic-looking lady, with mild grey eyes, was busily employed in knitting an enormous counterpane of elaborate pattern, a work that—like Penelope's web—seemed doomed never to be completed; and a short, fat little man, with a round, shiny head, fringed with a tangle of white hair, and a florid, good-humoured face, lit up by a pair of fine intellectual eyes, was endeavouring to explain to her a new-fangled knitting machine, invented by himself, which was to save half the time expended in the old process, but which, with a perverseness peculiar to some inventions, obstinately refused to do anything but prick the inventor's fingers. This was Mrs. Tregar's brother, who, properly speaking, bore the appellation of "Francis Bell, Esq.," who was never known as, or called anything, save "Uncle Tot."

For miles around the country, this humble name was a talisman among the poor, and scarce a cabin raised its smoky chimney in the neighbourhood, but would count a score of times when that round, shiny head, popped in upon some mission of charity and mercy. Uncle Tot was an ambitious turn. He possessed a sanctum of his own at the top of the house, that he called his "shop;" and in this sacred retreat he was continually giving birth to (or rather calling into existence) certain contrivances which, generally speaking, were more curious than useful. His conversation possessed some strange peculiarities, and smacked greatly of his pursuits. Metaphors and similes, borrowed from the "shop," were frequently found interlarding his discourse, and sometimes they came in with such a singular

"Brother," said Mrs. Tregar, raising her eyes from the work which she had been attending to with a very pre-occupied air—"do you know that the nearer this marriage approaches, the more unhappy I feel about it?"

"Unhappy!" cried Uncle Tot, suspending his useless struggles with the newly-invented knitting apparatus, and staring at his sister with a rather bewildered air—"unhappy! Why, what the deuce makes you unhappy, Agatha? Arthur, poor boy, is in love with Avisia, and Avisia is in love with Arthur. They are to be married at Christmas. They will live long until you and I die, and then they will have our remnant of the family estate. Everything is going on as smoothly as a patent plane on a satin-wood plank—what more would you have?"

"I would have them start in life, Tot, without encumbrance. I would have their necks free from that millstone, debt—that incubus that paralyses one's best energies."

"Ah!" said Uncle Tot, with a sigh—"you allude to that mortgage. It can't be helped now, and it were wiser to dismiss it from your mind altogether. We must take life as we meet it—cross-grained, rough-grained, long-grained, or smooth-grained, clean or knotty—we must work it as well as we are able, and take the best shaving we can from whatever side comes uppermost."

"Our neighbour, Saville, who held the mortgage, was a kind man," pursued Mrs. Tregar, thoughtfully—"and would not have troubled us while he lived; but now that he is dead, and affairs have passed into his daughter's hands, Heaven only knows how long we shall be left in peace."

"Tush, tush! sister," cried Uncle Tot, while a shade of sadness stole over his round, bright face—"don't worry yourself with apprehensions that are groundless. Miss Saville will not annoy you. She is a lady, although she is a merchant's daughter; she is young, and the young are always generous; and if the interest is but paid up regularly, depend on it the principal will never be called for. Don't fret, Agatha, don't fret."

"It is hard not to fret, brother—very hard—when I remember that all those broad acres, that now call the Savilles owners, were once ours; not even ours alone, but had descended, generation after generation, until they reached us, and should have descended again from us to our children. When I recollect the many times that my father took me out, in the summer evenings, to walk beneath the shadow of the old ruined towers where our ancestors had lived and died, and told me stories of the high honour and ancient greatness of our family; when I see the peasants that I know in my youth, now gazing sadly at me as I pass, and sighing, lament that I am no longer their mistress; when all these memories rush upon my mind, brother, it is hard to be philosophical—it is hard to be a Christian, and not cry."

"Poor Agatha!" said Uncle Tot, gently; "thou hast too high a spirit to brook misfortune."

"When one has been linked, through generations, with the land," pursued Mrs. Tregar, not heeding the interruption, "a love more potent than that life springs up between us and the soil. The trees, the fields, the streams make up items in our existence; and the pang of parting with them is as bitter as the losing of a limb."

"But, Agatha, dear sister," cried Uncle Tot, warmly—"what is done cannot be recalled. Your husband was extravagant, and his profligacy paid the penalty. Nor ought you to be dissatisfied. You still hold a magnificent old estate, and which, though small in comparison, is still sufficient to maintain you in becoming state. There are thousands around you, who know not where the meal of to-day will come from; instead of repining, you should bless God that you are not like them."

"Even that poor miserable remnant that you talk of, reprised Mrs. Tregar, bitterly—"even that is not our own; it is mortgaged to more than half its value, and the young plebeian heiress, that lives in yonder castle,"—and, as she spoke, she pointed to a handsome turreted edifice on the opposite shores of the lake—"could, at any moment, foreclose the mortgage, and strip us of our home. There is little use in disguising the fact, Uncle Tot, but we are living here on sufferance."

Uncle Tot sighed, but did not reply. This topic was Mrs. Tregar's only weak point; and he felt that further argument was useless. His sister had imbibed in all their purity and strength, those feelings of aristocratic pride to which the Irish gentry cling so tenaciously. From her childhood up, tales of the ancient dignity of her race had been poured into her ears; and the respect and honours paid to her by her father's tenantry had made her egotistic and proud. In other respects, she was a good woman. Charitable, mild, and condescending beyond measure to her inferiors; but when a wealthy merchant, such as Mr. Saville, or any one whom she did not consider as well-born as herself, sought to place themselves on an equality with her, her nature seemed completely changed—her mildness turned to scorn, her warmth became a freezing dignity, and her demeanour was so repulsive, that one could not believe it to be the same woman. If, then, her goodness made her respected through the country, her manners made her disliked; and in proportion as she beheld her self sinking in worldly circumstances, so much the higher did her false pride rise up, like those defiant tongues of flame that seem to menace the heavens the moment before the tenement they are consuming totters wholly to the ground.

(Continued in No. 2.)

THE ROYAL MOTTO OF ENGLAND.—*Dieu et mon Droit* was the parole of the day given by Richard the First of England to his army at the battle of Gisors, in France. In this battle the French were defeated; and, in remembrance of that victory, Richard made *Dieu et mon Droit* the motto of the royal arms of England, and it has ever since been retained.



# SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

OR, WHO SHALL WIN!

BY CHARLES CRAYON.

## CHAPTER I.

Self-dattered, inexperienced, high in hope,  
When young, with sanguine cheeks and careless eye,  
We cut our cable, launch into the world,  
And fondly dream each wind and wave our friend. — YOUNG.

SEVERAL years since, in the goodly city of Philadelphia, the scenes transpired which are related in these pages. In an elegant mansion, in the most aristocratic portion of the city, a young man was reposing peacefully upon the sofa, putting a fragrant regalia and glancing over the columns of an evening paper. He was a courteous, well-formed young man; and though his features might not attract the notice of a stranger, the lines of his countenance showed a firm determination when his mind was once formed, and an iron will that would not be easily overcome by obstacles. His hair, which was of a light brown, was brushed from a high forehead, and hung in loose curls almost upon his shoulders. The furniture of the room was of that description which betokened it the abode of wealth, and a rich and well-filled book-case ornamented the room. Perhaps its contents might not have been of the class which would interest the general reader, for, on a closer inspection, they would have been found to consist mostly of medical works. But from this circumstance, and the fact that the door-plate bore the engraving of "Henry Morton, M.D.," the visitor might soon come to a conclusion in regard to the profession of the occupant of the room.

While he was reading, the door was suddenly thrown open, and another young man entered, with a possession and familiarity which proved him no stranger to the other. The new comer was what might have been called a handsome man. He was dressed in the height of fashion, sported white kids, and a gold regulator, and jewellery enough decorated his person to have furnished a shop quite respectably. His hair, which was of a jet black, was arranged with all the taste which the labours of a veteran barber, and the intrinsic merit of bear's-grease could produce; and a heavy moustache seemed the object of his especial care.

"Heyday, Harry!" he exclaimed, on entering; "here you are, like a good citizen, poring over the paper as if for your life. Come take a walk with me."

"Thank you; but I have no desire to walk to-day; besides, at this time you know I must be at home."

"Pooh, man! I would not confine myself to voluntary martyrdom as you do for all the patrons in the world."

"But I am sure you cannot call it confinement, for, as to that, you spend twice the time in doors that I do. While you are moping away your mornings either in bed, or saying silly things to your lady friends, I am not only fulfilling my duties, but alleviating the pains of suffering humanity."

"Ha! ha! my dear fellow! You are growing sentimental, surely. I presume the community are highly grateful to Dr. Henry Morton for his unwearied labours in the cause of suffering humanity."

"You seem inclined to joke, to-day."

"Perhaps I do; but, by Jove! I am sure you do not. Your face is long enough to frighten a timid man out of his wits. Why, Harry, what is the trouble with you?"

"Trouble?"

"Certainly. You are having a fit of the blues, I am positive. If it was not for the friendship I have towards you, I should certainly force you to take a dose of your own medicine."

"Come, Duval, don't talk nonsense; I have heard enough of it for once. Do be sober a moment in your life, and not waste every hour of it in idle talk, if not in something worse."

"Really, you are becoming quite a moralist. I shall expect to hear, the next thing, that you are about to deliver a lecture to young men on their duties to the age in which they live. Something has put you most comfoundedly out of spirits. Come home with me, and we will crack a bottle of champagne; that will restore your humour."

"No, no; I have been out all day, and I have no inclination for pleasure just now."

"I perceive that you have not; but, by the way, how do you prosper with Miss Montrose?"

"I hardly know myself," replied Morton, suddenly losing his listlessness; "but I think I am not getting on very bravely."

"Pooh! Keep up your courage; have you seen the governor yet?"

"Not to speak with him on that subject."

"Do it by all means. Procrastination is the thief of time, you know; but if you speak in season, you will surely succeed; for you have a strong hold on the old boy's affections."

"True, he seems to regard me with favour, and I wish the same was true of his daughter."

"A fig for her opinion! Of course she will agree with her respected daddy on that point. The fact is, my friend, ladies are not very particular on these points: if a fellow is only good-looking," (Mr. Duval stroked his favourite moustache,) "and has plenty of brass, he must be successful."

"Well, I think I may as well follow your advice in this respect, and have these matters settled as soon as possible."

"Very true. But I must be going if I cannot persuade you to accompany me. By the way, shall we spend the evening at Talbot's?"

"Yes, if you—no; on a second thought, I think not."

"Why, what the deuce has transmogrified you so strangely? You are fast settling into an old man. At this rate you will soon cut my acquaintance. Be persuaded to go with me to-night, by all means."

"No, not this evening," was the reply, in a decided tone.

"But your late losses have not discouraged you. I really pitied you this evening, you were so unfortunate. But then you know it is all in chance—all in chance, my dear boy; so take courage, and try again. And I see, by your looks, that it is of no use to urge you further. However, I hope to-morrow will find you in better spirits. Meanwhile, as I cannot stop longer at present, I wish you a very good afternoon."

And with this speech Mr. Lorenzo Duval left the room. After he had retired, its remaining occupant became deeply engaged in thought. Finally his feelings found vent in words.

"How long I have suffered myself to be led by Duval! I have been duped by him times without number. I have been led into scenes of dissipation and vice; but from henceforth I will no longer be his victim. As surely as I have the power of judging, with all his professions, I shall be a villain at heart. But in future I will beware of him." At this moment a ring at the bell interrupted his soliloquy, and a messenger was brought which seemed of great importance, for he snatched his hat and left the room. In his absence we will enlighten the reader in regard to his character and situation.

Henry Morton was a young disciple of Esculapius, who had just commenced the practice of his profession in the city. He was a graduate of one of the first medical colleges, and among the young practitioners of the day, no name stood higher than his own. He was an orphan. Both his parents had paid the debt we all owe, while he was still a thoughtless boy, and he was left in the hands of those who had no interest in him except a pecuniary one. Of course, under such circumstances, the attention paid to his moral culture was limited, and he was left in a great measure to form his own character. When he arrived at man's estate, he came into possession of all the property left by his paternal parent; and this, had he possessed no more valuable qualifications, was sufficient to introduce him into the first circles of society. It would be superfluous to add that he was considered an object of peculiar attraction by all artful young ladies and scheming mammae. But our hero was not a man to be caught napping, and so at the time of which we write, all the artifices of the one, and all the smiles of the other, had been wasted upon him. All, did we say? Perhaps we were incorrect, for of all who had aimed to secure his attentions, none had been successful. But we fancy that if the reader could have been allowed to take a peep into his heart, he would have found that there was at least one individual whose destiny had a peculiar interest for him.

This was the young lady in regard to whom Duval held a conversation with our hero. Lillian Montrose was the only daughter of parents who could boast that they were one of the first families in the city of Philadelphia. That she was taught to believe that merit and worth were only to be found in the circles of rank and wealth, was the natural result of the atmosphere she breathed. Possessing an attractive form, beauty of rare description, and an evenly balanced and well cultivated mind, she was calculated to attract attention, and win admiration in the sphere in which she moved. She had not moved long in the gay world around her, before she had learned to thoroughly despise the heartlessness and inconsistency which the golden curtain concealed. The voice of flattery had fallen so often upon her ear, that she could look with no feelings, except those of disgust, upon the swarms of butterflies, in human form, that ever congregated around the disciples of wealth and beauty; and many had sought to win the hand and heart of the fair heiress. But, as yet, they had all signally failed; and, though some of them saw fit to attach to her the appellation of a heartless coquette, she had never given any of them the slightest reason for encouragement. This state of affairs was in no wise agreeable to her friends; and Mr. Montrose, her worthy father, had waxed exceeding wrath, on several occasions when he learned that his daughter had turned a deaf ear to the tender whispers. But she had inherited a good share of the family pride of which her parent was wont to boast, and, though ever calm and unruffled in the presence of her father, he knew her disposition too well to attempt to dissuade her when her mind was once fixed.

So much for an introduction; if the reader has lived through it, we congratulate him.

## CHAPTER II.

"I am weary, I am weary,  
Of the voice of seeming friends,  
For I know they love me not,  
Whatever they may pretend;

"They're round me smiling ever,  
When fortune smiles too,  
But perchance should compass hover  
O'er my pathway—they're untrue."

On the day subsequent to the scene related at the opening of our story, Mr. Montrose, senior, sat in his counting-room. From a hasty glance at him, we think a stranger would not infer that he was a man who had lost his health by a too close application to business, or would even be likely to do so. He was a man past the prime of life—the hand of age had been here and there a lock of his hair; but his round, rubicund cheeks, and portly form were the personification of good humour; and, as the world goes, was a happy, good-natured old fellow, ever ready to do a kind act, and it would not compromise the honour of his family. This was his wont, and he had been educated to look at family honour and rank as objects for which a constant solicitude was to be maintained. But to youth. As he sat in his counting-room, Henry Morton, the young physician, was knocking, and the next moment was ushered into his presence.





"At this moment a form suddenly spring from an alley our hero was passing; the light of the moon revealed a swarthy countenance—a bright blade glittered in the moonlight, swiftly it descended, and had a sudden movement on his part arrested it, the next moment it had drunk the very life-blood of Henry."—See No. 2, p. 23.

"Ah! good morning, doctor. I am happy in seeing you," exclaimed Mr. Montrose, with the most gracious of smiles. "Pray be seated."

The young knight of the magic staff accepted the invitation, and in a few moments was chatting away with the old aristocrat on all the interesting matters of the day. Montrose had always looked with favour on his young friend, and has his father had been one of his inseparable friends in the days of boyhood, he was always glad to spend an hour in his company. But on his occasion, our hero determined to come to the point immediately; so he addressed his old friend abruptly on the matter nearest his heart.

"Mr. Montrose," said he, "I trust I shall not presume too much upon the friendship you have ever shown me, and the interest you have felt for me as the son of one of your early friends, if I ask your attention for a moment to a serious subject."

Mr. Montrose merely nodded assent, and looked as serious as it was possible for such an exceedingly pleasant man, with such an exceedingly pleasant countenance, to look.

"Perhaps you have noticed," continued the young physician, "that for some time past I have manifested more than an ordinary interest in your daughter?"

"I have certainly noticed it," was the reply, "and I assure you that it has been agreeable to my feelings in the highest degree."

Morton's countenance lost a shade of its solemn expression as he heard his remark, and he continued—

"Then, perhaps, you may not be surprised if I inform you that I have formed a deep attachment for her, and consider her the only person who could make an agreeable companion for life."

"Such a remark can afford me no other feelings than those of the warmest," replied Montrose, showing as much happiness as it was possible for the countenance of such a jolly old fellow to express.

"Then may I consider that I have sanction in making her an offer of my hand and heart?" inquired Morton, with the air of a man who had at last arrived at the point around which he has been hovering so long.

"Certainly—by all means, my dear boy; rest assured that such a consummation would be all I could desire," exclaimed the corpulent old worthy, taking heartily the hand of his young companion. "I could never desire a happier destiny for my daughter than to see her united to the son of one of my dearest friends, and one who ever stood high in my esteem."

He expressed his gratitude as well as his tumultuous feelings would allow, a moment after adding the remark—

"But we must remember that there is another party to be consulted in this matter, before we make any definite arrangements."

"And who may that be?" inquired Montrose, as if he could not imagine his father.

"The young lady who is interested," replied Morton, hardly able to repress a smile.

"O, certainly, by all means! But you will find no difficulty there—none at all, I assure you. She has refused several of the smooth-faced young dandies, but they are brainless fellows—brainless fellows, I assure you."

"Perhaps we may as well arrive at positive certainty on that point as soon as possible," remarked Morton, as he was about leaving.

"Ah, yes, certainly; but give yourself no uneasiness on that score—none at all. Well, if you must go, good morning, Henry, good morning;" and bowing to his future parent, Morton left the room.

Ere the western twilight had faded away, he sought the presence of the lady in whom he manifested so much interest. He was received with all the cordiality of a friend; but he fancied, from her manner, that the thought of ever welcoming him in a nearer capacity had never entered her mind. But he was a straightforward, practical man; so he came directly to the object of his visit. Without any mad protestations of love, or fifty oaths that she was the only divinity he had ever worshipped, he frankly told her of the esteem he had felt for her, and made her an offer of his hand and heart. That the young lady manifested some surprise at his declaration, we cannot deny; but she neither fainted nor showed the slightest disposition to swoon. After a moment of reflection, she replied, as directly as our hero had spoken:—

"Mr. Morton, you have been plain with me, and it is but just that I should answer you as frankly. To say that I have not the highest respect for you as a gentleman, and the warmest regard as a friend, would certainly misrepresent my feelings. For many years I have treated you as one in whom I felt a deeper interest than in the thousand light, worthless specimens of your sex, with whom the rules of society have compelled me to associate. But when you sue for the devotion of my heart, you ask for something which is now beyond my power to bestow. Were not that love already bestowed on another, our mutual positions would be different."

Morton had fancied that a refusal would not surprise him; but we think, if the truth must be told, that he was surprised. But he thanked the lady for her frankness, and trusted that he should ever be numbered among the list of her friends. With this remark he withdrew.

An hour afterwards he sat in his office. "Just as I expected," he soliloquised—"a flat refusal. But who could have anticipated me in this matter? I was not aware that she felt an uncommon interest in any one else. It would be an insult to her good sense to imagine that she would countenance the attentions of any of the soft-headed fops around her. But one thing I am sure of. She is no coquette. It evidently gave her pain to refuse me, though she did it in a straightforward business-like manner; and that was what no other woman of my acquaintance would have done. Well, I may as well give up all thoughts of the other sex, and apply myself to my duties." At

that moment his eye fell on a note, which had, until then, been lying on the table unnoticed. He glanced at the superscription—it was directed to him. "From Duval," said he, surveying the chirography. He opened it, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR FELLOW:—I trust that you have so far recovered from your melancholy fit of yesterday as to be able to accompany me to our old place of rendezvous this evening. A glass of wine, and a ture at the two tables, will do you good. I will call for you at eight. Yours, A. D."

"Accompany him I will not," exclaimed Morton, earnestly, after he had perused the note. Had it not been for Duval, I should have been a happier and better man. He first led me to the gaming-table, and, flushed with success, I acquired a love for games of hazard. But my late losses have opened my eyes. True, my estate is large; but it will not last always. Already I am seriously involved; but I solemnly resolve, from this time, that I will risk no more in such a dangerous chance. My name is still untarnished, and by close application to duty, I may regain all I have lost, without sacrificing the property my parents bequeathed me. But Duval shall understand my feelings, and this night, too."

At this moment the French clock on the mantel chimed the hour of eight, and simultaneously with its sound, the door opened, and Duval stood in the room. He was an individual who would have been likely to pass in a crowd for a handsome man, but on a more minute examination, a sinister expression might be discovered lurking upon his countenance, and one who had studied masterly the physiognomy of mankind, would have been ready to pronounce him one with a heart base enough to plan almost any villainous scheme, and a head cool enough to carry it out. But the world would be frightened to hear things called by their right names; and as the family from which he sprung had been wealthy and proud for two or three generations, he found a ready admittance to the highest circles of his native city. But whether his schemes in regard to our hero were successful or not, these pages will develop. We left him in the office of his intended dupe.

"Ah, good evening, my friend!" he exclaimed with an apparently sincere manner; "you see I am punctual."

"Good evening, Mr. Duval; I perceive you are."

"Really, you see fit to be very obsequious. I had hoped you had regained your wonted spirits; but come, go with me, and I warrant you will soon shake off the blues."

"Thanks for your invitation; but I have decided not to go."

"Not to go!"

"Yes, that is my conclusion."

"Why, man, are you crazy? You are becoming as punctilious as a Methodist preacher. Why on earth do you not go?"

"Since you desire it, I will give you my reasons," replied Morton, calmly. "It was at your solicitation that I was first induced to run into those excesses so ruinous to the body and the mind. If I continue in them, my destruction would be certain. But I am beginning to see their consequences, and let it suffice for me to say that my course is decided on. Under these circumstances, you can judge of my feelings towards you; and rest assured, Mr. Duval, that when I am desirous of your company in future, you will receive an intimation to that effect."

"Very well, Doctor Morton," replied Duval, with his face livid with rage; "if that is the case, you may be sure that I shall annoy you no more." And muttering a smothered anathema, he strode haughtily away.

### CHAPTER III.

"I like an open, honest heart,  
Where frankness loves to dwell,  
Which has no room for base deceit,  
Nor hollow words can tell."

"But in whose throbbings plain are seen  
The import of the mind,  
Whose gentle breathings utter nought  
But accents true and kind."—ANON.

"LILIAN," said Mr. Montrose to his daughter one evening, a few days after his conversation with Morton, "I wish to have a short colloquy with you."

Lilian smiled, for she wondered what subject could be uppermost in her father's mind that he saw fit to dignify with so much importance; but, like a dutiful daughter, she laid aside the magazine she was perusing, and seated herself on the sofa beside her respected parent.

Mr. Montrose coughed slightly, a habit to which he was addicted when he was much pleased; and his round cheeks were as smooth and even as the surface of an apple dumpling.

"Lilian," said he, "did Henry call on you the other evening?"

"Yes, father," replied she, just beginning to have an idea of the nature of the subject on which he wished to converse, "he did."

"So I supposed; in fact, I knew he was about to call on you."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Lilian, looking very innocent.

"Yes; and he called at my counting-room a short time previous."

"Did he?" inquired the demure Miss, very indifferently.

"Certainly; and he conversed with me in regard to the subject in which he manifested so much interest."

The daughter made no reply, for the excellent reason, that she had nothing to say.

"Well," continued Mr. Montrose, concluding that he was not making much progress, "you say that he made you a call?"

"Yes, father."

"And did he speak to you about—an important matter?"

"Yes; that is, he said a few words in regard to what I considered rather an important matter."

"Well, he made you an offer, did he?"

"He did."

The worthy old gentleman found it almost impossible to refrain from expressing his delight. His eyes twinkled in the expanse of his plump countenance like two stars in the clouds, and the vigour with which he rubbed his hands might have been a lesson for an experienced washerwoman. But there was one question more which he had almost forgotten to ask. However, he suddenly propounded it.

"And of course you accepted him?"

"Accepted him?"

"Why, certainly."

"No, sir, I did not."

"You did not!" exclaimed the worthy sire, suddenly ceasing to rub his hands, and the equanimity of his feelings being sadly disturbed. "Surely you can have nothing against the son of my old friend?"

"No, sir."

"And I fancied that you had always respected him as a friend."

"I certainly have."

"Have you ever heard a word derogatory to his character?"

"Nothing."

"Then why did my daughter refuse her hand to one who she esteemed stood so high in her esteem?"

"Because that hand was already pledged to another."

"To another!" exclaimed the old gentleman, fairly losing sight of his usual composure, and almost leaping from his seat.

His daughter nodded assent.

"And why have I never known of this before?"

"I have waited for an opportunity to speak of it; but I supposed you would introduce the subject."

"Lilian," said Mr. Montrose, in a more serious tone, "you have ever been a dutiful and affectionate daughter; but remember, that this is a serious matter. Not only your happiness, but the good name of our family, which has been so long untarnished, is at stake. If I have ever advised you in regard to these matters, a desire to maintain that has been the object of my solicitude. I desire not to dictate to you in these matters, but reflect maturely, and tell me if you are certain, that the object of your choice is a man fitted to render you happy."

"I am sure he is."

"And is he of a good family?" inquired the father, earnestly.

"He is."

"And pray, who may he be?" interrogated Mr. Montrose, whose curiosity was elevated to the highest point.

Lilian hesitated a moment, but then replied—

"Alfred Whitman."

Her father again appeared pleased, and commenced rubbing his hands once more quite vigorously.

"Very well, Lilian; very well; Whitman is rapidly rising in his profession, and is now looked upon as one of the most promising young lawyers in the city. From what I have observed of him, I am convinced that he is an honourable, upright man. But," he added, thoughtfully, a moment after, "in regard to his family—I do not know. You say it is respectable?"

"O, yes. His father died many years since, but his mother knew some of the most worthy ladies of my acquaintance."

Mr. Montrose again expressed his satisfaction, and, after nuzzing a few moments, bade his daughter good evening, and left the room.

Late that evening Morton sat in his office. He seemed buried in deep thought; but just as a neighbouring church-bell tolled the hour before midnight, he rose from his seat, and, with a ponderous key, opened a safe which stood in one corner of the room.

"I may as well know the worst," he soliloquised, "and then I shall be able to make some definite arrangement. If I go on without, it will only be travelling in the dark; and when a man has become so much involved that he dare not examine into the state of his affairs, he is surely to be pitied."

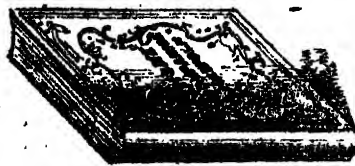
So saying, he drew a bundle of papers from one of the compartments, and spreading them on the table before him, was soon intently engaged in their perusal. Grasping a pen, he was then engaged in tracing figures upon the paper on his table, ever and anon comparing them with those on the documents before him. Sometimes he uttered indignant exclamations and broken sentences, but he raised not his eyes from the task which absorbed his attention. Hours passed on, but he laboured steadily at the work before him.

The first grey tinge of dawn was just visible in the eastern horizon when he arose from his seat. Carefully he gathered up the papers before him, and restored them to the place from which he had taken them. He paced the floor abstractedly for a few moments, and then seated himself at a window. He threw up the sash, and the cool, clear air of heaven fanned his fevered brow.

"Fool that I was," he exclaimed, "to suffer myself to repose in fancied security so long! But I might have known that this would prove the fatal consequence of gaming. True, I knew that I had involved my property to some extent, but I could not have believed that it was so seriously. Had I gone on another step in my mad course, my ruin would have been complete. And it was all the work of that villain Duval. Thank heaven, I am free from him at last! but it will be well for him never to cross my path again. No; let me be calm. It was all owing to my own folly in suffering myself to be made his willing dupe. But here I am, and something must be done. It will conflict sadly with my feelings to do it; but I must dispose of some of my real estate to cancel these gaming debts which hang around me. It will be a great sacrifice, but it must be done. Then I will devote myself wholly to my profession, and at least insure for myself the good name which I had so nearly lost."

(Continued in No. 2.)

## THE HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO



We strongly recommend to our Subscribers the adoption of the "HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO," for the preservation of the Weekly Numbers or the Monthly Parts. These Portfolios are made with elastic cords at the back, to hold Fifty-two Numbers,

or Twelve Parts, which comprise one Volume. At the end of each year they may be taken out and bound, and the Portfolio may be employed to preserve the Numbers or Parts of the succeeding Volume. The price is Two SHILLINGS. The outlay will be saved by the preservation of the Numbers, which, hereafter, may be difficult to obtain. The Portfolio is beautifully embossed, and illuminated with silver, by a new invention. It is an ornament for the drawing-room table. —Order of any Bookseller.

The Monthly Parts of the HOME COMPANION (price 5d. or 6d. each) will be issued with the Monthly Magazines. A number will appear weekly, price 1d. No. 2 is now ready.

**PRIZE ENIGMAS.**—The Editor of the FAMILY FRIEND announces his intention of offering, at Christmas (1851), a Prize of ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS, for the best Solution of an ENIGMA to be competed for by GENTLEMEN; FIFTY GUINEAS for the Solution of another Enigma, to be competed for by LADIES; and TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS for an Enigma to be competed for by JUVENILES of both sexes. Further particulars will be given in the Numbers of THE FRIEND. There will be numerous Minor Prizes.

The Number of THE FRIEND containing these Enigmas may be had of Booksellers everywhere (price 2d.), on or before the 1st of JANUARY, 1852. The same number will contain the Rules of the Competition.

## THE HOME COMPANION.

JANUARY 3, 1852.

For the first time in the World's history, that leviathan in the work of human progress, the "Press," has been called upon to supply 500,000 copies of a new Magazine. But a few years ago, it would have been impossible to produce such an enormous number with sufficient rapidity. Instead of a simultaneous issue of half a million of copies, printed and distributed throughout the kingdom within the space of about three weeks, nearly seven months would have been consumed in the printing alone. Even now, with the aid of steam—which has increased our power of production from 250 to 800 copies per hour—one machine, working 10 hours per day, would be occupied 62½ days in throwing off our first impression. However, by stereotyping the forms, and keeping two machines working night and day, without intermission, we have been able to produce the 500,000 copies in 16 days and nights.

To supply this number, we required 1000 reams of paper, of 500 sheets each. These reams, being placed upon the top of each other, would form a pile nearly equal to the height of St. Paul's! The weight of this pile would be about 20,000 lbs. The sheets, separately laid out, would cover 61 square acres of land, leaving a large overplus; or, laid lengthways, end to end, they would extend above one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six miles.

It is an adopted estimate that every printed paper finds, on the average, five readers. Upon this basis, it is calculated that the present publication will be read by 2,500,000 persons. It is a problem how many of the great multitude will adopt it as their Home Companion. OUR FAITH IN THE RESULT IS SUFFICIENTLY EVIDENCED BY THE BOLDNESS OF OUR EXPERIMENT, THE GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF OUR FIRST NUMBER HAVING COST US UPWARDS OF TWENTY HUNDRED POUNDS.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PASTIME.

EVERY one who has read *Æsop*, no doubt remembers the well-worn anecdote of the unstrung bow. It is so simple, so clear, and so beautiful in its application to the subject on which we are about to enter, that we cannot resist the inclination to recite it to our readers. "A fop found the wise Phrygian in company with some little boys, joining in their innocent amusements, and forgetting for awhile his age and experience. The fop sneered at the philosopher, for taking part in these puerile pursuits. *Æsop*, with that practical satire for which he is distinguished, replied by placing an unstrung bow before the would-be wit, and demanded an explanation of the riddle. The fop was a man of the world, but not a man of brains, and could not expound the mystery. Then *Æsop* said, "the mind of man, like that bow, if always bent, would in the end lose its elasticity, and become useless; by giving it occasional freedom, you preserve its tone, and it will serve your purpose."

The principle enunciated by *Æsop*, is inborn with our natures: it exists in every human heart, and finds utterance in action. The necessity of occasional relaxation is a self-evident fact, which it needs no philosopher to teach us; an axiom which the voice of nature causes to echo through our being. There is no condition of existence so miserable of degraded, as that in which this potent desire is not recognised and gratified. Our impulses all tend to it, and to check them is the worst of punishments. The most hopeless captive, pining in his dungeon, has still his pet spider, or tame rat, or "prison-flower,"\* on which he lavishes all that remains of the exuberant feelings that once filled his bosom, and tries to transform into pastime what once would have overpowered him with disgust.

In the early stages of the world, when mental pleasures were confined to a superior few, Pastime partook of the character of the age, and developed itself in a physical direction. The sports of the ancient Greeks and Romans were all calculated to assist in the cultivation of bodily, rather than mental energy; unless we except the disputations of Plato in the groves of Academe—at which meetings, we have reason to believe, the lighter graces of the intellect were mingled with the sterner features of philosophy. The famous Olympian Games, which were celebrated at the full moon, under the direction of the inhabitants of Elis, possessed the elements of a mental, as well as physical gymnasium. For, amongst the chariot races and gladiatorial engagements, which chiefly constituted the entertainment, we find that the victor most honoured was he who won the triumphal wreath of the Poet. Glancing over the history of our own land, we look in vain, among its earlier stages, for any indication of the popular inclination towards pastimes which might tend to refine or elevate the intellect. Fitz-Stephen, a monk of Canterbury, who flourished in the reigns of Stephen and Richard I., gives an elaborate account of the sports and pastimes of the English people. Among these, however, we find chronicled only such amusements as cock-fighting on Shrove Tuesday, foot-ball, sham-fights, and more of the same class, all tending to make a people athletic, but savage. One of the amusements entered upon in the Easter Holidays, which were peculiarly devoted to revelling, is sufficiently singular to deserve a notice in passing. A pole was fixed in the middle of a deep and rapid stream, with a shield suspended from its summit. Any youth who wished to shew his dexterity, took his place in the prow of a boat, without oars or rudder, and with a spear in his hand. The boat was allowed to float swiftly down towards the pole, and the feat consisted in striking the shield with such force, that the spear was shivered in the holder's hands, while he passed on unmoved. But if, from want of strength or dexterity, the shield was not struck with sufficient force to break the lance, then the unhappy essayist was thrown back into the water with the shock; whence he was rescued by boats stationed close by for that purpose. This sport closely resembles that called "the Quintain," afterwards introduced in the reign of Henry III.; about which period, also, the French game of Tennis made its first appearance in this country.

About the year 1391, a temporary revolution threatened the existence of the sports which had become almost hereditary with the English people. Cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and wrestling, gave way for a while before the mighty influence of the Drama. Unhappily, however, for the prospects of the stage, these dramatic representations were nothing more than absurd travesties upon sacred subjects, got up by a set of illiterate parish clerks; and which in their treatment were at once blasphemous and ridiculous. Some of these plays, or "mysteries," as they were called, had for their foundation the creation of the world; and in them a character, personating the Deity, was frequently introduced, conversing with all the distinguished personages in Scriptural history! An amusement so blasphemous and revolting to good taste, could not long endure; and in a short time after we find the people pursuing the "good old sports!"—which we suppose formed one of the many advantages which a certain class of persons see in an epoch that they lovingly denominate "the good old times." Some time after this, we see James I. writing a work on the Sports and Pastimes of the English, and advocating the cause of such barbarous amusements as bull and bear-baiting, cock-fighting, &c., a system of national education that was very wisely suppressed by his successor, Charles.

Presently, the influence of France, that all-powerful arbiter in trifles, began to exhibit itself in England; the pastimes of the higher classes became of a more elevated order, although still characterised by considerable absurdities. Ladies, instead of going to the Tower to see a combat between a lion and a bear, turned their attention to those allegorical poems called

\* See the interesting history of *Piccolino*, or the *Prison-flower*; by X. B. Xanthine.



"masques," which were then becoming fashionable, and which were occasionally performed before the court. There ladies of quality might be seen figuring away as Chloe or Phyllis, holding ivory handled crooks, and spouting bad pastorals; while the gentlemen, as Corydons, supplicated in very indifferent couplets that the cruel fair ones might look more tenderly upon their sorrows.

Modern Pastime has partaken of modern progress, and the games that are now creeping into our homes, many of which we owe to our Gallic neighbours, are an agreeable and instructive improvement upon the hoisterous pastimes that in former years made the cross-beams of each old English parlour ring with merry laughter. Hunt the Copper, Blindman's Buff, and Hanging the mistletoe, are now supplanted by such games as *Boutin*, Charades, and Definitions. There is an interesting Fireside Pastime entitled the "Game of Twenty Questions," of which we once remember reading an account in connection with the celebrated statesman Canning. Canning, with a number of friends, all men of intellect, and holding grave offices, was dining at someone's house, whose name has now escaped our memory. After the ladies had retired, and the wine had just begun to circulate, some one proposed that the Game of Twenty Questions should be played. The motion was eagerly adopted, and Canning was allotted the task of discovering the object fixed on by the rest of the party. The principle of the game is this:—one of the assembly is placed outside the door, and while there, the rest fix on some particular and well-known object, which the person outside must endeavour to discover by putting indiscriminately twenty questions to those in the secret.

Canning conducted this interrogation with all the critical acumen of a lawyer and statesman; weighing with the most anxious care each question and its answer, and apparently taking as much pains about his final success, as if the matter in question had been the discovery or management of a State secret. The entire of the party exhibited, during the progress of the game, a keen and singular interest, and Canning is described as labouring under a considerable degree of excitement, and when he had finally exhausted the number of queries allowed by the rules of the game, and had to hazard his only guess, he did it with an agitated and anxious air that was curious to witness in one who was accustomed to decide the destiny of nations. The great statesman was, however, successful; the object fixed on had been the wand of office of the Usher of the Black Rod, and Mr. Canning declared that he had guessed it at an early stage of the proceedings—he had felt convinced what it was, but was afraid of destroying his only chance by guessing too rashly. A singular fact connected with this evening's amusement, illustrative, in a striking manner what a wholesome influence such pastimes exercise over a family circle. The game on this particular night lasted nearly two hours, during which time not one drop of wine was drunk! This in a day when after-dinner pleasures were universally enjoyed, is the best commentary upon the advantages that must result from the introduction of fireside games.

The history of many of our fireside pastimes dates from periods of great antiquity, and the origins of some are involved in considerable mystery. The Enigma is one of the most ancient of the pastimes which we retain at present; the title is derived from the Greek words *avvayvay*, to hint a thing darkly; and *avvay*, an obscure speech. The Jews were not unacquainted with enigmas, and Gale, in his *Court of Gentiles*, seems to think that the Egyptians borrowed them from that ancient people. The celebrated enigma propounded by the Sphinx is one of the earliest on record. But there is still extant one more famous still, which is notorious for having occupied the attention of the learned in every age, and baffling every attempt to solve it. It is of Spanish origin, and is copied from the Bologna marbles preserved in the Volturno family. It is written in Latin, but we subjoin a translation of this mysterious problem:—

## LITERAL TRANSLATION.

D. M.

ALIA LALIA CRISTUS;

NEITHER MAN, NOR WOMAN, NOR HERMAPHRODITE, NOR GIRL, NOR YOUTHFUL WOMAN, NOR AGED DAME, NOR CHASTE WOMAN, NOR HARLOT, NOR FRAUD,

BUT ALL;

SNATCHED AWAY,

NEITHER BY FAMINE, NOR BY THE SWORD, NOR BY POISON,

BUT BY ALL;

NEITHER IN THE SKIES, NOR IN THE WATERS, NOR ON THE EARTH,

BUT EVERYWHERE SHE LIES;—

NEITHER HUSBAND, LOVER, OR INTIMATE FRIEND, HE WHO GRIEVES, HE WHO REJOICES, OR HE WHO WEeps, KNOWS HER, OR THIS FUNERAL TILL, THIS PYRAMID, OR THIS SEPULCHRE,

BUT ALL THINGS;

AND LUCIUS ADATHO PRISCUS KNOWS NOT FOR WHOM IT MAY HAVE BEEN PLACED.

The term Riddle, which is used indiscriminately for all puzzles depending upon the particular arrangement of words, has for its origin the Belgic "racden," and the Saxon "arothan," and corresponds with the *scrupus* or *scrupus* of the Latins. The alchemists of old were great dealers in riddles, and nearly all their recipes for constructing that chimera—the philosopher's stone—were couched in enigmatical language, which probably was quite as incomprehensible to the writers as the readers. Obscure laws were called by the ancients, "enigmatica legis," and the Egyptian language was nothing more than one great enigma. Of late years, these problems have assumed a more instructive shape than that of concealing absurd sorceries.

Our senior contemporary, *The Family Friend*, deserves well of the community for the ingenious manner in which enigmas have been applied to the diffusion of useful knowledge. An enigma, as it now stands, is recognised as being founded upon some one word or object, regarding which, a number of paradoxical assertions can be asserted, and afterwards reconciled by some peculiar process of reasoning. When the enigma is founded upon a scientific fact, it may be made the medium of conveying knowledge, and impressing it more forcibly on the memory, than twice the number of set lessons.

The Charade, which seems to be an offspring of the Enigma, owes its title and origin to a French gentleman of the same name, who probably invented the ingenious trifle in some idle hour. At first its application was confined to those little versified affairs which one sees in the pamphlets of puzzles which annually make their appearance; but lately the Charade has assumed a dramatic character, and constitutes, in that form, one of our most popular home pastimes.

There can be no feature which adds so great a charm to the domestic circle as the introduction of those *délassements*, which combine with amusement some degree of intellectuality; and few who have not tried this experiment, will believe how much the mental powers of youth are developed by these simple games.

Science, by combining the commonest materials, produces such fabrics as glass and gunpowder; and a man of mind will treat the most trifling matters in such a way as frequently to render it the most profitable. A definition may point a moral, and an enigma illustrate a great fact; and even the simplest of fireside games may train young minds to thought, and serve as an intellectual whetstone.

It is much to be regretted that there does not circulate amongst the lower classes of society a larger desire for amusements of this description. The mining population of Cornwall and Wales, who spend too much of their substance in debauchery and riot, might be much elevated if a system of home pastimes could be introduced among them. The false excitement of gin would then be supplied by an intellectual excitement; and being omitted at home, the "duffling shops," where the reckless men spend all their money, would lose their customers, and consequently their ill-got profits. It is no use to say that these classes of men are not capable of enjoying such amusements. We ourselves know a mine in South Wales, where the men have established a most excellent brass band amongst themselves, have a very good collection of instruments, and evince the greatest attachment to their musical recreations. Nearly all the performers had once been notorious drunkards, but now partake of nothing stronger than tea or water.

Amongst the large factory districts of England, too, where vice reigns supreme, what a change for the better might be accomplished by the establishment of some kind of club, where reading and other pastimes should offer some inducement for the wretched gin-drinkers of the neighbourhood to quit the poisonous atmosphere of the gin-shops for a quiet hour by a happy fireside. See how the Lowell factory girls have produced and supported unassisted a most excellent periodical. The example is one worthy of imitation.

Let no one sneer at the title with which we have opened this little paper, or fancy that the venerated name of Philosophy is desecrated by a conjunction with that of Pastime. The wisest and greatest men may, without laying down their dignity, take up the rattle of the child—and an unassuming gravity is too frequently a cloak with which fools endeavour to conceal their folly. Lady Hester Stanhope relates of her illustrious relative, Peter, that he was accustomed to say, that he "would not give a fig for a man who would not talk nonsense."—Neither would we.

Those, then, who would cultivate true happiness within the limits of their home, (and it is a plant that is seldom reared,) should endeavour to fill the leisure hours of the fireside with some amusing and instructive game, which should give increased status to "EVENINGS AT HOME."—See p. 18.

## THE RAGGED GIRL'S SUNDAY.

BY MARY BENNETT.

"O DEAR mamma, that little girl  
Forgets this is the day  
When children should be clean and neat,  
And read, and learn, and pray."

"Her face is dirty, and her frock—  
Holes in her stockings, see!  
Her hair is such a fright—Oh! dear  
How wicked she must be!"

"She's playing in the kennel dirt  
With ragged girls and boys—  
Whilst I on Sunday scarcely touch  
My clean and pretty toys."

"I go to church, and sit so still—  
I in the garden walk—  
Or take my place beside the fire  
And hear nice Sunday talk."

"I read my Bible—learn my hymns,  
My Catechism say—

That wicked little girl does not—  
She only cares to play."

"Ah! hush that boasting tongue, my love,  
Reprens self-glorying pride—  
You can do nothing of yourself—  
Friends all your actions guide."

"Thank them, if you are clean and neat,  
Thank them if you are taught  
To keep the holy Sabbath day  
Or do what else you ought."

"The nestling bird that waits for food  
With open beak and eager cry—  
The new-born lamb that on the grass  
Beside its dam doth lie,

"Are not so helpless, child, as you?  
Then let us proud thoughts fling  
You ragged girl has no kind friends  
To make her good and wise."

A PEDLAR COME UP WITH.—A pedlar, calling on an old lady to dispose of some goods, inquired of her if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar had ever travelled? "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar has ever travelled (the pedlar's countenance brightened) and that's—the road to heaven."



## \* THE BLOOMER COSTUME

BY R. KEMP PHILP.

THE first man that carried an umbrella was mobbed through the streets of London. The first American lady that assumed "pantalettes," became at once the object of stupid curiosity and idle gossip. Editors with little to write, and loungers with nothing to do, let loose their mischievous pens and tongues, and made notorious, by brainless criticism and heartless ridicule, that which should have been received in a kind and gentlemanly spirit. The question of costume is a material branch of social economy. It is also important in relation to health. And as a matter of taste, it is a premier consideration.

Fashion has ever been most arbitrary and capricious. At one period, ladies wore frills around their necks that seemed designed to sweep the cobwebs from the ceilings. At another time, long trains, that were either necessarily thrown across the arm, and became a constant burthen, or were borne behind by pages, who appeared like so many chickens following a peacock. Horned head-dresses were once the rage. When Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, it was necessary to make all the doors of the palace both higher and wider, to admit the enormous head-dresses of the queen and her ladies. The men in China wear petticoats; the women, pantalettes. The Scotch used to go with naked legs. Greek women wear pantalettes. Italian and Swiss women wear short petticoats. Welsh women wear short petticoats, and in many cases dispense with stockings and shoes. Not long ago, large balloon sleeves were adopted, which looked as if the wearer had thrust her arms through inflated pillow cases. At one time, gowns were very short-waisted, scanty in the skirt, and fell trolloping about the legs and heels in a most unbecoming manner. At another period, ladies had their skirts hooped, so that they were obliged to be tilted up to enable them to pass a narrow doorway. Latterly, the hoops have been dispensed with, but a superabundance of material has been arranged, by a contrivance which we dare not name, though our eyes have too often been familiarised therewith, by the unblushing display made in the windows of ladies' "establishments" in London. Here are



THE TWO EXTREMES.

Mrs. Bloomer, the advocate and designer of the new Costume which bears her name, has made no unreasonable innovation. She is described by authentic sources as a lady of intellect and taste. She has chosen her style, and has a right to it, without the interference of stupid critics, whose absurd fancies in dress, from head to foot, would, if rightly estimated, find no place among either the useful or the ornamental. We find the following testimony to her character, in the *Boston Museum*:—

"Some few persons at a distance have supposed, because Mrs. Bloomer came out as a fearless advocate of short dresses and trousers, that her manners were coarse, bold, and masculine; and that her appearance in the street must, as a matter of course, be far from that of a refined and modest lady. Nothing, however, can be farther from the truth than such a supposition. We have met with her in various parts of the Empire States, and whether she appears in the streets of her own town, or among strangers, she evinces the same elegance of breeding and child-like simplicity, so universally admired in the female sex. She sees nothing but what should be seen, hears nothing but what should be heard. If there should by chance be congregated upon the side-walks a company of low-minded persons, who should take it upon themselves, as the 'lords of the creation,' to dictate what women should or should not wear, and should express these views in the hearing of Mrs. Bloomer, she neither drops her head in shame and mortification, pouts out her lips, and glances past them in a passion, nor turns upon her heel to give them a cold look of disdain and contempt, but is both blind and deaf to everything that passes, and her countenance continues to express that same purity

and happiness within, that would be expected from a child of fifteen engaged in cultivating a bed of flowers, and her thoughts occupied only with the goodness and wisdom of an all-wise God."

We receive this testimony with much satisfaction. Mrs. Bloomer is the editress of an American publication, which occupies a highly respectable standing. We shake hands with our sister contemporary across the broad Atlantic. We admire her courage and her taste, and have no hesitation in saying that we like



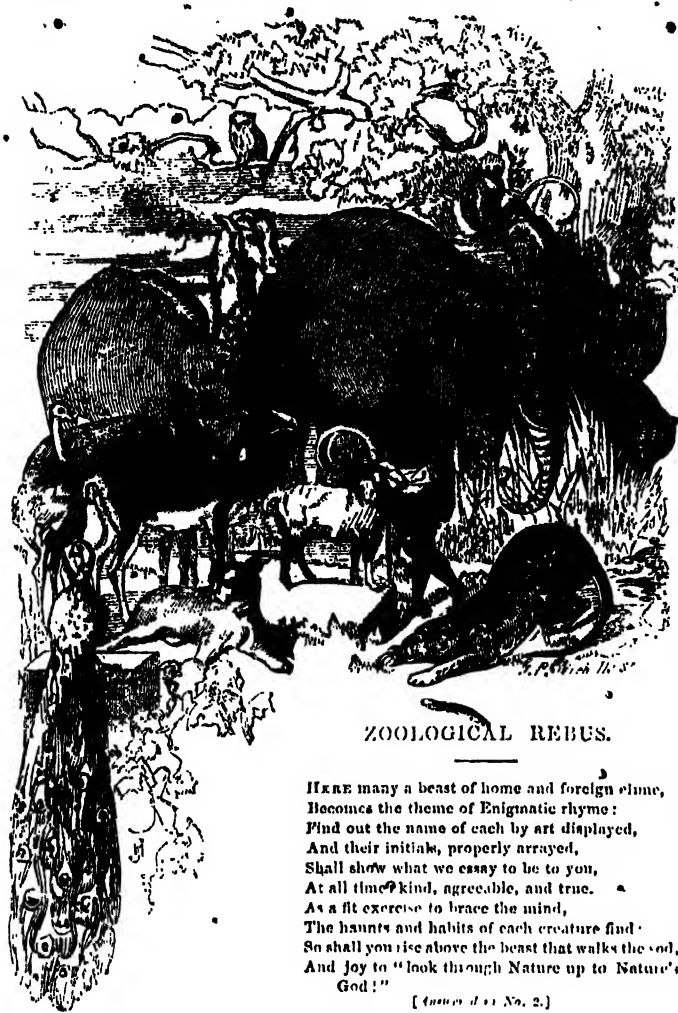
THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

That it will influence future fashions, we are certain; because the new style comes recommended not merely as a matter of taste, but upon grounds of delicacy and health. The present mode of dress entails upon its votaries the horrible system of tight-lacing, by which thousands of Earth's fairest creatures are brought prematurely to the grave. Upon this ground, if upon no other, it ought to be changed. We need not say much in advocacy of the Bloomer costume. It is "out," and the wet and windy days of winter will do more than our own pen, to extinguish the love of inflated petticoats. The illustrations of the new dress, which we have given, are the most stylish of those yet adopted. There are many modifications adapted to age and station; and, doubtless, before the fashion comes fully in, there will be many intermediate stages. The ladies' pantalettes are a step in the Bloomer direction. We would be the last to recommend to the ladies a premature stride to any extreme that may provoke curiosity or scandal. Most ladies, though blooming, are not Bloomers; they must wait, therefore, the changing current of public feeling. We shall be sorry if any person, aiming at notoriety, should damage a cause which is really good. It cannot be denied that the lady who so dexterously stepped upon the platform at the Literary Institution, John-street, to display and advocate the Bloomer attire, did anything but a good service by exhibiting herself to the crowd at a charge of twopence for admission! Every cause is marred by some such indiscretions. A movement against established customs and usages should always be conducted with great decorum. The Bloomer dress combines greater grace, comfort, delicacy, and safety, than any style we have yet seen. We believe it was old Cobbett who said of the Quakers, that they, if they could have their will, "would have the sky drab, the sea drab, the flowers drab, the grass and the trees drab—in fact, everything drab." He said this, or something like it. We are not so inclined. We like beauty in everything. Nature renders it everywhere; and the female form, most beautiful of all beauties, should not be defaced by hangings that would supply a bed, nor be deformed by machinery that would cripple a horse. The movement has been begun in good earnest, and we have no doubt that the advocates of the change will long be found



KEEPING UP THE AGITATION!

"MEN talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, and a hundred other shining qualities; but after seven years' union not one of them is to be compared to good family management which is seen at every meal and felt at every hour in a husband's life."



## ZOOLOGICAL REBUS.

HERE many a beast of home and foreign clime,  
Becomes the theme of Enigmatic rhyme:  
Find out the name of each by art displayed,  
And their initials, properly arrayed,  
Shall show what we essay to be to you,  
At all times kind, agreeable, and true.  
As a fit exercise to brace the mind,  
The haunts and habits of each creature find.  
So shall you rise above the beast that walks the road,  
And joy to "look through Nature up to Nature's  
God!"

[Answered in No. 2.]

## CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &amp;c.

When by the margin of some stream  
Your pleasant way you speed,  
While gentle zephyrs murmur round,  
My first you'll see the reed.

When clustering armies tread the earth,  
And men kill fellow-men,

Till earth is dyed with human gore,  
My second aids them then,

My whole;—ah! words must fail me now,  
To tell the same and worth;  
Suffice it that the name shall live.  
So long as lives the earth.—E. D. C.

[Answered in No. 2.]

## MUMBO JUMBO; OR, THE JUGGLER.

HAVE you heard!—Mumbo Jumbo, of great renown  
In *serab* Jugglery, has just come to town.  
"Would be quite impossible to tell unto you  
All his curious tricks, but I'll tell you a few.

1. Quietly the juggler sat on a chair,  
He whipped off his head, and yet left there the hair!
2. Immediately after a monkey he took,  
Put on a new head—'twas a lady's short cloak!
3. He next took a lady's own puppy "dear,"  
And added a vowel—a balm did appear!
4. A county of England he took—in a minute,  
By seizing a portion, no people were in it!
5. A county of Ireland (also a town),  
By turning and twisting, was turned into stone!
6. Of an officer's plume (or a feather would suit),  
He cut off the tail, and lo! 'twas a fruit!

[Answered in No. 2.]

## UNCLE O'S ENIGMA.

1. No one has seen me by myself, yet largely I abound,  
Both on the surface of the earth and underneath the ground;
2. I am lighter than a feather, mounting up into the sky,  
Yet down in mines the deepest, like a thief I often lie.
3. To man I'm quite obedient, if he manage me aright,  
And yet I've often slain him when he trifled with my might.
5. I've a sharp and useful sister, we are often found together,  
In all places, and all companies, and every kind of weather;
6. You won't see either separate, yet when we are joined in two,  
There is nothing you more clearly see beneath the shining sun.
7. As you look on us united we may vanish from your sight,  
And yet we are not sundered, though you cannot trace our flight.  
We rise together to the sun, to move unseen in air,  
Or we rest within the crimson cloud, where the sun is bright and fair;
8. We ride amongst the mist on the lofty mountain's brow,  
Or we glide along the stream in the valley far below;
9. The snow has been our dwelling-place, (11) the ice may be our grave,  
We have hung upon the tiny leaf, we've been cradled in the wave;
12. The mountain lake has been our bed, we have mingled in the roar  
Of the waters in the cataract, the billows on the shore;
13. But for us both the flame upon the hearth would soon expire,  
Yet, united, we give greatest help in putting out a fire;
14. In city, town, and village, we oft run beneath your feet,  
Yet at your wish we climb the house the highest in the street;  
We are thought of little value when in plenty we abound,  
Yet when scanty, or when wanting, how precious are we found!
15. We can quench the parching thirst, we can cool the feverish brow,  
We have been like life from very death to many a one I trow.
16. We're the greatest friends of cleanliness, and would sweep all filth away,  
Making every house, street, court, and lane, sweet as the new-mown hay;
17. We have a negro cousin, as dark as very night,  
And yet with her we often join to make the darkness light;—  
But of her, my sister, or myself, to tell more should I try,  
I fear a key to what I've said I'd only thus supply!
18. So I'll stop, and ask you now to guess my name, and their names too,  
And to bring of this enigma all the meaning full in view;  
I cannot promise you for this, what some would count a prize,  
But more knowledge is no small reward to all the truly wise.

[Answered in No. 2.]

## A TRANSPOSITION.

## EOAIHCNRS

HERE are nine letters, which transpose,  
And a sweet flower they'll soon disclose;  
Transpose again, and they'll as clear reveal  
That which, if yours, you'd anxious strive to heal.

[Answered in No. 2.]

## ONE CONUNDRUM.—DISCOVERY CHALLENGED!

What sort of a noise possesses horns?

[Answered in No. 2.]

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(To be Continued until Discontinued.)



The celebrated Baron Brag, in ambush near a stream,  
kills three Ducks and an enormous Woodcock! It is  
supposed that the shot scattered widely in the mouth of  
the towing-places.



On taking the Woodcock out of the water, the Baron  
is astonished to find that its bill has stuck through a large  
Carp, which is thereby caught!



Having reached home he is astonished upon taking off  
his boots, to find that they contain a number of snakes—  
the whole making a capital day's sport!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

*Corner-cups have always been popular. The chimney-corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner-cupboard! what stores of sweet things has it contained for us in our youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groined in manhood! A snug corner in a will! who ever objected to such a thing! A corner in a woman's heart! once got there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! arrive at that, and you become immortal.*

ROBERT HALL said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

It is a bad sign when a preacher tries to drive home his logic by thumping the desk violently with his clenched hand. His arguments are so fist-ical.

A QUEEN gatherer of statistics says, that of one hundred and fifty-eight women whom he met in the streets of a city in a given time, one hundred were sucking their parasol handles.

ALL the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

A LITTLE girl, walking one day with her mother in a grave-yard, reading one after another the praises of those who slept beneath, said, "I wonder where they bury the sinners!"

WINTER, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

It was the custom of the higher order of the Germans to drink mead, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom comes the expression, to "spend the honeymoon."

AN Irishman dropped a letter into the post office, the other day, with the following memorandum on its corner for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten the delay of this!"

A YOUNG lady, recently married to a farmer, one day visited the cow-house, when she thus interrogated the milk-maid: "By-the-by, Mary, which of these cows is it that gives the butter-milk? And which one gives the skim-milk?"

THE nearer young men approach manhood, the less liberty they allow their necks. On "entering the world," a dandy submits to almost as much choking as felons do when going out of it. Queer that there should be such a close connexion between gentility and strangulation.

NOT long ago, on the coast of Africa, a captain was going to throw one of his crew, who was dying, overboard, before he was dead. So the man says—"You are not a-going to bury me alive, are you?" "Oh!" says the captain, "you needn't be so jolly particular to a few minutes!"

A SCOTCHMAN thus describes an accident: Vonce a long vile ago, I vent into mine abble orchard, to climb a bear tree to get some peaches to make vrow a plumb-budding mit; and when I gets on the tobermost branch, I vall from the lowermost limb, mit von leg on both sides of the fence, and like to stove my outside in."

A TALKING-MATCH lately "came off" at New Orleans for five dollars a side. It continued, according to the *Advertiser*, for thirteen hours, the rivals being a Frenchman and a Kentuckian. The bystanders and judges were all talked to sleep, and when they waked up in the morning, they found the Frenchman dead, and the Kentuckian whispering in his ear.

DR. B. of Boston was called to visit a lady in Chelsea. After continuing his calls for some weeks, she expressed her fears that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "O, madam," replied the doctor, innocently, "I have another patient in the neighbourhood, and thus you know, I kill two birds with one stone!"

A YANKEE who visited the mother country some time ago, and who was asked, on coming back, how he liked Great Britain:—Well, he said, England was a very nice little country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous, and very wealthy; "but," said he, "I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge."

A YOUNG lady of eighteen, Miss B., was engaged to be married to a gentleman of thirty-six. Her mother having noticed her low spirits for some time, inquired the reason. "Oh dear, mamma," replied the young lady, "I was thinking about my husband being twice my age!" "That's very true; but he's only thirty-six." "He's only thirty-six now, dear mamma; but when I'm sixty—" "Well," "Oh, dear! why, then he'll be a hundred and twenty!"

"MR. SMITH, you said you suspected the prisoner was a rogue the moment you saw him—why did you so suspect him?"

"Because he shed my rooms without beating down the price."

"Is that a rule without many exceptions?"

"It's a rule without no exceptions, yer vorship—honest men are always stingy, and are never satisfied unless they get a dollar's worth of meat for ninety cents worth of money."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Smith. Crier, call the next witness."

"John Rutherford"—*Dutchman*

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

Boys that are philosophers at six years of age, are generally blockheads at twenty-one. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads, that they become cracked in order to hold it.

A TASTE for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit—who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you want but two or three agents—the book and the candle.

THOUGH a printer may be sitting all day, yet, in his own way, he is a great traveller, (or at least his hand is,) as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8,000 oms a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and, of course, returning, making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 2,000 miles.

### JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is imbued with honey. Hence those who are much exposed to the venom of these little creatures, when they have occasion to hive bees, or take a nest of wasps, smear their face and hands with honey, which is found to be the best preservative. When we are annoyed with insult, persecution, and oppression, from perverse and malignant men, the best defence against their venom is to have the spirit bathed in honey. Let every part be saturated with meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and patience, and the most spiteful enemy will be disappointed in his endeavours to inflict a sting. We shall remain uninjured, while his venom returns to corrode his own malignant bosom; or what is far better, the honey with which he comes in contact will neutralize his hatred, and the good returned for evil will overcome evil with good.

### ONE.

One hour lost in the morning by laying in bed will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by early rising is worth one month of labour in a year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will learn all others in company bad tricks.

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbour dresses, and how little she can get will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is peevish or lazy, and deprives his family of necessary comforts, such as their neighbours enjoy, is not as desirable a husband as he ought to be.

One kind word may turn aside a torrent of anger.

One doubt may lead to disbelief.

One glass of wine is better than two.

One God alone can be God.

### THE FOUR GREAT POWERS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE.

The Russian possessions in Europe, Asia, and America, cover an area of 262,251 square miles, with a population of 67,935,000. The annual expenditure of the Russian States amounts to £20,000,000, and the public debt is £122,000,000. Notes to an amount of £62,000,000 are in circulation. The Russian army numbers 700,000 men, and the fleet consists of 715 vessels, with 5,500. The mercantile marine has 1,100 vessels, of 100,000 tons. The average value of annual exports is £28,120,000; and of imports, £22,000,000.

Austria has 12,158 square miles, and 37,900,000 inhabitants. The expenditure is £33,000,000, and the public debt is £183,000,000. Bank-notes in circulation, £42,000,000. The army numbers 500,000 men, and the fleet has 156 vessels and 600 guns. There are 580 merchant ships, with a tonnage of 162,426 tons. Imports, £14,000,000; exports, £13,000.

France, minus her colonies, has 279,793 square miles, with 35,500,000 inhabitants. Expenditure, £64,000,000; debt, £221,000,000; notes, £17,000,000; army, 265,463 men; fleet, 328 vessels, 3,000 guns; mercantile marine ships, 4,353—joint tonnage, 113,048 tons; imports, £40,000,000; exports, £47,000,000.

Prussia, 5,104 square miles, and 16,400,000 inhabitants. Expenditure, £18,000,000; debt, £30,000,000; bank-notes, £9,000,000; standing army (minus the Landwehr) 217,200 men; fleet, 38 vessels, 84 guns, and 977 merchant vessels, of 4 joint tonnage of 2,977 tons.



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We need not explain our plans: they speak through the pages which now lie before you. We make no pledges, enter into no engagements. As your weekly *Companion* we may be dismissed at any moment if our conduct shall prove unsatisfactory. We are ambitious to secure an unprecedented popularity, and have not enough to know that in the present age hollow pretensions will not serve those who make them for more than a very short season. \*To our present and future deeds, therefore, and not to empty promises, we invite your attention. We shall rejoice to continue in friendly Companionship with you so long as you consider us worthy.

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## Rules for Correspondents.

17, out of our 2,500,000 readers, only one in a thousand addresses us in our Editorial capacity within the first month of our career, we shall receive two thousand five hundred letters. So, now, Reader, as you may be one in your cycle of a thousand, heed what your *Companion* says before you put pen to paper.

Consider that an Editor is human, and expect not from his hands or head that which may not come within the fair compass of his ability and duty.

Keeping this in view, your requests shall always meet with prompt and polite attention. Information shall be afforded to you upon various subjects, suggested by your solicitations.

Of course, your letters will be prepaid; will always be legibly and briefly written, and will be dictated in a fair, round-hand. "To the Editor of *The Home Companion*, 69, Fleet Street, London." Don't puzzle the postman, by stupid hieroglyphics; nor annoy our neighbour *Punch* by erroneous postal deliveries, only to disappoint and annoy him, by exhibiting the amount of correspondence pouring into us. But let the display to the postman's eye, of a clear bold hand, be a sort of *prima facie* evidence that the packet is for the *Companion*.

And while you think what the Editor may do for you, consider, sometimes, what you may do for him.—What advice, what hints, what practical benefits you may diffuse through the pages of his "Glean Book." Let there subsist a literary *Companionship*, mutually beneficial and interesting. So shall our path be cheered by pleasant intercommunications, making our occupation a pleasure, and its fruits to millions.

**STATIONERS.**—Books and paper were formerly sold only at stalls, hence the dealers were called stationers. The company of stationers of London is of great antiquity, and existed long before printing was invented; yet it was not incorporated until 3 Philip and Mary, 1555. Their old dwelling was in Paternoster-row.—*Mortimer*.

**STARCHING OF LINEN.**—Starch is a sediment produced at the bottom of vessels wherein wheat has been steeped in water; is soft and friable, easily broken into powder; and is used to stiffen and clear linen, with blue; its powder is employed to powder the hair. The art of starching linen was brought into England by Mrs. Dingheim, a Flemish woman, 1 Mary, 1555.—*Stowe*.

**GERMAN PASTE.**—"Sir—I send you a receipt for making German paste for cage birds, which will be found of better quality and cheaper than what is sold in the shops.—Boil four eggs until quite hard, then throw them into cold water; remove the white, and grate or pound the yolks until quite fine, and add a pound of white meal and a tablespoonful of olive oil. Mix the whole up together, and press the dough through a tin colander so as to form into small grains like sand. Fry them over a gentle fire, gradually stirring them until of a light brown colour, when they are fit for use.—*M.*"

**DRUNKARDS.**—The phrase "Drunk as a lord," arose out of an old proverb, "Drunk as a beggar;" and we are told that it was altered owing to the vice of drunkenness prevailing more among the great of late years. Drunkenness was punished in many of the early nations with exemplary severity. In England, a canon law restrained it in the clergy so early as A.D. 747. Constantine, King of Scots, punished this offence against society with death. He used to say, that a drunkard was but the mimic of a man, and differed from the beast only in shape, A.D. 876. Drunkenness was restrained in the community in England in 975; and by several later laws.—*Dick of Dates*.

**SUPPER RECOMMENDED.**—Dr. Holland asserts that we die injuriously with the night by bringing the time of dinner so close upon it. The interval of four or five hours between the earliest meal of the day and the time of going to bed, is by no means the most favourable to sound rest. The early stage of digestion is passed over, during which there is a natural tendency to repose, and it is at this time when the system, as respects the

influence of food, is taking up a more active state—and when exercise, rather than the recumbent posture, is expedient in forwarding helpfully the latter stages of this process. The old method of supper at bed-time is sequel to dinner in the middle of the day was better in regard to comfort and completeness of rest at night, and the habit of good sleep may often be retrieved by adopting a plan of this kind when every anodyne has failed of effect.

**DRESS.**—Excess in dress was restrained by a law in England, in the reign of Edward IV., 1465. And again in the reign of Elizabeth, 1574.—*Stowe*. Sir Walter Raleigh, we are told, wore a white satin pinked vest, close sleeved to the wrist, and over the body a brown doublet finely flowered, and embroidered with pearls. In the feather of his hat, a large ruby and pearl drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button. His breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes, which on great court days were so gorgeously covered with precious stones, as to have exceeded the value of £5,000; and he had a suit of armour of solid silver, with sword and belt blazoned with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. King James's favourite, the duke of Buckingham, could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les Dames de la Cour*.—*Dick of Dates*.

**DECEITFULNESS.**—We don't fight—let that be understood. Not that we are afraid to die; but that we have courage to live. First, we set up the resolution never to do another a wilful injury; next, if an injury be alleged against us, we will examine, determine, and repair it, according to our best ability. We care not for scandal; we can live it down. Scandal is based either upon truth or falsehood. If upon truth, take a lesson, and avoid giving cause for it in the future; if upon falsehood, it will wither up and die, and people will point at it as a loathsome thing, poisoned by its own venom. We have seen many an adder crushed by a cart-wheel, and left dead upon the dusty road. And in the moral world, we have seen the greatness of truth crush into atoms the most crafty device of calumny and falsehood. We shall see this again; it is a daily occurrence in the world's progress. Great fighters are often great cowards, in all real trials of the heart. They have muscle—not brains. A gentleman was once challenged, for having, contrary to previous arrangement, opened a ball, by taking the hand of a certain lady. He replied to the challenge—"Sir—because I opened a ball last night, I see no reason why a ball should open this morning!" This reply was



A MOST DECIDED HIT!

**INK.**—The ancient black inks were composed of soot and very black, and Vitruvius and Pliny mention lamp-black; but they had likewise various colours, as red, gold, silver, and purple. Red ink was made by them of vermilion and various kinds of gum. **INDIAN INK** is brought from China, and must have been in use by the people of the east from the earliest ages, most of the artificial Chinese productions being of very great antiquity. It is usually brought to Europe in small quadrangular cakes, and is composed of a fine black and animal glue.—*Intable or Sympathetic Ink* is the same given in fluids, which, when written with, will remain invisible until after a certain operation. Various kinds were known at very early periods. Ovid teaches young women to deceive their guardians by writing to their lovers with new milk, and afterwards making the writing invisible with ashes or soot. A receipt for preparing invisible ink was given by Peter Borel, in 1653. Receipts for making it were given by Le Mort, in 17, and by others.—*Beckmann*.

in game and poultry arrive from the country, in consequence of the doctors drawing the entrails before they despatch them. It may not be wise to look a gift horse in the mouth, and to remonstrate might give offence; but I respectfully suggest that a hint on this point from you will convey very general and desirable information, particularly at the Christmas season, when an exchange of presents usually take place between friends. D.—[Many persons are in the habit of paunching hares, and drawing poultry, before they pack them in baskets, but the practice is a bad one; for the entrails of the animals should be left, and no air admitted into the interior of the body, until they are required for trussing. It is easier to complain of than to remedy the evil pointed out by D. however, because sportsmen, who have much reason to walk over, or stalk through, a hare as soon as

ents, and poultry should be ordered for the occasion, and sent just as we see it exhibited in the London shops, undrawn and untrussed, with the head on. Sportsman desirous to make presents of their game, should also avoid paunching it, and above all, dry it before it is packed, as hares or birds killed in wet weather, and packed wet, are apt to become mouldy if they have far to travel.]

**WASHER.**—"Mr. Editor, during a recent exertion in Kent, my attention has been much directed to the importance of adopting means for the diffusion of local information; and this idea has been chiefly suggested by incidents connected with my little tour. We live in an age when persons of all ranks and conditions are thirsting of knowledge; and with regard to those who occupy the humbler position in society, it ought to be a ruling desire to furnish them with such information as may tend to enlarge and improve the mind. One useful publication (*The Servants' Magazine*) explains to its readers somewhat concerning the familiar objects by which they are surrounded, and I was much pleased to hear, lately, in a public garden, a respectable-looking nursemaid communicating to her youthful charge knowledge which she had evidently derived from a paper in that work, entitled *Flowers for the Nursery*. Soon after, a few days after, by the side of the river Thames, near Old Milton, a little girl, evidently the one smut servant of an humble family, came up to me with a baby in her arms, and a piece of common river-weed in her hand, eagerly inquiring if I would tell her the name and uses of the "thing" which she had picked up. It was no small pleasure to converse for a few moments with this intelligent child, who spoke with the greatest delight of being taken by her mistress to see the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. The thought of local histories, however, did not occur to me, till walking one morning on the East Cliff, at Dover, I passed the dwelling in the rock, and observed the nests with which its inhabitants had planted their wild and romantic solitude. Then it was, that remembering the incident of the little girl, the idea which I beg leave to suggest to you, forcibly occurred to me. Now, Mr. Editor, my thought is simply this: that local tracts, at a cost of not more than two or threepence each, might be rendered widely useful. Take, for example, Dover, the sea, the rocks, the wild flowers, the crows that build their nests among the crags, the pebbles, and the sea-weeds. What a delight might it not be rendered to the fisherman to read concerning his sunny prey to the intelligent boy who ranges among the rocks in quest of the finest flowers, to know their names and uses; and to many who toil wearily up the steep ascent that leads to Dover Castle, with its ruined church and lighthouse, if their labour was rewarded by information relative to those relics of old times, if they were not left to exclaim sadly, as two countrywomen whom we passed, 'There's nobody here to tell us anything.' It may be, that some among your numerous *Companions* may follow out this idea, and lend their aid towards compiling such tracts, of an amusing, intelligent, and pious character, by aid of which, much valuable information might be beneficially diffused.—Truly, yours, M. R."

**TRUE PAPERS.**—If young ladies will tear up the *Home Companion* after reading it—if they will forget the claims of friendship, and turn coldly upon the favourite of the previous hour, there is no use in which we would have our pet sheet so willingly supplied as to that of holding watch at night over those lovely locks that are to spread their enchantments, like newly-opened flowers, at the dawn of the morning. To rest so near the lovely cheek of innocence is a privilege which we shall never be found to speak slightly of. But there is one other duty which we prefer discharging—that of strengthening and embellishing the mind, and keeping it from rust and corruption. To do this we must be a *Companion* through years, not merely through moments. We shall be jealous, therefore, of any neglectful treatment. We cannot lie upon dusty shelves, nor wrap round spluttering candles, nor ensfold lullabies for boys or girls. We wish to be bound to and by our readers through a long and agreeable acquaintance. All our details and arrangements are constructed with this view, and at the end of each year we shall issue an Index and a Cover that will compass, with our several numbers, a volume elegant and useful. We now conclude our first labour, and expectance a dreary pleasant weariness. Use us kindly, gentle reader, and while we dose say no unkind things of us, but rather applaud the will that would serve you more ably if it had the power. And remember that we inflexibly protest against every misapplication, save to be used as **TRUE PAPERS!**—Our Second Number is now ready, and will accompany you home upon your calling on any Bookseller.



Printed by WILLIAM BOLINGTON, 92, Goswell Street, London: and published for the Proprietor by JOHN West Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION;

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

o. 2.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

[PRICE PENNY.]

## SCANDAL—A WARNING TO THE LADIES.

ALTERED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF ANN E. PORTER.

AUNT WOODBURY, though she had great confidence in her own power of secret-keeping, was known throughout the neighbourhood for her love of gossip, and her insatiable thirst for the marvellous. No one delighted more to drink water out of another's well, and running water out of her neighbour's cistern. She knew how often Mrs. Smith went shopping, and how much she gave per yard for all she bought. She learned how many dozen eggs her neighbour Todd sold during the season; and she never rested quiet in her bed afterwards until she found out how many eggs this same lady put in her cakes and pies.

She was particularly prying into the affairs of newly-married ladies and young housekeepers; their secrets, could she once get hold of them, were not only rolled under the tongue like a sweet morsel, but were digested, and re-digested, as if she had the two stomachs of a ruminating animal. She never attended parties, for she was a member of the "Old Presbyterian Church," in the flourishing village of Glastonbury.

There were two streets in this village, one called North Street, in which was the Methodist Meeting-House; the late South Street, where Aunt Woodbury lived, and where also she went to meeting, very regularly, in the large, old-fashioned, high-steeped Presbyterian House. Well, as I said, she never attended parties—that self-denial was a part of her creed, one of the steps of the ladder which elevated her above some of her neighbours; but, in lieu thereof, she was a most punctual member of "The Sewing Society," and no one did better service with fingers and tongue. She was also (we must present the bright side of her character) a most punctual attendant upon every church meeting. Her husband, "Good Brother Woodbury," as he was called in the neighbourhood, was an elder, and, of course, conversant with all the private business of the church. As in honour bound, he never revealed it even to his loving spouse, unless under peculiar circumstances, which circumstances we shall presently explain. Well, some items of their private business would sometimes leak out in the church meetings—often in the prayers—at other times in the remarks of brethren, whose hearts were burdened with care or sorrow. Whenever one prayed "for that erring brother who had gone astray," or that the "Achan might be removed out of the camp," then Sister Woodbury's wits were suddenly set to work.

"Well, pa," she would say, as soon as she arrived, and had deposited her bonnet and shawl in its place, and seated herself by the fire—"well, pa, what now? Who have you got up before the session this week? It does seem as if wickedness increased in high places. I thought when we got Mr. Clark out of the church for going to see Mrs. Hall so much, we should have some peace. But do pray tell what now?"

"Nothing particular that I know of, my dear."

"Nothing particular, Mr. Woodbury! Just as if I didn't know any better. Do you suppose Mr. Green would pray as he did if there wasn't some trouble? But that's just the way with you men, afraid to tell your wives anything. Just as if I couldn't keep a secret."

"Well, to tell the truth," said the patient husband, on one such occasion, "I did not attend the last session meeting, and there may be some business that I know nothing about. It does strike me that there was something rather peculiar in the prayers to-night."

"Yes, indeed, there was; and I should like to know what it is that troubles the elders so. You, as one of them, ought certainly to know. It is very strange that you should neglect the meetings."

The good elder did not answer; for, had he told the real cause of his non-attendance, it would have excited his wife's combativeness a little more than he cared to do just then. The truth was, he had one infirmity wholly beyond his ability to overcome, and which placed him completely in the power of his wife whenever he was intrusted with a secret. It had caused him much trouble, especially when finding, some years after his marriage, that his wife's head, or rather her tongue, was totally deficient in secretiveness. He could conceal nothing from her; for, however he might resolve, and re-resolve, to look fast within his inner sanctuary any important matter, he invariably found that, before he was aware, she was mistress of his treasure. He never tempted her, like "Blue Beard" with his key, but alas! she possessed a duplicate. You may wonder, my dear married ladies, and wish you knew the mystery. It is easily explained. Elder Woodbury talked in his sleep; and his wife, by asking questions cautiously, could elicit correct answers on almost any subject she chose to select. Again and again have the elders wondered how matters, known, as they supposed, only to themselves, should be village talk.

At last, the following incident gave them some clue to the mystery. It seems that Mrs. Woodbury had judged correctly in supposing that the session had some cause for praying as they did. There was one offending brother; and Elder Woodbury, having some inkling of the matter, and knowing his peculiarity and his wife's failing, had resolved to be absent from the meetings.

His safety lay in his ignorance. But he was defeated in this plan. The next afternoon, when the session was to meet, he found, on his return from his place of business to dinner, that his wife had aired his clean shirt, brought out his coat, and made ready his shaving materials. His favourite dinner was steaming on the table, and his wife said, pleasantly—

"Our minister has been here, and says that he hopes you will not fail to attend the meeting this afternoon. He has many burdens to bear, and needs all the sympathy and aid his church can give him."

Poor Mr. Woodbury! He did sympathize with his minister, and no one in the church was more ready to bear his share of the burdens; but he wanted to have no more secret cases of discipline intrusted to his keeping. However, warned by his dinner, and pleased with the good humour of his wife, he was persuaded to go, hoping that he should hereafter be able to keep watch and aid his church even in sleep.

Alas, for his resolution! He came home quite late, and very tired, with his mind perplexed and disturbed (a most favourable state for sleep talking). He said little; neither did his wife ask any questions. Those were reserved for the occasion.

Her husband was sleeping soundly when she laid her head upon her pillow; but she had no idea of following his example. A good, strong cup of green tea had produced its enlivening effect upon her again. Towards midnight the elder became more restless, and began to mutter in his sleep; his wife pushed her nightcap from her ears, and listened with all the eagerness of a cat when she hears the scratching of a mouse. She could catch nothing distinctly at first. At last, she heard the words, "Poor Pratt!" She repeated to herself—"Poor Pratt! What in the world can that mean?" Now Mr. Pratt, one of the prominent men in the church, and a trader in the place, was their nearest neighbour. "It was wrong, wrong," muttered the elder; "but the temptation was great." He then became easy awhile, leaving Mrs. Woodbury in a delectable state of suspense and curiosity. Once more he turned, and she heard him say, "It was stealing, after all." "What! has Pratt been stealing?" she ventured to ask. "Oh yes, yes," he answered. Just then, the old clock in the kitchen struck twelve, and aroused the sleeper to conscious wakefulness. His wife feigned slumber, while he arose and walked the room for some minutes; then taking a glass of cold water, he retired again and slept soundly till morning.

Mrs. Woodbury was not slow in completing her usual domestic operations the next morning. After "putting things to rights," and giving a careful look to her cakes in the oven, she threw on her blanket-shawl and hood, and went in to see her neighbour, Mrs. Todd. The latter was busy in her kitchen; but Mrs. Woodbury, telling her not to mind her presence, seated herself by the cooking-stove and took her knitting-work.

"How nice your wheat bread looks, Mrs. Todd! I think your flour must be good. Pray, where do you get it?"

"We always buy of Mr. Pratt," was Mrs. Todd's answer, as she busied herself arranging her loaves in the oven.

"Well, so have we," answered the elder's wife; but, somehow or other, the last we bought didn't seem to be just the thing—a little "runny"—and, when baked, full of large holes. Now bread, to be good, should look more uniform, full of small holes, like a piece of nice sponge."

"Yes, I know that. But I have had no trouble if I get the best flour. But it comes very high."

"Yes, it is a great price. No wonder Pratt is getting rich. I guess he makes great profits."

"He asks enough, if that is all. But they do say, if his debts were paid, he wouldn't be worth much."

"Very likely. And I guess his wife an't no great profit to him: keeps a servant all the time, so as to devote more time to her children."

"She has only three; and I get along with my four, and do all my own work. I've my doubts whether children are any better for so much attention."

"My husband says *example* is better than precept on all. Mrs. Pratt's teaching won't do much good, if her husband don't set a better example."

"Well, I don't know much against the man, after all," said Mrs. Todd, as she went on rolling her pie-crust. "They're rather strict with their children, and too close-mouthed; but pretty good neighbours, after all."

"Well, I can tell you something about 'em that'll astonish you, Mrs. Todd!"

"What can you mean?" asked the good woman, as she dropped

## SCANDAL.—A WARNING TO THE LADIES.

rolling-pin, and stood with powdered hands and wondering eyes to listen.

"It's a matter now before the session; and, I suppose, I've no business to tell of it; but you must promise not to let it be known. I wouldn't have it come from me for the world."

"Oh, of course not. You know I never would reveal it."

"Well, only think, he's accused of stealing! Yes, downright stealing! The elders and deacons are dreadfully worried about it; but they don't wish anybody to know it just now."

"Well, I never! Who would have believed it?"

"For my part, I never took any great fancy to the Pratts—rather stiff sort of folks, I always thought. But I must run and see to my own baking."

"Don't, pray, be in such a hurry. Why, I am so astonished I can hardly believe my senses!"

"Well, it's the sober truth, and we shall all know more about it soon."

As my readers may anticipate, it was soon a village secret that Mr. Pratt had been guilty of a great theft. All knew it but the accused party and his family; and they wondered, in sadness of heart, at the coldness of their neighbours and old friends, and the sudden falling off in their sales. They had not lived in the village many years; but, with the exception of a few who thought Mrs. Pratt not sufficiently gossiping to their taste, they were universally beloved. It was true that their income was small; but good management and economy "made both ends meet." It was true, also, that Mrs. Pratt preferred to take the whole management of her children, instead of sending them to the village school, and intrusted her housework to a faithful domestic, though she still "looked well to the ways of her household." An unpretending, meek, and pious woman, she aimed to do her duty to God and man. She could not, of course, be insensible to the cold looks and evident neglect of her neighbours; nor could her husband be ignorant of a great change in the course of one month in his business.

Some two months had elapsed; the gossiping tongues had not ceased their wagging; when Aunt Patty Dunn wended her way to the minister's, one morning, for the purpose of making her semi-annual visit. Now Aunt Patty was a rare sort of a news-vender. To be sure, there was no need of a "Daily Gazette" where she lived, unless to report the foreign news, for she made up a regular budget of all domestic concerns, not forgetting "prices current" and "terrible disasters." Like some of our more modern papers, she also added "births" and "intended marriages;" and, in little choice tit-bits of scandal, well seasoned, she excelled even the more noted caterers for the public taste in our large cities. But, with all this, she had the peculiar faculty of never getting into trouble herself, or exciting the indignation of others. Had she been an editor, she would never have been sued for libel, or obliged to sue for quittance under the upraised cowhide. Her curiosity and benevolence were so well balanced, and her destructiveness so small, that, though she delighted to retail gossip, she always "smoothed over" the harder parts of her story, so as to avoid giving offence. She was an amusing companion for mending-day, when one must, perforce, darn stockings, sew tapes, and stitch rents. Then, Aunt Patty, with her snuff and her spectacles, her old velvet bag and her knitting-wool, was heartily welcome.

But I am digressing. As I was saying, Aunt Patty made her semi-annual visit to the minister's, and, of course his good wife must listen to a rehearsal of events that had taken place since her last visit. The Pratts were not forgotten. Now, in some sort of moral affinity, Mrs. Pratt and Aunt Patty were good friends; not that the former confided greatly in her sociable neighbour, for she was not one to "hew for herself others that could hold no water," but the kind heart and native shrewdness of the chatty gossip won her interest. It was not necessary, however, to tell any one now that the Pratts were perplexed and troubled—I mean any one as familiar in their family as Aunt Patty. Not a word, however, had been exchanged between them on the subject. When at their house, the ladylike reserve of Mrs. Pratt forbade such allusions, even to those most in her confidence. But once at the minister's, Aunt Patty (who had long thought about it) resolved upon a bold step. She would learn from the minister himself what the session was going to do with Mr. Pratt.

"I was determined to ask you," said she, after making known her errand; "for I do feel so sorry for his wife. She don't complain a word; but I believe she is dying by inches. Why, I reckon she's lost ten pounds within a month."

"But how did this story get round, Aunt Patty?" asked the minister, sitting down by her side, as if thoroughly interested in all she had to say.

This was a new thing to the vendor of news, quite a treat, to have Mr. Laurens interested in her stories; so she launched forth and told all that "they said," and that Sister Todd said, and that Brother Hanson said; "and, to tell the truth," she added, "I am afraid Sister Woodbury is at the bottom of it, for she always knows all the church affairs; and how in the world she finds out, I can't tell, for a pruder man than the Elder never lived."

The minister heard her through patiently, and then merely added—

"I am sorry this affair has made so much talk and trouble. I will explain it all to you, Aunt Patty, before long." After saying this, he immediately entered his study.

It was this very day that Mr. Pratt returned from his shop almost disheartened. He found his wife in the nursery surrounded by her sleeping children. She, too, had had a gloomy day. Not a word was said for some minutes. Mr. Pratt drew off his boots and put on his slippers, took the newspaper from his pocket, and, after putting more wood upon the fire, said—

"Shall I read aloud, Mary?"

She burst into tears. Those few kind words had unlocked the sealed fountain.

"I must tell you," she added, "that Bridget has left us. She gave no reason, but said she liked us; we had treated her well, and paid her wages regularly, but she would rather not stay any longer."

"This is strange," said Mr. Pratt, laying down his newspaper, and rising; "and, what is more, it is not the only strange thing of late. Why, Mary, my business has decreased fifty per cent; and, with the exception of Mr. Laurens and Elder Woodbury, and a few others, I seem to have hardly a friend left. What does it mean?"

"Why, husband, you say you have hardly a friend left. I feel as if I had none. I meet averted faces and cold looks wherever I go. I do not know what we have done to merit this. I must tell you one little incident that occurred to-day. I sent Charley out for a walk, and he stopped to play awhile with some 'little boys.' But James Todd said, 'No, we won't play with Charley Pratt; his father's a thief!' I do not generally listen to the complaints of children; but, taking this in connection with other things, it has troubled me."

"It is unaccountable," said Mr. Pratt. "I am determined"—but just then the door-bell rang.

It was their minister, Mr. Laurens. He stayed some time longer than was his custom, and, though no reference was made to Mr. Pratt's peculiar situation, yet there was much sympathy and cordiality in his manner. It did them much good; and both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt retired that night in better spirits than they had known for some weeks.

The next day was Sunday. At the close of the service in the afternoon Mr. Laurens stated that he wished all the members of the church to meet him in the vestry on the afternoon of the next day. He hoped none would be absent, as there was some business of importance to be transacted. He particularly requested all the church members to be present, ladies not excepted.

The good housewives of the village, such as were numbered among the church members, were early at the wash-tub on the following morning, speculating, meanwhile, as to how the Pratts would feel, and what they would do and say. "Of course, they'll not be there," said one and another, as they met on their way to the vestry. But they were disappointed; for both Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were in their accustomed seats at the appointed hour, unconscious of the surprise their presence occasioned, and equally ignorant of the object of the meeting.

The minister was late—an unusual thing with him; but, when he entered, who should come with him but Joseph Pratt, a young man well known to them all—for he was, as Aunt Patty would have said, "Old 'Siah Pratt's son, that used to live at the Hollow." The old man was dead, and the widow, with her children, moved into a neighbouring town. Little had been heard from them since, and they had been almost forgotten by many. But this son, Joseph, had been a very interesting lad; and becoming, as he hoped, a sincere Christian, had joined the church just before leaving his native village. After a short prayer, Mr. Laurens said—

"Our young brother, Mr. Pratt, has a few words to say to the church."

The latter rose in evident agitation—

"Through the kindness of your session," he said, "I should not have been required to make this public acknowledgment of the sin I have committed; but, learning that an innocent man is suffering for my error, I resolved to come here in person and make my confession before the church. When my family left this place, as you are all aware, we were poor. I was clerk for Mr. Barnum, whom you probably all remember—"

"Yes, that we do," Aunt Patty inwardly ejaculated; "one of the greatest skin-flints the town ever produced."

"And as he moved about the same time we did, I still continued with him. He gave me five pounds a year and my board. Sickness and trouble came upon our family. I will not stop to tell you now of the death of my young brother and sister, or of the efforts of my mother to keep the children together; enough, that she laboured beyond her strength, and thus produced a disease which finally ended her life. One stormy night, after closing the shop, I went home to stay with her until morning. I found her destitute of almost every comfort. I had expended all the wages due to me, and I had not a penny wherewith to buy her the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and some wine, which he had said might possibly restore her strength a little. I hastened back to ask Mr. Barnum for a month's pay in advance. He was very surly, and refused me. As I left his door, and was hastening back, I met a gentleman on my way who said he wished to pay two pounds to Mr. Barnum, and requested me to hand it to him. I took the money. The gentleman rode away, and I stood for a moment irresolute what to do. But I thought of my mother; the temptation was too great, and I yielded—resolving, however, to pay the sum the moment I should receive my wages. Stifling all thoughts, save of my dying mother, I immediately purchased the articles she needed and ran home. I dared not tell her how I came by them; but, when she blessed me that night, and called me her beloved son, I shuddered as I thought how she might feel if she knew the crime I had committed. She grew worse rapidly, and I did not leave her until she died—no, not until the grave hid her from my sight."

"Meanwhile, my employer had found out my theft; and, when I returned to the shop, he threatened me with imprisonment. I went to the gentleman from whose hand I took the money, and told my story. He wept as I related it; and through his influence, I was saved from jail, and also put in a way to earn a larger salary than that given by Barnum. The latter was still determined upon revenge, and wrote to the session of this church that I was guilty of theft, and had proved myself an unworthy member. He knew my attachment to the home of my childhood, and to the church of which I am



member. The session dealt kindly with me, and concluded to keep the matter secret, if possible, until I had time, by sincere repentance for my sin, to regain my character; for sin it was, though the temptation was great."

We have not time, or rather we will not, lest we should be tedious, enlarge upon the story of this young man. Such suffering, and such temptation, are, alas! too common in this world of ours, where everything appears to be so much out of joint—hoarded gold and starving poor, splendid palaces and beggars' rage, the iron heel of despotism and the despairing cry of crushed humanity.

That good Elder Woodbury's wife (not Elder Woodbury's good wife, dear reader) was little profited by this meeting, we may learn from her remark to Mrs. Todd on her way home.

"Well, really, I do think it's odd enough that we all forgot that old 'S Pratt's son was a member of the church!'"

The false reports about Mr. John Pratt were, of course, soon silenced though it took some little time before many could really believe that he had not robbed a bank, or forged a note for some five hundred pounds or so.

[Reader! what thinkest thou of scandal? Has it ever flowed from thy tongue? Think of the sufferings of that "good Elder Woodbury," and avoid the error of his secret-loving scandal-talking spouse. Remember that one word may propagate a lie, while a thousand cannot overtake and undo its mischievous effects. And let this sublime principle be ever fresh upon thy heart, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."—ED. H. C.]

## EDDA MURRAY.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"Learn to win a lady's faith  
Nobly, as the thing is high;  
Bravely, as for life and death—  
With a loyal gravity.  
Lead her from the festive boards  
Point her to the starry skies,

'Guard her from your truthful words,  
Pure from courtship's flatteries.  
By your truth she shall be true—  
Ever true as wives of yore—  
And her 'Yes,' once said to you,  
Shall be 'Yes' for evermore."—E.

It was a hot sultry afternoon, at a fashionable summer resort by the sea-side. The three great events of the day were accomplished—namely, the bath, dinner, and the arrival of the mail; the visitors, therefore, had nothing to do but to get rid of the afternoon in as noisy a manner as possible, keeping themselves as warm and uncomfortable as they could, in order to prove that they were enjoying themselves after the most approved fashion. Ladies could be seen in every direction, passing from one hotel to another, sitting in and out of cottages, dressed in the most incongruous style—in silks and gauzes, fitted for a full-dress dinner or evening party; and surmounting this dressy costume was—the only really sensible article to be seen in this dominion of Folly—the prim, plain, country sun-bonnet. Fashion had established that hats at the sea-side were vulgar, and accordingly, every belle mounted one of these useful, but exceedingly ugly head-dresses. Carriages and waggons of every description started to and fro. A fine equipage drew up in front of the entrance of one of the principal hotels, and the owner of it, Mr. Martin, a prosperous merchant, with his fussy, dressy, good-natured, fat little wife, entered it. As Mr. Martin handed his wife in, he asked—

"Where's Edda?"

"Oh! let her alone, my dear," replied his wife, "she will get over her mooping after a time. She's fretted herself into a sick headache, and is lying down."

"Confound the fellow," muttered Mr. Martin, "I wish she had never seen him. If I had my way she should be divorced from him. What right has a man to a wife when he cannot support her? Now, as long as he lives, I suppose, our poor little darling will be down-hearted."

"Oh!" said the wife, settling herself back comfortably in the luxurious carriage, after having carefully disposed the folds of her rich silk gown, and heavily embroidered mantle, in a manner to crush them the least, "wait until he gets fairly settled, and the winter parties, and concerts, and operas commence, then Edda will cheer up."

"I hope so, with all my heart," ejaculated Mr. Martin; "and if money, amusements, and fine clothes can make her what she was two years ago, I shall be glad enough, for I hate a gloomy face."

While they were thus talking, their niece, the subject of their conversation, was lying in her bedroom, burying her throbbing head in the pillows of the couch, wishing that an endless sleep would come to her, and deaden the painful sense of grief.

Poor Edda Murray! Two short years before, a happier girl could not have been found. Then, she had never known a trouble. Her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who were childless, and possessed ample means, had taken her at the time of her parents' death, which had occurred during her infancy, and from that moment up to the present, she had been their spoiled pet and darling. They were good-natured, indolent people, caring for but little else than the amusements of the world. As Edda grew old enough to enter society, they took great pleasure in dressing her extravagantly, and accompanying her to every gay resort of fashion. According to Mrs. Martin's ideas, every girl should be married early; and when Edda was addressed by Mr. Murray, near the close of her first winter, and seemed pleased with his attentions, her aunt's rapture knew no bounds. Mr. Martin

was pleased also, for Murray, though a young man, was a rising and was steady and industrious.

Ralph Murray was a reserved, dignified young man, rather stern for his years, with the most rigid ideas of justice and propriety, even in trifles; exact in everything, and making but little allowance for others less exact than himself. He did not require more than he was willing to give in return; but he had no consideration, no patience; and when disappointed, was apt to become cold, moody, and uncompromising. In woman, he had always required, "that monster—perfection!" His mother had been a model of feminine propriety. He had no sisters, but a whole troop of cousins, who happened to be laughing, good-natured creatures; but they were his utter abomination; he never countenanced them, pronouncing them silly, frivolous, and senseless; but how they laughed and teased him when his engagement with Edda Martin was announced—verily they had their revenge.

Edda was, indeed, a spoiled pet, full of caprices and whim, beautiful and graceful as a fairy, and as untamed and uncontrollable as an unwedded Undine. But, poor child! marriage brought no happy spirit to dwell in her household. How could it? For they had married under the influence of the maddest infatuation. Their love was beautiful while it lasted; but soon the husband grew exacting; the angel became a mere woman; and the darling, who had never obeyed any will but her own, discovered she had a lord and master, whose will was stronger and more unbending than even her own had ever been. Then Edda was extravagant and thriftless, and thoughtless, a real child-wife, like poor Dora, that creation of Dickens' fancy, but with more spirit and temper than "Little Blossom." Edda's character had in it qualities which would have made her a fine woman, properly and gradually developed; but her husband placed her on the scale of his own model of perfection, and endeavoured to drag her up to this idea of perfection, without waiting for Nature to assist him. It was the old, old story told over again—incompatibility of tempers—unreasonableness on his part, waywardness and temper on hers.

God sent them a little babe, but the child brought no tenderness to the heart of either parent for the other. Then trouble came upon Ralph Murray in his business—unfortunate speculations, failures in others he had trusted; but instead of going to his wife, and talking affectionately, but candidly, remembering all the while what a spoiled darling she had been, he considered himself aggrieved by her lavish expenditure, and told her haughtily that she was now the wife of a young merchant, and not the niece of a rich man, and ought to have sense enough to observe economy. Poor Edda was offended, bitter words passed between them, and they parted in anger. Her aunt found her in tears—happening to come in just as the irritated husband had left her. Edda turned to her thoughtless, childless aunt, for comfort, telling her the whole story of her wrongs; and Mrs. Martin pronounced Mr. Murray a brute, to treat her poor child so unkindly. Mr. Martin thought always as his wife did, and in the first flush of temper, they carried the weeping angry wife, with her young babe, away from her husband's roof, the exasperated uncle leaving for Mr. Murray an angrily-worded note, in which he said that Edda had never ceased to be his niece, even if she had been so unfortunate to become the wife of a parsimonious merchant, and an unkind husband. The following day Ralph Murray was a bankrupt.

The news of other heavy failures of houses indebted to him, brought his affairs to a crisis, and all his troubles seemed piled mountain high upon him; at once. Poor Edda would have gone instantly to her husband when she heard of his trouble—for she had immediately repented her hasty step—but he did not dare; she remembered his sternness, and dreaded a repulse, which she felt she deserved. Then a new cause of anxiety displayed itself, her boy sickened, and after a few hours' illness, he died in her arms.

Two months passed by, and still Ralph Murray treated his wife with the same silent indifference. He never sought an interview nor an explanation; it seemed as if the death of their child, instead of softening him, had, to his mind, broken off all connection between them. Edda grieved incessantly, until at last her health became seriously affected. When the travelling season came, the physicians who had been called in to heal her poor broken heart, recommended an instant departure for the sea-side. Fine apartments were procured, very elegance, every luxury surrounded her; but she looked more wretched, more unhappy every day.

She knew that their beautiful house belonged to another—everything had been sold; that she no longer had a home with her husband; and the consciousness that she was a childless, lonely wife, became daily more insupportable. Poor girl! life seemed very dark and hopeless to her. Her trouble had lifted her spirit on almost a lifetime; all the childish, capricious waywardness of girlhood had disappeared; sorrow had done the work of years; and she was now a woman—but a suffering loving woman, ready to make any sacrifice, perform any duty, to atone for the past. Her uncle and aunt caressed her, and sympathized with her, while they incessantly spoke of her husband with words of reproach and blame; and when she would check them, saying the greater part of the blame rested on herself, they would think her still more lovely and amiable, and lift their hands in surprise. How reproaching to her conscience was their sympathy! and she grew more and more despairing and hopeless.

At midnight she would pace her room, wringing her little hands with remorse for the past. Her husband's stern face would rise before her, blended with the beautiful, loving expression his countenance had worn during the delicious season of courtship. Then she would recall every noble, honourable trait in his character, and remember her own wilful conduct. All, all was over; and henceforth she would have to live without him.

All her friends upheld her, and blamed Mr. Murray. They called him stern, cold, and heartless. The fashionable world thought her a lucky woman in possessing a rich old uncle to take care of her. Her quarrel with her



cross husband had taken place in the very nick of time, they said; now she need not suffer from his mischances—when she would so willingly have borne the very heaviest burden poverty could impose. But what could she do but dly suffer?

Day after day passed by, still no message came from her husband. Her uncle had told her that the principal creditors had willingly and generously arranged matters; for, as every one said, the failure had resulted from misfortune, not from mismanagement, and that he had heard that a friend had offered Mr. Murray a situation in a commercial house, with a chance of becoming a partner in time. Then the next news that reached her was, that he was actually leaving for his new home. And would Ralph leave her without a word—a line? she asked herself over and over again.

At last a letter came—a cold, stern, haughty letter, bidding her farewell, as if for ever. There were one or two tender passages in it; but the tone of the whole letter was so cold and unforgiving, that it crushed her to the earth. She had received it the day before our little sketch opens; and when her aunt urged her to drive out and shake off her trouble, she only buried her head still deeper in the pillows, and prayed for death. The afternoon passed slowly enough to the poor sufferer. Then came the evening—the noisy, gay evening. As there was a ball in the saloon of the hotel, her thoughtless, butterfly aunt and uncle joined the merry crowd of triflers, after an earnest but unsuccessful persuasion of Edda to follow their example.

The merry music of the band sounded loudly in Edda's lonely bed-room; but the lively dancing melodies seemed to her ears like the voices of taunting demons. She restlessly rose from her bed and walked into her little parlour, which opened on a balcony that swept around the house. She stepped out on this balcony, and listened to the murmur of the ocean, which rolled unceasingly before her. Her agony increased, and a demon seemed to whisper in her ears:—

"What is life but a torment? Death is an endless, dreamless sleep. Why suffer when you can so easily find relief?"

Shudderingly she put her little hands to her ears, and, closing her eyes, hastened into the room, fearing that in another instant she might be induced, by despair, to plunge headlong over the railings on the cliff beneath. For a time she laid on the lounge, as if stunned; but at last tears came to her relief, and she felt calmer. To avoid danger she closed the Venetian shutters of the door and window, but drew up under them the lounge, and threw herself on it, that the damp night air might cool her fevered, burning head. She had not been long there when she heard the sound of voices and laughter, but she was too weak to arise, and remained quiet—remembering that she could not be seen from the outside.

It was a little group of young girls, who were promenading after a dance, and who had concluded that the upper balcony commanded a finer view of the ocean. As chance would have it they selected that part of the balcony just under Edda's window for their gossiping lounge. One, more sentimental than the others, pointed out the effect of the moonbeams, which made the edges of the rolling, dashing waves, shine like molten silver. But the beauty of the scene was quickly lost, even on this moon-struck damsel, for she, as well as the rest, were soon deeply interested in discussing a wedding that had lately taken place in the *beau-monde*.

"Oh, dear! there's Mrs. Jones," exclaimed one; "she just came from town to-day, and can tell us all about it."

The lady mentioned joined the group, and threw them into a state of perfect felicity by telling them she had actually been present at the wedding. Immediately she was called upon by a dozen eager voices to tell them "all about it." Poor Edda, she was doomed to listen to the whole senseless detail, commencing at the bride's Indian robe, and its heavy, elaborate embroidery, her "exquisite and graceful head-dress," with the costly Honiton veil, the "rich splendid gifts" of the relatives, and ending with the list of bridesmaids and their costume. How the whole description brought her own gorgeous wedding back to her thoughts! and she felt heart-sick.

"Poor things!" she murmured to herself, with a sigh, "I hope they will be happier than Ralph and I have been."

Some gentlemen joining the group, the conversation became too detached and confused to be heard, and there were so many little bursts of laughter as to make the whole affair quite a medley. Presently, the scraping of the violins, preceded by a loud crash of the whole united band, announced that a waltz was about to be danced.

"Oh!" they exclaimed, simultaneously, "that delicious *Schottische*!" and soon the balcony was empty—or at least so thought Edda; but she was mistaken, for she heard other voices. A lady and gentleman had seated themselves under her window, and were enjoying a sight of the waves and moonlight. She knew their voices well. One was Mrs. Howard, a gentle, lady-like woman, for whom her husband entertained the highest respect. Edda knew but little of her; she had met her in society after her marriage, but had always drawn back a little in awe when she had met with her, because she constantly heard Ralph holding her up as such a model of wifely dignity and propriety. The other was a Mr. Morrison—a cynical, fault-finding old bachelor—or, at least, Edda had always regarded him as such.

Mrs. Howard and Mr. Morrison had heard part of the conversation about the wedding, and the first remark which reached Edda's ears were Mr. Morrison's severe, caustic remarks.

"Silly, senseless fools!" he exclaimed. "They talk as if life had but one point to attain; to get married in an Indian robe, in such a style as to produce a fine theatrical effect. What right have such idiots to get married at all? What do they know of the realities of married life—the holy, sacred obligations of marriage?"

"Very little, it is true," answered his companion; "and this ignorance is only ordered; for I am afraid, Mr. Morrison, if these young, thoughtless

creatures, knew the one-half of life's stern realities, whether married or unmarried, they would sooner die than encounter them. Youth is as hopeless in trouble as it is thoughtless in prosperity."

"Very true, madam, very true," said the old gentleman; "but it seems to me that these frivolous creatures might be taught a little—enough to give them some ballast. What sort of wives will they make? Why, I declare it makes me shudder when I see these silly, thoughtless creatures entering into marriage as they would into a dance—not displaying half the anxiety that a man would on entering into a commercial engagement that can be dissolved at will after a certain season."

"Well," said the lady, with a sweet, low laugh, "from what we see on all sides, my dear sir, a great many of those who marry at the present day seem to regard it only as a mere partnership, to be dissolved at will."

"I would pretty soon put an end to that divorce business, madam," said Mr. Morrison, "if I had the power. Every couple that could not live happily together, and wished to be separated, should have their request granted, but on one condition—that both, particularly the woman, should go into some asylum, and spend the rest of their days in entire seclusion, employed constantly in the performance of strict religious duties and works of charity."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, laughing outright, "I am very sure any husband and wife would prefer the most inharmonious intercourse to such an alternative."

"Well, well," said Mr. Morrison, "they could have their choice; and it would teach others to be more careful how they married in haste to repent at leisure." This is becoming a curse to society; on all sides we see husbands and wives disagreeing. Now-a-days a wife must spend as much money as she pleases, lead a thoughtless life—entertain admirers, and her husband must not complain. He must not express a wish for a quiet home and a companion, after the toil of the day and the wear and tear of exciting, perilous business. Oh, no! If he does, madam will leave him in a huff, and he may whistle for a wife, and life is a wreck to him ever afterward."

"Do these unhappy marriages always result from the thoughtlessness and selfishness of the wives, my dear sir?" asked Mrs. Howard. "I think there are as many wives with domestic tastes, who have the same complaint to make against their husbands."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Morrison, a little hesitatingly; "I suppose there is blame to be found on both sides; but generally speaking, with the married people of what is called 'society,' especially the young, the fault lies with the wife. Yesterday I bade good-bye to as fine a fellow as was ever created, whose whole happiness for life has been wrecked by one of these silly, heartless fools. You know him, my dear madam, and are, I believe, one of his few friends; for the whole world unite in condemning him and upholding his baby wife in her disobedience."

"You are speaking of Ralph Murray, I am sure," said Mrs. Howard, in a sad tone.

Poor Edda writhed, but she had not power to move; she felt spell-bound and every word of the conversation fell on her ear with painful clearness.

"Yes, I mean Murray," replied Mr. Morrison. "Poor fellow! his haggard face haunts me like a ghost."

"But," said Mrs. Howard, "much as I love Ralph, much as I respect his high, honourable character, I cannot hold him blameless."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Morrison, in a tone of surprise, "you cannot hold him blameless? Why, what can you see wrong in anything he has done?"

"He should not have married as he did," replied Mrs. Howard; "or if determined to gratify his fancy at the expense of his judgment, by yielding to an infatuation, he should have had more patience with his wife. If he felt willing to trust his happiness in the hands of a petted, spoiled child, he should have remembered what she was, in the hour of trial, and not exacted of her the ability and judgment which are possessed only by a sensible, well-trained woman."

"Yes, you are right," answered Mr. Morrison, after a short pause; "he was wrong in the first place—he never should have married such a child. But," he exclaimed, impatiently, "any woman who was lucky enough to get such a noble husband as Ralph Murray, should have been so proud of him as to have been willing to have made every sacrifice of whim and caprice for his comfort."

"That's true man's reasoning," said Mrs. Howard, good-naturedly. "But, Mr. Morrison, I think I am not mistaken when I say that if Ralph had managed his pretty, petted, capricious fairy of a wife patiently and properly, their happiness would not have been wrecked as it is."

"Their happiness!" repeated Mr. Morrison, sincerely. "Little she cares, while she has aunt to caress her and uncle's money to spend."

"Indeed, you do her great injustice," said Mrs. Howard. "To be sure, I do not know Mrs. Murray intimately, but I am certain if you were to see her pale, wretched face, and frail figure, as I do daily in the corridor, when they lead her in, half fainting, from the bath, you would think as I do—that let her husband's sufferings be ever so great, the wife suffers quite as much. Oh, my dear Mr. Morrison, how I wish I were Edda Murray's friend."

"What would you do, my dear madam? Add another to her host of sympathizers?" said the old gentleman.

"No," replied Mrs. Howard, mildly; "I would tell her to send for Ralph, to ask pardon for the past and patience for the future, and beg him to take me once more to his heart, and help me to be a good, faithful wife. Thus she must do, or never know peace in this life."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Morrison; "why, my dear Mrs. Howard, if she had sense and feeling enough to act thus, she would never have behaved as she has done."

"Edda Murray has acted wilfully and selfishly, I admit," said Mrs. Howard; "but we do not know what provocations she may have had. Ralph

## THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

is a fine, noble fellow, but arbitrary and impatient—the very kind of man that I should fancy it would not be easy to make happy in domestic life even if a judicious woman were to undertake the task. Think, then, how many excuses should be made for his impulsive, wayward little wife, who never in her life was subjected to control."

Just then, Mr. Howard and some others joined them, and after a little playful bantering about the flirtation of two such steady old persons, a remark or two on the fine night, and the beauty of the ocean scene, the party moved off, and Edda at last was alone.

That night, when Mr. and Mrs. Martin stopped at Edda's room door on their way to bed, they found her sitting at her desk writing. She kissed them, bade them good night, and thanked them for their affectionate inquiries in a more cheerful manner than she had shown for months, which gladdened their silly, warm old hearts; and they went off comforting themselves with the hope that all now would be well.

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Martin, as he composed himself to sleep, "you were right—Edda is getting over it. She looked and talked more brightly than she has since poor little Martin's death."

And Edda really felt so; but for a reason her uncle little suspected. Mrs. Howard's words had given form and impulse to her thoughts; she no longer wasted time in mere actionless grief; she saw her duty before her and, hard as it was to perform, she nobly resolved to do it. A day or so afterward, as Ralph Murray was leaving town for his new home—sad, lonely and for the first time feeling that may be in the past he had not been entirely free from blame, he received a letter, directed in the delicate, lady-like hand-writing of his wife. With trembling hands he opened it, and thick, short sobs swelled up in his throat, and hot tears sprang to his eyes as he read her childish, frank, penitent appeal.

"I am your wife, Ralph," she wrote; "you must not leave me—you must take me with you. God joined us; and trouble—death, has bound us still closer. Pardon my waywardness, and take your patient, suffering Edda back to your heart. Think what reckless, thoughtless, uncontrolled child I was when you married me, and have patience with me. I cannot live without you, Ralph. I shall die broken-hearted if you treat my selfish, wayward conduct as it merits. Come to me, and let me hear from your lips once more, 'Dear Edda!' Do not tell me you are poor; I can live on anything, submit to any privation, if blessed with your presence, your forgiveness, your love. You shall not find me in the future a thoughtless extravagant child, but, with God's help, a faithful wife! Oh, Ralph, receive me once more, I pray you, and let me be again your, ever-loving little wife Edda!"

The fashionable world was thrown into a state of astonishment a few weeks afterwards, by hearing that Mrs. Murray had actually gone with her "cruel, good-for-nothing husband;" and a thousand different stories told about the matter, each one as far from the truth as the other.

Poor Mr. and Mrs. Martin made loud opposition when Edda told them her resolve; but she looked so bright and happy, and throwing her arms around her aunt and uncle, made them read the lover-like letter of her husband, in which he not only freely forgave the past, but took on himself all the blame.

"She's right, my dear," said Mr. Martin to his wife; "but we must not let them go—we must make them as comfortable as we can with us. Thank Providence, I have enough for us all!"

But Ralph Murray steadily refused all offers of assistance from Mr. Martin. He knew it would be better for them, for a little while, at least, to be away from all Edda's old connections.

Several years passed, and not until they had nearly reached mid-life did they return to their old home; then, at the urgent request of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, who had grown old, infirm, and tired of society, and really needed Edda, they moved back. Edda was a lovely-looking matron at the time of her return—she seemed so happy and contented. I well remember the pleasant effect it produced upon me when I saw her surrounded by her noble children, and leaning on her husband, who still retained his dignity; but blest with it was an air of loving softness that he had gained by intercourse with his gentle, "darling little wife."

Her married life, even after their reconciliation, however, was not exempt from trials. There were times when her husband's old moods of exaction and impatience would come over him, and her own wilful, rebellious spirit would stand in the way, and torment her with demands, such as "What right has he more than I?" and the like—as if the gratification of rights, merely for justice' sake, made up the happiness of home life, a happiness that is only gained, only insured, by love's sweet yieldings. They both tried to struggle against these dark influences; but at such times life would be very dreary to her, and it needed all the strict discipline of her faith—all her hope and trust in Heaven, to make her victorious over self.

Their children, however, proved angel-blessings to them. They softened and humanized Ralph, and soothed and occupied Edda. Dear Edda! her spring season had been a wild, frolicsome one, bringing a stormy, cloudy summer; but her autumn yielded a rich harvest of happiness, and her little throbbing heart thanked God hourly for His kindness and love to her, sustaining her through all her dark hours.

**HOW TO DECIPHER A RUNNING HAND.**—When a friend at Glasgow writes to you about what looks like the "Cluuluug Cuuuuum," you may safely conjecture that he means the "Chamber of Commerce." When he speaks of a pamphlet by "M. de Cuuuuul," you know something of the writer's drift, and of the person named, conjecture that it is "de Cormenin" of whom he writes; but how the deuce are you to guess that "Sunuuluuuuu" is "Scarcino," somewhere within a day's journey of Florence; or how even decipher, in the hand of some new correspondent, that "S. S. TIMMUNN" is Mr. "J. G. Williams?"—*Spectator.*



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(used from Page 6.)

"AGATHA!" cried Uncle Tot—whose thoughts, by a transition natural to him, had reverted quickly from the serious matters on which he had been just conversing, to his favourite inventions—"Agatha, I have made a great improvement in my bellows."

Mrs. Tregar, roused from her reverie by this abrupt address, looked up and smiled at her simple-minded brother's announcement.

"It will be a perfect bellows, now," continued he, rubbing his hands pleasantly—"double action—sustaining power. I must explain it thoroughly to you, Agatha."

Mrs. Tregar still smiled; for the previous history of this bellows of Uncle Tot's was of rather a striking nature. It blew every fire out that it was applied to—it was such a wonderful bellows! On the first day of its completion, Uncle Tot made a grand entry into the kitchen, and installed it before the fire-place, in order to display its powers to the servants. Whether the bellows was at the bottom of it, or not; or whether the fire was incensed to being blown by such a new-fangled thing, instead of the sober, old-fashioned bellows it was accustomed to, and went out through mere spite, is uncertain; but one fact has been perfectly ascertained, that there was no dinner at the stage that day until five o'clock in the afternoon; and the cook was heard declare, in the most emphatic manner, that "no good could come of it." Ever after, when Uncle Tot would march in triumph to the kitchen, with the bellows under his arm, the cook would interpose her broad person between him and the fire, and distinctly forbid any scientific meddling with her territory. No vestal ever guarded her sacred flame more jealously; and Uncle Tot, in despair at the ignorance of a woman who could not be brought to recognise the advantages of progress, in the construction of bellows, would retire with his invention, and shut himself up in his workshop, in sheer disgust.

"Mamma! mamma! I hear wheels—it must be Arthur!"—a silver voice came ringing through the window, rousing Mrs. Tregar from her reveries, and Uncle Tot from his scientific dreams. There is no sound in nature so full of beauty, or of joy, as the voice of youth. However fine; no tone of art, however exquisitely wrought, human heart so deeply, or breathes such calmness over the tempest-troubled soul. There is something so pure, so fresh, so radiant in it.

## THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

laughing harmonies that ripple around the lips of the young, that one is reminded, irresistibly, of some mountain stream when, leaping from its rocky prison, it warbles in the sunlight and goes sparkling on its way, unsoftened by a single tinge of earth!

"Mamma, mamma, I hear wheels!" and as this announcement came ringing through the casement, a bright and beautiful face, beaming through a shower of chestnut curls, like the sun shining behind a misty veil, presented itself outside. "Do make haste, Uncle Tot, I am sure it is Arthur!"

"You don't mean to say so, Avisia!" exclaimed Uncle Tot, with a tragic start; "how very unfortunate that he should come so soon. I must hurry and fire off my electrical salute. Dear, dear! I shall never be in time, and I would not for the world that Arthur missed having this hearty greeting."

"Come along, then," cried Avisia, shaking her curls impatiently. "You have plenty of time, for Arthur has to cross the cliff yet, and you know he must drive slowly on that narrow path. Your wonderful electrical salute is all prepared, but for goodness sake, Uncle Tot, don't kill anybody, for you know that your inventions are not to be depended on."

"Vizzy, Vizzy, don't be disrespectful, Miss; you are talking about things that you don't understand: women never do understand scientific matters." And with a sort of half-angry smile upon his face, the old gentleman followed the joyous girl along the curved avenue that led to the cottage.

Mr. Arthur Bell, whose anticipated arrival had caused all this commotion, was Uncle Tot's only son, and since boyhood had been betrothed to his pretty cousin Avisia. He was now on his return from Trinity College, where he had just after having taken his degree; and the arrangements for the marriage of the young couple at the ensuing Christmas had been finally settled. Arthur was one of those handsome joyous-spirited young men who, with quick intellects and warm hearts, make their way in the world more by the animal force of their characters than by any intellectual predominance. His every action breathed of the poetry of life, rather than the impulses or workings of the soul. He lived—actively lived, every hour of his existence; but there was little of that inner life, which is the only thing that truly gives to man his guiding power, that specific lightness which irresistibly brings him into communion with things beyond this earth. Arthur was therefore of a physically joyous temperament, but, like all such dispositions, easily depressed by misfortune. He loved Avisia passionately, and with all the force of an energetic nature; but with all his joyousness of character and light-heartedness, a man who could read his species might at once see that the instant adversity wounded his buoyant spirit he would collapse like a rent balloon, and sink back rapidly to earth again.

"We left Uncle Tot and Avisia proceeding to the gates to welcome the young student. The former, however, could not be content with any common-place greeting for his beloved son, and accordingly had planned what we have heard him denominate his "electrical salute!" This was nothing less than a contrivance worked by some mysterious and invisible agency by which the avenue gates should spontaneously fly open to welcome the academical hero; while simultaneously, by the assistance of an electrical machine, a number of guns, cunningly planted in obscure spots of the shrubbery, were to discharge a *feu de joie*. The old saw has it, however, that "Man prop but God disposes," and Uncle Tot's little scheme was frustrated in the simplest manner possible. Everything had been arranged to perfect the electrical train was laid down, and the invisible machinery worked beautifully. All was ready, and Uncle Tot was ready, too, as he passed and down the little esplanade at the end of the avenue.

"The sounds are coming nearer," said Avisia, who was counting anxiously every roll of the wheels. "He must be close to the gate now—quite ready, Uncle Tot?"

"Oh! quite ready, Vizzy, quite. The moment the gate flies open I shall discharge the electrical vial, and then it will be such a salute! Hark! there go the gates. Now, Vizzy, stand by, girl! here goes!"

So saying, Uncle Tot discharged the machine, and a peal of musketry rang through the trees and died away in rumbling echoes amid the hills; high above the loud report of the guns arose the wail of a human voice, mingled with moans and piteous exclamations.

"Oh dear, I have shot him!" cried Uncle Tot, turning pale, and running up the avenue as fast as he could, followed by Avisia, who seemed wild with apprehension. Just inside the gate a lamentable object met their view: a large old-fashioned gig lay overturned in the middle of the road, while a small pale-faced man was kneeling with his head buried in one of the cushions, and uttering the most heart-rending ejaculations.

"Thank Heaven it is not Arthur!" exclaimed Avisia, sinking on the green bank that bordered the gravel path.

"Are you hurt?—are you killed? Why don't you answer me?" shouted Uncle Tot, to the kneeling figure.

"Don't, gentlemen, if you please; don't murder me outright—for sure I have a wife and six children at home, gentlemen; and what on earth would they do if I was gone? I won't look at you, gentlemen, I won't, indeed, only don't massacre me altogether!" and the small man nearly suffocated himself by endeavouring to dig his head farther into the cushions of the prostrate vehicle.

"Get up, you fool, and tell me whether you are injured," exclaimed Uncle Tot, still more angrily. "What are you kneeling whining there for? I'm not going to murder you; no one is going to murder you."

"I never done anything but I was bid to do it," continued the little individual, evidently so terrified as to be incapable of distinguishing what was said; "and if I shrug the Widow Boohane's pig for the rent, it was only because I had strict orders from the misthribs to do it—strict orders." He repeated two or three times, as if to impress it more forcibly on his audience.

"Deuce take you and the Widow Boohane," said Uncle Tot, going up to him and shaking him roughly by the shoulder. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Collins, for being such a coward."

By this time the little man's senses appeared to be returning, for he raised his head with a frightened air, and looked up into Uncle Tot's face with a bewildered stare. "May I nivir die," he repeated slowly, as the well-known features met his glance; "may I nivir die if it isn't Mister Tot?"

"You took time enough to find that out, Collins," said the old gentleman, smiling; "who did you think it was?"

"Bewor. your honour, I thought it must be some of the boys who were taking a snoot at me out of riving for my distraining two or three of the tinants for the cunt. An' so 'twas only a thriok, after all, Mister Tot. God be between us an' harm, but I was full sure I was fairly riddled."

By this time Mrs. Tregar and the servants had come up, attracted by the report of the guns, and the diminutive land bailiff, in whom a little terror was natural under the circumstances, considering that he lived in daily fear of being assassinated by some of Mrs. Tregar's refractory tenants, was quite reassured of his safety; and with some assistance his antiquated gig and equally ancient horse were once more placed upon their proper foundations.

In the midst of this confusion, and inquiries and wonderings as to what had detained the expected arrival, the boughs of a screen of evergreen oak were pushed suddenly aside, and a tall, handsome young man stepped suddenly out upon the group.

"Hallo! Arthur, my boy, how are you?—arrived at last!" this was Uncle Tot's exclamation, as he caught the young man's hand and shook it warmly.

"God bless you, father—and aunt, how are you?—Avisia, my own little pet, give me my greeting kiss. 'Here I am at last!'—and with a joyous voice and bright face Arthur Bell greeted all, and had some kindly word or hearty speech for each.

"What detained you, Arthur?" inquired Uncle Tot, looking the picture of happiness. "You were a minute too late for my electrical salute."

"What! another experiment, father?" and Arthur smiled as he stood with one arm twined round Avisia's waist, and the other clasping Mrs. Tregar's hand.

"It would have been a splendid thing, Arthur—it was a fine idea, but—" and Uncle Tot stopped suddenly, for his eye fell upon Mr. Collins's rueful countenance, and a slight twinge of remorse staved the recapitulation of the wonders of his electrical salute.

"What detained you so long, Arthur? and where is your vehicle?" asked Avisia.

"Why, the fact of the matter is, that I've had an adventure. Just imagine my being only an hour in the country and to have a most romantic adventure with a very beautiful young lady—don't be jealous, Avisia, but she really

"Indeed—do tell me about it, Arthur. Who was it? where did it happen? and is she so very charming?"

"One thing at a time, my pet, I'll only get one tongue, you know. Let you know Ardagh wood. I was driving along slowly, for my horse had lost a shoe, and just as I was passing the stile that leads to the Holy Well where all the madmen go to pray, I saw a lady walking quickly up the pathway, followed by a wild-looking ragged man, who was gesticulating violently, and flourishing a large stick above her head. She was very frightened, and appeared frightened, but did not address her persecutor; the moment, however, she caught sight of me, she quickened her pace to a run, and screamed for assistance. When the man saw this, he caught her by the skirt with a wild shout, and in the effort to escape she fell. The man was becoming every moment more excited, and she was now completely in his power. So, throwing the reins to the servant, I jumped off and ran up the path, and reached her just as the wretch had his hands upon her throat. I gave him a blow that completely stunned him, and before the fellow could recover I had placed the lady in my gig. Though not much alarmed she felt rather faint, and as I learned that she lived close to this I have made my servant drive her home. Indeed, I expect him back every moment."

"And the lady's name, you forgot that," said Mrs. Tregar.

"Miss Helen Saville, the daughter and heiress of the rich merchant who lived opposite, and who died a few months back."

"The woman who holds our fortune in her hands," murmured Mrs. Tregar to herself. "Heaven send that this incident may make her friendly towards us; but there is no trusting those new people, they are all harsh and money-getting."

"Why, aunt, you look sad over the matter; come, no presentiments or gloomy faces admitted here to-day. Let us go on to the house, there are lots of old friends there I am anxious to see. The poet's son, and Doual Bairrett, and old Neptune. I have work before me, aunt, come along."

"Go on, my boy, you must not mind your poor aunt's gloomy face. I am old, and life is behind me and does not light my brow; it is shining full upon you, Arthur, and it were a pity to intercept a single ray."

But as the group moved on towards the cottage there was sadness at the bottom of two hearts. One of those unaccountable presentiments of evil which we so often experience but cannot explain, weighed heavily upon the spirits of Avisia and her mother.

(Continued in No. 3.)

ARTISTS display queer taste, now and then. We saw a papier-mache tea-tray the other day, in which a mother-of-pearl palace was being consumed with silver-coloured flames; while a gut-edged fireman stood on a pink fence, endeavouring to extinguish the conflagration with a bucket of emerald dust. Queer jumble, wasn't it?—Dutchman.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 9.)

"DURING the day Morton called at a noted firm of brokers of real-estate in the city, and negotiated with them for the sale of a portion of his property which was situated in another part of the city. This done, in accordance with his resolution, he devoted his time and talents exclusively to professional duties; and, by unremitting labours, sought to win a high name among the practitioners of his native city. His high talents and close application could not fail to bring him into still more general notice, and his object seemed fast being accomplished, when an event occurred which changed materially the course of his life.

Late one evening, several months after his last conversation with Duval, he received a summons to visit an old man who had been suddenly attacked with a violent disease, and it was thought could not survive unless speedy assistance was obtained. Ever prompt in the discharge of his duties, the young physician determined to answer the summons with alacrity. Hastily preparing himself, he set out on his visit. As the evening was calm and pleasant he chose to walk, and he soon reached the home of his patient. He was an old man—he had reached the bounds of human existence. His limbs were feeble and weak, and his locks were white as the driven snow. For more than three score years and ten he had trod the earth, and those long passing years had all been devoted to the pursuit of gold. Long and eagerly he had toiled, in season and out of season, for his favourite object; and he had been successful. Mammon had been his idol; he had proved an obedient slave to all her commands, and she had rewarded him by pouring lavishly into his hand of all the good she had to bestow. Well-filled coffers and broad domains were his; but what availed they now? The death angel was flapping his broad wings over him, and all his glittering treasure could not for one moment delay his dread journey through the dark valley.

When the physician arrived, he found his patient so far gone that earthly aid could not restore him. In vain he pleads for more time—for a day, yes, for an hour; all that could be done was to administer a few cordials which might soothe some of his pains. But these could not stay the destroyer's hand; and when the appointed time came, the spirit fled for ever from its earthly habitation.

Slowly the young physician turned his steps homeward, reflecting on the event he had just witnessed.

"Of what use," said he, "is the gaudy tinsel of wealth with which we strive to surround ourselves? Will it soothe the ills of life, or render us stronger in the last conflict? No! The consciousness of having dealt honestly with our fellows, and mercifully with the distressed, will then be our richest consolation."

At this moment a form suddenly sprang from an alley our hero was passing; the light of the moon revealed a swarthy countenance—a bright blade glittered in the moonlight, swiftly it descended, and had not a sudden movement on his part arrested it, the next moment it had drank the very life-blood of Henry Morton. With one hand he wrenched the dagger from the assassin's grasp, and with the other dealt him a blow which dashed him to the earth, and had well-nigh deprived him of life. Then, reflecting on the strange occurrence, he hastily turned his steps homeward.—(See engraving, p. 8.)

## CHAPTER IV.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—BYRON.

"STRANGE, mysterious!" soliloquised Morton, the morning after the events related in the last chapter. "I should not have fancied that I had an enemy in the world, unless it were Duval, and I am sure he would not be so foolhardy as to attempt my life."

The speaker suddenly arose, and opening a drawer, drew from it a dagger, which he examined very minutely. It was mounted with silver; the handle was of polished ivory, and the bright steel glistened in the morning air, except a few faint spots where marks of blood were distinctly visible.

"So this is the weapon which was intended to end my existence. It is fortunate that I retained it, as it may prove a clue to the perpetrator of the deed. Marks of blood visible upon it, too!—so it has been used before. But one thing is certain, if it is ever drawn again, it shall be in self-defence."

At this moment the morning paper was brought in by the servant. Hastily restoring the dagger to its place, Morton seized it, and began to peruse it attentively. He had hardly glanced over it, when his eye fell upon the following paragraph—

"MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.—It is with the feelings of the deepest sorrow we are compelled to announce that our hitherto quiet city was last night made the scene of one of the most revolting tragedies it has ever been our painful duty to record. And what renders the circumstance the more painful, is, that no possible motive can be assigned for the wicked deed. At daylight this morning, as the policeman of the —th division was performing his duty, he discovered, a short distance from his station, an object which attracted his attention. On examination, it was found to be the body of a man, and his garments were literally soaked in blood. A wound, apparently caused by a dagger, or some other pointed weapon, was found in the region of the heart. A large sum of money, and several valuable papers were found about the person; so it is evident that the hope of gain was not the motive that caused the deed. An inquest has been held upon the body, (which has not yet been recognised,) and the verdict found—'Came to his death by being violently assaulted, and wounded in the heart by some person or persons unknown.'"

"Singular, very singular!" ejaculated Morton, as he read the paragraph. "So it seems that mine was not the only murder committed last night; and had it not been for a simple circumstance, I should have been surprised to find it appearing in the paper this morning in the same connection. The deed was perpetrated with the same weapon as mine, and I was to have been sacrificed with; and as no plausible reason can be given for it, so I am utterly at a loss to imagine the motive which could prompt any one to assassinate me. It is all dark—all wrapped in mystery. But time, the great leveller, will explain it all; so I must wait patiently for it to do so. Would I had some confidential friend of whom to ask advice. Surely I must be circumspect and wary; for the hand which sought my blood is still unfettered."

At this moment our hero's soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a man, who entered quite unceremoniously, as if he knew his business, and intended to proceed to it immediately. There was a peculiar expression upon his countenance as he bowed low and inquired—

"Do I address Mr. Morton?"

"My name, sir," was the brief reply.

"Mr. Henry Morton?"

"The same, sir."

"You are a physician, I believe?"

"You seem rather curious, sir," said Morton, sharply.

"Perhaps so; but I assure you it is all in the way of business."

"Well, since you are so anxious to hear, I am a physician."

"Then, Dr. Morton, I am compelled to inform you that you are my prisoner."

"Sir!" exclaimed the young man, springing to his feet.

"Pardon me, doctor," said the other calmly, "but I am directed to arrest you."

"And pray, sir, who may you be?"

"I am the chief constable of this city."

"What crime is attributed to me, sir?" inquired Morton, sternly.

"That of murder, I believe," replied the officer, looking him steadily in the face.

"Murder!" he exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, sir," replied the officer, almost convinced, from his manner, that he was an innocent man.

With a desperate effort Morton grew comparatively calm, and quietly remarked to his visitor—

"Of course, sir, you do not suppose that I shall accompany you without some further token of your authority."

"Oh, no; by no means. Here is the warrant—all correctly made out, I believe—which I was ordered to serve on you."

Morton glanced over the document, and in a moment he was satisfied of its identity.

"And are you now so far satisfied that you are in readiness to accompany me?" interrogated the officer.

"Wait a moment, sir; I wish for further information," said the young man who had found his situation so materially changed within a few moments. All his agitation had now vanished, and a stranger would not have imagined that they were transacting business of more than ordinary importance.

"Now, doctor, be as brief as possible, for I am hardly warranted in this delay," ejaculated his unwelcome visitor.

"Very well, sir, I will be brief, for you officials have certainly a summary mode of operation. In the first place, then, I wish to be informed of whose murder I am accused."

"The party is a stranger; I think you might have noticed the account of it in the morning paper, if you was informed of it in no other way," replied the man of the law, smiling significantly.

"True, I had just been perusing an account of it; but I assure you I had never thought of it in that connection."

"Do not stop to make protestations, if you please; but proceed as soon as possible."

"Then I would ask, on what evidence of guilt I am arrested?"

"An individual has presented himself at the police-office, who is ready to testify that he met you at a late hour last evening, in company with the murdered man."

"And who is he, who is ready to swear to such an untruth?"

"I am not at liberty to reveal the person's name."

"And upon this evidence I am arrested for murder?"

"Yes, sir; the evidence was deemed sufficient to warrant your being taken into custody."

"Very well, sir, if this is justice I am ready to submit to it," said Morton, haughtily. "But it is hard," he added, in an altered manner, a moment after, "hard to have one's hopes thus crushed and such a weight cast upon my soul. But my reputation is already stained, and what more have I to hope for? Sir, I am ready to follow you."

At a signal from the officer, two of his assistants, who had been waiting without during this colloquy, entered the room. As Morton was making preparations to depart, one of them approached the drawer spoken of in another part of this chapter.

"And pray, doctor, may I inquire the use to which this is assigned?"

"That is my instrument case," replied the prisoner, briefly.

"Then I think we must take a peep at your instruments," said the first speaker, with biting sarcasm.

He drew open the drawer, and the first objects that met his view, was the dagger stained with blood.

"Hieyday, Doctor Morton, so this is one of your professional instruments, is it? May I ask if you are in the habit of operating with it?"





"Thanks, many thanks for your kindness! for I find at this time that true friends are rare indeed. And there are no persons now, whose counsels and advice could be more welcome, than those of one so dear to my father as yourself, and one who stands so high in my esteem as your companion."—See p. 25.

The person addressed knew that to reply must be useless; so he maintained silence. The other officials eagerly examined the weapon.

"This does not argue strongly for your innocence," said the first.

"Drops of blood on it, too!" said the second; "that has been used."

"You know the paper stated that the wound was apparently made by a dagger," added the third. "Young man, your case looks dark."

"Gefahren," said Morton, calmly, "I would thank you to bear in mind that this is not a court-room, and if you have taunted me sufficiently, I am now ready to follow you."

"By all means," replied the officer, "but let that instrument be preserved. It may serve to throw some light on the affair. And now, doctor, if you are in readiness we will depart immediately."

The door of the office was secured,—a carriage was called,—in a few moments the jail was reached, and Henry Morton, the wealthy and the gifted young physician, occupied the cell of a felon. Who shall describe his feelings? Who shall tell of the high hopes that were crushed, and the noble aspirations that moment destroyed? The cold heartless world may philosophise on such a scene; but when it comes down to the stern, dark reality, where is the earthly power that can sustain the spirit in such an ordeal?

## CHAPTER V.

"Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction, a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit?  
And all for nothing!"

In a well-furnished room, in a quiet part of the city, a young man was sitting. His features were regular, his hair was glossy and black as the raven, and his apparel, though of costly material, was unadorned by any of the ornaments then so much in vogue. He might have been twenty-five years of age; and the only feature calculated to attract attention was his eyes, which were dark and piercing, and which, he who had looked upon them, would not soon forget.

As we have said, he was seated in a well-furnished room; and from the impatient glances he ever and anon cast at the door, it was apparent that he was expecting some one. Nor was he compelled to wait long, for in a few moments a rap was heard upon the door.

"Come in," was the only answer; and the next moment Duval entered the room.

"So, Ned, you are here, are you?" ejaculated that worthy; "I trust I am not kept yet waiting."

"Only a short time," replied the other; "I believe nine was the hour."

"True, and it is now past by just fourteen minutes," replied Duval,

glancing at his elegant repeater. "Mr. Penning, you are a punctual man."

"I wish I could conscientiously return the compliment," replied the other, smiling. "But my love for the truth will not permit me to praise my friend at its expense."

"No, Ned, I presume not. I am aware that your love for veracity is very strong—but enough of this. Are you sure that we are alone?"

"Certainly I am."

"Very well. The fact is, Ned, I am in the best of spirits to-night."

"So I should think."

"And in fact I have reasons to be in good spirits now."

"Undoubtedly; I advise you to put me in possession of those reasons, for the sake of seeing whether they will have the same effect upon me."

"Just what I am about to do. Now, Ned, you know I have always made a confidant of you, and related events to you which no other person ever heard from my lips."

"Undoubtedly."

"And as our interests are mutual, and you are a friend in whom I can trust, I shall continue to do so."

"Proceed; I am all attention."

"A truce to your joking now. Do be serious once in your life."

"Who insinuates that I am not a serious man?" said the other, with a countenance somewhere between a smile and a frown.

"Well, well! Now, Ned, you know you are somewhat acquainted with my past history."

"Somewhat."

"And so you can well imagine that there are some pages of it which might not be agreeable to have universally known."

"Yes, I think that might prove unhealthy."

"Something more. You know it might prove dangerous."

"No, I was not speaking of the jokes; I was speaking of hanging altogether a different character."

"Hang your jokes, Ned."

"No, I was not speaking of the jokes; I was speaking of hanging altogether a different character."

"Well, well; do talk sense, man," said Duval, impatiently.

"Go on, now; I will be as solemn as you please."

"Then, as I was saying, you know it would not be agreeable to have all my history known."

"Very true."

"Well, Ned, there were two persons yesterday at this hour in possession of facts concerning me which I felt it dangerous for any one besides myself to know."

"Except your humble servant."

"Certainly. Well, congratulate me on the fact that one of them is where men tell no tales, and the other is in a fair way to follow him soon."

"Indeed. How did you arrange the matter?"

"Steel fixed the one, and if the affair is managed cautiously, hemp will quiet the other."

"But where is he now?"

"In the city jail, awaiting his trial for murder."

"Ah! I begin to understand. Young Morton is out."

"Very true."

"And the other—"

"Was the stranger who died last night."

"Now I apprehend your meaning. But if steel would silence the one, why did you not use it upon the other?"

"So I did attempt to; but either he was too wary, or the person I employed to do the job was too awkward."

"How so?"

"Why, the man was just ready to strike home, when Morton discovered him, and suddenly dashed him upon the sidewalk with so much force that it had nearly settled his business for him."

"That was unfortunate."

"Very, for he not only left him half dead but carried off his dagger. But as matters have turned out, it is all tending to my advantage."

"How did you manage to get him taken into custody?"

"Why, the man he came so near finishing was so vexed that he was ready to take his oath of anything. So he just testified that he met Morton, at a late hour last night, in company with the murdered man."

"Ha! that was well contrived."

"I think so. And what is still more favourable, when he was arrested the dagger was found in his possession, which was intended to rid him of the cares of life."

"And I should think it was now quite as likely to accomplish that object as ever."

"Yes, that is certain. Morton may thank his guardian angel if his days are not numbered."

"From present appearances, I think he will have no great reason to be thankful."

"No; I do not intend that he shall. All is now so arranged that with a little care on my part, his doom is certain."

"So I think."

"But there is one point on which I wish for your assistance."

"And what is that?"

"Testimony."

"Ah, yes! I understand."

"You see we must make a strong case of it, for I must settle his affairs this time. The man I employed is ready to do all he can, and as he is a shrewd fellow, he will aid me considerably."

"That seems favourable."

"So it does. And you will be in readiness to give your unbiased testimony."

"Certainly."

"Very well, then; I will meet you here again a week from to-night."

"All right."

"And, Ned, remember if I am prosperous in this affair, you can name your own reward."

"Pooh! Don't talk of reward now; we will speak of that when this business is settled."

"Well, Ned, you are a noble fellow, and years shall not fail to teach you my gratitude."

"That'll do, Lorenzo; don't, for the sake of my modesty, say any more."

"Well, then, good evening, Ned. Remember, a week from to-night, at eight, and don't fail to bear these matters in mind." And with this speech, Mr. Duval made one of his handsomest bows and left the room.

"Aye, I will not fail to bear them in mind!" exclaimed the other, in a deep, rich voice, the moment he was gone. "You never need caution me to remember, for when I forget you, and your dark deeds, my right hand shall forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. Ah, Duval, little do you know the cause of my seeming friendship. Little do you think of the foul wrong you once did to one dearer to me than life. But now a game is to be played, and we will see who shall eventually win."

To describe the sensation which the news of Morton's arrest produced among the circle where he was known, would be utterly impossible. The surprise it occasioned among the aristocracy of his native city was without a parallel. And when the report that a dagger, with stains of blood upon it, had been found in his possession, those who had most eagerly sought his society in days past, and had even made the loudest protestations of friendship towards him, shook their heads significantly, and mysteriously said that they were exceedingly sorry, but not at all surprised, for they never had a high opinion of his integrity. Others said that they knew nothing of his character, but they had never fancied him capable of such an enormity, and closed with some very solemn reflections on the wickedness of human hearts in general, and that of the young physician in particular. As is ever true under such circumstances, men did not wait to hear any evidence, or to think carefully upon the matter; consequently they forgot the high and honourable character he had ever sustained, and as a general thing, public opinion was decidedly against him.

But there were some honourable exceptions. There were a few who had known him from boyhood, and in whose view his character was still as fair and unalloyed as ever. These did not desert him in misfortune's dark and gloomy hour, but they visited him despite the taint which had been cast on

his name, and sought to console him by the assurance that he would be left unturned to break the meshes of the net which was cast for him. Among the most active of these were Montrose, the old friend of his youth, and Whitman, a young lawyer. The latter determined to accept of his professional services, as well as the sympathy and support of a friend. What success he did so we reserve for another chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme  
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,  
And fraught with loveliness;—and it is hard  
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,  
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,  
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,  
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion."—H. K. WATTS.

RETURN we now to the prisoner in his lonely cell. With folded arms he was pacing the gloomy apartment, and, as he gazed on the bare granite walls, and the grated window, those indices of his disgrace, the wonted light of his countenance was gone; his brow was dark and passionless as the cold stone at his side, for the warmth and vigour of hope had ceased to animate his soul. The energy and power which had rendered him so calm at his arrest, after the first shock had fallen upon him, was fled, and a dark and reckless despair seemed gathering around his spirit.

But, as he glanced over the dark picture hung before him, he could see one redeeming trait that served to lighten the gloomy scene, and that was the proud consciousness of his innocence.

"Yes," he murmured, "if I am to suffer for the crime of another—if the opprobrium of a murderer is to be cast upon my name, and my persecutors are to triumph in their fiendish purpose, thank God, if I am a sufferer, I suffer an innocent man. But am I in possession of my reason, or do I but dream? Where am I? Can it be true that the light of my life has so suddenly gone out, and that I, whose society was counted by the high and the wealthy, am the occupant of a felon's cell? Yes, it is too true. Would to Heaven that it might prove a dream; but the room, the furniture, and a memory fearfully vivid, all tell me that it is no phantom of a distorted imagination! But, where are now my former friends? Those who professed such regard as to be ready to undergo any sacrifice for my sake? How valuable were their assurances of fidelity! In such an hour as this they do not approach; and are doubtless exulting over my misfortune. Thus goes the world. Hollow and heartless are all its pretensions; false and meaningless as the idle wind. He who trusts it leans on a broken staff. What is there here worth living for? My name is disgraced, my reputation blasted; and even if I am not condemned, wherever I go the finger of scorn will be pointed at me, and men will ever whisper—'Murderer!' when I approach. Could I bear it? No; better far to die, and be free for ever from the wrongs and sufferings of this existence, than to live with my integrity suspected, and such a dark stain cast upon my name. If my character can be vindicated and my innocence proved, so let it be; but if not, I am ready to meet my fate like a man."

Then, throwing himself upon a seat, and burying his face in his hands, he was soon lost in deep thought. How long the reverie might have continued is uncertain, but ere an hour had elapsed it was broken by the entrance of the jailor.

The prisoner cast an impatient glance at him, as if he wished to be left alone. But that official stood regarding him curiously, as if he had no intention of leaving him at present. Morton stood for a moment with folded arms, gazing at him, and then sternly inquired—

"Why do you intrude upon me?"

"I bring you some good news, doctor."

"Don't talk of good news to me. But what is your errand?"

"There are two gentlemen below, who have called to see you. They had a permit to do so; but I thought I would come and inquire if you wished to see them."

"Who are they?"

"I do not know, sir. They merely said they were your friends."

"Friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is my friend? I had enough of them once, but when trouble came, they all forsook me and fled, as the disciples did from their Master."

"They did not give their names; but the old gentleman said, 'Tell him two of his friends have called.'"

"Then one is an elderly man?"

"Yes, a large, portly old gentleman, with grey hair."

"Mr. Montrose, it must be. And the other?"

"Is a young man with dark hair and coal-black eyes."

"Whitman, surely! Show them up immediately."

"I will, sir;" and the obsequious officer withdrew.

In a moment, however, he re-entered. "This way, gentlemen," said he; and our hero's old friend, Montrose, and his young friend, Whitman, stood before him. The moment he saw the sympathy depicted on the countenance of each, he grasped them warmly by the hand, and all his apathy fled.

"My young friend, I cannot express the pain it gives me to meet you under these circumstances," said Montrose; "but I felt that if you ever needed the sympathy of those who esteem you as much as ever, for all the dark cloud which hangs over you, it would be at this hour."

"Thanks, many thanks for your kindness! for I find at this time that true friends are rare indeed. And there are no persons now, whose counsels and advice would be more welcome, than those of one so dear to my father as yourself, and one who stands so high in my esteem as your companion."—See engraving, p. 24.

(Continued in No. 2.)

## THE HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO.



We strongly recommend to our Subscribers the adoption of the "HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO," for the preservation of the Weekly Numbers or the Monthly Parts. These Portfolios are made with elastic cords at the back, to hold Fifty-two Numbers, or Twelve Parts, which comprise one Volume. At the end of each year they may be taken out and bound, and the Portfolio may be employed to preserve the Numbers or Parts of the succeeding Volume. The price is TWO SHILLINGS. The outlay will be saved by the preservation of the Numbers, which, hereafter, may be difficult to obtain. The Portfolio is beautifully

embossed, and illuminated with silver, by a new invention introduced by LEIGHTON, SON, & HODGE. It is an ornament for the drawing-room table.—Order of any Bookseller.

The Monthly Parts of the HOME COMPANION (price 5d. or 6d. each) will be issued with the Monthly Magazines. A number will appear weekly, price 1d.

THE HOME COMPANION:  
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

As our Second Number is to appear simultaneously with the First, we have scarcely an opportunity of "reporting progress" to those who have already become our friends. But, as the printing of the FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND copies of our first number necessarily preceded the commencement to print its successor by several days, and as, in making arrangements for the distribution of the first, copies of it strayed about in friendly and commercial channels, we are already able to speak of the unanimous testimonies in our favour, from those who have been privileged by a "peep behind the curtain." Everybody admits the boldness of our experiment—Everybody believes in its success; but some there are who think that a portion of the public may look upon our statement of the gratuitous distribution of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES as a PULP, not as a FACT.

People who DOUBT us, do not KNOW us. And that we may gain the confidence of those who are yet strangers to us, we may state, in confirmation of our previous assertion, that ONE THOUSAND REAMS of paper were supplied for printing No. 1 of the Home Companion by MESSRS. SPALDING & HODGE, of Drury Lane; that MR. MACINTOSH, of Great New Street, machined THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES; and MR. SILVERLOCK, of 3, Wardrobe Terrace, Doctors' Commons, machined the other TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES. The names of these parties stand as a guarantee of the truth of the facts stated.

We venture to suggest to the reader, that the establishment of a highly popular Magazine, perfectly free from qualities which render many cheap modern works extremely objectionable, must have an important influence upon the People's welfare. We preach by the pen; and if it be our lot to secure an audience weekly of 250,000 of our country people, we shall use that influence as a sacred trust. We have adopted the *physique* of the most popular of our contemporaries, but have improved upon their *morale*. And, like a faithful Companion, we shall aim to lead on our trusting friends by gentle steps to better tastes.

Those whose friendship we have already gained—whose Companions we already are—may do us kind service by making our existence, our qualities, and our purposes, widely known. We simply want the introduction, we will maintain the acquaintance when once formed. Let therefore the friendly word be spoken now, that our course may be victorious from the FIRST.

Our correspondence with "The Trade" has already proved very encouraging. As a general rule, Booksellers take of No. 2 just one-half of their supply of No. 1. If this proportion prevails throughout, we shall circulate two hundred and fifty thousand of No. 2! This will be a triumphant result.

## THE PROGRESS OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

MARTIN LUTHER flung his ink bottle at the head of the Devil. At least we are told that, when tempted by the father of lies and the high priest of ignorance, he drove him from his presence in this manner: and to this day, in confirmation of the story, they show us the splash made by the ink on the walls of his study. This is not altogether a fable; there is a great truth shadowed forth in this dreamy reverie of the enthusiastic reformer. To drive away the mists of prejudice, to draw aside the veil from ignorance, to dispel falsehood and error, and to array truth in all its brightness, there has never yet been found any weapon so powerful as the ink bottle; and the invention of printing has furnished us with the means of flinging our ink bottle in every direction, wherever error shall rear its head. It is upon this vantage ground that the men of modern times take their stand; through this mighty engine, mountains of paper, and oceans of ink, carry truth into the homes of all. And we ourselves hope to be the cherished Companion of many a Home into which we shall endeavour to convey useful knowledge and pleasant recreation, and thus add to the comforts of many a domestic hearth.

The increase of literature in general, and of periodical literature in particular, is one of the most striking evidences of the progress of civilization. It is for the millions that men now write; to create a taste for reading among the comparatively uneducated; to place before them sound and valuable information in a pleasing form; to beguile the fancy while the intellect is roused and stimulated; to lead them away from sensual pursuits and amusements to the higher pleasures of intellectual enjoyment; to improve the moral and the intellectual man; are objects worthy of the highest talents that man can boast. And many are the labourers in this great work. It is true there are men now, as there always have been, who oppose this spread of information, who dread the enlightenment of the masses of the people, and would prevent any kind of instruction but such as may be suited to their own prejudices, and be based upon their own dogmas. But we say with Milton, "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; and who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

This free and open encounter of all kinds of opinions and doctrines is now in progress. Our press is free. The restrictions and prohibitions by which, in former days, it was sought to cabin and confine the workings of human thought, have long since been removed. We no longer think of limiting the number of printers in the nation, as was the case in the reign of Elizabeth, when, by an order of Council, it was directed that there should be no more than thirty printing-houses in the cities of London and Westminster; one at the University of Oxford, and one at the University of Cambridge. It would scarcely be thought a likely means of obtaining the favours of the Government of the present day to furnish them with "a complete and private list of all the printing-houses in and about the cities of London and Westminster, together with the printers' names, what newspapers they print, and where they are to be found; also an account of the printing-houses of the several corporation towns in England, most humbly laid before the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Townshend." And yet this document, with its accompanying letter, procured Samuel Negus a letter-carrier's place in the post-office. This list was made in 1724; we learn from it that at that time there were 75 printing establishments in London and Westminster; they are divided according to their supposed political opinions, and we have 31 "known to be well affected to King George;" 3 "nonjurors;" 37 "said to be High Flyers;" and 4 "Roman Catholics." Mr. Negus, the compiler of the list, seems to think it excessively hard that a man of his loyalty should not be able to succeed in his business; he had been "a printer about twenty-three years, but have not been for myself above two years, in which time I have suffered very much for want of employ." And he regrets exceedingly "it is impossible to reduce the number of printers to what once they were; yet I would humbly inform your lordship, that there are many of them who give great offence and disturbance to the State, and who never have been brought up to that business, and ought to be put down." A different state of affairs now prevails; every appliance that capital, science, art, or mechanical ingenuity can bring into operation, is directed to the multiplication of copies; and these can scarcely keep pace with the demand. Efforts are making on all sides to remove the fiscal regulations which interfere with the spread of knowledge, such as the tax on paper, which upon our first number alone amounted to £125, a sum that we would have preferred employing in the increased reward of the literary and artistic talent displayed in our pages.

During the literary darkness of the feudal ages, knowledge, such as it existed in those days, was confined almost exclusively to the cloister. The wandering minstrels and troubadours sang deeds of love and war in the halls of the baronial lords; a weary pilgrim recited tales of distant lands; sometimes, in the hut of a lowly serf, but anything like general information was wanting. It was not until after the Crusades, in the time of Edward I., that paper was used, even in epistolary correspondence. We are indebted to our communication with the East for this most valuable article. At this time, all letters were written in Latin, or in Norman French. It was not until the reign of Henry V. that a letter, even to the most intimate friend, was written in the English language. It was in 1474, in the reign of Edward IV., that the first book issued from the English press; but it was not until nearly two centuries afterwards that any work of a periodical nature was published. Previous to the establishment of printed newspapers it would seem to have been the custom for great families to maintain a correspondent in London, who furnished them with the current news of the day. After a time the practice of

writing News-letters appears to have become a kind of profession, and we find them transmitted not only to people of rank, but to those of inferior condition also, and particularly to keepers of inns and coffee-houses. This practice continued long after the first introduction of printed newspapers, and sometimes the editors of these, in the intervals of their publication, forwarded letters of this kind to some of their correspondents. Several of these News-letters are to be found among the MSS. in the British Museum. Some, written to people of consideration, have been published by Sir Henry Ellis, in his three series of *Original Letters, Illustrative of English History*. We select one of these letters for publication: there is no date to it; and, in the volume in which it is contained, it is inserted between the letters of 1697 and 1699; but it appears from the contents to have been written in June, 1702, a few months after the death of William III. It is addressed to an innkeeper at Andover, and is a curious sample of the meagre kind of intelligence that was afforded to our ancestors in those days:—

For Mr. Robert Hancock, att y<sup>e</sup> Cross Keys, in Andover, in Hampshire. Prank Pa. Burward.

S<sup>r</sup>—The forces on board y<sup>e</sup> fleet, including cadetts and volunteers, are computed at 13,000 men, well appointed, besides which, upon y<sup>e</sup> attempt 8 or 10,000 seamen may be drawn out of y<sup>e</sup> several ships of war. 'Tis said now that a proclamation will be suddenly published for dissolving of the present parliament and calling a new one to meet in Aug. next.

The Parliament of Scotland continue still sitting, and have already, notwithstanding their divisions, past several Acts.

The E. of Rochester, Lord Lieut. of Ireland, will be going thither in Aug. in order to settle affairs there.

The Prince of Denmark is made Captain-general of y<sup>e</sup> Artillery men. Several noblemen are expected here from Edinburgh, being those that dissent from the present Parliament in their opinion, and commonly known to be favourers of the Church of England, amongst them Duke Hamilton y<sup>e</sup> Marquis of Athole, &c. Her Maty is regulating all affairs, in order to go on housekeeping as Queen, beginning of y<sup>e</sup> next month, at which time she will be going to Windsor to spend the long vacation. They continue to press seamen on the River of Thames, who are sent immediately down to the fleet in order to complement y<sup>e</sup> manning of y<sup>e</sup> sea. 'Tis said Admiral Fairborne is gone to reinforce Sir John Munden, who has still some enterprise in view, he being not come back as was reported, but continues still on the Coast of Galicia, which makes people presume he has a prospect of doing some service. This day a proclamation was published for giving 20s. Bounty money to all seamen and able landmen that shall list themselves by the 15th of July next. The term which should end to-morrow is put off till Thursday. S<sup>r</sup> Henry Furness and Gilbert Heathcote, Esq., are chosen and presented to y<sup>e</sup> Court of Aldermen, for them to elect one alderman in the room of Sir John Mow, deceased. The Honble. Philip Herbert, Esq., is made Governor of Sandgate Castle, in the room of Col. Henry Oxenden. This day Wm. Fuller, y<sup>e</sup> notorious impostor, was sentenced to stand in y<sup>e</sup> pillory 3 times, (viz.) next Fryday, at Charing Cross, 2 hours, between y<sup>e</sup> hour of 12 to 3; Saturday, at Chaverry Lane; and on Tuesday, at the Royal Exchange; to be whipt at Bridewell, and kept there to hard labour till the 2nd day of next term; to be fined 3,000 marks, and to be imprisoned till the same be paid. Thursday next he is to go to all the Courts at Westminster, and a paper fast upon him denoting his crimes. Robt. Pince, Esq., and Sir Thomas Power were made this day Sergeants-at-law. The Dutch Ambassadors made their publick entry this evening in great splendour.

[No signature.]

Printed sheets, communicating public intelligence, are said to have been issued in the reign of Elizabeth; but we have no copies of them remaining the authenticity of which can be relied on. In the next reign we have pamphlets published at irregular intervals containing news from different countries; the earliest of these, in the library of the British Museum, bears date in 1619, and is called, "*News from Holland*." In 1622, we have something like a regular weekly newspaper, called "*The News of the Present Week*," edited by Nathaniel Butler." In the time of civil war, home news superseded the news from abroad; and a number of these publications were issued. The court of Charles the First had its organ in the "*Mercurius Aulicus*, a Diurnall, communicating the intelligence and affairs of the court to the rest of the kingdom, beginning the first day of January. Oxford: printed by H. Hall, for W. Webb, bookseller, neere to Queen's Colledge, 1642." It is a small quarto, varying in the number of pages, in which the cause of the king is vehemently defended, and the Parliament attacked with acrimony. The Parliament had its organ also, called, "*A Perfect Diurnall of the Passages in Parliament*." This is also a small quarto copy of eight pages, which appears to have been published weekly. In addition to this, the printer issued a kind of supplementary publication, called "*Speciall Passages, and Certain Information from Several Places*, collected for the use of all that desire to be truly informed." Other titles were, "*England's Memorable Accidents*;" "*The Kingdome's Weekly Intelligencer*, sent abroad to prevent misinformation." And, as the war waxed hotter, and party spirit more violent, there were to be found papers of all kinds and shades, and from all sorts of places.

The subject is so fertile, so important in relation to popular improvement, and so interesting in reference to the commencement of *The Home Companion*, and its enormous issue of 600,000 copies, that we will resume it in our next number.

## HOW "HEZ" GOT EVEN WITH THE LANDLORD. A YANKEE TRICK.

In a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travellers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn, (after taking his "horns,") and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!" whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out and take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over fifty cents! One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin!"

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, &c., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on aith are you all talkin' about? Ef you calkelate I'm goin' to pay four-and-ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valeo on't, yo'me mistakin'," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hexekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I won't!"

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready "to do the hospitable," says:—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing their ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaimed—"Stage ready!" Up rose eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds Hez very coolly he himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start!"

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' to say agin it," draws out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be gall-darned, ef I dew, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid r it, and I am goin' to get the valeo on't; and ef you calkelate I ain't, you are mistakin'."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, &c., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, 'Squire, them there cakes is 'bout cat—fetch on another, 'rist on 'em. You," (to the waiter,) "'nother cup of that ef coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, 'Squire? This is 'maxin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, 'Squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, 'Squire, I calkelate? Don't lay your own eggs, dew ye?" and thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he made a hearty meal.

"Say, 'Squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my devowers tew this ere table, but jest give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with, I'd be much obliged tew ye."

So out goes the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and sets them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye! dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for a breakfast and not git no compensashun?"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm going to locate immediately, and tew won't."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says:—

"How are yew, gents? I'm rotted glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the ord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, 'Squire, I paid yew four-and-ninepence for a breakfast, and I calkelate I got the valeo on't! You'll find 'em spoons in the coffee-pot."

Go ahead! All aboard, driver."

LORD ALBEMARLE was the lover of M<sup>lle</sup> Guucher. As they were walking together one evening, he perceived her eyes fixed on a star, and said: "Do not look at it, my dear; I cannot give it you." "Never," said she, "did love express itself more delicately."





A GROUP OF BLOOMERS.—TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

## ONWARD!

**CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.**—Of the 49 persons sentenced to death during the past year, only 6 were executed, and these were for murder. The decrease in the number of executions since the beginning of the present century is very remarkable. Taking the five decennial periods from 1800 to 1850, the numbers stand:—802, 897, 686, 250, and 107. The greatest number of executions in any one year, within the above fifty years, was in 1801,—when, suddenly doubling the average of the preceding years, the executions rose to 210. The last execution for a simple offence of theft was in 1834, when a convict was executed for stealing to the value of £5 in a dwelling-house. The last execution for any description of theft was in 1836, when 5 persons were executed for robbery and burglary. Since that year, with the exception of three executions for attempts to murder, the last of which was in 1841, murder has been the only offence for which the punishment of death has been inflicted.—*Criminal Statistics of 1850.*

**ELECTRIC CLOCKS.**—London might take a useful hint from the electrical clocks of Berlin. This new invention has given us a clock which, at the same time that it is simple, inexpensive, and readily repaired when out of order, is easily adapted for the conveyance of all sorts of useful signals. For example—it is used in that city as a messenger in case of fire. The communicating wires have been recently completed—and it is now possible to announce the outbreak of fire in any part of the Prussian capital at every engine-station within the walls in a few seconds. The watcher observes the red flame rising against the dark sky. In an instant his hand is on the wires, the message speeds along the electric line, the danger is made known to the proper officers, and in a few minutes all the means of resisting a conflagration at the disposal of a great capital can be brought efficiently to bear on the menaced point. Compare this with our own slow and cumbrous mode! A fire breaks out. No one is on the watch in any central position to give notice. It is discovered as it may chance. When the discovery is made, it is nobody's express duty to run to the fire station. The police, needed to maintain order and protect property on the spot, are content to make a signal of distress, which is rarely heard in the next street. The firemen have to trust to casual information, not only as to the fact of the accident, but as to its exact locality. Through all this improvidence delay is caused, the fire gains head, fears are wantonly created, and property is unnecessarily destroyed. The introduction of electrical clocks and a system of local telegraphs would tend very much to diminish the loss, the fear, and the excitement consequent on this—to some extent unavoidable—incident of great cities.—*Athenæum.*

**BEAUTIFUL THINGS.**—Beautiful things are suggestive of a pure and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour.—*T. T. Lynch.*

**THINGS TO BE FOUND OUT.**—Nature is not exhausted. Within her fertile bosom there may be thousands of substances, yet unknown, as precious as the only recently found gutta serena. To doubt this would be to repudiate the most logical inference afforded by the whole history of the earth. Corn and grapes excepted, nearly all our staples in vegetable food are of comparatively modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, cotton, sugar, and potatoes. Who shall say there is not a more nutritious plant than the sugar-cane—a finer root than the potato—a more useful tree than the cotton? Buried wealth lies everywhere in the bowels of the earth.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

On yesternorn, from Sunny-strean  
young a gemma new;  
It joy'd to meet the morning beam,  
And kiss'd the flowers that threw  
Then holed sweets upon a carpet spread—  
A rich repast on which the infant fed.

Same day, within a tiny nest,  
Two little birds  
After warmed them with her  
breast,  
Throughout the happy morn.  
Robin, their father, from a neighbouring tree,  
Proclaimed his welcome of their infancy.

**MARRIAGES.**  
A week ago in Leafy wood,  
Near by the Fairy Glen,  
A lively bud with plumage good,  
Won little Jenny Wren  
Full many suitors sought to gain the b'  
But Jenny gave her heart alone to this.  
A story none round about,  
Of most impassioned loves:  
We've found the pretty secret out—  
A pair of Turtle-doves

And built a nest in Farmer Hodges hay!

**DEATHS.**  
We've heard a most unwelcome tale:  
A Fly with wings of silk,  
Seeking his perched lips to regale,  
Fell in a vat of milk.  
—By a hand heated how evil he was found,  
And lifted out but oh! poor Fly was  
dun

A little Fish that sought the shore,  
Deserted by the tide,  
Was left, to meet it never more,  
And on the rock he died.  
One hour he sparkled in the noon-day sun,  
Another, and his little course was run

Oh, blame me not that I record,  
Such humble seeming things,  
For every moment as it speeds,  
A birth or wedding brings—  
Or some sweet creature, snatched from life  
away,  
Sheds its last tear, and ends its simple lay!

## THE FRETFUL CHILD.

MARY BENNETT.

DEAR, unhappy, fretful child,  
Come, and let us talk a while;  
Tears on your face have sadly spoilt,  
And I cannot see a smile

Brow is frowning, eyes are sad,  
Lips are swollen, words are sour;  
Ah! my darling, this is bad  
Thus to mar the fleeting hour.

Are your tender parents dead?  
Are you ill, in grievous pain?  
Are you destitute of bread?  
Of what woes do you complain?

Are you blind to sun and star—  
Doomed to life-long darkness dear?  
Or deaf and dumb, as many are,  
That no voice of love can hear?

Are you a poor crippled child,  
Such as we have often seen?  
The buttercups spring rich and wild,  
Not for him in pastures green.

He cannot ramble, leap, or run,  
Or chase the butterfly like you;  
Far sadder, my sad ungrateful one!  
Leave fretting, and your blessings view.

God hath given you every good,  
Home, kind friends who love you well,  
Light and clothing, health and food,  
— Blessings more than I can tell.

Oh! it is an evil thing  
For youth, upon its happy way,  
Thankless to be murmuring:  
God made you to be glad and gay.

**WHITE BLACKBERRIES.**—A few weeks since, when passing through the cultivated grounds of the Messrs. Needhams, in West Danvers, which have yielded such an abundance of delicious strawberries the present season, our attention was attracted to some luxuriant bushes, about four feet in height, which we were told yielded a berry—called the *white blackberry*. To-day we have been kindly favoured by the gentlemanly proprietors with a box of this fruit matured. It is not exactly white, but more *white* than *black*, resembling in appearance and taste the fruit of the *malberry* quite as much as the *blackberry*. The luxuriant growth and abundant produce of this shrub make it desirable to be cultivated by those who are ambitious of supplying a variety of the best fruits of the season.—*New England Farmer.*

# ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 13.

## ZOOLOGICAL REBUS.

The Hippopotamus first on the right we see.  
And next the Owl perched high upon a tree.  
A Monkey—just above the Elephant is he.

A Camel overlooks the varied group,  
An Ocelot there shows his crouching stoop;  
A Mastiff tamely lies, and looks toward  
The Peacock, of all lovely birds the lord;  
An Antelope doth o'er the Mastiff stand  
Beside a Nylghau—of the Antelope hand.  
The Ibas, goat-like, stands upon a stone,  
Before the Ostrich, swiftest runner known;  
And leaning on the Ibas' horn a Negro's shown.

(Mistake not, gentle Reader, no'er shall we  
Class Negroes with the lower beasts we see:  
But meeting such a man on any strand,  
Would gladly tender him a brother's hand.)

These letters, as we have already told,  
Will to your view quite easily unfold  
The name of that new work which now you hold.  
And as you pass life's varied changes through,  
Needing a guide intelligent and true,  
May we a HOME COMPANION be to you!

## CHARADE—Shake-spear.

### MUMBO JUMBO; OR, THE JUGGLER.

1. He took C from Chair, and it became hair;  
2. He put this C on ape, and it became cape;  
3. He took Cur, and by adding E made it cur;  
4. From Norfolk he took R and made it Norfolk;  
5. He transposed Cork and made it rock;  
6. He omitted E from plume and made plum.

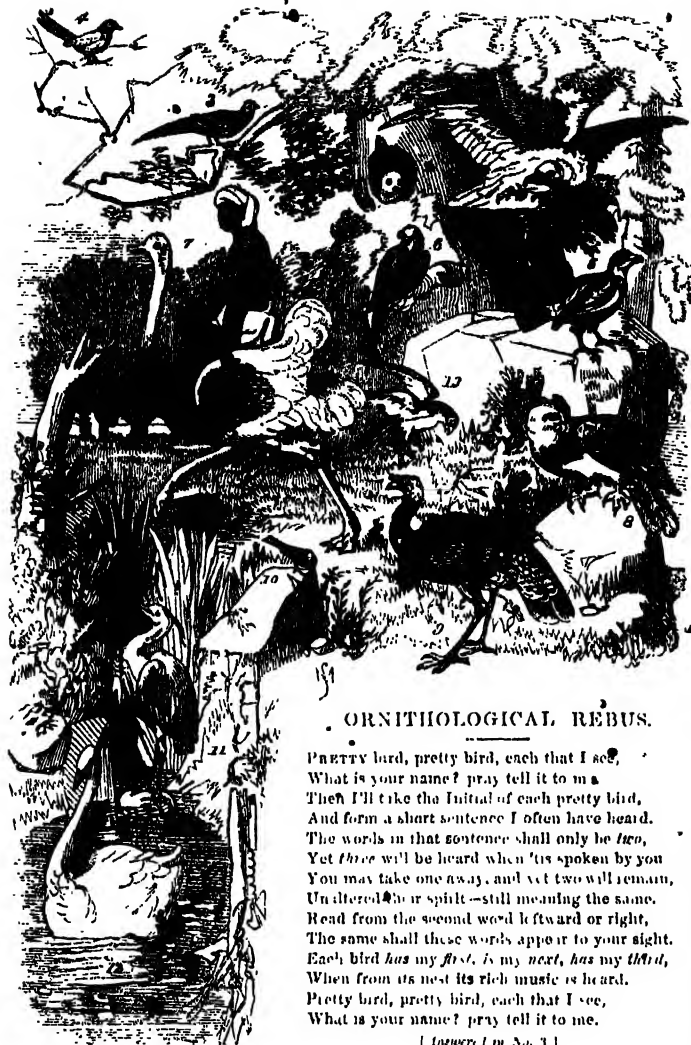
## UNCLE O'S ENIGMA.

### Hydrogen Speaks.

1. Hydrogen, an invisible gas, yet very abundant.
2. The lightest is ever used for balloons.
3. Fire damp.
4. Gas can be easily managed, but if allowed to escape, and light brought in contact, fearful explosions are the result. E. S. explosions of common gas used as light and of fire damp.
5. Oxygen.—Sharp in name and in nature too; wherever the is a pour, are these, for water is composed of Hydrogen and Oxygen.
6. Oxygen, invisible as Hydrogen. Water, from their union, sparkles clearly in the sun.
7. Water changed into invisible vapour, which rises upwards in the atmosphere; the bright golden tint in the clouds at sunset, caused by the refraction of the rays of light on the vapour.
8. Mist or vapour, of the same composition as water, though in the form of vesicles instead of drops.
9. As water.
10. 11. The freezing of water does not change its chemical constituents.
12. As the dew-drop, water spiny.
13. Flame from the evolution of hydrogen burning with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Without hydrogen, and hydrogen would give no flame without a supporter of combustion, that supporter being in the common flame oxygen from the atmosphere.
14. Water—composed of hydrogen and oxygen—useful in putting out flame, which would not rise without it.
15. In pipes containing water, water rises to the level of the fountain.
16. As water—nothing can quench thirst like water. The feverish brow, bathed with water, is refreshed by the coolness caused by evaporation.
17. Plenty of water and its free application, would be the greatest aid to sanitary improvement.
18. Carbon.
19. Common gas used in lighting houses, shops, &c., is hydrogen with a little carbon in it, and the flame is supported by the oxygen of the atmosphere.

## TRANSPOSITION—CHINA ROSE & A SORE CHIN.

### THE CONUNDRUM—A horned Owl.



## ORNITHOLOGICAL REBUS.

Pretty bird, pretty bird, each that I see,  
What is your name? pray tell it to me.  
Then I'll take the initial of each pretty bird,  
And form a short sentence I often have heard.  
The words in that sentence shall only be two,  
Yet three will be heard when 'tis spoken by you.  
You may take one away, and yet two will remain,  
Unaltered in our speech—still meaning the same.  
Read from the second word leftward or right,  
The same shall these words appear to your sight.  
Each bird has my first, is my next, has my third,  
When from its nest its rich music is heard.  
Pretty bird, pretty bird, each that I see,  
What is your name? pray tell it to me.

[Answer in No. 7.]

## CHARADE.

If, in the midst of company,  
My first you chance to mention,  
You'll find that the effect will be  
At once to gain attention.

My second oft in Chaucery,  
Is kept with care paternal,  
My whole is one, whose god like acts  
Have made his name eternal.—E. D. C.

[Answer in No. 7.]

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



After the first day's experience, the Baron is convinced that many novel ways of sporting may be devised. While looking at the kitchen cullender, a thought strikes him!



The Baron takes the cullender, and conceals himself behind a tree near a wood, waiting for the Woodcocks!



At the Woodcocks fly near, the Baron trusts out his cullender and secures two of them, in a most striking manner!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

WEET for love, but not for anger; a cold rain will never bring flowers.\*  
 GRACEFUL manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.

WE hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age; that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.

To discover how many idle men there are in a place, all that is necessary is to set two dogs fighting.

LOVE is of the nature of a burning glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth, but changed often, it doth nothing.

WHEN the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then steer with a steady hand.

THE sweet light of friendship is, like the light of phosphorus, seen plainly when all around is dark.

YOUNG ladies educated to despise mankind, generally finish their studies by running away with footmen.

WHY will next year be the same as last?—Because last year was eighteen hundred and fifty, and the next will be eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

AN Irishman, at a temperance meeting the other night, referring to his standing in society, said that he had been a working-man ever since he was born.

A SMART waiting-woman, in giving an account of the twin children of her mistress, said very innocently, "The dear little things—one looks so much like both, you can't tell 't'other from which!"

WHEN the Persian poet Hafiz was asked by the philosopher Zenda what he was good for, he replied, "Of what use is a flower?"—"A flower is good to smell," said the philosopher—"And I am good to smell it," said the poet.

"ISN'T the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior. "Yes, my son." "Then what do folks mean by old times?" "Go to bed, sonny, that's a good boy, and we'll talk of these things on the morrow."

AT Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said, "He was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and his punch at night, it was all he wanted."

To make money plenty and cheap has been the study of statesmen for the last ten centuries; and yet when a counterfeiter steps in and shows them how it's done, he is bundled off to prison, for a dozen years or more. What an ungrateful world!

FICTITIOUS are revelations not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations of the eternal desires of the heart.

"WHY do you wink at me, sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger at a party an evening or two since.—"I beg your pardon, madam," replied the wit, "I winked as men do when looking at the sun—your splendour dazzled my eyes."

"GENTLEMEN of the Jury," said a western lawyer, "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet live to one that, if you should bait a steel trap with a new threepenny piece and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul."

WIT, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and that as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

A YOUNG lawyer who had long paid his court to a young lady, without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being "insensible to the power of love." "It does not follow," she archely replied, "that I am so, because I am not to be won by the power of attorney." "Forgive me," cried the suitor, "but you should remember that all the votaries of Cupid are solicitors!"

THE sea is the integat of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other grave-yards, in all other lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in that ocean-cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honour. Over their remains the same storm beats, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump when the sea shall give up its dead.

WHEN the committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Academy Dictionary, Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, came one day into the room where they were holding a session. "Glad to see you, M. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which I think quite satisfactory, but upon which we would like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word Crab, and have explained it thus: Crab, a small red fish, which walks backward." "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only, if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in Natural History. The crab is not a fish; it is not red, and it does not walk backward. With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

MILK, so nutritious when taken as food, if injected into the veins acts as a deadly poison.

DEBORAH, from the Hebrew, means bee; Rachel, a sheep; Sarah, a princess; and Hannah, the gracious.

THERE is a plant growing in the springs of Iceland, which not only flowers, but bears seeds in water hot enough to boil an egg.

SOME patient curiosity-hunter has found that the number of grains in a bushel of wheat, weighing sixty-two pounds, is upwards of 699,600.

THE earth and those planets which, with their antellites, form what is called the solar system, move through space at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour.

THE larvae of the "great goat-moth" increase their weight one hundred and forty times in an hour, and, when full grown, are 72,000 times heavier than when first-hatched.

## THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I BELIEVE that there is no God—but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there be any God or no.

I believe also that the world was not made—that the world made itself—that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that man is a beast—that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul, and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses—I believe in the first philosophy—I believe not the Evangelists.

I believe in Chubb, Collins, Tofand, Tindal, Morgan, Maudevilles, Woolston, Hobbe, and Shaftesbury. I believe in Lord Bolingbroke—I believe not in St. Paul.

I believe not in revelation—I believe in tradition—I believe in the Koran—I believe not the Bible—I believe in Socrates—I believe in Satchonathan—I believe in Mahomet—I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.—Bishop Hume.

much does enter  
 it, repent of sin;  
 only rest to win.

MONDAY—for you  
 Serve the Lord;  
 To the best of you.

what good you  
 with God and  
 is but a sp.

WEDNESDAY—give away and earn;  
 no truth, some good thing for  
 good for ill to turn.

THURSDAY—build your house upon  
 Christ, the mighty corner stone;  
 Whom God helps, his work is done

FRIDAY—for the truth be strong;  
 Own your fault, if in the wrong;  
 Put a bridle on your tongue

SATURDAY—thank God and sing;  
 Tribute to his treasure bring;  
 Be prepared for Terror's king!

Thus your hopes on Jesus cast—  
 Thus let all your weeks be past,  
 And you shall be saved at last.

RE is a shadow; wealth is vanity; and power a pageant; knowledge is ecstatic in enjoyment—perennial in frame—unlimited in space, and infinite in duration. In the performance of its sacred offices, it fears no danger—spares no expense, looks in the volcano, dives into the ocean—perforates the earth—wings its flight into the skies—enriches the globe—explores sea and land—contemplates the distance—examines the minute—comprehends the great—ascends to the sublime—no place too remote for its grasp—no heavens too exalted for its reach.—De Witt Clinton.

## RUNCIC MAXIMS.

A FAITHFUL friend is he who will give me one blow when he has but two. Whilst we live, let us live well; for he a man ever so rich when he lights his fire, death may, perhaps, enter his door before it be burnt out.

Flocks perish: relations die: friends are not immortal: you will die yourself: but I know one thing alone that is out of the reach of fate; and that is, the judgment which is passed upon the dead.

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended; praise a woman when you have known her; a sword when you have proved it; a maiden after she is married; the ice when once you have crossed it; and the liquor after it is drunk.

Know, that if you have a friend, you ought to visit him often. The road is grown over with grass, the bushes quickly spread over it if it be not constantly travelled.

Be not the first to break with a friend. Sorrow gnaws the heart of him who hath no one to advise with but himself.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you wish to cultivate a gossiping, meddling, censorious spirit in your children, be sure when they come home from church, a visit, or any other place where you do not accompany them, to ply them with questions concerning what everybody wore, how everybody looked, and what everybody said and did—and if you find anything in all this to censure, always do it in their hearing. You may rest assured, if you pursue a course of this kind, they will not return to you unladen with intelligence; and, rather than it should be uninteresting, they will by degrees learn to embellish in such a manner as shall not fail to call forth remarks and expressions of wonder from you. You will, by this course, render the spirit of curiosity—which is so early visible in children, and which, if rightly directed, may be made the instrument of enriching and enlarging their minds—a vehicle of mischief, which shall serve only to narrow them.

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### Rules for Correspondents.

BECAUSE a few simple Rules are necessary for the guidance of our Companions, and not because we have "ruling passion," we add a few more instructions to those given in No. 1. We first repeat our address (69, Fleet Street, London), which is most essential, and will be constantly looked for by the thousands who will certainly be seized by the furor scribendi the moment they discover the nature of the *Companionship* we have offered them.

As *admirers* Readers will doubtless be "Constant Readers," and our Admirers "Admirers from the First," we hope that our Correspondents will avoid these too common and impersonal signatures. To distinguish one among the host, we must have some definite mark, and the initials of proper names are at once the most definite and simple. Long assumed names are highly objectionable; because they unduly encroach upon space in the Answers to Correspondents, and interfere with the plan we shall adopt of acknowledging the receipt of every communication, that the writers thereof may have the satisfaction of knowing that their epistles have reached our hands. Whenever, therefore, we meet with a sentimental "Miss Amelia Rosamond Philippa Marguerite Elfrida Jenkins," we shall, in acknowledging her letter, take the liberty of reducing her to the common-sense level of "Miss A. J."

As we necessarily print each number long before the time of its circulation, and still longer before its date, sufficient time must be allowed to elapse before a reply to any question be expected. If anybody should impatiently and impudently reprove us for neglecting a reply, which, at the very time of the reprint, might be "in the press," having given us abundant labour to get it there, we should almost be disposed to stop the press and take our answer out, even though we left a blank in its stead. Only one thing would prevent us, i.e. the extreme good temper which should ever grace the intercommunication of literary Companions.

**HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CUP OF TEA.**—M. Soyer recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed by the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp, in front of the fire (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be, in about a minute, a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

**TO PROTECT TREES FROM MICE.**—Mr. Editor,—"As I do not approve of the use of coal-tar to keep mice from destroying fruit-trees, during the winter season, I will give my method of protecting trees from mice. I take sheet, or tea-chest lead (which can be bought for a nominal price) and cut it into strips eight inches wide, and sufficient length the other way to round the tree once and a half or twice; then wrap it around the tree lightly, and it will stay without any further trouble. It can be taken off in the spring, and laid by for subsequent years. I have tried the above method with entire success.—L. W. STOW.

**THE BLACKBERRY.**—Very few regard this shrub of the slightest value—it does, however, possess some qualities which entitle them to the attention of others than the mere passer-by. For instance:—the blackberries have a desiccative and astringent virtue, and are a most appropriate remedy for the gums and inflammation of the tonsils. Boerhaave affirms that the roots taken out of the earth in February or March, and boiled in honey, are an excellent remedy against dropsy. Syrup of blackberries, picked when only red, is cooling and astringent, in common purgings or fluxes. The bruised leaves, stalks, and unripe fruit, applied outwardly, are said to cure ring-worm.

**SKIPPERS IN CHEESE.**—Mr. Editor,—"Much cheese is annually lost or rendered unsaleable, by being infested with skippers. To drive out these, when they have once obtained a lodgment in the cheese, cut a small circular hole on the outside near the centre; carefully remove the round ring or plug, and having excavated a portion of the inside, so as to leave a hole in the middle of the cheese, fill it with the best French brandy. As the liquor

is absorbed by the cheese, renew it; and repeat the operation several times—then fill up the hole and replace the plug, covering it carefully with a piece of paper pasted over, and the skippers will leave immediately.—Yours, &c. W. A. Y."

**GEORGE COMBE.**—George Combe, the physiologist, is a philosophical methodist. His bump of order is fully developed, and his "time" is "large," so that everything he does is done when it should be done, and it is well done, too. The initiated say that, in strict conformity with Dr. Andrew's rules of dietetics, George mastomies his food most thoroughly; reposes with his feet upon a high cushion during half-an-hour after every meal, until the gastric juice has got sufficient hold of the "alimentary deposits," and then he goes to take his airings. This is doubtless a most extraordinary process, and those dyspeptics who are as rich as George Combe is, have no excuse if they do not pursue it. How many poor men wish they had the chance to try it!

**STREET NUISANCES.**—Much as we like young people to "emulvour" to "turn an honest penny," we regret to see boys resorting to a form of mendicancy objectionable to the public, and certainly prejudicial to the future welfare of themselves. Thousands of people have visited London to witness the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations; but the first exhibition that struck the view of many of them was that of the twirling of a line of ragged urchins, upon their hands and feet on the pavements of the leading thoroughfares from the railways. At one time these gymnastic feats were only to be witnessed in the outskirts of London; but now the competition in this twirl-about profession has become so severe, that even the crowded pavements of Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand, have been made more impassable by its introduction. Whether the foreign visitors this afforded a subject for the "envy of surrounding nations," or whether they mistook the ragged striplings as they wheeled about for some species of indignant radiated animal, we cannot tell. But there can be no doubt that the practice has become a great nuisance, and must be put down. A nuisance disgusting to the eye, interfering with the progress of the pedestrian, dangerous to old and to young people, and demoralising in its effects upon those who are tempted by it into an useless and vicious mode of life. We hope, therefore, that the public will cease to encourage, by their mistaken charity, that which will certainly, ere long, end for the interference of the police. To pay police-rates with one hand for the maintenance of public order, and, with the other, to fling gratuities to those who live by destroying that order, is a very false economy. Besides, it involves a moral responsibility, since the holding out of premiums to this kind of pursuit is giving to the industrial energies of youth



UNLUCKY TURN!

The *Times*, speaking of the late census, says—"It is now shown that during the last half century the population of Great Britain is, within a very little, double itself. The numbers being 8, at the beginning of the century, 10,567,893; and now, exclusive of the navy, and the transient seamen out of the country when the census was taken, 20,936,468. But for the demonstration which is now furnished, it would scarcely have been credible that this island should, during fifty years, have added to its numbers a population as large as has been obtained during the preceding two thousand years of its history. This is, indeed, remarkable.

"MAN IS A CHAMELEON AND BOTH FEED ON AIR."—Professor Liebig, in the following, demonstrates this poetical assertion to be a scientific truth—"Science has demonstrated that man, the being who performs all these wonders, is formed of condensed air, (or solidified and liquefied gases,) that he lives on condensed as well as uncondensed air, and clothes himself in condensed air; that he prepares his food by means of condensed air; and by means of the same agent moves the heaviest weights with the velocity of the wind. The strangest part of the matter is, that thousands of these tabernacles formed of condensed air, and going on two legs, occasionally, and on account of the production and supply of those forms of condensed air which they require for food and clothing, or on account of their honour and power, destroy each other in pitched battles by means of condensed air; and further, that many believe the peculiar powers of the bodiless, conscious, thinking, and sensitive being, housed in this tabernacle, to be the result simply of its internal structure, and the arrangement of its particles or atoms; while chemistry supplies the clearest proof that, as far as concerns this, the ultimate and most minute composition and structure, which is beyond the reach of our senses, man is, to appearance, identical with the ox, or with the animal lowest in the scale of creation."

**ECONOMY OF TIME, AND REGULARITY.**—There is, in many people, and particularly in youth, a strange aversion to regularity; a desire to delay what ought to be done immediately, in order to do something else, which might as well be done afterwards. Be assured it is of more consequence to you than you can conceive to get the better of this procrastinating spirit, and to acquire habits of constancy and steadiness, even in the most trifling matters. Without these there can be no regularity or

consistency of action or character; no dependence on your best intentions, which a sudden humour may tempt you to lay aside for a term, and which a thousand unforeseen accidents will afterwards render it more and more difficult to execute. No one can say what important consequences may follow a trivial neglect of this kind. For example, I have known one of these procrastinators dissolve and gradually lose very valuable friends by delaying to write to them so long, that, having no good excuse to offer, she could not muster courage at last to attempt it at all, and dropped their correspondence entirely. Never permit a letter to remain long unanswered; it is a mark of great disrespect, and may be treated as insulting.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

**BIRDS' EGGS.**—B. Y. In selecting eggs for your cabinet, always choose those which are newly laid; make a medium-sized hole at the sharp end with a pointed instrument; having made the hole at the sharp end, make one at the blunt, and let this last hole be as small as possible; this done, apply your mouth to the blunt end, and blow the contents through the sharp end. If the yolk will not come freely, run a pin or wire up into the egg, and stir the yolk well about; now get a cupful of water, and immersing the sharp end of the shell into it, apply your mouth to the blunt end, and suck up some of the water into the empty shell; then put your finger and thumb upon the two holes, shake the water well within, and after this blow it out. The water will clear your egg of any remains of yolk, or of white, which may stay in after blowing. If one suck up of water will not suffice, make a second, or third. An egg, immediately after it is produced, is very clear and fine; but by staying in the nest, and coming in contact with the feet of the bird, it soon assumes a dirty appearance. To remedy this, wash it well in soap and water, and use a nail-brush to get the dirt off. Your egg-shell is now as it ought to be, and nothing remains to be done but to prevent the thin white membrane (which is still inside), from corrupting; take a wine glass and fill it with the solution of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, then immerse the sharp end of the egg-shell into it, keeping your finger and thumb, as you hold it, just clear of the solution; apply your mouth to the little hole at the blunt end, and suck up some of the solution into the shell; you need not be fearful of getting the liquor into your mouth, for, as soon as it rises in the shell, the cold will strike your finger and thumb, and then you cease sucking; shake the shell just as you did when the water was in it, and then blow the solution back into the glass. Your egg-shell is now beyond the reach of corruption; the membrane for ever retains its pristine whiteness, and no insect for the time to come will ever venture to prey upon it. If you wish your egg to appear extremely brilliant, give it a coat of mastic varnish, put on very sparingly with a camel-hair pencil; green or blue eggs must be done with gum-arabic; the mastic varnish is apt to injure the colour."

**LOOK AFTER YOUR OWN "RIGHTS" AND "WRONGS."**—With reference to answers sent into our various *Chambers*, *Kuignas*, *Rebuses*, &c., we do not intend to publish lists of those who may be respectively right or wrong. By publishing the correct Solutions we give everybody an opportunity of seeing for themselves how far they are accurate. This is the only sensible course. Any other would hold out a premium to indolence, and would defeat our object, which is to make our "Evenings at Home" conducive to the healthful exercise of the intellectual faculties. Communications will be acknowledged, but not in this manner.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—It is our intention to publish weekly an alphabetical list, showing the principal communications that have reached us. If, however, our correspondence becomes exceedingly numerous, it may be impracticable to carry out this purpose. Under these circumstances, we hold ourselves free to depart from it, without any breach of faith. The following will be our plan—

Adele.	Francis.	Miss H.
A. B.	F. R. N.	Mary.
A. R.	Franklin.	M. W.
B. C.	F. R. A.	M. S.
B. W.	F. F. H.	Oliver.
B. H.	G. G. J.	P. T. R.
B. R. H.	G. R.	Robert H.
C. E.	George H.	Rosina.
C. J. R.	J. J. J.	Ralph.
Daniel.	Joseph.	S. S. W.
David.	John.	Sarah H.
D. H. J.	J. R. E.	Thomas B.
Ellen.	J. O.	T. R.
E. R.	Jaura.	William.
E. N. R.	Maria T.	Y. Z.



# THE HOME COMPANION;

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 3.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

[PRICE

## LOVE AND REASON.

'Twas in the summer time so sweet,  
When hearts and flowers are both in  
season,  
That—who, of all the world should meet,  
One early dawn, but Love and Reason!  
Love told his dream of yesternight,  
While Reason talked about the weather;  
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,  
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,  
While Reason, like a Juno, stalked,  
And from her portly figure threw  
A lengthened shadow as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,  
Should find that sunny morning chill,  
For still the shadow Reason cast  
Fell o'er the boy, and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,  
Or find a pathway not so dim,  
For still the maid's gigantic form  
Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love—  
"The sun was made for more than you."  
So, turning through a myrtle grove,  
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy  
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;

In every breeze inhaling joy,  
And drinking bliss in every beam.  
From all the gardens, all the bowers,  
He culled the many sweets they shaded,  
And ate the fruits and smelled the flowers,  
Till taste was gone, and odour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,  
Looked blazing o'er the sultry plains;  
Alas! the boy grew languid soon,  
And fever thrilled through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,  
No more with healthy bloom he smiled—  
Oh! where was tranquil Reason now,  
To cast her shadow o'er the child?

Beneath a green and aged palm,  
His foot at length for shelter turning,  
He saw the nymph reclining calm,  
With brow as cool as his was burning.

"Oh! take me to that bosom cold,"  
In murmurs at her feet he said;  
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,  
And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,  
And soon it lulled his pulses to rest;  
For, ah! the chill was quite too much,  
And Love expired on Reason's breast!

## BRIDGET KEREVAN.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a weak and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar."—ISAAC WALTON.

"How did you find them all at home, Bridget?"

"Hearty, ma'am, thank ye;" and the girl moved busily about the room.

She was my chambermaid, and although she had only lived with me a little while, I felt very much attached to her, for she was so kind, industrious, and honest. Soon after she came to us I was seized with a painful illness, and during it, she nursed me with the tenderness of a sister; often, when the spasms of acute pain would shake my feeble body, I had seen large tears standing in her full, round eye.

As she assisted me in undressing, I observed that she was not in her usual spirits, and when she handed me my dressing-gown, I saw that her hands trembled. But she patiently went through every little duty, although I could well see that she was suffering from some hidden trouble. When I sat down to my reading, she left me to prepare for me some tea—for, dear reader, I am a true old maid, and love my cup of tea, as well as I love my existence almost.

Presently she re-entered, and rolling a little table beside my chair, she placed on it the waiter, and poured out my tea. Just then I heard the heavy breathing of my dear Aunt Mary, who was asleep in the adjoining room.

"Close the door of Aunt Mary's room, my good Bridget," I said; "and while I drink my tea and eat this nice piece of toast you have made me, come and tell me something about Ireland."

I knew this would please her; for often had she talked to me at night, when I would be undressing, about the glens and vales of beautiful, song-famed Coleraine; and the fairies, with their round rings in the grass. She had never seen a fairy her own self, but "Elsie the child" her sister had, and the "little body," as she called the fairy, had pinched the poor "wean Elsie."

Then again on Sunday, or holiday nights, she would tell me how, when a child, she had wished to be a nun, and that she would go out in the night, pitch dark, and kneel on the ground in the middle of their garden, and ask the good Virgin and the Saints to pray for her, for Bridget has always been a religious girl.

Then she had actually heard the Benshee cry. It came wailing around the house when her father died; and she had heard it a week before his death, when he was hale and hearty. She had heard it at night-fall one

evening when she was crossing the glen below their cottage, as she was coming from Coleraine, where she had been spending the day with her grandmother. It commenced "low and mournful like" in the bushes beside her, and then ranged around the hills, swelling out louder and louder, until it ceased behind the cottage. As she would dwell on this, my fancy would picture to me the enthusiastic, imaginative Irish girl, standing with lips apart, listening to this mournful wailing night-wind, which her after troubles shaped into the sad poetical Benshee; and if I had had the skill of an artist, I could have made a lovely sketch, I am sure; for so plainly did her descriptions bring before me her figure and the surrounding landscape, lightened with the warm hue of the lingering twilight so peculiar to Ireland.

Bridget sat down on the rug beside me, and when we went to bed that night, good reader, it was later than unsuspecting Aunt Mary imagined; but I had heard all Bridget's troubles, had soothed and comforted her, had read her lover's last letter to her—for she had a lover—what girl has not?—and sent her to bed with a heart considerably lighter than when, with aching head but patient fingers, she had prepared my nice night meal.

Bridget's father, Dermot Kerevan, was a Scotchman by birth, but of Irish parentage. His father had settled in Glasgow, and there did Dermot spend his early years, and obtain thriftiness and steadiness, qualities not often found in an Irishman. Dermot was early apprenticed to a gardener, and when he was out of his term of service, his master recommended him to an Irish gentleman, who wanted a gardener for his place, "The Forest," at Coleraine. There Dermot came, and it was not long before he brought home to his pretty gardener's cottage, the beauty of Coleraine, Grace Mullen, who he had persuaded to be his "bonnie wife," as he called her. They must have been very happy—for sweeter domestic pictures I have never heard described, either in tale or poem, than my good Bridget would sketch in her little stories of their home, during her father's life. But this blessed happiness could not last for ever. One fine spring day poor Dermot was brought home from the garden, up at "the great house," on a litter, nearly dead. He had fallen from a high tree while lopping off a branch. He lingered only a few hours, leaving the lonely widow with her "four children" to battle with life alone.

Bridget was the eldest, and she was only twelve. Then there was Grace, and Elsie, and little Jinny the baby, all to be cared for. Bridget was sent to her uncle's at Glasgow town, and the grandmother of Grace Kerevan gave the shelter of her poor roof to the rest of them. Widow Kerevan opened a little shop in her grandmother's front room, and did "bits of work" for the people all around Coleraine," as Bridget expressed it.

A year after the kind, loving father's death, home came Bridget from Glasgow town. Her uncle, the rich distiller, was enraged at her, for she had told his wife she had rather starve in Ireland than go to the meeting-house all day Sunday, and sit straight up at her sewing and knitting the rest of the week. Poor girl! the strict, rigid habits of her uncle's thrifty Scotch wife had driven her almost frantic. She, who had roamed at will over hill and glen, and had never been bound down to any duty! The domestic affairs of her own home had always been soon dispensed with, and she had spent most of her time in rambling through the forest, or by the stream-side, or playing with Gracey, Elsie, and the baby, chasing their shadows on the grassy hill-side; then how could she bear the strait-laced notions and rules of her notable Scotch aunt? Not at all, and she told her so; and they sent her home to the starvation her aunt had often taunted her with, holding it in perspective, when she would be rebellious.

The mother, grandmother, and children crowded around her. Grace Kerevan held her child, from whom she had been so long parted, close to her bosom, and sobbed with joy.

"And so," said the old grandmother, "the 'Scotch guran,' as poor Dermot used to say, told ye we starved here? Never mind, darlint, ye shall always have a p'raty, even if we all do without."

Poor Bridget worked early and late for the farmers' wives, but she only made a "small trifle," as she said; and sometimes they were so poor that they had scarcely a potato apiece in the house.

"And did you ever wish yourself back in Glasgow town, Bridget?" I inquired.

"Niver, ma'am," was the girl's energetic answer; and I do not believe she ever did, for the genial light of home-love shone in her poor, Irish heart for which her affectionate little heart had pined, under the wealthier but roof of her uncle.

"Thin I came to Ameriky."

"But, Bridget, how came you to think of America?"

"Och, the girls all around talked about Ameriky, and my aunt's cousin's husband's sister writ home a letter about her making such a power of money. Well, I talked to mother, about it, but she cried, and so did grandmother,

## BRIDGET KEREVAN.

and they asked me where I'd get the four pound to pay my passage with. That kept me quiet a bit, for I'd never seen so big a heap of money. But one day, when I was shaking up grandmother's bed, I felt a great big lump in it, that was sewed up in the straw, and I dragged it out, and it was an old stocking with money tied in it. I ran screaming with joy to mother. But oh! how she cried, and grandmother scolded! Then I cried, too, and grandmother came and hugged me, and told me to give over cryin', that there was the money if I wanted it. She said she'd hid it away in the bed, years ago, to keep off the dark day. Then I cried, 'Grandmother, let me go to Ameriky, and I will send ye so much gold that 'll keep the dark day away for ever.'

"Then, mother said, 'Let the girl go, for sure she's had light given her, and she knows better than us.'"

"Did you not feel a little sorry, Bridget, when they gave up at last?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, not a bit," she continued; "and I hurried around and got ready. The girl that had writ the letters home about Ameriky, sent out a ticket to her sister to come on the vessel that was just going; but she—Miss McManham it was—was very sick, and couldn't go; and so mother bought her ticket for me. But, oh! when mother bid me good-bye, and kissed me, and left me on the vessel, then I cried. I didn't cry a bit when I bid grandmother and the childer good-bye at the house, but it was when I saw mother going down the side of the vessel, and get into the tumbling little boat, that I cried. I felt so lonely-like, just as I did when father was buried; and I watched the little boat, and her red cloak, until she got ashore. Then there she stood, and shook her handkerchief until it grewed too dark to see her. Oh, Miss Enna, but then I cried!—all to myself though—for I was ashamed the people should see me, and I went off to my little bed and cried all night; for I thought, 'as furder away from them than father was, for he was in heaven, and I was out on wide water.' Then I thought of what father used to tell me about God bein' with us always, and I tried to stop my cryin' by prayin'."

"How old were you then, Bridget?"

"Not quite fifteen, ma'am."

"Were you not glad when you saw America, my poor child?"

"Indade and indade I was! for I'd been so sick all the way; and when the vessel came up the river to Philadelphia, I cried with joy. But when the vessel anchored, and people came from shore, and I heard them a greetin' one another, my heart fell like a great lump of lead, for I'd nobody in this wild, new country, to greet me. Then I cried again, but it was with the heart-ache. I sat there all alone, when one of the women, who had been very kind to me on the passage, came up to me, and she brought with her a man, who, she said, used to know my mother when she was a slip of a girl in Coleraine, and if I would go home with him he would try to find me a place. I bundled up my clothes, which were only a few pieces, and went with him. This was on a Saturday night like, Miss Enna, and on Monday they took me to a place."

"Was it a nice place, Bridget?"

"Yes, ma'am; but 'twas a plain, hard-working family; they kept only me, and they had a lot of childer, and a whole parcel of 'prentice boys; but Mrs. Hill—that was her name—was kind to me, and worked with me when she could, and took good care of my money, which she put all away, and I didn't spend a bit. She giv' me some of her old dresses and an old hood, so I saved up all my money for four months. Then I writ my first letter to mother, and sent her the sixteen dollars."

"Oh, Bridget!" I exclaimed, "why did you not write before?"

The girl laughed quietly, and replied—

"I wanted to send a big bit of money when I writ home; and I know'd the neighbours would stare, and grandmother would open her eyes, and mother would be so proud of her Bridget sendin' home three pound and over. Then came a letter from them at home, and it made me cry so. They were all well, and had got my money; but mother tried to scold me a bit because I hadn't writ before, but she was so plazed to hear I was doin' well, that she didn't scold much. Then I worked on, but I felt lonely like, and kept thinkin' how nice 'twould be to have Gracey with me. So I saved up twenty dollars, and sent it to Ireland; and soon Gracey came to me. Mother couldn't come, I know'd, for grandmother was so old as to stay in bed all the time. I'd been a year in Ameriky when Gracey came over; then after awhile I sent for Elsie, for the times were still harder in Ireland, and mother had had work to get on with her poor old sick granny to nurse. Elsie seemed so little when she came, that I didn't know what to do with her; but Mrs. Hill, the kind soul, said she might come and live with me; that she could play with the childer, and rock the cradle, and go errands, and she would give her her clothes the first year; then, if she was smart, she would give her a half dollar a week—for Mr. Hill was richer now. I took great pleasure in Elsie, she was good and minded me; but Gracey was headstrong like, and would have her own way. She gave me a dale of trouble, and many's the night I've laid awake and thought about her. She liked to tease me, and make me believe she was worse than she was."

"At last Mr. Hill and his wife made up their minds to buy a large farm clear up in the country, a great many miles off from Philadelphia, and Elsie and me went with them. This did Gracey good, and she was a better girl ever afterward, for when she was left alone in Philadelphia, she saw how cross she'd been to me, and this made her sorry; and she went to church reglar, and attended to her duties, and used to go and talk to my good old priest, Father Shane—for he was about it to me, unbeknownst to her—oh, but I was glad thin'!"

"After I'd been in the country—on the farm, I mane—a letter came from mother, telling us of poor grandmother's death, and the letter had all

tears over it, which made Elsie and me cry, for we know'd they were poor mother's tears. In this same letter she said she wished we could send her a ticket to come to Ameriky with; that if she could see her Bridget once more before she died, she would be happy. This was spring-time, so I takes up Elsie's money and mine, and goes off to Philadelphia to buy a ticket for mother, and show Gracey mother's letter. Gracey had no money to give me, for she was always extravagant; and no wonder, for she was pretty, like mother, and liked a bit of finery better than plain folks like myself. She cried about it, but I comforted her, and told her niver mind, I'd enough; but I couldn't buy myself a dress—that I didn't let her know, though, for fear she'd fret."

"So I bought the ticket, and got Father Shane to write a letter for me. I was going to stay in Philadelphia a week—so Mrs. Hill said I might; but the day after I bought the ticket a waggon came all the way from the farm to tell me Elsie was dying—that she had sickened the day I left, and had the measles. Then again, Miss Enna, I was in trouble, for Elsie was so good, and she looked like father. Oh, I cried all the way out to Mrs. Hill's! Sure enough, when I got there my poor baby was near gone. I nursed her night and day, poor child, but 'twas no use, God took my wean away from me."

"The night she died she opened her eyes and know'd me for the first time. I thought she was getting well, though the doctor said she couldn't."

"Bridget," said she, "we'd a nice play down in the glen, hadn't we?"

"I couldn't answer, my heart was so full, for I saw she thought she was home in Coleraine."

"Bridget!" she called, and held out her little hands to me. I took her in my arms, crying all the time.

"Let's go into the cottage," said she, "for father and grandmother have been callin' us a good many times. It's dark out here, Bridget, and cold—hold me, Bridget dear, for I can't see."

"Then she called 'mother!' and tryin' to put her little arms around my neck, said she wanted to go to sleep, and told me to sing to her. I hugged her close up to me, and, after a few words about the long grass under the hill by the cottage, where she and Jinny used to roll over playin', she drew a long breath, and as I kissed her, she died. Oh, but that was the darkest night I ever spent, Miss Enna! I was all alone, for Mrs. Hill had gone to sleep, tellin' me I must call her if Elsie was worse. There I sat all night holdin' my dead darlint close to my bosom, too heart-struck to cry. But when in the morning Mrs. Hill tried to take her from me, they say I screamed and held on to her like a mad person."

"I niver saw Elsie afterward, Miss Enna," said the poor girl, with tears streaming down her cheeks, "for when they buried her in the cold earth, I was raving sick, and they said I would die too. Part of the time I know'd them, and part of the time I was crazy, but when I'd my senses, I pray'd God would just keep me alive to see my mother. He heard my prayer," she continued, crossing herself devoutly, "and before mother came I was well again, though my heart was full of sorrow for Elsie."

"When I sent for mother, I told her not to come till fall, for I thought by that time I'd lay by a trifle of money to take a room in Philadelphia and buy some furniture. All summer I worked hard, and Mrs. Hill, the good soul, give me as much money in the fall as if Elsie had been workin' too. She know'd what I wanted with it, and she gave me some old chairs, and a bed, too. I was sorry to leave her, for her and her husband were so kind to us always; but I know'd mother would feel lonely like in town without me. So I packed up all my things, and came in Mr. Hill's market-waggon to town."

"Father Shane had writ to me that the vessel was expected in a week or so—and I came to town just in time to rent a nice room for mother. I'd enough of money to pay a month's rent ahead, and to buy some wood. Then I bought a carpet and a nice bedstead, and a table, and a good, warm stove—oh, yes, and a cushioned sofa, or sofa, as the people call it here, that looked like the one we had at home in Coleraine. Gracey gave me a little trifle, which was a great deal for her, seein' it had been summer-time, and she had to have a new bonnet, bein' in town."

"The night before mother came, Gracey ran round from her place to see mother's room—and how proud I felt, as we stood in the middle of it, and looked around at all the things—we felt so rich."

"Now, if we only had a bureau," said Gracey, "to put under that little glass of mine."

"Gracey had always finer notions than me. I'd niver thought of a bit of a bureau, for I know'd mother had a chest which would hold Jinny's clothes and hers—all they had, poor things! Father Shane came to see me that night, too. Oh, but we felt very happy! only very little bit, poor Elsie would come to my mind, and I'd think of how merry she'd been, if she'd been livin'; and grate tears would roll down in spite of me. Father Shane spoke very pretty about her, and made me feel better, and after he and Gracey went away, I sat down by the stove, and there I sat all night, for I didn't want to rumple the bed I'd made up for mother, for the sheets looked so white and smooth."

"The next afternoon the vessel came up the river, but it was ten o'clock at night before mother got off. There I stood on the wharf, talkin' to her, that was on the old vessel, all the evenin'." When she first see'd me, she cried,—

"Ooh, and it's my Bridget! God bless her!"

"She was so glad, she'd have tumbled overboard; but one of the sailors who caught her. We both cried and laughed, and some laughed at us; but the good sailor who had caught ahold of her when she was fallin', told her to cheer up, that she'd soon be on shore with her Bridget. He helped her down the side of the vessel, and when she hugged me and we both cried, I saw him wipe his eyes. He shook hands with us both, and asked where we lived, and said he'd come to see us."



## THE INFANT'S TEMPTATION.

"But, ooh, didn't mother stare when she see'd her nice room! Them sh-throw'd her upon over her head and oried like a baby. Janny had grow'd so tall I didn't know her. I was glad she was tall, for I'd hated to see her, for fear she'd make me cry about Elsie, bein' little like her; but she was near as tall as Gracey, and right pretty."

"Mother examined all the room, and kissed me, and hugged me; and then, when Gracey came, she looked very proud—for Gracey was so fine-lookin'. Gracey stayed all night, and we made her and Jinny a bed on the floor with the cushions of the form, for mother said she'd sleep with her Bridget. We talked nearly all night, and we all oried about Elsie, and I told 'em a great many pretty stories about her."

"Yes, mother," said Gracey, "Elsie, the darlin', was always a blessing to Bridget, but I was a trouble."

"I made her hush, and told her she wasn't as bad as she pretend'd to be. and then after a bit we all went to sleep. But after I'd been asleep awhile I wakened, and there was mother lanin' over me cryin' and kissin' me; I didn't ope my eyes, but laid so still; for oh, Miss Enna, it was so nice to have my own mother beside me! and then I was afraid I was dramin'."

"Well, Bridget," I said, as the girl wiped her eyes, "how did you support your little family?"

"Very azy, ma'am," she replied, "for we all took care of ourselves. Mrs. Hill came in and asked Jinny to go and live with her. Then I got a nice place at poor Mrs. Kenyon's mother. You know'd Mrs. Kenyon, Miss Enna, 'twas she who died?"

Indeed I did know her, for Mary Kenyon had been one of my dearest friends; and only a few short months before the grave had closed over her the beautiful and the good.

"Well," continued Bridget, "after a bit I got mother two nice first-floor rooms, at the corner of the street where she lived; and in the front one she opened a little store, which kept her nicely."

But now came the romance—the love-story of good, innocent Bridget's life. Her lover was the good, kind-hearted sailor who had been so interested in them when widow Kerevan landed. He came to see them as he had promised, and though Bridget and the widow thought that Gracey's pretty curls and bright eyes brought him so often "o' evenings," they soon found out it was the good Bridget he was after.

"It's three years now gone, since we were engaged," said Bridget, "and nearly that since I have seen or heard tell of him," and she sighed heavily.

"Where did he go to, Bridget?"

"Why, ma'am, he went in a States vessel to the Ingees, and he said he'd write to me; but I've never had a line from him since he sailed. He writ a letter to me at Norfolk town just before he went off, and told me to love him true 'til he came back, and then we'd be man and wife. Mother long since wanted me to take another beau, for she ses I'm gettin' old, and bein' plain like, nobody will have me, then I'll be an old maid that nobody likes or cares for; but I'd sooner be an old maid, than brake my vow to Patrick; and even Father Shane has scolded mother and Gracey about it, for they both taze—and he ses I'm right."

"How do you mean break your vow, Bridget?"

"Why, you see, Miss Enna, both Patrick and I loved old Ireland so much that we regularly ingaged ourselves, like the people used in the old country."

"How was that, my child?"

"Patrick takes a Prayer-book the night before he went away, and stood in the middle of mother's room, and swore on it by the holy cross, that he niver would marry any woman, but me, Bridget Kerevan; ooh, but his oath was so solemn and beautiful, it made me tremble all over! Then he puts the Prayer-book in my lap, and we took hold of each other's hands over it, and I made the same vow, and then we both kised the book. Mother and Gracey were by and heard it all. How can I, then, Miss Enna, even if I wanted to, take another beau? And I'm sure if anything happens to him I shall niver want another beau, for he was my first real one, and he seemed to come right in Elsie's place like in my heart."

As she sighed heavily, I comforted her, by telling her she was perfectly right in keeping good faith to the absent Patrick; that she need not mind if they did trouble her, it was better to suffer annoyances, than give up to do wrong.

"To-night," she continued, "they tazed me so bekaze I wouldn't have anything to say to one of the neighbour's boys from Coleraine, who know'd us when we were childer; and mother said it was her belafe that Patrick was safe and happy somewhere 'else, married to some other woman. This made me very mad, and I started up and went out of the house without sayin' a word; but mother ran after me down the street, and made me kiss her and say good-night, and we made up and parted friends."

"That was right, Bridget, for she is your mother, and though mistaken, she meant it for the best."

"I know that, Miss Enna; but they trouble me so much, I sometimes hate to go home."

Then she went softly up into her bed-room and brought down a poor, worn-looking letter, and a dilapidated book, with one cover off, and the leaves partly gone.

"This is his letter from Norfolk town, Miss Enna; read it, plaze, aloud, for I niver tire hearing it."

I read it, and found it to be a manly, affectionate, lover-like letter. He touchingly reminded her of her vow, in homely, plain language, it is true, but real heart-words were they that brought tears to my eyes.

"What is that book, Bridget?"

"Oh, Miss Enna," replied the girl, looking down, and her round face grew crimson, "it's a book of his'n. He used to be always readin' in it; and one day he throw'd it into my lap, and said, when I could read it he'd

give me a silk gownd fit for a quane to wear. I laughed and thought nothin' at all about it until after he'd been gone above a year, when I found it down at mother's one night in my old chest which mother had given me when I'd bought her the bureau poor Gracey wanted so bad. I've kept the book ever since; and I take it out of my drawer o' nights, and sit down and try to see somethin' in it, but even if I could rade, which I can't, I couldn't see nothin' in it, for it always makes me cry."

I took the book from her with great curiosity; I was anxious to see what was the nature of it, for I hoped to judge by it of the character of this author-lover. It was *Falconer's Shipwreck*. I was satisfied, and was a firmer friend than before to Patrick.

A few weeks afterwards, one night Bridget came home with a face perfectly radiant, or "bamin," as she would have said. 'I was reading in my bed-room all alone. She came in, closed Aunt Mary's door, and giving me a letter, said—

"Rade it, dear Miss Enna; rade it; he's alive, and is comin' home," and she sat down on the rug beside me, and laughed and oried at once as I read the letter aloud to her.

Sure enough, the lover was safe and true. He had written to her often, but the letters had been lost, he supposed, as he had never heard from her; but he felt sure, he said, that she was still his Bridget, even if he did not hear from her.

"There, you see, Miss Enna, how bad I'd been if I'd done as they wanted me to," she exclaimed; "and so Father Shane said to mother to-night, when he read the beautiful letter—for he brought it to me. Patrick writ to him, and sint him this letter to me inside of his'n, bekase he said he'd writ so often to me, and he thought a letter would sure rash me through Father Shane."

Patient reader, this is a true story; but I am the only one to be sympathised with in it, for I lost my jewel of a chambermaid. A few months afterward Patrick came home and claimed his faithful Bridget. We had a busy time when she was married—for the whole family took an interest in good Bridget's fortune. Patrick was a nice, healthy, bright-looking Irishman; and when on the Sunday after he arrived he came to take her to mass, I saw him, as they walked down the street together, look at her sturdy little figure with as much admiration as if it had possessed the fine proportions of a Venus. Love is such a beautifier!

Father Shane married them, and Patrick rented a nice little house in the suburbs of our town, and took Widow Kerevan home to live with them. Bridget was a happy wife; but she has one trouble, and that is, that her husband's calling takes him away from her, and places him in frequent danger; but when he returns from long voyages she is as bright and merry as a ark.

The other day I went to see her, and as her little girl Elsie came nestling close to me, Bridget said—

"Ever since that child was born, Miss Enna, I feel that my blessed darlint has come back to me. Ooh, but he's been kind to me," she said, "for he give me back both Patrick and Elsie."

Good girl! God had indeed been kind to her, for He had bestowed upon her those priceless gifts of the spirit—Faith and Truth.

## THE INFANT'S TEMPTATION

BY MARY BENNETT.

BEHIND the broad old apple-tree,  
Half hidden in the strawberry bed,  
On the ground sits Kate alone,  
Eating strawberries, ripe and red.

They grow beneath the spreading leaves  
The tempting fruit is fair to see;  
Kate heeds not how Mamma she grieve  
Such a joyful feast has she.

Yet little Kate has not forgot  
To touch the fruit she is forbid,  
And she promised she would not—  
Thanks she by the leaves she's hid!

Leaves cannot hide the child from God,  
Nor from conscience—hark! it tells,  
You've observed the chastening rod,  
Henceforth fear your bosom wells.

Love and conscience urge you now,  
Go and tell Mamma the truth;  
She will keep no frowning brow  
For the contrite heart of youth.

She will pardon; she will speak  
Mildly of temptation's power;  
Show thee how one sin may break  
The peace of many a future hour!

PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—People who may see a locomotive tearing up and down the land at a rate of forty miles to an hour—making the very earth groan beneath its giant tread, and the heavens themselves reverberate with its fearful clatter—scaring nature with its unearthly din, and frightening all creation from its propriety, almost—people who only see it in its terrible activity, have no idea what eminently social virtues it is endowed with. This is its public character. Their private one is another affair. Now and then one of these huge monsters, in whose iron bowels slumbers more than a thousand giant power, comes up and stands under our window, and smokes away as gently as the most exemplary cooking-stove, its huge steam-pipes singing a strain as soft and as dulcet as the most amiable tea-kettle, and its lungs of steel breathing as sweetly as an infant in its slumbers. But the demon of power is there. Let any one but pinch its ears, and no venerable spinster cat will spit more fiercely—let him grip those iron hands, and the pipes which were tuned to so soft a strain, send forth a yell as if heaven and earth were caving together, and those lungs which first breathed so quietly, cough like a volcano—and off it goes, darkening the heavens with its dense volume of smoke.



## ESCAPE OF MRS. KOSSUTH.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

DURING the month of August, 1848, the President-Governor of Hungary, Louis Kossuth, with the principal officers of his provisional government, were in the fortified town of Arad, on the river Marosch. Between that place and the town of Zegadin, on the Tisza, in the vicinity of Arad, Georgey, with the Hungarian troops under his command, lay encamped; while behind him, towards the Tisza, was the Russian army of reserve, under Paskiewitch. Dembinski, with his men, besieged Temeswar, and he had already carried its third wall. Between him and the Tisza lay the United Austro-Russian forces. The army of Bem had been defeated at Hermannstadt, by the Russian General, Lüders, and he had fled with a small band of faithful followers towards Temeswar.

With this position of the combatants, the plan of Dembinski was to unite with Georgey, near Arad, and then to attack the Russian forces. Before this was effected, news reached him of the capitulation of Georgey, and that the governor, M. Kossuth, had been compelled to forsake Arad, and retire to the town of Vilagos. Before leaving Arad, the governor separated from his wife and children, and their parting scene is said to have been one of the most touching nature. Under the circumstances of the moment, it was a subject of even more than doubt whether they would ever again meet on earth. It was only when a young Hungarian nobleman, named Ashbot, solemnly swore to his wife that he would never leave her husband, that Madame Kossuth consented to be separated from him, and seek safety in flight. The children were confided to the care of a private secretary of the governor, and this individual subsequently delivered them up to the tender mercies of Haynau, for the purpose of securing his own pardon and safety. The children set out before their mother, and the latter, in her flight, endeavoured to keep at least so near to them as to hear now and then of their safety.

Madame Kossuth sought out a brother of hers, residing in the town of Vilagos, and he is now imprisoned in the fortress of Comorn, with many others of the unfortunate Hungarian patriots, for eighteen years, on account of the succour which he then gave to his sister. Leaving him, she next went in search of her children, and wandered to a *pesta*, or farm-house, of Boekank, belonging to a relative. There she fell ill of a typhus fever, which nearly ended her life; and when so far recovered as to be able again to travel, she continued her journey in search of her children. She soon learned that they had been given up by their protector to the Austrian general, Haynau, and taken to Pesth. Her own safety depended wholly upon the fidelity of the Hungarian peasants, and on their attachment to her husband.

Now, having no other object in view than her own safety, without friends better off than herself, she soon became reduced to a state of complete destitution. In disguise, she wandered over the most miserable part of Hungary. She even, as a means of safety, as well as support, sought for service as a servant, and by saying that she was a poor woman, who had just been discharged from a public hospital—which, indeed, she very much resembled—was so fortunate as to find employment in the family of a humble carpenter, in the town of Orash Haya, who little thought he was served by the lady of Louis Kossuth, the late governor of Hungary. Everywhere notices were exposed in the streets, offering forty thousand florins for her capture, and proclaiming death as the punishment of the person who should dare to harbour or conceal her from the authorities.

Among the persons who fled with M. Kossuth before the overwhelming number of his enemies, was an elderly lady, whom it is necessary to designate as Madame L——, and who, from being unable to ride as fast and as long as those who were stronger and younger than herself, soon became exhausted, and was left behind. She had a son, a major in the Hungarian army, near the person of the governor, and both the son and mother were warmly attached to his interests. Madame L——, when unable to proceed longer with the fugitives, in order to reach a place of safety in the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey, determined to remain in Hungary, and devote herself to the finding of Madame Kossuth, and restoring her to her husband.

For this benevolent purpose Madame L—— disguised herself as a beggar; and after a long and weary journey, oftener on foot than in any conveyance, she crossed the vast sandy plains of Southern Hungary, and at length reached the place in which Kossuth's children were, but could hear nothing of their mother.

She learned that the children had been sent, soon after their mother had lost sight of them, to the house of General G——, now in the service of the Sultan in Syria, to be kept with his own three children, hoping that they would thus be screened from those who sought after them. The eldest, named Louis after his father, was seven years of age; and all were told that if they acknowledged they were the children of the governor, they would be imprisoned by the Austrians, and never see their parents again. So that when an Austrian officer traced them to the house of General G——, he was at a loss to know which of the children were those of General G——, and which those of M. Kossuth; and approaching the eldest of the latter, he said:—"So, my little man, you are the son of the governor?"

To which the youth replied, "I am not, sir!"

His firmness surprised and vexed the officer, who was certain, from the statement of their betrayer, that those before him were the long-lost treasures of his ambitious search. He now endeavoured to frighten the children, and, drawing a pistol, directed it to the breast of the boy, and said that if he did not at once acknowledge that he was the son of Kossuth, he would put a ball through his heart. Young Louis—who, it is said, shows much of the character of his father—replied in a tone equally firm:—

"I tell you, sir, I am not the son of Kossuth."

The officer, baffled by the child's simplicity of manner and apparent sincerity, was divested of his convictions, and led to believe that he had been imposed upon.

But before Madame L—— could get near them, other agents of the Austrian government had been more successful, and the three children had been carried off in secret to Pesth, near the clutches of Haynau. The mother and sister of M. Kossuth had also been captured, and placed in strict confinement. It may be here mentioned, in this little narrative, of the sufferings and deliverance of the relatives of Louis Kossuth, that Madame L——, on finding where and how his children were situated, found out her own maid-servant, and so succeeded, as to have her engaged at Pesth as their nurse. This person never left them until the moment of their final deliverance from their Austrian jailers had arrived. After thus having provided for the welfare of the children of M. Kossuth, Madame L—— renewed her search for their destitute suffering mother.

Finding no trace of her, Madame L—— determined to follow the fugitives, and if she reached Widdin, to ascertain from M. Kossuth himself where his poor wife had gone, and then return in search of her. Continuing in the disguise of a beggar, sometimes on foot, at others in a farmer's cart, this heroic woman reached the frontiers of Hungary, and crossed them, entered the fortified and walled town of Widdin, where the late governor of Hungary and his brave unfortunate companions then were, enjoying the protection and hospitality of the Sultan of Turkey. Madame L—— applied to M. Kossuth, but not being known to him personally, and the Austrian general having set so high a price on the capture of his wife, he at first regarded her in the light of an Austrian spy. Having, however, soon found her son, who had followed the governor into Turkey, he readily convinced M. Kossuth of the identity of his mother. All the information which M. Kossuth could give her was, that there was a lady in Hungary, in whose house he believed his wife would seek a refuge; and if she was not still there, this lady would most probably know where she was.

The governor now furnished Madame L—— with a letter to this lady, and another with his own signet-ring for his wife, which would be evidence of her fidelity. It is not here necessary to follow Madame L—— on her toilsome journey. Devoted to the philanthropic work which she had undertaken, she wandered over the sandy steppes of Hungary, until she succeeded in reaching the little town in which the lady resided, and delivered to her M. Kossuth's letter. This she read, and immediately burned it, not daring even to allow it to exist in her possession. This lady informed Madame L—— that the wife of Governor Kossuth had left her residence in the guise of a mendicant, and intended assuming the name of Maria F——; that she was to feign herself to be the widow of a soldier, who had fallen in battle, and that, if possible, she would go to the very centre of Hungary, in those vast pastures, where she hoped no one would seek after her.

With this information, Madame L—— again resumed her journey. She feigned to be an aged grandmother, whose grandson was missing, and that she was in search of him. She had many narrow escapes while passing guards, soldiers, and spies; until at length she reached the plains before mentioned. She went from house to house, as if in search of her grandson, but in reality to find one who would answer the description given her of poor Maria F——. At length, in a cabin, she heard that name mentioned, and on inquiry who and what that person was, learned that she was a widow of a Hungarian soldier who had fallen in battle, and that she had a child, who was with its grand-parents. They then described her person, but added, that she had suffered so much from illness and grief, that she was greatly changed.

"Before she came here," said the speaker, "she worked for her bread, even when ill; but after her arrival, she became too much indisposed to labour, on account of which they sent to the Sisters of Charity for a physician, who came, and bled and blistered her; and when she was able to go, she had been conveyed to the institution of the Sisters, where she then was." Madame L——, feeling convinced that the poor sufferer must be none other than the object of her search, expressed a desire to visit her.

At the Sisters of Charity, Madame L—— had much difficulty in procuring access to Maria, and the latter was as much opposed to receiving her. At length Madame L—— told the Sisters to inform her that she had a message for her from her husband, who was not dead, as she had supposed, and of that she would soon convince her, if she would permit her to enter. Poor Maria, between fear and hope, gave her consent, and Madame L—— was allowed to see her. Madame L—— handed her the letter of Governor Kossuth. She recognised, at once, the writing; kissed it, pressed it to her heart, devoured its contents, and then destroyed it immediately. Soon a story was made up between the two females; they told the Sisters of Charity that Maria's husband "still lived," and that she would rejoin him. A little waggon was procured; as many comforts were put in it as could be had without suspicion; and these two interesting women set out on their escape from the enemies of their country.

Madame L—— had a relative in Hungary who had not been compromised in the war; so this person arranged to meet the ladies at a given place, and, in the character of a merchant, travel with them. After they had left the pasture-grounds, he passed as the husband of "Maria," and the elder female as his aunt. At night they stopped at a village, and were suspected, on account of the females occupying the bed, while he slept at the door. They started early in the morning, and the "husband" remained behind to learn something more of the suspicions to which their conduct had given rise. He again overtook them, as they stopped to feed their horse, and bade them to be greatly on their guard.

In the evening, while the two ladies were sitting together in a miserably cold room, the face of poor Maria so muffled up as to conceal her features,

and induce the belief that she was suffering from her teeth, both appearing such as persons in great poverty, overcome by her afflictions, Maria had a nervous attack, and talked and laughed so loud that her voice was recognised by an Austrian officer who happened to be in the house. This person sent a servant to ask them to come into his room, where there was a fire. Madame L—— inquired the name of the "good gentleman" who had the kindness to invite them to his room, and when she heard it, Maria recognised in him a deadly enemy of her husband. While they were planning a means of evading him, the officer himself came into their apartment. Immediately arising, they made an humble courtesy, in so awkward a manner as to divest him of all suspicion. Madame L—— spoke, and thanked him again and again for his kindness, but added that such poor creatures as they were not fit to go into his room. So soon as the officer retired, Maria had another attack, which would certainly have betrayed them, had he been present. Madame L—— implored her to be composed, or they would be lost.

Starting again, they were not molested until the evening, when they were apprehended, and conducted by two policemen before a magistrate. There the former spoke of them as suspicious characters; but they were not told of what they were suspected. While the examination was going on, Madame L—— slipped a bank-note into the hand of the superior of the two policemen. This bribe quite changed the affair; the two men became their friends, excited the pity of the magistrate in their favour, and they were allowed to depart. Thus they went on from station to station, until they reached the frontiers of Hungary, near the Danube. They entered the little town of Saubin, and asked permission of the head of the police to pass over the river to Belgrade. This was refused, until they said they wished to go there for a certain medicine for a daughter who was ill, and that they would leave their passports as a security. He then gave his consent, and they crossed the Danube, and entered the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey.

It was night when they entered Belgrade. They knocked at the door of the Sardinian consul, who had recently been stationed in that frontier town by his king, whose whole heart sympathised in the Hungarian cause, and who had formed a friendly alliance with M. Kossuth for the freedom of Italy and Hungary. The consul had been advised by M. Kossuth that two females would probably seek his protection, but not knowing them, he inquired what they wished of him? Madame L—— replied, "Lodging and bread." He invited them in, and Madame L—— introduced him to Madame Kossuth, the lady of the late governor of Hungary.

It will readily be conceived that the consul could scarcely believe that these two miserable beings were the persons they represented themselves to be. Madame Kossuth convinced him by showing him the signet-ring of her husband. In his house Madame Kossuth fell ill, but received every possible kindness from her host. They learned that all the Hungarians and Poles had been removed from Widdin to Shumla; and notwithstanding that it was in the midst of a severe winter, they decided upon proceeding at once to the latter place. The Sardinian consul applied to the generous and very liberal Prince of Servia, in whose principality Belgrade is, for his assistance in behalf of the ladies, and in the most hospitable and fearless manner he provided them with his own carriage and four horses, and an escort; and in this way they started through the snow for Shumla. Their journey was without any apprehension of danger, for the British consul-general at Belgrade, Mr. F——, had provided the party with a passport as British subjects, under the assumed names of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bloomfield; yet the severity of the weather was such that Madame Kossuth, in the ill state of her health, suffered very much. Often the snow was as deep as the breasts of the horses, and not unfrequently four oxen had to be attached to the carriage, in their places. A journey, which in summer would have required but a few days, now was made in twenty-eight.

On the twenty-eighth day a courier was sent in advance of them to apprise Governor Kossuth of their approach. He was ill; and, moreover, on account of the many plans of the Austrians to assassinate him, the Sultan's authorities could not allow him to leave Shumla, and go to meet his wife. The news of her deliverance, and approach, occasioned the liveliest satisfaction to all the refugees; and the Hungarians and Poles went as far as the gates of the city to meet this heroic martyr of the cause of Hungary. It was night when the carriage neared the city; as it entered the gates, she found the streets lighted up with hundreds of lights, green, white, and red, the colours of the Hungarian flag, and was welcomed with the most friendly shouts from the whole body of the refugees.

When Madame Kossuth descended from her carriage, she found herself in the presence of her husband, who had risen from his bed of illness to receive the poor "Maria F——" of the plains of Hungary. In place of receiving her in his arms, M. Kossuth, overcome by feelings of admiration for the sufferings which his wife had undergone, and by gratitude for her devotion to the cause of her country, threw himself at her feet and kissed them. She endeavoured to speak and offer her husband consolation and tranquillity, while her own poor feeble heart was ready to burst with emotion. Her voice failed her, and, amid the reiterated shouts of the Hungarians and Poles, this heroic woman was carried to her husband's apartments.

**EVERY-DAY ABSURDITIES.**—To make yourself generally disagreeable, and then wonder that nobody will visit you. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because it is not bed-time. To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Continued from Page 22)

THE morning after Arthur's arrival opened busily. The household was early astir, and the various "followers" that usually thronged the kitchen were all employed in providing some means of amusement for the young student, who was a singular favourite amongst the dependents of his aunt's establishment. Donald Barrett, the fisherman, was up since dawn preparing the long "seine," and baiting the "spillards," which, with its five hundred hooks, hung over the bulwarks of the large fishing-yawl that lay beached upon the strand. A carrotty-headed, mis-shapen boy, who went by the imperial name of "Bonaparte," was busily engaged in cleaning Mr. Arthur's double-barrel, and anticipating, with untold delight, sundry campaigns against the woodcocks and snipes in company with "the young master; while the "poet's son," Arthur's especial *protege*, was up with the first glimmer of the sun, and, shrimping-net in hand, was capturing some hundreds of the delicate shell-fish, of which his patron was particularly fond. The individual who bore the bardic title of "the poet's son" was a sort of self-constituted mentor to the young student, whose country education had superintended, and whose brilliant college career he believed to be entirely attributable to his own paternal teachings. He was, however, little calculated for the post of a college preceptor, unless, indeed, the arts of snaring mullet and robbing sea-gulls' nests would be looked on by the head of the University as qualifications. He was the son of one of those senachies, or story-tellers, whose number is fast diminishing in Ireland, and who usually attached themselves to some gentleman's family, where they had, whenever they chose to claim it, a warm corner by the kitchen fire, a seat at the servant's table; in return for which they chanted long metrical tales, dilating on the ancient prosperity of Erin, and generally, towards the end, glorifying the ancestors of the family whose hospitality they were enjoying. Coming from such a lazy and useless stock, the "Poet's Son" never had any other name that I knew of, could scarcely be anything but an idler; wandering over the hills, going out to sea with the fish-boats to lend a hand at drawing the spillards, and noting the den of a fox, and the form of every hare for miles around. Arthur was the espe-

object of his adoration; he had been his companion in boyhood, and he looked upon him as a sort of plant of his own rearing. It was an amusing sight to behold this tall, wild-looking being, with long tangled fair hair hanging about his pale face, skipping before the boy with the activity of a martin cat, and pointing out, with nervous gesticulations, a rock-pigeon's nest or a fox's haunt.

"Musha, then, but Mither Arthur is grown a fine young man altogether, God bless him!" said Oonagh, the nurse, a toothless, white-haired, affectionate old woman, upon whose bosom Uncle Tot and Mrs. Tregar had lain in their infancy, and who, in the shelter of their bedside, was going down to her grave happily. "He's as like his poor grandfather, rest his soul, as an egg is to another. Jist the same curly hair an' blue eyes, that look as if they were made for deludhering the girls. He's a great credit to the family intirely, that's what he is, and it will be long before his *onshagh* of a father will be like him; though I nursed him, an' oughtn't to say it, he'll never come to any good so long as he carries on them invintions of his, and all sich gladiathen." And as she thus delivered herself, she drew the stool on which she was squatted closer to the fire, and leisurely lit her pipe.

"I've heard my father tell of his family," said the poet's son; "they wor great people in their day, I believe."

"May you nivir tell a worse lie than that," replied the old nurse, sententiously; "they owned all the country round here, and lived like rale tips and queens as they wor. Shure, 'tis Donal Barrett there that could tell us about them as he pleased; his family lived on dher thim since there wor praties in Ireland."

"I well rimember the day ould Bell, Mither Arthur's grandfather, was killed, as well as if it was *only yesterday*," said the old fisherman, solemnly, and a dark shadow came to lower upon his bronzed and weather-beaten features.

"Didn't something quare happen to him before he died," asked the poet's son, after a short pause, steadfastly gazing as he spoke into the bright scintillating turf-fire. "I heard my father wance say he saw the Phantom Light."

"You may say that, Poet's Son," replied Donal, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing himself to enact the part of story-teller. "You may say that. Something happened to him quare enough, in all conscience."

"Tell us about it, Donal," said Bonaparte, thrusting his red shaggy head among the group. "Mr. Arthur won't go out for an hour to come, an' you have lashings of time."

Oonagh drew closer to the fire, and raked the embers with a long flat piece of iron kept for the purpose, until whole showers of glowing sparks lew crackling up the wide chimney. The poet's son stretched out his long legs until his bare fin-like feet were as near to the fire as they well could be without being burned. Bonaparte curled himself up in a corner of the hearth where his red head and bright malicious eyes gleamed like a small opposition fire; while Donal, placing his broad horse hands one on each knee, commenced his recital with an air of considerable dignity.

"You all have heard," he began, "what a rale devil ould Mr. Bell was whin he was in a passion, though he was as good a man an' fine a gentleman as ever stepped in shoe-leather, an' how he didn't care what he did whin his blood was up. It was nothin then but 'Donal, you scoundrel, there, an' Donal, you ruffin, here; blazin' an' abusin' every man, right an' left, side n' cinthre; an' begor you wor lucky if you came off without a good hard iek of his hunting-whip. But when the fit was over, an' it never lasted long, it was another man intirely. Thin it was, 'Donal, my poor fellow, I am feared I said more than I ought to you to-day; here's a crown to drink my health in;' or 'Donal, my boy, they say that a bit of fat bacon is a good cure for a bruise, and as I powderher your jacket pretty well with my whip to-day, oil must go to the housekeeper an' get half a fitch to carry home with ou.' An thin he would ride off nodding his head an' smiling so pleasantly t me, until van couldn't help loving him—God be merciful to him! Well, t will be forty year come next Michaelmas, that the mather an' myself an' ould Oonagh there, who was thin a fine strapping girl, wor standing towards night-fall outside the hall-dore, 'specting the fishing boats in, for the mather, you must know, was very fond of going down to the beach an' seeing whether the men had made a good haul. Well, as I was sayin', we hree wor standin' outside the dore, whin the mather called out that besed 'm comin', an' pointed wid his finger to the rapids." We looked, an' there, onough, we saw a small weeshy bit of a light come sailin' across the lake.

At first it was no bigger than my hand, an' I thought it might be the of turf that the boys keep in the stirn of the boats to light their pipes id; but as it came on, we all at wance persaved that there war no sounds rowin', and the boats couldn't float in, for the tide was going out fast. Begor, sir," says I to the mather, 'I'm afeard there's no good in that light.' Wid that he laughed an' sed, 'I'll be bound, Donal, that you're for treying it's a sperit, or something shupernatural; wid that I up an' told im all about the Phantom Light that always folls the family, an' appears the lake whin anything misforthinat's goin' to happen. But he only ghed at me, an' sed that it was the wathergards goin' on some sacret pedibun, an' that they wor rowin wid muffled oars. Well, the light was lovin' on all this time to the cinthre of the lake, an' growin' bigger and jigger by degree. All at wance the mather commenced to hail it; he blooded, an' bawled, and tould me to do the same; but begor, I knew better an to have anything to do with it. Well, sorra a bit of an answer he got; or would he get wan if he was shoutin' there ontill the pristin moment. Id, ses he, at last, 'as it won't answer us we'll set up a light of our n, an' thry if we can't catch what the thing is med on.' So he med us bring t a huge of jogg, dale, and shavings, an' sot fire to thim. There was a ate blaze, intirely that stretched far an' away across the lake, but the devil of anything could we see only the light sailin' leisurely on like a wisp pating wid the tide."

"Glory be to God!" ejaculated the poet's son, piously, crossing himself with great fervour. "It was enough to skear a joyant."

"It didn't skear the mather, howsomever," pursued Donal, "for whin he found that he could nather hear or see anything, he got mad in himself wid vexation, and was for going afther the light immediately in the gig. But the gig was beached upon the strand in order to be fresh, wauled, an' he was oblegged to give that up; this med him worse than ever, and he turned to me an' sed, 'Donal, ses he, 'go this instant into the small parlour an' bring me my rifle that's hanging over the chimbley-piece. Man or ghost, I'll have a shot at it!'"

"Thim was the very words; the Lord stand betune us an' harm this blessed night, an' all the horrors of our lives," interrupted Oonagh, glancing fearfully at the door, as if she expected the supernatural flame to walk in that very inoment and make a bonfire of her.

"Man or ghost, I'll have a shot at it!" continued Donal. "For the mayer of Heaven, sur," says I, 'don't have anything to do wid it. No luck will ever come ov it if you do.' 'You chicken-hearted omadhawn,' ses he, 'how dare you preshume to bandy words with your mather. Go for the gun this instant, or you'll rue it.' He was in a terrible passion, an' there was no going agin him, so I wint an' brought him the rifle, and the powder-flask an' bullets. As soon as he got 'em, he commenced loadin' an' firin', an' may I niver live if he didn't keep shootin' at the light for a blessed quarther of an hour. We used to see the bullets skippin' on the wather, an' going through the light, an' over it, an' undher it, but sorra a taste it minded powder or ball, but kep movin' on afid on to the cinthre of the lake. All of a suddint it rose up like a plume of fiery feathers, and spread gradually out until it became like a broad sheet of yellow flame; and in the middle we could have all sworn that we saw a beautiful young woman, with a pale face, and clothes that looked for all the world as if they were med of sunbeams, crying and wringing her hands, as if she was very heart-sore. It sted for about three or four seconds this way, and thin turned quite red and wint down into the lake like a shot; while all through the hills there came a great sough of wind, and the ould ash-threes outside there thrimbled like cowards."

"The Virgin look down on us, but it was a terrible night!" said Oonagh, rocking her stool to and fro, and gazing into the fire as if she saw the scene re-enacted in its crimson embers.

"Well!" said Donal, drawing a long breath after this climax, and continuing his tale—"that wasn't all aither; the mather, you see, wasn't quite aseey in himself that evening, and was very silent and sayrious like, but that soon wint away, for it worn't aseey to cow him. The next day was the day of the grate hunt. Squire Beedlers and Captain O'Driscoll's hounds wor to meet and draw the Cunnacunna cover, and all the gentlemn for miles round wor to be there. Airly in the morning out came the mather to order ould Flurry to be saddled; and to look at him in his top-boots and white breeches, you'd say there wasn't a finer leg or a lighter step in all the country's side. Nivir since the world was a world, was there sich a hunt. I ought to rimember it well, for by the same token, I nearly wore the feet off of myself, wid thrying to cross-cut the hounds and see some of the sport. The fox they found that day was an ould grey-haired vagabone, that lived just under the Aigle's Crag, and was as well known to the hounds as their own kennel, for many is the day they wor on his tail, only the cunning ould villyan used always to bate them amongst the cliffs. Well, if he ran a yard that day, he ran twenty mile. Afther breaking cover at Cunnacunna wood, he ran straight up Bookan hill, and turfed sharp round there and cut across Lick bog for Tragomena; but some men working in a field frightened him there, so he changed his coorse, and med right for Tow Head, as dangerous ground as ever man and horse put fut in. I saw where he was bent for, and as I knew the short cuts, I was there near as soon as himself. I was standing on the brow of the cliff waiting for the gentlemn to come up, that I might tell thim were the varmint was aither, whin who should I see, coming full gallop down the hill, but the mather, mounted on ould Flurry. I thought he was mad, at first, to ride in sich a place, and I shouted at the top of my voice to him to pull in; but as he came on I saw by the way Flurry was pulling, that he'd got the bit between his teeth, and was running away like mad. I'll nivir forget to my dying day the look of the poor mather's face, as he came on to the cliff. His face was as white as a sheet, and his blue lips wor puckered up as if they wor tied wid a string. But for all that he nivir lost courage to the last, and he handled his reins and sat his horse as if he was going at a double ditch, instead of to his coffin. I tried to run and get before ould Flurry and turn him, but I was too far off, and he was going like wild-fire. Just as he neared the cliff, I saw the mather thrying to throw himself off, but something must have hindered him, for ould Flurry switched his tail—gave another stride, and they wint over together!"

"When we got to the foot of the cliff they wor both quite dead, but the mather kep his sate to the last, and we had to take his feet from the stirrups, and the reins from between his fingers, before we wor able to take him home. The Hunt all came to the funeral, and there wor more wet eyes in the parish the day he was buried than if the Liberator himself was dead. And that's the raisin, boys, that we're afeard of the Phantom Light."

"Blur an agers, but that was wandherful, shurely!" ejaculated the poet's son, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by Donal's recital. "I often heered my father spake about that same light, and he had stories as long as yer arm about it, but they wor all about the ould ancient times."

"And fine times they wor, alannah," said Oonagh, "ould Ireland will nivir see their like again—holy father! what's that?"

"There was, indeed, cause for the ejaculation, for just as the last syllable left the old nurse's lips, a loud hissing report rang through the kitchen, and a large and very lively globe of flame came dancing merrily in through the



door, and made what seemed to be a premeditated rush at the fire-place. The honest folk who were quietly seated there, and full of the legend just related, took it for granted instantly that it was nothing more or less than the Phantom Light itself, which, leaving its native element, was coming to have a bit of a spree on shore. In a moment the circle was broken up, and all was confusion. Conagh, uttering a piercing shriek, precipitated herself on the nearest table, where she knelt pating, praying, crossing herself, and confessing her sins all at the same time with the most indefatigable energy. Donald was so completely paralysed that he did not even make an effort to stir, but sat following the evolutions of the terrible visitor as it danced and hissed around the room, with a sort of stupid terror. The poet's son at first seemed to have serious intentions of making his exit through the chimney; but missing his footing once or twice, he changed his tactics, and made a gullant rush for the door, where he came full tilt against Uncle Tot.

"Don't be frightened; I couldn't help it," cried Uncle Tot, running into the kitchen very much out of breath and very red in the face; "I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't: the cursed thing got away from me, and I have been hunting it through every room in the house. Don't be frightened, it's only my new rocket."

With these words, Uncle Tot seized a bucket of water that lay near, and commenced the chase of his invention. It was, however, all in vain; the thing would not be subdued. It seemed bent on proving that it was not brought into the world for nothing; and the more it was soused, the more furious and eccentric its evolutions became. It danced here and there, and fizzed and crackled in a most independent fashion, utterly regardless of the torrent of prayers and litanies which Conagh was pouring forth on the top of the table, and which ought to have been quite sufficient to extinguish any conscientious firework. "It was not until Uncle Tot had laid down his bucket in sheer weariness and disgust, that his invention became at all reasonable. It then took up its station in a small pool of water on the floor, where, after delivering itself of a few defiant hisses, and getting up a feeble demonstration of some intention of setting off again upon its travels, it finally subsided into a miserable state of cinderhood, and allowed itself to be peaceably borne away by its owner; who, it must be said, was rather detected at the termination of his first experiment in pyrotechnics.

(Continued on No. 4.)

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 25.)

As the two visitors were unacquainted with the facts which have been narrated to the reader, they made inquiries of the prisoner, who minutely detailed to them all the circumstances connected with his attempted assassination, the surprise he felt at the deed, and his subsequent arrest. They listened with the greatest attention, and uttered many exclamations of surprise, as the mysterious facts came to their ears.

"I knew it; I knew that the son of my old friend could never be guilty of such a deed," exclaimed Mr. Montrose. "Henry, my boy, be of good courage; keep up your spirits; all will surely come out right."

Morton shook his head despondingly.

"Come, come, my young friend, never despair; you know innocence must eventually triumph."

"It all looks dark—very dark to me."

"No, no; don't indulge such feelings. Be assured that this foul plot will be brought to light."

"Perhaps it may; but I think the chances are small. It is one thing to know the circumstances I am in, and another to realize them."

"Very true—very true. It must be hard for one with prospects so bright as yours, to see even a chance of having all his hopes destroyed."

"No, no, Mr. Montrose; it is not that—not that. I do not fear to die. I have no loved ones to leave with the cold, hollow-hearted world—none to mourn over my loss. But to die thus like a felon—to leave a name associated with dark and bloody deeds, and have no opportunity of proving my innocence, that would be indeed hard."

"Come, Henry, cease to look on the matter in this view; you regard it by a false light. I tell you this can't be; it *shan't* be," exclaimed the old merchant, emphatically; "but Alfred," said he, a moment after, to Whitman, who had been wrapped in deep thought since the narration of Morton, "what do you think of the matter?"

"Morton, you are the victim of a dark plot, and it was contrived by a subtle mind. We must be shrewd and cautious, or it will surely be successful. But who can be at the foundation of it?"

"I cannot imagine."

"Have you any enemies who would be base enough to do it?"

"I know not that I have an enemy on earth."

"But, be that as it may, it is certain that some person is plotting your ruin. We must foil them. Who is this man who is ready to testify that he met you in company with the murdered man?"

"I cannot tell; I asked, but no information was given me."

"What motive could induce any one to form such a fiendish plot?"

"I cannot conjecture."

"Neither can I. It is certainly deeply laid. The attempted assassination is all involved in mystery; but the wound which was found in the stranger's

body, and the dagger found in your possession—that will go far against you. To attempt to account for it in any way except the true one, would be fruitless; and if the truth were related, no one would credit the story. It would only be deemed a subterfuge, and a flimsy one at that."

"Very true. Then what had we better do?"

"If nothing is said in regard to it, that will certainly excite suspicion, for, with the world, silence gives consent, you know. But no exertions shall be spared to unravel this mystery, and something more will surely come to light."

"I have it!" cried Morton, eagerly; "I know whose head planned all this!"

"Whose?" inquired both his visitors in the same breath.

"Alonzo Duval's."

"Impossible!"

"No, I am certain that it must be he."

"I can hardly believe him capable of such an enormity."

"But I have been acquainted with him for years. I have been in possession of many of his secrets; I have marked well his motives and character, and Alfred Whitman, if you fancy that he would shrink from any deed, however base, to gain a cherished purpose, you know him not."

"Has he not been your friend?"

"I once fancied he was."

"And is he not still?"

"No; profess not the sacred name of friendship by applying it to him. Friend! why, man, he would sell the heart's blood of his own brother, to gratify his passions."

"But has he not been on good terms with you?"

"Latterly he has not crossed my path; but he has done it now, and he shall find his reward."

"Be calm, Henry," said his old friend, "think not of the deed in such a manner."

"I will not think of it thus.—There, I am calm now," said the unhappy man, passing his hand over his heated forehead. "I will throw aside these feelings, and be stoical to them all. I will forget that I am a man, and my wild ravings shall tellable you no more."

"Have you ever given Duval any cause for such a deadly enmity?" inquired Whitman.

"Perhaps so; but I had never thought of it before."

"How?"

"Several months since, after he had been pressing himself upon me for a long time, I told him in plain terms that I no longer desired his company."

"Did he seem much offended?"

"He did at the time, though I fancied he would soon forget it; but he is a reckless, unscrupulous man, and not easily soiled."

"At present, I must confess, your case looks dark," said Whitman, arising to depart; "but we will spare no pains to bring this iniquity to light."

"Keep up your spirits, my boy, do not despair, for justice must certainly triumph; and when you are tempted to despond, remember who is ever ready to pity and support the suffering and the wronged."

Morton silently wrung the hands of his two friends, and he was left alone.

## CHAPTER VII.

"I have known and felt how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world;  
Every bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye in pity pained."—ARON.

For a long time after the sound of his visitors' footsteps had ceased to reverberate in the passage-way, the prisoner sat in his gloomy apartment, buried in the heaving abyss of thought; and as a full consciousness of his dark, almost hopeless situation came upon him, who shall wonder that he was almost tempted to despair? While the light of hope animates the soul, evil and sorrow may be patiently endured; for the ayen is ever ready to whisper of a bright to-morrow; but when her last flickering rays have fled away, and only the cold, sepulchral light of reason is left, the prospect is dark and gloomy as midnight upon the troubled sea.

Morton thought of the past—of the bright and sunny days of childhood, when his hopes were many, and his spirit was free. He thought of scenes that had been long buried in the sea of memory—of the halcyon days so soothing to recall, when the spirit is borne down with the sin and care with which it is surrounded; of the forms which had long rested in their last repose, that had been near him in childhood's bright unsullied hours. A mild, sweet countenance that had bent over him in infancy, that had taught him the first to breathe the accents of prayer; and had not the Father above taken it to his blessed abode, that would have still been near in the stern battle of life to comfort and to bless. The mild accent of a sister, whom memory faintly recalled, seemed once more to greet his ear, and their sweet tones came upon his heaving, tumultuous spirit, like oil upon the troubled waters.

Then the scene changed. Thought conveyed him again to the stern, unyielding present; he remembered his sorrow and his wrongs; he thought how cold and indifferent the world had proved, and he longed for the kind Father to take him home, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. As he remembered his situation, how and why he was there, dark despair almost enshrouded his soul. He would have sought relief from the stern picture in the future; but that was wrapped in a mist that only the eye of Omniscience could penetrate.

Suddenly his reflections were interrupted by the opening of the door. He looked up impatiently, and saw the jailor again before him.

"Why am I again disturbed?" he asked, sharply. "Can I not be suffered to commune with my own thoughts, even here?"





"Do you see that form just beside yonder pillar?" "Who is she?" "That is no other than Ellen Gordon." "What, the daughter of the old fellow who owns the mansion?" "Yes; and, moreover, she is his only child"—See Chap. xi.

"Poor fellow," said the official to himself, "his trouble has nearly turned his head." A moment after, he replied aloud, "There is another visitor below, waiting to see you."

"Another visitor?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is singular. I fancied my friends had all forsaken me, but now they seem plenty," said Morton, smiling bitterly. "And who can this visitor be?"

"I do not know, sir. I asked what name I should bring you, but he only looked sharply at me, and bid me tell you that he was on an errand which deeply concerned you."

"Then it seems that he, too, feels an interest in me. Who can it be?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, sir. He is a young man, and has the sharpest eye I ever saw. If he looks at you once, you can never forget it."

"I know of no such person; I will not see him. Leave me alone."

"And shall I say to him that you do not desire to see him?"

"Yes."

The jailor turned to leave the apartment.

"Stop a moment," mused the prisoner; "he may be a friend. If he is not, to see him can do no harm. Yes, I will see him."

"Very well, sir," and the jailor left the room.

In a moment he might have been heard returning, and heavy, measured footsteps followed him. The jailor merely remarked, "This is the apartment, sir," and returned to his duties.

The twilight which played in at the grated window, revealed to him the form of a young man, with black, curling locks, and an eye which he thought, as it met his gaze, that the jailor had aptly described. Could the reader have beheld him, he would instantly have recognised Fenning, whose name was mentioned in a former chapter. When he entered the room, the prisoner stood with folded arms, looking upon him, and in return his piercing eye fell upon the young physician. For several minutes neither spoke. Morton eyed the intruder sharply, almost fiercely, but he calmly returned the gaze. At length Morton broke the silence.

"Who are you, thus to force yourself on my solitude?"

"I am a friend."

"A friend!" repeated the prisoner, bitterly.

"Aye."

"The time has been when I thought I was blessed with friends; but here are they now? Who talks of friendship when misfortune comes?"

"They were false."

"So I have seen."

"They were hollow-hearted."

"So are all mankind."

"Nay, believe it not. There are yet some good and true left to comfort you."

"Thank heaven, there are! but they are few and far between."

"They are labouring for your welfare."

"But what know you of them?"

"Much."

"Come, sir, this is no time to play with words. Who are you, to know so much of my situation?"

"I am, as I said before, a friend."

"I know you not. I have never seen your countenance before."

"Very true." But if you will repose confidence in me, you shall have cause to be thankful for it."

"Confidence in a stranger! Why, man, are you a lunatic? I know not of three persons on the face of the earth in whom I would repose confidence now, and think you I would do it in a perfect stranger?"

"Because others have proved false, do not argue that those you have never tried will do so. What motive could I have in seeking to harm you now, even if I were your enemy?"

"What motive can you have in assisting me? How can my fate concern you?"

"Much. You are an innocent man; and think you I would see the innocent suffer, if I could do aught to prevent it?"

"If you are like your fellows, you would make no great exertions to prevent it."

"Nay, judge me not by others, in future; besides, I have a deeper interest in your destiny, and those who are seeking to destroy you, than you are aware of."

"How?"

"Are you not innocent of the foul deed laid to your charge?"

"God knows that I am."

"Then why are you here?"

"I am the victim of some foul plot."

"And who originated this plot?"

"A villain."

"Aye," replied the visitor, his eye flashing, and his countenance growing dark, "there you are right. He is a villain, and a villain of the deepest dye."

"But what know you of him?"

"Much—far more than he would desire to have me. He once did me a wrong—a foul, cruel wrong, and its impress is still on my memory. Had it been to me alone, I could have borne it; but it was to one dearer than life itself. I am often near him, he makes me the confidant of his guilty secrets, and little does he imagine that the dark deed he committed affected me."

But I have solemnly sworn that if it is not repaired, the stain shall be washed away in blood. Now can you understand why I wish to foil him?"

"Somewhat. But who are you?"

"It matters not; you shall know after you have seen that I am your friend."

"But how can you serve me now?"

"Time will soon reveal. First tell me if you have carefully examined your situation, and weighed all the chances of your escape by the law."

"I have."

"And what think you of them?"

"They are feeble—almost none at all."

"Very true. This plot has been deeply laid, and it is almost perfect in every part. But what do you design to do?"

"To make all possible attempts to prove my innocence."

"And what are the prospects for it?"

"Dark—almost hopeless."

"Indeed they are."

"But innocence may prevail. Truth may triumph over wickedness."

"Aye, it may; but does it usually in this world? Look back on the past and reflect."

"But what would you have me to do? You show me the fallacy of all my hopes—not hopes, for I have almost ceased to hope. But you show me that there is no room for escape."

"No; I only show you the fallacy of looking to the law to have your innocence vindicated."

"There is no other point where there is even a chance for justice."

"Say not so; there may be."

"Impossible."

"There is."

"Do not mock me. You profess to be my friend, and come here to delude me by a false hope."

"Judge me not until you have reason to do so."

"Then do not make my sufferings your jest. Trifle no more. What chance can there be?"

"Listen. Are you not here, confined in a felon's cell, on a false accusation?"

"Certainly; you professed to know that I was."

"So I did; but be calm. Have you not owned that your hopes of escape were almost entirely groundless and futile?"

"I have. But why will you harrow up my feelings?"

"To show you that there is a way in which your enemy may be overreached."

"How?"

"You may escape."

"Escape! what room is there for escape?"

"Ask not; be assured, however, that if you would be free from this place assigned to villains, before the sun has risen twice again, the means shall be provided."

"Speak you true?"

"Before the Ruler of all, I do."

"But where can I go?"

"The world is large. You can flee far from those who are seeking your life."

"And leave the stain of a murderer upon my name; never!"

"If you are convicted, will not the stain be indelibly fixed upon it?"

"It will."

"Then if you escape, it can be no worse. And at some future time, you may return and prove your innocence."

"True; I will go. But, for the love of heaven, mock me not!"

"If I do, may no mercy be shown me in the hour of sorrow. Now compose yourself; be calm; hint not a word of my visit to any one, and rest assured that I will meet you again." And the mysterious visitor turned and left the room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Life is a warfare—and alike  
Prepared to parley, and to strike,  
The practised foe draws nigh."—SPANISH POEM.

AT an early hour on the second morning subsequent to the events related in the last chapter, Alfred Whitman, the young attorney, sat in his office. His table was strewn with papers which he had been examining, and he seemed deeply engaged in the contents of a law book, which he was intently perusing. There was a shade of anxiety upon his brow, and it was evident that some important matter engrossed his attention. So deeply was his mind fixed on the subject, that he did not notice the opening of the door, and the entrance of another person.

"Good morning, Alfred," said a voice, which was the very personification of benevolence and warmth of heart.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Montrose," said Whitman, starting up, and beholding that gentleman. "Excuse me for not noticing you. I was so busily engaged, that I did not hear you enter."

"Yes, I perceived you was wrapped up in study. I was out to take my morning walk, and seeing your office open, I thought I would call. But you are up early."

"The interest I feel in the case of our unfortunate friend will not allow me to be idle."

"I am glad to see you labouring for him; he is indeed in a sad situation."

"He is; I called upon him again yesterday."

"I should have visited him, but I thought that, perhaps, it might be better to leave him to commune with his own thoughts. How did he appear?"

"In much better spirits than I expected. I fear he is cherishing a hope of proving his innocence, more than the circumstances will warrant."

"I was busily engaged all the day in trying to bring new facts to light, but was unsuccessful. Have you thoroughly examined the case?"

"I have."

"And what are the prospects?"

"It cannot be disguised that they are indeed dark. I have examined it in every bearing, and consulted the most eminent advisers, but I must confess that unless something new turns up, his case looks hopeless."

"Poor fellow! If my old friend had lived to see this day, it would surely have been the death of him. But we must do something, Alfred; let us spare neither time nor expense; for as for his suffering like a felon, for the crime of another, he shall not." And the old gentleman struck his ivory-headed cane upon the floor very vigorously, to express the sense of his determination.

"Nothing shall be left undone; but I fear it will go hard with him, if we do not gain some new evidence, for—"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said a little, dapper attorney, poking his head in at the door, and interrupting Whitman in the midst of his sentence.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Have you heard the news?"

"No especial news," answered Montrose, indifferently.

"Then I bring you some," continued the little man. "Doctor Morton has escaped."

"Escaped!" exclaimed Whitman, springing from his seat, and making sad havoc among his law books.

"Escaped!" echoed his astonished old friend, dashing his favourite cane upon the floor, and stretching his lithe eyes so as almost to endanger their safety.

"Yes," replied their informant, mightily pleased to witness the surprise his tidings had occasioned.

"When?" eagerly inquired Whitman.

"How?" ejaculated Montrose.

"Sometime since last evening," replied the attorney; "but how, no one can imagine."

"Incredible!" said Whitman, musingly. "And have no tidings of him been heard?"

"None," replied the little attorney; "but I must hasten on, for I wish to spread the news. So, good morning, gentlemen." And that moment his head disappeared from the door.

"Strange!" said Whitman, musingly.

"Most mysterious!" exclaimed his companion. "Who would have thought it!"

"I had not dreamed that he contemplated such a deed, and I thought I possessed his full confidence. I can understand now why he seemed in so good spirits yesterday; but I wonder that he did not confide in me."

"It is incomprehensible. But one thing is certain; if he has fairly escaped he will be out of danger."

"Yes; and that is far more than we could have said if his case had come to trial. It is strange that he had not confided in me, though. He knew I was devoted to his interests."

"Undoubtedly; but from his recent experience, he has had reason to be suspicious of almost every one. Now, I hope he is out of harm's way, and if he is, it was certainly the best method he could have taken."

"And the surest one."

"Yes; I said he should not be punished as a criminal, and he will not," exclaimed Mr. Montrose, rubbing his hands briskly, and rapidly pacing the floor, as he always did when he was much pleased. Though he had nothing to do with the occurrence, he seemed to regard the prisoner's escape with the highest pleasure, and to dwell with much complacency on the fact, that his prophecy had been fulfilled. Whitman regarded the news with as much joy as did his kind-hearted old friend; but he was deeply engaged in endeavouring to penetrate the mystery. In vain he called up every remark of Morton at his last visit; he could not remember a word that intimated such an event. In vain he pondered by what means he had succeeded in making good his escape; he could think of none. More study for that morning was out of the question, for the grand object for which he had been labouring, was accomplished, though in a far more summary manner than he had looked to have it. So he restored his books to something like order, and closing his office, walked away, arm in arm with the father of his bride, lect, conversing on the strange occurrence that had just transpired.

(Continued in No. 4.)

MISS BREMER'S OPINION OF MARRIED MEN.—I confess, then, that I ever find, and never have found, a man more lovable, more captivating, than when he is a married man—that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married—as when he is a husband, and the father of a family—supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closed around him, and constitute a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it. Then he appears to me as the crown of creation; and it is only such a man as this who is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But then propriety forbids it; and Moses, and all European legislatures declare it to be sinful.

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## THE HOME COMPANION

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PROGRESS OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

At the period to which we referred at the termination of our former remarks, there were other papers of various kinds. "News" from almost every town; *Mercuries* innumerable, and with all kinds of strange additions—*Mercurius Briticus*, *Britannicus*, *Mastix*, *Pragmaticus*; *Mercurius Melancholicus*, and *Mercurius Fungigosus*—(Melancholy *Mercuries*, and Smoking *Mercuries*)—"The Weekly Discoverer," and "The Discoverer Stript Naked;" "The Scots' Dove," and "The Parliament Kite;" "Packets and Porters;" "Spies, Scribes, and Scouts;" "Modest Narratives," and "Perfect Summaries." These, however, were mere ephemeral productions, born of commotion, and dying upon the return of order. In the catalogue of these newspapers contained in the British Museum, we find in 1640, at the commencement of the civil war, only one, "The Continuation of Foreign Occurrences for Five Weeks past." The other publications relating to that period are not newspapers, but reports of the speeches of eminent men—Pym, Harbottle Grimstone, &c., put out in the shape of pamphlets. In 1645, the height of the civil war, we have a collection of twenty newspapers. In 1650, just after the establishment of the Protectorate, there were sixteen; and in 1655, when the Protector was in the height of his power, they are reduced to seven. In 1660, the stirring time of the Restoration, they are again increased to twelve. In 1665, what is now known as the *London Gazette*, was first published at Oxford, by authority; from that time, down to the Revolution in 1688, scarce any other paper existed. This paper was first issued on the 16th of November, 1665; its title is as follows:—"The Oxford Gazette. No. I. Published by Authority. Oxon: Printed by Leonard Litchfield, and reprinted at London for the use of some merchants and gentlemen who desired them." It was published twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, and continued to be called the *Oxford Gazette* until the twenty-fourth number, when the court having left Oxford and returned to London, the name was changed, on the 5th of February, 1666, to the *London Gazette*, which it still holds. An analysis of the contents of the second number will give us some idea of the kind of news that was then thought by our rulers sufficient to satisfy the wants of the nation. We have chosen the second number, because nearly one column of the first is taken up with a list of the sheriffs appointed for the different counties. It consists of a single leaf of small folio, printed on both sides in double columns. The number of lines in the whole is 288, with an average of eleven words in a line. Of these, 213 lines are devoted to foreign affairs, leaving only 75 for all our Home Intelligence, at a time when the plague was raging in London, and the court had been obliged to remove to Oxford to escape its ravages. The 75 lines on Home affairs refer to the following places:—Bristol news consists of 11 lines, and tells us, that a Dutch man-of-war of 28 guns, with all her masts broken, was driven in there by the late storm, and surrendered herself with all her equipage. That 30 merchant vessels had sailed for the West Indies, and that some mariner reported having seen "great store of masts and tackle of ships at sea, which he supposed to be wrecks of Dutch ships; and the countrymen say, that many bodies are cast up by the sea upon the coast, which, by their habits, they conclude Dutchmen." From Plymouth we have 5 lines, informing us that two men-of-war convoyed three ships bound for Virginia to the Soundings; that another man-of-war had convoyed several colliers from Wales, and brought in a Dutch prize laden with provisions. From Falgouth, or rather from Pendennis, as it is there called, we have 3 lines telling us, that two French men-of-war are gone forward on their voyage. From Ipswich 4 lines, relating to the sailing of colliers. From Yarmouth 5 lines, also of the sailing of colliers. From Weymouth 4 lines,

about a French vessel laden with salt being driven in. From Newcastle we have something like Domestic Intelligence comprised in 6 lines, which we quote at length:—"Newcastle, Nov. 11. When the sickness first appeared here (which is but of young date), we were not without the sad apprehension of a severe mortality; but it hath pleased God already to put a stop to its progress, there not being one person sick in the whole town; and those that were sent in the fields being well recovered." Then from Oxford, the seat of the court, in Michaelmas term, during the sitting of the law courts, we have just 37 lines; and of these 19 refer to foreign affairs; 7 to official presentations at court; 3 to the appointment of a sheriff; 4 to the death of Dr. John Earls, bishop of Salisbury; and 4 to the intelligence, that "the several courts of justice sat in the schools at Oxon, according to an adjournment made at Westminster to that purpose, in pursuance of His Majesty's proclamation of the 26th of September last." This meagre affair is all that the authorities thought fitting to be communicated to the nation at a time when the plague was committing the most fearful havoc; when we were at war with the Dutch; when parliaments were suspended, and the crown was making rapid strides towards despotic power. One number of the *Times* contains about thirty-six times as much matter as is to be found in the only newspaper then allowed to be published in the kingdom.

At this time, nothing like a free press existed. It was held that, by the common law, no man, not authorised by the Crown, had a right to publish political news. And we had constant interference with this right, until, towards the end of the reign of Charles the Second, the *London Gazette* was the only paper allowed to be printed. During the Whig rule in 1680, at the time when great interest was created by the debates in parliament for the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne, the strictness of this rule was withdrawn, and several papers had a brief existence; but, on the defeat of the Whig party, the restrictions were re-imposed with greater severity. In the reign of James the Second, these restrictions were carried further than ever. Not only were newspapers prohibited, except always the *London Gazette*, but we find, in a letter from one of the court-newsmen or intelligencers, to John Ellis, that, on the 8th of October, 1688, "the Lord Chancellor, by the king's command, directed the justices of the peace of Middlesex to suppress all coffee-houses, and other public houses, that deal in News-letters, or expose to the public any foreign or domestic newspapers besides the printed *Gazette*."

After the revolution in 1688 the number of newspapers began to increase, but it was not until the accession of Anne in 1702 that we had a daily paper. Indeed, it seems that the news-writers of those times were sometimes strangely puzzled to find matter to fill up their scanty pages, even when only published twice a week, and strange devices were adopted to supply the deficiency. They make a merit of leaving part of it blank paper for the convenience of parties writing their friends. "This letter will be done up on good writing-paper," says one, "and blank space left that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!" And one publisher filled up his blank spaces with extracts from the Bible, until he is said to have gone through the whole of the New Testament and the greater portion of the Psalms!

On the 11th of March, 1702, appeared the first daily paper, called *The Daily Courant*. It consists of 182 lines, divided into two columns, printed on one side of a small folio sheet. The design of the publication is stated in this brief notice: "This *Courant* (as the title shows) will be printed daily; being designed to give all the material news as soon as the post arrives; and is confined to half the compass, to save the public at least half the impertinencies of ordinary newspapers." The editor also tells us that he will not "take upon him to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate only matter of fact supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." The news which he thinks material consists of extracts "From the *Haarlem Courant*, dated March 18, N.S.;" "The *Amsterdam Courant*, dated March 18;" and "The *Paris Gazette*, dated March 18, 1702." This discrepancy of dates is occasioned by the Continental States having long since adopted the Gregorian Calendar or New Style, while in England we adhered to the Julian Calendar, or Old Style. The date of the paper, according to the new style, would have been the 22nd of March instead of the 11th. Considering that King William III. died only three days before the publication of this paper, that Anne was then ascending the throne with a disputed title, and a strong party spirit was raging throughout the kingdom, it seems strange to us that not one word should be mentioned of these events in almost the very first paper that was published after their occurrence. What a difference from this age of freedom, when almost hourly there issues from the press more matter than in a whole year of those days of restriction! When every passing occurrence, every political act, and every public character is commented on with openness! When a flood of information on all subjects is spread over the kingdom, almost with the rapidity of thought itself, instead of the meagre accounts which, by long and slow stages, arrived in course of time at the provincial towns!

Soon after the publication of the first daily newspaper, a new class of publications sprung into existence, from which have been derived the whole series of magazines, reviews, and literary serials that now occupy so important a place in our literature. On the 23rd of April, 1709, appeared the first number of the *Tatler*, which was followed on the 1st of March, 1711, by the *Spectator*. These were not, strictly speaking, newspapers, although they were then so considered. The *Tatler* contained occasional scraps of news, mingled with lively banter on the follies of the day, and the social evils that disgraced polite society. The *Spectator* took a higher tone; and moral essays, imaginative tales corrective of some of the faults and vices of society, with high and acute criticism, written with a purity of style that to this day is unsurpassed, formed the staple of its contents. To the *Spectator* we are

indebted for that valuable criticism which first called public attention to Milton's noble poem of *Paradise Lost*. From these sprung a series of similar papers, which have not passed away from remembrance as soon as read, but have been thought worthy of being preserved in a united form under the title of the *British Essayists*, and are to be found on the shelves of many a library. These were originally sold at one penny each, but in 1712 a tax of a halfpenny was placed upon all periodical sheets and half sheets; the price of the *Spectator* was accordingly raised to twopence—one halfpenny for the tax, and another halfpenny to make up for the decrease in circulation. This tax is supposed to have been fatal to the *Spectator*, as well as to many other similar productions. The effect of this tax did not escape the keen irony of Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*; he writes, "Do you know that all Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now, for love or money. I plied it close the last fortnight, and published at least seven papers of my own, besides some of other people's; but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The *Observer* is fallen; the *Medley's* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post*; the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold." It did hold until the beginning of 1713. The state of literature generally in the kingdom may be easily guessed at from the fact that in 1724 there were, as we stated above, only 75 printing-houses in London and Westminster, and except at the two Universities, only 23 in the rest of the kingdom. Many counties, and amongst them Lancashire, were without a printer. In 1731 was commenced the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which has continued down to our own times. And since then the progress of periodical literature has been unintermitting. Slow, indeed, and almost painful in its first struggles; devoted to the tastes of a particular class—to the learned in antiquities, and the students of science; but at length, as the blessings of instruction were more widely spread among the people, assuming gradually a more popular form; until, in these, our days, the ink bottle is flung about in every direction; its splashes are to be seen on every wall, from the palace to the cottage; winged sheets convey light and information and pleasure into every abode; from the boudoir of the duchess to the hut of the peasant, the thoughts of the great and good are become common property, common COMPANIONS in every home.

### THE CHAPTER OF MISSES.

THE dear little Misses we meet with in life,  
What hopes and what fears they awaken!  
And when a man's taking a *Miss* for his wife,  
He is *Miss* led as well as *Miss*-taken.  
When I courted *Miss* Kidd, and obtained the first kiss,  
I thought, in the warmth of my passion,  
That I'd make a great hit in gaining a *Miss*,  
But 'twas only a *Miss*-calculation.

For so many *Misses* surrounded *Miss* Kid,  
With me and my love interlarding,  
A jealous *Miss*-rival put it into her head  
That she ought not to give me a hearing.  
There's a certain *Miss* chance that I met with one day,  
Who near sent my hopes to destruction,  
For she had a suspicion of all I might say—  
And all owing to one *Miss*-construction.

Deceived by a *Miss*-information, I wrote,  
The cause of her anger demanding;  
*Miss* direction prevented her getting the note,  
And introduced *Miss*-understanding.  
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,  
*Miss*-belief made her doubt my intention;  
And I nearly got wed to *Miss*-fortune, before  
I could woo her from *Miss*-apprehension.

But when she no longer would yield to *Miss*-doubt,  
Not led by *Miss*-representation,  
She had with *Miss* like a serious fall out,  
And to wed felt no more hesitation.  
But when at the church to be married we went,  
*Miss*-take made the fat parson linger,  
And I was so annoyed by an awkward *Miss*-fit,  
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so *Miss*-used, I kept a strict watch,  
Though I still lived in fear of *Miss*-carriage;  
I found out, too late, that an unlucky *Miss*-match  
Interfered with the joys of our marriage.  
*Miss*-rule in our dwelling made every thing wrong,  
*Miss*-management there took her station,  
Till my cash, like the time I take writing my song,  
Was all wasted by *Miss*-application.

**Fussy Men.**—Comic—to see a fussy man get himself ready for the steamboat. When he finds his razor, his lather-brush is gone—while his lather-brush is no sooner found stowed away in one of his "Sunday boots," than he goes into a fever because that ruffled shirt has been mislaid. When the shirt turns up, he discovers that his carpet-bag is already so crowded with brushes, boot-jacks, and coloured vests, that to make room for his life-preserver, he has got to put his foot in it, and pull it on like a boot—a feat which terminates in the discovery that he has caused a bottle of liquid blacking to burst a blood-vessel—"spilling every blessed rag he has got from the wash." Although the fussy man is an early riser, he is invariably too late for the train. Should he, however, by any chance be in time, he gets so bewildered about "the boy that ran away with his baggage," that it takes four policemen to keep him from getting under the locomotive.

### THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

ABNER was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now it happened that one of Abner's neighbours sold a farm to a tolerable green specimen of a Dutchman—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopah had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "fatherland," become sufficiently civilised not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbours' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Abner discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he called over to his now neighbour's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bate—bad—he ish von goot tog—ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartain, it's bad, and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish von goot—but Ich weis nicht?"

"What's that you say? he was nipped? Wall, now look here, old feller, nicken's no use—crop 'im—cut the tail off close—chock up to his trunk—that'll cure him."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features, "Ya, dat ish goot—dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartain it will, he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Abner, gravely.

"Den come mit me—he von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany; I not take one five dollar—but come mit me and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartain," said Abner, "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew, but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right—Ich make 'im von goot tog—there, Blitzen, Blitzen, come right here, you von sheep steal rashcull—I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons, and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Abner, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya, dat ish right—now you von tam tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopah, as he raised the axe.

It descended, and as it did so, Abner, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log, and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall I saw!" said Abner, with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog, "that was a little too close!"

"Mine Cot!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!"

### ANOTHER DOG STORY.

"PAT" is just one of the greatest dogs—strong as a lion, but gentle as a lamb. He leaves nothing alive upon which he is fairly "set," but he would not ruffle the feathers of the smallest chicken unforbidden, for his right paw. He will drag the children in a cart as long as he can drag himself, and never utter a word of complaint; but woe betide the being who comes within his reach when duty calls him to a sterner mood. A very useful dog is "Pat," too. He will "carry and fetch" anything entrusted to him, and make himself very generally useful in the way of errand-going. He divides his time between one of our neighbours and a farm a mile off, and saves many a journey back and forth by those who would make more fuss about it. The other day he was sent to the farm with a basket for eggs. It was observed that he did not come back as promptly as usual, but the circumstance excited no special attention. He came at last, looking as though nothing at all had happened. He was glad to see the folks, and appeared very much at ease and perfectly satisfied with himself, with no goadings of conscience to mar his happiness. In the midst of his happiness, however, he was interrupted with the inquiry—"Pat, where are your eggs?" His tail fell about six degrees instantly, and with a look perfectly intelligent, he turned and was off. Going to a pile of lumber not far away, he found the basket of eggs, and bringing them home, made the best apology a dog could make, and gave them into the hands of his mistress. On inquiry, it was ascertained that on his way home he met some other dogs, and feeling a little social, he put his eggs in a safe place and stopped for a social chat with his friends, and finally went home, forgetting to take his eggs along. We believe this the first instance in which a dog is shown to have forgotten anything.

AFTER a careful scrutiny of the Hibernian advertisements, we are compelled to confess, that we have not met with any blunders that more nearly resemble our notion of an Irish bull than one, which some years ago appeared in the English papers. It was the title to an advertisement of a washing-machine, in these words—"Every man his owl washerwoman!"



## ONWARD!

## STATISTICS.

**DIURNAL REFLECTOR.**—There are probably few of our readers who have not at one time or another made personal acquaintance with the gloom which haunts the mysterious passages and staircases of a London printing-office; rendering their exploration by unaccustomed feet a perilous enterprise—and giving a sort of propriety to the title commonly bestowed on a class of small officials who issue on their errands of prophandism from out its darkness. Those who have had no such experience would doubtless be greatly surprised to see out of what dark places the intellectual illumination of the world comes. As it is the habit of the *Athenæum* to share all its lights with its readers, we think it may be not a little useful to some of them, who may be in the same gloomy predicament which the printers appear to have hitherto so much affected, if we call their attention to a simple but ingenious contrivance by which light may be let into their dark places—the shadows being positively conjured away. This is to be effected, not by the introduction of artificial light, but by the arbitrary distribution of the natural lights which they have. As surely as the "bull's eye" of the policeman may be turned on any object he pleases, so may the stray ray that falls through any window in their corners or crevice in their roofs be caught in its passage and compelled to do service in what direction they will. Day-light may be "turned on" in their cellars, as water may. Sun-light may be carried about from one place to another, as a candle might. The ray may be drawn from heaven as the electric fluid is, and conducted into any corner whose darkness demands it. In our own offices, we write by white light in recesses where of old we used yellow—and glance up passages in the day-beam, of which we had hitherto no visual knowledge but what gas gave us. This is a method of economising our skylights which might have ingeniously baffled that minister of financial ingenuity, the window-tax gatherer. The mode is quite simple by which the beam is imprisoned wherever we can catch it and let out wherever we please. Under the title of the "Diurnal Reflector," a French optician, M. Troupeau, has taken out a patent for a plate of tin silvered over to have a highly reflective power. This plate is placed beneath any sky-light or window so as to receive on its face the natural light—and at such angles as will project that light forward into any particular corner or passage that may need it. The light thus obtained is, of course, not of that dazzling character which might be dangerous to tender eyes, but it will be found to serve for many useful purposes.—*Athenæum*.

**THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC CHAIN.**—The ingenious modification of Volta's pile, contrived by Dr. Pulvermacher, of Vienna, has attracted so much attention, that the following account of the value of the apparatus, as a source of electricity, may perhaps not be uninteresting, at least to those who may not have had time to devote much attention to the study of these subjects.

Everybody is aware that the apparatus contrived by Volta consisted of plates of metals, differing in their respective affinities for oxygen, alternated with pieces of cloth dipped in a saline solution. Thus, in the most common modification of this pile, a plate of copper is placed on the table, on this a plate of zinc, and then a piece of flannel or cloth, dipped in a solution of common salt; on this a second plate of copper, and so on. The theory of the apparatus is so well-known, that it is unnecessary to say more than that, under the chemical action of the saline fluid on the zinc, the combined electric fluids existing normally in both the two metals employed, are separated,—the positive electricity being found on the zinc, and the negative on the copper surface. Wollaston's and Cruikshank's troughs are but modifications of the same contrivance—cells filled with the saline fluid replacing the moistened cloth or flannel. The clamorous nature of these contrivances, the time required to excite them, the rapidity with which the intensity of the electric current diminishes, as well as the tact and management required to apply the current they evolve, have always presented most serious obstacles to their adoption into medical practice. On this account they have been almost completely replaced by the different machines for furnishing a current of induced electricity. These, it is true, possess many advantages, and become most important appliances in the treatment of disease, as has been repeatedly pointed out by myself and others. Still we have often felt the want of an apparatus by which an uniform and uninterrupted current of voltaic electricity could be at our command at a short notice, and without involving the necessity of any manipulative tact in its application. The hydro-electric chain completely fulfils these desiderata.

The apparatus I have used, was placed in my hands, during last winter, by Dr. Pulvermacher himself. He is a scientific man, and well-acquainted with physical science generally; nor is he, I presume, responsible for the manner in which his invention has been extolled, as a sort of universal panacea, by the London agent, in the public advertisements. Each element of this battery consists of a small piece of wood, around which are wound two wires, nearly but not quite in contact, one of these wires consisting of zinc, the other of gilded copper. These represent the plates in Volta's pile; each terminates in a ring, by which it is connected, with the wire of the next link or member of the chain, the zinc of one being united with the copper of the next, and so on. When one of these links is immersed in a fluid capable of exciting a chemical action on the zinc, enough is retained by capillary attraction between the folds of wire to disturb the electric equilibrium of the metals, and to throw the negative and positive fluids into a state of current. The exciting fluid recommended by Dr. Pulvermacher is common vinegar, and if one of his elements be immersed in that fluid for a minute, and then lifted out, so that all not retained by capillarity may drain off, it will be at once fit for use.—*Dr. Bird, in the Lancet*.

**BETWEEN** the 5th of January, 1849, and the 5th of January, 1851, there was found in dead letters the sum of £1,224,382 18s. 1d. in the shape of bills, checks, notes of hand, and money orders, and in hard cash or bank-notes £18,870 10s. 4d. more.

**ADELUNG**, in his *Mithridates*, enumerated 3064 languages and dialects; but M. Balbi reports a total of 860 distinct languages, and more than 8000 dialects. Of the 860 languages, 153 belong to Asia, 53 to Europe, 114 to Africa, 117 to Oceania, and 423 to America." And this number M. Balbi expects to see increased by more accurate researches in Africa and America.

**THE NEAREST STAR.**—Astronomers assert that Sirius, or the Dog Star, is the nearest to us of all the fixed ones; and they compute the distance from our earth at 2,200,000,000,000 of miles. They maintain that a sound would not reach our earth from Sirius in 50,000 years; and that a cannon ball, flying with its usual velocity of 480 miles an hour, would consume 523,211 years in its passage thence to our globe.

**ANCESTORS.**—The number of ancestors which a person may have is astonishing at first sight. At first, two parents; in the second, four, the parents of his father and mother; the third, eight, the parents of his two grandfathers and mothers; by the same rate of progression, 1,025 in the tenth, and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every person has above 1,000,000 ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate.

**GOLD AND COAL CONSUMED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF EARTHENWARE.**—The value of the gold consumed annually at the Potteries in the ornamentation of porcelain is £36,400, and, since about half that amount is consumed in the other seats of the manufacture, it may be stated that the total value of the gold used annually in England in the manufacture, is about £54,600. The quantity of coal consumed annually at the Potteries is 468,000 tons, and about half of that amount being consumed in other factories, it may be stated at about 750,000 tons—an amount equal to what is consumed in working all the railways in the United Kingdom.

**CLEANSING BY STREET ORDERLIES.**—The report of the surveyor of the City Sewer's Commission, on the system of cleansing by street orderlies, has been published. From it we gather, that while the average cost of dusting and cleansing for the last ten years was, from Michaelmas 1841 to 1843, £3,436 2s. 6d. per annum; 1844 and 1845, £3,329 17s. 3d.; and 1846 to 1851 (all inclusive), £5,788 11s. 6d., the expense of cleansing the whole of the city carriage-way upon the street-orderly system, estimated according to the experiences of the experiment made in 1845-6, would have come to an annual sum of £52,052. From this report it appears that the total area of the carriage-way of the city of London was at that time 418,000 square yards; and the area of the footway, 316,000 square yards; making a total of 734,000 square yards.

**OMNIBUS STATISTICS.**—That no unnecessary fear of reducing the profits too low may stay this opportune call for reform, we will quote from an official source the outlay and receipts. It appears that the daily expense of working one omnibus is £2 0s. 9d., supposing it, with its ten horses, to travel sixty miles daily (fifteen journeys to and fro—a fair estimate when the distance does not exceed two miles per journey). If it be licensed to carry twenty-four passengers, and obtain one-half, or twelve passengers, at 2d. each per journey, the profit would be 19s. 3d. per diem; at two-thirds full, the profit would be £1 19s. 3d. per diem; at three-fourths full, £2 9s. 3d.; and at full, £3 19s. 3d. This estimate would yield a profit for the regular working of 100 omnibuses—on the first calculation £30,035 per annum; on the second, £66,435 per annum; on the third, £84,635 per annum; and on the fourth, £139,235.

**EGGS.**—Eggs of hens, ducks, and other poultry, commonly eaten as food in the kingdom, are in point of quantity, almost incredible. The aggregate number cannot be less than 1,500,000,000, or 75,000 tons; and the value, at the lowest prices, £3,000,000. Ireland produces nearly 500,000,000, and the continent of Europe supplies us with 100,000,000 annually. These facts are perfectly ascertainable. The London and North Western Railway Company frequently received at their stations at Liverpool, in one day, from Ireland alone, upwards of 1,000,000 eggs, and forward them into the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and Warwickshire. They are packed between layers of straw, in strongly-made boxes, hampers, and crates, containing 1,000 to 8,000 eggs; each package weighing from two to ten cwt. Last year (1850) upwards of 90,000,000 were brought in: Liverpool. Duty, 10d. per 120.

**FLIES.**—A fly lays four times during the summer, each time eighty eggs, which make 320; half of these are supposed to be females, so that each of the four broods produces 40.—1. First eight, or the 40 females of the first brood, also lay four times in the course of the summer, which makes 12,800; the first eight of these, or 1600 females, three times, 384,000; the second eight twice, 250,000; the third and fourth eight, at least once each, 230,000.—2. The second eight, or the 40 females of the second brood, lay three times, the produce of which is 9600; one-sixth of these, or 1600 females, three times, 384,000; the second sixth twice, 556,000; the third six once, 123,000.—3. The third eight, or the 40 females of the third brood, lay twice, and produce 6400; one-fourth of these, or 1600 females, lay twice more, 256,000.—4. The fourth eight, or 40 females of the fourth brood, once, 2,200; half of these, or 1600 females, at least once, 128,000.—Total produce of a single fly in one summer, 2,080,320.



### THE MYSTERY.

B OLD this Closed Hand! Within it lies,  
A living tenant of ethereal skies;  
Which hath not reached the end for which 'twas born,  
But found an early grave one sunny morn.  
It is no more that which it used to be,  
And yet it is, that which it was, and still shall be.  
Its ancestors have often spread dismay,  
And driven the hopes of mourning ones away;  
Bold, but unarmed, with neither spear nor sword,  
They've put to flight full many an armed horde.  
Soon shall its coffin burst, and then,  
A death-like form shall meet the sight of men.  
And this the strange anomaly shall be,  
When it lives most, then most of death we see.  
Oh! who can dare to gaze on such a sight—  
A spectral object 'midst the gloom of night—  
But fear not mortal—God directs the whole,  
And offers triumph to thy trembling soul.  
All things obey his sovereign command,  
E'en the mysterious inmate of the Closed Hand.

[Answered in No. 4.]

### ENIGMA, AND CHARADES.

#### ENIGMA.

1. I **BARELY** perfect am in my rude birth,
2. And yet I'm scattered over all the earth;  
In every latitude and every zone,  
Through this wide world 'tis said that I am known,
3. I sweep resistless through the stormy deep,
4. Rush o'er the plain, (5) and scale the Alpine steep.
6. Within my giant arms I fold this land.
7. And yet I oft appear as small as sand.

8. I rouse the blaze that cheers the Christmas hearth,  
And shed a brighter radiance o'er the mirth  
Of that sweet season. (9) Large I am, and small,
10. I help to build, (11) and I destroy the wall,
12. At once man's greatest friend and direst foe,  
I still in peace (13) ensue misery and woe,
14. When weakness overcomes the wounded brave,  
I raise them from their bed, (15) or dig their grave.
16. Life I oft save, (17) I bridge the wide expanse,
18. Dive underground, (19) float thro' the mazy dance.
20. By me the farmer keeps his trees from barn,
21. By me averts the dread effect of storm.
22. When winter's showers deluge our streets with rain,  
I keep the feet from damp, the head from pain.  
Without me Britain had been Britain still,  
But not the Britain of these latter days;  
I form her greatest strength, for good or ill,  
Have been to her worth more than wreathed bays.  
Here must I pause—to give at large the tale  
Of all my changes—time and space would fail;  
When from what already has been told,  
My name and attributes in full unfold.—F. W. P.

#### CHARADES.

1. **THE** **BARON** my first, 'tis in your side,  
And is there hid from view,  
Though nearly half of what contains,  
Millions of such as you.  
**My next's** a small town in a shire,  
In Scotland's distant north;  
Transposed you see in Latin garb,  
Sons from my whole go forth.  
O'er the wide world I'm known as great,  
My power all kingdoms own;  
Though once among the nations small,  
The greater I have grown.
2. **My first's** a useful article,  
Which oft contains my all;  
An article my next is too,  
Indefinite and small.  
**My third,** though sprung itself from earth,  
One kind of corn does grow;  
'Tis of yourself a little part,  
That surely then you know.  
Under the table oft it lies,  
When my whole you do eat,  
And will be sure to stick to you,  
Though you should leave your seat.
3. Eight letters do compose my whole,  
Though one, two words I make—  
Of consonants and vowels each,  
A half these words do take.  
**My first** but few men seek to be,  
And none on earth attain;  
But all men ought to be—if not,  
They lost for aye remain.  
Upon my **last** a house you build,  
I measure, too, its wall;  
Reverse it next, 'tis but a part,  
Of either house or hall.  
**My whole** was once, in days of yore,  
By royal presence graced,  
And lawning courtiers near the throne,  
My halls on tiptoe paced.  
Lately to me tumultuous rushed,  
A crowd with eager pace,  
That once again brave Scotia's sons,  
Might see a royal face.—M. K.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 29.

Hawk, 13. Owl, 2. Magpie, 4. Eagle, 1. Swan, 12. Wagtail, 10. Eagle, 8.  
Eurylaimus, 5. Turkey, 9. Heron, 11. Ostrich, 7. Macaw, 6. Euphemia, 3.

#### HOME, SWEET HOME!

Pretty birds, pretty birds, thus you may see,  
Each of your names discovered by me—  
And one word repeated makes two appear three.  
"Read from the second word leftward or right,  
The same shall these words appear to your sight!"  
So wheresoever in life I may roam,  
My thoughts will still dwell on the sweetness of **HOME**!

#### CHARADE—Ho-ward!

### THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



Encouraged by his great successes, the Baron determines upon more striking adventures. A great idea seizes him!



He goes to the Exhibition, and is shown "The Patent Life-Protecting, Bone-Defending, Heat-Securing, Porcupine Hunting-Dress for all Nations!"



He gets into it, exercises himself before a mirror, and is delighted at the prospect of achieving a world-wide reputation!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

THE man who stammers at his name is in debt—a certain symptom.  
THE sweet breath of Spring should open hearts, as it uncloses myriads of buds and blossoms.

IN this world, purses are the arteries of life; as they are full or empty, we are men or carcases.

IT is a singular fact that when the Indian swears, he swears in English. There are no oaths in the Indian vernacular.

FEW people are wise enough to prefer the censure which is useful to them, to the praise which betrays them.

WORLDLY joy is a sundower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over: spiritual joy is an evergreen—an unfading plant.

THE long morning of life is spent in making the weapons and the armour, which manhood and age are to polish and to prove.

THE testimony of those who doubt the least is not unusually that very testimony that ought most to be doubted.

WHEN a person wishes to salute another in Thibet, he uncovers his head, puts out his tongue, and scratches his right ear.

AN Irish student was once asked what was meant by *posthumous works*? "They are such works," said he, "as a man writes after he is dead."

IF we were only disliked for the real and voluntary offences we give, what a holiday world this would be!

A MILLION of blades of grass makes a meadow, and millions and millions of grains of sand make a mountain; the ocean is made up of drops of water, and life of minutes.

A COUNTRYMAN at the Exhibition stood for some time very attentively surveying a cane-seat chair; at length he said, "I wonder what chap took enough pains to find all them holes, and put that straw round them!"

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all! The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.—*Jean Paul*.

"WELL, sir," said one person to another, to whom he had, in a matter of business, made a very absurd offer, "do you entertain my proposition?" "No, sir," replied the other, "but your proposition entertains me."

AN Irishman was brought up before a bailiff at Ipswich, on a charge of having six wives! The bailiff asked him how he could be so hardened a villain as to delude so many? "Please your worship," says Pat, "I was only trying to get a good one."

WE heard a good joke once of a party of young fellows who found fault with the butter on the boarding-house table. "What is the matter with it?" said the mistress. "Just you ask it," said one, "it is old enough to speak for itself."

A GENTLEMAN at an eating-house asked the person next to him if he would please to pass the mustard? "Sir," said the man, "do you mistake me for a waiter?" "Oh, no, sir," was the reply, "I mistook you for a gentleman."

"You saved my life on one occasion," said a beggar to a captain under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" replied the officer, "do you think that I am a doctor?" "No," answered the man; "but I served under you in the battle of —; and when you ran away, I followed."

NEVER nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and a knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

A TESTY old gentleman was incessantly pestered by his neighbours with inquiries after his health: at last, losing all patience with the most assiduous of these inquirers, "Tell your master," said he to the servant, "with my compliments, that I am pretty well this morning, and shall continue so for twenty-one mornings to come."

A WEALTHY person asked the philosopher Sadi, in derision, how it happened that men of wit were so frequently seen at the doors of the rich; and that the rich were never seen at the doors of men of wit? "It is," replied Sadi, "because men of wit know the value of riches; but rich men do not know the value of wit."

A SCHOOLMASTER wrote to a lady—

"How comes it, this delightful weather,  
That U and I can't dine together?"

She answered—

"My worthy friend, it cannot be—  
U do not come till after T."

"LOW, sir, them as talks about hequality don't no nothing about it," said the driver. "We were all equal at this bare minute—why, we should be just like old Shadrach's cow's grazing; why we should all on us get a good feed; and jest as we'd done, some precious thief or other would quietly drop in and eat us!"

THE Hon. Edward Everett, when a young man just out of College, was invited to give an oration in the city of Salem. At the dinner, Judge Storey called up Mr. Everett by the following sentiment:—"Fame follows applause where *ever* it (Everett) goes!" Mr. Everett rose instantly, and gave the following:—"The members of the legal profession! However high may be their aspirations, they can never rise higher than one Storey."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. *Mr. Cobden* said, "Turn to God one day before your death." His *answer* was, "How can a man know the day of his death?" He *answered* *Cobden*, "Therefore, you should turn to God to-day. Perhaps you may die to-morrow; thus, every day will be employed in turning."

POVERTY.—Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than *feeling the shame of poverty*, the shame of being thought poor; it is a great and *great* weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of *the times*.—*Cobbett*.

EXAMPLE.—One watch set right, will do the work of *many*; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong, may be the cause of *misleading* a whole neighbourhood; and the same may be said of *the change* we individually set to those around us.

WAYS TO HAPPINESS.—There are two ways of being happy. We may either diminish our  *wants* or augment our  *means*; either will do, the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and to do that which may happen to be the easiest. If you are idle or stork, however hard it may be to diminish your wants, it will be easier than to augment your means. But if you are very wise you will do both in such a way as to augment the general happiness of society.

MR. MICAWBER ON ECONOMY.—"My advice is, never to do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of time. My other piece of advice is, annual income of £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d.; result, happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s. 6d.; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and in short, you are for ever floored, as I am now."

THE REWARD OF DILIGENCE.—"Sceat thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon, "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds, "This is true; I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honour of dining with one." All in consequence of having been "diligent in business" from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all.

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years one hundred and twenty-one days and sixteen hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at six will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration), were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the despatch of business. This calculation is made without any regard to Bissextile.

DON'T STAND STILL.—If you do you will be run over. Motion, action, progress—these are the words which now fill the vaults of heaven with their stirring demands, and make humanity's heart pulsate with a stronger bound. Advance or stand aside; do not block up the way and hinder the career of others; there is too much to do now to allow of inaction anywhere, or in any one. There is something for all to do; the world is becoming more and more known;—wider in magnitude, closer in interest, more loving and more eventful than of old—not in deeds of daring—not in the ensanguined field—not in chains and terrors—not in blood, and tears, and gloom—but in the leaping, vivifying, exhilarating impulses of a better birth of the soul. Reader, are you doing your part in this work?

CHOOSE THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.—A free exposure to the light and to the sun's influence has a great effect in diminishing the tendency to disease. The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, from its superior healthiness. It has been found in public buildings, &c., that those are always the most healthy which are the lightest and sunniest. In some barracks in Russia, it was found that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness, for every single case which happened on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, number of inmates, diet, &c.—so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun, while on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and even dangerous.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—When I observe that there is great frugality as well as wisdom in the works of God, since he has been evidently sparing both of labour and materials; for by the various wonderful invention of propagation, he has provided for the continual peopling this world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compounded substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new combinations, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the air, water, earth, and perhaps fire, which being compounded from *nothing* do, when the wood is dissolved, return and again become earth, air, fire, and water. I say, that when I see nothing annihilated, and not a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist; and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus, finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine, hoping, however, that the errors of the last may be corrected.—*Franklin*.



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BY SPENCER THOMSON, M.D., L.R.C.S.,

ILLUSTRATED.

AUTHOR'S PREFATORY

THAT works professing to afford popular information on medical subjects, may thoroughly answer the purpose for which they are designed, one especial point requires ever to be kept in view—the information given must be safely usable by those who are put in possession of it. It is an objection frequently adduced against such works, that they place a little dangerous knowledge in the hands of the public, in a form so apparently simple, as to make it a source rather of evil than of benefit; and, undoubtedly, the allegation has in some respects been correct. But is it necessary, in preparing a work on domestic health, to incur this hazard? I think not. For without entering upon that difficult ground which correct professional knowledge, and educated judgment, can alone permit to be safely trodden, there is a wide and extensive field for exertion, and for usefulness, open to the unprofessional, in the kindly offices of a *True Domestic Medicine*; the timely help and advice of a simple Household Surgery, or better still, in the watchful care, more generally known as "Sanitary Precaution," which tends rather to preserve health than to cure disease. "The touch of a gentle hand" will not be less gentle, because guided by knowledge, nor will the *safe* domestic remedies be less anxiously or carefully administered. Inseparably connected with the intelligent use of these remedies, there must be correct general ideas respecting the anatomical arrangements and physiological requirements of the human frame. This also has been objected to. I hesitate not to say, that it is such knowledge as ought to be in the possession of every responsible man. Making apparent the importance and rational foundation of the means of preserving or of invigorating health, or of restoring it when impaired, it renders submission to the requirements of those means, a more sure and cheerful service, when rendered to the conviction of the understanding, rather than to the dictum of an adviser. Amid the humbler classes especially, the diffusion of such knowledge is highly requisite, as a counter-agent to the impudent quackery which preys upon the credulity and lamentable ignorance of the simplest principles of health, which pervade the mass of the people.

But health will fail, either in old or young, and accidents will happen, in spite of the most careful precaution; it then becomes a question, how far non-professional interference may go. In many of the emergencies and accidents of daily life, even in a settled country, but more especially in the thinly peopled colonies, ready information respecting what is best to be done, possessed by a neighbour or bystander, is often of the most essential service; indeed, every medical man must have witnessed, how much mischief may result, either actively or passively, and in a very short time from ignorance of even the most obvious and common-sense modes of treatment. The information upon these points, given in a popular work, can scarcely be too full or too accurate. In the requirements of Household Surgery, or of sudden emergency, such as poisoning, burning, &c., the question is, "What must be done?" Generally speaking, little or no skill is requisite to determine the nature of the case, or of the injury, which is often too apparent, the anxious question, "What must we do?" is that which calls for answer; and if sometimes it happens that the exact nature of the accident be not sufficiently evident, that is no reason why knowledge on the subject generally, aided by common sense, may not do much to relieve. Life may be saved, suffering may always be alleviated. Even to the resident in the midst of civilization, the "knowledge is power" to do good; to the settler and the emigrant, it is invaluable.

We come to a point more liable to cavil—the actual treatment of disease, properly so called by the unprofessional, and how far it is well to afford information, which may tempt the rash to use that which education only can safely employ. It may be trite, but it is true, that in order to treat a disease safely, and with benefit, we must learn its nature. Now, when it is remembered, how the nicest judgment that observation and experience can form, the most patient attention, aided by practised ear and eye, by microscope and test-tube, are frequently necessary, to enable the conscientious physician to judge of his case before he can apply the remedy, it is evident how great must be the responsibility of those who, in rashness or ignorance, venture upon the treatment of serious disease, either in their own persons or in those of others; incapable of judging of its nature, still less capable are they of selecting the appropriate treatment. There is, however, a vast difference between the management of real disease and of ordinary ailment,—between endeavouring to strike at the root, or only to relieve the symptoms. Any unprofessional man, or woman either, in this kingdom, who, with all facility that there is for procuring skilled advice, ventures to take the medical management of a case of real illness, acts most unwarrantably; but there are numbers of lesser ailments, many of the more painful incidents and symptoms, simply and easily removable by means which all may employ, and with which it is most important that all should be acquainted; which the parent may use to the child, or the pastor recommend to his parishioners, without fear.

One step further. If danger may result from rash treatment, none can arise from a general acquaintance with the most prominent symptoms which herald the approach of dangerous sickness; these, I think, should be made known, whilst all remarks upon the management, whether limited as for use in this country, or more extended for the sake of the dweller in remote or unsettled districts, I trust so to guard, as to make them safe and useful guides.

I know well what is said by a few, about injuring the medical profession, by making the public their own doctors. Nothing will be so likely to make "long cases" as for the public to attempt any such thing; but people of moderate means—who, as far as medical attendance is concerned, are worse off than the pauper—will not call in and fee their medical adviser for every slight matter, and in the absence of a little knowledge, will have recourse to the prescribing druggist, or to the patent quackery which flourishes upon ignorance, and upon the mystery with which some would invest their calling. And not patent quackery alone, but professional quackery also, is less likely to find footing under the roof of the intelligent man, who, to common sense and judgment, adds a little knowledge of the whys and wherefores of the treatment of himself and family. Against that knowledge which might aid the sufferer from accident, or in the emergency of sudden illness, no humane man could offer or receive an objection.

To resume. The information which it is proposed to offer in this Dictionary may be classed as Anatomical and Physiological, Sanitary or Hygienic, the Treatment of Accident and Emergency, and the Management of Illness. In some respects, perhaps, the adoption of this classification might be advantageous, but as a work of ready reference, the alphabetical arrangement of subjects will, it is thought, be found more convenient.

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## Editor's Note-Book.

**THE NEW NOVEMBER PLOT.**—The following letter affords us much gratification. Our "literary plot" has been discovered by a shrewd observer. Yet we do not fear the guillotine. Anybody who marks our course may discover that we are no "Guy"; and that, therefore, our crusade against ignorance and vice—and especially the vice of the press—the corruption of literary power—will be successful.—"To the Editor of *The Home Companion*."—Sir,—"Having experienced much pleasure from the perusal of the first number of your *Home Companion*, I am induced to offer a few remarks upon the work, as I consider it a duty to encourage and support every undertaking tending to enlighten society. A remarkable feature in the present day is the abundance of cheap publications which meet the eye on every side; and among the ranks of those that are likely to accelerate the progress of intelligence, I would assign a distinguished place to the *Home Companion*. Your pioneering number has also made its appearance at an auspicious moment, about the eye of this 'Guy Faux' commemoration, and this new November Plot, tending to explode all false notions, all popular prejudices and ignorance, has no doubt been concocting for some time in your editorial store-room, ready to illuminate the world at the proper moment. I can only say that such a "Plot" would ever find me a willing conspirator. I would most cordially run tilt with you against all that professes good sense and morality. I would fearlessly apply the torch to perverse and encroaching doctrines, and consume them to ashes with the same lively satisfaction with which our loyal countrymen, at this season of faggots, consign their ferocious Guys to the flames.

"*Fax mantis incendium gloria*"

should be my motto, as it is, I have no doubt, the inspiration that directs your pen. Trusting that you will pardon these few officious remarks, which have been awakened by the deep interest which I feel in the mental improvement of the masses—I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant, W. F. F."

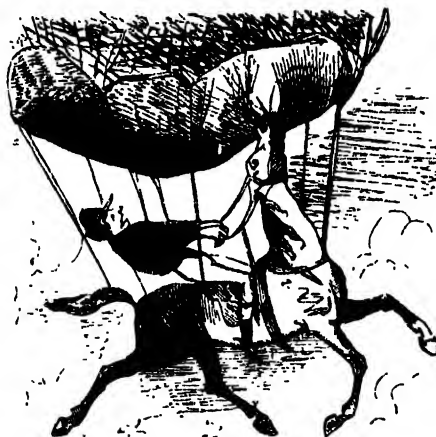
**RULE OF COMPOSITION.**—If you would write to any purpose you must be perfectly free from without, in the first place, and yet more free from within. Give yourself the natural rule, think on no pattern, no patron, no paper, no press, no public; think on nothing, but follow your own impulses. Give yourself as you are, what you are, and how you see it. Every man sees with his own eyes, or does not see at all. This is incontrovertibly true. Bring out what you have, if you have nothing, be an honest beggar rather than a respectable thief.

**EARLY TO RISE.**—We remember one of the writers in the *Guardian*, in Addison's time, expresses his keen sense of the pleasure derivable from bright blimy weather, and says if he was endowed with the art of flying, he would use it to attend the sun round the world, and pursue the spring through every sign of the Zodiac. This is no singular feeling, and yet we suspect multitudes who sigh for bright skies and genial breezes and fresh air, and who grow poetical at the mere mention of green fields and bursting flowers, so far from pursuing the sun, and seeking companionship with the spring, keep out of the way of both as much as possible. Instead of rising with the sun, and improving the early hours of morning in taking a walk in the fields, or in paying attention to a garden, thousands prefer the bed and the enjoyment of a little more sleep. Nature is lavish of her beauties all around them, but they might as well be deaf, and blind, and dumb, for all the good they receive from her bounteous ministrations. Young people, awake! Think of the health, the buoyancy of animal spirits, the enjoyments of mind which you throw away by indolence and love of ease. Only think what a sacrifice is involved in lying a-bed, morning after morning, for hours after the sun has risen!

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ARTERIES AND VEINS.**—The knowledge of the distinction between arteries and veins is of the utmost practical importance, particularly to people residing in districts remote from surgical aid, where those who receive serious wounds may actually bleed to death for want of such easily acquired information. The arteries are composed of no less than four very firm, strong, elastic membranes or coats; and this, as well as their being generally deeper seated in the flesh, to guard them from injury, renders them less liable to be hurt by accident; but when cut or wounded, the firmness of these coats prevents their closing, and hence

arises the fatal tendency of wounds of large blood-vessels, which will remain open till they are tied, or till death ensues. Another distinctive character is, that the pulse of the heart is felt in the arteries only. The veins lie near the surface; and bleeding from them may readily be stopped, in common cases, by closing the orifice, and bandaging in the manner usually adopted by operators after having opened a vein in the arm or foot. When a person, or animal, is seriously wounded, and a surgeon cannot be immediately procured, ignorant bystanders will often content themselves with laying on a little lint, or cobweb, or some other trifling application, wholly inadequate to the case; they ought to know that when such remedies fail, and more especially when the blood flows from the wound by pulsatory leaps, it should be arrested by mechanical compression, until professional aid be obtained. This can easily be done by the most ignorant person present, by winding a string or a bandage tightly above the wound. Those more skilful, or better informed, may take up the severed artery, and twist, or tie it up.

**POOLISH EXHIBITIONS.**—Not long ago, there was a rage for witnessing the daring feats of a bather, who would leap from a lofty bridge, or from a mast head into the water. Then there was another "treat," afforded by the exploits of a mad who allowed himself to be suspended by the neck for several moments, and who accidentally got really hung at last. Next, were descents in parachutes, by which some three or four people got killed. And, latterly, balloon ascents, with men upon horseback, have carried off the palm. We always turn our backs upon such absurd and demoralizing sights. It can afford us no pleasure to see how near to death man may venture, and yet escape. Captain Gale paid the forfeit of his daring some months ago, in France. The absurdity of a man lashing himself and a horse to a balloon, and allowing himself to be floated up into the air, over the gaping mouths of excited spectators, is extreme. No good can come of such perilous adventures; and if we could have our will, we would order that, henceforth, everybody going up into the aerial regions in such an uncomfortable and unnecessary manner, should be doomed to remain there in



AN AWFUL STATE OF SUSPENSE.

**MECHANICS TAKING THE LEAD.**—"The Bar is fast losing its attractions to the young of this city. There are now thirty young gentlemen who have received liberal educations and are serving their "time" as shipwrights, architects, &c. In a few years the United States will have the most accomplished mechanics in the world. A new class is springing up who will put the present race of mechanics in the shade. The union of a substantial education with mechanical skill will effect this. Indeed, already we could name some mechanics who are excellent mathematicians, acquainted with French, German, and able to study the books in those languages connected with their vocations. Heretofore fond fathers were wont to educate their sons as doctors or lawyers, to ensure their respectability and success. The day is past. Mechanics will now take the lead, and will now supply the larger portion of the State and Federal Governments. We hope that parents and guardians will put aside this most obsolete idea, that none but professional men, such as physicians, divines, and lawyers, can ever arrive in this country to great distinction. Look any day and witness the self-taught, the once illiterate boy, now a superior mechanic, filled with the ardent thirst of becoming a valuable member of society. Look at our community—how many are there now, filling offices of honour and profit, who, but a few years ago, were apprentices to very respectable trades—and take the portion of mechanics to your very learned and distinguished men, and compare the ratio of their future eminence. Look at our debating societies, lyceums, &c., from whence emanates the ebullition of marked natural talent? From those who never had any other stimulant but their own ambition to become useful as well as ornamental; whose days are devoted to hard work, and every vacant hour passed in the proper study to render them respectable and well informed."—*New York Mirror*.

**THE BLOOMER COSTUME.**—The topic continues to be absorbing. Some fair correspondents ask us whether we think it likely to become general. We think it will become so, gradually, and with various modifications.

Some of the styles given at p. 28, No. 2, are exceedingly pretty and modest. The cause of reform in ladies' costume is, however, endangered by the indiscretions of its first advocates. A friend of ours, who is enthusiastic in everything by turns, came into our office the other day, proposing a "demonstration" in favour of Bloomerism—a procession through the streets of London, of ladies all dressed in the new style! We dissented. Processions, lectures, balls, &c. &c., make the thing notorious, and damage a good cause. The change affects ladies, and must be brought about by all that quiet grace which is evidenced in things lady-like and pure. This has been the case in America more than here. There, ladies appeared in the costume, and conducted themselves with delicacy. Here, the costume has been made an exhibition of; and a lady who assumes the garb now, is liable to be mistaken for Mrs. Somebody, who has been exhibiting to popular gaze for paltry charges.—"The Boston *Waverley Magazine*" thus speaks upon the subject:—"We have seen many representations of this new style of dress, but have not seen one that looked to suit our taste. Most of them appear more like opera-dancers, decked in mere tinsel, only for effect. But with us it is a more serious matter, a subject that deserves the attention of all classes and conditions. Some pretend to say that we men have no interest in the matter, and ought to have nothing to say about it. This looks plausible at first, but on a second thought it will appear of great importance to every man who wishes that his posterity may enjoy that health which is so necessary for their happiness. Is it of no interest to men, whether their wives and the mothers of their children are deformed, decrepid, and perhaps infirm? Is it of no interest to men, whether their beloved offspring early decay, inheriting the constitution of an enfeebled mother? The numerous consequent evils—as the loss of activity and cheerfulness in the wife, the greatly increased expenses of the family, and the long bills of doctors and apothecaries—tell him he has a compound interest in the matter. It is always difficult to introduce a change from a long-established custom, whether in religion, politics, habits, or dress; and it will be but by gradual steps that the new costume will become the rage. Those ladies who have laid aside their timidity, (not modesty, for the new dress is more modest than is the old,) and braved the battle, and seconded the voice of the entire press of the country, as well as the recommendations of eminent physicians, deserve much credit, and should be looked upon as of independent mind; and they are so estimated. What though boys, of a larger as well as smaller growth, do follow them, it is only to see the charming dignity which the dress gives to the female form; what though they excite a smile as they tremblingly pass along the street; let them not be afraid; it is only in admiration of their beautiful figure, and a joyous anticipation of the 'glorious times coming,' when our ladies will be more beautiful, more active, and more happy—imparting cheerfulness to all around—because unbound, unshackled, unstayed, they can skip like the deer, sing like the lark, and breathe with ease. The dress will take at least ten years, in appearance, from the age of every lady who adopts it. The young lady of twenty-five will appear fifteen; the awful age of thirty will go back to twenty; the old age of forty will do the youth of thirty; and an old maid will not be found of less than forty. Oh, what a blessing to many now hopeless spinsters; what a raking up of old affections, of long exhausted sighs, will there be, when age shall again resume its youth, and bright hopes still cherish their long neglected hearts! But we are getting too deep in the glorious theme, and will close by advising the ladies to adopt the dress at once."

**RECEIVED.**—*Flowers and Heraldry*, Houlston & Stoneman. (Reviewed in our next.)—*The Present of a Mistress*, Houlston & Stoneman.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**—Letters have been received from—

Amelia.	F. G.	Mary Ann H.
A. C.	F. B.	Maria.
A. D.	Flora.	M. K.
B. E.	Fanny.	Matthew.
B. O. L.	F. E.	Samond.
B. A.	G. J. G.	P. H.
B. H. A.	G. P.	Rupert.
C. C.	G. H. X.	Ronald.
Caroline.	Jan.	Rosalind.
C. K. R.	James.	S. W. S.
Dorothy.	Job.	Samuel.
D. J.	J. E.	Tuam.
E. B.	J. B.	T. A.
E. S. B.	L. D.	W. A. C.
Eliza.	Mark.	Xerxes.



Printed by WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 22, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 4.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

"Don't run in debt:"—never mind, never mind,  
If the clothes are faded and torn:  
Seam them up, make them do; it is better  
by far,  
Than to have the heart weary and worn.  
Who'll love you the more for the shape of  
your hat,  
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,  
The cut of your vest, or your boots, or  
cravat,  
If they know you're in debt for the new.

There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking  
the street  
In fine clothes, if you know you are in  
debt:  
And feel that perchance you some trades-  
man may meet.  
Who will sneer—"They're not paid for  
yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run  
in debt,  
If the chairs and the sofas are old—  
They will fit your back better than any  
new set,  
Unless they're paid for—with gold;  
If the house is too small, draw the closer  
together,  
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;  
A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of  
weather,  
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a  
hint,  
(If the fashions have changed since last  
season.)  
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,  
And old Nature, we think, has some  
reason.

But just say to your friend, that you can-  
not afford  
To spend time to keep up with the  
fashion;  
That your purse is too light, and your  
honour too bright,  
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends,  
if they can,  
Have fine houses, feathers, and flowers,  
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a  
man  
To envy their sunny hours.  
If you've money to spare, I have nothing  
to say—  
Spend your silver and gold as you please;  
But, mind you, the man who has his bill has  
to pay,  
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run into debt any  
more;  
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow,  
To know that a neighbour may call at your  
door,  
With a claim you must settle to-morrow.  
Oh! take my advice—it is good, it is true!  
(But, lest you may some of you doubt it.)  
I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you—  
I have tried it and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,  
Its links all corrosion and rust,  
Gild it o'er as you will—it is never of gold,  
Then spurn it aside with disgust.  
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,  
Though his heart may be honest and true;  
Can he hold up his head, and look lively  
and brave,  
When a bill he can't pay becomes due?

## THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER; AN INCIDENT OF THE GRAND ARMY.

BY CHAMPION BISMELL.

THE rattling of drums, the sharp discharge of musketry, and the indescribable confusion incident to the movement of vast bodies of men, announced the departure of Napoleon from Wilna. Far out on the plain, so distant, that the music at its head scarcely disturbed the listening ear, marched the vanguard of the Grand Army; and through the thronged streets of the Russian town endless columns poured forth in dark and bristling lines. At intervals came troops of horsemen, their steeds impatiently pawing the ground, and neighing in response to their comrades on the open plain. And now more frequently rumbled the artillery and baggage waggons, startling the gazer by their number and equipments, and filling him with awe at the genius of the mighty conqueror, at whose bidding this host of men and array of warlike munitions had been suddenly evoked as from some world, unknown or forbidden, to all other men.

They formed a study of no common interest—the faces of these iron soldiers—engaged in an expedition, in splendour, magnitude, and prospective result, the greatest which the world has ever seen. Here was realized the utmost of ambition. Here was seen the culmination of the intensest desires of skilful despotism—a despotism so symmetrical and perfect, that those who shuddered most at its awful spirit, yielded the most ready acquiescence to the fascinations of its godlike power. Never before had the genius of the Corsican been so completely in the ascendant. For the time no man dared call himself his own.

And as the Grand Army passed on, in the face of each soldier might be read the spirit working beneath. The French conscript, fresh from his ancestral acres, which he had ever longed to leave for the bivouac and the field, wore upon his countenance only the expression of exultation and joy. The veteran, on whose breast you might perceive the medal of Austerlitz or Marengo, mirrored with the mien of a Roman legionary, confident and secure in the genius of his commander as when he heard his clear voice ring amid the perils of Wagram, or saw him push out his frail skirt to the raft of Tilait, to dictate terms of peace to two fallen emperors. The aged soldier renewed his youth; the boy's sinews were stiffened like steel, at the sound of

the constant watchword, "To Moscow—to Moscow!" It was only in the muttered execrations of the conquered Austrian or Prussian, whom the vicissitudes of fortune had forced into an ungrateful service against their hereditary ally, that you might read the omen which cast its black and growing shadow over the campaign.

The welcome command of halt had been given to the army, and each soldier was busily engaged in preparing his noon-day meal, when a young officer detached himself from his company, and rode swiftly to the waggons at the rear of the column. Arriving at one distinguished from the rest by its superior elegance and finish, and showing by its equipments its peculiar use, he gently lifted the curtain, and said in a low tone—"And how is Paul, now that we are once more on the road to fame and Moscow!"

"Alas!" answered the sick man, wearily raising himself on his elbow, "I feel as yet none of that strength which my good doctor promised me when you begged me away from the hospital at Wilna. It is dreadful to lie here, and hear the moving life without, and to feel one's self cut off from it all; to catch the joyful shout of the soldiers, and to reflect that it must be long before one's own voice can be raised in the cry for La Belle France. But, courage, Paul—and don't make your comrades melancholy! How well you look, Pierre, and that cross, too—ah, don't try to hide it; Paul will earn one also if he ever escapes from this waggon. And do you know that the Emperor looked in on me to-day, and was delighted with my stubborn determination to go on with the Grand Army. And as he passed on I heard him humming—

'*Marlborough s'en va à la guerre,  
Ne sait quand il reviendra.*'"

That last line—your Paul has had it running in his head ever since. I hope we may not return till we have finished our work."

"Bravo, Paul!" replied the officer, "dying men don't talk like this! The Lancers will see their favourite lieutenant at their head again in a month, and meantime, perhaps, you are as well off here as we, who labour so hard to get over these everlasting deserts. As for the Legion of Honour, Paul, you deserve a cross much more than I, for your heroic patience in this tedious sickness. And see, I am going to share my dinner with you to-day. Here is an omelet which I prepared last night, for I knew how fond you used to be of omelet, and how much better it is for you than thin soups, now that you ought to be growing strong again. Why, you eat like a veteran already. Let it be a sweetener to every morsel that in a few months we shall be entering Paris with the spoils of that heathenish old Kremlin, and our gay city dames will no longer be cruel, for will we not be heroes of the Grand Army! Adieu, expect me again at evening, and keep your courage up." And the warm-hearted Pierre galloped off.

Left to himself, Paul attempted to sleep, but his feelings had become somewhat excited, and this, with the motion of the waggon, which had once more began its rude joltings, baffled his efforts.

"It is a long time," he soliloquized, "since I have had an opportunity to review these mementos of my past life." And he carefully opened a small casket which reposed at the head of his couch. "Pierre talks of women; but how shall I forget that one who was only dear to me the moment she was snatched away, but whom I loved in a moment sufficiently for a life-time: now these silent tokens shall bring up to me the dead Past, and I will live those days over again. I have not written my thoughts since I entered the army. Sometimes I think I dare not. I am more ambitious than I was then, when I stained the white leaves of this little book with words like these."

He turned over a few leaves of the journal and read to himself, in a low tone—"Pierre has just left us—our play-ground is deserted. The fields look mournful. The birds do not sing as sweetly as they did. I have lost a friend."

"Pierre has gone to the military school. It is a great way off, and he is to be allowed very little liberty. He says they will make a great general of him if he obeys well, and that in a few years he will be able to serve the Emperor. For my part, I am sorry that he ever thought of going to war. I don't see what there is in war to make it so popular. Very many of the young farmers and tradesmen of the village have gone to serve on the conscription, and but few of them have come back. And father, who does not see any reason to hate the Austrians and Prussians, says, that the Emperor is too ambitious. But then he adds, 'he loves the people.'

"For my part, though I should love very much to be with Pierre, I intend to be a good citizen and stay at home. If the conscription takes me, and it is coming down more and more among the young men every year—I shall hire Baptiste, the gardener, to go in my stead. I am afraid he is a coward,

"*Malbrook is going to the war,  
And knows not when he'll return.*"

though he often talks of setting out for the wars, and is for ever shouting 'Vive l'Empereur!'

"Ah," said Paul, "I was a mere boy then. I will turn a ~~few~~ more leaves."

"I never thought I should like parties and ~~fetes~~ so well. But a year or two ago, when mother made a *fete* for my sister, I refused to come into the rooms, or to dance on the lawn; and I remember how mortified I was when a group of misses ran out into the garden, and surprised me in my working dress, reading about Prince Cherry, under the apple-tree. But now, I feel at my ease among the ladies; I have grown as tall as a man; and the other evening, at a dance, I heard Madame D—, from Lyons, inquire of her partner who that graceful young man by the sofa was. I think she meant me. And my moustache is certainly promising."

"I am puzzled to account for the interest Mlle. F— has recently taken in me. She is, I know, a little older than myself, and her disposition is not calculated to harmonize with mine—for she is bold and ambitious beyond most women, and I am so void of ambition that Pierre says I am good for nothing but a country curé, or at best a quiet scholar. Nor can I imagine why my conversation should please her, for I know nothing of the great world, and she has spent half her life in Paris. I shall see her again this evening."

"So soon! Is it possible she loves me—that her love is returned—that we are henceforth all the world to each other! How little could a prophet ever have foreseen all this. And how little could he have read in those gay scenes and brilliant saloons the secrets of our destiny. I do not blame myself, for I am proud of the affections of a woman so beautiful and gifted, yet she has a haughty and imperious nature, and I know not how it will accommodate itself to the quiet of a philosopher."

"Daily I feel that something is wanting to that perfect love which I ought to cherish toward dear Victorine. It may be useless in me to indulge the thought, but I doubt if more than my pride and feelings are interested. She loves me deeply, I am conscious, although I am unworthy of such affection. Our characters are so opposite that I must make sacrifices to ensure lasting harmony. I must soar to her views, she must not descend to mine. I will go into the army. I will win honours under the Emperor—I will return, and she shall meet me with a proud and delighted heart, for she shall find her early confidence not misplaced."

"All is settled. To-morrow I start for Brienne. I have written my determination to Pierre. I have resisted the enticements of my parents. I have bid adieu to Victorine. She weeps, but I can see she is proud of the resolution I have taken. We are to correspond by every post. The rascal Baptiste pretends to be sorry that he cannot go to the wars with me. The Abbé merely says, 'My son, prove yourself worthy your country and Victorine.' The last injunction would make a hero of a coward."

"Alas!" sighed the young man, covering his face for a moment. "I scarcely dare to read more. Those dreadful days are too fresh in my memory. Why did I narrate them with such minuteness?" And he impatiently turned over a handful of pages.

"No letters for a week! And I have written daily. In a few months more I shall join the army, and then for glory and Victorine! How glowingly she paints our future destiny—myself the successful soldier—she the proud wife. Dear girl, she shall shine in courts, for she first opened my eyes to ambition and fame."

"They write that she is unwell—their letters are filled with strange hints, hints that I cannot understand, and can only interpret unfavourably. Her illness is but trifling, and the physician angers well—if so, why send to Paris for advice, and why conceal it from me so long that she was ill? And why urge it on me not to be alarmed, and not to distress Pierre with my sorrow, if there is no need for alarm and anxiety? I must hold myself in instant readiness to start at any moment. I must apply for permission to go when necessary."

"She is dying! I have only seen her once, and then she did not know me, who would die for her! They were holding her in their rude grasp, and when I bid them cease, they told me she would deliver herself if her hands were free! They commanded me from the room, but I would not go. I resolved to wait till she returned to her mind. I wished to be the first one whom her reviving consciousness would recognise."

"After days of gloom and sorrow, and nights of dreary watching, I was at length addressed by my right name. Alas, how feeble were the lips that pronounced it! How mournful in their paleness, and yet how serene and lovely in their expression! I stood at her bedside, her hand in mine, the unseen hand of the grim angel over us both. 'Paul!' she whispered, 'Paul!' I knelt by her, and her last words flowed into my heart, as the last drops of a summer cloud melt into the earth, while the cloud vanishes for ever. 'I have loved you, Paul, deeply and truly—how truly you can never know. I am going to leave you. I will not ask you to remember me. If you forget Victorine, she will not forget to watch over you. You will find some other Victorine, less proud and more loving than the first. Over her, too, I will watch, and will love her for your sake. Fear God—serve your country. Be your ambition ever noble as now. And when in a few days you go to the camp and the field, bear with you a resolve worthy yourself—to do nothing but what is virtuous and good. And here I have prepared you a

little packet. Open it when—when I am gone, and cherish its contents for her sake who loved you so well. Kiss me, Paul! there—let me lean on you, for I am growing very weak—"

"Quick!" exclaimed the curé, "she is dying—"  
"Merciful Heaven!" I cried, "she is falling from my arms! Her eyes—Oh, God! is this death?"

And, as the sick man closed the book, he took from the casket a curiously fashioned bracelet, on which was engraved the simple legend, "Love, the child of Sympathy.—V. F." He gazed at it long and earnestly, at times burying his face in his hands, and giving way to passionate grief. At length the excitement passed away, and with the jewel firmly locked in his grasp he sank to sleep.

A few months after the events narrated in these brief notes, Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet entered the army—the former a prey to a seemingly incurable melancholy. In every engagement they attracted attention by their courage and their singular attachment—ever fighting side by side, each intent upon the safety of the other. By degrees Paul recovered his spirits, and began to mix among the ordinary pleasures of young men. Still, it was observable that his actions were regulated by principles higher, and more sublime in result, than those of most of his fellows. He was wont sternly to reprove all deviations from the laws of honour and morality, all indications of a downward tendency in desire. As his brother officers saw that his character as a soldier became more eminent and admirable by reason of his stern virtue, they unconsciously imitated him. His influence was widely felt. All who knew him loved him. And thus it happened, that when in the flush of awakening hopes, and at the very outset of the expedition wherein he had expected to reap a rich harvest of honour, he was prostrated by a painful disease, his fellow-soldiers felt for him so deep a sympathy, and entreated with so much earnestness that he might still accompany them. And though he daily lost strength, his enthusiasm seemed but to kindle the more. His physician shook his head, but the sick man cared not for the uncomfortable pallet, the unwholesome food, nor the harsh motion of the waggon, so long as the ride soldier who marched by his side chanted the warlike chorus—"To Moscow—to Moscow!"

## CHAPTER II.

"I AM afraid, Monsieur le General," said the surgeon to the chief of division, "that we shall be obliged to leave our friend, Paul Dubois, as an invalid in some wayside cottage, for he cannot hold out to Smolensk."

"Nay," interposed Pierre, who had just ridden up, "I have been with him constantly on the march, and he is as eager as ever to go on. To leave him here would be even worse than death."

"Ah, my good friend!" answered the surgeon, "in that waggon he cannot live twenty-four hours longer. I repeat it, General, our only hope is in leaving him. It is a great loss to the division, and a melancholy fate to so brave and enthusiastic an officer. But we have no alternative."

The General consulted a moment with his staff. "Go, then," he said, to Pierre and the surgeon, "go to Lieutenant Paul Dubois, and inform him, that in the opinion of the medical staff and his brother officers, it is unsafe and impossible for him to proceed with us. Express my sincere regret at the circumstances which separate us, and my ardent hope that ere the campaign is over we may meet again under better omens, and see that he is put in comfortable quarters. As for you, Captain Pierre Chatelet, you have full permission to use all time and camp equipage necessary for this purpose; and may you have a favourable report to give me when I next see you. And now, gentlemen, to your patient."

Paul received the intelligence of his destination with less grief than Pierre and the surgeon had anticipated. In truth, his illness had, in the last few days, gone far toward weakening the energies of life and passion, and a languid sigh was all the resistance he offered. The horses were turned into a bye-road; the murmur of the great army gradually died away; and, at last, the eyes of the sick man, as he gazed through the parted curtains, rested only on his attendant and the devoted Pierre. On each side, the broad fields lay basking in the bright sunlight, and in the distance a white cottage appeared, solitary amid a grove of tall pines, and at the meeting of roads which branched out in every direction over the cultivated plain. "And there," sighed Pierre, coming to his side, "there is, without doubt, your prison-house, on your road to Fane. Now, Paul, you have indeed an opportunity to show the strength of your philosophy and your religion. You know that I cannot be spared from the army. God give us a joyful meeting at a not distant day."

"We ask permission, may it please you," said Pierre, bowing very low to a comely Russian, who came forward from the house to view the unwonted spectacle of a military equipage at his very door, "to leave with you an invalid officer of the French army. Of necessity his life is in your hands, and I am not miscalculating on the generosity of a subject of Alexander, when I say that I feel he is safe with you. And if, sir, at a future time, a ransom shall be required, your demands cannot exceed our willingness."

"A Russian's duty is ever to his fellow-men," replied the farmer, "lifting the curtain of the waggon, and therefore the sick man shall be to me as a brother. For your Emperor, and his wars—I detest them. But this is needless now. Catherine," he continued, returning to the door, "bid the servants hither."

In a moment there appeared a fair, slight girl, followed by two or three of the household.



"Take carefully now the cough from the waggon," said the Russian, "and lay the stranger in the shaded room. "Go, girl," he added, to his daughter, "see that all is ready above."

"Ah, sir!" sighed Paul, as, supported by the arm of the faithful Pierre, he gazed from his couch at the simple but tasteful apartment in which he had been laid, and at the earnest face of the Russian bending over him, "how can I thank you for so unlooked-for a kindness from one whom men would call my enemy?"

"God is all wise," answered the host, "and I have a son in the army of Alexander. It may be that he will yet have cause to bless a Frenchman."

The rays of the sun slanted through the narrow window, and fell higher and higher on the wall. The regular breathings of Paul told of more healthful sleep than had visited him for weeks. "I will leave him now," said Pierre, "and avoid the sorrows of leave taking. Put away that casket quietly, Baptiste. There, let us go."

"And," answered the Russian, brushing a tear from his cheek, "he shall awake and find a friend. Poor fellow! but he is very like my Ivan, and him I shall not see for many weary months, for Russia needs him."

That night, Pierre, within the tent of the general, told of his finding a Russian who had almost persuaded him to break his sword. His officer sealed a despatch to the Emperor, in which it was announced, that a vacancy had occurred in a corps of his division, formerly under the command of Lieutenant Paul Dubois. And at the same hour, Paul, opening his languid eyes from a dream, in which phantasies of dense scented mellowed and changed to angelic visions, gazed upon the half-averted and shaded face of a young girl, who, by the softening light of a dim taper, and from the low, sweet melody issuing from her scarce moving lips, might have been mistaken by a sounder judgment than his, for an inhabitant of another sphere.

### CHAPTER III.

AWAKING from a long and refreshing sleep, with a confused recollection of the beautiful vision of the preceding night, Paul composed himself for a survey of the abode in which, for the present, he was domesticated. The room where he lay was small, and tastefully furnished, exhibiting in a thousand particulars the tokens of graceful and feminine care. His couch, albeit, somewhat coarse, was of the whitest linen; upon the low mantel, the humble chairs, and the frames of the simple pictures, not a stain, or speck of dust was visible. One window was open, looking out on green and dewy fields; the song of birds floated cheerfully in; the din of the marching army was no longer heard; the jolting of the sick-waggon was forgotten. The invalid had already begun to retrace his steps to the portals of life.

A light step in the passage, and the Russian maiden came softly in, lingering modestly for an instant on the threshold.

"And how has Monsieur slept?" she inquired in the purest French. "We much feared to disturb you last night. Monsieur is very sick, but we can give you rest and quiet, and we can prepare you food, such as is good for the sick; and we have a physician—oh, he is a wonderful man! and he lives but a short way off."

"Ah," replied Paul, "perhaps my nurse of last night is the better physician. At least," continued he, in the natural language of compliment, "one kind look from you does me more good than a whole packet of the doctor's drugs. Your air is wonderfully refreshing, too; and, really, I fancy I begin to have an appetite."

"Monsieur shall not complain of hunger," said Catherine; and gliding from the room, she soon returned with a small salver, on which were displayed the materials of a meal, which, to the eyes of the invalid accustomed for months to the rude food of the camp, appeared tempting beyond all description. There might have been nothing alluring to the epicure in that snowy bread and plain broth; but their very simplicity, together with the grace of the fair girl by whom they were offered, made them more delicious to Paul than the most costly feast. And Paul's situation caused him to depend upon his nurse for those little attentions which invalids ever exact. Those blue eyes looked only sympathy; those fresh lips opened only in pleasant smiles and pleasant words.

"Ah," said he, "might I not with reason forbid the man of drugs, with you for a nurse?"

"Nay, sir, if you flatter me, I cannot stay with you. You must remain very quiet, Monsieur, and I will read to you; and when you grow a little stronger, you shall tell me of the war, and the Grand Army, and of France. My mother was from France. Why do men so love to kill one another, when our Master bids us live in peace? Yet my own brother must leave us to fight for Russia."

So day by day the hours passed away in that still chamber. As Paul gathered strength he loved to tell the simple maiden of France, of the broad lands through which he had passed in his marchings, of the many scenes in which his soldier-life had been spent. He grew more fond of watching Catherine's light form as she moved about the apartment, arranging its exquisite order; or when, in the still twilight, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, she sat by his bed-side singing him to sleep with her ancestral ballads. By degrees her image formed itself on his heart, and lent form and colouring to his deepest reveries.

The Russian, too, was a frequent visitor in the chamber of the sick man. But his talk was of realities, of truths, which could not fail to urge themselves with great weight upon men interested in the mighty struggle then going on almost within hearing. "Let us," Lossmin would say, "view these things as friends, and from a common ground."

"It is now August, and the frosts of autumn are already beginning to be felt. Your Emperor has not yet arrived within sight of Moscow—the last courier announced to me that he had but just left Smolensk. Your army is already suffering famine. You will reach Moscow in September, and you will have left one quarter of your army on the road."

"Russia will not then be conquered. You will be as far as ever from the realization of your ambition. Would you proceed further, winter would shut you in from behind. Would you remain at Moscow—where would you get your supplies? You cannot buy them of us, you cannot convey them from beyond the Niemen in winter—you cannot sow your seed and reap your harvest on the snow."

"Let your Emperor make peace if he can, now that the sword is in sight of the scabbard. As for conquering Russia, it were impossible, though there were no such thing as winter. The moment you retreat, you will find yourselves beset on every side by our light troops and Cossacks. Your Emperor is playing a fearful game—let him look well to his pieces."

"Stay," replied Paul, "you know not our strength—nor our Emperor. He will make peace in your capital. He will pledge Alexander under the shadow of the great Cross of St. Ivan. He will receive your ambassadors at Paris before the Cossacks shall have found their way back to their native deserts. Fate has kept us from the contest, but it gives you an object of pride and hope in a warlike son—me, in a friend dearer than a brother. May God render them safe home from the conflict!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Lossmin. "Are you strong enough to walk to day? Would you do good to venture into my wheat-fields. They shall yet feed our brave soldiers at Moscow."

Days rolled on. August passed away, and September came, bringing golden twilights and sharpening air, reddening the broad fields, and lending a richer shade to the dark pine and hemlock. Paul had escaped from the confinement of his chamber. Although a prisoner, no one could have been more at liberty. And Catherine—whom he used laughingly to call his jailer—never was minister of justice more lenient! Those long walks—how inexpressibly delicious in the fresh, sunny air. And the eloquence of the young man—how captivating to a susceptible mind, which had hitherto never opened itself to the rude influences around. Her feelings for the young man, while he lay on his couch of pain, she had easily excused to herself as the offspring of compassion—how was it, that, as he hourly became less an object of pity, those feelings hourly increased in intensity? The minutes began to seem long when he was absent. Paul, too, was attracted to the gentle girl by stronger inclinations than could lay to the charge of gratitude, or alleviated loneliness. Her character, so pure, so confiding, so sympathetic, seemed the full realization of all he had imagined in his Utopia of love. So, while he cherished the memory of Victorine, he allowed his thoughts to dwell at liberty upon the Russian maiden. As for Lossmin—his sagacity was somewhat blunted by time—he had outlived romance. If Catherine had had a mother, she might have been warned of her indiscretion—for so a prudent mother would infallibly have termed it—and the good Lossmin might have awaked to the manifest danger of sheltering a handsome French officer under his roof: but the worthy woman had been dead some years; and so Catherine went on nursing the young and growing love, and Lossmin filled his barns, and bid his servants drink to the success of the army of Alexander.

The visits of the courier began to be more frequent, as the needs of the Empire demanded that its inhabitants, and especially those near its great roads, should be acquainted with the progress of the war. The carnage of Borodino, the desertion of Moscow, had been communicated in fearfully rapid succession to the startled inmates of the house of Lossmin; and one evening, as Lossmin himself was sitting moodily at his door, a breathless courier placed in his hands a letter from his son, at the same time loudly demanding an extra reward for the danger he had incurred in passing the hostile lines.

"My honoured father," for so the letter ran, "our trust is in that God who watches over the destinies of righteous men, and also in our father-sovereign, Alexander, and our own good words. Moscow is in ruins; our rear-guard have finished their mournful work of desolation, and the French conqueror lords it only over a heap of ashes. He has sought peace; but our brave Alexander has vowed not to sheath the sword while the enemy remains on Russian ground."

"I cannot write more now. We have fallen on fearful times. Our capital is deserted—our hereafter is uncertain. I hope to revisit you soon, when we have chased the Frenchmen over the Niemen; but God is all-knowing. It is said the enemy will endeavour to remain at Moscow. If he attempt it, he will perish of famine. We are already closing in on the return roads. Your devoted son, IVAN."

"Thus far," exclaimed Lossmin, hastening to read the letter to Paul—"I have spoken truly. Let your Emperor look to his gods, if he acknowledge any, for the God whom we worship will not serve him. And behold," he continued, as a few scattered snow-flakes brought by the chill north wind slanted through the air, "behold the winding-sheet of the Grand Army."

### CHAPTER IV.

THE winter had set in with unheard of rigour. The roads were well-nigh impassable, and intelligence from the army, although intently looked for, came less often. But enough was gathered from couriers, and the occasional traveller, to convince the calm Lossmin and the anxious Paul, that the retreating forces of the French were meeting only with disaster and ruin, and



## THE RUSSIAN'S DAUGHTER.

that the final success of the Russians was inevitable. An increasing gloom settled upon the countenance of Paul, which not even the tender sympathies of Catherine could drive away. The prospect of remaining a prisoner, awaiting a distant and perhaps impossible peace, and perhaps a banishment to a country whose very name froze his heart with horror, unmanned him. The love he felt towards Catherine only served to increase his melancholy, for he saw how hopeless it would be, so long as he was but a prisoner of war, and that, too, among a people so fearfully exasperated as were the Russians.

It chanced upon a wild and stormy night, that Lossmin, Catherine, and Paul, were sitting by the huge fire in the dining department. The tables had long been cleared, and the remainder of the family had dispersed for the night. The moaning of the wind, and the noise of the drifting snow, naturally turned their thoughts to the two armies engaged in their deadly struggle amid such adverse circumstances. Catherine was the first to break the silence.

"Father, as we sit here by this cheerful blaze, think how many poor soldiers are perishing with cold. The courier, too, says that our people are suffering nearly as much as those against whom they fight. And Ivan—perhaps at this very moment he is lying, wounded and dying; perhaps a prisoner, and in hands scarcely able to preserve themselves."

"God help the soldier!" answered Lossmin. "God will protect those who fight for their country and the right. I have little fear for Ivan, so long as he remembers the lessons I have taught him. As for our enemies, God help them also! Already have they been sufficiently punished for their sins."

"Amen!" exclaimed Paul. "Hark!—a knocking at the great door. And some one shouting, 'Help!'—Quick! a light!"

The party instantly rushed to the door at which the noise was made. They unfastened and opened it amid the entreaties of the voice to lose no time.

"It is—it is Pierre's voice!" cried Paul, as he eagerly darted forth into the gloom and grasped his friend by the hand.

"And," exclaimed the latter, "I bring you one Ivan Lossmin, whom I made prisoner near here, who is dangerously wounded, and wished only to die under his father's roof. Quick, for the love of God, or he will perish with cold!"

There was no need of his passionate exclamation. Ere he had finished speaking, Lossmin had gained the rude sleigh, and lifting thence the helpless form of a wounded soldier, bore him across the threshold, crying, "My son! my son! now has the curse of war come home to my own hearth!"

It is observable that amid circumstances of the most critical and trying nature, the delicate woman often displays more fortitude and presence of mind than the sterner man. And so it was that while the father was sinking under the agony of the moment, and Paul, hardly recovered from his severe illness, was unnerved by the terrible excitement of the scene; and Pierre, bewildered by the sudden apparition of so many strange faces—for by this time the whole household was gathered around in wild disorder—stood by, forgetful of his strength: Catherine alone took those steps which could insure the safety of the wounded Ivan. Ordering a couch to be brought to the warm and prepared room, she caused the stiffened limbs of the soldier to be laid upon it, and divesting him of his gory uniform, bound up his wounds with that tenderness and skill which a sister's love could only confer. Then, while the scarcely recovered father knelt by the bedside of his son, and sought to obtain a word or look of recognition, she prepared such food as was best suited to the soldier famished by hunger and cold, and placing it to his lips, had the ineffable satisfaction of seeing his eyes slowly open, and of hearing him whisper, "Home—home, once more!"

The wounds of Ivan proved of a less severe character than Pierre had at first feared. Added to the combined influence of cold and hunger they would soon have proved fatal; but warmth and food are powerful aids to the system, and after a night of sound sleep, in which the eyes of the devoted Catherine were never once closed, he declared himself out of danger, and almost entirely free from pain. And with the two officers at his side, Catherine holding his hand in her own, and Lossmin leaning over the head of the couch, he proceeded, at the earnest request of the latter, to relate the circumstances which had led to this unlooked-for and strange reunion.

"We had," said Ivan, "steadily followed the French Army on their retreat from the capital. Never was there greater bravery displayed than by the Grand Army in their perilous march across a wasted and hostile country. Daily we drew in more and more closely on their flying columns, and daily our combats became more fierce and bloody.

"At length, after weeks of the closest fighting, those whom we pursued found themselves on the banks of the Beresina, spanned in this place by a single bridge. It was then for the first time that our corps—for hitherto we had kept much in the rear—saw to what a miserable remnant that army was reduced, which had so lately entered our capital. We had yet to learn how much stronger they were in all the energies of despair—those men who looked so haggard and famished.

"It was our design to cut the enemy off from crossing the bridge, and had we kept somewhat nearer them in the pursuit, we might have succeeded; but in our attempts we met with a most determined resistance, and a bloody struggle ensued, in which you had well-nigh lost a son.

"I found myself surrounded by three French horsemen, and separated from my ranks. I saw that escape was hopeless, and by a strange fatality, aimed a blow at the very one who was to preserve me. He is by my side. It was Pierre! My stroke glanced, and a quick, sharp pain in my breast is all that I remember after. When I awoke to consciousness, after the lapse of a few hours, I was in the tent of my captor, and I found my wounds

dressed with as much care as could have been expected; but I heard the surgeon declare, as he left the tent, that I was in great danger.

"Then I wished to see you once more before I died; I implored Pierre to send me to you. He replied that it was impossible. I then gave into his hands my farewell message to you. He gazed at the name, 'Lossmin!' at length he exclaimed; and asked if you were my father. I replied yes. In a moment he had left the tent.

"He returned almost immediately, and enveloping me in the best robes he could procure, removed me to his sleigh. We had scarcely set out, before we were overtaken by that fearful storm in which I had well-nigh perished before we found you last night. And now, my father, do we not owe eternal gratitude to the brave man who has restored me to you and to life?"

"Ah," said Pierre, "who would not have done as I did?"

"Say no more," exclaimed Lossmin, "we shall part from you with sadness, when you return to your army, taking away your brother Paul, whom you have made free, were he ten times a prisoner. So long as you will bless the house of the Russian, remain; and when you would depart, it shall not be without a fitting equipage for the brave soldier."

At the mention of departure, the face of Catherine was instantly shaded; a half-checked exclamation burst from her lips; and before she could recover herself, the watchful eyes of Paul were gazing into her own with more than ordinary meaning. She hastily rose, and without uttering a word, retired from the room. She was passing through the great hall to her own apartment, when she felt herself detained by a gentle but firm grasp, to which, for the instant, she could not but yield.

"Catherine—my dear Catherine!" said Paul, in a low tone, "forgive me for thus addressing you—my love is my only plea—it is a strong one if you will acknowledge it. Am I presumptuous in imagining that I am not without place in your thoughts? I would have the preserver of my life its constant guardian. Oh, Catherine, do not frown on one who loves you, and fancies your sympathy looks kindly on him!"

"Nay, sir," exclaimed the frightened girl, "so noble, so ambitious, you would not wed the simple Russian maiden. Be content to forget me—or think of me only as one who aided to restore you to your country, and the world. Gladly would I hear of your success hereafter. I will promise more—that I will never forget you, though our destinies are so widely different —"

"No more—no more!" interrupted Paul. "I will yet earn your love. For your sake, I will renounce all ambition for that glory which most men prize, but which you in your pure wisdom look on as empty. Then you will love me —"

"Catherine!" exclaimed the deep voice of Lossmin—for the precipitate flight of the lovers had aroused him to a sudden perception of the truth, and had brought him in quest of them—"Catherine, do you love the young French soldier?"

There was no reply, but the soft eyes were directed upward for a moment, and Paul fancied the small hand in his own ceased to struggle.

"It is enough," said Lossmin, fervently. "God, I thank thee, that in one day thou hast given me two noble sons. Lean more firmly on him, my daughter, and may Paul Dubois never do aught but bless this hour! My children, I leave your young hearts to their own fulness."

### CHAPTER V.

In a stately park near Paris, stand two large mansions, which, by their resemblance and noble appearance, elicit frequent remarks from those who extend their search after pleasure beyond the gay city. They are tenanted by citizens Paul Dubois and Pierre Chatelet.

Returning from the disastrous—yet in some respects, the joyful—campaign of the Grand Army, each hastened to throw up his commission. Pierre became a distinguished advocate, and forming alliance with a noble family, entered upon high dignities of the state. His sons are known as rising men, and his daughters take the brilliant rank among the brilliant stars of Paris.

Paul returned to Russia, nor did he leave the home of his adopted father till it had echoed for years with the laugh of children, and a white tomb-stone stood to the memory of Lossmin. Then he left those broad plains which to him spoke so eventful a history, for his native country. Yet he sends, and at not long intervals, friendly and brotherly messages to Ivan, now a favoured minister of the Emperor, and one of the greatest landed proprietors of Russia.

Two anniversaries are kept with peculiar care in these mansions of Proprietor Paul Dubois, and Advocate Pierre Chatelet—the day when the former was taken from his waggon to the chamber in the house of Lossmin, and the day of Ivan's restoration to his home, by the friendly Pierre. On these occasions there is no stint in hall or kitchen; and the poor of the neighbourhood are remarkable for the attention with which they watch for the anniversaries.

On these days, too, Madame Dubois is observed to wear an unpretending bracelet, whose plainness contrasts strangely with her otherwise magnificent attire: I much doubt if the eyes of her husband do not value that bracelet more than many costlier ornaments she has worn, for on it you may read the meaning motto, "*Love, the child of Symon*."

Pompeous funerals and sumptuous monuments are made more out of design to gratify the vanity of the living, than to do honour to the dead. Greatness may build the tomb, but it is goodness must make the epitaph.



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

"WHAT say you, Avisia, to a sail upon the lake to-day? The *Water Lily* has been newly painted, and looks as fresh as a butterfly just born."

"With all my heart, Arthur; the day seems charming, nor do I think that we need fear that horrid old mountain up there sending down any of those terrible squalls with which he sometimes favours us. I will just run and get my shawl and bonnet, and then I am yours."

The bonnet and shawl did not take long to put on; there were no wriggings or twistings before a cheval-glass, or vain endeavours to catch views of imaginary wrinkles, or rebellious ribbons at the back; the shawl was not twitched first over one shoulder and then the other, in order to give it a *negligé* appearance, nor was the bonnet tortured by any attempt to make it stylish. Avisia was in all things a child of nature, and did not trouble herself very much about fashions, and she was always well-dressed, more from a graceful instinct, than from any care or study. Her taste was simple and correct; but she would have made a poor figure in Kensington Gardens—quite as poor an exhibition, as that of a fine London lady with her crinoline and flounces, among the sublime and savage hills of Carbery.

The day was wondrously beautiful, as the *Water Lily*, under a lug-sail, sped rapidly across the lake. In the deep blue heavens, long rents of white, fleecy clouds were visible, like the glimpses of some maiden's snowy bosom peeping through her azure robe. There was a slight ripple curling the water, but barely sufficient to make the sunlight that fell there quiver, till each beam seemed to be a golden spirit, though it was the season for leafless trees and withered herbage—around the shores of the lake there was scarce a token of the year's decay. The tufted firs that clothed the steep sides of the mountain, the thick gorse and holly that flourished on the cliffs, the luxuriant ivy that clung lovingly around the bare trees, like some faithful friend who cleaves to our bosom when all else have deserted us, the vivid green turf on the bright and sunny island, where it seemed to be always summer—all formed a beautiful picture, of which the sullen lineaments of winter formed no part, and which one might gaze on and worship for ever.

"I have heard somewhere, or read it, perhaps," said Avisia, leaning listlessly over the gunwale, until her small white hand trailed in the blue

waves that went bubbling by—"I have read somewhere that misfortune is necessary to happiness—that it is the salt which gives the cup of life its flavour, and that strange as it may sound, we could not be permanently happy, without some temporary misery. Now, we never have had anything like misfortune, and yet, Arthur, we contrive to be very happy."

"Why should we not, dearest?" Arthur answered, evidently thinking more of the speaker than the management of his little craft, which fortunately was scudding before the wind; "does not everything around us seem brimming over with happiness; the waves are sparkling with joy—see the mountain behind, how clear his brow is—even the grim old castle has put on a smile, and looks as if it was wishing it were young again."

"I wonder if misfortune could make us happier than we are now," pursued Avisia, meditatively.

"It may make us love one another better, and thus cling closer together, Avisia; under the influence of heat all particles of matter expand and separate; while, on the other hand, cold contracts and binds them into union. It is thus with many a couple like ourselves. While the sun of life is shining on them, they are heedless and apart; but let adversity chill them, they seek each other's arms, and find that the true happiness consists in being loving and united."

"Very elegantly illustrated. Your reply has an agreeable mixture of philosophy and love, but savours slightly of the academical student fresh from lectures upon the nature of calorific," and Avisia smiled wickedly at her lover.

"Well, if the student will stick to me, I cannot help it; but I shall have other studies soon that will rub off the academic rust; I intend to study the world, Avisia, and learn it by heart."

"Take care, Arthur, that this knowledge, like the worm in the bud, does not eat that heart, in which you cherish it, away, or what would be worse, corrupt it. I have read of such things in books ere now."

"Fear not, my wise little counsellor," laughed Arthur, leaning over, and kissing her forehead; "I have a talisman here, before whose might all bad spirits must vanish—a spell-word more potent than the famous 'Open sesame.'"

"And that is?"

"Your name, dearest!"

"Oh! what a pretty compliment. I declare the student is vanishing already, and a smooth-tongued man of gallantry taking his place. But see, Arthur, you are all this time running in straight upon the rocks."

"Where shall we steer for?" inquired Arthur, putting the helm up sharp, and just grazing a pile of sharp black rocks that lay ahead. "Where shall we steer to? shall we cross to the western shore?"

"Oh, yes! by all means; and let us visit St. Bridget's grave; that place has a peculiar charm for me—it is so solemn and solitary."

The boat was soon about, and in a few minutes Arthur rounded a long-side a natural pier of rock, which jutted out into the lake. After mounting her safely to a stunted and gnarled ash that sprang from the crevices of the overhanging cliffs, he took Avisia's arm in his, and mounted the steep hill that led to St. Bridget's grave.

The saint's resting-place was indeed a rude sepulchre. On one side of the narrow rocky channel, through which the sea ebbed and flowed as it filled or deserted the lake, a tall white stone was visible, and immediately attracted attention, both from the singularity of its aspect, and the isolation of its position. As was usual, the imaginative people of the land had woven round it a legendary wreath, and invested it with the mysterious attributes of the supernatural. Whoever, according to the popular tale, was hardy or impious enough to disturb this spectral stone that guarded the hallowed bones of the saint, met with a terrible and untimely end.

One legend connected with it was as follows:—Many years ago, an officer of the preventing service, residing near the spot, unwisely took it into his head to trample upon the harmless prejudices of the people, and to brave the vengeance of the insulted saint. Regardless of the warnings and entreaties of the peasantry, he, with the aid of his men, rooted up the sacred tombstone from its bed, and flung it into the deepest portion of the lake. The same night, while celebrating this exploit by a carousal, one of his men, heated with the spirits which had been liberally served out, was guilty of some slight disrespect. His chief reproved him somewhat harshly, and the man, under the influence of a gust of excitement, suddenly took up his gun, and presenting it at the unhappy laborer, shot him through the head. This fearful judgment on the reckless man, however, was not the only proof of the terrible powers of the saint. The next morning, a number of the more pious of the peasantry wended their way towards the rifled grave, to perform their orisons at the miraculous spot, and weep over its desecration. What was their amazement on reaching the place, to find the stone which they had seen the previous day flung so sacrilegiously into an almost unfathomable portion of the lake, standing in its accustomed place erect and immovable, with not a trace of disturbance visible upon the mossy turf that grew around its foot! Of course, after such an event, Saint Bridget rose in the calendar, and an addition was made to her usual prerogatives; for it was ever after currently believed, that whoever, prayed with a fervent heart at the foot of the hallowed stone, would infallibly attain the next wish that their lips uttered.

Avisia and Arthur had reached the moss-grown sepulchre, and stood gazing upon the restless waters that foamed in the rapids beneath. Their arms were mutually entwined; her head rested on his shoulder; her peachy cheek was pressed close to his lips; the sunny ringlets that rippled around her brow danced in the light breeze, and swept across his face; the war-pulses of her heart sent their every throb through him. It was a reverie of love. Neither spoke, at least with tongue or lip; but there was much said in the deep and mysterious dialect of the soul, the entrancing and ineffable phrases of sympathy which vibrate and respond in secret, and discourse most eloquently in solitude and silence.

A slight noise, like the falling of a small stone, disturbed this charming picture. Both turned at the sound, and at the same instant a tall dark figure rose up from behind the spectral headstone, and confronted the pair. The movement was so sudden, and the apparition so unexpected, that Avisia was for a moment startled, and uttered a low scream; but an ejaculation from Arthur of "What a surprisingly lovely creature!" allayed her terror, and she found courage to scrutinize the intruder. It was a tall, gracefully-moulded woman, about twenty-four or twenty-eight, with rich black hair sweeping around her forehead like billows of jet, and splendid deep blue eyes fringed with long dark lashes. She had a large heavy blue cloth cloak folded about her, with a peaked hood hanging half over her classical head. Within, one could catch a glimpse of a scarlet silk handkerchief, pinned modestly across her bosom, and adding much to the effect of a costume picturesque enough before. This woman was beautiful; her attitude was very graceful; her features faultless; and although her attire indicated that she belonged to the peasant class, there was an air of savage pride in her tangleless eyes, that could not fail to command attention if not respect. She stood with head erect, leaning against the rude stone, and gazing boldly on the pair, like a tigress, who, disturbed by some intrusive foot, stands proudly on the forest's edge, calm and disdainful.

"Is she not lovely?" whispered Arthur, whose eye had wandered over her form, and noticed every beauty with all an artist's admiration.

"Do you not know her?" inquired Avisia, with a surprised look. "That is Peggy Dawn. She is the 'wise woman' of the neighbourhood; and although young, and in appearance very far removed from the popular idea of a witch, she has attained a vast influence over the peasantry, of which she is not a little proud. Poor thing, her history has been a sad one! You shall hear it, some day. Good morning, Peggy!" she added, advancing to the girl, and saluting her with the courteous familiarity common to Irish ladies when addressing their inferiors. "I hope we have not disturbed your devotions. Have you been consulting with the saint?"

A wild gleam flashed from the woman's luminous eyes, and without returning Avisia's greeting, she addressed her in a sonorous bell-like voice:—

"I have seen things," she said, "things that it were better I had never seen. Seen 'em wid my eyes shut; seen 'em in bed, asleep and awake, at home and abroad, and now they have pushed me here."

"Oh! do not heed these fancies, Peggy," said Avisia, kindly, "you are ill and feverish; when you get better the unpleasant visions will pass away."

"Fancies! Miss Avisia fancies! Oh! no, they are no fancies. They are too terrible and real; they come whispering over my shoulder, and cloudin' my eyes until I'm fairly bewildered. I saw wan av 'em last night."

"Indeed," said Arthur, whose curiosity was awakened by the manner of the woman, and the beauty of her gestures, though he regarded her as little better than a lunatic. "What was this thing like, Peggy? I should wish to hear, above all things."

"It was the Light," said Peggy, in a low, mysterious tone.

"What Light? I know of none."

"The Phantom Light. I saw it; it came from there," pointing to the base of the cliff where they stood, "an' kep movin' across the lake; an' this didn't I see the beautiful young woman in it, wringing her hands, an' lookin', poor thing, as if her heart was bruk. I saw it, an' there's more nor me will see it afore long."

"Poor thing!" said Arthur, gently. "She is wandering."

Low as the tones were in which this was uttered, Peggy Dawn caught its meaning. "You think I'm crazed, don't you?" she said, drawing herself proudly up. "I was crazy wanst, but I'm not now. Ill treatment, an' wrongs, an' the treachery of a villain driv me mad, but the cloud is gone from me, an' I see clear again. Misfortune makes wan's eyes sharp, Miss Avisia."

"Peggy, you mustn't make us melancholy, by predicting all sorts of horrible things; you will make me feel quite miserable and unhappy."

"Keep a bould heart up, Miss," said Peggy, fixing her eyes earnestly upon Avisia. "You will want all your courage afore long. As she uttered these words solemnly, she flung her cloak around her till its diaphy fell in picturesque folds, and with a slight inclination of the head, she passed rapidly by the lovers, and disappeared almost immediately among the rocky furrows of the hill.

"What a pity that so fair a temple should be defaced," said Arthur, gazing after the retreating form. "She is a masterpiece of nature."

"She has suffered much," answered Avisia. "She was deceived and betrayed by some faithless village rake, who soon deserted her. Her own accusing conscience, and the scorn and slights of her companions, unsettled her mind for a time; and ever since, she has wandered about the country, talking and prophesying in the wild manner you heard to-day; and the peasantry, always eager to believe anything supernatural, have begun to look upon her as inspired."

"She appears to be in rather an ominous mood to-day. What light was that which she fancies she has seen? Have you ever heard of it, Avisia?"

"I have an indistinct recollection of hearing some legend connected with a phantom flame which is said to haunt the lake, but do not remember enough to satisfy your curiosity. We will get old Donal, dearest, to tell us about this evening. He is as full of legends as that old castle is of cracks and rents; and we will bring him out into the hut in the orchard, and have a log-wood fire, and listen to him singing his Irish songs about the ancient owners of the castle."

"What glorious days they must have been—the days of that old ruin's youth!" cried Arthur, enthusiastically. "When, after a successful capture some rich bark, the banquet was held in the banqueting hall, and the fol-

lowers of the lawless chieftain lay down to rest in mailed shirts, with their right hands grasping the pommels of their swords. There must have been a wild fascination in such a life, that would be worth all a student's peaceful triumphs."

"And if you were the chieftain, of course I would expect to be the *châtelaine*. I would sit in my turret chamber, with my maidens embroidering around me, gazing across the lake with an anxious heart for the return of my lord and master from some piratical expedition; or I would order my barge, and float across the calm waters on summer nights, with the blood-thirsty pirate-chief transformed into a gentle minstrel, who, lying at my feet, would sing our own dear, impassioned, Irish music."

"What a very luxurious little *châtelaine* you would make," replied Arthur, laughing. "What shall I do with you when we are married, dearest? I am much too poor to afford you beautiful maidens to wait upon you; neither can I offer you a golden barge for your moonlight rambles. *The Water-Lily, there, I am afraid, is all that I can give you!* As to the minstrel, I do not intend that any one shall sing to you but myself."

"And who ever sang so sweetly?" cried Avisia, winding her arms around his neck, and pressing her fair peachy cheek against his. "Those beautiful old melodies of our native land never sounded more deliciously than coming from your dear lips. Do you not remember the night in the old orchard, when you sang me that plaintive air, the 'Pastheey Fion'?"

"I do, well; it was the first night that we knew each other's love. It is graven on my memory for ever. But see," he continued, gazing intently towards the cottage, "what can they be doing at home? There is a large crowd of people by the shore, and boats; and as I live, there is Uncle Tot in the punt. What can they be about?"

"Had we not better go back and see, Arthur? I trust that nothing has happened."

"Don't alarm yourself, dearest, nothing can have occurred; but I should not be at all surprised if Uncle Tot is not about trying some new invention. Heaven only knows what! but if he is some to suffer."

"His inventions generally terminate in so unexpected a manner," answered Avisia, "that it is worth while superintending his operations. us return."

Arthur acquiesced, and in a few moments the *Water Lily* was unmolested, and they were speeding swiftly in the direction of the cottage. When they had got half way across the lake, a strange commotion was observable amongst the crowd of people that lined the shore, and a low wail of lamentation fell upon Arthur's ear. Uncle Tot was in the punt, and could be observed gesticulating in a most frantic manner, while Donal Barrett and two or three other fishermen, who were in a fishing-yawl, were rushing over the thwarts in every direction, apparently doing nothing, nor knowing what to do.

"For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?" called out Arthur, as soon as he got near enough to make himself heard.

"He won't come up," cried Uncle Tot, piteously, in reply, and pointing as he spoke to some invisible object, apparently located in the depths of the lake. "I saw such a fellow. I don't know what ails him, but he won't come up!"

"Who—what—where is he?" asked Arthur, running his boat alongside, and jumping into the punt. "What the devil are you talking about, Uncle Tot?"

"Look at him!" cried the old gentleman, with a ludicrously terrified air, and still indicating with his finger some unknown horror beneath the waves, "only look at him, Arthur; I'd rather have broken my best plane than that such a thing should happen. I sent him down, sir, and what do you think? He's sticking there like a wedge in new timber."

Arthur leaned over the gunwale and looked down into the clear amber-green water, where the smallest shell on the bottom was visible, and there beheld, in about three fathoms of water, the Poet's Son, standing on his head in a queer-looking black basin at the bottom, and performing the most frantic evolutions with his feet.

"My God, Uncle Tot, he's drowning!" he cried, pulling off his coat rapidly, and proceeding to divest himself of his boots.

"I know it," whined Uncle Tot, "but what can I do? he won't come up if I call him ever so often. I sent him down with my new diving helmet, and the moment he got to the bottom he commenced standing on his head, like a fool."

"Because you forgot to put weights to his feet," shouted Arthur, angrily, jumping over the side the next moment, and cleaving his way through the waves like a slate falling edge-ways.

"Oh!" groaned Uncle Tot, falling back in despair as the conviction of his fatal omission flashed upon him. "Oh! what a precious ass I was to forget that. He will be drowned and I will be hung. Oh!"—and the poor old mechanic rocked to and fro distractedly. In a few seconds the water again parted, and Arthur appeared, clinging with one hand to the gunwale of the boat, while with the other he held the Poet's Son, in a grasp that nearly completed the suffocation of that luckless victim to the interests of science. When they were hauled in, and it was discovered that the Poet's Son was not altogether lifeless, though in that state that another few seconds would have rendered him like Pliny—a martyr in the cause of acquiring knowledge—when, by a few kicks and gasps, this fact was rendered evident, Uncle Tot's delight knew no bounds. He hung over the poor fellow's pale and dripping countenance with intense interest, watching every shadow that flitted across his cheek with the same look of sympathy that a mother would bestow upon her ailing child; and raising his head every now and then to

declare with a face across which tears and smiles were struggling for supremacy, that "he was better pleased to see the poor fellow safe, than if his patent candle—which he was then engaged on—had been successfully completed."

Arthur, too, came in for his share of applause; and the whole of that evening, after the poet's son had been tucked in between hot blankets, and imbibed unlimited quantities of mulled port wine and burnt whiskey, Uncle Tot shook hands with him every five minutes, called him "his brave boy," and assured him that he loved him better than his favourite chisel, a compliment which Arthur felt keenly; further declaring, that he, Arthur Bell, "should never want a friend while Uncle Tot could turn a box-wood peg-top." Arthur was fatigued with these attentions, and to escape them, wandered out upon the esplanade.

It was a calm and peaceful night. The autumn season had faded into winter, yet the sea-breeze that swept faintly across the lake felt warm on the cheek, and the starlight was so soft and mild that it fell upon the vision like dews upon the herbage. It was a night for reverie, and Arthur, when he had opened the wicket-gate, and wandered into the shadowy, dark old orchard, was soon deep in thought. Some time, he knew not how long, he passed away, and he was leaning over the twisted branch of a gnarled apple-tree, gazing out upon the dark surface of the lake that shone in the twilight like a mirror of polished jet, when a heavy footstep on the turf behind aroused him from his dreams. He turned and beheld old Donal.

"Wisha, but it's a fine night, Mither Arthur," said the old fisherman, touching his "sou-wester" respectfully. "I'll be bound there's fine weather settling about the old hill, yonder."

"I hope so, Donal," said Arthur, in an affectionate tone, for he loved the old man, who returned it with a feeling amounting almost to worship. "I hope so, Donal, for I am anxious for a good day's fishing. I long to be at the spillards and the seine again —"

"The fish was nivr so plentiful since I can rimember," answered Donal. "But Barney Mc'Carthy told me to-day that he caught a devil-fish on his spillards, an' you know that's always unlucky, sur."

"Pooh! Donal. You are superstitious."

"Is it to be wondered at, yer honour? Shure there nivr was a man see more quare sights than myself. Besides, shure, shure, it's counted very unlucky to laugh at anything the good people does. God be hetune us an' harin," and Donal crossed himself. "Wisha, thin, Mr. Arthur," he continued, after a short pause, "may be you don't know who was at the cottage to-day?"

"No, Donal, who was it? Father Clancy?"

"Arrah, thin! who shud it be but that ould nagur Saville's daughter? Bad skewer to the breed."

"Donal, you should not speak ill of people you know nothing about."

"Don't I know, yer honour, that ould Saville hooked the most of the poor master's forthin, an' that even now his daughter has some claim or other on the estate? and isn't that enough to make me hate the whole of 'em, root and branch, stock an' gineration?"

Arthur smiled at the indiscriminating animosity of the old man, who admitted no right by which his master could be injured.

"How long did Miss Saville remain, Donal?" he inquired.

"Wisha a good spell, sur. She seemed mighty kind like, and very plau-maushe \* to the misthiss; but she didn't cotton to her at all."

"How strange that she should have called here," mused Arthur, "after my rescuing her from that madman, and never have called before. Something seems to whisper to me that she is linked with my fate in some mysterious manner; but whether for good or evil I know not. I must ask my aunt about this visit."

He was about returning to the house, when an ejaculation from Donal arrested his attention. "Look, Mither Arthur—look at that. God be merciful to us!" cried the old man, pointing to the lake. Arthur obeyed. A pale, livid flame was issuing from a narrow creek at the western shore of the lake, and moving slowly on towards the centre. It was not a bright flickering light, such as a torch floating on the water would have produced, but it was pale, unwavering, and ghastly. It cast no gleam upon the dark waves on which it rode, and the few isolated rocks which it passed in its course, were nonilluminated by a single token of its presence. The two men watched it earnestly. On it came, across the deep, shadowy water, with a solemn, predetermined motion. There was no wind that could waft it thus, for the leaves hung listlessly upon the festoons of ivy that wreathed the silent old trees, and the tide was setting straight against it. Yet on it came, a terrible, solitary, unearthly thing, like the light that wanders over graves. In a short time, it reached the centre of the lake. Here it suddenly enlarged, until it became a broad faint light of pale flame, in the heart of which Arthur could have sworn he saw the form of a beautiful girl, traced in shadowy and trembling lines of light, wringing her hands and weeping bitterly. This vision did not last a second; the flame suddenly crimsoned, and sank into the deep waters, which for a moment seemed illumined to the bottom. A low whispering sound stole down the mountain side, and rustled among the trees. A few small birds flew wildly out from the ivied nooks where they had been slumbering, and whirled blindly through the twilight. The waves lashed the shore with a sudden impulse, as if some mighty vessel had passed, and in another instant died away into calmness, when all was dark and silent as before.

Arthur drew a long breath, and turned to Donal.

"It is the Phantom Light," said the old man, sadly, "there will be misfortune or death among us soon!"

(Continued in No. 2.)

\* Anglice—Flattering.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 41.)

The same morning, an hour later, Lorenzo Duval was in his richly furnished apartment. It was surrounded with the luxuries which only wealth could procure, and its magnificence was all that heart could desire. He had just finished his morning meal, and, wrapped in his dressing-gown, was reposing at full length upon the sofa, carelessly puffing a cigar, and watching the smoke as it curled round his head.

A rap was heard at the door.

"Walk in," said he, without changing his position.

"The morning paper, sir," said a servant, handing him a sheet fresh from the press, and then retiring.

He took it negligently and glanced over its columns.

"Nothing new, I believe," said he, leisurely examining it.

"What!" he shouted a moment after, bounding from his easy position to a window, and eagerly gazing at a paragraph that met his eye in the news column.

"What!—impossible!"

The item which had roused him so suddenly from his apathy, read as follows:—

"**AROUNDING NEWS.**—Our readers will be surprised to learn that Dr. Henry Morton, who was confined in the city jail, awaiting his trial for murder, has escaped in the most mysterious and sudden manner. Last evening, he was in his cell at a late hour, but early this morning, on visiting it, the jailer found it empty, and no traces were left to give any intimation of the manner in which the escape was effected. His trial was to have taken place in about two weeks, and the evidence against him is so overwhelming, that but one opinion can be entertained in regard to his guilt. Measures have been promptly taken to ascertain where he has fled; and, as the most efficient officers are in pursuit of him, there is every reason to hope that he will be brought to justice. Our readers may be assured that if any new developments are made, they shall be promptly informed of them."

With a darkened brow, and a countenance expressing the most unfeigned surprise, Duval perused the account of a fact, which was, it will readily be perceived, frustrating all his favourite projects. The moment he had read it, he crushed the sheet to the smallest compass, in his hands, and casting it from him, nervously paced the apartment, uttering deep curses on everything connected with what he called the unlucky affair. In a few moments he suddenly ceased, and hastily exchanging his apparel, he gave the boy a vigorous pull. It was promptly answered by the attendant who had brought him the paper which had affected him so much.

"John," said he, as that individual appeared, "if Fenning calls while I am out, request him to wait. I shall be in within an hour."

"Yes, sir."

"And if any one else calls, remember that I am not at home, and not expected to-day."

"Yes, sir."

With these instructions, Duval seized his hat, and after depositing in his pocket the paper which had so sadly disturbed his equanimity, hastily left the apartment. He directed his steps to a far less aristocratic part of the city than that where he resided, but ere he had proceeded many squares, he was met by a man, who grasped him suddenly by the arm. The person who had so familiarly arrested his progress, might have been about forty years of age, and the habiliments in which he was arrayed were anything but those of fashion. He had a rough, sinister-looking countenance, which was disfigured by a heavy scar that extended across one of his cheeks, and gave him a fierce expression. This character has not been yet introduced to our readers, but could Morton have seen it, he would instantly have pronounced it that of the ruffian who had made such an assault upon his life, on the memorable night which had so materially changed his prospects.

"Mr. Duval!" said the man, "you are just the person I was in search of."

"And you," replied that person, "are just the individual I was looking for. Have you heard the story?"

"Yes; I know all."

"This will frustrate our business unless we can devise something new."

"That is certain. I never was so surprised in my life; but by all that's holy, we will not be overreached in this manner."

"Come into this hotel," said Duval, "we shall attract attention here."

So the two worthies crossed the street, and entering an hotel which stood there, ordered a private room. They were shown to it, and then the rough villain and his fashionable brother in crime held a long consultation on the matter nearest their hearts.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Rest now!—his journeying is done,  
Your feet are on his sod;  
Death's chain is on your claspion,  
He waiteth here his God."

Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness  
To be heart broken here,  
For the grave of earth's best nobleness  
Is watered by the tear."—WILLIS.

To attempt to describe the surprise and excitement caused by the escape of Morton, would be a work of supererogation. That singular body, composed of such a heterogeneous mass of character, for whom everybody is interested, and nobody is responsible, commonly styled the public, were thrown into the most interesting state of excitement imaginable. From the fact that the prisoner had escaped, rigid moralists deduced the logical conclusion that he





—The simple but impressive ceremony is going on; the tones of the clergyman's voice greet the ear in those words of Holy Writ, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder';—then they ascend to seek the blessing of Him who directs all events,—and the tie is finished that is to connect two hearts firmly, inseparably, in life's journey."—See Chap. xii.

was surely guilty, or he would not have fled from a fair and impartial trial; and some others with about an equal degree of wisdom, shook their heads gravely, and proceeded to expatiate on the weak and imbecile state of government, which could allow its prisoners to step out so unceremoniously.

But the time they had, in which to exercise their morbid feelings, was limited; for on the very evening of the day which had witnessed the strange occurrence, information was received, which, in a great measure, cleared up the mystery. The first intimation of this was found in the following announcement of the evening paper:—

"**STARTLING NEWS!**—Information has just reached us that an event has occurred which serves to lighten the mysterious affair which we noticed in our first edition of to day. As the express mail train from this city had just passed the ——— station, this afternoon, and was going at full speed, a stranger was observed standing on the platform of the second car. As he attempted to step from that to the next one, he missed his foothold, and fell directly upon the track. The last car passed over him, mangleing his body in the most horrible and shocking manner, so that it was literally but a heap of mutilated gore. From papers found about his person, it was discovered that the unfortunate man was no other than Dr. Morton, the prisoner who has caused so much excitement, and who escaped so mysteriously this morning. We understand that the body is to be returned to the city immediately."

Whitman sat in his office, still pondering on the event of the morning, which had engrossed so much of his attention, when the evening paper was brought in by the servant. He eagerly seized it, hoping to gain some new information in regard to the fate of his friend. The article just recorded instantly met his eye. Every faculty of his soul was rivetted to it; he strained his vision as it passed over it, while a faint suspicion of the horrible truth flashed upon him, and he was faint at heart; but when the solemn details, and the fatal truth all came upon him, in stern reality, all his hopes and anticipations for the welfare of his unfortunate friend were so suddenly and unexpectedly crushed, the shock fell from his hand, he grew deadly pale, and the frame of the strong man shook with emotion. He sat listlessly gazing into the air before him, and as all the recollections of his friend came vividly to mind, the many scenes where they had been together, in the bright days of the past, and then, as the full conviction of his dark, melancholy end came upon him, a cloud of sadness and sorrow came over his soul. Not many minutes had elapsed before Mr. Montrose entered.

"Then you have heard it," said Whitman, as he noted the expression of his countenance.

"Yes, I have heard it all."

"It is a dark event."

"True; it is dark indeed."

"How suddenly his hopes were blasted. 'Tis not long since they were fair as the cloudless sky, but now they are broken for ever."

"Nay, say not so. Perhaps, when all his earthly prospects were blasted, it was kind in the Ruler of all to take him home."

"But for him to die thus—with such a dark stain upon his name—for men to speak of him only as a felon, and to remember him only as associated with a cruel and bloody deed—I can hardly bear the thought."

"It is hard, hard indeed! There were none more upright than he, none more honourable; and sooner would he have sacrificed his own life than to have thus imbrued his hands in the blood of another. Ah! I little thought when I promised my friend on his death-bed, that I would watch over and protect his son, that it would ever come to this."

"It is a bitter thought that such a dark plot should ever be successful."

"Yes, it is bitter indeed."

"But his enemies have triumphed at last. While he lies in a dishonoured grave, they will walk the earth as proudly as ever. Their society will be sought by the wealthy and the proud, and they will laugh as free, and be as gay as ever, while the life-blood of a fellow is on their souls. Where is justice, that such a wrong is not punished?"

"Nay, remember who orders it all, and let us not repine at His dispensations. Guilt and oppression may triumph for a while—they may rear high their heads, and be seen of men, but a dark and terrible retribution will surely overtake them at last."

"It must; for if justice is slow, it is certain; and we may at least joy that our friend has gone beyond the reach of persecution and violence now."

"True; and the infancy which may be attached to his name cannot affect him there."

"No; and his enemies must soon follow him. Life is short at the longest, and what matters it that he had not lived a few more years? At best they would have been years of mixed happiness, they would have been full of sorrow and of care; and perhaps, after what had taken place, they would have been filled with misery, too. Let us not, then, mourn over his fate; but remember that it was all wisely ordered, and will finally result in good."

"There is at least one thing we must do."

"And that?"

"Is to perform the last office of respect to his remains. We were his only friends in misfortune's hour; let us do the last that friends can do."

"Yes, Alfred; we will not neglect that. It is all I can do now, to redeem the promise I made his dying father, but that shall be done. I am growing old, and I know it is weakness, but still I have not the heart to do what friendship would prompt me to do. You are young and vigorous, will you perform the melancholy duties that are first to be done?"

"I will."

"And make all the necessary arrangements?"

"Yes; it will calm my feelings to do it."

"Thanks for your kindness. If you need any assistance, call on me at once. At all events, I will see you to-morrow."

"Nothing shall be left undone. Give yourself no uneasiness on that account. To-night I will start to return with the body to the city, and I will complete all the sad arrangements."

The two friends separated—the one to go on his mournful errand, the other to carry the melancholy tidings to his family, and both to mourn over the untimely end of one they loved.

At the proud mansion once occupied by the young physician, a large assembly had gathered. His acquaintances among the rich and the proud were there; they had come to witness the last act in the fearful drama, and then to return to their homes, to think of it indifferently, and without one tear of pity for his unhappy fate, or one charitable thought, that he might have been innocent, to talk coldly of what they called his crime and its retribution.

Strangers were there, attracted by a morbid curiosity, and a desire to learn all that could be known of the event that had caused such a sensation in the busy world around them, and in regard to him whose name was on every lip; they had come to learn a fresh lesson of the feeble nature of that tie which binds us to earth—a lesson to be forgotten in the busy excitement and care of the morrow.

Enemies were there. They had come to see the consummation of their fiendish schemes, to gaze with exultation on the mangled body of one they had hated on earth, to feel that their dark plot had been successful, and to see the dust returned to its kindred element.

And friends were there. Few was their number, but they had come with bleeding and lacerated hearts, to perform the last sad offices of affection to the ashes of one they had loved on earth, and had never deserted in the hour of affliction. Deep and unfeigned was the sorrow that wrung their hearts, and the tears they dropped over the memory of the departed one, came from spirits overflowing with sadness.

There was a movement among the crowd. Room was made, and the grey-haired disciple of the Cross entered to perform his duty. There was silence among the assembled, save a few stifled sobs that would not be restrained, and a spirit of solemnity and awe seemed to prevail even among the worldly, heartless throng, as his voice rose in supplication to his Master above, who first formed the soul, and breathed into it a spark of His own immortality. Then, perchance, some pondered on the frailty of human existence, and wondered when their time would come. But how they strove to forget that they, too, were mortal, and that their forms must ere long be shrouded in the grim embrace of the death angel.

And then, as the calm, clear tones of the servant of God rang out upon the ear, in those beautiful words of inspiration, "I am the resurrection and the life," they came like a heavenly balm to the aching souls of the few sorrowing friends, and they thought no more of him who was gone, as sleeping in the cold earth, but only as one who walked the golden streets of the city of life.

When the sad service was over, the multitude turned a moment to glance at the lifeless dust before them—then there was a solemn procession—a cemetery was reached, and the remains of Henry Morton were committed to their last, their silent home.

## CHAPTER X.

"Du is in his grave!  
Life's fitful fever ended, he sleeps well;  
Trenson has done its worst; nor steel, nor poison,  
Malice, domestic, foreign bery, nothing  
Can touch him further."—SHAKESPEARE.

In the same apartment where we introduced him to the reader, sat the mysterious stranger who had visited the prisoner in his cell, and held before him the hope of escape. He now seemed buried in deep thought, as he sat with folded arms, and his piercing eyes were lit up with more than their wonted brilliancy.

"To-night," he soliloquized, "to-night he was to meet me here. I must throw off this deep, stern feeling that pervades my spirit. I must hush all my tumultuous reflections, and command them to be still, or Heaven knows that the moment I beheld him, I should be tempted to separate his body from his dark, recreant soul. When the memory of the foul wrong for which I have sworn to be revenged has come up before me, how often have I been tempted to meet him that vengeance he so richly deserves. But let me be patient; his time is not yet come. When it does, let him beware. Ah! little does he suspect, as he reveals to me the secrets of his dark heart, the deadly hate I bear towards him. Little does he think how I have warily dogged his steps, and spent hours and days in unravelling his guilty plans, and then in preparing to frustrate them. But all goes on well. I have foiled him in one favourite project; but he knows it not. When the truth does break upon him it will come so suddenly and unexpectedly that he will deem it a visitation of Heaven upon his guilty soul.

"I have a desperate enemy to deal with. His heart is base enough to devise anything that might cause demons to blush, and his head is deep enough to carry it out. It is indeed a fearful game that we are playing; but, villain, you have your equal! You will find, ere it is over, that I, too, can assume, as well as you; and that the countenance and the tongue are not with me, more than yourself, indexes of the feelings of the heart. You had nearly triumphed in your base attempt on Morton, and you fancy that his tongue is hushed for ever. But you may find that the grave will not always hold the victims of such fiendish wickedness. Go on; we will play out the game, and see who shall be successful. Exult not now too much over your fancied security, but let him laugh who shall win."

(Continued in No. 2.)

## SELF-CULTURE.

THE mind of man is eminently progressive. This is evinced by comparing man in his intellectual worth and greatness at the present time, and with man in his primeval days. Had he been brought forth like the fabled Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, in full possession of his moral and mental powers, the direct opposite would have been the result.

The mind is like an exotic, which thrives only by care and cultivation, and which naturally grows and expands until it arrives at maturity. It is also governed by the same progressive development from infancy, through all the mental activity, sprightliness, and elasticity of youth, to all clearness and power of intellectual and moral maturity.

To an uncultivated mind, what is this vast universe—with all its beauty, grandeur, and sublimity—but an Arabian desert, overhung "with the sable curtains of moral darkness?" but as practical knowledge is instilled into the mind, a change is wrought: the world is arrayed in beauty and loveliness. But many a young aspirant, as he pursues the uneven path of knowledge, encounters so many opposing difficulties, and sees so much to be accomplished, such great and arduous labours to be performed, that he is content to forego all rewards; he is like some wayworn traveller, who stands with folded arms gazing upon the towering ice-capped summits of the Alps, as "mountain piled on mountain" rises before his gaze, and who prefers remaining in the vale beneath, rather than attempt the difficult ascent.

Perhaps some will say, that nature has not endowed them with genius, and without it they can make no proficiency; but success is not owing so much to genius as self-application: yes, self-culture is one great secret of success. Ask those who have become most eminent in character—the most learned and influential, how they attained the honoured position they occupy—and they will respond, that it was by indomitable perseverance and application they accomplished the grand result.

Most truly are we indebted to self-educated men for many of the most important discoveries, inventions, and improvements in the arts and sciences. What has encircled the name of Elihu Burritt with a halo of glory, and inscribed it in indelible characters on the scroll of fame? Most emphatically it was—self-culture! Who but the persevering and self-instructed Franklin first discovered and demonstrated that lightning and electricity were one and the same thing? What sensations of enjoyment must he have experienced, when he beheld with ineffable delight his long-cherished expectations fully realized, in drawing the lightning harmlessly from the clouds!

There are thousands of records of those who have risen to eminence and distinction, by their own unaided exertions; and every one may, by his own efforts, accomplish a vast amount of good. The Supreme Being designed the mind of man to increase, not only in worldly knowledge, but in that of infinitely more importance—in the knowledge of Him who is perfect in holiness, goodness, and truth.

## THE VOTER.

TEN years ago,  
Or so,  
In old Connecticut there lived,  
And thrived,  
A lean apothecary, with a shop in which  
He and his father both got rich.  
This establishment, besides the cases,  
Contained a boy to deal out pills,  
Prescriptive cures for all the "ills  
That flesh is heir to;"  
Oil from the bear, too,  
To beautify the hair, too;  
And up from the centre of the shop  
Did pop  
In sultry summer days, the soda,  
Which ceased to flow on no day.  
Attached to this old druggery was a black  
Man, sort of hack,  
Whose duty 'twas to carry prescriptions  
To the sick, with verbal descriptions;  
For Sambo could not read,  
Though he could bleed;  
Nor write, forsooth,  
Though he could pull a tooth;  
But Sambo was a voter; he had money,  
That made him a voter in the land of honey.  
On one election day, a vote,  
That some one wrote,  
Sambo secreted, and, for a safer place  
To keep it, laid it in a big glass case,

So that, when the time came  
To name  
His choice of officers to reign that year,  
No fear!

He'd haul oppressing tyrants o'er the coals!  
Now the boy,  
Whose right employ  
Was to administer the pills  
And squilla,  
Took from a sort of druggist's Babel,  
A written label,  
And placed it where  
Sambo had laid his vote with so much care.

Town meeting day arrived—that day so  
noted  
Through Yankee land—and Sambo early  
voted.

The inspectors made their count,  
To this amount,  
And thus they did declare  
It there;  
For the whig candidate there doth appear  
A clear  
Majority of ten;  
(A pause)—and then  
One scattering vote for William Rettick,  
(A pause)—and one for—Tartar Emetic!

LOVE OF LIGHT IN DENMARK.—I was exceedingly struck, as I walked through the streets, by the prodigious number of windows every house contained: the lower part in some instances actually seemed all glass. Even the "stud and mud" cottages in the outskirts had their rows of windows in some instances not eighteen inches apart. Nothing in the appearance of this, and the other towns I visited on my journey towards the capital, struck me so much as this peculiar and pleasant feature: for surely the light of heaven is a priceless boon and a blessing, and I would rather anything in my own land were taxed than light. Many a little cot in Denmark has more glazier's work about it than a substantial three or four-stories in Great Britain.—Horton's Voyage from Leith to Lapland.

## THE HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO.



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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF FICTION.

If we remember rightly, it is Sir John Herschel who tells us the story of a number of villagers, who, in the winter's evenings, collected round the blacksmith's forge to listen to Richardson's *Pamela*, or *Virtue Rewarded*, which was read to them by one of the villagers. Night after night was spent by them in the most intense interest; and, at the close, when Pamela had overcome all her difficulties, and was happily married, the enthusiasm of the hearers broke out, and they rushed off in a body to the village church to give vent to their joy in a merry peal of the bells. Fiction had here produced a good effect; it had elevated their minds; had preserved them, for a time, from more sensual indulgences; and opened to them new ideas and thoughts, which, if extended and enlarged, could not fail to be of the highest use to them. But then, here steps in the great practical man of this pre-eminently practical age, and asks, "What is the use of all this? Did I listen to *Pamela* teach the blacksmith how to shoe a horse better, or the ploughman how to get better wages?" This narrow-minded manner of testing all things by their money value, is the great evil of this practical age, and, carried out to its full extent, would bring us into the danger of becoming mere automata, and of growing mechanical in head and in heart, as well as

A modern poet has beautifully said—

"To feel  
A deep and constant love for human kind  
A sense of Beauty's presence, not alone  
In lofty shows, but in its latent haunts,  
Which few acknowledge—the humble hut,  
And bosom meekly clad; worship of Jove  
The warm emotions of an unchast'd maid  
Which rise, as by instinct, against wrong  
These are elements of Poetry."

And not only are the elements of poetry, but they are so the effect of which good poetry produces. Nor is their effect confined to poetry; the best prose fictions have the same object in view, and their value is measured precisely to the extent to which they raise these emotions in our mind. These prose fictions possess all the elements of poetry except that of versification. The best of them have the same elevating tendencies as the best poetry; they seek to paint the ever-varying passions of humanity—to inculcate the love of virtue—to describe its moral grandeur and beauty—and to enlist the fancy on the side of the noble, the good, and the true. And yet we have continually the most indiscriminate censure cast on works of the highest genius, because they are dressed in the garb of fiction; because they have chosen to teach great truths by living examples instead of by dry precepts; because they address the fancy and the imagination, as well as the understanding. Some men must have the thoughts and feelings of others pared down to their own notions of utility, and make every one square his intellect to the exact proportions which this dictator chooses to impose. They forget that the minds of men are differently constituted; that while some revel with delight over a problem of Euclid, or abstruse calculations in algebra, others would be able to see nothing in these but uncouth lines, and unintelligible signs and figures. Others, again, have no pleasure in any kind of thought but polemical discussions, they would keep the whole world employed in endless argumentation on this subject, and think every moment an idle waste of time that is not so devoted. And worst of all are those who have no sympathy with any kind of intellectual exercise, save only thoughts that may be turned into the current coin of the realm; to whom neither art nor science, philosophy or history, have any charms. The works of the greatest poets, the thoughts of the most earnest divines, are to them equally idle, since they do not "put money in their purse." Every high thought and

noble sentiment is, to them, romantic trash; every scientific discovery is mere balderdash, unless it proves gainful in the way of their own trade. All these, in their own way—and many others, each in his different fashion—combine to cry down some of the highest works of genius, merely because they are not in accordance with some of their own preconceived opinions. They think it necessary that some of the reasoning faculties should be cultivated; but they do not comprehend that an equal necessity exists for cultivating the imaginative faculties also. But in some men, the only way in which we can really cultivate the intellect, is through the imagination; the only way in which we can ever induce them to open a book, by which we can hope to create in them a taste for reading, is by rendering that reading, in the first place, amusing, and so leading them on to higher thoughts and more useful studies. As far as our own experience goes, the most loud in their condemnation of works of fiction, are precisely those who never read at all. They as carefully avoid our great moralists, historians, and philosophers, whom they are afraid to denounce, as they do the poets, novelists, and imaginative writers, on whom they so lavishly cast their censure; while the greatest men the world has ever produced—we say the greatest, not the wealthiest—have made the poets of all ages and all lands their Home Companions; have revelled in their pure and truthful thoughts; and have found their own nature exalted by the deep impression made thereon by the generous, and the high, and the noble sentiments which are there to be found.

It is unfortunate, that too many causes and circumstances in life have a tendency to check the culture of the imagination; we need not add to these, by placing an undeserved stigma on works of genius and fancy. There are but few professions or occupations that we may follow, that have not the effect of narrowing the sensibility of the mind, and limiting our ideas of the beautiful. It is the object and the use of fiction, in poetry and in prose, to increase our taste for the beautiful; not only the beautiful in nature, and in art, in form and in colour—but the beautiful in its highest moral sense, in truth and in virtue, in noble thoughts and in generous actions, in purity of life, and in the holiest aspirations. As our minds become filled with the glowing truthful thoughts of the writer, we are filled with the desire to imitate that from which we have derived so much pleasure; a higher and more benevolent tone of thought and feeling is awakened within us; and the æsthetic, as it is called, the perception of the beautiful, becomes a great moral agent; and thus, one of the highest pleasures of which we are susceptible, becomes finally subservient to our moral improvement. We are told continually, and truly, that the beautiful works of nature elevate our souls to holiness, and that we are led from "Nature up to Nature's God." As in the outward or material world, so in the inward or moral world, the principle of beauty seems to have been given to direct our thoughts to higher objects. When He who fashioned the whole creation, clothed the hills of the field with glory, gave colour to the rose, and perfume to the violet; when He filled the woods with the melody of birds, and covered the earth with beauty as with a glorious mantle—think you that He intended the mind of man alone should be dreary and desolate, for ever plodding on in the rugged path of mere utility? He endowed us with imagination to interpret and enjoy the material signs of beauty that are spread around us, and with that higher and loveliness of innocence,

of beauty, to lead us to the source of all virtue, and to the fountain of all wisdom. To neglect the culture of the imagination is to throw away on gifts of God. It mars the way to intellect, and becomes the precursor to all advancement; it is the spur to exertion when young ambition starts in the race for distinction; it watches by the lamp of the sage as he ponders over the tomes of wisdom; it stands by the glowing crucible of the alchemist, and follows the astronomer beyond the regions of the stars. Its creations may, and do elevate the mind and ennoble the heart; but alas! with all their beauty, they may betray us into error, unless we temper their flights by the guidance of reason. Reason, without imagination, is a plodding slave; with it, it becomes the master-spirit of the universe.

The combination of reason with imagination is the result of an advanced state of civilisation and knowledge. In the young days of the world, imagination revelled in its most extravagant forms; and exaggeration, either of real events or of feelings and sentiments, was the consequence. If, for instance, we look into the life of man during the middle ages, we shall find that it was composed of exaggerated thoughts and sentiments. The spirit of chivalry itself was an exaggeration of the feeling of honour, of personal bravery, of love of adventure, of devotion to the fairer sex—nay, even of religious feeling. We must not then be surprised, that writers of fiction should, in those early ages, have gone beyond reality; and, in all the wild play of an exaggerated fancy and an excited memory, have given us enchanters and wizards, ogres and fairies, giants and dwarfs—all that is monstrous, and strange, and terrible, mingled together with the beautiful, in wild confusion. We wander through their pages as in a dream, wherein the most incongruous images are brought into close connection—

"Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Unsifted jewels—  
Mingled with dead men's skulls, and all the slimy,  
Loathsome, and monstrous productions of the deep."

At a later period, fictions made an approach to the probable and natural, instead of the magnificence of former times; still, much of exaggeration remains, although it assumed a different form; the imagination no longer revelled in supernatural creations, or at the utmost these were confined to the appearance of some ghost of a departed friend, which, having frightened the heroine, disappeared in perfumed mists "with a melodious twang;" but

improbable events were imagined, and every sentiment and feeling was exaggerated beyond the bounds of nature. The virtuous characters were so outrageously virtuous that they were more like angels than human beings, and vice and crime were so magnified, that men lost their human character, and appeared to be demons. The effect was such that we had no sympathy with such transcendent virtues, and lost our antipathy to vice by looking at it through characters in whom we could trace no likeness of humanity.

It was not until we had arrived at a much more advanced state of civilization that the romance of real life was dressed in a garb of fictitious biography, in which the characters, sentiments, and incidents, are true to nature; in which we have displayed to us, under given circumstances, a comprehensive view of human nature, and are furnished with many rules of practical wisdom. In the best of their works the writers look to nature; they do not indulge the untaught promptings of a wild imagination, but set down only that which is in accordance with general truth. To write a work of fiction in these days which shall command public attention, requires a thorough knowledge of human nature, accurate information regarding the places and countries described, and a power of concentrating, in a dramatic form, this knowledge and information around the fictitious characters they portray. From some of the best of these we have gained more knowledge of the modes of life, of the customs and habits of foreign lands, than books of travel have ever told us.

Others, again, open up to us correct views of history, for which we may seek our historians in vain; for instance, take Sir Walter Scott's *Juanhoe*, and we find there the first correct view of the effects produced in this country by the Norman conquest over our Saxon ancestors. With our historians all this is nothing more than a change of dynasty—the Norman monarch succeeds the Saxon king, and the people appear not on the stage. But in the pages of the historic novelist we have a vivid picture of the struggles of the people, of their sufferings, and their endurance in the dreary period that elapsed before the amalgamation of the races was completed. In these, our days, men of the highest genius, and full of real information, have raised the character of prose fictions, and given them a position by the side of the highest efforts of poetry. It is when pretenders to knowledge attempt the same path that these works lose all value, and their perusal becomes an idle waste of time.

The true province of fiction is a high and holy one; it is to elevate and ennoble our nature. But, alas! there are some writers to be found who prostitute their talents to degrading purposes, who strive to make their writings the vehicle of false philosophy, and who play the pander to the most purblind imaginations. This sad abuse of the powers of fiction can only be corrected by the aid of the press, by giving a higher and purer tone to general thought and feeling. We believe this great work is now in progress, that the pretensions with sound and useful literature of all kinds, in fiction, as well as useful branches of science, philosophy, and history, which, by raising the standard of public taste, will more effectually put down all that is base and rotten in literature, than can be effected by any legislative proscription. This is the one great abuse of fiction as committed by the writers; but there is another abuse of fiction committed by the readers that must also be guarded against—and that is, in suffering it so to fill and enervate their minds, as to render them incapable of severer studies, and more arduous train of thought. To devote one's whole time to works of fiction, to neglect other branches of education and literature, to have no pleasure save in fictitious adventures, even in fiction itself, to neglect the high thoughts and pure sentiments for the mere story, this is to abuse fiction, and to deprive it of all possibility of conferring benefit or advantage.

In what we have said of the use of fiction we must have it fully understood, that we are not recommending the indiscriminate perusal of all that comes out under this garb. It is not mere indiscriminate praise of this species of literature that we seek to enforce, but to prevent you from falling into indiscriminate censure and condemnation. We wish to open to all a source of pure and permanent enjoyment; to hold out an inducement to the cultivation of the understanding and of the taste; to show that while pursuing our search for the beautiful we are certain to meet with the moral and the true. However humble may be a man's occupations, however hard he may toil, if he can only associate with these occupations a high thought, it will not only sweeten the toil, but prevent him from feeling degraded. True nobility can be given neither by title nor by wealth—its birth is in the mind of man alone; but that mind can never be truly noble that is for ever grovelling among the earth-born passions. It is when elevated to a perception of the truly beautiful that the kindly sympathies of our nature are shed around us, that a dishonourable action becomes hateful, and virtue is loved for its own inherent beauty. As our taste is raised to understand and value the true sublime, so do we learn to hate the false and meretricious strains that too often captivate the ignorant. Shakespeare and Jack Sheppard have nothing in common. He who can appreciate the truth, the beauty, and the sublimity of one, will not be led astray by the morbid sentiment and false morality of the other. The bustling world in which we live too often deems the poet a trifler; we forget that the wealth of thought which he has given to the world will endure an inheritance for future generations, long after the dross for which we labour, and struggle, and sin, has passed away.

"This our true curse,  
That under worship of the selfish idol  
We designate the practical; we scoff  
At the sweet lore taught in the poet's page,  
And deem the pictures of heroic men,  
The generous, the high-hearted, and the pure,  
The idle deluge of a dreamy brain:  
And yet, what art so practical as that,  
Which, showing what men should be, nourishing  
Feelings of goodness, beauty, bravery,  
By portraiture of those possessing them,  
Describes the mental moral of a world,  
After which it were well that ours were fashioned!"

## AN ANGLER'S ENTHUSIASM.

A *RELATÉ* angler appeared on the margin, drawing his line impatiently across the water, as if to worry some dozing fish into a bite, before it finally settled itself for the night. Absorbed in his occupation, the angler did not observe the young persons on the sward under the tree, and he halted there, close upon them.

"Curse that perch!" said he aloud.

"Take care, sir," cried Leonard; for the man, in stepping back, nearly trod upon Ellen.

The angler turned. "What's the matter? Hist! you have frightened my perch. Keep still, can't you?"

Helen drew herself out of the way, and Leonard remained motionless. He remembered Jackeyno, and felt a sympathy for the angler.

"It is the most extraordinary perch, that!" muttered the stranger, soliloquizing. "It has the devil's own luck. It must have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, that d—d perch! I shall never catch it—never! Ha!—no—only a weed. I give it up." With this, he indignantly jerked his rod from the water, and began to disjoin it. While leisurely engaged in this occupation, he turned to Leonard.

"Humph! are you intimately acquainted with this stream, sir?"

"No," answered Leonard. "I never saw it before."

Angler, (solemnly).—"Then, young man, take my advice, and do not give way to its fascinations. Sir, I am a martyr to this stream; it has been the Dalilah of my existence."

Leonard, (interested, the last sentence seemed to him poetical.) "The Dalilah! sir, the Dalilah!"

Angler.—"The Dalilah. Young man, listen, and be warned by example. When I was about your age, I first came to this stream to fish. Sir, on that fatal day, about 3 p.m., I hooked up a fish—such a big one, it must have weighed a pound and a half. Sir, it was that length;" and the angler put finger to wrist; "and just when I had got it nearly ashore, by the very place where you are sitting on that shelving bank, young man, the line broke, and the perch twisted itself among those roots, and—caco demon that he was—ran off; hook and all. Well, that fish haunted me; never before had I seen such a fish. Minnows I had caught in the Thames and elsewhere; also gudgeons, and occasionally a dace. But a fish like that—a PERCH—all his fins up like the sails of a man-of-war—a monster perch—a whale of a perch!—No, never till then had I known what leviathans lie hid within the deep. I could not sleep till I had returned; and again, sir, I caught that perch. And this time I pulled him fairly out of the water. He escaped; and how did he escape? Sir, he left his eye behind him on the hook. Years, long years, have passed since then; but never shall I forget the agony of that moment."

Leonard.—"To the perch, sir?"

Angler.—"Perch! agony to him! He enjoyed it:—agony to me. I gazed on that eye, and the eye looked as sly and as wicked as if it was laughing in my face. Well, sir, I had heard that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye. I adjusted that eye on the hook, and dropped in the line gently. The water was unusually clear; in two minutes I saw that perch return. He approached the hook; he recognized his eye—frisked his tail—made a plunge—and, as I live, carried off the eye, safe and sound; and I saw him digesting it by the side of that water-lily. The mocking fiend! Seven times since that day, in the course of a varied and eventful life, have I caught that perch, and seven times has that perch escaped!"

Leonard, (astonished).—"It can't be the same perch; perches are very tender fish—a hook inside of it, and an eye hooked out of it—no perch could withstand such havoc in its constitution."

Angler, (with an appearance of awe).—"It does seem supernatural. But it is that perch; for, harkye, sir, there is ONLY ONE perch in the whole brook! All the years I have fished here, I have never caught another perch here; and this solitary inmate of the watery element I know by sight better than I know my own lost father. For each time that I have raised it out of the water, its profile has been turned to me, and I have seen, with a shudder, that it has had only—One Eye! It is a most mysterious and a most diabolical phenomenon, that perch! It has been the ruin of my prospects in life. I was offered a situation in Jamaica; I could not go, with that perch left here in triumph. I might afterwards have had an appointment in India, but I could not put the ocean between myself and that perch; thus have I frittered away my existence in the fatal metropolis of my native land. And once a-week, from February to December, I come hither—Good Heavens! if I should catch the perch at last, the occupation of my existence will be gone."

Leonard gazed curiously at the angler, as the last thus mournfully concluded. The ornate turn of his periods did not suit with his costume. He looked woefully threadbare and shabby—a genteel sort of shabbiness, too—shabbiness in black. There was humour in the corners of his lip; and his hands, though they did not seem very clean—indeed his occupation was not friendly to such niceties—were those of a man who had not known manual labour. His face was pale and puffed, but the tip of his nose was red. He did not seem as if the watery element was as familiar to himself as to his Dalilah—the perch.

Such is life!" recommenced the angler in a morbid tone, as he slid his rod into its canvas case. "If a man knew what it was to fish all one's life in a stream that has only one perch!—to catch that one perch nine times in all, and nine times to see it fall back into the water, plump!—if man knew what it was—why, then?" Here the angler looked over his shoulder full at Leonard—"why, then, young sir, he would know what human life is to vain ambition. Good evening."—From Bulwer's "*My Novel*."



## A STORY OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

## HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

THERE was a fine old General once, who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession, innocent as an infant of almost every thing save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old, and his toils were over, when Master Don Cupid brought him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eye he began to detect something that made him uneasy. Here was the result of leisure!

During his service he had never seen anything worthy of notice in a woman's eye. In fact, he would scarcely have observed whether a woman had three eyes in her head, or only one; for no matter where his own eyes were, his thoughts were ever among "guns, and drums, and wounds," and love was a thing that lived in his memory just as he remembered once reading a visionary story-book, called the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, when a boy.

Well, the General had settled down into an amiable, gentlemanly old fellow, living alone with comfortable wealth around him, and having little to do, save now and then to entertain an old comrade in arms, which companionship afforded opportunity for him to "fight his battles o'er again." But, alas! o'er this calm evening of the old General's day, a deal of perplexity was doomed to fall, and he soon found himself in troubled waters, the depths of which he could by no means understand. He floundered about like a caged rat under a pump, and such another melancholy fish out of water never before swallowed the bait, hook and all, of the angling god of Love. The poor General! We must give him a name, or we can't tell the story; and the best name for such a story is Uncle Toby. The poor General debated abstractedly about his new position, and never had siege campaign given him such perplexity before.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he once studied *Othello's Defence*, to recite at an exhibition, but made a great failure; and he now recollected there was something in this *Defence* very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madam," said General Uncle Toby, opening his book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar, "Madam—

"Rude am I,"—  
And little of the plot of pe  
For since those arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used  
Their dearest action in the tented field,  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore thus I speak, to one who'll see the  
And little of the plot of pe

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said, with a spasmodic gasp—

"I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch, before she could utter a syllable, and then she said, with precious tears of humour rolling down her good-natured cheeks—

"And who is it you want to marry, General?"

"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword-arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well, then, I think I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby; "but one thing I am bound to tell you of, madam—I wear a wig!"

The widow started, remained silent a moment, and then went into a longer, louder, and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off, and placed it on the table.

General Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a most decisive inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she never would stop, and the General was about to lay his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then deliberately raised her other hand to her own head, with a sort of military precision, executed a rapid manoeuvre with her five fingers, pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the General's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover—quite bald!

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now laughed along with the widow, and they soon grew so merry over the affair, that the maid-servant peeped through the keyhole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig, and hobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese Mandarins. So the two were united.

Abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., have the same use with burning glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination.

"How to be happy," is a very common heading to an article addressed to the young. I have seen it in the papers so often, that I should not think of writing upon it. But I believe that I have never seen anything in print to tell young people how to be miserable.

"How to be miserable! Well, we don't want to be miserable."

Don't want to be miserable! How so? Then why do you take so much pains to be miserable? I cannot think how a child or a youth who is free from care or trouble, and full of buoyant spirits, can be miserable, without trying very hard to be so. But as I have seen a great many young persons, who not only seem determined to make themselves miserable, but everybody around them also, I thought perhaps they would thank me for telling them how they may do it easier.

In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about anybody else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous, lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself, think unkindly towards them, and speak slightly of them. Be constantly afraid, lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for everything that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point.

Be very sensitive, and take everything that is said to you in playfulness, in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon it you can, and conclude that they wish to avoid your acquaintance; and so the next time you meet them, put on a sour look and show a proper resentment. You will soon get rid of them, and cease to be troubled with friends. You will have the pleasure of being shut up in yourself.

Be very touchy and irritable. Cultivate a sour, cross, snappish disposition. Never speak in good-nature if you can help it. Never be satisfied with anything, but always be fretting. Pout at your father and mother; get angry with your brothers and sisters; or, if you are alone, fret at your books, or your work, or your play. Never look at, or admire anything that is beautiful or good; but fix your eye on the dark side of everything; complain of defects in the best of things, and be always on the look-out for whatever is deformed or ugly, or offensive in any way, and turn up your nose at it. If you will do half of these things you will become miserable enough.

## LITTLE BIRD, GOOD NIGHT!

BY MARY BENNETT.

MAMMA, I'll kneel upon your knee  
And say my evening prayers to  
Evening shadow dim the tree,  
Little birds be n to nod

Fly up to bed, [w  
With feathers wrappe  
Shut your head  
Sleep, and t  
t at the stern.

One at the window peepeth in—  
Little bird, good night—good nig  
You need not pray—you never sin,  
God will keep you till 't's light.

I'll pray, and all keep me too,  
He will wa till 't's light—  
Wake me th will you  
Wake me w "O? Good night.

THE IMPORTANCE OF WRITTEN MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS.—Some few years ago, a well-known botanical doctor was called in to prescribe for a man who kept for sale all kinds of dogs. The patient was a great believer in herbs and botanical productions, and was indeed very ill. The doctor felt his pulse, and as he was leaving the room, said, "O, cheer up! Mr. Jones; I'll send you some herb medicine that will put you all right again. I want to find your wife." To the latter, who met him on the stairs, he said, "Mrs. Jones, I'll be back here again very shortly, and meanwhile make your husband a large bowl of poppy-head tea."

The wife of the sick man was a German woman, and didn't exactly understand what was ordered. In the evening, when the doctor returned he asked—

"Well, Mrs. Jones, have you done as I ordered you to do?"

"To be sure I have, doctor."

"Well, and how does it operate?"

"Operate, sir? I can't tell; but I'm sure Sam will kill me when he gets well."

"How, kill you? What should he kill you for, good woman?"

"Because, doctor, he's been offered two guineas a-piece for them puppies, and I know he wants the money."

"Puppies, woman," replied the astonished doctor; "what have you been giving your husband?"

"Puppy-head tea," replied the woman.

"Puppy-head tea? I told you poppy-head tea," and the doctor rushed from his patient, who by the way got well, and after a while forgave his wife, but never the doctor.



## THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

THE Hand is open, and we clearly see  
The revelation of "The Mystery."  
There, wrapped in many a shroud-like fold,  
May we the shapeless *chrysalis* behold.  
Down in the earth of broken sand and clay,  
The *caterpillar* crept one sunny day;  
And resting there from light and freedom  
pent,  
Into its coffin like enclosure went.  
No more as *caterpillar* is it known—  
And yet an *insect's* name 'twill ever own.  
The "Death's head *Moths*" its bold an-  
cestors were:  
They fill'd the minds of timid ones with  
fear. [drive  
The terror of the Bee-tribe—oft they'd  
The busy workers from their honied hive.  
Mark! on its back a death-like head  
appears, [their fears.  
'Twas this that gave to darkened minds

Thus when the insect lives and moves most free,  
'Tis then alone this type of death we see.  
It flies by night—but who shall dread its wing?  
What troubles can a fluttering insect bring?  
Rather let hope its visitation give,  
For that which seemed to die, slept but to live!  
So shall the soul from earth pass up to bliss,  
In future worlds, when borne away from this!

\* Acheron's Atropos.

## CHARADES; AND PUZZLE.

1.  
In almost every habitable part,  
Explored, through ingenuity and art,  
My *first* is found  
Buried beneath the surface of the ground.  
Within the torrid, temperate, frigid zones,  
Amid the choicest, costliest of stones,  
My *next* so rare  
Is found, to deck duke, lord, or lady fair.  
Should direful war our peaceful land invade  
To injure persons, property and trade,  
My *whole*, believe,  
Would then be used to cheat and to deceive.

2.  
My *first* appears in sable mantle dress'd  
When the bright sun hath sunk in yon far  
west.  
My *second* surely you will ne'er find out,  
Though you should traverse Europe round  
about;  
And when you hear the wind's wild mur-  
muring breeze,  
There is my *third*, waving the forest trees.  
My *whole* 's a bird, whose sweet and silvery  
note  
I've often heard through airy regions float.

3.  
My *first* may be reckon'd  
A piece of my *second*,  
There really can be no denying.

My *first* is of wood,  
And my *second* is wood;  
My *whole*, too, is wood used in dyeing

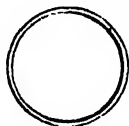
4.  
If in an oven you should bake  
A kind of pea or eaten cake,  
My *first* will be completed.  
First in that oven would meet the fate,  
My *second* name, if left too late,  
And such was overheated.  
My *whole* in Scotland may be found,  
A once disputed, far-famed ground  
Where EDWARD was defeated.

5.  
'Twas eve, and silence reigned around,  
The white snow glittered on the ground,  
And not a cloud was seen on high  
Beneath the blue ethereal sky,  
When, like a gem, more pure than gold,  
My lovely *first* I did behold.  
The silvery moon, calm and serene,  
Illumed the waters bright and green;  
A distant bark now meets the view,  
Mann'd by a gallant hardy crew,  
Who, as they stem the rushing tide,  
Unmindful o'er my *second* glide.  
'Tis morn, and oft the sun peeps through  
Yon fleeting clouds of azure hue;  
The labourer to his daily toil  
Is tugging o'er the snow-clad soil;  
When, looking up, I then and there,  
Behold my *whole* high poisd in air.—J. W.

[Answered in No. 5.]

## MATRIMONIAL PUZZLE.

MAIDEN! behold the wedding ring—  
A potent yet a simple thing!  
Say, can you pass a little pin  
Through the blank space it circles in,  
And yet not cross the golden bound  
That forms the magic circle round.  
Nor downward thrust into the space,  
The point into the charmed place?  
If you cannot find out the mystic way,  
Long must you wait to see your bridal day  
[Answered in No. 5.]



## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 45.

## ENIGMA—IRON.

1. Is rarely found in its pure state, but generally mixed with ore.
2. Is scattered in every clime, and in almost every geological formation.
3. Steam-packets.
4. Locomotives.
5. The Iron shed Staves of the guides in the Alpine mountains.
6. Railway lines.
7. Iron filings.
8. Pikes.
9. Used in manufacturing articles of all sizes—from fish-hooks to anchors.
10. Mason's trowels.
11. In peace, with pickaxes—in war, by cannon.
12. His friend in peace—foe in war.
13. War has entailed endless misery upon thousands.
14. Used as a tonic medicine.
15. Pickaxes, shovels, and other imple-ments used for that purpose.
16. By the anchors holding ships in a storm, and in other ways.
17. The Menai tubular bridges, suspen-sion bridges, &c.
18. In the excavations of miners.
19. Steel ladies' ornaments, buttons, &c.
20. Wire fencing, to keep off hares.
21. Lightning conductors.
22. In the Crystal Palace a patent shoe was exhibited, in which a plate of finely-tempered steel is introduced into the sole, rendering the feet secure from wet, and its common result—a cold in the head.

CHARADES.—1. Bri-(rib) tain.

2. Pot-a-toe.

3. Holy-rood.

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And after some fear and excitement on the Baron's part they become very sociable!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

AN epitaph on a *Negro* baby at Savannah, commences, "sweet blighted lily!" There is no grief like the grief which does not speak.

TO WIDOWS.—Never encourage weeds when flowers look so much better.

WITHOUT economy none can be rich, and with it few can be poor.—Dr. Johnson.

TRUTH, they say, lies in a well. "For my part," said a wit, "I thought it the property of truth to lie nowhere."

TIME, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lover! yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watchmaker's for repairs."

It is the nature of ambition to make men liars and cheaters; to hide the truth in their breasts, and show, like jugglers, nothing in their mouths.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY said of a man who boasted of his ancestry, that he was like a potatoe—"the best thing belonging to him was underground."

"AN independent man," said Pitt, "is a man not to be depended upon."

MANY a man's thoughts are like the omnibuses,—there's hardly one of them that doesn't run to the Bank.

A SKULL without a tongue often preaches better than a skull that has one.

AN American paper, in announcing the opening of a new cemetery, says—"Mr. — had the pleasure of being first buried there."

It is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

WISE men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.

MRS. SPICKLES says the best vegetable pill yet invented is an apple dumpling; for destroying a gnawing at the stomach, it is a pill which may always be relied on.

WHEN Milton was blind he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colour," said Milton, "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

FORMERLY women were prohibited from marrying till they had spun a regular set of bed furniture, and, till their marriages, were consequently called *Spinsters*, which continues to this day in all legal proceedings.

A WAG has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins, and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

LACONICALLY PROVOKING.—A man having published another as a liar, a scoundrel, and a *polltrou*, the latter complains that he does not spell *polltrou* correctly.

IT is calculated by a sporting writer, that in Yorkshire there are 1,000 hunters, which cause to be employed 2,000 men; and eat 40,000 quarters of oats, 2,000 quarters of beans, and 8,000 tons of hay per annum.

A COTEMPORARY has the following meteorological remark:—"The great luminary, Jenny Lind, seems to be slowly retiring from the public gaze, and the atmosphere of the musical world is becoming decidedly *Hazy*."

DECISIVE.—"Upon your oath, sir," said a barrister fiercely, "will you swear that this is not your handwriting?" "I will," said the witness, coolly, "for I can't write."

ONE great distinction between a well-informed man and a fool is, that the former examines both sides of every question, while the latter is afraid to look upon more than one.

"I HAVE learnt this profound truth," says Alderman Johnson, "from eating turtle, that it shows a most depraved taste to mock anything for its greatness."

A MERCHANT of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing it necessary to send the letter, wrote at the bottom:—"Since writing the above I have died."

A MISSIONARY writing home from China, says, that the Chinese use little fire, and measure cold by the thickness of jackets. Three jackets cold is moderately cool; six jackets cold is keen; and from ten to fifteen jackets cold is extremely severe.

AN ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was surprised to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated—"Tey must be iron clamps, to keep der earthquakes from precking up der road."

As two urehins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitter which he was carrying. He then commenced crying, when the other boy asked him why he "took on so?" "Cause," says he, "when I get home, nupther'll lick me for breaking the mug." "What," said the other, "haint you got no grandmother living at your house?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have, and I might break two mugs, and they daren't lick me."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

By proper attention and good management, persons in general might not only live longer, but might enjoy life with more relish than is commonly the case. Human nature is still on the threshold of acquirement.

KNOWLEDGE is not mental power. The mind is not formed in schools, but in free, social action with affairs, interests, and temptations which call forth the exercise of judgment, prudence, reflection, moral restraint, and right principle.

DR. FRANKLIN recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife to select her from a *bunch*, giving as his reason, that ~~when~~ *when* there are many daughters, they improve each other—and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal fondness.

ACTIONS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters. Some are mere letters; some contain entire words, lines, whole pages, which at once despatch the life of a man. One such genuine uninterrupted page may be your key to all the rest; but first be certain that he wrote it all alone, and without thinking of publisher or reader.

IN one year a ton of sand, at least, which is baked with the flour, is rubbed off from a pair of millstones. If a mill grinds only 4,385 bushels annually, and no more than twelve bushels allowed to one man, a person swallows in the year about six pounds, and in a month about half a pound of pulverised stone, which, in the course of a long life, will amount to upwards of three hundred-weight.

THE Roman censors frequently imposed fines on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry. The Spartan women, at certain games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them around their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. After twenty-five years of age, a tax was laid upon bachelors in England, £2 10s. for a duke, and for a common person, 1s. (7 William III., 1695.) Bachelors were subject to a double tax on their male and female servants in 1785.

CHOICE TEXTS. *A Text for Bachelors*—Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord. *A Text for Aristocrats*—"The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is maker of them all." "He hath made of one blood all nations of men." *A Text for Idlers*—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall not stand before mean men!" *A Text for the Timorous*—"The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion."

TRUE courage has so little to do with anger, that there lies always the strongest suspicion against it where this passion is highest. The true courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the least of a brutal, bullying insolence; and, in the very time of danger, are found the most serene, pleasant, and free. Rage, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done in fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage. Were it otherwise, womankind might claim to be the stoutest sex; for their hatred and anger have ever been allowed the strongest and most lasting.

AFLECTION.—If anything will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If these young jackarapes who screw their words into all manner of diabolical shapes could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many, it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain, straightforward, manly way. In the lower order of ladies' boarding-schools, and, indeed, too much everywhere, the same sickening, mincing tone is too often found. Do, pray, good people, do talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible.

THE great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild, and exclamation cannot exaltate. Those soft intervals of unembellished amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels, in privacy, to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labour tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue, or felicity for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often seduced for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.

THE paths of virtue are plain and straight, so that the blind—person of the meanest capacity—shall not err. Dishonesty requires skill to conduct it, and as great art to conceal, what it is every one's interest to detect. And I think I need not remind you how oft it happens in attempts of this kind—where worldly men, in haste to be rich, have overrun the only means to it—and, for want of laying their contrivances with proper cunning, or managing them with proper secrecy and advantage, have lost for ever what they might have certainly secured with honesty and plain dealing. The general causes of the disappointments in their business, or of the unhappiness in their lives, lying but too manifestly in their own disorderly passions, which, by attempting to carry them a shorter way to riches and honour, disappoint them of both for ever, and make plain their ruin is from themselves, and that they eat the fruits which their own hands have watered and ripened.

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## Editor's Note-Book.

### ADVICE TO WRITERS FOR THE PRESS.

In the first place, all names—of county, town, place or thing, and especially of individuals—should be written distinctly, with dots over the i's, crosses over t's, and a plain distinction between the u's and n's, as a compositor has no connecting sense of grammar to guide him in deciphering a name when it is obscurely written. Secondly—When the capital letters I or J occur in a name (as Henry I. Jones), make it with the pen to represent it in print, and then no mistake can occur, and, where a list of names, or more than one, is written, a comma should be made after each—thus Thomas Smith Walker Johnston might be made to signify one, two, or four names. Any one who writes names may easily know how to punctuate them; and, if he does not understand the punctuation of any other part of his manuscript he need not fear that the printer will neglect it. Writers for the press should understand that compositors, as a general rule, are paid by the piece for their work, and that, if their manuscript is badly written, it is a downright robbery of their labour, as they are compelled to waste hour upon hour to put in an intelligible shape what the author has hurriedly or carelessly neglected to do.

**TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.**—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear, without injuring the linen.

**TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.** S. W.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn clearly, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

**GLOVES.** S. G.—This word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Glof*, a cover for the hand. The etymology of the English word shows an early use of gloves in this country. In the middle ages they formed a rich and costly article of the dress of important personages.

**SUMPTUARY LAWS.** W. S. S.—These are laws, which, in extreme cases, have occasionally been made to restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, &c. Sumptuary laws are abridgments of liberty, and of very difficult execution. Those of England were repealed by Stat. 1. Ja. 1. c. 25.

**DOMESTIC PEACE.**—The less of physical force or menacing language we use—the less, to take an expressive word, we scold our children—the more order and quiet we shall commonly secure. We have seen families where a single word or look even would allay a rising storm. The gentle but firm method is the best security for domestic peace.

**MESMERISM.** Anne.—Animal magnetism, or as it is also called, mesmerism, was first introduced to the world by Frederick Anthony Mesmer, a German Physician, who was born at Mesemburg, in Silesia, in 1734. In 1766 he published *A Thesis on Planetary Influences*, in which he contended that the heavenly bodies diffused through the universe a subtle fluid, which acts on the nervous system of animated beings.

**THE ELASTIC EGG.**—Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain for twelve hours; it will then become quite soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water, having some soda dissolved in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity; after which the liquid should be poured off, and the bottle dried, keeping it as a curiosity to puzzle one's friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in it.

**TO CLEAN SILKS.**—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned.—Quarter of a pound of honey, quarter of a pound of soft soap, two wine-glasses of gin, three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold soft water; hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

**WIVES FOR WEDDING.**—Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because

the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lash not all your love on to-day, and remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Consider what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honour and his home are under her safe keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

**PRESERVING EGGS.**—The several modes recommended for preserving eggs any length of time are not always successful. The egg, to be preserved well, should be kept at a temperature so low, that the air and fluids within its shell shall not be brought into a decomposing condition; and at the same time the air outside of its shell should be excluded in order to prevent its action in any way upon the egg. The following mixture was patented several years ago by Mr. Jayne, of Sheffield. He alleged that by means of it he could keep eggs two years. A part of his composition is often made use of—perhaps the whole of it would be better. Put into a tub or vessel one bushel of quick-lime, and mix the same together, with as much water as will reduce the composition or mixture to that consistency that it will cause an egg put into it to swim with its top just above the liquid; then put and keep the eggs therein.

**USEFUL OCCUPATIONS.**—In our "Note-Book," p. 32, we made a few remarks upon "Street Nuisances," in which we condemned the encouragement of boys in habits of mendicancy. It occurs to us now to say, in continuation of the subject, that the system of employing "Street Orders," and of giving an occasional gratuity to those who sweep muddy crossings, is far preferable to the practice we have already adverted to. Of late, the "Show-boys" have been restored to the streets of London, in considerable numbers. Boys may be seen at many a corner, industriously cleaning the boots and shoes of pedestrians, adding thus to the cleanliness and respectability of the community, and providing bread and cheese for themselves, by really commendable efforts. We quite approve of this. To teach youth to rely upon its own efforts for its daily food—to impart to it sentiments of real independence, and so to lift it above the servility and disgrace of beggary, is one of the best ways of



POLISHING THE UNDERSTANDING.

**WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.**—Richard Burke being found in a reverie, shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament, by his brother Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior, in natural talents, to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

**A CORRESPONDENT** of the *Gentleman's Magazine* says, that the following judicious recommendations appear on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume of music, M.S., No. 43, in the University Library, Cambridge:—

"Mark this lesson—  
Sinner God ever.

Credit	} not all } at thou	Hearst.
Say		Thinkst.
Desire		Seest.
Spend		Hast.
Due		Maist.

But of all things take heed of the beginnings;  
See the middle and praise the endings;  
Doe that which is good, say what is true;  
Cherish old friends, chiding for no new."

**TO PRESERVE MILK.** T. H.—Provide bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet, and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and as they are filled, immediately cork them well up, and fasten the corks with packthread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place bottles with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water; heat the water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire, and let the whole gradually cool. When quite cold, take out the bottles and pack them in saw dust, in hampers, and stow them in the coolest part of the house. Milk preserved in this manner, and allowed to remain even eighteen months in the bottles, will be as sweet as when first milked from the cow.

**PLEASANT, AGREEABLE, PLEASANT.**—"Pleasing" is generally applied to manners and personal appearance. "Agreeable" is used in a more extended sense; when applied to manners and conversation, it differs from "pleasing," and means rather clever and entertaining, than winning and attractive. Many persons are "agreeable" who are not "pleasing," and a "pleasing" person may not have sufficient spirit or variety of conversation to constitute him "agreeable." "Pleasing" refers more to the person himself; "agreeable" to the impression made on others. "Pleasant" was formerly used to describe merry and playful conversation, or a jocose and lively person; now it is, in a great measure, withdrawn from persons and applied to things—to weather, scenery, situations, &c. "Pleasant" is a relic of the old meaning. The French *plaisant* has changed all in a reverse way. Formerly, it meant what we now call pleasant, as may be seen from the *Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots*—

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!"

Now, it has come to mean, as it did formerly with us "funny" or "jocose."

**HINTS TO ECONOMISTS.**—If you have a strip of land, do not throw away soap suds. Both ashes and soap-suds are good manure for bushes and young plants.—Cream of tartar, rubbed upon soiled white kid gloves, cleanses them very much.—Woolen clothes should be washed in very hot suds, and not rinsed. Lukewarm water shrinks them.—Do not let coffee and tea stand in tin.—Scald your wooden ware often, and keep your tin ware dry.—Preserve the backs of old letters to write upon. If you have children who are learning to write, buy coarse white paper by the quantity, and keep it locked up, ready to be made into writing books. It does not cost half so much as it does to buy them at the stationers.—See that nothing is thrown away which might have served to nourish your own family, or a poorer one.—As far as it is possible, have bits of bread eaten up before they become hard; spread those that are not eaten, and let them dry, to be pounded for puddings, or soaked for brewis. Brewis is made of crusts and dry pieces of bread, soaked a good while in hot milk, mashed up and eaten with salt. Above all, do not let crusts accumulate in such quantities that they cannot be used. With proper care, there is no need of losing a particle of bread.—Attend to all the mending in the house once a week if possible.—Never put out sewing. If it be not possible to do it in your own family, hire some one into the house, and work with them.—A warming-pan full of coals, or a shovel of coals, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots. Care should be taken not to hold the clothes near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with flannel while warm.—Sal-volatile or hartshorn will restore colours taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any garment without doing harm.—New iron should be very gradually heated at first. After it has become inured to the heat, it is not so likely to crack.—Clean a brass kettle, before using it for cooking, with salt and vinegar.—The oftener carpets are shaken, the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads.—Linen rags should be carefully saved, for they are extremely useful in sickness. If they have become dirty and worn by cleaning silver, &c., wash them and scrape them into lint.—If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of wood ashes, and fill it up with water, so that you may have ley whenever you want it. A gallon of strong ley, put into a great kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water. Some people use pearlash, or potash; but this costs something, and is very apt to injure the texture of the cloth.—Do not let knives be dropped into hot dish-water. It is a good plan to have a large tin pot to wash them in, just high enough to wash the blades without wetting the handles.—Mrs. Child.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**—Letters have been received from—

Alpha.	G. H.	Samson.
A. T.	G. G. G.	S.
A. H. R.	Hamlet.	T. B. R.
A. C.	J. H.	Tibon.
B. A.	J. J. H.	T. F.
Beta.	J. J.	T. C. E.
B. S. T.	Leuth.	Wiley.
B. R.	L. B. R.	W. S.
D. C. O.	M. B.	W. W.
D. G.	M. O. R.	W. B.
E. T. W.	N. G.	Wheon.
F. V. H.	Philos.	Young.
F. C. D.	P. H. R.	Y. R. R.
F. P.	P. C.	Z. Z.
F. S. T.	R. S. D.	N. W.



Printed by WILLIAM COLLINGTON, 22, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JONAS BENNETT, 60, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 5.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE BROKEN MERCHANT

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

### THE DISCLOSURE.

"Here's a sudden change."

"ARE you ill, Charles?" said Mrs. Carlton, laying down her pencil: she had been sketching.

Her husband did not answer; but seating himself heavily on the sofa, he pressed his right hand on his forehead.

His young wife arose gently, there was a slight suffusion on her cheek, but it was not wounded pride because her question had been unheeded. She leaned over the arm of the sofa, and tenderly laid her hand on his forehead—

"Is there much pain in your head, my love?"

"Yes; deep, terrible. Emily, you cannot relieve it."

"Let me try my skill at Mesmerism," said she, as she playfully ran her fingers through the clusters of his hair, and, lifting the dark locks from his temple, pressed her rosy lips on the swollen and throbbing veins. Her kiss was so soft and still, that, had a jealous lover been watching beside her, he would not have heard a sound. Real and pure affection is always quiet and delicate in its attentions; and no man of refinement can long love a wife whose demonstrations of attachment are obtrusive and importunate.

Charles Carlton scarcely heard the kiss of his wife, but he felt its thrill through every pulse and nerve. It was the pledged affection of a loving and true heart. His hand trembled, fell, and his eyes, as they met hers, filled with tears. Emily's heart sank within her, as the fear of some terrible calamity rushed upon her mind; but she strove to sustain herself, and, taking her husband's hand in both hers, she sat down by his side.

"Charles, dear Charles?" said she, inquiringly

"Emily—"

"My dear husband, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing," said he, calmly.

"Nothing! Oh, do not say so! Let me comfort you, at least. Tell me—tell me, what has happened?"

"I will tell you, Emily; for you must know. I am ruined!"

"Ruined! How? Why?"

"I am a bankrupt, Emily. I have failed—lost all my property—all!" and he again covered his face.

"Well, my dear husband, if it be lost, let it go. There are a thousand ways to live by industry; and I can do a good many things."

"But, Emily, you do not comprehend this at all. I am a broken merchant. I shall not be trusted with business. I owe thousands that I cannot pay. I have nothing—nothing left!"

"Yes, my love, you have what you have often called your dearest treasures—your wife and little Henry. We will be your treasures still." And she twined her arm around the neck of her husband, and tenderly drew his head upon her shoulder.

"Bless you! bless you, my own Emily—my wife! You have comforted me!"

### FRIENDS.

"Ebbing men, indeed.  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear."

"ANY news this morning, Mr. Halford?" said John Folsom to the gentleman who entered his counting-house. He was a tall, pale man, with a commercial-looking face; that is, bilious and rather care-worn; but the keen glance of his eye was tempered by a benevolent smile, and when he raised his hat, the high, broad, smooth forehead bore the unequivocal stamp of a warm heart and a good conscience.

"The only news of the morning is, that Carlton has failed," said Mr. Halford.

"Yes, I knew that last evening," replied John Folsom.

"Is it a total failure, or will he be doing business again in six months?"

"Radical: a thorough failure. Given up all."

"That is rather an unusual course," remarked Mr. Halford. "Most of our broken merchants contrive to secure a share for themselves. You are his friend: why did you not advise him better?"

"Your pardon, sir: I never advise my friends; it only offends them. Throw physics to the dogs as soon."

"I heard that the failure was caused by signing for Cogswell & Co. Was that true?"

"Partly so. Carlton lost about twenty thousand pounds by that firm; but

then he might have gone on in business for some months, and perhaps have got over his embarrassments entirely, if he had not been so very squeamish."

"Squeamish! How do you mean?"

"Why, he applied to old Colonel Dillis, to whom he was owing a considerable debt, and told him how matters stood, and the reasons he had for believing he might retrieve his affairs, if he could obtain a loan of ten thousand pounds for a few months; and he offered Dillis good security for the money; but the old Colonel knows how to manage. He would not loan the cash, unless he could have his debt likewise provided for in the security. This, Carlton thought, would not be doing the honourable by his other creditors, and he refused; and Dillis immediately levied an attachment."

"Carlton should have applied to his other friends: he ought to have many, for he has been a very obliging man. I think there must have been some who would have remembered his loans. Did he not once assist you, Mr. Folsom, materially?"

"Yes, yes; his name was of some service at the time my creditors run me so hard; but I have paid him."

"There are benefits which the mere value received never pays," remarked Mr. Halford, dryly, as he left the warehouse of the dashing merchant. He walked hastily up Cheapside. "I will call on Carlton," said he to himself, as he went on. "Perhaps I can hit on some plan to put him again in business. He has a lovely young wife, and it must sorely try the spirit of a man who loves his family to see them destitute. He owes me money; but it is no matter. I find he has been honest, even under the hard temptation of bankruptcy. He has acted honourably, and he shall be sustained."

### THE PARTING.

"—Partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts."

It was June, the "bright and leafy June," and such a glorious day! There are mornings when it seems as though the angel at Heaven's portal had purposely left the "adamantine gates" ajar, that our cold earth and callous hearts might be revived and purified with the hallowed tide of light, and life, and love. We idly talk of Nature as of a goddess, and say she renews her youth and beauty, and puts on the green robe of Spring, and the flowery mantle of Summer, and Autumn's rich sheafy crown; but the energy of Nature is only the breath of the Almighty, the Creator; her beauty is but the reflection of His benevolence; and her bounty the overflowing of His ever-during love for the creatures He hath made. Rely on Him, and thou wilt never be forsaken, never destitute, never in despair.

"We will trust in God, my dear husband," said Mrs. Carlton, as she wiped the tears which, all unconsciously to herself had, for minutes, been raining from her eyes on the fair forehead of her babe, as he stood at her knee looking up with an earnest gaze at his mother. He had never before seen her face in sorrow: it seemed to astonish, almost petrify him. "Dear Henry," she continued, clasping him to her bosom, "how I wish you could speak! You should tell papa that we will think of him, and love him every hour he is gone. But you will soon learn to talk. Charles, I shall have, nothing to do but teach Henry and write to you; and Paris is not quite to the end of the world."

Charles Carlton kept his station by the open window. A stranger, who had only remarked the rapid glance of his eye, as it wandered from earth to heaven, might have fancied him a poet in the ecstasies of inspiration. Alas! his musings were of a sterner quality than poets' dreams. He felt the reality of struggling with himself. There are few occasions that more deeply try the soul of a man than parting with the only being he feels sure loves him. He is Adam going from his paradise alone.

Emily suddenly started up, with her infant in her arms, and stood by her husband's side. She had caught the sound of coming wheels, and she knew he must go. There is no indulging in sentiment when a railway-carriage or steam-boat is waiting. But love—ay, real affection, is as deeply expressed in one word as in twenty.

There was such a look of love—of unutterable affection, in the tender smile which dimpled her pale cheek, as she held the babe to her husband for his farewell kiss, that it quite overcame the heart it was intended to encourage. Had she wept or complained, Charles Carlton would have rallied his manly fortitude to comfort and sustain her; but now he only felt that he was obliged to leave all he held dearest on earth—he was the sufferer; and, clasping his dear ones to his bosom, his kisses were the only farewells his lip could frame.

"And is he gone! On sudden solitude,  
How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
'Twas but an instant passed, and here he stood;  
And now without the portal's front she rushed,  
And then, at length, her tears in freedom gushed."

## GOSSIP.

"The love of show, adds that it should warp  
Our kindest feelings by its selfish pride!"

"So your beautiful friend, Mrs. Carlton, the brightest star in the galaxy of fashion, has been shorn of her beams, they tell me, and has left London, and buried herself somewhere in the shades of Richmond," said Mrs. Mears.

"Say, rather, she is ruralizing in Richmond. I cannot endure to think of such a total eclipse for poor Emily," said Miss Arabella Folsom, affectedly sighing, as she clasped her jewelled fingers in a manner to display all the most costly and sparkling rings.

"Have you visited her since her retirement?" inquired Mrs. Mears.

"Oh, no! It would pain me so excessively to meet poor Emily under a sense of her altered fortune. Indeed, I fear my emotion would be uncontrollable, and thus afflict her. I would not spare myself," said the young lady, again sighing deeply.

"Bell is so devotedly attached to Mrs. Carlton, that this misfortune has nearly broken her heart," said Mrs. Folsom, the mother. "I wish she had not so much sensibility."

"Why, it is rather an unpleasant affair to fail in business," remarked Mr. Mears; "but it is not very uncommon; and I don't see that it is likely to do Carlton any serious injury. He has gone over to Paris, agent for Halford & Co., a good firm; and I hear he is allowed to do something besides for his own benefit. Perhaps, in a few years, he will return rich enough to flourish as gay as ever."

"I think, 'Bell, you had better ride out to Richmond, one of these fine mornings, and call on Mrs. Carlton," said Mrs. Folsom.

"I would, mamma, with all my heart, only she lives with her odd old aunt, the Mrs. Eaton whom I used to detest so much. What made Emily endure her I never could imagine; perhaps it was that she might have a friend in time of need."

"Mrs. Carlton was incapable of such calculating selfishness, I am sure, said Mr. Mears, warmly, forgetting, in his zeal for the injured absent lady, that he was dissenting from the opinion of her particular friend.

"Oh, I dare say you are right, Mr. Mears," said Miss Folsom, with an air of *pique*. "Emily had a most sweet and winning manner, and really, she was very amiable, and always appeared to love her aunt; but that was no good reason why others should also adore the old lady. Really to me she was disagreeable. Why, she was always prying about the influence of woman, and her duties, and moral improvement, and all such obsolete stuff. She is a walking lecture; and I wonder how Emily can endure to live with her."

"You would not, 'Bell, I am very sure," said John Folsom, as he entered the parlour.

"No, indeed, brother; I could not submit to such a humdrum life. Out of fashion, out of existence, for me."

"'Bell, how wildly you talk!" said the mother. "I am feally astonished. I never heard you so unsentimental before. Reverses sometimes happen to the very rich; and you are not certain of always being among the fortunate. To be sure, I do not know what I could do if John should fail!" and she elevated her large lace handkerchief with a swell of importance.

"I know; I would die at once!" cried the young lady, vehemently.

Her brother bit his lip, and Mr. Mears, politely bowing, bade the ladies good morning.

## MATRIMONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most cherished  
Deserved to be dearest of all."

FROM Mr. Carlton to his wife:—

Paris, Sept. 13th, 1832.

"You see, then, dearest, that my business, or rather that of Halford & Co., goes on bravely here; and all that disquiets me is my separation from you. I often compare my former ideas of 'gay and sunny France' with the desert-like feelings that now oppress me, whenever I visit, as I do occasionally, its scenes of fame and its places of amusement. I feel little interest in these things, except as I can combine the new objects presented, with your image in my heart. 'I will describe this to Emily; I will tell this to Emily; I will keep this for Emily,' is the language of my soul when I see, hear, or obtain anything that pleases and interests me. In the hurry of business your idea is constantly present, encouraging me to exertion, and I really enjoy my toil; but when I go to the solitude of my own chamber, and find no Emily to welcome me with a smile and a kind word, I am desolate and sad.

"I wonder how any man can endure life who only lives for himself! Dearest Emily, do write often, and tell me everything about yourself and little Henry. God bless the boy!"

FROM Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

Richmond, Sept. 25th, 1832.

"I have a precious piece of news for you, my dear husband. Henry can speak a whole sentence. What do you think it is?—but don't guess. I want to tell you the whole story. Every morning, after breakfast, I have taken him to my chamber, and there shown him your miniature; and I say to him, as he kneels to it, 'It is papa. Henry loves papa!' I wanted he should be in the constant habit of remembering and loving you, and this morning, he said it himself of his own accord, 'Henry loves papa!' Oh, I never was so happy! I laughed and wept, and caressed and kissed him, and he was

wild, with joy, because he found he had delighted me so; and he said, fifty times over, 'Henry loves papa!' How I wish you could hear him!"

"This incident, my dear Charles, has awakened a train of serious and happy reflections in my mind. I am quite a convert to my good aunt's theory, 'that happiness is always found in the path of duty'; and then she has another apothegm, which I hope I shall find as true, 'that adversity has deeper and purer pleasures than prosperity.'"

"Had we, my husband, continued in our prosperity, I should probably have lost this dear and precious pleasure of hearing my child's first sentence. Perhaps, too, instead of having his first accents imbued with filial love, and his heart strengthened in its pure feelings by his mother's caresses, he might have given expression to some angry passion or selfish appetite, that would have defiled his sweet lisplings, and might have given an evil impulse to his feelings which could never have been corrected. Oh, it is strange that woman can think so much of jewels from the mines of earth, when she holds the key of the heart's treasures! I ask myself, what amount of wealth would have given me the unutterable transport which my babe's first simple sentence has done? I can answer before God, that no amount could have made me so happy."

FROM Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

Richmond, July, 4th, 1833.

"How do I pass my time this summer?' is your question. Well, as you seem to rely so confidently on my confession, it shall be frank and full; though somewhat abridged, for patience over a long letter is not, I am told, the virtue of man.

"First on my list of doings, I rank my maternal duties—pleasures I call them; and if you could see little Henry—he is not little now—and hear him talk—his voice is sweet as a bird's—you would think I was a good mother. And is not that something in my favour, Charles?"

"Then I assist my kind aunt in her housekeeping, and in her charities, too; for, though she has no great store of worldly goods, she is rich in good works. Do you wish to know what I contribute? My sympathies, my attentions, kind words, and encouraging smiles; and really, Charles, I never received so expressive, and, as I think, such sincere gratitude for all my bounteous gifts (you know we did give largely in London), as I now have showered upon me for my good-will merely. Charity of spirit towards the poor is more popular with them, and more beneficial, too, than charities in money.

"But amusements; ah, I have them in plenty: I walk, ride, read, and botanize. If you could see Henry and me out gathering flowers, and hear his glad laugh when he finds one—and I laugh as loud as he—you would think it was amusing to botanize. Then my music is a delightful pleasure; because then, Charles, I feel as if my spirit was communing with yours. Thank you a thousand times for your last collection, the pieces are all charming, and I can perform that 'divine air,' as you style it, charmingly; at least, so says Monsieur D—; and you used to think him the standard of taste in music. Seriously, I do think I have made great proficiency in music this last year: send me the songs you prefer, and when you return you will hear me sing like a *Prima Donna*."

Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

Richmond, July 13th, 1833.

"You can hardly imagine, my dear Charles, how happy your last letter made me! And you think that, in one year more, you will be able to return with sufficient to pay your creditors. And then we will celebrate our independence, Charles. What a happy day it will be! and how different, too, the sources of our happiness from those which I once foolishly thought were the basis of enjoyment!"

"I will tell you why I write with such warmth; you will, I know, be glad to learn that one debt is paid. About three months ago, a poor woman came from London to our neighbourhood in search of employment. She called at our house; and aunt being out, I went down to see the woman. She looked wretched; and when she saw I pitied her, she went on to tell me a long story of troubles—how she had lived in the city, kept a confectioner's shop, and been unfortunate in her customers, till finally she had to give up her trade; and her husband, for her debts, had been sent to jail.

"I asked her why she was unfortunate in her customers? 'Oh,' said she, 'they did not pay me;' and she went on to name a number of ladies, who were foremost among the fashionables, when I was in town, as delinquents. And then, Charles, she named my name among the rest. 'There was that pretty Mrs. Carlton,' (I give her own words) 'she owed me twenty-five pounds when her husband failed.'"

"My face was crimson, I believe: the woman started to see my agitation, and then she recollected me. I do not think she had any idea before who I was. Don't think, Charles, that I am wofully altered. She had never seen me dressed so plainly; and shall I tell you the compliment? She said she had never seen me look so handsome—so very handsome; 'for,' said she, 'I never saw you have such healthy, rosy cheeks before.'"

"I remembered purchasing confectionery of her, the last winter we were in town; but I had never thought of it since. Twenty-five pounds! and the articles were nearly all furnished, she said, for our last grand party. Of the 'dear five hundred friends' I then invited, only five have ever shown a wish to continue the friendship since our failure.

"Twenty-five pounds! The poor woman said it would release her husband from jail. I sold my pearls, Charles, and paid her. And the pride

and pleasure I felt that first evening I wrote them, when you whispered they became me, was nothing to my exultation when I had sent the poor creature to release her husband."

From Mrs. Carlton to her husband:—

Richmond, January 8rd, 1834.

"MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have sad news. Poor John Folsom is dead; shot himself last Friday night! He left a note, stating that his property was gone; and that he trusted God would have more mercy for his sin than the world would have for his poverty. Mistaken man, to fear the world's contumely more than the law of his God!

"Oh, how I do pity his mother and sister! Poor 'Bell! I once loved her like a sister; she has entirely neglected me since my retirement, and so I thought but little of her; but now I feel all my affection revive. Poor girl, how I wish I could comfort her! If they had only lost their property, it would have been nothing. I could have told them that there are a thousand sources of happiness independent of wealth and fashion; pleasures which may be enjoyed without money; but what can I say now? What should I have done? How would it have been, if you, oh, my beloved husband—how thankful I feel that God has sustained us in our reverses!"

From Mr. Carlton to his wife:—

Paris, January 9th, 1834.

"What shall I say, love, respecting the sad news? I am greatly distressed. Poor Folsom! he was much to be pitied. You do not, cannot know his temptations to the rash and wicked act; but my acquaintance with his character, and with the mania of his mother and sister to be among the fashionables, has led me to most painful reflections on his unhappy fate. He was ambitious, but naturally generous and enthusiastic; and, had his pride been rightly directed towards useful and noble objects, he would have made a noble-minded and useful man.

"But his mother and sister thought only of show and *éclat*; and they bound down his spirit to the circle of the world of fashion. In their esteem, he was the greatest man who could keep the most expensive establishment, and afford the ladies of his family the most costly array. It was their reproaches and complaints which poor John dared not meet. He could have braved the world; but there was for him no rest at home.

"Do not think I am placing all the sins of my sex to the account of yours. We have a long and dark catalogue of our own; but I do think that, in our country, it is in woman's power, if she would rightfully exert her moral influence, to call forth our virtues, and even to make our more impetuous passions subservient to great and glorious purposes. But if women worship wealth, the men will sacrifice their souls to gain it.

"A thousand, thousand blessings on you, my love! You have sustained my spirit by your cheerful affection, and your example and counsel are every day strengthening in me the determination to be worthy of such a wife. Pray for me, that my heart may be purified from all sinful and worldly affections, and kept from those fierce temptations which only heavenly grace can enable us to overcome.—Your husband, CHARLES CARLTON."

## NEWS.

"Ill-favoured is the bearer of ill news."

"THERE is a gentleman below who has a letter for Mrs. Carlton," said the domestic.

"Why did he not send it up?"

"He said it was not to you, madam; but he had brought it for you to read, and he wished to make some explanations."

"Did he give his name?"

"Yes, madam. Mr. Cole."

"Cole—Cole—I do not recollect any person of that name. It is not a very elegant name,—Cole;" and Mrs. Carlton, as she hurried to finish her toilet, endeavoured by dwelling on the name to keep from her heart the agitating dread of some impending evil. What evil could she fear, except as connected with the fate of her husband? She had not heard from him for several months."

"Mrs. Carlton, sir."

Mr. Cole started at the announcement. He had not anticipated seeing a solitary wife looking so like an angel. She was arrayed in a pure white robe, no ornaments; angels never wear them.

"I have received a letter from my French correspondent, making kind inquiries respecting Mr. Carlton, supposing him in London, madam."

"Well, sir?"

"Mr. Halford wished me to ascertain if you had heard from your husband of late."

"It is some time since, about—about"—and a burning blush rushed over her cheek, and then as suddenly ebbing, left her face white as new-fallen snow."

"How long did you say, madam?"

"Nearly six months," and her voice sank with the suffocating sensation at her heart as she thought, "how long!"

"Mr. Carlton, it seems, left Paris about four months since."

"Just the time he named in his last letter that he should depart for home. Oh, what has happened! Where is he? Can you not tell me? The letter!"

"Be calm, madam; pray be calm," said Mr. Cole, in a most soothing tone. "Nothing has happened that we can ascertain. Mr. Carlton was highly respected at Paris, and this letter—you may see it—only speaks in

general terms of his departure. Be calm, Mrs. Carlton; pray do not afflict yourself. What! ho! help! the lady has fainted!"

"Strange she should faint! I never thought a wife cared so much for her husband. I wonder who would grieve if I should be lost? I'll marry, that's settled; I'll marry." So thought Mr. Cole, the bachelor, as he rode homewards.

## THE DENOUEMENT.

"Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears."

"DOCTOR, how do you find my poor little niece, Mrs. Carlton, this morning?" said Mrs. Eaton.

"No better, no better; heart sick, Mrs. Eaton. Medicines do little good in such cases."

"You still recommend travelling?"

"Yes, madam."

"A sea voyage?"

"I should say it promised to be beneficial."

"To France?"

"Yes, take her to Paris; let her see the friends of her late husband, and hear their praises of his character. Such things awaken the current of life and its thoughts; if you can arouse these, the mother will triumph in her heart, and she will strive to become reconciled to the dispensation of Providence, and to live for her child's sake."

"A Christian should always be reconciled," remarked Mrs. Eaton.

"True; but Christians need motives to obedience; and in cases of severe affliction, these motives should be placed in the most touching light. Pardon me, madam; I know I am only repeating your sentiments; those, indeed, which I have learned from your own lips and life."

"Oh, doctor, you have probed me to the quick! I am the selfish one, the unreconciled. I did not repine that the affections of my niece were given to Mr. Carlton. I felt that she ought to love her husband better than any other earthly friend. But I cannot bear that the whole heart of my precious child should be buried in the grave of her husband. I want her to turn to me."

"And so she will, madam, as soon as this torpor of grief is, in some measure, removed."

"Dear Emily!" said Mrs. Eaton, greatly moved, "She shall go to Paris. I will conquer myself. I will talk to her of her husband; he was an excellent man, and worthy her love. There! there! Is not that he? Merciful Heaven, my prayers are heard! It is Charles!"

"I sent you a long letter the day before I left Paris, detailing all the reasons which induced me to go to Constantinople; and stating also the probability that you might not receive another letter or hear from me, till I had the blessed privilege of thus assuring you of my health and happiness;" and Charles Carlton alternately kissed the pale lips of his wife and the rosy cheeks of his boy, as they were both encircled in his arms.

"The letter never reached me; and, Charles, you cannot know how this silence distressed me."

"I see it, I feel it too well, my own love. If I had anticipated your affliction, not all the bright prospects held out by Mr. Dupin would have weighed a feather. I would have come to you."

"Oh, never think of it, Charles. It is over; you are here, and I shall soon be well; and then how happy we will be! You will never leave me again."

"Never, never! I have money enough, besides paying all my creditors (except Mr. Halford, who has voluntarily relinquished his claim,) to begin business again for myself. We shall know how to estimate our blessings, how to enjoy them. We will live for domestic happiness, for social improvement, for religious duties."

"But never again, my husband, for fashionable display."

"Never, Emily."

CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouse of heaven, clouds and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn, or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble than when it wells over the green turf?—*Jeremy Taylor*.

THOUGHTFUL KINDNESS.—It is very easy, oftentimes, to do an act of kindness impulsively, and on the spur of an occasion. And, as so done, it may be often both useful and gratifying to the recipient; may confer a real favour, and merit thanks and the feeling of gratitude. But how much more beautiful and noble than this, and how much sweeter and happier in its total influence on life and character, is that kindness which is thoughtful, considerate, anticipatory; which busies itself with contributing to the good of others, which thinks beforehand what their wants are to be, and how they may be met most pleasantly and efficiently; which thus sows the seeds of happiness and progress along the commonest waysides of life, and sheds an influence of refreshment and peace on all the circle. To such a friend, the affections turn with an attachment which is full, overflowing, most intimate. Around such, grow up inevitably all beautiful associations, and grateful memories. For such friends there is nothing we would not bear, or attempt to accomplish. They are enshrined in our warmest and sweetest affections; and heaven itself takes a new charm from the hope of there meeting and communing with them for ever.





## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

"So you had a visitor, aunt," said Arthur, as he entered the breakfast-room the next morning. "And you never told us anything about it."

A slight flush passed over Mrs. Tregar's pale countenance.

"If I had any suspicion that you were interested in Miss Saville's movements," she replied, coldly, "I would have been careful to gratify your curiosity; but as I thought that no member of my family could have had anxiety about such an occurrence, and as Miss Saville herself has never had the politeness to call before, although residing so close, I did not think it was necessary to mention it at all." And the old lady, having thus delivered herself, took up her work and proceeded to occupy herself very industriously.

"Come, aunt," said Arthur, taking her by the hand; "why all this animosity against the Savilles? They are no enemies of ours. It is true, they have bought nearly all our family property; but whose fault is that? It certainly cannot be theirs; they paid for it honestly, and now they have a right to it. As to Miss Saville's not having visited you, it is you who are in the wrong there. As the oldest resident; and the lady of the manor, you should have visited them. I think, if you look at the matter calmly, they are not very much to blame."

"I don't want to know Miss Saville," replied Mrs. Tregar, pettishly. "I do not see, either, why she should force her acquaintance upon me in this manner. Perhaps, knowing that she holds a mortgage upon our little estate, she feels a pleasure in patronising us. But I tell her"—and the old lady's cheek crimsoned, and her eye dilated—"that if we were without a penny to purchase food to-morrow, and that she held everything we had on earth, I would starve before she should see a Tregar or a Bell dependent on her bounty, or supplicating at her feet."

"Shame on you, aunt," cried Arthur, warmly. "Shame—to attribute such unworthy motives to one in whom you have never seen anything but that which denoted the lady. Shame—to hate an innocent person simply because she enjoys, honestly, that which once was yours. Depend upon it, aunt, that a new state of things is arising in society; depend upon it, that a time is coming, when the empty pride of birth will quail before the well-founded pride of genius, industry, and honour. Pride is becoming in a gen-

them only so long as it keeps him honest. But there is an aristocracy of labour and of intellect, and the men who have nothing to boast of but their armorial bearings, must go down before it."

"I did not think, Arthur, that I should live to hear such doctrines from your lips. You ought to be ashamed of them; they are unbecoming in one of your name. I am grieved to see that your University education has so little improved your morals. I say morals, because you appear to be a democrat; and democrats are all immoral men."

Poor Mrs. Tregar's political and social belief was limited to this one article of faith. A democrat was, in her mind, a combination of all that was horrible; a sort of indistinct compound of Robespierre, and Oliver Cromwell, with Burke and Here. Arthur could not help smiling at the old lady's final speech.

"My dear aunt," he replied, "I will not argue the matter with you. It would take more time than I can spare to convince you that a true democrat—for there are false ones as well—must be a good and honourable man; that he cannot hold pure Republican doctrines unless he be a sincere and earnest votary of virtue. The time may, perhaps, come, when you will think differently. But enough," he added, turning to the window, "there's a smart breeze getting up. I think I will get the *Water Lily* out, and take a run in her as far as Tragomena."

"Is Avis going with you?" inquired Mrs. Tregar.

"No! she is engaged on some millinery work, I believe. I dare not attempt to disturb her."

"You had better take Donal with you, Arthur. I am always nervous when you go out in that boat by yourself."

"You need not fear, aunt. The *Water Lily* rides the waves like a swan. Besides, I like sometimes to be alone upon the sea."

In a few minutes, Arthur was steering for the rapids, with his little boat bending beneath her sail all her gunwale cut the waves. With an unskilful hand at the helm, these rapids were a dangerous spot, for the tide went foaming and whirling through the labyrinth of black and jagged rocks, any one of which threatened destruction to the bark which was unlucky enough to be dashed against their sharp edges. But Arthur knew every pebble around the shores of that lake, and he dashed gallantly through the seething surf, swept like an arrow into the still waters of Barlagh Bay, which lay immediately outside. Here, as he was rounding a rocky corner, and close to the mouth of one of those magnificent caves with which the coast abounds, he beheld a small boat shoot rapidly into the cavern, and instantly disappear. A solitary female was its only occupant, and she managed her oars with such dexterity and address, that Arthur's curiosity was excited, and he determined to follow and ascertain her identity. He lowered his sail, accordingly, and taking a pair of sculls that lay at the bottom of the boat, he pulled into the cave.

It was a gloomy, but a splendid palace; huge ribs of dark glistening rock swept up the giant walls, and meeting on the dusky roof, wove themselves into massive groinings of surpassing beauty and grandeur. Many-coloured mosses and weeds hung from those pillared sides, mantling the moist stone with rich and heavy draperies. The liquid floor seemed a mass of polished heaving jet; while from the mysterious chambers which seemed to stretch within the endless darkness, sonorous and hollow music came, filling the ear with the rich murmurs of its ocean song. Anon, as some giant billow came swelling in, and swept majestically into the shadowy interior, sounds of wild, unearthly laughter would catch the ear, and discordant echoes through the fretted arches of the roof. It was no wonder that the fisherman at night, when tempted to wander into this gloomy place, should hasten away from its terrible portals, and relate to his wondering children, how he had heard the revelry and laughter of the ocean-spirits echoing within. It was no wonder that the lover of nature in her grand and sublimer moods, should seek this primeval temple, to worship and adore.

As Arthur's boat shot into the cave upon one of those long, seething swells which went booming along the grot, he thought he could discern, amid the hollow echoes of the place, the light sound of oars. This made him urge his bark faster, and in a few moments he came in sight of the object of his curiosity. The little skiff was floating idly on the wave, rising and falling on the gentle surge. Its lady occupant was lying in the prow, with a large cloak picturesquely draped around her, apparently wrapt in deep meditation. The fall of Arthur's oar, however, suddenly struck on her ear. She started and rose up; and, as the dark folds of the garment fell away one by one, Arthur beheld the stern, yet beautiful countenance of Helen Saville. Both were unprepared for the meeting, and a slight flush passed across the face of the former as he bowed respectfully to the lady.

"I am happy, Mr. Bell," commenced Miss Saville, in slow, measured tones, and with an unmoved countenance—"I am very happy to have succeeded at last in meeting you, in order that I may thank you sufficiently for the protection you afforded me the other day. I called yesterday at the cottage for this purpose, but you were out; in your absence, however, I was very agreeably entertained by your aunt;" and, as she uttered these last words, a slight sneer flitted across her mouth. Arthur felt his cheek grow warm, for he knew well the cold and chilling reception with which Mrs. Tregar had greeted her visitor.

"I am afraid, Miss Saville," he said, deprecatingly, "that my aunt's foolish prejudices must have impressed you unfavourably towards her; but I assure you, that when once you know her she is a very different person to what she appears to a stranger."

"I can easily fathom her prejudice against me, Mr. Bell," replied Helen, rather sadly; "and after all, she is not, perhaps, much to blame. But it is hard that she should hate so innocent a person as myself. Heaven knows it affords me little pleasure to be mistress of those broad acres of which she was

once the possessor. I trust that you do not hate me also for this; because though I am rich, believe me, I am also very miserable."

There was a profound melancholy in her accents, and she turned upon Arthur her large lustrous eyes, which seemed, for an instant, to have lost all their sternness of expression, and to speak only of the humility of grief.

"She does not—we do not hate you, Miss Saville," cried Arthur, earnestly; "these absurd prejudices will pass away, and my aunt will be, must be your friend."

"Thanks for the assurance," said Helen, extending her hand to Arthur—for the latter had tied the boats together. "Thanks for that kind and friendly speech. I will endeavour to show your aunt that some nobleness may lurk in the veins of even a merchant's daughter."

Arthur took the proffered hand, and as he held it in his for an instant, he thought that he could feel a slight pressure, which sent the blood tingling through his veins. It might have been only fancy, but as he looked up he met a pair of large dark eyes bent upon him with so strange and meaning an expression, that he drew back his hand involuntarily, and turned his glance another way. Helen saw, and interpreted the movement.

"Let us change the discourse," she cried, in a more animated tone; "we have had quite a family discussion. Is not this cave very fine, Mr. Bell?"

"A grand temple, indeed," answered Arthur, solemnly. "It is impossible for any man to enter here and not be penetrated with a sublime, a holy fervour. I cannot wonder now that the ancient Brahmins should have chosen to hew their temples out of the solid rock. The cavern-temples at Elora, would, in my eyes, be far more sublime than all the decorated grandeur of St. Peter's."

"My own feelings completely!" replied Helen. "I feel, when wandering among those huge arches of rock, as if I were face to face with the Great Spirit, and could in a measure comprehend him. I wonder," she added, after a short pause, "that the peasantry have not, with their accustomed fertility of imagination, invested this cave with some wild legend. I never beheld a place more suited for the footsteps of Tradition."

"Methinks it would not be difficult to weave some wondrous tale around this solemn place," said Arthur. "Everything about us is food for inspiration. The whole scene—rock, water, and twilight—is poetry imbued with shape."

"I used once to improvise a little, Mr. Bell; shall I try now and frame some wild story to suit the spot?"

"By all means; and perhaps you may have a larger audience than you dream of. The ocean spirits that haunt the place will come and hide themselves behind those green draperies of sea-weed, and listen to your tale."

Helen's eyes flashed with a sudden fire, as she seated herself in the prow of the boat, and turning to Arthur, commenced—

#### A LEGEND OF BARLAGH CAVE.

Some hundred years ago there lived upon the shores of this lake a young maiden named Aileen. She was beautiful, and of noble and generous disposition. Nigh to her father's home resided a youth called Connor, handsome as Apollo, and brave as Achilles. Aileen loved this youth, but was not loved in return; his affections were cast upon another maiden, worthy of love certainly, but not possessing one-half the charms of Aileen. The latter pined on in secret grief. Each day that she saw Connor go down to his boat and sail out to sea, a tide of blood would rush from her heart, and leave her almost fainting with excess of passion. She watched him when he sought the hills with his gun upon his shoulder, and her eyes traced him up the steep mountain paths with a sick yet loving gaze. But, oh! what untold agony that maiden suffered when, in the glorious summer evenings, as the sun was sinking in a golden sea, and the grey twilight was creeping like a fox from the hills, she beheld Connor and his betrothed wandering along the fragrant beach, with twining arms and touching cheeks. Then the gorgeous clouds that floated in the western sky, those airy unsubstantial shapes of splendour, seemed to her distempered fancy to change into faces that stared at her with fierce mockery, while the azure heavens glowered upon her with myriads of sneering eyes. The low wind, as it wandered along the beach, sounded in her ear like derisive laughter. The very sea-birds that whirled above the calm surface of the lake, seemed to shriek wildly to her tales of anguish and despair. As time wore on, so much the deeper did her vain love eat into her soul and inflame her brain. Connor knew not this. He knew not that the hollow eyes and pale cheek which now never deserted Aileen, were all the fruits of love for him. When he met her, he was kind and gentle to the suffering girl—never dreaming that each soft word he uttered planted a fresh arrow in her torn bosom. Nay, once even he saved her from an imminent danger, and bore her in his arms to her father's cottage, when, if he had but known the despair that racked her heart, he would have left her to perish rather than restore her to a life which was nothing but one long calendar of anguish. At last, the passion that burned within her became too great to be concealed. She determined to make known to Connor her devouring secret. Before doing so, however, she thought she would consult the Spirit of the Hill, who dwelt in a vast breezy cave, on the summit of Cunnah Comma, and endeavoured to discover from him some means of winning Connor to her side. One starry night, when the summer dews were falling like a gentle rain, and nought living was on foot save the fox and the wild cat, Aileen left her restless bed, and stealing softly from the house, took the wild and rugged path that led to the summit of the mountain. As she trod that broken and uncertain footway, strange fancies haunted her. The tall dark pines that fringed the narrow path seemed instinct with a sombre life, and nodded and whispered to each other gloomily. Indistinct and shadowy shapes rushed wildly through the thick brushwood, and chuckling laughter echoed through the trees. There was not an old grey stone that raised itself from out the coppice, which

did not take the form and aspect of some terrible and unearthly thing. Aileen walked, surrounded by a mist of horrors. At length she reached the summit of the mountain, and wended her steps to the cave where dwelt the Spirit of the Hill. Large grey clouds continually veiled the entrance of this solemn place, and within, the plaintive winds chanted all night and day their mountain hymns. Aileen stood upon the rocky threshold, and with a bold and fearless voice, called upon the Spirit. A long, hollow moan, that sounded like the voice of some vanished year, replied to her summons.

"Spirit of the Hill!" she cried, "I summon thee to answer me. How shall I attain either happiness or death? Tell me, thou unseen being, how to win Connor or to die!"

A moment's pause, and then the answer came from the depths of the cave in tones like those of the tempest in a forest.

"Seek the cave of Barlagh to-morrow eve," said the hollow voice of the Spirit, "and there wilt thou find rest."

"Thanks, thanks!" cried Aileen, as the murmurs died away along the hill. "To-morrow, then, I shall perhaps rest in Connor's arms."

She trod the downward path that night with a lighter step than she had known for months; and, happy in the belief that Heaven had at last taken pity on her hopeless love, she sought her bed, and sank lightly into

The evening sun was sinking into an amber sea, when Aileen, sought this cave of Barlagh. As she urged her little boat through the sea with a steady hand, her heart beat wildly in her bosom, and delightful visions of bliss and love floated between her and the gorgeous sky. That destiny would lead Connor to the cave, and that there, through the intervention of the Spirit of the Hill, he would reward her attachment by a return

passion, Aileen felt quite assured. No shadow of misfortune clouded her soul. No forbidding angel stood between her and the paradise of her imagination. The foaming waves of the rapids soon brought her little skiff abreast of the cavern's mouth, and sweeping round the rocky corner, she was about to enter, when a blue pigeon flew wildly out and almost skimmed her face. She started, and had scarcely time to utter an ejaculation of surprise, when a loud report rang through the echoing chambers of the cavern,

she fell back in the stern-sheets, with her life-blood welling from her bosom. Another second, and a boat shot out rapidly from the dusky cave, and Connor, who stood in the prow with his gun still smoking in his hand, beheld with horror the form of the bleeding girl. He jumped wildly into her boat, and lifting her in his arms, tried in vain to arrest the flight of her ebbing soul. Then there, with that solemn cave-temple rising grandly above her head, and none to look upon her agony save Him and the golden sun—there, in that hour of mortal trial, with the last energies of life quivering and flickering upon her lips, did Aileen pour into Connor's ear the history of her despairing love. She told him of her long days of misery and sorrow, of her sleepless nights, of her sick and wretched soul. She told him how deep, how ungovernable, was her love for him, and how she strove in vain to conquer it, but could not. She related how she had sought the Spirit of the Hill, and what reply he had given.

"He was right!" she said faintly, for her voice was growing weaker each moment, and the shades of death were creeping across her pale face. "The Spirit was right. I am dying in your arms, Connor; and is not that finding rest?"

Sadly and sorrowfully did Connor hang over the dying girl. Pained by her sad history, wrung with despair at having been the innocent cause of her death, nought but the remembrance that he had some one to live for prevented him from terminating his existence with his own hand. But he knew that there were longing eyes and anxious hearts which awaited his return, and he refrained. Aileen was now speechless, and the coldness of death was chilling her frame. Yet still her dying-eyes sought his, and her white lips moved and told him, though he heard no sound, that her heart was uttering a fond farewell. This lasted but a few moments. When the last sunbeam had ceased to cast its golden shadow on the heavens and the ocean, her spirit fled.

"A sad tale," said Arthur, as Helen ceased, "a sad tale, but eloquently told. You improvise well, Miss Saville."

"It requires but little talent to speak, when the heart feels what the lips utter," replied Helen, with a strange and meaning emphasis.

Arthur looked at her involuntarily. A change seemed to have come over her countenance. The usually stern expression of her features had fled, and a deep and inward fire shot from her large, dark eyes, and crimsoned her pale cheek.

"You think my speech singular one," she continued, hurriedly, as if anxious to bring forth something that was struggling within her, and yet half-unwilling, half-afraid to risk its utterance; "but change the characters of the tale, and some of the incidents, and I have told my own story."

"Miss Saville," stammered Arthur, colouring, "I do not—that is, I have no wish to penetrate into your confidence, I assure you."

"No one has a stronger claim upon my confidence than you have," interrupted Helen, in tones that grew more excited every instant. "To you I will unfold a secret that none but you must hear. View what I am about to utter in whatever light you please, you shall listen."

A chill came over Arthur's frame; he guessed what was coming, and feared it.

Helen bent her eyes upon him with a fixed gaze that almost penetrated his soul. After a short pause, she spoke:—

Arthur Bell, I see by your countenance that you guess what I am about to say. You are, perhaps, astonished at my boldness; if so, I cannot help it. If you know aught of woman's heart, you must be aware that there are moments when she might as well strive to bridle the waters of the winter torrent, as check the utterance of the passion that riots in her bosom. I am under

such an influence now. We met by accident, Arthur. Perhaps it had been better that we had never met; but it was so, and now regret is vain. We met under peculiar circumstances: you saved my life, and this invested that meeting with a hue of romance, which branded its memory more deeply on my heart. We were both young, and you were handsome and attractive. My life, since childhood, had been solitary; spent, for the most part, in wandering over those hills with no other companions than my thoughts. Was it strange, then, that when you crossed my path, I should feel towards you as I never felt to human being before? that in short, I should love with my whole strength, with my whole soul?"

"My God!" cried Arthur, bitterly, burying his face in his hands, "this is indeed a great misery!"

"It is not!" Helen exclaimed, with a passionate eagerness, "it should not, need not be a misery. I am young, rich—they tell me I am beautiful. Arthur, you need not blush to own me as your bride!"

She leaned over, and laid her burning head upon his brow. The touch, light as it was, aroused him from his apparent apathy, and, with a sudden motion, he flung her arm from him, as if it were some unwelcome thing.

"Woman," he cried, with intense scorn, flashing from his eyes, "there is no crime greater than that of one who strives to tear down the altar of sacred love, and set up an impure idol in its place. You tempt me in vain. I do not covet your wealth; your fair face charms me not, for the wicked have no beauty."

"Do you scorn my love, then," she said; "take care what you are about, think of what you are doing, Arthur Bell. The fate of those you love lies in your hands, do not cast their happiness to the winds."

"I know not what you mean, Miss Saville," replied Arthur, haughtily. "My conduct in such a matter as this can have no influence over the destinies of those I am interested in. They are above being affected by such trifles."

"Let us not speak thus, Arthur," cried Helen in an altered tone, while tears glittered upon her cheeks; "do not repulse the warm and true love which I offer you. It is a bitter pang for me to have thus, as it were, forsaken my sex, and entreat you to love; do not heighten that agony by telling me that I have degraded myself in vain."

"Miss Saville," replied, Arthur in a grave tone; "it were, perhaps, an insult if I said that I pitied you, yet I cannot help saying it—I do pity you. I feel for you because the painful position in which you have placed yourself, admits of no alleviation on my part; the only one I could offer you, that is my heart, is irrevocably another's."

He ceased to speak, and looked sadly upon the beautiful but misguided creature before him. She had seated herself in the stern of the boat, and was looking fixedly into the dark water before her, apparently heedless of his words. Suddenly, she rose, and casting upon him a glance of intense feeling, addressed him in accents which, by a great effort, she endeavoured to render calm and steady.

"You have repulsed and scorned me," she said. "the love which I offered you you fling away as the tree casts off a withered leaf. You have witnessed my degradation, but you shall feel my vengeance. Before many days pass over, she for whom I am rejected shall be without a home."

As she ceased she suddenly took up the light oars, and giving a few energetic strokes, shot rapidly out of the cavern. Arthur gazed after her astounded. The nature of the vengeance to which she alluded was, as yet, a mystery to him, and he turned his boat homewards with a heavy premonition of evil weighing upon his heart.

(Continued in No. 6.)

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 37.)

A RATTAPAP at the door put an end to Fenning's soliloquy. In an instant the dark cloud passed from his brow, and his countenance was calm and untroubled as the sea on a summer eve.

"Come in," said he, in a voice which afforded a striking contrast to the deep, stern tones that had fallen from his lips.

Obedient to his invitation, the door opened, and Duval stood before him.

"Good evening, my boy," he ejaculated merrily, as he entered the room.

"Ah, good evening, Duval! good evening. You are just punctual to the hour."

"I believe so. The fact is, I am learning a lesson from your model character, and am determined to imitate it in future."

"Ha, ha! you are inclined to flatter me. But be seated."

"Oh, certainly; I never wait for ceremony;" and Duval drew a chair to the side of his companion, and threw himself into it.

"A pleasant day this has been," he remarked, carelessly.

"Yes; decidedly so."

"And I have enjoyed it, too."

"So I should think, for you seem remarkably happy this evening."

"Happy! why certainly, my dear fellow, I am always happy. The fact is, I enjoy life."

"I am inclined to believe you, there," replied his companion; but if Duval could have marked a bitter look that passed over his countenance at the time, it would have given him an uncomfortable feeling. But he did not perceive it, and he went on.

"Why, certainly, my boy; what is the use in being miserable when we have all we could desire to render us comfortable?"

"Sure enough!"

"Isn't that sound doctrine?"

"Very likely; but mankind do not usually receive it."

"No; and if they did, they would not live up to it. I am different."

"Undoubtedly."

"And the grand distinction lies in this fact: I am a philosopher."

"I believe that."

"But they are not. If I have any object to accomplish, I proceed directly to it; but they go round a long journey to do it. They labour a life-time to accomplish what I should do in a week."

"Often they do."

"And then, you know, they waste time in lamenting imaginary ills, while I am overcoming real ones if there are any in my way. If I have an end to attain I jump straight at the result, and am not troubled with silly scruples."

"Yes. You remind me of the characters in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, who were so anxious to reach the road that they climbed over the wall instead of entering at the gate."

"Ha, ha! not bad, I must confess."

"But I suppose you know how they came out at last, eh?"

"Oh, stop, Ned; stop where you are. I am ready to surrender at discretion. You are altogether too witty for me to cope with."

"Really, you are inclined to flatter me."

"Oh, not at all, not at all."

"Duval, I am almost tempted to envy you, you seem to live so easy."

"Well, my condition is not as bad as it might be, certainly."

"No, I think not. You are taking your good things in this life with a vengeance."

"Ha, ha! I believe you are not far from the truth. But the fact is, I am always comfortable if my prospects are dark; and now that my heartiest wishes are accomplished, and my darling plans are being consummated, I am in the best of humours."

"I congratulate you on your success. Where have you been to-day?"

"Where you would not have guessed, from my jollity, that I had."

"And where, pray!"

"At a funeral."

"You are jesting."

"By no means."

"Then at whose?"

"Morton's."

"Morton's?"

"Certainly; did you not know it was to-day?"

"I did. But I did not suppose you would be there."

"And why not?"

"Did you not seek his life?"

"Nay, Fenning, do not speak of it in such terms. He was in my path, and I sought to remove him out of the way."

"I appreciate the difference. But do you not think this is carrying matters too far?" said the villain's companion, casting a piercing glance at his countenance.

"Yes—that is, I must confess it is rather unpleasant business."

"And hazardous, too, sometimes," added Fenning, in a deep tone.

Duval started. He cast a look at the countenance of his wary rival; but it was calm and passionless as the evening sky.

"True," he replied; "but then it is necessary, you know."

"How?"

"In this case, for instance. Was not the knowledge Morton possessed placing me in danger?"

"If he revealed it."

"And he might have done so at any time."

"But think you he would?"

"I wished to prevent all possibility of it."

"And you would, if your plan had succeeded."

"Yes; but fate did the business for me."

"It was rather singular."

"However, I was not sorry. In fact, I had rather he perished as he has, than that he had fallen by my instrumentality. But, as you say, it was singular, that just at the moment he seemed to have escaped, destiny interfered, and all his plans were frustrated."

"That was mysterious, indeed," replied Duval's confidant, with a look that expressed more than, with all his knowledge of the world, he could understand.

"But," added he, a moment after, "while Morton lived I could never have been at peace."

"But he is gone now."

"Yes; and so is another."

"Of whom do you speak?"

"The stranger he was accused of murdering."

"Ah, yes! I had almost forgotten him. So you are free from two dangerous persons."

"Thus perish all my enemies."

"And still this seems rather like a hazardous proceeding. Most men would risk the chance before they took such a course."

"I like to be on the side of security. Live men may not tell tales, you know, but dead ones cannot."

"You make practical philosophy of this."

"Certainly; what is theory without practice? Now, you perceive these voices are hushed for ever. They will never trouble me more."

"No; that is, unless they come up from the grave to visit you at some future time." These words were uttered in a peculiar manner, and the speaker cast another glance of his piercing eye at the dark-hearted man beside him.

"Come, come, Ned," said Duval, with a slight shudder; "I am not superstitious, you know, and of course I reject all such nonsense; but I must own that your suggestions make me feel vastly uncomfortable. Do change your tone; you hardly seem like yourself to-day."

"At all events, I have no difficulty in recognising myself."

"No, I presume not. But come, take a stroll with me."

"Not to-night, I thank you. I have a particular engagement. Any other time."

"Very well, then. Let it be to-morrow evening. My hopes are becoming realized so fast, that I am easy to please."

"So I perceive. To-morrow night, then."

"Yes; at eight o'clock. I will be punctual."

"And I will be in readiness."

"Well, keep cool; and may you be as successful as I have been. And now, good evening."

"Good evening, Duval," and that worthy left the room.

"Ah, villain!" muttered Fenning, the moment he was gone, "if I am as successful as you imagine you have been, your doom is sealed. But I had almost suffered the warmth of my feelings to expose me before you to-night. In future, I will be more careful. The game progresses; who shall win?"

## CHAPTER XI.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"

The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love, to eyes that spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell.  
—BYRON.

IN a pleasant village, about fifty miles from the city, a large assembly was gathered. It was a proud, aristocratic looking residence, and friends from far and near had assembled to the fête given by a rich, haughty man, who had retired from the city to spend his days in that quiet village. And on this evening, beauty and fashion had congregated there; the spacious halls were crowded to their utmost capacity, and as rich strains of music fell upon the ear, and fair forms flitted by in the mazy dance, many would have been ready to envy those who had fallen down to worship the idol of gold, and, in return, had received liberally of the gifts of mammon.

While the hilarity was at its highest point, and the wild excitement caused the blood to dance merrily through young hearts, the cheek to flush, and the eye to sparkle, two new spectators entered. Their names were announced as Mr. Raymond and Mr. Wallace; and many flocked around the former, who, it seemed, was generally known among the guests. He merely passed a few words with them, presented his companion, and, in a few moments, the two sought a retired spot, where they could observe all that was going on, without taking part in the festivities. Here we have opportunity—let us scrutinize them more closely.

The one introduced as Raymond, is a well-formed, young-looking man, with light brown hair and blue eyes. His features are regular, and well-formed; in short, he is a good-looking man. But wait, there is an expression we do not like; as we observe him closely, and mark the lines of his countenance more narrowly, we notice a loose air and look, and must come to the conclusion that he is a man who is governed by no strong principle within, and who would not be put to any great inconvenience by taking a course diametrically opposite to the promptings of his conscience, always allowing that he was possessed of that oft-mentioned but seldom found companion of humanity. But it is evident that in the world, where men look only at the surface, he would pass as a general favourite; and from his costly apparel and the suavity of his manner, we deduce that he has been accustomed to associate in high—we mean fashionable society.

And his companion—turn we to him. What a contrast between them in feature. How his dark, curling locks contrast with the light brown ringlets of the first, and his piercing eye renders more light the blue orbs beside him. And then that moustache—but surely we have seen that before: who can the stranger be? As he turns his head and a smile flits over his countenance, suddenly we remember it is Duval. But then he is introduced as Mr. Wallace: how can that be? Perchance his real name has become so far dishonoured that he chooses to adopt a fictitious one, even here among strangers. Then why is he here? Can he not find enough to attract his attention among the wealthy and proud of his own city, without roaming to this quiet village? Let us listen to the conversation, that it may enlighten us.

"Well, Duval," said the one introduced as Raymond, "do you now regret that I brought you here?"

"Do not call me Duval—remember my *alias*," replied he, in a low tone.

"O, yes, I shall be sure to remember it among the crowd, I assure you. But here, you know, it makes no difference."

"It may; there are so many present, that some of the company are liable to be in hearing at any time, even if they do not observe us in this quiet retreat."

"There may be some danger of that, so let us talk lower."

"Indeed, I am thankful we came; I had no idea of meeting such a large assembly here."

"Is it not rich?"

"Magnificent! I had no idea of finding such a palace. Why, I have seen few residences at home that equal it."

"I presume not. And if you could walk out in the day-time, and view the prospect; the garden, the lake, over the brow of the hill, there—all of which are fit for a prince—you would indeed think you had beheld few situations that could equal it."

"Look out at this window. What a garden! and then what a glorious prospect! But how the deuce did the old boy who owns it—Gordon, I think you called him—happen to find this spot?"

"Yes, his name is Gordon. He is an eccentric old nabob, and some time when he was travelling, he stumbled on this place. He was instantly taken with it, for it was strikingly beautiful and romantic then, though not to be compared with its present situation. He determined to purchase it at any price, rather than not become its possessor, and he did so. Since then he has lavished time and money most profusely, in making it what it is."

"And he spends all his time here?"

"Yes; that is, he visits the city occasionally; but he will never take up his residence there again."

"I should think not. A man who owns such a paradise as this, ought to keep out of society and enjoy it."

"So he seems to think. At all events, he does remain here and enjoy it."

"But he must be wealthy."

"Wealthy! why, my friend, he has property enough to purchase a dozen such residences—that is, if they were to be found; which, by the way, I very much doubt."

"He ought to be a happy man. If I were the possessor of such a residence as this, I would never leave it for the city—not I. But I would seek out some fair companion, and spend my life here with her."

"Really, you would become an exemplary man, at once, wouldn't you? I think, then, it is a sad pity that you have not done so before now, and I should advise you to do so as soon as possible, for I think it will take you the remainder of your life to repent of your past sins."

"Ha! ha! Then how long do you think it would take you to perform the same work?"

"I give it up. But, joking aside, you would not be obliged to go far to find such a companion as you spoke of."

"How?"

"Do you see that form just beside yonder pillar?"

"Where?"

"Come a little further this way, and you can see. There, surrounded by so many spruce young gentlemen."

"Ah! yes; I see now. What a creature!"

"You may well think so."

"What a glorious form! Raymond, I have looked on beauty in almost every clime; I have associated with the fair, till I was wearied with satiety, but my eyes never rested on a being so fair as that. But who is she?"

"You would never guess."

"Then do not keep me in suspense."

"Well, if you are so anxious to be informed, know that the fair creature, as you call her, is no other than Ellen Gordon."

"What! the daughter of the old fellow who owns this mansion?"

"Yes; and moreover, she is his only child." [See Engraving, p. 40, No. 3.]

"I do not wonder that this residence seems so beautiful, with such a being here. She ought to make the veriest cot on earth a paradise."

"You are in raptures; but I do not wonder at it. Many have been so before you; and some have even had the temerity to sue for her hand."

"And were they all unsuccessful?"

"Every man of them."

"She is an heiress?"

"Certainly; when the old gentleman drops off, as you know he must some time, she will come into possession of all his property?"

"And you are a personal acquaintance?"

"O, yes; I have been on familiar terms with the family almost since my recollection. When Gordon lived in the city, his residence was only a few doors from my father's."

"You have maintained the acquaintance ever since?"

"Yes; and so I flatter myself that I am pretty well posted up in regard to the character of Miss Ellen. The truth is, she cares not a fig for those who have sought to win her. They have endeavoured to flatter her so much, that she despises them all for a set of fools, as they are. She really has more sense than I should have supposed a person in her circumstances could have; been blessed with. But she has a high, haughty spirit, though I know her to be warm-hearted and affectionate."

"Raymond."

"Your servant."

"Present me to her."

"You?"

"Certainly, man; why do you look so struck with wonder?"

"I am trying to imagine what new project you have conceived so suddenly."

"What do you fancy it is?"

"That is what puzzles me. I cannot imagine, unless you think of attempting to win her; and that, of course, you would not, after so many have proved unsuccessful."

"Of course not," was the reply; while a significant smile illumined the face of the speaker.

"I really believe you contemplate attempting it. Well, I must say that your epontery is most surprisingly large. However, I will introduce you with the greatest pleasure, and may much success attend you."

"You sneer now; but let me ask, if you ever knew me to abandon a project after my mind was once formed?"





"The new comer leisurely laid his hat upon the table, and threw back the garment which enveloped him. Mr. Gordon saw in a moment that the man was none other than the one who had paid him such a troublesome visit on the evening previous to his daughter's wedding."—See Chap. xv.

"I never did."

"Then, think you I shall do so in this case?"

"Because you have kicked men of straw out of your path, it does not necessarily follow that you will be able to demolish a marble statue. But, come, I am all impatient to witness this new farce."

So the two friends, of whose characters the reader may form something of an idea from the conversation we have just recorded, wended their way through the gay assembly, arm in arm, to the spot where the daughter of wealth, in whose honour the magnificent *fête* had been given, stood, surrounded by a circle of friends. Raymond presented his companion as Mr. Wallace, an old acquaintance of his; and that gentleman, with all the self-possession imaginable, commenced the task of making himself agreeable to the fair being who now occupied his thoughts. The impression he made was evidently favourable, for the most bewitching smiles rewarded his efforts; and when he had monopolised her attention as long as he thought propriety would allow, and turned to another part of the room, the dark, lustrous eyes of the heiress still followed him. Ah, Ellen Gordon, have a care, or your heart will be taken prisoner ere you are conscious of it!

## CHAPTER XII.

"Oh! a heart so rich in holy  
Love, and sweet devotion; lowly  
As a little child; that met  
My spirit's eyes; could I forget  
Its gentle charms?"—Miss M. A. DENNISON.

A FEW months had elapsed since the scenes last related. It was evening. The business and turmoil of the day was over; the hurried tramping of feet, the confused hum of voices had ceased, and the Queen of Night was casting her silver rays on the comparatively quiet streets of the city. A brilliantly illuminated mansion is before us; let us enter. A select, but not large company of friends is gathered here. It cannot be a mournful event which has congregated them, for their faces are radiant with smiles; and they are chatting as merrily as school-girls after vacation.

And who is that portly, corpulent old gentleman, quietly sitting in his velvet stuffed arm-chair, with round, plump, merry-looking cheeks, and a countenance which, notwithstanding the extra quantity of unsullied linen, that might produce fatal consequences, by severing his ears, if he turned his head too suddenly, is the very personification of peace and content. Surely we cannot fail to recognise the countenance: it must be that of our old friend, Mr. Montrose. He looks as hale and hearty as ever, and from some cause unknown to us, he is evidently much pleased this evening.

An elderly matron is by his side, and the manner in which her tongue

runs, as she converses, one question following another with unheard of rapidity, would be a caution to any young lady; though we wish to have it distinctly understood that we do not intend to intimate any idea derogatory to the volubility of that interesting class.

Mr. Montrose, however, bore the inflictions of the old lady like a martyr, and by considerable effort succeeded in answering about one in every seven of her interrogatories. At the same time he was very busily engaged in watching the acts, and listening to the merry laugh of a group of fun-loving, mischievous-looking girls, who were standing in another corner of the room.

But suddenly all the noise is hushed: the door opens, and an elderly gentleman, clad in sable garments, and with hair as white as the driven snow, enters. He is warmly greeted by Mr. Montrose, and after going through the ceremony of shaking hands with every person present, he then seats himself beside that gentleman, and is soon engaged in a friendly conversation with him.

Now that we have had time to scrutinise the new comer more closely, we conclude that he must be a clergyman. Yes, there is no doubt in regard to that; but what can he be here, for it is very evident that he is an expected guest. While we are perplexing ourselves with the question, an end is suddenly put to our cogitations by another interruption.

The door opens again, and we hear a rustle of silks and the sound of steps. Another moment and we behold two of our characters, whom we have lost sight of for some time. That erect, manly form can belong to no other than Whitman, and the fair being by his side must be Lillian Montrose, the young lady introduced in our first chapter. Ah, now we comprehend the cause of our old friend's complacency—there is to be a wedding! Now they are standing—their hands are united—the simple but impressive ceremony is going on; the tones of the clergyman's voice first greets the ear, in those words of holy writ, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder;"—then they ascend to seek the blessing of Him who directs all events—and the tie is finished that is to connect two hearts firmly, inseparably, in life's journey. [See Engraving, p. 56.] Then all present salute the bride; the playful girls, who have restrained their merriment while the ceremony has been going on, now resume their fun, and their laughter is again heard.

The clergyman congratulates the happy father on the addition to his family, and trusts that the new relation may prove a happy one. Mr. Montrose thanks him for his kind wishes, hopes that Heaven may bless his dear boy, as he calls him; and is sure, if Lillian proves affectionate as a wife, as she has been kind as a daughter, they will have no cause to regret the new relation. At the same time the happy man is obliged to cough slightly; and, despite all his efforts to conceal them, a tear or two is visible on his cheek.

The clergyman remains awhile, conversing with all the assembly; forgetting his usual reserve, and even going so far as to be guilty of a few jokes, at

which, of course, everybody is exceedingly pleased. Then he remembers that his duties are so arduous, that he cannot allow himself to remain longer; and, after bidding every one a hearty farewell, he takes his leave, not forgetting, by any means, to pocket a bank-note, which the new made bridegroom slips into his hand as he bids him adieu.

Then the solemn faces of the friends begin to relax, in some measure; the merry laugh is heard; the girls keep up their chatter, and the old lady is still determined to do her part of the conversation. So with hilarity and mirth, with music intermingled, by way of variety, the evening swiftly passes away, and every one is astonished when they learn how late it is. Then they bid each other a hearty farewell; soon they are all gone, and the young lawyer and his companion for life, accompanied by a few friends, start on their bridal tour.

Turn we now to a picture by no means so agreeable to our feelings, but which must be seen, to maintain the thread of our narrative.

In his apartment, which we have before mentioned, Fenning was quietly sitting, with a new publication in his hand. The trace of anxiety, sometimes visible in his countenance, had disappeared; and any one would readily have concluded, from its expression, that he experienced no anxiety in regard to the success of the fearful game he was playing.

"I wonder where Duval is," he exclaimed at last, throwing aside his paper, "I have not seen him for a long time. I have known of his leaving the city several times within the last two or three months, and being absent a few days. He has surely some new project in view, and I must ascertain what it is. I can do so easily, though from the attention he directs to it, I think it must be an important one. However, be that as it may, he shall be foiled in it. He little fancies that he, who has so often spread nets for others, stands on the brink of a precipice himself, from which a single blow would dash him. However, let me be patient; I must wait till the proper time before I take any powerful measures, and then my revenge will be complete. Meanwhile, let me ascertain what new aim is attracting him"—just at this point the soliloquy was interrupted by the sudden entrance of its subject in *propria persona*.

"Ah! good evening, Duval," said Fenning, merrily; "you are quite a stranger of late. Pray be seated."

"O, certainly; by all means. As you say, I have been somewhat of a stranger. How have you prospered, this long time?"

"As well as usual; though I have been wondering what had become of you."

"I have been busy, I assure you."

"So I supposed."

"And on rather important business, too."

"It should have been, to demand your attention so long."

"There you are right; but it is not yet completed."

"Really, it occupies considerable time."

"Yes; but I can afford time for the consummation of such an object."

"Then pray, sir knight, sit down and recount your adventures to me."

"Just what I was coming at. My dear fellow, congratulate me; I am the most fortunate man in the world."

"O, I do congratulate with all pleasure, I assure you."

"The fact is, Dame Fortune is smiling upon me in the kindest manner."

"You were always a favourite with that respectable old lady."

"But never so much as at present. I am about to take a step that I hardly ever have dreamed of before."

"Do enlighten me."

"I will: I am about to be married."

"Married?"

"Why, certainly, man; how surprised you look."

"Then all I can say is, I look very much as I feel."

"Is there anything so singular in a man's getting married?"

"Not in most people's; but there is in your case. And when is the happy event to take place?"

"In just one week."

"So soon? and is your bride elect worthy of you?"

"Certainly."

"Is she intelligent?"

"Decidedly so."

"Spirited?"

"You would think she was."

"Accomplished?"

"Perfectly."

"Amiable?"

"A perfect model, if treated aright."

"Young?"

"Only eighteen."

"Beautiful?"

"Yes; superbly, gloriously beautiful."

"And wealthy?"

"In anticipation of a small fortune."

"How small?"

"Why, something like a matter of a hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"You jest."

"I was never more serious."

"Where did you find her?"

"In a village about half a hundred miles from this."

"And what village? Excuse my curiosity."

"Certainly. She resides in L——."

"But how did you find her?"

"Raymond introduced me."

"And are you sure of her?"

"O, yes; as I told you, the time is fixed."

"And have you her father's consent?"

"By all means; you cannot imagine how I walked into the old affections."

"Then you are indeed fortunate."

"So I think. She had refused several offers before I saw her."

"Then how did you chance to be successful?"

"I studied her character thoroughly, before I made any advances."

"And studied it pretty deeply, too, if I may judge from your success."

"Well, I believe I did. Now you can see why I have been so busy for the last few weeks. By the way, is her name Duval?"

"Who then?"

"I am Mr. Wallace. You understand, I thought it expedient to have a *nom de plume*."

"Well thought of."

"So I believe. But come, let us take a walk this evening."

Fenning assented, and the two strolled away.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Retire, or taste thy folly!"—MILTON.

"CAN you direct me to the residence of Mr. Gordon, sir?"

The person who made this inquiry was a tall, well-formed man, who was so completely enveloped in the folds of a black cloak, that it was impossible for the villager he addressed to form any conjecture in regard to his character or business. However, after regarding the inquirer with considerable curiosity for a while, he replied: "Take the second street on the left, and it will lead you directly there."

"Thank you, sir," and in a moment the stranger was hurrying on his way.

It was a dark, dreary evening; not a star was to be seen, and threatening masses of clouds obscured the heavens above. But the stranger strode onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left, for he had evidently a purpose to accomplish, and so he heeded not the gathering of the clouds, or the moaning of the wind. The clock of the village church rang out in clear tones upon the air, as it tolled the hour of ten; and at that moment the stranger ascended the marble steps of a gorgeous mansion that stood at the head of the street to which he had been directed. He cast a single glance at the door plate, and, by the light of a neighbouring lamp, he was enabled to read, in bold letters, the name—Gordon. This seemed satisfactory, for he gave the bell a sudden ring. He waited impatiently a moment, but it was not answered, and he seized it again, causing it to ring so loud that he could hear it distinctly. In a moment he heard footsteps; the door opened, and a man stood before him, apparently regarding with curiosity the individual who had given him such a peremptory summons.

"Does Mr. Gordon reside here?" inquired the strange visitor.

"He does, sir."

"Is he in?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wish to see him."

"He is engaged, sir."

"That makes no difference; my business is too urgent to be delayed."

"He cannot see you this evening."

"Tell him a person who has important business with him, is waiting."

"I am sure he will not see you to-night, sir."

"Deliver your message," said the stranger, imperiously.

"It will be useless; but I will do so. What name did you say, sir?"

"I gave you no name, sir. Be as brief as possible."

The attendant turned away, and left the persevering visitor on the steps. Some moments elapsed ere he returned, during which considerable impatience was manifested by the *outsider*. At length the servant returned.

"Just as I expected, sir; he will not see you this evening."

"What message did he send?"

"That if your business was of importance, you might call on the morrow; but that he was not in the habit of seeing visitors at such an hour as this."

"Never mind that; I must see him."

"He will receive you to-morrow, then."

"But I must see him to-night."

"I have twice said that you cannot, sir."

"Nonsense, man. I tell you I must and will see him before I sleep."

Then, sir, if you will not be refused, come in. But remember that you are answerable to my master for this, and not to me."

"O, yes; I understand. Meanwhile, be as expeditious as possible."

Accordingly the servant ushered the man, who would not be refused, into the presence of his master.

(Continued in No. 6.)

**CHEAP HYDROGENOUS LIGHT.**—We some time ago noticed a French invention whereby an abundance of hydrogen gas, nearly pure, was said to be got by decomposing steam in retorts charged with wood charcoal intensely heated, and made fit for illumination, after the absorption of its carbonic acid in lime, by merely passing it through platinum wire gauze over the ordinary argand burner, the platinum being scarcely, if at all, oxidizable, and therefore said to be subject to little or no waste, though used for some years. It is said that the patent for this invention is in successful operation in Paris, and that gas is thus produced at 1-16th the average cost of coal gas. Any ordinary gas work, it is said, may be easily made to produce in the platinum cages of coarse being applied to every burner. The purity and the heat thus attainable would render such an invention, if otherwise of practical importance, useful for other purposes besides mere illumination. It is said to be in use by silverplate-workers at Paris.—*Builder*.

## THE HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO.



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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## INVECTIVE.

WHEN John Wesley was labouring among the people, the changes that he effected, even when beneficial, were not always palatable. There is a story told of some country people who were so excessively shocked at the proceedings of his followers, that they arrested a whole batch of them, and brought them before a magistrate. The worthy justice, on inquiring into the nature of the offence committed by them, was told that they set themselves up as being better than other people, and were doing nothing but praying from morning until night. "This did not seem exactly a charge requiring punishment, so the magistrate inquired further if there was nothing else against them. "Yes, sir," said a jolly white-headed old man, "an't please your worship, they have courted my wife; before she went among them she had such a tongue! but now, your honour, she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back," said the magistrate, "let them go and convert all the scolds in the parish."

Does any one sympathise with the complaint of this white-headed old man, and look upon the absence of the accustomed oburgatory style of conversation as a loss to be deplored? We know not. But to judge from the very prodigality of offensive terms and expressions with which our language is enriched, and the fluent use of them—the more fluent as we descend in the scale of intelligence—there seems to be an inherent love of strong terms and coarse expressions in our nature, which it requires a most strongly disciplined mind to resist. Exaggeration and protestation, big, bounding adjectives, and thundering denunciations, seem to flow from the bulk of the world upon all occasions, with almost the same unconsciousness as from the inimitable Mr. Chucks, in Captain Marryat's *Peter Simple*, who usually addressed his victims in this style:—"Sir, I would beg to observe, in the most delicate and gentlemanly style possible, that you are a d—d, infernal, lubberly, blackguardly son of a sea-cook," and a whack from his—accompanied every loud-sounding epithet. Lord Campbell also tells a story of a legal friend of his, who had a most ludicrous conception of the power of hard words; for, being enraged that his client should persist in refusing to settle his cause by arbitration, burst out upon him in open court, with this stunning remark:—"You d—d infernal scoundrel, if you don't settle this matter as his honour proposes, and as I and my learned brother wish, I shall be compelled to use strong language to you."

It is rather a curious speculation to inquire whence arises the gratification which almost all men derive from applying these hard terms to other people, or in hearing them applied by others. From the benches of the ale-house to the benches of the House of Commons, the same feeling prevails; vituperation, invective, personalities, have charms for all ranks, for every grade of intellect. The colouring may be different, but the emotion raised is the same. If we witness the contest of two rustic wits, reeking with the fumes of beer and tobacco, we shall see the countenances of those around them beaming with glee as one hard word follows another, as abusive expressions multiply, and improbable lies are bandied about, as one coarse profanity is succeeded by another still coarser. Clumsy, obscure, profane, and ferocious as these attacks too often are, they seem, nevertheless, to strike an answering chord in the minds of the hearers, who depart after such an encounter filled with the notion that they have been enjoying good fun. And if we visit the Senate we shall find something similar prevailing there; the incontinent member rises to speak who is known for his sarcastic powers, for his reckless attacks on those opposed to him, for the strength of his vituperative epithets, or the withering power of his scorn; nay, even when his reckless boldness is

redeemed neither by wit nor sense, we see the listless members instantly roused into attention, the libraries and lobbies are vacated, the empty benches are filled, and cheers and laughter re-echo through the senatorial halls. Men who could not be tempted for a moment to listen to a grave argument on the welfare of the nation, sit enchained to hear vituperative invective poured forth on those who, by their intellect and wisdom, are infinitely superior both to their detractors and the applauding listeners to the detraction. It is true the invective here is not generally of the same coarse style as that of the ale-house bench; for here, most commonly, they have learned

"To rail by precept, or detract by rule;"

but similar emotions are raised, and the nature of the pleasure is the same, although it may differ in degree. What, then, is the source of this general feeling of enjoyment in invective when employed against others? There is a paragraph in the *Leviathan* of Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher of Malnesbury, which seems to afford us the clue to it. It is thus: "Sudden glory is the passion which maketh those grimaces called LAUGHTER; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own, that pleaseth them; or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. And it is incident mostly to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour, by observing the imperfections of other men. And therefore, much laughter at the defects of others is a sign of pusillanimity. For of great minds, one of the proper works is, to help and free others from scorn; and compare themselves only with the most able." It gives us a degrading view of human nature when we look at the general enjoyment of invective, to think that so large a portion of the human species should be sunk so low in their own estimation that they "are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of others." Among the coarse-minded of all classes, and in the lowest grades of society especially, the vulgar abuse of all around them is a great and crying evil, and prevails to an extent that is most fatally injurious to their progress in life, and their advance in civilisation. The continued indulgence in coarse language is certain to foster and increase coarseness of thought, and this, carried into the daily intercourse of domestic life, is the constant source of domestic feuds, bringing unhappiness to all around, ruining the temper and the disposition, and finally degrading all that come within its influence. "Soft words butter no parsnips," is one of those time-honoured sayings which, like so many others of the same class, is true only to the letter but most false in the spirit. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," is the safer and better lesson to be inculcated; and if acted upon, will be found most effectually to butter our parsnips, to give a zest to every meal, to spread the light of cheerfulness over every countenance, and ultimately to give a higher tone and feeling to our thoughts.

We have seen the philosopher attributing our pleasure at invective to feelings rather derogatory to human nature. We have seen a worthy magistrate dismissing with praise the disciples of John Wesley, and recommending them to go and convert all the scolds in the parish. Religious feeling had in this latter case superseded the duties of the magistrate. Formerly, a woman convicted of being a public scold, was liable to punishment at the hands of the legal authorities, and her punishment was of a nature to cool her ire and paralysed her tongue. She was to be placed in a certain engine of correction, called the *trebucket castigatory*, or *cucking-stool*, and when there, to be plunged into the water and well ducked. In the *History of the City of Norwich*, we find that the Guild of St. George were obliged to keep a "cuke-stool" at Eyebidge; and in the records of the Court-book are entries of its use for the punishment "of scolds," and other women who committed offences of a different kind. "Margaret Grove, a common Scold, to be carried with a Bason rung before her to the Cucke-Stool at Eyebidge, and there to be three times ducked." We do not hear that male scolds were subjected to any similar punishment, however greatly they may have deserved it. But now, in these our days, the cucking-stool has disappeared; we look to the softening effects of moral agents for controlling this pestilent plague—to a wider intelligence, a higher sense of propriety, a more extended benevolence, and not to legal punishment.

But do occasions never arise in which the language of invective is legitimate in which it may be used with propriety; in which it is almost the only mode wherein we can explain our feelings? Invective and rebuke cannot always be silent. No generous heart can witness mean actions without being roused into indignation, or behold oppression without inveighing against it. Even members of the Peace Society think it no wrong to "speak daggers," albeit "they use none." In condemnation of vice, in defence of the oppressed, the strong feelings of an energetic mind will find vent in strong language; not in vague and personal abuse, but in earnest thoughts clothed in earnest words. When insolence, "dressed in a little brief authority," takes advantage of its position to crush humble merit; or mean spirits, priding themselves on the nobility of birth, sneer at the qualifications of men arriving at eminence by their own talents, the retort to their insolence and sneers demands our admiration and not our censure. No one can help applauding the noble invective of Lord Thurlow, when taunted by the Duke of Grafton with the want of noble birth—that Duke of Grafton whose ancestor owed his existence to the fact that Charles the Second had a mistress as well as a wife. "The noble duke," said Thurlow, "cannot look before him, or behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these as to being the accident of an accident? No man venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this Right Honourable House, as Keeper of the



Great Seal, as Lord High Chancellor of England—nay, even in that alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me, as a MAN, I am at this time as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon." This magnificent specimen of personal invective, combined with noble self-assertion, must have electrified the aristocratic and supercilious assembly in which it was delivered; but while it fell with crushing force upon his puny assailant, it elevated Lord Thurlow himself into a benefactor of his race—the assertor of the rights of man. Again, when Curran was taunted with his poverty by Judge Robinson, we entirely sympathise with the spirited reply and bitter scorn of the young advocate struggling for fame and reputation. Judge Robinson was one of those men who owed his elevation to the bench more to sycophancy, to power, than to his talents, and whose chief merit with the government of the day consisted in having written numerous political pamphlets, notorious for their venomous personality, but destitute of any approach to literary merit. Before this judge, Curran, then a young man and struggling with poverty, had to argue a case. In controverting some proposition of the opposing counsel, he remarked, that he had "studied all his law-books, and could not find a single case where the principle contended for was established." "I suspect, sir," interrupted the judge, "that your law-library is rather contracted." Curran, feeling that this was an attack upon his poverty, looked the judge steadily in the face, and said—"It is true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has rather curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and, I hope, have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty; but I should be of my wealth could I stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." The bully who called forth this invective was stunned, and never more ventured to provoke the wrath of the young barrister.

The oratory of the Irish senate and the Irish bar was replete with invective; not always, indeed, in its highest form, but always delivered with the certainty that the answer to it would come in the form of a pistol bullet. We see Henry Grattan, the greatest of Ireland's orators, preparing for a debate in the Irish House of Commons by loading his pistols, and placing them in his pocket. The myrmidons of the Government assail him—their agent, a Mr. Corry. The feeble and sick man rises, his eyes flashing with scorn, and wrath, and pride, as he pours out his withering invective:—"Many honourable gentlemen thought differently from me; I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people, was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister. I have returned, not, as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm. I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country that conferred a reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a Report of a Committee of the Lords. Here I stand, ready for impeachment, or for trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the Government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter, nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country." This was bold, vehement, and appropriate to the occasion; but when Mr. J. O'Connell tried to revive the same image, and talked of dying on the floor of the House, he only succeeded in covering himself with ridicule. The sequel of this invective of Grattan's is so truly characteristic of Ireland, that we cannot refrain from giving it. The next morning, a crowd assembled on "by the Dodder bank," the green sward of the classic "Brook;" in the midst were Grattan and Corry, pistol in hand. An alarm was given that the sheriff was coming. General Craddock, Corry's second, threw the sheriff into a ditch, and kept him there. The duellists were placed: they fired. Corry was wounded; Grattan unhurt. Another shot was demanded, and the pistols were again loaded: Grattan fired in the air; Corry discharged his weapon, and fell bleeding to the earth.

We have not left ourselves room to pursue this subject further, or to give many more examples of the use of invective. They are to be found in writers of every class; among controversial writers; and in polemical controversies, in particular, they abound. The fiery spirit of Luther blazed out as prodigies of invective; popes and kings trembled at the denunciations of mingled religion and rage which he heaped upon them. The spirit-sighted countenance of Milton lit up into divine fury as he pictured to himself the indignant form of Religion assailing the degenerate priests, who made excommunication and indulgence a matter of merchandise. "As for the fogging proctorage of money with such an eye as struck Gehazi with leprosy, and Simon Magus with a curse, so does the look, and so threaten her fiery whip against that barking den of thieves, that dare thus baffle, and buy and sell, the awful and majestic wrinkles of her brow." No more personal attacks, nothing that can be construed into vulgar abuse, but a magnificent vision of insulted religion, threatening those who defile her name. We commend this mode of invective to all those modern religious controversialists who love to fret and tease, and stab, and hack their opponents with all sorts of moral stilettoes and spiritual tomahawks.

We reserve for our closing extract the magnificent peroration of Burke, in his renowned speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. No man was ever a greater master of invective in all its varied forms, whether of stinging sarcasm, vituperative epigram, or lofty denunciation. They had all been used in their turn in this memorable speech, but in the conclusion there is a calm majesty of denunciation, as he condemns with deep and stern earnestness, the various offences of Hastings into a climax of crime which makes the hearer tremble. After having kept the audience wrapt in admiration for three days, as with his vivid eloquence he painted the wrongs of India, and the crimes of her rulers, he thus concludes: "Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose Parliamentary trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties, he has subverted, whose prosperity he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate. I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated. I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured, and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, and condition of life."

## THE CONTRADICTION COUPLE.

"I do believe," said the husband, taking his spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte."

"Certainly, certainly, have your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoined the lady.

"Of course you didn't contradict me at the dinner-table; oh no! not you!" says the gentleman.

"Yes I did," says the lady.

"Oh! you did!" cries the gentleman. "You admit that?"

"If you call that contradiction, I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave."

"Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in Blackburn's new house there are no more than fourteen doors, including the wine-cellar."

"I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are just fourteen doors, and no more."

"Well, then," says the gentleman, rising and pacing the room with rapid strides; "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad."

By and by the gentleman comes too a little, and reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins.

"I appeal to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa, in the drawing-room, during tea."

"Morgan, you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman.

"I do not mean anything of the kind," answers the lady.

"Now, by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hands, and looking up in agony, "she is going to insist upon that Morgan is Jenkins."

"Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaims the lady. "Do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?"

"Jenkins with a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a groan. "Jenkins in a blue coat?—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!"

"Do you dare charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears.

"I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction—a monster of aggravation—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat! what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements!"

## THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

BY MARY BENNETT.

A LITTLE garden I have got;  
It is a small, but pretty plot;  
I had it from papa.  
And he has given me seeds to sow,  
And roots of flowers that soon will blow;  
And they will yield me—that I know,  
A posy for mamma.

I love to dig with my small spade,  
And weed the beds that I have made;  
And in hot weather, I  
Must water all the roots around,  
Or else my flowers will soon be found  
All drooping to the thirsty ground,  
And very soon would die.

My Heavenly Father loves to see,  
His children prize the gardens. He  
Is all for our delight.

I rest garden o'er was seen,  
Of sweetest flowers and purest green,  
And shady trees o'er all to lean,  
Was Eden, heavenly bright.

I'm told the good may often meet  
Within the garden's still retreat,  
Our God, although unseen;  
I'm told that love still brings Him nigh,  
And though a little child am I,  
Oh, make me good that I may fly,  
O! Thy kind arms to lean!

THERE is a legend that a merchant once determined to ruin himself by squandering his money in advertising; but he found that the more he advertised the richer he grew, until at last he was obliged to give up in despair of ever effecting his purpose in that way.



## REVIEW.

*Flowers and Heraldry, or Floral Emblems and Heraldic Figures.* By T. T. T. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1851.

Of the many beautiful and instructive objects that illustrate the expansive volume of Nature, flowers, the joy of the shrubs which bear them," as Pliny observes, may certainly be classed among the most interesting. In all ages and countries they have ever been regarded with peculiar veneration and attachment. The inspired Volume contains frequent allusions to their sweetness and fragility, while—

"Flowers, sole luxury which Nature knew,  
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew."

The hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians abound in floral symbols, and the fabulous creed of the Greeks consisted, in part, of the metamorphosis of their deities into plants. They also scattered flowers in the porticos of their temples, and with them adorned their altars, and decorated the statues of their gods. They strewed them in the path of their triumphant generals, and wore floral wreaths in their holy ceremonies. Lady Mary W. Montague states, that in the East there is no flower without a verse belonging to it. The Chinese have an alphabet composed entirely of flowers and roots. In the days of chivalry, the influence of flowers was universally acknowledged; and there is scarcely a poet of any age who has not celebrated their glory and beauty, and made them subservient to his own fanciful creations. In our own times the study of floriculture has become an indispensable accomplishment, and the wonders of this science have been unfolded and brought within the capacity of a child.

Among the writers who have chiefly contributed to this diffusion of intelligence, Mr. Robert Tyas claims an eminent position, and his works on this subject have become deservedly popular.

In the volume before us, the author has allied in a very pleasing and peculiar manner, the science of flowers to heraldry; and all the difficult terms and mysticisms, which have daunted numbers from a familiar acquaintance with the latter, are explained and simplified to suit the comprehension of all. To facilitate reference, tabular forms are also annexed, and the arrangement of the entire work, on this easy method, is calculated to introduce the reader, step by step, to an excellent understanding of the subjects treated upon.

The following are specimens of the manner in which heraldic terms are explained:—

"The whole surface of the shield is, in Heraldry, supposed to be covered with some metal, colour, or fur, which surface is then called the *Field*.

"A *Charge* is that which is placed upon the shield. Any terrestrial or celestial object constitutes a charge.

"*Blazon* is a term derived from the custom of winding a horn at tournaments, when a knight intended to enter the lists. The announcement of his intention being thus made, a herald recorded his arms; whence, to blazon a coat, means to describe the things borne upon a banner or shield, in their proper tinctures, positions, and gestures.

"There are certain forms of charges, peculiar to Heraldry, which, from their common use, are called *Ordinaries*, and from being especially appropriated to this science, are termed *Proper*. When the science was in its infancy, the field, with one of these Ordinaries upon it, very frequently constituted a coat of arms; and different persons used armorial bearings, closely resembling each other in form and charges, but varying only in colour. Hence it is invariably found that the simplest coats of arms are the most ancient. As time passed away, and a great number of persons assumed, or had granted to them armorial bearings, it became necessary to add to these ordinary charges, when they were found to be capable of receiving upon them, beneath them, and on either side of them, sundry natural and artificial objects; and thus their use facilitates the multiplication of coats of arms in an almost endless diversity."

Mr. Tyas is a true student of Nature, and he does not omit to "point a moral" from most of the subjects that come under his notice, and it cannot be denied there are sermons in flowers that both the wise and the thoughtless would do well to ponder.

Thus, when describing the *Amaryllis*, one of the most beautiful of our greenhouse plants, and which figures on the shield as "*Folly*," he observes:—

"We are led by the aspect of the flower to think upon some fair votress of fashion, glowing with all the vigour of youth, and in the full pride of her strength, moving in stately grandeur among her ball-room contemporaries, as if fearlessly asserting the superiority of her appearance. Her object seems to be to win admiration from all, and to cast the rest of her sex into the shade. And yet, how vain; for, like the frail flower by which her pride is represented, her beauty will fade; the admiration which it commands will cease to be offered, and the honours which it wins will be withheld. Vain and worthless is the license offered to beauty. They who covet beauty in its prime, despise it in its decay. They who seek her who possess it when in its full pride, too often forget the attractions with which it once decked her, when it has faded from her person, when unsupported by sterling qualities of heart and mind which alone constitute the substantial beauty of woman. The conquest which personal charms achieve is no lasting victory. They win no permanent influence, but the present conquest is followed by cold neglect or heartless indifference, which is felt in bitter contrast with the flattery and adoration which once fell upon the deluded ear."

Again, in describing the heraldic term *Lozange*, upon which Mr. Tyas has emblazoned the "*daisy*" with the appropriate motto *Innocence*, there are the following pleasing reflections:—

"It is not needful that I should tell the reader what charms are possessed by its very name summons up sweet recollections of childhood, and compels many of us to compare ourselves with what we were then, and to mourn the loss of that innocence and simplicity which were then ours. It is, indeed, the child's own flower. It was well, indeed, if those early days when we were ignorant of evil, were more frequently revived in

our memories, and we were thus led to a comparison of the two beings. It could not but be attended with profit to contemplate the changes which had passed over us, and to review the various steps by which we had turned aside from the path of innocence, the extent to which we had diverged, and the influences which had caused us to err. Such reviews as these would surely make us more cautious for the time to come, and would put us on our guard when temptation drew near; and though they cannot remove the stains which errors have left, they would exert no small power in restraining our steps for the time to come, and keep us more firmly in the path of innocence."

Sir Walter Scott has connected the "*daisy*" with childhood in his introduction to *Marmion*:—

"My impa, though hardy, bold, and wild,  
As best befits the mountain child,  
Feel the sad influences of the hour,  
And wail the daisy's vanish'd flow'r;  
Their summer gambols tell and mourn,  
And anxious ask—'Will Spring return?  
And birds and lambs again be gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?"

"Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flow'r,  
Again shall paint your summer bow'r;  
Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie;  
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
The wild birds carol to the sound,  
And while you frolic, light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day."

The neat and tasteful manner in which the work has been produced will, no doubt, assist its introduction to the drawing-room. There are twenty-four emblazoned plates, drawn and coloured with great care from the author's instructions. The book of *Flowers and Heraldry*, "combined," as its title explains, "to express pure sentiments, kind feelings, and excellent principles," has our most cordial recommendation.

## ONWARD!

**INCREASED PRODUCE OF GAS FROM COAL.**—The Metropolitan Chartered Gas Company have arranged with Messrs. Barlow & Gore, the patentees of a new invention, whereby 15,000 cubic feet of gas will be produced from a ton of Newcastle coal, in place of 8,000 or 9,000; and 75,000 from the same quantity of Cannel coal!

**LIGHTHOUSES.**—In order to give a telegraphic character to our various lighthouses, Mr. George Wells of the Admiralty, proposes to cut four or more circular apertures in all the present structures, just below the lantern, and fit the openings with glazed sashes of ground plate-glass, painted so as to leave the initial of the particular lighthouse bold and distinct. The length of the letter being three times the size of the light of the lantern, it is considered that it would be more clearly visible, and leave no doubt as to what the lighthouse is, and where situate. New lighthouses, it is thought, should not be carried to the present altitude, as the nearer the light is level to the eye the less probability would exist as to any mistake in the distance of it.

**INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.**—As a proof of the strong feeling which exists of the necessity of an enlarged system of industrial education, we may mention the fact that the gifts made by the exhibitors of minerals, metallurgical processes, mining and other models, to the Museum of Practical Geology, have been most extensive. Messrs. Naylor, Vickers & Co., have presented their models of steel works and specimens of steel; Mr. Bird, his collection of manufactured iron; Mr. Blackwell, his extensive series of iron ores; Mr. Morris Stirling, his metallic alloys; Messrs. Solly & Co., specimens of their steel manufacture; Mr. Nicholas Wood, models of coal working; Mr. Foudrinier, his safety apparatus for raising or lowering miners; the proprietors of the Devon Great Consols, their beautiful water-wheels; Messrs. Hartly & Co., of Newcastle, their model of glass-house, and specimens of the manufacture of sheet-glass. Numerous other presents, of the minerals exhibited, &c., have been made to this national establishment. Foreign States have not been behind in liberality. The Zollverein States, Austria, Russia, and Spain, have presented complete series of their minerals and metals; thus rendering important service to an institution so essentially practical as the one in Jernyn-street.—*Athenaeum*.

**WONDERS OF THE DAGUERRETYPE.**—Viewed through an ordinary magnifying glass, the resemblance of the portrait is perfectly staggering; the features stand forth as though moulded in wax—not a blemish escapes, nor is a beauty lost. Accustomed as we are to see most things in perfection now-a-days, the eye glances on and off in an instant, and the correctness of the imitation, or the common-place nature of the copy, is instantly decided upon; but if we devote a few minutes to a careful inspection, we behold in every lineament the original. Few persons can recognise their own portrait, except it be taken as seen in a mirror; and although the direct look is the most easily remembered, as being the one we are most accustomed to see, still the half or three-quarter face of our friends, which we are familiar with, strikes us as being inimitably like, and thereby permits and entices us to gaze upon objects who, seemingly, are (unconscious how much they occupy our thoughts. All hail to the fertile genius of man! Independently of the wonders of Daguerreotyping, there is something very benign and gratifying in its application—the memory of the absent or the dead is faithfully treasured in the possession of one of these beautiful little specimens.—*L. Culverwell's Leisure Moments*.



## TALLY HO!

Oh! I am a steed of the highest breed,  
Perchance you have been on my back!  
I never bear my rider anywhere,  
But I safely bring him back.  
I see not, I feel not, I drink not, nor eat,  
For my veins are all withered and dried;  
Yet when pleasure is rife, I often give life,  
To those who exult in a ride.  
Born on the green, where my form was never seen,  
My limbs were swept by the wind;  
My mane and my tail have oft leapt gate and rail,  
While my body stood heedless behind.  
Deep in the earth, ere the time of my birth,  
Lay my coat till it came to my side!  
You'll be startled when told that I took life's mould,  
Long after the time when I died.  
Then oh! for the chase, you oft see my race,  
And surely to you I am known:

Let your wits take a stride, and my name soon decide,  
Or confess that by me you are thrown!  
*(Answered in No. 6.)*

## ENIGMAS.

1.  
I CLIMB the Alpine peaks; I dwell in mountain glen;  
Spread my carpet in the silent woods, nor desert the lonely fen;  
Rocks, rivers, lordly forest-trees—all are witness to my birth;  
Nor shrink I from the halls of men, when time hath proved their worth.  
There's not a soil yet trod by man, that yields me not a home;  
I live, alike, in frigid climes, or the burning torrid zone.

In a lifeless, bleaching skull, I was once in vigour found;  
And in famed St. Bernard's mountain long my mantle I  
The fast-decaying garment of the perished  
When monk and dog had failed, alike, to reach the plunderer.  
In that cold dreary solitude, I wove a garland for his tomb,  
Fresh and verdant as the grass and flowers that in the churchyard bloom.  
Beneath a veil from Nature's loom, my features I concealed;  
In urn, with vase and lid complete, by Nature's hand annealed.  
Remove the lid with care, and lo! I revealed to clearest view,  
A lovely mouth, with gums and teeth—even, and perfect too;  
Nor motionless are these; but 'neath the evening shower,  
Fast closed, they hold a treasure safe, till sunny noontide hour;  
When, opening wide, and peering forth, their gems of golden grain,  
They fertilise the barren rock, and clothe the sandy plain;  
Give shelter to a countless host of beings that have life,  
And help to build the walls of homes, where melody is rife.  
*(Answered in No. 2.)*

2.  
THEY tea-things were gone, and round Grandpapa's chair  
The young people tumultuously came;  
"Now, give us a puzzle, dear Grandpa," they cried;  
"An enigma, or some pretty game."

"You shall have an enigma, a puzzling one, too,"  
Said the old man, with fun in his eye;  
"You all know it well; it is found in this room.  
Now, see who'll be the first to reply."

1. "In a bright sunny clime was the place of my birth,  
Where I flourished and grew on my own native earth,
  2. And my parents' dear side I ne'er left for an hour,  
Until gain-seeking man got me into his power—
  3. When he bore me away o'er the wide ocean wave;  
And, now, daily and hourly, to serve him I slave;
  4. I am used by the weakly to keep them from cold,  
5. And the nervous and timid I tend to make bold;
  6. To destruction I sometimes the heedless betray,  
7. Or may shelter the head from the heat of the day.
  8. I am placed in the mouth to make matters secure;  
9. But that none wish to eat me, I feel pretty sure.
  10. The mind of the young I oft serve to amuse,  
While the blood through their systems I freely diffuse;
  11. And in me may the representation be seen,  
Of the old ruined castle, or church on the green;
- the old ruined will acknowledge the debt that they  
To the aid I have given to lessen their woe;  
And the lifeless are often supported by me,  
Where Nature's productions collected we see."

Now, how hushed are their voices—how silent they sit,  
Each revolving these words in his mind;  
While some look at the ceiling, and some on the floor,  
In the hopes the right answer to find.  
*(Answered in No. 6.)*

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 61.

## CHARADES.

1.—BENEATH the surface of the ground,  
All kinds of *Strata* may be found;  
While many a rich and costly *Gem*  
Adorns each princely diadem.  
And victory, it is believed,  
Through *Stratagem* is oft achieved.

2.—Night-in-gale.  
4.—Bannock-burn.

3.—Log-wood.  
5.—Star-ling.

## MATRIMONIAL PUZZLE.

PASS the pin upward from the other side,  
And you have still a chance to be a bride.  
So now, proud maiden, let not your spirit droop,  
But learn to conquer, even though you stoop.

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY

(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



Some sailors, on a shooting party, come down to attack  
the Bear, but are terrified to hear one of them shout out  
"Bear—and forbear!"



The Bear recognising his deliverer, gives the Baron a  
most affectionate hug, which materially damages the  
Patent Hunting-Dress!



And the Baron stands revealed to the Bear, to the infinite  
terror of both!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

BISHOP HACKETT'S motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—A mother's for her new-born infant.

MY son, eat the bread of industry.—*Bickersteth's Mother.*

DR. JOHNSON, once speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said, "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."

THAT writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

"WHICH can travel the fastest—heat or cold?" "Why, heat, you dunce! Can't anybody catch cold?"

SUPERFICIAL writers and talkers, like the mole, may think themselves deep, when they are exceedingly near the surface.

"It is a curious fact," say some entomologists, "that it is only the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor says it is not at all "curious."

THE idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Archbishop Tillotson, "fools at large."

THE wedding-ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand, because it was anciently believed that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart.

WHERE the heart has no occupation to give, it is impossible that imagination can rest idle.

"THEY pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a hog—if we stop, we sink."

THOSE who respect themselves will be honourable; but he who thinks lightly of himself will be held cheap by the world.

THERE is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, they never find time to carry out their meaning.

NEVER retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

A MAN too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic, too busy to take care of his tools.

WHEN worthy men fall out, only one of them may be faulty at first; but if strife continues long, commonly both become guilty.

MISERY and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels.

MONK hearts pine away in secret anguish from unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than from any other calamity in life.

AN Irish postboy having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Ara! I don't care about being very wet; but, please your honour, I'm very dry."

DR. JOHNSON compared plaintiff and defendant in an action of law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and daring each other to remain the longest under water.

SEVEN large casks at Messrs. Barclay's brewhouse, known as the "Seven Sisters," hold each 3,600 barrels, or 126,600 gallons, making in all 907,200 gallons, and these are frequently emptied in three days.

A SCOTTICAL young man one day conversing with the celebrated Dr. Parr, said he would believe nothing which he could not understand. "Then, young man," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man I know."

THERE never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"A JOURNALIST," said the great Napoleon, "is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."

A MAN of quick and active wit  
For drudgery is more unfit,  
Compared to those of duller parts,  
Than running-nags to draw in carts.—*Butler.*

A NUMBER of physicians were once disputing as to what would be the best to sharpen the sight. Some recommended one thing, and some another, till at last one said there was nothing would do it like *envy*, for it magnifies and multiplies all the errors of man.

"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

ON NOTHING.—The solution turns on the word *cypher*:

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for you:  
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;  
O let not my sigh for a cypher go,  
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you too!

"PRECIOUS clever birds, then cuckoos, eh? They're what I call birds of quality. They've no trouble of hatching, they haven't no trouble of going about in the fields picking up worms and grubs for their nestlings; they place 'em out to wet-nurses, makes other birds bring 'em up, while they do nothing but sit up in a tree and cry cuckoo all day long. Now that's what I call being a bird of quality."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

MAN may err, and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptation, and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted into crime.

## THE YOUNG LADY'S TOILETTE.

## Self-Knowledge—The Enchanting Mirror.

THIS curious glass will bring your faults to light,  
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

## Contentment—Wash to smooth Wrinkles.

A daily portion of this essence use,  
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquillity infuse.

## Truth—Fine Lip-salves.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye,  
They'll redden, and breathe sweeter melody.

## Prayer—Mixture-giving Sweetness to the Voice.

At morning, noon, and night, this mixture take  
Your tones improved, will richer music make.

## Compassion—Best Eye-water.

These drops will add great lustre to the eye;  
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

## Wisdom—Solutions to Prevent Eruptions.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,  
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

## Attention and Obedience—Matchless Pair of Ear-rings.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,  
Attentive lessons you will gladly hear.

## Neatness and Industry—Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.

Clasp them on carefully each day you live,  
To good designs they efficacy give.

## Patience—An Elastic Girdle.

The more you use the brighter it will grow,  
Though its least merit is external show.

## Principle—Ring of Tried Gold.

Yield not this golden bracelet while you live,  
'Twill sin restrain, and peace of conscience give.

## Resignation—Necklace of Purest Pearl.

This ornament embellishes the fair,  
And teaches all the ills of life to bear.

## Love—Diamond Breast-pins.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin,  
It shines without, and warms the heart within.

## Politeness—A Graceful Bandeau.

The forehead neatly circled with this band,  
Will admiration and respect command.

## Piety—A Precious Diadem.

Who'er this precious diadem shall own,  
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

## Good Temper—Universal Beautifier.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth,  
It spreads o'er all the face the charms of youth.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.—Overslept myself; could not dress in time; too cold; too hot; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; put my papers to rights; letters to write; tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, mean to take a little necessary exercise; new bonnet not come home; don't like a liturgy always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, it is too noisy; don't like singing without instrumental music, makes me nervous; can't bear a written sermon, too prosy; dislike an extemporary sermon, too frothy; nobody to-day but our own dull minister; don't like a strange one; can't keep awake when at church, fell asleep last time I was there, shan't risk it again; and so on *ad infinitum*.

## GOLDEN RULES.

man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.

We must not deck virtue or learning in false colours, in order to render them attractive to the youthful eye.

To all men the best friend is virtue, the best companions are high endeavours and honourable sentiments.

Every man ought to aim at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by being himself.

If every man had a window in his breast, blinds would be in very great demand.

He that communes with himself in private, will learn truths that the multitude will not tell him.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.

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The Number of *THE FRIEND* containing these Enigmas may be had of Booksellers everywhere, (price 3d.), on or before the 1st of JANUARY, 1852. The same Number will contain the Rules of the Competition.

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Grand Parade, St. Leonard's on the Sea, Sussex, Feb. 12th, 1847.

Mr. S. Barlow.  
Sir,—Under the favourable recommendation of Mr. Pease, of North Lodge, in regard to your Powders for the Tic Doloureux, I wish to try a packet of them. He assures me there is not anything mercurial in them, nor any drug that can possibly injure the constitution. From what Mr. Pease says, I think they are quite innocuous, and of a character to give tone to the nerves, stomachic and general.  
I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
(Rev.) W. JACKSON.

**THE FAMILY FRIEND**, an established Magazine, published upon the First and Fifteenth of every Month, price Two pence. Thirty-two pages, beautifully printed, and neatly covered. The following is a type of the opinion formed of *THE FAMILY FRIEND*, and expressed by upwards of THREE HUNDRED NEWSMEN:—

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**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH**, at the Great Exhibition. See pages 57 and 63, Class III, July IV., of "List of Awards," printed by authority of the Royal Commissioners.

Being thus doubly noticed for its "general superiority," (a mark of distinction conferred on no other) by the Royal Commissioners and Jury, from amongst Thirty or Forty Exhibitors, sets it far above every other of its competitors. The Ladies are therefore respectfully requested to make a trial of the GLENFIELD PATENT DOUBLE-REFINED POWDER STARCH, which, for Domestic Use, now stands unrivalled.

AND IS NOW USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY.

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Agents wanted: apply to Mr. R. WOTTEWORTH, 40, Dunlop Street, Glasgow.





## Editor's Note-Book.

**HINTS TO LETTER-WRITERS.**—Great care and attention should be devoted to epistolary correspondence, as nothing exhibits want of taste and judgment so much as a slovenly letter. Since the establishment of the penny postage it is recognised as a rule that all letters should be prepaid; indeed, many persons make a point of never taking in an unpaid letter. The following hints may be worthy of attention:—Always put a stamp on your envelope at the top of the right hand corner. Let the direction be written very plain; this will save the postman trouble, and facilitate business by preventing mistakes. At the head of your letter, in the right-hand corner, put your address in full, with the day of the month underneath; do not omit this, though you may be writing to your most intimate friend three or four times a day. What you have to say in your letter, say as plainly as possible, as if you were speaking; this is the best rule; do not revert three or four times to one circumstance, but finish up as you go on. Let your signature be written as plainly as possible, (many mistakes will be avoided, especially in writing to strangers) and without any flourishes, as they tend not to add in any way to the harmony of your letter. We have seen signatures that have been almost impossible to decipher, being a mere mass of strokes, without any form to indicate letters. This is done chiefly by the ignorant, and would lead one to suppose that they were ashamed of signing what they had written. Do not cross your letters; surely paper is cheap enough now to admit of your using an extra half-sheet, in case of necessity. (This practice is chiefly prevalent amongst young ladies.) If you write to a stranger for information, or on your own business, fall not to send a stamped envelope with your address plainly written; this will not fail to procure you an answer. If you are not a very good writer, it is advisable to use the best ink, the best paper, and the best pen, as, though they may not alter the character of your handwriting, yet they will assist to make your writing look better. The paper on which you write should be clean, and neatly folded. There should not be the slightest stains on the envelope; if otherwise, it is only an indication of your own slovenliness. Care must be taken in giving titled persons, to whom you write, their proper directions. These rules may generally be found in all Letter Writers.

**ASTRONOMER ROYAL.**—The first Astronomer Royal was John Flamsteed, who was born at Denby, near Derby, in 1646. He was appointed to this office on the foundation of the observatory at Greenwich.

**SHORT-HAND.**—E. W.—The Phonographic system is very widely approved, and is fast superseding the old and arbitrary systems. Books, from 1d. upwards, may be obtained through Pitman, Paternoster Row.

**BLOOMERISM.**—G. A.—An admirer of Bloomerism, but his rhyme is likely to do no service to the cause. Here is his seventh stanza:—

"The pantalettes such flash louds,  
The pantalettes all must commend;  
To inconvenience, then, no longer down her,  
But let every woman be a Bloomer!"

If our correspondent had not written from Bath, we should have told him to go there!

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO "THE COMPANION."**—Having an appointed staff of writers, we cannot offer much encouragement to the many persons who seek connection with our pages as paid co-operatives. Really good matter will be paid for at a really good price. But trifles rising no higher than mediocrity only embarrass our attention, and had better be withheld from us.

**THE COMPANION PORTFOLIO.**—H. R. H.—We cannot issue a cheaper Portfolio than the one we have advertised. It is really not dear, because there is considerable labour and material employed in it. Moreover, it will preserve the numbers of the succeeding volumes for an almost unlimited number of years, and in a little while will repay the first cost, by keeping the numbers secure and clean. We recommend those who cannot afford to buy our Portfolio to manufacture a simpler and cheaper article for themselves.

**EMIGRATION.**—N. D.—We confess we have too little knowledge of the subject to advise upon the matter. Books written by practical men, and inquiries made of really experienced persons, will be our correspondent's best guide. We should not like, by a few careless words from our desk, to send a young man upon a wild-goose chase over some thousands of miles. Editors who undertake

to answer questions, too often trifle with the claims of their querists. Experienced parties, having reliable knowledge upon the subject, may assist the inquirer through our pages.

**PAPER.**—T. Y.—The invention of paper took place in China, long before the birth of Christ. During more than seven centuries the knowledge and use of this important article was confined to the Chinese, who, whilst every modern civilised nation had been advancing in wisdom and practical knowledge, have remained stationary. In the eighth century, when, in wealth, knowledge, commerce, and civilisation, the Arabs were the greatest people on earth—the Chinese paper was brought to Mecca, whence its use was successively introduced into those countries that afterwards, in their career of conquest and colonisation, fell under the dominion of the Arabs. About the beginning of the tenth century of the Christian era, they made known the use of paper in Spain, whence the knowledge of that article progressively extended through Europe, then in the dawn of civilisation.

**YULE CAKE.**—S. W. S.—Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and pounded cinnamon; in a quarter of an hour, take the yolks of the eggs, and work them two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange-peel, lemon, and citron, cut in fine strips, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the sweet almonds; then add the sifted flour and glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop, in a hot oven, for three hours, and put twelve sheets of paper under it to keep it from burning.

**FASHIONS.**—T. H.—We have little more to say upon the Bloomer Costume, and are compelled to disregard the many communications addressed to us upon the subject. We entirely dislike that abuse of the Bloomer style which appears in pink pantalettes, green pantalettes, a blue scarf, and a hat trimmed with crimson ribbons. Such a blaze of inharmonious colouring would destroy the best fashion. Quiet colours are essential to good taste in the Bloomer styles, the pioneers of which have already gone to very absurd extremes. But even in the old styles we see constantly errors to deprecate. Scarcely a month passes but we find some new absurdity.



COMING OUT!

**DATES OF PERIODICALS.**—The dates of unstamped periodicals are usually nominal, and have no reference to the interest of the contents. With newspapers the case is different, the dates show the period about which the contained matter may be regarded as news. But all publications are dated somewhat in advance. The daily papers ante-date a few hours; the weekly papers one or two days; the weekly magazines from a few days to a few weeks. Almanacks and Annuals sometimes appear months before their proper date. This is to give them the chance of getting into wide circulation before their proper time has arrived. With regard to the *Home Companion*, we commenced dating January the 3rd, because we wish the first fifty-two numbers to comprise the first volume, and to keep the size and price of our volumes uniform. Moreover, we gain the advantage of getting into circulation everywhere before our nominal date passes. Readers generally, looking at a magazine dated five days past, look upon it as old and uninteresting, though they may never have seen it before. This arises from the knowledge they have of the connection between the dates and the contents of newspapers. The *Home Companion* will be found as fresh and interesting to a stranger after ten years, as it had just come from the press. The trade and the public should order our work by the numbers it bears, making no reference whatever to dates.

**TURKISH MANNER OF MAKING COFFEE.**—The Turkish way of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold about two table-spoonfuls of water, is the instrument used; the fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water, and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the

cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. We allow it to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it, and Europeans, after a little practice (longer, however, than we had)—are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every hut you will see these coffee-boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

**CURING BACON WITHOUT SMOKING.**—The hair should be burnt off the hog after it has been killed, by singeing it with kindled straw laid over it. The skin should not be scalded, or wetted with water. A large wooden trough or tray being provided for the salting, the flitches are to be sprinkled over with salt, and left for twenty-four hours in the trough. They are then to be taken out and wiped dry, and both sides of the flitch—particularly the inside or fleshy side—to be well rubbed with salt, or, as some prefer, with a mixture of three or four pounds of common salt, half a pound of saltpetre, and one pound of coarse sugar or treacle. The salt should be previously well dried in a frying-pan over the fire. When the rubbing is finished, the flitches are placed in the trough upon each other, the skin side lowermost, and next day they should be salted again. They are then to be left in the trough for a month or six weeks, according to the size of the flitches and the state of the weather; rubbing them over with salt four or five times in the interval. After this, they are dried by hanging them up over the fire, but not in the smoke; and afterwards laying them upon a rack hung up to the ceiling in the kitchen, or in some very dry but not too warm a place, nor in the sun.

**PANDERING TO THE PASSIONS.**—C. B. M. will find his query answered in the following:—Two or three servant girls had gathered in a bye corner, and were revelling in the advantages of cheap literature. Sally had addressed a love question to the Editor; Peggy wanted to obtain a sweetheart; and Maggy, at the age of twenty, felt half inclined to run away with a beau whom she met a few nights before, but she anxiously wanted to know whether marrying at such an age, despite the objections of her old father, would be secure in the eye of the law. And so they eagerly scanned the Correspondents' page of a very cheap magazine, where they found most delicious bits, suited exactly not only their own cases, but their own wishes, and they all pronounced it a "love of a book," the cheapest they had ever read, and they thought that the Editor must be a fine handsome fellow, with nothing but the good of the fair sex at heart. Now, while Sally was devouring these delicious morsels, she quite forgot a large pot of preserves which her mistress had told her to mind, and which was then upon the fire; so the preserves were dreadfully charred, and her mistress deducted seven shillings from her wages for the loss. Peggy, a nursemaid, lost her place, for the first boy of Mrs. Clementina Smith fell over the side of his cot, and nearly lost his life. And Maggy ran away with her flattering beau, who proved a regular rascal, and deserted her after having spent all her accumulated wages. So much for the "love of a book," the cheapest of all periodicals! Now, we say to the Sallys, Peggys, and Maggys of our acquaintance, that the Editor of *The Home Companion* seeks not to gain their favour by pandering to their passions; but that he will endeavour to suggest ways to permanent happiness by the inculcation of those principles which ever make the fulfilment of duty essential to peace of mind.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**—Letters have been received from—

A. B.	G. C.	Orphan.	W. C.
A. T.	G. B.	O. S. C.	W. G.
A. M.	G. H.	P. H.	W. K.
A. B. F.	G. R. C.	P. J. Q.	W. G. S.
A. X.	H. B.	R. O. W.	Xerxes
B. B.	H. S. D.	R. S. V. P.	Y. Y.
B. S. D.	J. D.	R. B.	
B. Y.	J. F. L.	R. W.	
C.	J. M. M.	R. E. L.	
Candidus.	J. R. C.	Raffing.	
C. R. M.	J. H.	R. C. H.	
C. S.	J. O. R.	R. M. T. B.	
C. H. A.	J. B.	R. N.	
C. A.	J. B. H.	S. C. M.	
Dey.	Ignorance.	S.	
Diana.	J. L.	S. A. P.	
D. O. R.	J. T. B.	S. H.	
D. Y.	M. C.	T. H. J.	
E. E.	N. D.	T. H.	
E. W.	Omega.	Tancred.	



Printed by WILLIAM BOLINGTON, 22, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 6.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## A HOME PICTURE.

BY F. D. GAGE.

BEN FRANKLIN had finished his hard day's work,  
And he sat at his cottage door,  
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,  
And the moon-light danced on the floor—  
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,  
Her beams were clear and bright  
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,  
Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,  
And never a dram drank he;  
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,  
And they chatted right merrily;  
Right merrily chatted they on, the while  
Her babe slept on her breast;  
Whilst a chubby youth, with rosy smile,  
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,  
And the corn in the lower field;  
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,  
And promised a glorious yield;—  
A glorious yield in the harvest time,  
And his orchard was doing fair;  
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,  
His farm was in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,  
Her fowls and her calves were fat;  
That the butter that Tommy that morning  
churn'd  
Would buy him a Sunday hat;

That Jenny for Pa a new shirt had made,  
And 'twas done by the neatest rule;  
That Noddy the garden could nicely spade;  
And Ann stood well at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn head  
Thro' his locks of greyish brown—  
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he—  
"We're the happiest folk in town."  
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work  
hard—

Work and health go together, I've found;  
For there's some I know don't work at all,  
And they're sick the whole year round.

"Though worth their thousands—so people  
say—  
I ne'er saw them happy yet;  
'Twould not be me that would take their  
gold,

And live in a constant fret;  
My humble home has a light within,  
That gold could never buy,—  
Six healthy children, a merry heart,  
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—  
The moon shone even clearer,  
I could not tell why the man should cry,  
But he drew up to Kate still nearer;  
He lean'd his head on her shoulder there,  
And he seemed o'ercome with bliss—  
I guess—(tho' I look'd at the moon just  
then.)  
That he left on her lips a kiss!

## THE DANGERS OF FLIRTATION.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"THE world would be hardly worth living in if it were not for flirtations," exclaimed the gay and thoughtless Isabel Lee, as she laughingly entered her aunt's room.

Her aunt, a sober, beautiful, middle-aged lady, raised her large eyes, with a sorrowful expression, to the young girl's glowing face—

"I hope you are not serious," she said.

"There's nothing like flirtations!" cried the merry Isabel. "But you look reproachful—angry—"

"Oh, I am not angry," replied Mrs. Berford, with a melancholy smile.

"But you are displeased?"

"Your words awaken recollections which cause me to feel sad, Isabel; that is all. Sit down here by my side; and you shall hear a story of one of my flirtations, which may change your mind."

Isabel sat down, looking thoughtful, and her aunt continued—

"When I was young like you, dear child, I was called a coquette, and I, shame to confess it, gloried in the name—until the occurrence of the painful events I am about to relate.

"Half a dozen times a year, I used to visit C——, and spend a week or two in the pleasant society of our friends in that place. There I frequently met a pale, handsome, sensitive young man, named Gilborne, who paid me flattering attentions, making me the theme of numerous poetic effusions, and with whose partiality I was very well pleased.

"I was warned by many well-meaning friends against encouraging the addresses of so impulsive a person as Gilborne, who, they said, was more serious than I, and who might end by falling more deeply in love with me than I expected or desired. I laughed at the idea; and finding the attentions of the young poet still agreeable, I continued to receive them until it was too late."

"Too late! how so, aunt?"

"Why, to my astonishment, he one day made a passionate declaration of love, and offered me his hand."

"And you did not love him?"

"No, child. I was merely pleased with him. But even then I did not suppose that his love was more than the result of a sudden impulse, which would pass away with my visit to C——. So I respectfully declined his offer, laughed at the idea of my marrying at that age, and begged him to dismiss the subject from his mind. On the following day I left C——, and returned home.

"Letters and poetry followed me, breathing the most passionate devotion, and burning with the eloquence of love. They bore no name, but I knew they came from Henry Gilborne, and I was beginning to be very much annoyed. I took counsel with my friends, and resolved to send all future epistles back to him, unopened. I returned two letters in this manner, and received no more; but three or four weeks after I received a newspaper, in which there was a sonnet, addressed to me under a fictitious name, and signed with his initials. He had discovered a new mode of reaching me with his passionate effusions; and from that time a sonnet or a song signed by 'H. G——' came to me in the C—— Gazette nearly every week.

"At this time Mr. Berford was paying his addresses. He was one of Nature's nobleman—frank, generous, firm in what he considered right, and a gentleman in his manners. Having learned a lesson from the unhappy termination of my last flirtation, I received Mr. Berford's attentions in a different manner from what I had been accustomed to do, and in a short time we were married.

"The ceremony took place in church. I loved Mr. Berford; Gilborne was at the moment quite forgotten, and I was perfectly happy. I had not thought to disturb my peace of mind—the calm repose of my heart, which I had so willingly, gladly given away—until, as we were passing from the church, my eyes fell upon a wild, haggard figure, standing near the door.

"It was Gilborne! His face was deathly pale, his lips ashy, his eyes gleamed with an unnatural brightness, and he trembled in every limb.

"I started, uttered a suppressed cry, and shuddering, clung to my husband's arm. A pang went through my heart—a pang of remorse and dread, which I shall never forget.

"What is the matter?" Edward asked.

"I could not reply. But he saw my eyes fixed upon the haggard object in the doorway, and knew why I shuddered, for I had told him something of my unfortunate flirtation.

"Is that Gilborne?" he asked.

"Yes," I murmured.

"By this time all eyes were fixed upon the wretched man. It was not his pale face and wild eyes alone that attracted attention: his dress was disarranged, his long dark hair fell in disordered locks about his cheeks, and his garments were covered with the dust of travel. But while all eyes were fixed on him, his were fixed on me alone; and in my alarm and confusion, I felt the blood at first forsake my cheeks, then burn in them like fire.

"Gilborne fell back as we approached the door, and bowed solemnly with his hand upon his heart, while we passed out. I was glad to lose sight of him; and I ardently hoped that his passion would now be cured.

"But his image, as he stood there in the doorway, haunted my brain, and it was many hours before I could compose myself.

"I was beginning, however, to feel at ease again in the midst of our wedding guests, when a domestic came to me to say that a person wished to see me in the hall. Thinking it was some invited friend who had arrived at a late hour, I hastened to the door alone. Imagine my consternation when I saw the wild figure of Gilborne standing before me!

"How do you do?" he asked, addressing me by my maiden name. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

"I gave him my hand.

"You tremble," said he, fixing his wild eyes upon my face. "You are not afraid of me, I hope?"

"Oh, no," I replied, in an agitated voice—for his strange manner frightened me. "Why should I be afraid? Come in."

"No, thank you; you have company, I see—and I may make one guest too many. And you see I am not dressed for a party," said he, glancing at his disordered attire; "so you will excuse me. Ha! ha! wouldn't I cut a pretty figure!"

"But I cannot talk with you here," said I.

"Oh, I will not detain you a minute! I have—ha! ha!—I have a question to ask which is really so absurd, wher I think of it, that I can't help laughing! They told me," he said, in a pleasant, confidential tone—"they told me—ha! ha! I think of the absurdity of the thing—they told me that you were married!"

"And he burst into a wild laugh.

"I knew better," he continued; "but they said it was so, and to satisfy them I determined to come and ask you; for I suppose you ought to know if anybody does. You are ~~not~~ married! Ha! ha! ha! I had such a queer dream! I thought I was standing in the church door, and saw you coming out with your husband; and you would not speak to me. Wasn't it queer?—and I knew all the time you would never marry anybody but me. And we are not married yet, are we? But who is here to-night? I never saw you dressed so beautiful before! Ah!" he added, striking his forehead, "I dreamed you were dressed so at your wedding!"

"Thus the wretched man went on, sometimes laughing, and sometimes shedding tears. I knew he was insane; I tried to stop him, but was too much frightened to speak. In my agitation I took hold of the bell-wire, and rang. A domestic came, and I sent her in haste for Mr. Berford."

"Berford! who is he?" cried Gilborne, grasping my arm. "They told me that was the name of your husband! Say—you are—you are not married, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Gilborne," I replied, trembling, so that I could hardly speak. "I am married—and here is my husband!"

"To my great relief I saw Mr. Berford advance into the hall. Gilborne started back, and fixed his eyes upon my husband with a wild and fierce expression, which caused me to fear for him."

"But Edward was undaunted. Returning Gilborne's gaze with a calm, steady, commanding look, he advanced toward him, and demanded what he wanted."

"The dangerous spirit of the insane man was completely subdued. He hung his head, and burst into tears."

"Nothing," he murmured—"I want nothing now! I have been dreaming. I will not trouble you again. May you be happy!"

"He turned and staggered out of the door; and I heard his unsteady footsteps die away in the distance."

"Poor wretch!" muttered Edward, as he kindly took my hand; "he is to be pitied! But you are agitated: I hope," he added, in an anxious tone, "I hope you have nothing to blame yourself for in this matter."

"I wish I had not!" I exclaimed, fervently. "But oh, Edward! I feel that I have acted wrong—although heaven knows I never intended he should love me."

"Well, do not reproach yourself too severely," he replied, in a mournful voice. "Let us go back to the parlour, and forget what has taken place."

"We returned together, and Edward's presence alone sustained me for the remainder of the evening. Fear, pity, and remorse made my heart faint and my cheek pale, and I was wretched."

"I think I understand your feelings," said Isabel, who had listened with deep interest. "I know how I should have felt under a conviction that any thoughtlessness of mine had ruined a fellow-creature's happiness—perhaps shattered his intellect! But you heard from Gilborne again?"

"Listen. He disappeared. For more than a year he was absent, and nobody knew what had become of him. At length his friends heard of a thin, haggard youth, who wandered about the country, begging his bread from door to door, and giving in return for charity the touching songs which he sung in a soft, melancholy voice, and the musical tones of an accordeon, he carried about with him, and which he played with peculiar feeling and skill. Everybody treated him kindly, for although he was evidently of insane mind, there was a mildness—a melancholy enthusiasm about him, which won all hearts."

"Search was made for him. His friends were not mistaken in their suspicions. He was the wandering Gilborne!"

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Isabel, tears filling her eyes.

"They carried him back to C——. For several weeks he seemed contented to remain at home; but at length his disposition to wander returned, and he disappeared again."

"One chilly, rainy day, I was sitting alone in my room, amusing myself with my first child—then a beautiful creature some six months old—when there was a ring at the door. Our domestic had gone out, and there being nobody in the house but me, I left little Ella playing on the floor, and went to open the door."

"I started back with an exclamation of alarm. Gilborne, drenched with the cold rain, was standing on the steps. My first impulse was fear, and I would have shut the door in his face, had he not looked up at me and said, in a melancholy voice—

"It rains. May I come in?"

"I was touched. I held the door open while he entered. There was a fire in the sitting-room, and I made him sit down before it to dry his clothes. For ten minutes not a word was spoken by either of us; but his wild eyes followed me about the room wherever I went. I trembled with indefinable dread; and oh, how ardently I longed to hear the footsteps of Edward in the hall! I tried to speak to the wretched man, but for some reason I could not; and his eyes still followed me in silence."

"At length, to my dismay, I heard Ella crying in the next room. Gilborne started."

"Is that your child?" he asked.

"I trembled as I replied that it was. Turning deadly pale, he started from his seat, and approached the room whence the cry proceeded. Much as I feared him I caught his arm. The thought, that in a moment of frenzy he might do violence to my child, made me desperate."

"You must not go there!" I said.

"I can hardly tell what followed. I remember that his eyes glared upon me with a momentary blaze of maniac passion—that he pushed me from him—that a dizzy sickness came over me, and that I fell upon the floor."

"When I recovered my senses, I saw him bending over my darling Ella, as she lay on the rug, gazing up with baby wonder into his face. With a cry of terror I sprang forward. But my fear vanished in an instant. He raised his head. There was no frenzy in his eyes; but tears gushed from them, and rolling down his hollow cheeks, fell like rain upon the face of my child."

"He kissed her, and rising from his knees, begged my pardon in a soft, melancholy voice, and in words so delicate and touching that I burst into tears. Before I could speak he was gone."

"How singular!" exclaimed Isabel.

"But what is more singular still. From that day Gilborne's insanity disappeared. He is now a minister in C——."

"Is that the man—the pious, benevolent, kind preacher, whom everybody loves so well?"

"The same. He turned to heaven the affections which were thrown away upon my unworthy self. I believe he is happy; but even now when I hear of thoughtless flirtations, I am pained by the reflections they call up."

"But they seldom have such a melancholy termination, dear aunt," timidly suggested Isabel.

"True. Disappointments in love generally leave sorrow in the heart without shattering the brain. But there are beings of such fine and sensitive natures, that the health of both mind and body depend upon the soundness of their affections."

Isabel bowed her fine head to hide a blush and a tear; and from that day she was never known to indulge in thoughtless flirtations.

## GOOD-MORNING.

"Oh, I am so happy!" the little girl said  
As she sprang, like a lark, from her low trundle-bed;  
"This morning, bright morning!—Good-morning, Papa!  
Oh, give me one kiss for good-morning, Mamma!  
Only just look at my pretty Canary,  
Chirping his sweet good-morning to Mary!  
The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes,  
Good-morning to you, Mister Sun—for you rise  
Early, to wake up my Birdie and me,  
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy as you may be, my dear little girl!"  
And the Mother stroked softly a clustering curl—  
"Happy can be—but think of the One  
Who wakened, this morning, both you and the sun!"  
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod—  
"Mamma, may I say, then, Good-morning to God?"  
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,—  
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray!"

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes  
Looking up earnestly into the skies;  
The two little hands that were folded together,  
Softly she laid on the lap of her Mother.—  
"Good-morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said;  
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed;  
For taking good care of me all the dark night,  
And waking me up with the beautiful light!  
Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,  
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray!"  
An Angel looked down in the sunshine, and smiled,  
But she saw not the Angel, that beautiful Child!

## ON ANIMAL OILS.

OTHER animal oils beside those obtained from fish have enjoyed a popular reputation for the cure of diseases of the chest. In South America remedial efficacy is attributed to the oil of the condor, and in the backwoods of the United States to that of the rattlesnake; and it may not be inappropriate to mention that I have been favoured with a present of oil of scorpions, as it is termed, obtained by infusing scorpions in olive oil, and employed with much confidence by the Spanish physicians, as an embrocation to the back in the treatment of ague.

The great naturalist Pliny, speaks in terms of commendation of the virtues of the broth of soddin turtle in king's evil and swelled spleen. This broth, he says, has a power "Strumas discutere ac lienes tollere."

Other cold-blooded animals were, for many centuries, supposed to possess remedial efficacy. The flesh of the viper, for example, was employed from the very commencement of the Christian era. It was administered by the physician of Julius Cæsar. Galen believed it to be efficacious in elephantiasis, and our distinguished countryman Roger Bacon describes the case of a young German lady whose constitution was so impaired that her hair and nails came off, but who, by a persevering diet of viper's flesh, became in appearance younger and more beautiful than before. Dampier, in his *Voyages* (vol. II. part 1, p. 53) mentions that the people of Tonquin use, as a cordial, vipers and scorpions infused in wine. The learned Mead (*Med. Works*, London, 1762) observes that the physicians of Italy and France commonly prescribed the broth and jelly of viper's flesh to invigorate and purify the mass of blood; and he adds, that it has an efficacy to scour and cleanse the glands of those stagnating juices which, turning to acidity, are the origin of many of those troublesome diseases called scrofulous, leprosy, &c.; and that British physicians were too sparing of its use. Dr. Mead's recommendations were apparently disregarded, for not long afterwards viper's flesh ceased to have a place in our Pharmacopœia; but even if this long-popular remedy was superstitiously introduced, it is quite possible that it may have possessed useful properties, and have been somewhat capriciously dismissed.—Dr. Thompson in the "Lancet."

"DEAR sir," lisped a great lady in a watered silk at the Exhibition, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States?" "Yes, marm," answered a full-fed Jonathan, who was showing off the beauties of a cream freezer, "and I'm one o' them."



## DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

THE character of most individuals is almost wholly to be traced to domestic education. Our first sensations necessarily produce the greatest effects; and the power with which they act upon the susceptibility of the tender mind, is evidenced in the charm of domestic ties, local attachments, and patriotic feelings. The earliest succession of ideas to which we are accustomed, form our primary habits, whether for good or evil; and these are seldom or never eradicated. But what can be learned at the house of a drunkard and a slut, whose improvident union was hastened by sin, who are degraded in body and mind; where disorder, poverty, and strife, are ever in the ascendant? Or, how can dirty and neglected children, associated with none superior to themselves, acquire a single beneficial habit, or experience a single train of wholesome ideas, in the absence of parental care, in their desolate homes? What domestic, what local attachments, what patriotic, what generous or virtuous sentiments can be expected in such quarters?

Everything which disconnects our minds and being from our parental hearth, must needs have a debasing and pestilential influence; but what can be done to ameliorate the condition of such helpless ones? Even amongst the higher classes, children are left too much to themselves, or with servants; but here the evil seems to be unmingled with a single redeeming feature. "The beaten track of customary vice" is followed without scruple. "Parents, be virtuous," said the heathen satirist; "if, on no other account, at least for the sake of your children." Our infant schools may effect some good; but at best they are imperfect substitutes for what parents ought to be zealously accomplishing for themselves, and none but parents can accomplish. Home should be rendered the happiest of all the scenes of our childhood, endeared to us by a thousand lovely associations, cherished in fond memory on account of the noble and generous feelings there excited. Then, its remembrance would hang like an enchanted spell upon the tempted youth; and if he fell, ever whisper in the ear of the wayward prodigal a loving invitation to return and be blessed again.

"The child is father of the man;  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety

"The thought of our past years in me both breed  
Perpetual benediction: not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest—  
Delight, and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—

"But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake,  
To perish never;  
Which neither lust nor loss nor man nor boy  
Nor man nor boy  
Nor all that is in enmity with joy  
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,  
Which brought us hither;  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."—WORDSWORTH.

But a painful illustration of the influence of early association is afforded by the history of Lord Bacon. The royal presence and favour, which he attracted as a quick and interesting child, seem to have raised ambitious hopes in his aspiring mind before his judgment could control them. The love of state, and pomp, and worldly grandeur, or the service of royalty, thus became, as he calls it, his "first love,"—his strongest passion, which all his delight in philosophical meditation and studious retirement, and all the natural impulse of his powerful genius could not subdue. He was trained to be a courtier almost from his cradle; and hence arose all those mean and shuffling arts and evasions, which have so fearfully sullied his glory, as they corrupted his noble disposition, and even dimmed the lustre of his eye.

It is obvious that correctness and elegance of language will be most easily acquired, when those with whom we have most constantly associated in early years have possessed these accomplishments, and thus formed our ear and sharpened our tongue. The Roman orator strikingly illustrates this, by the case of Curius. He was very illiterate, and even ignorant: he thought slowly; his arrangement was bad; his memory most defective; and his action so awkward, as he rolled himself violently about, as to excite general ridicule. His education, as a neglected ward, had been of the most wretched character; and yet, so great was the force of domestic association, that his language was fine, and his fluency of expression admirable.—(Cic. de Brut., sec. 59.) If such a happy talent was thus acquired without effort, what might not have been accomplished by well-directed labour? We have been recently informed that Sir Robert Peel derived his fluency and eloquence from the manner in which his father had trained him up from early boyhood, to speak from a table on any subject suggested to him. Applause stimulated his efforts, however imperfect at first, and the habit was acquired, which was afterwards so admirably matured. Such an anecdote is, at least, strikingly illustrative of the success which might be reasonably expected to crown similar persevering efforts.

Cicero beautifully says: "We have read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. It is evident that her sons were nursed (educati) in her arms more than in her lap." Women, indeed, of energy, piety, or talent, have exercised a prodigious influence over their children. It is said that these commonly resemble their mothers in their intellectual qualities; and that this fact accounts for the notorious deficiency in the sons of Tully and Lord Chesterfield. Cleobulus vainly urged his countrymen to educate their females; the few who followed his advice witnessed the beneficial result. We cannot be surprised at the love of pleasure, frivolity, and external embellishment which distinguishes the mass; it is the vacancy of untutored minds, which is thus manifested; they feed upon husks, because no solid nourishment has been ever provided for them. In order to arrest the evil, we must direct them to higher and nobler objects; we must educate them thoroughly, and with earnest diligence. They will subsequently mould the character of their sons, and impart to genius and to virtue, a softness and delicacy which can be found nowhere else. Their love and tenderness will render their influence permanent and paramount, as "in sweet and kindly tones and words, they direct the opening mind to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to seeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God Himself."

The great defect of domestic training in general is the habit of cherishing pride and vanity in children, and of allowing them to have their own way in everything. It is forgotten that a spoilt child must grow into a selfish and opposing world, and that the contradictions and trials, to which he must then be exposed so unexpectedly, may render his existence a sore burthen to himself. The hot-house plant sickens and dies in our harsh climate when protection is withdrawn.

If our early trains of ideas create a habit of over-valuing any pleasure or pain, too much will be sacrificed during life to obtain the one or avoid the other. We shall be in prodigious haste to realize a pleasure as soon as desired, or to extinguish a pain as soon as felt. But these results can only be attained by a series of steps, frequently numerous ones; and, if impatience hurry us to overlook these, we may sacrifice more than we gain. It is desirable that parents should follow the order of nature, and never thwart it, and thus contribute to form correct associations in the minds of their children, as to the connection between pain and sin on the one hand, and pleasure and good conduct on the other, and as to the importance of the constant exercise of patience and self-control.

## RESULTS OF THE EXHIBITION YEAR.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Closer union, and communion,  
'Tis the families of man;  
Wiser growing, better knowing  
How to work and how to plan.

Seeing farther, seeking rather  
Good of all than good of one;  
None despising, higher prizing  
All that work beneath the sun.

Courteous greetings, friendly meetings;  
Strifes and jealousies no more  
Now shall harass, nor embarrass,  
Those who never loved before.

Interchanging, thoughts far-ranging  
O'er the world in search of good;  
Fetters breaking, tyrants' shaking;  
Weapons bathed no more in blood.

Friendly strivings, and revivings  
Of the old primeval law;  
Hopeful being, gladly seeing  
Visions like the prophet saw.

Each to other, like a brother,  
Offering sympathy and aid;  
Plenty reigning, none complaining,  
Nought to make the weak afraid.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—The achievement, at length, by Messrs. Brett and their coadjutors, of the submarine telegraph across the British Channel, induces me to step forward to claim for myself the merit (if any be attached to it) of being the first originator of the idea of a submarine (electromagnetic) telegraph—an idea which flashed across my mind on reading the account of Professor Wheatstone's success, in his first experiments on the electric wires between Paddington and Slough; and after digesting and mentally maturing a project, which had for its object the like effect by submarine agency, I submitted it for the consideration of the Lords of the Admiralty, and for which I had the honour to receive their lordships' thanks; "but their lordships declined entertaining the idea, as ineligible." Indeed, such "a fanciful, absurd, idea," as it was then designated, was ridiculed by many as being altogether Utopian, but I am thankful to Providence that I have lived long enough to see my "Utopian absurd project" partially carried out, and, to a certain extent, actually realized;—I say to a certain extent, for my project embraced the probability of its eventual extension to India through the Mediterranean and Isthmus of Suez, down the Red Sea, across to Bombay, and, after circumscribing the Indian Peninsula, extending the wires on to China, which I made the terminus of my "Utopian project," leaving it to a future generation to carry the wires down to Australia, and from Ceylon across to the Cape of Good Hope; trusting, however, to the possibility of the wires being ultimately taken across the Atlantic to America, though with but slight expectation that any one of them *in esse* would live to see this latter effected. Still, however, such an achievement was not utterly improbable. But certainly, as regarded a telegraphic communication with India, I considered that as coming within the range of rational probabilities; for although the expense of such a gigantic undertaking must of necessity be vast in the extreme, yet what is there which cannot be achieved by the united means of Government and the East Indian Company, both mutually and reciprocally interested in its accomplishment, and as affording, too, a return of a small per-centage on the outlay produced by an interchange of communication in a manner which I then pointed out, somewhat similar to the plan since adopted by the present Electric Telegraph Company.—Correspondent of the Builder.





S. Mayson



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Continued from Page 79.)

Nothing to his aunt or Avisia of the interview he had with Helen in the cavern. He knew it would only pain them; and, with the former, would serve to confirm the previous hatred she entertained for the plebeian heiress. Nevertheless, he felt strangely troubled at the mysterious threat which she held out against him, and would gladly have gained some information regarding it, had he not been restrained by the before-mentioned reasons.

One evening the family at the cottage were assembled in the little parlour, which glowed merrily with the crimson flame of the large logs of firewood that blazed on the wide hearth. Mrs. Tregar, as usual, was knitting away furiously at the endless coverlid. Arthur and Avisia were seated in a corner, whispering to each other those mysterious and secret sentences in which lovers' dialogues are usually conducted. Uncle Tot sat staring fixedly into the scarlet embers, as if he saw there the nucleus of some new, and surpassingly complicated and useful invention.

"Do you know, Arthur," said Mrs. Tregar, arresting for a moment the sharp clicking of her needles, "do you know, that the servants have lately been talking a great deal about the Phantom Light. Several of them say they have seen it."

Arthur shuddered slightly, for he remembered the night in the orchard.

"I have no doubt, aunt, that they saw a light; but as to the supernatural attributes which report gives it, I am no believer in them."

"I don't know what to say about it," said the old lady, thoughtfully. "I have seen strange things happen in my time; and though once as incredulous as you, my scepticism has been shaken. There was your poor grandfather, Arthur."

"I remember," said Arthur, in a low voice. "They say it appeared the night before he was killed; but it was mere coincidence, depend on it. This light is probably nothing more than some inflammable vapour which, arising from natural causes, floats across the lake in a state of ignition at irregular intervals; and the peasantry, glad of an opportunity of adding to their collection of supernatural lore, invest it with more importance than it merits. This is the only explanation which my reason can offer: my heart, I am ashamed to say, leans to the popular legend."

"It is not well," said Avisia, earnestly, "to despise popular superstitions. Legends frequently clothe the unsubstantial phantoms of history with an air

of reality, which otherwise they would not possess; and there is a wild romance about the lore of our own old hills and lakes that fascinates and attracts the mind, let it be never so incredulous. For my part, I should like dearly to see this wonderful light."

"Do not say so, dear," said Mrs. Tregar, reprovingly; "its appearance always forebodes misfortune, and heaven knows we have had quite enough of that already!"

"I have no fear of any," replied Avisia, turning and nestling her small head upon Arthur's breast. "With such a talisman as this, I bid defiance to the Phantom Light."

"So do I!" exclaimed Uncle Tot, suddenly arousing from a deep reverie; "so do I! Phantom Light, indeed! Pooh! its nothing to my patent candle—that's a light indeed; when that comes out, I'd like to know where your Phantom Light will be."

"But you know, Uncle Tot," said Avisia, with a wicked smile, "you have not yet given us an opportunity of judging of the merits of this wonderful candle—we are quite in the dark about it, which, considering its brilliancy, is decidedly unfair. You should let us see it, and test its powers of illumination."

"Of course, of course, Vizzy—you shall see it. It is ready for inspection—stands upon its own merits. No fear of a failure this time; I have provided against everything—everything," he added, in an authoritative tone.

"Go and fetch it, there's a dear good man," cried Avisia. "I'm all anxiety to see it. Will it be like your patent ricket, Uncle Tot, and nearly burn the house down?"

Uncle Tot was about to look offended; but a sweet smile disarmed him, and with a shake of the head he trotted off to his sanctum. In a few moments he returned, bearing in his hand (with as much care as if it had been an infant) a large and very showy candle, furnished with a most formidable wick.

"There!" said he, depositing it proudly on the table; "there! look at it! There's a candle for you! not such a one to be found in the world—I repeat it, in—the-world! It will burn for a week, and give the light of six ordinary candles. That candle, Mrs. Tregar, will make our fortunes."

"I'm sure I hope so, Tot," replied his sister, smiling at his enthusiasm; "our fortunes stand much in need of some repair."

Uncle Tot, having delivered himself of this striking prophecy, proceeded to illustrate and verify it by lighting the candle. The reader will be pleased to observe here with what self-denial I have abstained from any allusion to the venerable *witticism* about "throwing a light upon the subject;" and will, I trust, give me some credit for this act of literary martyrdom. The candle was, most certainly, a brilliant one. It threw Mrs. Tregar's best moulds into the shade, and may be said fairly to have "taken the shine out of them." Uncle Tot was in ecstasies—Mrs. Tregar amazed; all were taken completely by surprise. Every one had fully expected that, like all the rest of Uncle Tot's inventions, it would have ended in some most eccentric failure. Such, however, was not the case. The candle seemed determined to rescue the waning reputation of its inventor from any previous aspersions, and, accordingly, flamed away with a most overpowering brilliancy and splendour. After a sufficient time had elapsed for all its perfections to be observed and commented on, Uncle Tot announced his intention of putting it out. This, as it proved, was easier said than done. First, Uncle Tot gave a careless puff at it, and the clear white flame flickered a little, and then blazed up as brightly as ever. "He did not blow strong enough, that was it." Accordingly, he puffed out his cheeks until he was like the wood-cut of the north wind in *Æsop's Fables*, and sent a furious blast at the refractory candle. Was there ever anything more odd? The candle did not take the slightest notice of it. Again and again did he renew his efforts, until his round cheeks ached from distension, but in vain. The candle seemed to be a distant relation of the undying fire of the Gebira, and, do what they would, it was evidently determined not to go out. Arthur, Mrs. Tregar, Donal, the whole household, exercised their lungs upon it, but with the same result: it only blazed the more fiercely, and guttered with indignation. At last, Avisia, more in joke than earnest, suggested a trial of Uncle Tot's wonderful bellows, which having put everything out that it had ever been applied to, might, in this instance, be supposed capable of rendering peculiar service.

Uncle Tot caught eagerly at the idea; it was the very thing! The bellows would do it, most undoubtedly; it could not fail!

The bellows was accordingly produced forthwith, and set to work upon the candle. It was a great sight to see these two rival inventions combating so fiercely. The bellows whizzed, and rumbled, and groaned; the candle flickered, and flared, and guttered. Now the former, now the latter would appear certain of the victory. Sometimes the candle would dwindle down to a half-extinguished flame, and look as if it was going to give up the ghost, and

then, like Antæus when he touched the earth, burst out with renewed force; then again, the bellows, as if exhausted by its efforts, would be apparently at the last gasp, with a sort of death-rattle in its wind-pipe, when Uncle Tot's touch would set it blowing away like a white squall. It was a great combat, and, in its way, quite as grand as the Eglinton tournament, or the final scrimmage at the Victoria Theatre, when the hereditary English mariner, with a broadsword in each hand, and a pair of pistols between his teeth, rescues a distressed, but innocent heroine from the fangs of an artful and designing villain, who finally expires in a considerable quantity of blue fire. In the end, however, the candle had the best of it, and the bellows had to retire discomfited from the field. The former had but a brief triumph of it; for, at the cook's suggestion, it was ignominiously immersed in a tub of cold water, and, like many another obstinate inflammation, yielded at last to the hydropathic treatment.

Uncle Tot was rather disconcerted, poor man! at the failure of this his

last and greatest offspring. He received some consolation, however, for all deplored that it would have been a most excellent candle, if it would only go out.

"Who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Tregar, at some time after the exhibition of the candle, a loud knock at the cottage door reached their ears; "who can that be, I wonder—it is rather late for the night post; ring the bell, Avisia, dear, and order the servants to answer it."

In a few moments Oonagh entered the room, with a letter in her hand for Mrs. Tregar.

"The Cork post-mark," exclaimed the old lady, examining the letter carefully before she opened it, "who can it be from? it has an office seal, too; it can't be from lawyer Dartnell, for I had a letter from him yesterday; still it is very like a lawyer's epistle. I hope it contains no bad news."

"The best way to ascertain that, aunt, would be to open it," said Arthur, smiling at the old lady's conjectures.

"I have a peculiar dislike to any letter that smells of law," replied Mrs. Tregar, breaking the large seal, methodically, "they are generally freighted with bad news; and even if by chance the intelligence they bring you is good, one has to pay so heavily for its communication, that the triumph is nearly as bad as a defeat."

So saying, she opened the portentous epistle, and proceeded to gather its contents. She had scarcely time, however, to read more than a few lines, than she uttered a loud cry of pain, and sank back in her chair insensible. Arthur and Avisia rushed to her side, chafing her temples, and endeavouring to restore her to consciousness. In a few moments she unclosed her eyes, and uttered a faint sigh; then, seeing Arthur leaning over her with an anxious look, she pointed to the letter, which still lay in her lap, and motioned to him to read it. He took it up, in obedience to her wish, and glanced over it; as he read on, his face changed, and he became deadly pale.

"She has executed her threat but too well," he muttered to himself, as he laid it down; "Avisia and her mother will be indeed houseless."

(Continued in No. 7.)

## THE ANGEL "LOVE."

SOFT and clear, and very gentle were the blue eyes of little Anne, as she looked up to the face of her dear mother, and heard her say words that her childish thoughts could scarcely grasp, yet which made her young heart seem to stand still in her bosom. Because her mother's face was so fair and pale, and her eyes so strangely bright, and her smile so beautiful and holy, the little one felt as if it were an angel who talked to her, and the words came like echoes of all the child had ever heard of goodness and of Heaven; and she felt something like awe even at the caress of that dear, dear hand, that had been so often laid on her bosom—laid in love and in blessing; but if anything of sadness crept in with the strange feelings, it was shown in her calm stillness, and not by tears.

"Because I am going away from you, my child," said the beautiful pale lips; "and because I would meet you again, I tell you these things. You are so very young, that much of what I say will be a strange sound, without meaning to you; but I know that you love me, and will treasure up all I say in your little, loving heart, till the time when light from above shall fall in among the words I leave you, and then they will arrange themselves into beautiful forms, and come up out of the dimness—and, like angels, teach you pure and lovely things, that you could not understand now."

"But," murmured the child, with clasped hands, and eyes that would not turn from those that looked down so fondly on her, "I would always learn from you, my mother. No one, nothing can teach me so well as you, because I love you best of all."

"You think so now," said the mother; "once I thought so, too; but I have learned to know better: and a time will come when you will know it is not so. When I was well, and full of life, I thought that I would be strong for your sake, and would lead you, with a firm arm and steady heart, away from danger and pain. But it was not a true spirit that whispered so to me, and our Father in heaven sent a better spirit to teach me that I was very, very weak, and unfit to guide and lead. But though the spirit wore a dark mantle of shadows, and had tears, instead of stars, glittering in its crown, and spoke in sorrowful tones, so that at first I shuddered at its presence, yet, the good Father who sent it to me, opened my eyes to its true nature, and lifted the dark mantle, that I might see how white, and pure, and lovely a robe it wore beneath; and I know now that tears, if pure and full of love, are more precious than stars of light, and the tones of sorrow are now soft and sweet as music; and the spirit I feared is become a bright angel to me, and stands beside me to soothe and bless me; when, if it were not there, all else would be dark."

"And its name, my mother; what is the spirit's name?" asked the child.

"I called it 'Affliction,' while its radiant face was hidden from me," replied the mother; "but when the dark veil was lifted, I saw its true name—'Love,' written on its white forehead in brightness; and now I love it so that I would not lose its presence and its teachings for all the wide world could offer me."

"Mother," breathed the child, softly, while her hand clasped more closely the arm of the pale lady, "you said you would go away from me. Will this spirit leave me too?"

"No, no; it will not leave you, my dear one, so long as you will only follow its guidance, and love to obey it. But you must love it above all things; must feel in your very heart that it is wiser, truer, purer, and more

mighty than any other thing. Alas! dear child, when you shall feel how great and good this glorious spirit is, then you will know, indeed, how frail and feeble a guide your mother could have been to you. See, love! how my heavy limbs droop, and my voice grows faint even now; ere long it will be silent for ever; and, then, if your trust were only in me, you would be lonely indeed. But this true guide never fails, never falters; it is strong, as bright, as full of love as of wisdom; it will never, for one moment, leave you—sleeping and waking, will the lovely one be near to bless you."

"But, mother, you did not know it at first, and I am so young, so apt to be mistaken, how shall I know it if it veils its face from me?"

"A trusting, loving, innocent heart will be sure to know that spirit, even in disguise, my child," answered the mother. "It was because I feared it that I doubted it at first; but if you are willing to give up your own way, to do right in all things, even when it seems hard to do so, this angel's face will beam so brightly with joy on you, that it will shine through the veil." But, it may be long before you learn so to give up your own will, and this spirit may wear many forms to you. It may appear all- clad in sunny brightness and rainbow colours, or it may wear even a darker form than I did for me. Perhaps you will hear it called 'Death' by those who are around you, and the tears in its crown may be more bitter than those I saw. But if you are constantly looking for this bright 'Love,' you may still know it: Look for it, my child, in every event of life; remember that it may be in every p in many forms; and when you hear those who are near you speak of 'pain,' of 'sorrow,' of 'trial,' or of 'sickness,' think that all these may be but other names for the heavenly one, and do not murmur that it seems to change; but be patient and humble; and, in the end, it will raise its veil, and you will see that in reality it never changes, but is still the same beautiful Love, and only its dress is different; and MAY, my dear one, that you may always be true to its teachings: pray always—pray now, my child. I am very faint and weary, but it will warm my heart to see you pray."

The child looked up, and saw that the pale face was paler still, and that the languid head hung wearily down, and she felt that her mother's hand was chill; but still there was so soft a smile on her lips, that it made the wondering, little heart, stronger to do their bidding. And she knelt down, and laid her face in her mother's lap, and said the prayer her mother had taught her long ago—"Our Father, which art in heaven," and when she said in her low, earnest, childish voice, "Thy will be done," she felt her mother's hand press her own, very, very closely in its cold grasp; but still the child went on till she had finished the prayer, and then she saw that the loving eyes which watched her were strangely changed, and looked still and glassy; and a whisper, so low that she could scarcely hear it, said—"I am dying; but do not tremble nor shrink, dearest: even this is the angel, Love." And the faint breath passed away from the pallid lips, and the child saw that her mother was no longer among the living ones of earth. Then, again, she bent her head, and prayed that she might feel the angel's presence, even in its darkest dress; and peace stole in among the half-formed fears in her heart, and on her mother's lips still seemed to live their last word, the name of the angel, and it comforted the child, and still again she prayed, "Thy will, O Father, be done."

For many days, the form of the gentle mother was laid away in the earth; but Anne felt that the pure and loving spirit, which had stood beside her, dying, was still near; and she did pray often, and strive earnestly to see it everywhere; and very often it lifted from its radiant face all that hid its glory, and it spoke sweet words of cheer and hope: when she yearned for the old, kind tones of her mother, and when the child read in the holy book her mother had so loved, then the face of the good angel glowed with a perfect radiance, and it taught her to understand what she read there; and then the child learned great and pure lessons, that made her strong to love, and ready to suffer.

Many, who spoke to her, talked of pity, and said how lonely she must feel now that her mother was dead, but the child said—

"My mother is alive again, and I am not alone." And the angel smiled at her words. But, after a time, the child grew weak, and her steps were faltering; and very often she pressed her little hand on her heart to allay its pain, and the friends about her whispered that she had the same look that had been in her mother's eyes, and spoke of "trial" and "sickness." And, with a gentle smile, the child said—

"But still I know the holy, good 'Love' will show itself!"

And it did, indeed, with sweeter words than ever; for it said, "Now that the child had well obeyed her mother's words, and walked her short path on earth with a true heart; and that now the Great Father of all had prepared a place for her in heaven; and, after it, (the angel,) should yet, for a little time, wear dark robes, and appear in sterner shapes, even to that of 'death.' Yet it was afterwards to carry her up to the ready home—the angel's own birth-place, and she would live for ever there, with all she loved; and her mother would welcome her, and then the angel would always wear its white robes and stars in its crown: and they would never doubt it any more."

And so the child kept on smiling peacefully at all the sad names they called the heavenly friend she loved; till, at last, it bore her up to heaven, with its face unveiled, and its beauty all revealed.

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—A French scientific journal states, that the ordinary rate is, per second—of a man walking 4 feet, of a good horse in harness 12, of a reindeer in a sledge on the ice 26, of an English racehorse 48, of a hare 88, of a good sailing ship 14, of the wind 82, of sound 1,038, of a 24-pounder cannon-ball 1,300, of the air, which, so divided, returns into space 1,300 feet.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 75.)

MR. GORDON was sitting with his wife and daughter in his comfortable parlour, when they entered. He looked hard at the new comer, but that individual seemed inclined to bear the scrutiny very calmly, merely inquiring—

"Is this Mr. Gordon?"

"It is, sir," was the brief reply.

"Then, Mr. Gordon, I have business with you."

"You will oblige me by stating it forthwith."

"But not here, if you please."

"And why not, sir?"

"My message is intended for you alone."

"I have no business which I wish to keep secret from my family, sir."

"Very well; after you are acquainted with my errand, you can judge whether it is expedient to share this with them."

All looked completely mystified at the audacity of their guest. Mr. Gordon, however, beckoned him to follow, and left the room. He led the way to the library; both entered: he closed the door, and, glancing at his visitor, pointed to a chair.

It was taken.

"And now, sir," said the millionaire, looking his visitor calmly in the face, "will you oblige me by stating, as directly as possible, the object of this call?"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply; while the man who excited his curiosity so strongly, cast the glance of a pair of eyes upon him that almost alarmed him, such was their piercing brilliancy.

"In the first place then, you have a daughter, I believe?"

"I led you here to receive information, not to answer questions, sir."

"Indulge me a moment; you will soon ascertain my meaning."

"I will humour you, then. I have a daughter."

"An only daughter, I think?"

"Yes, sir, an only daughter."

"And to-morrow evening she is to be married?"

"This is insufferable; you are intruding where you have no business, sir."

"Nay, you mistake my motives; I will soon explain."

"You will oblige me by so doing. Then, as you seem anxious to know, she is to be married to-morrow evening."

"Well; are you thoroughly acquainted with the man so soon to become your son-in-law?"

"I am, sir."

"Have you studied his character?"

"I have, sir."

"And what conclusion have you arrived at, in regard to it?"

"That he is an honourable and honest man. But be careful, sir; if you cannot give me proof of good reason for such inquiries, they shall cost you dearly."

"If I do not, they may. But allow me to inquire if you have endeavoured to ascertain his motives?"

"I have, sir."

"Then, Mr. Gordon, if you have come to the conclusion you state, I am sorry to say that you have been deceived."

"What?"

"Deceived, sir; basely deceived."

"What mean you?"

"That this man is not what he professes to be!"

"Then what is he?"

"An impostor!"

"A what?" fairly screamed the old man, springing from his seat.

"A villain!"

"By Heaven, this is beyond endurance. Begone, sir, or I will lay violent hands on you."

"Sir!"

"I say, begone, or I will chastise you on the spot."

But the stranger sat, casting his dark, flashing eye on the excited man, and he showed no intentions of evading his threat.

"Do you hear?" he shouted, wildly.

"I do," was the calm reply.

"And do you intend to obey my command?"

"I wish to wait a moment, till you grow calmer."

"Calmer! who would listen to insult from a stranger, and be calm?"

"Mr. Gordon, you misapprehend my motive; if I have insulted you, I would ask your pardon. I assure you I had no motives in view, except a regard for your daughter's happiness, and a desire that it should not be basely trampled on."

"You are a scoundrel!"

"Sir!"

"Yes, a scoundrel; a hypocrite!"

"What, sir?" exclaimed the stranger, rising.

"All that I have said; and if you do not leave my house within three minutes, I will kick you out as I would a puppy."

"Mr. Gordon," said the stranger, calmly, "did I understand you aright?"

"If you did not, I can repeat what I have said."

"Did I hear you order me from your house?"

"You did, sir."

"And am I to understand that you are in earnest?"

"I am not a man to trifle."

"Very well, then, Mr. Gordon, very well, you shall be obeyed."

"As soon as possible, sir."

"Then I have done what I could to prevent this, and you will regret, when too late, that you had not regarded my advice."

"I shall regret that I had not kicked you out of doors, sir."

"You are inexorable; I have no more to say. But we shall meet again."

"Never in this house," said the excited man, as his visitor took his hat, and, bowing coldly, strode proudly from the room.

Gordon paced the floor earnestly, after he was gone: he was labouring under the greatest excitement.

"Impostor!" he exclaimed; "I wonder that I suffered him to remain in my house so long. But what could the villain have meant in making such a charge against Wallace? He must have some ulterior object in view, but what it is I cannot imagine. True, I have not been acquainted with him who is to be my son-in-law, long; but I am sure, if an honourable and honest man ever drew breath, he is one. Besides, did he not bring credentials from my old friends in the city? Pshaw! I will not let this idle story trouble me more. But shall I mention this to Ellen? No; it must distress her, for this fellow is surely an enemy to her intended, and it could do no good, so I will keep the matter to myself. But if that audacious villain ever approaches me again, I will have him arrested, that is certain."

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Of all the freaks that life can play,  
While sailing o'er the sea of Time,  
There's nothing holds more potent sway,  
Than dark, suspicious, hateful crime."

"The poor—the rich—the great—the wise,  
Are often, through temptations, led  
To do those things they but despise,  
And bring confusion on their heads."

"Tis better far to shape our ways  
According to that gnome's bright;  
That every noble heart repays,  
With blessings, if they act aright."—ANON.

"ALFRED," said Mrs. Whitman to her husband, one morning, a few months after their marriage, "do you remember Ellen Gordon?"

"The old merchant's daughter, who moved out of the city several years since?"

"Yes, the same."

"I have some recollection of her, but I do not fancy I should recognise her now. She was one of your old friends, I believe?"

"Yes; and I received a letter from her last evening. She is about to be married."

"Indeed! to whom?"

"To a gentleman by the name of Wallace. He resides in town, I believe."

"Wallace!" said Whitman, musingly, "I do not know of any such person. He must be out of my circle of acquaintance."

"She did not give me any particulars, but merely said that she was to be married next week, and was then going to start immediately for Europe, to spend a few months."

"Then you will not see her before she returns?"

"No, I suppose not. I should like to; but I must content myself with waiting. I am glad she is to live in town, for we were very intimate when we were at school together, and I presume we shall be as good friends again."

"I hope so," replied her husband; and the conversation was dropped.

And Ellen Gordon was married. The scheme was so artfully contrived, and so skillfully executed, that no suspicions were excited. Duval was in ecstasies, now that his villany had proved successful; but he desired to put off, as far as possible, the time when the secret should be made known. He knew that a storm would burst upon him then, and he had some fear of the consequences. But the same reckless, daring spirit, that had ever characterised him, rendered him able to forget all fears for the future, and all recollections of the past, while he was in a situation where many envied him, and his society was courted by all.

Immediately after his marriage, as has been intimated, he started for an excursion with his young bride; and among the many interesting objects that attracted her attention there, he succeeded in prolonging their visit to the Continent to several months. They visited the principal cities, and as his fair bride attracted attention by her intelligence and her queenly beauty wherever they went, so he, by that effrontery which was a part of his very nature, assimilated himself to the company he was in, and their society was sought in the first circles. The pride of Duval was pampered, and he was happy as it was possible for a person of his character to be; and his conscience was now so thoroughly soothed by years of crime, that he experienced few compunctions for the dark deeds he had committed, and no sentiments of pity for the victims of his insatiate thirst for revenge.

But the time when they must return, at length drew near; and while they prepared to do so, he experienced unpleasant forebodings at times, fearing that his real character might have been discovered by the friends of his bride. But as he had taken many precautions, and Mr. Gordon had perfect confidence that he was all he represented himself to be, the vile impostor had not been discovered. But had the pure being he had sworn to love and watch over while life should last—had she no warnings, no suspicion of the dark and black heart that she had once believed so true? Would it be for a person possessing so much penetration as she did, to have the over her vision so long? That she had some fear that all was not right, some unconfessed dread, is true; but she hardly dared confess it even



to her own heart. It was like the desire of one who was in a dangerous, though pleasing dream, to wish not to be awakened and have the pleasing illusion destroyed.

At length Duval and his bride arrived in the city of her birth. He soon discovered that his secret had not been revealed; and desiring to keep on the mask as long as possible, he hired a house in a distant part of the city from that where he had been wont to be, and, under the name of his fictitious name, he was enabled to keep up appearances for some time to come.

One day, after he had been in the city several weeks, he was suddenly surprised by feeling some one grasp his hand as he walked the street. He hastily looked up, almost expecting to meet the eye of an officer, but, to his great joy, Fenning stood before him.

"Why, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, shaking him heartily by the hand, "where have you kept yourself this long time? how are you coming now?"

"Oh! well, as usual," was the reply. "But, I think, instead of your asking where I have been, the other should be *vice versa*."

"How so?"

"Why, man, I have not cast my eyes on you before, these six months, while I have been in London, where I am ever to be found. But where have you been?"

"Oh! across the sea, of course; but, my friend, I have much to say to you."

"And I have much to tell."

"Undoubtedly; but we cannot converse here."

"Very true; so come home with me."

"I will: we shall be free there."

And so the two made the best of their way to the place where the previous interviews we have described between them had taken place.

Arrived there, the door was made fast, and they threw themselves upon seats.

"How natural," said Duval, glancing around the room. "Nothing has changed with you. But what was I here last?"

"Do you not remember?"

"No; I cannot recollect the time."

"It was a week previous to your marriage."

"Ah! yes; I remember. You knew that I was married, then?"

"I supposed so; for you know the papers announced that Miss Ellen Gordon was united to Mr. William Wallace, of this city."

"Ha, ha, ha! That was not bad. But had you not heard from me since?"

"Not a syllable."

"I did not intend my friends should hear from me, though I fancied you would know how I was situated."

"I had not the slightest idea of your whereabouts. Rumour, indeed, said that you had gone to Europe, but I knew not whether it was a fact, or a subterfuge for some other purpose."

"Oh, no! That was a true report; I have been luxuriating in the old country for the past six months, having a glorious time, I assure you."

"Undoubtedly. And how do matters stand now?"

"Just at present all is well; but how long it will be so I know not."

"Any particular danger?"

"Rather particular, it strikes me. But I shall remove it soon."

"Particularise more."

"I will; in the first place, you know how my scheme succeeded, I suppose?"

"Certainly. And I must say that it was much better than I had anticipated."

"Yes; it was better than I had dared to expect. I hoodwinked the family, and humbugged the dear public magnificently."

"So I should think."

"Well, if I had carried off an heiress and made her my lawful wife, you know it was done in an assumed character."

"Very true."

"And you can easily see that it was for my interest to keep up that character as long as possible."

"Of course."

"And when it does come out, you know I have good reason to look for a storm."

"When it does come out! You do not mean that you have kept it up until now?"

"Indeed, I do."

"But your wife?"

"She has no suspicion that I am other except what I appear to be."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I never was more so."

"Then all I can say is, that I never was more surprised."

"Well; I must think that I have succeeded famously. But, you know as I had wedded an heiress, of course I must support her as an heiress should be."

"Certainly."

"That I have done. I have been generous enough, I assure you. But it has made sad inroads on my purse."

"I can readily believe that."

"And I find, now, that I am growing sadly short of funds."

"That is not singular."

"Not at all. And when my dear father-in-law finds how magnificently I have humbugged him, you know it is but just to suppose that he will wax wrathful."

"That would certainly be the natural consequence."

"And being a stern sort of an old fellow, you know he might see fit to disown me, and swear that I never should touch a crown of his property."

"He might."

"And that proceeding would be particularly uncomfortable."

"So I should think. But what do you propose to do?"

"Oh! I have a project in view which will obviate all difficulties."

"And what may this project be?"

"Do you not apprehend?"

"I am sure I do not."

"Why, you know he is the only obstacle in the way."

"Certainly."

"And all I have to do is just to put him out of the way."

Fenning started. As much command as he possessed over his nerves, he could hardly appear composed to hear such a deed so coolly spoken of. In a moment he asked—

"But how can you do it?"

"I shall do it as I think no marks will be left."

"Politeness?"

"Ay! you have guessed. But I must leave now. I will see you again to-morrow."

"So be it. Good night, then."

"Good evening."

## CHAPTER XV.

"I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, begin to burn,  
Till heated and combled from the pores,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."—SHAKESPEARE.

MR. GORDON sat in his library. It was evening, and he was deeply engaged in thought. If there was one thing nearer his heart—one dearer to him than aught else on earth, that was his daughter's happiness. In her, all his hopes were centered; she was his only child—the light and solace of his age. And, rather than that a cloud should pass between her and peace, he would be ready to make any sacrifice, however great. This was now the subject that occupied his mind. As yet he knew nothing of the truth; but that day tidings had reached him which made him fear that all was not right, and caused a feeling of solicitude to arise in his bosom. Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by a rap on his door.

"Walk in," he answered.

A servant entered.

"There is a gentleman at the door, waiting to see you, sir."

"Who is he?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Did he not send his name?"

"No, sir. He simply said he wished to see you."

"Is he a young man?"

"It was impossible for me to tell. His face is muffled so I could only see his eyes."

"Show him in. I wonder who it can be," he mused, after the attendant departed. He was not long kept in suspense, however, for in a moment he returned, ushering in a gentleman. He then departed, closing the door.

As he had said, the visitor was completely muffled, so that only his eyes were visible. But the moment Mr. Gordon beheld them, he started involuntarily. The new comer leisurely laid his hat upon the table and threw back the garment which enveloped him. [See engraving, p. 72.]

Mr. Gordon started again; and this time he fairly sprang from his chair, for he saw in a moment, that the man before him was none other than the one, who had paid him such a troublesome visit, on the evening previous to his daughter's wedding.

"You recognise me, then, Mr. Gordon," said the stranger, who had been narrowly watching the countenance of his host.

"I do, sir, as you shall find to your cost," replied the old man, moving towards the bell tassel.

"What are you about to do?"

"To call my servants and order them to expel you from the house. You shall learn that my words, when you were last here, meant something."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Gordon. Forgetting your conduct towards me, when I was here once before, I have called again to inform you of a matter that nearly interests you. You look incredulous; but listen to me. I only ask your attention for five minutes, and if before the end of that time I have not convinced you that my end is what I profess it is, I promise you, on my honour as a gentleman, that I will instantly leave your house, and never trouble you more. Is not this reasonable?"

"It certainly appears to be."

"And you consent to it?"

"I do. So please to come to the point as soon as possible."

"I will. Mr. Gordon, if you stood on the edge of a precipice which was imperceptible to you, and which, the next step you took, would prove your ruin; if some one came to warn you of it, but you only laughed at him as endeavouring to impose on your credulity, and never even looked to see if what he said was true or not;—if you scorned his advice and turned him away, would not men have good reason to call you mad?"

"Certainly. But what has that to do with your visit?"

"Much, every way. You do stand on the very brink of a precipice, and if no precautions are taken, you will most certainly be dashed down its steep. I am come to warn you. Deem me not, I pray you, a base deceiver or a designing hypocrite; but listen to me carefully, and then judge of what I have said. Will you do so?"





*A light, colourless powder, descended into the wine. All this was performed in a much less time than has been occupied in the reading of it, and while Mr. Gordon was, apparently, gazing at some object out of the window. But a careful observer might have seen that he cast a piercing glance under his brows at the proceedings of his visitor."*—See Chap. xvi.

"I will. Go on."  
 "Then I suppose you remember the charges I made against the person who is now your son-in-law?"  
 "I certainly do."  
 "And you then regarded them as only an idle tale?"  
 "Very true."  
 "Have you since had any occasion to form a different opinion on the subject?"  
 "I have not."  
 "Then you will certainly have occasion to do so, ere long."  
 "Please to be definite, sir. I wish for no information except that which is given in a plain, straightforward manner."  
 "Your wishes shall be complied with. In the first place, I must repeat what I have said before—your son-in-law is an impostor."  
 "Be cautious, sir."  
 "Nay, do not start thus; it is even so."  
 "Do you know that if you trifle with me, it will cost you dear?"  
 "I do; and I say nothing but that which I am ready to substantiate."  
 "Then go on."  
 "I am ready to give you proof of all that I say. You have been deceived by a base and designing hypocrite."  
 "How?"  
 "He is no more what he professes to be, than he is an angel."  
 "What then?"  
 "He is a villain: aye, a villain of the blackest dye! By false representations he has succeeded in winning your confidence and that of your daughter; but you do not even know his real name."  
 "And what is it?"  
 "Duval; Lorenzo Duval."  
 "And what do you know of him?"  
 "Much: more than any other being on earth. I know him for a false, dark-souled villain!—one whose words may be smooth as glass, and his smile light as the sunshine, while the most malignant of passions are lurking at his heart."  
 "Go on."  
 "I know him, too, as one of the most unscrupulous characters, who is ready to take any means to accomplish his object. As one who is ready, without any hesitation, to rob a brother of his heart's blood; aye, and has done it, too."  
 "Sir," said Mr. Gordon, "I have heard you thus far attentively—calmly. But I must say, that my first opinion is only confirmed, and I look upon you as one who, for some object unknown, is endeavouring to impose on me. However, go on now: I will hear you through."

"Mr. Gordon, I am well aware of the opinion you entertain in regard to me; but you will soon have an opportunity to see if it is correct. I came here to-night on an important errand, and I have only told you this, that you might discover how you had been deceived, and flee the fate that hangs over you."  
 "Over me?"  
 "Aye, over you. There is a dark plot laid for your life."  
 "Mine! Who can seek my life?"  
 "The same villain of whom we have been speaking."  
 "This is unreasonable."  
 "Is it? Reflect for a moment. He has been united to your daughter under a false character, and when the mask falls, as inevitably it must, he knows that your anger will be excited by such base treatment, and he fears that he shall lose the grand object he has in view."  
 "Which is—what?"  
 "Your property!"  
 "That sounds more like reason," said Gordon, in a calm tone; but his face was colourless as marble. In a moment he asked—  
 "And what does he purpose to do?"  
 "To make himself sure of his object."  
 "How?"  
 "By taking your life!"  
 The old merchant sprang from his chair. For a few moments he paced the floor, and then he seemed to have grown calmer.  
 "Sir," said he, "how happens it that you have so much knowledge of this man you denounce as a villain, and are so anxious to thwart his schemes? Men do not act without an object."  
 "Certainly not. Years ago, I was poor and friendless, and as I was an orphan, I was left to seek out my own path in the world. But by persevering industry and close attention to whatever I laid my hand to, I soon succeeded in winning the esteem and friendship of those around me. The person with whom I lived was a merchant, and he employed me as supercargo for him, several years. My diligence and integrity seemed to please him, and in his family I received all the kindness of a son."  
 "He had a daughter—a bright-eyed, merry girl, when first I saw her; and she was my companion during the time I spent on the land, for several years. As time passed on, and she grew to womanhood, the feelings I had ever entertained for her began to change—no; not to change, but to be more fully developed. I had no relations, few friends to whom my heart clung, and it naturally turned to her. I loved her—loved her with all the fervour of which my nature was capable; loved her better than all else on earth—better than life itself, and, I almost fear, better than my Creator, to whom I owe so many blessings."



GROUP OF FIGURES IN THE "BLOOMER COSTUME," ADDED TO TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK EXHIBITION.

"My love was returned; we were betrothed, and after my next voyage were to have been united. I bid her adieu with a happy heart, for I expected soon to call her mine. But while I was away, a fiend in human shape crossed my path. With the most insinuating arts he carried on his purpose, and finally, just before I returned, he suddenly disappeared with her. The most powerful exertions failed to detect her, and whether she died a victim of his passion, or still lives an outcast and a wanderer, I know not. She was an only child, and her loss sadly affected her father. A few months after the event, he died, leaving me his property, and charging me with his latest breath, to seek her if she was still in the land of the living, and restore her to happiness. All search proved unsuccessful; but I found the villain who had ruined my peace. He knew me not; but being pleased with my appearance, he made me his companion and confidant. Since that time I have often been tempted to take vengeance upon him, but I have restrained that feeling until its time shall come; and the only object of my life has been to foil him in his dark deeds. And I have been successful. Often have I crossed his path when he knew it not, and I shall never fail to do it, until he is brought to justice. Now can you understand my motive?"

"And that villain was——?"

"Lorenzo Duval!"

"Young man, your story seems plausible, though strange; whether to believe you I know not."

"I have told you all,"

"Now answer me, I adjure you, if it were to be your last word. Speak you the truth?"

"Before Him at whose bar we must all be judged, I do."

"Enough; I receive it. Call on me again, your aid may be needed; but now I must be alone, to reflect. Rest assured, that if you are what you profess to be, you shall be rewarded."

"Talk not of reward—you know my motive. To-morrow Duval will be with you. Be wary; watch him carefully."

"I will."

"If I am needed I will see you again;" and the visitor bowed and left the room.

(No. 7.)

**TRUTH.**—The temple of truth is, indeed, built of stones of crystal, but inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and undiluted, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed, that he who follows truth too closely must take care that she does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely, has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friend of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

**THE DEATH OF A WIFE.**—"The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave."

## THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY.

BY MARY BENNETT.

LAVINIA, lost in discontent,  
Frowning, beside the casement leant,  
And looked upon the gloomy sky  
With an impatient, restless eye.

"Oh, what a dreary summer day,  
No butterfly is out to play;  
The daisies are half drowned in rain,  
The dull grey clouds unmoved remain;  
I see not, hear not one fair thing,  
But hidden ligkets chirruping."

Upon the window-pane, there moved  
A large blue-bottle fly, that loved  
To talk as elder folk will talk,  
Still moralising in his walk—

"O foolish girl, that pines in vain  
For beauties vanished by the rain;  
Sees not the woops of flies that dance  
Around, and court her roving glance.  
Our heads so brown, our eyes so black,  
Our fine waxed legs and shining back;

Our wings transparent, that displays  
Reflected gold and purple rays.  
My flies, she notes not, for our dress  
Is but a household loveliness.  
In us go dazzling charms are spread,  
We are but staidly perfected;  
Yet we are fair unto the sight  
Of those who learn to view aright."

The neatness that around them dwell,  
In airy hall or secret cell—  
For all is fair that God hath made,  
Dwelling in sunshine or in shade;  
The forms that shallow thoughts despise  
Prove the Creator good and wise.

The heart that is with sunshine bright,  
Sees all things lovely to the sight,  
And the wise spirit doth not deat  
Only on good that is remote,  
But looketh for the blessings near,  
Nor ever fails to find them here.

**HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.**—Costly apparatus and splendid cabins have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances under God the master of his own fortune, so he is the maker of his mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow by its own action; it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in an emergency, his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect its proper object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or read the most, who do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all warriors went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature given him strength, and he carried the largest bow; but because discipline had taught him how to bend it.—Daniel Webster.

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

In the report of the Select Committee on Public Libraries, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed in 1849, there is given an outline map of Europe, with the different countries shaded into different degrees of blackness, according to their deficiency in public libraries, freely accessible to the population. The blackest spot in the map, to our regret, we find to be the British Isles. A kind of Cimmerian darkness, as we might have reasonably expected, spreads over Russia, with its myriads of serfs and slaves, and over Portugal and its monks; but the deepest gloom is over the free and commercial states of Holland and the British Isles. In the smaller states of Germany the number of books contained in the public libraries is the largest, with reference to their population, and the state of Brunswick stands at the head of them. In the Prussian states, there are 95 towns having among them 53 libraries, with 2,040,450 volumes of books. In the Austrian states, 87 towns have among them 49 libraries, with 2,408,000 volumes. In France, 169 towns have 168 libraries, with 4,510,295 volumes. In the United States there are above 100 libraries, of which the largest part are entirely open to the public; indeed, almost every state has its public library, supported by a vote of the State legislature. In Great Britain and Ireland, we have ten towns possessing 32 libraries that are called public, with the aggregate number of 1,726,993 volumes: an infinitely small proportion, compared with our wealth and our intelligence; and of still infinitely smaller advantage when we take into consideration the restrictions with which they are surrounded, and the impediments to the free use of their contents.

In this country there were formerly eleven libraries which were entitled to receive a copy of every new work on its publication. By an act of the 6 & 7 W. 4, c. 110 (A.D. 1836), libraries entitled to this privilege were reduced to six—viz.—the British Museum; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the University Library, Cambridge; the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; and the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. The other six are the Library of St. John's College, London; the University Libraries of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrew's; and the Libraries of the Queen's Inns, Dublin: these six received a compensation for the loss of their privilege by having an annual sum voted them by Parliament, which amounts to £2,800 a year. The whole of these libraries, although perhaps originally founded by the munificence of private individuals, and enriched by donations and legacies, nevertheless, as being mainly supported by the State, may be properly called 'Public Libraries, and should be freely open to the public, subject only to such restrictions as are absolutely necessary for the safe preservation of the books. But instead of this, our University Libraries are not only closed against the public, but, for the most part, against the students of the University itself, who have not yet taken their degree. The library of Trinity College, Dublin, is open to the public, on a proper introduction and recommendation; but, singular to say, the students are not admitted. The library at Edinburgh, seems to be the most liberal towards the strictly speaking, an order is required to obtain admission to it, but it has fallen into desuetude, and every person of respectable rank applying for books or manuscripts is supplied with them; and they go even further than this, for all the publications received under the act of Parliament from Stationers' Hall are lent out, and used as a circulating library.

In London, besides the library of the British Museum, there are two or three public libraries of some importance that are but little known. The library of St. John's College, which originally had the privilege of receiving a copy of every work published in the United Kingdom, but which now receives grant of £500 15s. 2d. as compensation, is one of them. St. John's

College is situated in London Wall, and was founded in 1680 by a Doctor White, the rector of St. Dunstan's in the West. The primary object of the library was for the use of the clergymen of the established church within the city. Any incumbent within the city is a fellow of this college, and has a right to introduce any person as a reader for twelve months. The librarian has also a discretionary power to allow persons to consult the library whom he may consider properly qualified. The library consists of from 35,000 to 40,000 volumes, principally theological works, but with a considerable portion of general literature, and many rare and curious works. This is a lending library among the fellows, upon whose written order books are sent out; and the librarian tells us, that many of them are taken by the fellows for the use of other persons; but the fellows are responsible for them. The number of volumes thus circulated amounts to between 5,000 and 6,000 in the course of a year. The number of readers attending the reading-room is between 300 and 400 a year; of these the principal part are clergymen; none of the working classes, and very few of the middle classes. There are rarely more than six or seven readers in a day, but they could easily accommodate 200 or more. This library is open from ten to four, but not at all in the evenings.

In Red-cross Street, Cripplegate without, is Dr. Williams's Library, which was founded in 1716, and is, to a great extent, under the control of the Court of Chancery. The librarian has power to admit any person as a reader who applies; so that, practically, it is open to the public free of expense. There are out 20,000 volumes in the library, principally in theology, science

and literature. Dr. Williams was an ardent dissenting of the Presbyterian persuasion. There is a recommendation from 50 to 60 readers; but very few attend, and these are principally dissenting divines. The books are lent out by written order from a trustee, the trustee being the responsible person; and more use is made of the library in this way than in the reading-room. Very few persons in the neighbourhood use the library, and it has been suggested to the trustees to remove the site of it to some place in the neighbourhood of University College, where it might be rendered more useful.

At the back of the National Gallery, and directly opposite the barrack wall, is situated the library founded by Archbishop Tennison in 1685, now consisting of some 4,000 volumes of general literature, with about 70 manuscripts, in as bad a state as books can be, because they are never read, never taken down to be cleaned—never used in any way. At the time of its foundation, it appears that, in the precinct and city of Westminster, there were "great numbers of ministers and other studious persons," who could not gain access to any noted library, "as also that there is not in the said precinct (as in London) any one shop of a stationer fully furnished with books of various learning;" and therefore the good Archbishop erected a fabric for a public library for the use of the students of the precinct, at his own proper costs and charges, and made a settlement for the support of the same, and the maintenance of a librarian. The parochial authorities of St. Martin's have construed them to mean, that only the parishioners of the ancient parish of St. Martin, which then comprehended the parishes of St. Martin's, St. Anne's, St. James's, and St. George's, Westminster, were entitled to the use of the library. Since the middle of the last century, scarcely any donations have been made to the library; for the last sixty years there has been no addition whatever. The "ministers" do not use it; and as for "other studious persons," the librarian tells us that, for the eighteen months which he has held the office, "one studious person only has applied to come regularly to read the books; he did so for two or three days, and left it in despair. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the parishioners of St. Martin's have converted this library into a kind of club for playing chess and reading newspapers. The venerable volumes, valuable in themselves, and capable of becoming the nucleus of an extensive library, lying idle on the shelves, covered with dust, and devoured by worms, because no one could profitably use them in the presence of the magnates of St. Martin's, who are not "studious persons."

The library of the British Museum, with its immense collection of printed volumes and manuscripts, of maps, plates, and music, stands unrivalled in this country for value. From the time of its foundation by the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, which took effect in 1757, it has received continual donations, from that of the Cotton library to the munificent bequest of the King's library; and, besides the right of receiving a copy of every publication, which it derives from the Copyright Act, it also receives grants from the public money to a greater amount than any other library in Europe. At the present moment the contents of the library fill upwards of twelve miles of book-shelves. Admission to the full use of all the contents of this library, both printed and manuscript, is by no means difficult of attainment; it merely requires a recommendation to the chief librarian through some known person of respectability. The principal foreign libraries do not require even this kind of introduction, but are open unreservedly to every one who wishes to go and read, rich or poor, stranger or native. M. Guizot says, "the libraries of France are accessible in every way; they are accessible for the purpose of reading, and accessible, too, for the purpose of borrowing books." The following questions and answers, from M. Guizot's evidence, shew the extent to which this is carried in France:—"462. Any person, be he a workman or whatever his class or condition in society may be, going into a library in France, would have the book he asked for given him to read without any obstruction?" "Yes, that is the general practice; but they would not lend books to every person without limitation." "463. Suppose a workman brought a certificate from his employer as to his being a respectable and industrious man, would books be lent to him?" "Yes, I am sure they would; upon a certificate of his employer that he was an honest and industrious man, books would be lent to him."



The libraries of Belgium, of Italy, of Germany, of America, are all more accessible to the public than the library of the British Museum to the general public here; in almost all foreign countries free admission to the public libraries is looked upon as a public right. It is not found practically to be in any way dangerous thus freely to admit the public to the use of the library. In some of the public libraries of France the experiment has been tried of opening them at an evening, and with the greatest success: it is found that many workmen avail themselves of the privileges thus afforded them. From what has been effected in other countries with advantage, we naturally turn to what may be done for the improvement of our libraries here. To giving free admission to all persons who are not offensive in their dress or conduct to the use of the reading-room of the British Museum, there appears to be no tenable objection whatever. To keeping it open at an evening, the two main objections are the necessity of largely increasing the staff, and the danger of fire from the gas which would be necessary for lighting. The first objection is easily obviated; it is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, that scarcely requires a second thought when put in comparison with the advantages that would be derived by so large a class of the community, whose avocations throughout the day prevent them from in any way using the library. The second objection is a grave one, but not altogether insurmountable. The danger from fire is certainly one to be strictly guarded against. Books themselves are not very inflammable materials; and if the building be fire-proof, and the fittings, the shelves, tables, &c., be made of incombustible materials, there would be little danger from this source. It is found in the continental libraries, and those of America, which are open at an evening, that no damage accrues to the books in consequence of the use of gas; and if a better system of purifying the gas were adopted, all apprehensions on this score would disappear. But it does not follow that gas would be necessary. The committee state, in their report, that they are of opinion ("not only that a powerful light, and a light not requiring to be moved about (like gas), is the fittest and the safest kind of light for a public library." We know not whether the committee had any particular light in view when they made this statement; but as we understand the patents of the electric light have surmounted the mechanical difficulties which rendered their light unequal in its first trials, and can adapt it to the lighting of rooms, we cannot imagine a better or less dangerous mode of lighting such a building as the British Museum than by this scientific invention.

We have a strong proof given us, in the evidence of Mr. Murray, of the desire manifested by the very poorest classes of the community, to avail themselves of the facilities for reading, which a public library affords. He says, in answer to question 3194:—"I have taken lately, the superintendence of a Ragged school in the Marylebone district, and in connection with that school we have established a small library and reading-room: and those who have attended, have done so with great regularity, and read the books with the greatest quietness and attention. The room is open every evening but one, in the week." And the effect of their reading has been, that many who came there with habits of disorder, and were noisy and rude in their conduct, have been softened down and reclaimed. "I have known men of from twenty to thirty, who, when they came, smoked their pipes in the school-room, overturned the forms, and did all kinds of mischief, and now they are perfectly quiet and orderly, and they dress better; instead of rags, they come with whole clothes (though of the poorest kind still), and they sit down in the library with the greatest quietness and decorum, and read the books. At first they were very rude and unmanners; but now they behave with the greatest courtesy, politeness, and quietness." The very lowest grades of society thus become civilized and humanized through admission to libraries, through the thoughts there engendered; the grades just immediately above the very poorest are making vigorous struggles to provide libraries for themselves, where they may carry on their self-education. These efforts have already done much to relieve these from the reality of the disgraceful blackness which the map of the Commissioners indicates; they have scattered libraries, of more or less importance, over the greater part of the kingdom. But much more yet required to be done. We seek not to have such a library as that of the British Museum, converted into a place of amusement like that of Archbishop Tennyson's, or to be made a circulating library among all who choose to come and borrow its volumes. It is, and ought to be, emphatically, a library of deposit and research; it should contain all that has been published; it should be extended, and enlarged in its contents, rendered more generally accessible, and more widely useful. A parliamentary economy on such a question is miserable parsimony. But, besides this great depository of the recorded wisdom of past ages, and of the active thought and practical science of present times, we ought to have many large establishments throughout this metropolis, opening their doors freely to all comers, and affording the means of instruction to all, in a manner more complete and effective than any private fortune can accomplish, or private subscription effect. And not only in the metropolis, but throughout the country, similar establishments be formed. Already, an act has been passed, known as the Museum's Act, by which power was given to Town to levy a rate not exceeding a halfpenny in the pound, for the purchasing and maintaining museums in the different towns; if this act were extended to libraries also, it would be an immense advantage. In town alone, that of Warrington, Lancashire, the provisions of this act by consent of the inhabitants, been extended to the formation of a library, and with the best effects. A general measure of the sort, as well as towns, would be of the greatest benefit to all of society. Such libraries, once formed, donations of books, in money, would soon flow into them, and render them very efficient. What is the use of educating the people, and teaching

them to read, unless we place the means of acquiring the taste for reading in their hands—say, of improving their taste and judgment, by placing good works within their reach. The cheap publications of the present day are doing much in the right way. The higher tone which they are taking, and of which we trust the *Home Companion* will be found a bright example, is doing much to drive the worthless and mischievous trash of former days into the back-ground. But these publications cannot do all that is required; the means of extensive inquiry and research must be placed within the reach of all, and this can only be effected by the establishment of numerous public libraries, and the removal of all fiscal restrictions that impede the free circulation of knowledge.

## MR. TWOMBLEY'S

MR. THOMAS TWOMBLEY had drunk but six glasses of brandy and water, and being a man of discretion, he returned home at the seasonable hour of 10, and went soberly to bed. Mrs. Thomas Twombley was too well accustomed to the comings and goings of the said Thomas, to be much disturbed by the trifling noise he made on retiring; but when she discovered that he had his boots on, she requested him to remove them, or keep his feet out of the bed.

"My dear," said Mr. Twombley, in an apologetic tone, "skipped me! How I come to forget the boots, I can't conceive, for I'm just as sober as I ever was in my life!"

Mr. Twombley sat on the side of his bed, and made an effort to pull off his right boot. The attempt was successful, though it brought him to the floor. On regaining his feet, Mr. Twombley thought he saw the door open. As he was sure he shut the door, on coming in, he was astonished; and dark as it was in the room, he couldn't be mistaken, he felt certain. Mr. Twombley staggered towards the door, to close it when, to his still greater surprise, he saw a figure approach from beyond. Twombley stopped; the figure stopped. Twombley advanced again, and the figure did the same. Twombley raised his right hand—the figure raised its left.

"Who's there!" roared Twombley, beginning to be frightened. The object made no reply. Twombley raised his boot in a menacing attitude—the figure defied him by shaking a similar object.

Cried Twombley, "I'll find out who you be—you sneak!" He hurled the boot full at the head of his mysterious object, when—crash! went the big looking-glass, which Twombley had mistaken for the door!

## HE IS SO AMIABLE.

A BEAUTIFUL girl, gay, lively, and agreeable, was wedded to a man of clumsy figure, coarse features, and a stupid physiognomy. A kind friend said to her one day—"My dear Julia, how came you to marry that man?"

"The question is a natural one. My husband, I confess, is not graceful in his appearance, nor attractive in his conversation. But he is so amiable! And goodness, although less fascinating than beauty or wit, will please equally, at least, and it is certainly more durable. We often see objects, which appear repulsive at first, but if we see them every day, we become accustomed to them, and at length not only view them without aversion, but with feelings of attachment. The impression which goodness makes on the heart is gradual; but it remains for ever. Listen, and I will tell you how I came to marry my husband.

"I was quite young when he was introduced for the first time into the house of my parents. He was awkward in his manner, uncouth in his appearance, and my companions used often to ridicule him, and I confess I was frequently tempted to join them, but was restrained by my mother, who used to say to me in a low voice, 'He is so amiable!' And then, it occurred to me that he was always kind and obliging; and whenever our villagers assembled together at our fêtes and dances, he was always at the disposal of the mistress of the house, and was profuse in his attentions to those whose age or ugliness caused them to be neglected. Others laughed at his singularity in this respect, but I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable.'

"One morning my mother called me to her boudoir, and told me that the young man who is now my husband had made application for my hand. I was not surprised at this, for I already suspected that he regarded me with an eye of affection. I was now placed in a dilemma, and hardly knew how to act. When I recollected his ill-favoured looks and his awkwardness, I was on the point of saying, 'I will not wed him,' and I blushed for him, which is strong proof that I even then felt interested in him; but when I recalled the many excellent traits in his character, and dwelt on his benevolent and good actions, I dismissed the idea of banishing him from my presence. I could not resolve to afflict him, and I whispered to myself, 'He is so amiable!'

"He continued to visit me, encouraged by my parents, and cheered by my smiles. My other admirers one by one left me, but I did not regret their absence. I repeated the expression, 'He is so amiable,' so often, that it seemed to me to carry the same meaning as 'He is so handsome.' I loved him, and took him as my husband.

"Since then, I have not only been resigned to my fate, but happy. My husband loves me devotedly, and how can I help loving him, 'He is so amiable.'"

There is something exceedingly touching in this love which beauty enters for goodness, and there is no longer a doubt that some women love for a feeling of benevolence, or tender compassion, regulated by reason. Such an affection will know no change. It has a firm basis, and will endure through life.



## ONWARD!

**ECONOMIZATION OF FUEL, &c.**—A patent has been obtained by some gentlemen in Exeter, for an invention by which a new motive power is produced. It will operate so as to reduce the consumption of fuel in railway engines one-half or more, and with other important improvements will effect a large saving in the construction of the engines.

**ENAMELLING DAGUERREOTYPES.**—A new and successful method of enamelling daguerreotypes has just been discovered by Mr. R. Beard, which will no doubt eventually prove the most important of the many improvements that have been made to this simple yet wonderful art. Some of the earliest specimens of the process, it is well known, had a ghastly appearance, positively repulsive to the beholder. By degrees, however, improvements have been added, colouring, &c., introduced, until the invention began to raise in the public estimation, as it merited. The steadiest pencil of the most gifted artist cannot approach, much less rival, the daguerreotype in point of accuracy and truthfulness, and some improvement was only required to give the pictures that richness of tone and life-like appearance hitherto peculiar to an oil-painting. It appears that this desirable end has at length been attained by the process of enamelling. Scarcely the eighth part of a minute is occupied in taking a likeness by the process; it therefore follows, that every expression, look, or momentary smile, must be caught with a fidelity otherwise unattainable, and by enamelling with an effect at once pleasing and startling. The effect of the new process has excited the admiration of many thousands of individuals who have visited the daguerreotype establishments of Mr. Beard.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—A telegraphic congress lately assembled at Vienna to draw up measures for facilitating telegraphic communications between different countries. It proposes to establish a union between different states; to have translators employed, so as to transmit all despatches without delay; to have a uniform tariff; to pay their receipts into a common fund, and to divide them afterwards between the states, in proportion to the length of their telegraphic lines, &c. The new arrangements are, it is said, to come into operation on the 1st of January next; and, if France shall accede to them, it will be possible to send a despatch in a very few minutes from Trieste to Calais or Ostend. Already (says the *Athenæum*) we have chronicled the completion of the line from Ostend to Trieste, a line of more than 2,000 miles, crossing rivers, wastes, lakes, and Alps in its way, and, we believe, only twice interrupted—by the Rhine at Cologne, and by the Elbe at Dresden—in the whole distance. The foreign journals now inform us that the system is spreading rapidly in the east of Europe. By the close of this year there will be three great lines of telegraph in operation in the interior of Hungary: one from Pesth to Szolnok, along the new railway; one from Tzeglod to Szegedin; the third from Czongrad to Arad. These wires will connect together more than twenty towns of more or less manufacturing importance. The Turkish Government, we learn, has determined to introduce the telegraph system into that country. The electric wire becomes every day a more absolute social necessity in Europe.

**MARVELS OF THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—Fate and Professor Wheatstone have, for some time past, been at odds as to the future fortunes of the human race, but now the professor has got the best of it. "A man can't be in two places at once," said the old proverb, but by the aid of electricity any one of us may be in all the capitals of Europe at the same moment of time. We do not, of course, refer to the gross physical presentation of a man—to that portion of him which weighs fourteen stone and has the gout—but to his immortal essence, to his intellect, to his will. What matters it in what nook the *eidolon* may be thrust out of the way while the immortal spirit dabbles in shares on the Parisian Bourse, countermands the march of an armed host in Hesse, or gives its opinion of a painted window in the studio of a Munich artist? All these things a man can accomplish without moving from the Electric Telegraph-office in Charing Cross. The sea is no longer an obstacle to the instantaneous transmission of information. The deep waters have been reduced by scientific skill to be the highway of human thought—not, as heretofore, painfully conveyed in lumbering packages, and freighted upon large argosies which required half-a-year to put a girdle round the globe. Swift as thought, on its first conception in a single human mind, can thought now be flashed from one capital of Europe to another, and beget, at the distance of a thousand miles, the same sequence of ideas which plays at that very moment round the fret work of the patent brain. We know not why, in strictness, the transmission of the electric spark "full of glory," or five times fifty fathoms, beneath the troubled surface of the ocean, should affect the mind with greater awe than its instantaneous passage across the solid earth. Still this conquest gained by science over the waves must ever remain recorded as amid the greatest of human achievements since record has existed of the mighty feats accomplished by man. It is wonderful to reflect that while the great ships "reel to and fro, and stagger like drunken men," far, far beneath their keels, amid the wrecks of former days, the current of human thought is evenly flowing on without disturbance or interruption. Let the ship begin to weigh her anchor in an English port, and before three turns of the chain have been taken on the windlass, the announcement of her departure may now be flashed beneath the waters to the coast of France. The next moment another spark will convey the intelligence to the cities on the banks of the Seine, the Rhine, the distant Danube, and far within the inhospitable dominions of the Russian Czar.—*The Times*.

## STATISTICS.

In Chaucer's works there are at least thirty thousand verses which may be said to be dedicated to love!

The earth and those planets which, with their satellites, form what is called the solar system, move through space at the rate of thirty-five thousand miles an hour.

**INTemperance in AMERICA.**—President Everett computes that the use of alcoholic drinks costs the United States directly, in ten years, 1,200,000 dols.; has burned or otherwise destroyed 5,000,000 dols. more of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 160,000 persons to prison, and 100,000 children to the poor-house; caused 1,500 murders, 2,000 suicides, and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

**POPULATION OF ANCIENT ROME.**—The population of ancient Rome has been calculated by Lipsius at 4,000,000; Burton, on the other hand, makes it to have been 1,104,000.—The former computation appears, says Anthon, to be as much too high as the latter is too low. The whole number of inhabitants in "the most high and palmy state of Rome," may with some probability be estimated at from 2,000,000, to 2,500,000; though the learned Isaac Vossius, from a comparison of the population of London and Paris, makes that of Rome, in its most flourishing period, to have been 14,000,000!

**STATISTICS OF THE "INVINCIBLE ARMADA."**—The following curious statistics have appeared in the Spanish papers purporting to come from Ferrol (perhaps from some archives there). Return of the Armada, called Invincible, with which Philip II. of Spain attempted to invade England:—Ships of the division of Portugal 12, guns 434; from Biscay 14, guns 302; from Guipuscoa 14, guns 308; Castile 14, guns 474; Andalusia 11, guns 318; Levante 10, guns 324; Urcas 23, guns 480; galleys and small vessels 32, guns 592; total—ships 132, guns 3,232. It is much to be regretted the number of men is not given.

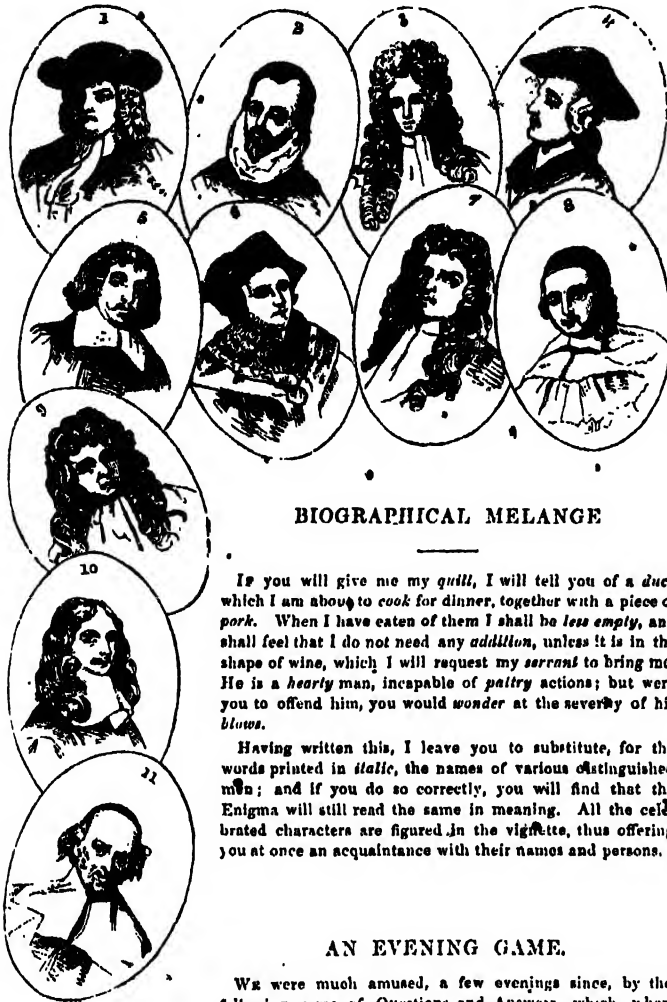
**POPULATION OF LONDON.**—Some idea of the immense population of London may be formed by the following:—It exceeds that of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by 300,000, that of the Grand Duchy of Baden by upwards of 500,000, and is about five times the amount of the population of Nassau. London is within 400,000 or 500,000 of half the population of Havana; exceeds by upwards of 100,000 half the population of Belgium, and by 400,000 half the population of Holland; is equal to the whole population of Hanover; exceeds the whole population of Westphalia by 460,000; and is considerably more than the whole population of Greece. It is about equal to the population of the State of Pennsylvania.

**PROGRESS IN THE UNITED STATES.**—The following table exhibits a comparative statement, derived from official sources, which indicate the social and commercial condition of a people through a period which forms but a small stage in the life of a nation:—

	1793.	1851.
Population . . . . .	3,939,225	24,267,468
Imports . . . . .	£6,739,130	£38,723,515
Exports . . . . .	£5,675,869	£32,367,000
Tonnage . . . . .	520,704	3,535,451
Lighthouses, beacons, and lightships . . . . .	7	373
Cost of their maintenance . . . . .	£2,600	£115,000
Revenue . . . . .	£1,230,000	£9,516,000
National expenditure . . . . .	£1,637,000	£8,555,090
Post-offices . . . . .	209	21,551
Post-roads (miles) . . . . .	5,642	178,670
Revenue of Post-office . . . . .	£22,800	£1,207,000
Mileage of mails . . . . .	—	46,541,423
Canals (miles) . . . . .	—	5,000
Railways, (miles) . . . . .	—	10,287
Electric telegraphs, (miles) . . . . .	—	15,000
Public libraries, (volumes) . . . . .	75,000	2,201,623
School libraries, (volumes) . . . . .	—	2,000,000

**BRITISH COLONIES.**—England's transmarine possessions are thus stated by Mr. Montgomery Martin:—The colonies of the British empire have an area of 2,200,000 square miles, and a sea-coast of 20,000 nautical miles. Population 105,000,000, with an average of 50 mouths to the square mile; of Lutherans and Calvinists there are 800,000; of Dissenters 700,000; of Roman Catholics, Greeks, Syrians, &c., 1,500,000; of Mahomedans 26,000,000; of Hindoos 75,000,000. The military strength employed is 56,000 European regulars; 166,000 colonial (coloured) regulars; and 250,000 colonial militia (whites). The colonial revenues amount to £23,000,000 sterling; the civil and convict expenses defrayed by Great Britain to £225,000; the military to £1,800,000, and the total expenditure of the colonies is therefore £25,000,000 sterling per annum. The taxation averages 6s. 6d. per head. The metallic money circulating in the colonies is about £4,000,000, and the paper-money about £8,000,000. — *Maritime Commerce of the Colonies.*—Exports £30,000,000; imports £28,000,000. To Great Britain, exports £15,000,000; imports £10,000,000. Total shipping annually in and out of colonial ports 8,000,000 tons, of which there are 4, and from Great Britain 3,000,000 tons. Vessels built in the colonies from 1814 to 1857—Number 3,976; tonnage 1,022,947.—The property annually created in the colonies is estimated at £400,000,000, and the value of the property, moveable and immoveable, in the transmarine possessions of the empire, in land, houses, stock, &c., at £2,500,000 sterling.

## EVENINGS AT HOME.



### BIOGRAPHICAL MELANGE

If you will give me my quill, I will tell you of a duck which I am about to cook for dinner, together with a piece of pork. When I have eaten of them I shall be less empty, and shall feel that I do not need any addition, unless it is in the shape of wine, which I will request my servant to bring me. He is a hearty man, incapable of paltry actions; but were you to offend him, you would wonder at the severity of his blows.

Having written this, I leave you to substitute, for the words printed in *italic*, the names of various distinguished men; and if you do so correctly, you will find that the Enigma will still read the same in meaning. All the celebrated characters are figured in the vignette, thus offering you at once an acquaintance with their names and persons.

### AN EVENING GAME.

We were much amused, a few evenings since, by the following game of Questions and Answers, which, when played upon one as yet uninitiated into the mysteries, is well calculated to afford "endless laughter." A lady may be supposed to request a gentleman to write down this list:—

- Set down a lady's name.
- Set down some time past.
- Write the name of a place.
- Write either yes or no.
- Yes or no again.
- A lady's name.
- Some time to come.
- Yes or no.
- Yes or no again.
10. Name of a city.

11. Some colour.
12. Any number not exceeding six.
13. Name of a colour.
14. Yes or no.
15. A lady's name.
16. A gentleman's name.
17. Name of a clergyman.
18. A sum of money.
19. Name of a place.
20. Any number at all.

When these conditions have been complied with, the gentleman is requested to read off the list thus prepared, as answers to the following series of questions:—

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>To whom did you make your first offer?<br/>When?<br/>In what place?<br/>Does she love you?<br/>Did you love her?<br/>Whom will you marry?<br/>How soon?<br/>Does she love you?<br/>Do you love her?<br/>Where does she reside?</p> | <p>11. What is the colour of her hair?<br/>12. What is her height?<br/>13. What is the colour of her eyes?<br/>14. Is she pretty?<br/>15. Who is to be the bridesmaid?<br/>16. Who is to be the groomsmen?<br/>17. What clergyman is to marry you?<br/>18. How much is she worth?<br/>19. Where will you reside?<br/>20. How many servants will you keep?</p> |
|---|---|

### CHARADE.

My first and my second  
Swims in the salt sea,

And my whole may be pluck'd  
From an old Apple-tree.

(Answered in No. 7.)

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 77.

### TALLY-HO!

I AM a *Rocking horse*! fashioned by man,  
(Of the *high breed of trees* when my life first began!  
The veins of my wood are all withered and dried,  
Yet how lively I make those who mount me and ride.  
My *mane* and my *tail* from the living horse came,  
And were leaping about ere I bore my new name.  
Of *paint* is my coat—it once lay in the earth,  
And I died as a *tree* ere I took my new birth.  
Then ho! tally ho! be it everywhere known—  
That you've not found me out, but were mentally thrown!

### ENIGMAS.

1. *Moss*, which has been found growing in every part of this world—rocks, trees, stones, tops of old houses or thatch; in the skull of a musk ox it was found by Captain Parry in Melville Island; and, by a gentleman on Mount St. Bernard, on the hat of a traveller who had perished in the snow. The process of the fructification of moss is, that first a veil or calyptra is formed, which rises upon a pedicel or fruit-stalk; underneath is then formed the capsule, with an operculum or lid, containing the seeds or spores. The lid removed, the mouth of the capsule is seen to be furnished with a beautiful and curious apparatus of teeth-like processes, sometimes one row, sometimes two; but always an even number of teeth, either four or multiple of four. These teeth can be extracted from their sockets with nicety, the gums, as it were, being called the peristome. Such is the nature of this apparatus, that when the weather is moist, the teeth close over the mouth of the capsule, and prevent the seeds escaping. In a dry season, the teeth spread out in a radiating manner, and lift out the seeds, scattering them far and wide to the winds. Moss is the first vegetable production that springs up in barren places. Birds build their nests with moss partially. Moss shelters innumerable tribes of insects almost unknown save among its verdure.

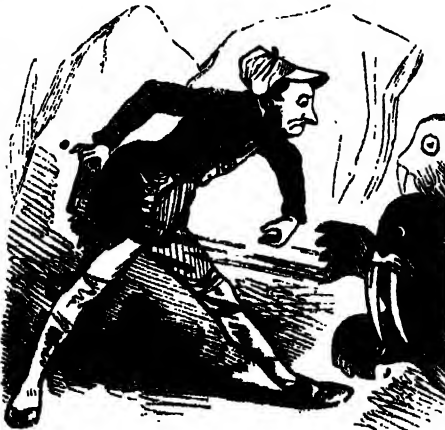
1. Cork which grows in Spain, Italy, &c.
2. It is the bark of the tree, and of course clings to it until removed.
3. It is conveyed to various countries, and applied to sundry uses.
4. As cork soles to boots and shoes.
5. In the corks used in swimming.
6. The cork float which betrays the bite of the fish.
7. Cork hats.
8. Cork stoppers in the mouths of bottles.
9. It is not eatable.
10. The cork shuttlecock.
11. Cork models.
12. Cork legs and hands.
13. Insects are pinned on cork in entomological cabinets and boxes.

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



While the Baron is repairing his Hunting-Dress, he is attacked by Walruses!



In this terrible extremity, he bethinks him of his snuff box!

Which he is delighted to find serves his purpose admirably!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

VERY few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

THE surest way to hit a woman's heart is to take aim kneeling.

SOME hearts, like evening primroses, open most beautifully in the evening of life.

AN epitaph on a Negro baby at Savannah commences with "Sweet blighted lily!"

A NOBLE nature aims its attention breast-high; a mean mind levels its paltry assiduities at the pocket.

A SHOPKEEPER said to a lady, in recommendation of his goods, "Ma'am, it will wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterwards."

ENTHUSIASM, like the lightning, is but a flash; we raise our eyes and it is gone.

WHY is a person approaching a candle like a man getting off his horse? Because he's going to a-light.

BE wise; for in gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of malice can hurl you.

IT is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is contemptible to have a design upon a rich man's money.

IT is singular that the descendants of Charles I. and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree.

MANY men treat others as though they were demons, and then express surprise that they do not act like angels.

IT is a remarkable peculiarity with debts, that their expanding power continues to increase as you contract them.

QUEEN ELIZABETH once remarked how singular it was that every person taller than her looked too tall, and every person shorter than her looked too short.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their origin either from the love of pleasure or the fear of want. The former degenerates into luxury, the latter into avarice.

IN the State of Maine the sale of spirituous liquors is "prohibited;" and in another State, if a man got drunk, his wife could sue for damages the publican who supplied the liquor.

THE wiser mind  
Mourns less for what Time takes away,  
Than what it leaves behind.

A COUNTRY schoolmaster thus describes a money-lender—"He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!"

NEVER consider that vanity an offence which limits itself to wishing for the praise of good men for good actions; next to our own esteem, it is a virtue to desire the esteem of others.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS being told of an author who had written a violent philippic against her, exclaimed with momentary regret, "Ah! if he did but know of me all that I know against myself."

THE man who will take a paper a length of time, and then send it back "refused" and "unpaid for," would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then beat the dog for being blind.

KNOWLEDGE makes humble—ignorance proud;  
Knowledge talks lowly—ignorance loud.  
Knowledge is modest, distrustful, and pure—  
Ignorance boastful, conceited, and sure.

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a shop in Fleet Street the other day. "Yes," was the laconic reply. "Well, I wish you would re-tail my dog; he had it bit off about a week ago."

WHICH are the most industrious letters?—The Bee's. Which are the most extensive letters?—The Sea's. Which are the most masculine letters?—The He's. Which are the egotistical letters?—The I's. Which are the eguminous letters?—The Pea's. Which are the sensible letters?—The Wise.

There is an old story which explains the way in which a certain fox reeked himself of floss. Taking a feather in his mouth Reynard walked backward into the water, immersing first legs and tail, then body, nose, and head to the nose; and thus compelling the floss to escape from the swimming element, to pass over the nose on to the feather, which was then committed to the stream!

A COUNTRYMAN once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher, as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery. "That's a bad job," said he, "but looks, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board!"

"Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Trotter?" "Perfectly gentle, sir—the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a playful habit of extending his hinder hoofs arow and then." "By extending the hinder hoofs, you mean kicking, I hope." "Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green. 'Tis only a slight reaction of the muscles—a disease rather than a vice."—Mr. Green, whistling.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE TRUE USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves; I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to cherish and keep it alive in mine own head, than to beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me—that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legaced among my honoured friends.—*St. T. Browne.*

HOW TO FIX ATTENTION.—We should accustom ourselves to make attention entirely the instrument of volition. Let the will be determined by the conclusions of reason—by deliberate conclusions, and then let attention be wielded by both. Think what is self-government—what is fittest to be done ought to be now done—and let will be subordinate to reason, and attention to will. In this way you will be always disengaged for present duty. Pleasures, amusements, inferior objects, will be easily sacrificed to the most important. You may have likings to inferior or trifling occupations; but if, to use the strong language of Scripture, you *crucify* these, oppose them, carry your intention beyond them, their power to molest and mislead you will decline.—*Memoir of Dr. Ferrier.*

THE WILL AND THE DEED.—*The Will to the Deed:* The inward principle to the outward act, is as the kernel to the shell; but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known; and in the next place, as the shell comes first, and the kernel grows gradually and hardens within it, so it is with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large.—*The Will for the Deed.* When may the will be taken for the deed? When the will is the obedience of the whole man; when the will is, in fact, the deed—that is, all the deed in our power. In every other case, it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the hawk takes aim and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main, and lo! there is never an arrow on the string!—*Coleridge.*

WARNING TO DRUNKARDS.—Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there was not any man that came to honour and preperment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men; hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companion; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice. A drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness, for the longer it possesses a man, the more he will delight in it; and the older he groweth, the more he will be subject to it; for it dultheth the spirits, and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut. Take heed, therefore, that such a careless canker pass not thy youth, nor such a beastly infection thy old age, for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father.—*St. Walter Raligh.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.—The worthy Sir Henry Wotton incurred the displeasure of King James, by a facetious sentence of innocent meaning, that was capable of being interpreted in favour of falsehood. "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Besides, it is an argument of a cowardly, poor spirit, and though it may chance to serve a present turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is detected, makes a man look like a pitiful baffled fellow; whereas, the brave and magnanimous person does not sneak, but speaks truth, and is bold as a lion; and this is oppositely expressed in the counsel of the divine poet:—

"Dare to be true, nothing can I want a lie;  
A fault that wants it most, grows two thereby."

Spartaniondas and Aristides were so tender in this respect, that they would not tell an untruth even in merriment. Equivocal speeches and mental reservations become none, much less great men. Egyptian princes were wont to wear a golden chain, beset with precious stones, which they styled truth, intimating that to be the most illustrious and royal ornament.

PLAN OF STUDYING A LANGUAGE.—In my French and Latin translations, I adopted an excellent method, which, from my own success, I would recommend to the imitation of students. I chose some classic writer, such as Cicero and Vertot, the most approved for purity and elegance of style. I translated, for instance, an epistle of Cicero into French, and after throwing it aside till the words and phrases were obliterated from my memory, I retranslated my French into such Latin as I could find, and then compared each sentence of my imperfect version with the ease, the grace, and propriety of the Roman orator. A similar experiment was made on several pages of *The Republics of Vertot*. I turned them into Latin, retained them in my mind for a short interval, into my own French, and again retranslated the same, blazes, or dissimilitude of the copy and the original. By this means I was ashamed, and became more satisfied with myself; and I persevered in the practice of these double translations, which filled several books, till I had acquired the knowledge of both idioms, and the command at least of a correct style. This useful exercise of writing was accompanied and succeeded by the more pleasing occupations of reading the best authors. The perusal of the Roman classics was at once my exercise and reward.—*Gibbon.*

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I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
(Rev.) W. JACKSON.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**TAKE EXERCISE.**—The venerable author of the *Muscle of Nature*, Mr. William Gardiner, has written a paper, recommending "exercise." "My father (he says) was remarkable for his lightness of step at the age of ninety-four. He was regular in taking his walking exercises every day, sometimes twice a day. In approaching a similar age, I look back upon many of his actions as a guide, and have scrupulously adopted his habits. In summer time I walk before breakfast, as I dine in the middle of the day; and, after tea, I enjoy a ramble in the evening. In the winter, I avail myself of the prime of the day. A little rain never stops me; if I am caught, I accelerate my pace, and return with a slight perspiration, instantly changing my dress for dinner; hence, I never take cold. The best pace is that which accords with the motion of the pulse—if you hurry beyond that you are sooner fatigued. My pulse seldom varies from sixty to sixty-four. What Handel terms *Tempo Ordinario*, or Common Time—that is my natural pace. If you walk slowly, you may walk all day. I never walk with a stick. Anything carried in the hands destroys the erect position of the body, and interrupts the swing of the arms. The arms are pendulums, which act like the fly-wheel in machinery, to steady the motion. In my walks I prefer undulating fields to a plain road. If windy I meet it, and return home with the wind at my back. Walk once a day, and you will never have occasion for a doctor and his calomel."

**HERALDRY.** A. C.—Newlands (of Edinburgh) Ar. three covered caps sa. Newlands (Scotland) Ar. on a chevron, three lions ramp. As many crescents of the first. Crest, a demi-lion rampant. Motto, pro patria.

**LEGAL QUESTIONS.** Justice.—Our correspondent, who proposes to us a series of legal questions for solution, should address himself to a practitioner in the law, who alone can answer them in a safe and satisfactory manner.

**MILK.** S. C. C.—Milk may be preserved from turning sour by adding to it a very small quantity of carbonate of soda. A quarter of a small teaspoonful is sufficient for a quart of milk.

**TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.** A Subscriber.—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with one ounce of soda. Blow the dust from the frames with a bellows; then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture, and they will become bright and fresh.

**METROPOLITAN ECONOMIC CARRIAGE COMPANY.**—There can be no question as to the advantages the public will derive from the formation of such a company, and the speculation is likely to be encouraged by a mass of individuals, who have long experienced the evils of the old system.

**PATENTS.** Y. R.—There are writings sealed with the Great Seal, granting a privilege to some person, or authorising a man to do or enjoy that which he could not of himself. They are called *patents* on account of their form being open, ready to be exhibited for the confirmation of the authority delegated by them.

**ETIQUETTE.** R. S. V. P.—Our correspondent inquires whether, on receiving wedding-cards from newly-married friends, he is to call upon them or send a written acknowledgment. A personal presentation of compliments and kind wishes is always expected among friends, unless the parties should live at too great a distance from each other, when a written communication must suffice.

**POPPING THE QUESTION.**—Mr. Editor.—I would feel very much obliged to you if you would be so kind as to publish these few lines, which are as follows:—

A CURIOUS WAY FOR POPPING THE QUESTION.

Most worthy of adoration,  
And highly in estimation,  
After long consideration  
And serious meditation,  
I feel an inclination  
To become your relation.—S. D.

**AMBER VARNISH.** J. B.—The amber should be dissolved in drying linseed oil. For this purpose, however, the amber must be previously heated in an iron pot, over a clear red fire, till it softens and becomes liquid. The oil previously heated, is to be now poured in, with much stirring, in the proportion of ten ounces to the pound of amber; and after the incorporation is complete, and the liquid somewhat cooled, a pound of oil of turpentine must be added.

**TO PRESERVE STEEL GOODS FROM RUST.** W. S. S.—After bright grates have been thoroughly cleaned, they should be dusted over with unslaked lime, and thus left until wanted. All the coils of piano wires are thus sprinkled, and will keep from rust for many years. Table-knives, which are not in constant use, ought to be put in a case in which sifted quicklime is placed, about eight inches deep. They should be plunged to the top of the blades, but the lime should not touch the handles.

**COFFEE.** V. C.—In purchasing coffee, always prefer the Mocha; next to this, the Bourbon and Mauritius coffee; and lastly, the West India coffee. *Never buy it roasted*; you can procure a coffee roaster at a very reasonable price, and the trouble of roasting it at home cannot be very great. Let it be kept in a plain tin canister, and when roasted transfer it to a smaller one. Let the latter, especially, be air-tight, as nothing deteriorates coffee so much as exposure to the air after it has been roasted.

**CARPETS.** P. S.—The wear of carpets greatly depends upon the manner in which they are kept clean; if the dust is suffered to accumulate too long, they require to be beat with much force, which breaks the threads. In some cases they are scoured; but this is very apt to injure their texture. 'It is important to the preservation of carpets, that the boards of the floor be well laid. As soon as a carpet begins to wear, its position in the room should be altered, that every part may be worn alike.

**SPIRIT OF THE AGE.**—Many amusing contrasts have been made between the "good old times" and those of the wonder-working days in which we live; and certainly there is ample food for comparison. Our ancestors could no more dream of the gigantic strides of progress in this, our age, than we, their highly favoured descendants, can grasp the fulness of discoveries as yet immature. Fast coaches, in former days, that would make adepts people shake their heads and augur misfortune from such reckless driving against time, are now thought of with a species of wonder, that such things could have been tolerated. Old Aubrey, the gossiping chronicler of men's sayings and doings in a past age, mentions exultingly, as a marvellous feat of speed in his days, the journey of a stage-coach, between Oxford and London, performed in a few days! Now, steam is racing over earth and ocean; and electricity, that greater marvel still, is communicating the thoughts and wishes of man with lightning rapidity, from one country to another, beneath the heaving waters of the sea. We can conceive the astonishment of a patriarch of fourscore, to whom these wonders are narrated, and who has survived to see the reverend Utopians, in his youth, brought into waking realities in his old age; but when we add the project of submerging the communicating wires throughout the ocean, and bringing American-Indian, and even Chinese, into instant thought with ourselves, it must infallibly tell with all the effect of



AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

**PORTABLE MEATS, FRUITS, OR VEGETABLES.** W. J.—By a proper preparation, these may be preserved for several years in bottles or tin cases carefully corked or soldered. The whole process consists in exposing them to the action of boiling water in the sand-bath, and driving off the vapour. The time requisite varies, according to the article, from rather less than an hour to two hours. Peas require two hours, French beans an hour and a half, fruits about three quarters of an hour, and meat about an hour; but, in some cases, the article is to be put into cold water, and taken out when the water boils. Where a sand-bath is not practicable, all that is necessary is, to put a saucepan filled with water into a larger saucepan also containing water, and to place the bottle or can in the smaller saucepan.

**TO DETECT ALUM IN BREAD.** W. M.—This requires some knowledge of chemistry, and we must recollect that alum consists of sulphuric acid, alumina, and potash. Crumble about two pinches of the bread suspected, in half a pint of distilled water; boil the mixture a few minutes, and filter the liquor through unsized paper. Evaporate the fluid to about one-fourth of its original bulk; divide it into two parts. Into one of these, let fall a solution of muriate of barytes, if a copious white precipitate ensues, which does not disappear by the addition of pure nitric acid, the presence of alum may be suspected, as this precipitate indicates sulphuric acid. Into the other half drop a little aqua-ammonia; if alumina be present, the other constituent of alum, a light precipitate will appear, which will be re-dissolved by a few drops of a solution of caustic potash.

**TEETH SET ON EDGE.**—All acid foods, drinks, medicines, and tooth-washes and powders, are very injurious to the teeth. If a tooth is put in acid, vinegar, lemon-juice, or tartaric acid, in a few hours the enamel will be completely destroyed, so that it can be removed by the finger-nail as if it were chalk. Most have experienced what is commonly called teeth set on edge. The explanation of it is, the acid of the fruit that has been eaten has so softened the enamel of the tooth, that the least

pressure is felt by the exceedingly small nerves which pervade the thin membrane which connects the enamel and the bony part of the tooth. Such an effect cannot be produced without injuring the enamel. True, it will become hard again, when the acid has been removed by the fluids of the mouth, just as an egg-shell that has been softened in this way, becomes hard again by being put in the water. When the effect of sour fruit on the teeth subsides, they feel as well as ever, but they are not as well. And the oftener it is repeated, the sooner the disastrous consequences are manifested.

**ADULTERATION OF MILK.** G. R. C.—We have complaints from various correspondents, on this subject, which is a grievance of old date. Since chemistry has supplied the means of detection, it has been, however, less frequent. Water gives to milk a bluish colour, and to conceal this, it is said that chalk, and also wheat flour, have been added. Chalk is easily found out, because it settles to the bottom after a couple of hours, and then the bluish colour returns, and the altered taste of the milk is easily distinguished. The existence of flour or meal in the milk may be detected by employing iodine, which strikes a blue colour with the starch of the flour. For this purpose, add to the milk or cream suspected, some iodine in alcohol; and if there be any flour, arrow-root, starch, or rice, it will be shown by a beautiful blue tinging its appearance.

**PRECAUTIONS IN CASE OF FIRE.**—The following precautions should be impressed upon the memories of all our readers: 1. Should a fire break out, send off to the nearest engine or police station. 2. Fill buckets with water, carry them as near the fire as possible, dip a mop into the water, and throw it in showers on the fire, until assistance arrives. 3. If a fire is violent, wet a blanket, and throw it on the part in flames. 4. Should a fire break out in the kitchen chimney, or any other, a blanket wetted should be nailed to the upper ends of the mantel-piece, so as to cover the opening entirely, the fire will then go out of itself; for this purpose two knobs should be permanently fixed in the upper ends of the mantel-piece on which the blanket may be hitched. 5. Should the bed or window-curtains be on fire, lay hold of any woollen garment, and beat it on the flames until extinguished. 6. Avoid as much as possible leaving any door or window open in the room where the fire has broken out, as the current of air increases the force of the fire. 7. Should the staircase be burning so as to cut off all communications, endeavour to escape by means of a trap-door in the roof, a ladder leading to which should always be at hand. 8. Avoid hurry and confusion; no person, except a fire policeman, friend, or neighbour, should be admitted. 9. In case a lady's dress takes fire, she should endeavour to roll herself in a rug, carpet, or the first woollen garment she meets with. 10. It is a good precaution to have always at hand a large piece of balm, to throw over a female whose dress is burning, or to be wetted and thrown on a fire that is recently broken out. 11. A solution of pearl-ash in water, thrown upon a fire, extinguishes it instantly. The proportion is a quarter of a pound, dissolved in some hot water, and then poured into a bucket of common water. 12. It is recommended to householders to have two or three fire-buckets, and a carriage mop with a long handle near at hand; they will be found essentially useful in case of fire. 13. All householders, but particularly hotel, tavern, and inn-keepers, should exercise a wise precaution, by directing that the last person up should perambulate the premises previous to going to rest, to ascertain that all fires are safe and lights extinguished.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**—Letters have been received from—

Anne.	G. S.	Orlando.	W. S.
A. U.	G. L.	O. M. R.	W. U.
A. B.	G. R.	P. J. Q.	W. Z.
A. F. D.	G. C. H.	P. V.	W. H. J.
B. X.	H. O.	R. H. M.	Xenophon.
B. Q.	H. J. D.	R. P. M. S.	Z. R.
B. S. B.	J. R. H.	R. C.	
B. R.	J. G.	R. S.	
C.	J. L. S.	R. B. T. O.	
Cesar.	J. W. M.	R. L. H.	
O. M. D.	J. C. H.	R. C. H.	
O. J.	J. Jacques.	R. S.	
C. D. X.	J. H.	Rachel.	
C. R.	J. O.	S. M. C.	
D. W.	J. C. H.	Socrates.	
Daniel.	J. C.	S. P. E.	
D. U. R.	J. D. T.	S. W.	
D. R.	M. L.	T. I. A.	
E. T.	N. B.	T. D.	
E. M.	O. C. S.	Thomas.	



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 7.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE LITTLE GIRL'S LAMENT.

Is heaven a long way off, Mother?  
I watch through all the day,  
To see my Father coming back  
And meet him on the way.  
And when the night comes on, I stand  
Where once I used to wait,  
To see him coming from the fields  
And meet him at the gate.  
Then I used to put my hand in his,  
And cared no more to play;  
But I never meet him coming now,  
However long I stay.  
You tell me he's in heaven, and far,  
Far happier than we;  
And loves us still the same—but how,  
Dear Mother, can that be?  
For he never left us for a day  
To market or to fair,  
But the best of all that Father saw,  
He brought for us to share.  
He cared for nothing then but us—  
I have heard my Father say,  
That coming back made worth his while  
Sometimes to go away.  
And if where he is now, Mother,  
All is good and fair,  
He would have come back long ago,  
To take us with him there.  
He never would be missed from heaven:  
I have heard my Father say  
How many angels God has there,  
To praise Him night and day.  
He never would be missed in heaven,  
From all that blessed throng;

And we—oh! we have missed him here,  
So sadly and so long.  
But if he comes to fetch us, then  
I would hold his hand so fast,  
I would not let it go again  
Till all the way was past;  
He'd tell me all that he has seen,  
But I would never say,  
How dull and lonely we have been,  
Since he went far away.  
When you raised me to the bed, Mother,  
I kissed him on the cheek.  
His cheek was pale and very cold,  
And his voice was low and weak.  
And yet I can remember well,  
Each word that he spoke then,  
For he said I must be a dear, good girl,  
And we should meet again!  
And oh! but I have tried since then  
To be good through all the day;  
I have done what'er you bid me, Mother,  
Yet Father stays away!  
Is it because God loves him so—  
I know that in His love,  
He takes the good away from earth,  
To live with Him above?  
Oh! that God had not loved him so!  
For then he might have stayed,  
And kissed me as he used at nights,  
When by his knee I played.  
Oh! that he had not been so good,  
So patient, or so kind!  
Or, had we but been more like him,  
And not been left behind!

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"EVERYTHING," said somebody, with a positive air, "depends upon a first impression."

"I am not so sure of that," observed Mr. Darnidge, a gentlemanly-looking man of middle age, "indeed, I can afford most indisputable evidence to the contrary; that is," he continued, "if you are chattering away, as usual, upon the subjects of love and marriage."

The knot of young girls whom he had approached, vehemently denied the imputation, but the rather disconcerted appearance of the animated speaker rendered the supposition more probable than otherwise. However, they were a pleasant and numerous family party of relatives to the fiftieth degree removed; and comforting themselves with the knowledge that "nobody minded Cousin Darnidge," they defended their own theory in the most energetic manner, until having at length exhausted their own powers of eloquence, they laughingly challenged him to bring forward his proofs to the contrary.

"Well, then," said he, with a mischievous glance at his wife, an elegant-looking woman, considerably his junior, "I will give you, for an illustration, the melancholy history of my own courtship."

"Do I do!" they all exclaimed, "the idea of Cousin Darnidge in love is perfectly delightful!"

"Really, Mr. Darnidge," observed his lady, with something of a frown on her pleasant face, "I beg that you will not manufacture any nonsense for the sake of a story."

"No, madam," he replied, with a profound bow, "there is, unfortunately, in what I am about to relate, nonsense enough already manufactured, which quite precludes the necessity of drawing on the imagination for a fresh supply."

They all stood somewhat in awe of the elegant Mrs. Darnidge, and were now on the *qui vive* for the promised story.

"To begin, then," said he, "at the beginning—which is, I suppose, as convenient a place as any—you must know that after I had been 'crossed in love' some dozen times or so, by various fickle charms, and had accumulated piles of love-letters—which, to tell the truth, were chiefly copies of my own—and hair enough, of different shades, to fill a moderate-sized pincushion, I began to get over my youthful folly; and regarding these successive attacks as a sort of ordeal incidental to youth, and of the same nature as the scarlet-

fever, hooping-cough, and other troubles of childhood, I resolved to give up a foolish kind of theory I had indulged in, about there being a something called a heart, somewhere beneath my waistcoat, and make a goose of myself no longer. By-and-bye I began to get what you satisfy 'just-come-outs' term 'elderly,' and was set down as a regularly confirmed old bachelor. Young ladies were my particular aversion; and when any friend came to be congratulated upon his approaching marriage, I always wished him happiness with a kind of sardonic smile—the wish seemed equivalent to seeing a man walking through red-hot coals, and 'hoping that he wouldn't hurt himself.'

"At length, however, when I thought that there was no longer a possible chance of a second edition of my former folly; when I had quite worked myself up to the idea that I was one of the most sensible men who had ever illuminated a darkened age, I began to deliberate upon the advantages and disadvantages of matrimony. You need not smile, young ladies, and look so very much delighted; I had not the most distant idea of 'falling in love.' No, I began to think that perhaps it might be pleasant to have some one to sit at the table and talk to me when I came home, get my slippers ready, and nurse me when I was sick. But I intended to look for some steady, elderly kind of a lady, who would not expect any of these attentions herself."

Here he was interrupted by the indignation of the younger members of the company; but his wife was perfectly calm and placid, wearing a look which seemed to say, "you may talk as you please, but I can act." When they allowed him to proceed, he continued mournfully:—

"Alas! in spite of this fortification of excellent good sense, never was an unfortunate man so taken in and done for. I was completely deceived; and this will show you the value of first impressions. It was a bleak, unpromising kind of a day in the early part of autumn, and rather out of humour with myself and the rest of the world, and wearied with a long journey, I took my seat in a railway carriage—looking forward with no great pleasure to going home. I amused myself, as I glanced at those about me, by picturing their return, welcomed by voices that gladdened at their approach; I looked rather angrily towards them as two ladies, who appeared to be mother and daughter, seated themselves just opposite; but my eyes, I suppose from having nothing else to employ them, seemed constantly drawn in that direction—though when the younger lady happened to glance back, I assumed an angry scowl, and pretended to be occupied with my paper. But, nevertheless, I fell to musing on the possibility of having at length met with my *beau idéal*. Although rather younger and better-looking than I could have wished, she looked serious and steady; and her whole appearance was so lady-like, and yet just what I wanted, that I felt half inclined to write a proposal on the margin of the newspaper and fling it over to her.

"At the hotel where I stopped both mother and daughter stopped too; and as I had been troubled all through the night by a vision of the unknown lady presiding over my establishment, I resolved to procure an introduction through a mutual friend. 'It must have been Mrs. Somers and her daughter,' said he, when I had described them, 'but I should think, from your description, that you had fallen in love with the *old* lady instead of the young one.' They were not visible at the tea-table, nor did I see them until the next morning, fatigue having caused them to keep their apartments.

"There was quite a large party at the hotel, given in honour of some illustrious stranger; and as an elegant-looking young lady rose from the piano, my friend led me up and presented me to Miss Somers. I was perfectly astonished; I could scarcely recognise my fellow-traveller of the preceding day—she appeared at least ten years younger; her eyes were sparkling with excitement, and, in short, instead of the sober wife-elect I had pictured, I beheld a beautiful young lady, who looked perfectly competent to torment any old bachelor's life out. I scarcely knew what to say—I had not conversed with a young lady for twenty years; but notwithstanding all my prejudices, there was something about Miss Somers that attracted me in spite of myself. I tried in vain to arm myself with all my strength of mind—a single look or tone put all to flight; in one week I was her devoted slave—in a month I had laid myself, my fortune, and my prejudices at the feet of Augusta Somers—and in the course of a year I beheld that lady transformed into Mrs. Darnidge. In less than a week after our marriage, I was running up stairs for my wife's shawl, and she has played the tyrant ever since."

All agreed that he had been served exactly right; and Mrs. Darnidge said, with a smile:—

"Since he has been foolish enough to publish this silly story, I may as well solve the mystery of my wonderful transformation. I had been travelling for a week with scarcely any rest; I had a violent headache and cold in my head, which is by no means a beautifier; and, added to this, I felt cross, which is very apt to show itself in my countenance. I had never seen Mr. Darnidge before, although I had often heard him spoken of as a very wealthy, eccentric old bachelor—but generous and noble-hearted, always ready to relieve the distressed—until I had worked up quite a little romance about

him in my own mind, and felt very anxious to see him. His age was rather a recommendation: I had always wanted some one to look up to—some noble, dignified character, whom I could reverence as well as love; and I doubt if he ever had a warmer admirer than I was before I knew him. The cross-looking, elderly gentleman in the railway carriage amused me very much, and had any one then said to me, 'behold your future husband,' I should have laughed the idea to scorn. When the introduction took place, my surprise and disappointment quite equalled his; the old ogre, then, who had been frowning at me during the whole journey, was Mr. Darmidge—my ideal of perfection! I was so provoked that I resolved to make a conquest of him, just to punish him for being so different from what I had expected; but, when he began to talk, I found him so pleasant, that I became interested in spite of myself; and then he was so constantly doing something good and generous, which always came to my ears, that I began to thaw by degrees—and when I really had made the projected conquest, I found that I had by no means come off unscathed."

"Just like the ballad of *Johnny Sands*," said Mr. Darmidge, "you wanted to push me into the water, and fell in yourself—or rather, we both fell in together."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Brettlehouse, an eminent lawyer, always ready for a frolic, "as the boys say, 'I can beat that.' Now, in my case—"

"Now, Mr. Brettlehouse," remonstrated his wife, a pretty, lively little creature, who seemed to have scarcely emerged from girlhood, "do not tell that nonsense, I beseech of you; only think how I shall blush!"

"I shall tell it on purpose to expose you," replied her husband; "a most villainous plot was concocted against me, and I was fairly carried off and married by force. I had the pleasure of overhearing the whole scheme beforehand, and like a great fool, I rushed into the snare with my eyes open. My story may serve as a warning to others."

"Remember, though, that it is *only* a story," interrupted his wife, "a shameful fabrication, entirely of his own manufacture."

Little Mrs. Brettlehouse laughingly concealed herself behind the substantial figure of a portly aunt, in pretended modesty; and her husband proceeded with his narration:—

"You remember," said he, "the favourite question of the fortune-tellers 'Where will you meet your intended?' there appears now to be a decided majority in favour of railway carriages and stage-coaches, for it was in one of the latter vehicles that I first beheld my evil genius."

Here Mrs. Brettlehouse, looking out from her screen, shook her hand in a threatening manner; but the gentleman proceeded with unmoved dignity:—

"I was travelling in the stage from — to —, having remained all night at the former place, where I had been very much interested in the case of a poor family, for whom I had endeavoured to procure a pension; but as I succeeded, I did not regret the night's rest of which it had deprived me—although a glance in the mirror previous to starting would have been sufficient to eradicate any amount of personal vanity. It was pretty cold weather; and muffling myself in a large cloak, and pulling my hat well over my ears, I threw myself back in the solitary vehicle, and entered upon my homeward journey."

"For some miles I enjoyed the charms of solitude; but before I had quite decided whether a fellow-traveller would be agreeable or otherwise, the stage drew up at a white house, and from the quantity of hand-boxes and other baggage, among which my one little valise seemed in danger of being smothered, I concluded that a lady would soon be forthcoming. Now was I mistaken; a young lady, who appeared to have been wrapped in everything that was handy, came down the walk, accompanied by an elderly lady, who was evidently her maiden aunt."

"Now take good care of yourself, my dear," said the aunt, "and keep the brick to your feet, and do not have the windows open. Driver," she continued, "are there any other passengers?"

"Only one gentleman, ma'am."

"Then you must come with me, aunt," exclaimed the young lady, laughing, "for I positively cannot think of travelling alone with a gentleman."

"Oh, he's an oddish kind of a one, miss," said the man, "he seems very quiet."

"Well," thought I, "this is pleasant;" for when a man verges on forty he is apt to be rather touchy about his age; so vacating the back seat for the benefit of the lady, I placed myself on the further one opposite, and pulling my hat still further over my eyes, resolved to perform the grave elderly gentleman to perfection. My fellow-traveller entered the vehicle with a spring in spite of her muffings; and having settled herself to her satisfaction, the stage proceeded at its usual pace, and I had leisure to examine the face of my *vis-à-vis*. A more mischievous-looking monkey I never beheld—see frontispiece, as the picture-books say—her round, gipsy face beamed with merriment, and her eyes seemed ready to dance themselves out of her head. I could see, even at the first glance, that she was a complete flirt; and having looked toward the corner where I sat, probably in the forlorn hope of seeing something in a hat and coat worth practising upon, she gave a desponding sigh, and undutifully discarding the warm brick provided by her careful aunt, she drew forth a letter from her pocket, and was soon buried in its contents. The closely-written pages, erased and re-erased, proclaimed it to be a confidential epistle from some female friend; I watched her with rapidly kindling ire, while she complacently perused each line. That finished, she began to bite her nails for further occupation, which raised in me a most ardent desire to box her ears. "Not much like falling in love," you will say; but, nevertheless, I began to feel certain twinges about the region of the heart, as I gazed on the bright face before me, while she, saucy minx! appeared to regard me as part of the vehicle. But my time was coming."

At a hotel where the stage stopped for a few moments, the young lady and a whole waggon full of girl-acquaintances, whose surprise at seeing her was unbounded."

"Why, Marion Connor," they exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Has brought you in this direction?"

"I have business here," she replied, with a laughing attempt at importunance. "I suppose you could not guess it?"

"The only business I ever knew you to be engaged in was an attack upon the heart of some poor unfortunate man," rejoined one of the bevy.

"That is just it exactly," said Marion, with a merry laugh.

"So, then," thought I, "she makes a regular business of it, does she?"

"You must know, girls," she continued, with an appearance of great solemnity, "that I have concluded to settle down soberly at last. I am going to —, on purpose to set my cap for the rich old lawyer, Sam Brettlehouse, and I give you all an invitation to come and see me when I am married."

"Do hear her," said one of them, "she speaks as though she was quite sure of him—how do you know that he will have you?"

"Have me, indeed!" she repeated, "of course he will be perfectly delighted at the idea. No fear of his not having me—the only thing is, he may be too bashful to imagine that so much happiness can be intended for him. But one thing I know—I am determined to have him at any rate."

"Well," thought I, "if this impudence isn't really too much? Here I am, actually disposed of before my very face, without being allowed to have a voice in the matter!" I had a great mind to come out from my obscurity and say, "the old lawyer thanks you for your flattering intentions, madam, but begs to decline the honour you would confer upon him;" but then, as I glanced at the young witch, I wondered if I did wish to decline it? So I wisely concluded to say nothing, and listened to their chattering as unmoved as though I had never heard of such a person as Sam Brettlehouse.

"We drove on; and determined to get up some sort of conversation, I asked my companion if she found an open window near her too cold. The inquiry was made in such a gruff voice that at first she gave a visible start; but this was succeeded by such a sweet smile that I felt almost conquered. During the remainder of the ride I was under the uneasy conviction that some kind of a spell was woven around me—mysterious toils from which I could not escape. Favoured by the obscurity of my corner, I sat gazing at my companion, trying in vain to persuade myself that this girlish nonsense was bold and unbecoming. Then, as I remembered the visage I had encountered in the mirror, I began to fear that when she beheld the object of these laughing designs, she would change her mind. That she should see me after her arrival, and that very soon, I had fully determined, for I felt interested to know how she would proceed; but in what manner I should appear before her puzzled me considerably. At length I had hit upon a scheme. I thought it most probable that she would not recognise me upon a second meeting, as she had scarcely taken the trouble to look at me; besides, brushed up and improved, I should be quite a different individual, and I determined to feign entire ignorance, just to see how the adventure would turn out."

Miss Connor was deposited at the house of a relative with whom I was acquainted; and keeping my journey in the stage-coach a profound secret, I waited for the *finale*. I heard that the young lady spoke of having travelled with an old bear, who growled at her once, and then relapsed into silence. I tried in vain to feel angry at this uncomplimentary speech; and on receiving an invitation for an evening party, where I knew that I should meet Miss Connor, I was so fidgety about my dress, that I almost blushed for the dignity of my office. I endeavoured to persuade myself that grey hairs were honourable, and called to mind all the instances I had heard of persons turning grey at a very early age; but people, I knew, could not be thus deluded in my case; and notwithstanding all my philosophy, I continued mercilessly pulling out hair after hair, until my eyes being suddenly opened to the alarming scantiness of my head-covering, I found that, unless I preferred being bald, it would be wiser to desist from my employment."

I saw Miss Connor looking more beautiful and mischievous than ever; and when we were introduced, I armed myself with a look in which were mingled pleasure at the acquaintance, and the most stubborn conviction of never having seen her before. When my name was mentioned she started and coloured violently, and seemed anxious to escape somewhere; but I stood smiling in the most perfect unconsciousness; and glancing at me half-suspiciously with a somewhat puzzled air, she seemed quite at a loss what to do. A deep blush, probably called up by the remembrance of that conversation in the stage, burned constantly on her cheek, making her look so perfectly lovely that I would not for worlds have discovered myself. I could not help smiling, when, determined not to rest without being quite certain, she said, with an extremely penetrating look—

"I cannot divest myself of the idea that I have seen you somewhere before, Mr. Brettlehouse—the resemblance is very strong."

"It must be a mistake," I replied, "for I should certainly remember you. But I am the most unfortunate man in that respect," I continued, "for I have such an accommodating face that I am allowed no identity of my own; being constantly mistaken for some other person. Even in childhood, I offended all our aristocratic relations by looking so provokingly like every one else; and since my arrival at the years of discretion, I do assure you that I was very near being implicated in a breach of promise, on account of my unlucky phiz."

— was scrupulously true, for I really have been tormented in that way as never man was tormented before; and Miss Connor, seeming very much relieved, listened in great amusement to a long account of my calamities, which I told on purpose to drive away her suspicions. But I noticed that notwithstanding my endeavours, she seemed to be on her guard; and there



least appearance of setting her cap. 'Perhaps,' thought I, 'she may consider me an old dandy,' as I glanced uneasily at my diamond pin and blue cravat, and wished that I had not discarded my usual black one.

"Miss Connor persisted in treating me with the greatest coolness; she never appeared to see me if I walked beside her, and turned all my complimentary speeches into ridicule. She almost plagued my life out, and I believe that this was the very reason why I thought so much of her. At length I could stand this no longer; and when I had mustered up courage to tell her so, she pretended to be very much surprised, said something about considering me as a friend, and acted like such a witch that I was half wild. Didn't I have my revenge afterward, when I let out my secret?"

"Then you really love me," said she, "no matter how I act!"

"I said something rather extravagant about being supremely happy, and finding me so accommodating, she at length relented.

"My dear," said I, the morning after we were married, 'have you any recollection of an old bear with whom you once rode in the stage!'

"The spring with which the ci-devant Miss Connor started from the sofa was only equalled by the look that accompanied it. She seemed almost ready to eat me.

"Don't you think he looked very much like me?" I continued, tantalizingly, 'you told me so once.'

"You good-for-nothing, horrid fellow!" she exclaimed, 'how could I have been so taken in! I have done the very thing which I thought nothing could have tempted me to do. As I looked at that old fellow in the stage, I wondered if he ever could be foolish enough to have any thoughts of getting married—I was persuaded that not even the wealth of Cræsus could tempt me to have him!'

"Taken in, indeed!" said I, laughing, 'I think I am the one who has been taken in.'

"There was now a perfect explosion of grief, wounded modesty, and alarming hysterics."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said little Mrs. Brettlehouse, "all that he has been telling you is a complete story, and he knows it; but even were it true he needn't brag of what he is so very thankful for. He is the most troublesome man that ever lived; he follows me about so that I am tired of the very sight of him."

Mr. Brettlehouse, to show his independence, began playing the agreeable to a young lady; but a general laugh was raised against him, when, from the force of habit, he gradually advanced to the sofa, and seated himself in his usual place beside his wife.

"Come, Mr. Groveswood," exclaimed several merry voices, as a pale, intellectual-looking man entered, "we are all telling our 'experience,' and as we have already had 'two old men's tales,' we expect you to furnish something quite romantic."

The new comer was very handsome and elegant in appearance; and in spite of ill-health, which had cast an air of languor and suffering over his expressive features, a sweet smile played around his mouth, and all the young ladies candidly acknowledged themselves in love with him—they pronounced him "so very interesting."

"As to romance," he replied, "I am afraid that I have done with that now, thirty-five is such a very matter-of-fact age. I believe, though, that this lady still confesses to that weakness; if I am not mistaken, she fell in love with me because she chose to imagine that my name was 'Ernest'—but when she found that I was really plain, unromantic 'Daniel,' she had serious thoughts of changing her mind. It is quite wonderful now how she contrives to avoid calling me by my right name; generally, it is 'Mr. Groveswood,' sometimes 'you,' and when very amiably disposed, 'my love;' but I do not think she has ever called me 'Daniel.'"

"You were always 'Ernest' to me," said his wife, to whom a three years' marriage had only unfolded fresh traits for love and respect in the husband of her choice, "but must I tell that very silly story? The folly, you know, was all on my side."

Mrs. Groveswood, although not generally called even pretty, had a slight, elegant figure, and a face that lighted up at times into an expression of intense beauty. It was an enthusiastic face—there was nothing tame or quiet about it; and while an over-sensitiveness of feeling called the tears to her eyes on the slightest occasion, a keen perception of the ludicrous often dimpled her mouth with irrepressible merriment. All were determined to have the story, and after vain entreaties to be excused, Mrs. Groveswood resigned herself to her fate.

"I think," said she, "that from the time when I began to think at all, I have lived in a kind of dream with my eyes open. I have been all my life deceived and undeceived, but to have the same thing repeated over again. I never enjoyed realities, because I lived in an ideal world; and not even ridicule, that damper of all sentiment, has quite cured me of my unfortunate predilection. I always identified myself with the heroine of any favourite book, and as such was supremely happy. I knew very well that I was not beautiful, and but little of my time was spent before the glass, for that destroyed the illusion; but lulled into forgetfulness of realities by some exciting novel, what a blissful life I lived! What noble, elevated love was mine! Never lady of the olden time had such devotees at her shrine as those whom my fancy conjured up; never were noble deeds so abundant, and every-day characters so uncommon as in the Utopia where I reigned supreme.

"But not satisfied with this, I generally embellished persons whom I met with those qualities, which alone, as I imagined, constituted perfection.

"On one occasion, a gentleman whom I had hitherto considered rather common-place, happening to say in answer to a question, 'I am too romantic to do so and so,' my ever ready fancy converted it into—'I am too romantic;' and conquering my natural bashfulness, I exclaimed without a

moment's thought, 'Oh, I am so glad to find some one who confesses to a little romance!' I began to despair of ever meeting with such a person. My new subject was certainly as matter-of-fact an individual as I could have selected; for after gazing at me as though he somewhat doubted my sanity, in the most business-like manner he requested a definition of romantic. 'Do you mean,' said he, 'some one who spends his nights in star-gazing, and his days in writing poetry? If so, you have very much mistaken me.' I warmly denied such an imputation, and endeavoured to define my meaning as something noble and lofty; but during my rather unsatisfactory explanation, I became painfully conscious that the term 'romantic' was something to be imagined rather than described. I sat with burning cheeks after this ridiculous *exposé*, with the pleasant conviction that the others were enjoying a laugh at my expense.

"At sixteen I was most hopelessly in love with an ideally manufactured after the following receipt:—equal quantities of William Wallace, Sir Walter Scott, General Washington, and Lafayette, with half an ounce of Byron, and an immense quantity of imaginary qualities supplied by myself. And yet even this constellation of virtues alone would not have been sufficient; the unknown idol must also possess a claim on my sympathy. I felt that I could not love one who was in full possession of all his faculties, like the common herd; he must be unfortunate in some way—delicate in health—just sufficiently ill, perhaps, to require some one to bathe his forehead with cologne, and sit and hold his hand, or read to him. I never reflected how ill calculated I was for the office of nurse.

"At length I seemed destined to meet with my *beau idéal*. A matter-of-fact relative, who had often ridiculed my fancies, told me that she had discovered a hero, every way worthy to fill the vacant place in my visions of romance. 'He is an old bachelor,' said she, 'over thirty, delicate in health, fastidious in his taste, and, in short, everything that you admire, except that he is wealthy.' This was to me a very great objection—he must be unfortunate in every way; but I made the minutest inquiries respecting him, until Mr. Groveswood, as he ought to have been, stood exactly pictured in my mind. My uncle, who, being a complete Tom Thumb himself, imagined every one a giant who towered even an inch above him, represented the newly-discovered hero, tall enough even to suit my extended views; and this, with a pair of dark, deep, earnest eyes, lofty brow, and raven locks, with perhaps here and there a silver thread, formed a picture that exactly realized my *beau idéal*. I was not vain, and I did not think of a return; I poured forth the whole treasure of my love upon the idol whom I had created, and thought of nothing farther. I half dreaded to behold the original, fearful of seeing my dreams dispelled; but then, too, I wished to see one whom I had endowed with all the virtues which should have been distributed among the rest of the human race. But time passed on, and I saw him not; the Fates seemed to have interfered to prevent a meeting. Whenever I went here, Mr. Groveswood had just gone, and I could not even obtain a glimpse of him.

"It was a warm day in July; and at my uncle's country seat, where I was on a visit, we scarcely knew what to do with ourselves. The 'we' in this case, means my aunt, and a fashionable widow, who appeared to be established here as a guest for a considerable indefinite time; as for me, with a book within reach, I never felt ennui. I disliked any visitors, but this Mrs. Medway was my particular dread: for she did not cease to laugh at me from morning till night. She christened me 'Miss Innocence,' because, to tell the truth, I was often shocked at the style of conversation which took place between fashionable ladies, half of which I could not understand, but what I did, often sent me ashamed from the room. Although verging on forty, she by no means resigned all claims to admiration; and by dressing in a youthful manner, she appeared much younger than she really was.

"On the day in question, she had retired to her apartment for a siesta—I was seated in a shady corner of the front piazza, buried in a book—and my aunt lay upon the settee, on which she had reclined at full length. There was a set of carriage-wheels, and a vehicle stopping at the gate. I looked up with a sigh, but seeing only a cross-looking gentleman, and two strange adies, who refused to come in, I resumed my book. My aunt, after talking to them for some time, turned to me, and asked me to go and call Mrs. Medway. I entered the darkened apartment, whose occupant was enjoying a comfortable nap, (her chief enjoyment, by the way, in the absence of visitors) and roused her from her slumbers, with the information that somebody wished to see her. But feeling cross at being disturbed, and not hearing any voices, he concluded that they had gone, and pulled me down beside her, to the imminent hazard of my muslin dress. But before long, a messenger appeared, with the intelligence that Mr. Groveswood was in the parlour.

"Mr. Groveswood! How we both started! I, with acute disappointment, or the face I had seen was not at all the one I had pictured; and Mrs. Medway with the laudable intention of dressing herself to the best advantage, stood in silent consternation, with my dress tumbled, and my hair disordered, while the widow proceeded with her toilet. At length, having sufficiently adorned herself, she had time to be generous, and shaking out my umpled dress, she threw an ornament over my neck, and drawing my arm through hers, we proceeded to the parlour.

"I scarcely ventured to look up, but when I did, I found myself close beside the formidable Mr. Groveswood. All my visions were dispelled at the first glance; my hero was not an inch above the middle height—not near as rare and melancholy-looking as I could wish, for he had a very hearty laugh; and besides, he was entirely too youthful in appearance to inspire the least bit of reverence. Were he not listening so attentively, I should say that, disappointed as I felt, I could not help acknowledging to myself that he was very handsome; but men are so notoriously conceited, that I withhold the compliment to some other time. I remember that he spoke to me, but I



am not sure that I made a reply at all to the purpose, I felt so foolish and bashful—embarrassed by the consciousness of my disordered dress. As I glanced at a young lady near me, a cousin of Mr. Groveswood's, who was properly be-muslined, be-laced, and be-ribboned, and who seemed to feel very comfortable in consequence, as she sat, perfectly at her ease, playing with a handsome fan, I could not help wishing that I had paid a little more attention to my dress and a little less to my novel. Nature could not have intended me for a heroine; I never could throw on my clothes at random, like the divinities you read of, and yet look perfectly proper and suitable; and my hair, instead of falling around me like a graceful veil, if loosed by exercise, was sure to assume a Madge Wildfire style unless put up with care. 'Well,' thought I, 'Mr. Groveswood thinks me an awkward, ill-dressed, plain-looking girl;' and as I appeared rather mature for sixteen years, I was half-persuaded that he considered me an old maid.

"Before I had quite recovered from my surprise and embarrassment, he was gone; but at parting he made a most gentlemanly bow, intended particularly for me, and quite distinct from the rest—one of those attentions which is carefully treasured by a girl 'not yet come out.' Mrs. Medway had scarcely been honoured with a word; and perhaps it was this circumstance which led her rather to censure, than praise the unexpected visitor. I was disappointed, yet interested too; I scarcely knew which predominated. My aunt told us that the carriage had been very nearly upset; and that, when advised to get out, Mr. Groveswood refused to stir until the ladies, a sister and cousin, had been safely deposited on *terra firma*. It only needed this, and a little bit of Mrs. Medway's ridicule to decide the matter.

"Noble, lofty conduct!" I exclaimed, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'if I had been there to stop the horses, and drag him from the carriage!'

"And been laughed at for your pains," observed the widow.

"But I heeded her not; my imagination was riding off full chase; I created Mr. Groveswood anew, and bowed to the object of my own creation. He had accepted an early invitation to dinner; and during the intervening time I actually tried on all my dresses to select the most becoming—discarded a habit of running out in the sun, and let an interesting novel lie unnoticed with a book-mark in it.

"The eventful day arrived; and my eyes were opened to the fact that Mrs. Medway was arraying herself with particular care for Mr. Groveswood. I was impressed with a hopeless conviction that unformed sixteen would have but little chance against well-matured forty; but not being quite a fool, I endeavoured to persuade the widow to don a cap with pink bows, which was, as I assured her, very becoming. This, thought I, will give her a matronly appearance, and I shall have the advantage of youth at least. But Mrs. Medway smiled pleasantly at my disinterested entreaties, and left the cap in its box. My aunt seemed provokingly determined to assist her with all the aid of her taste and skill; and when, feeling rather jealous, I reproached her for neglecting me, to adorn the widow, (for there had been a kind of laughing wager between us to see which would win the day) she replied:—

"But I really believe Mrs. Medway to be in earnest."

"How do you know," said I, with averted face, 'but that I, too, am in earnest?'

"Pooh! child," was the reply, as she clasped my bracelet, 'you would scarcely be such a fool—you are too young for that yet. Mrs. Medway is just the very person for him; she can nurse and take care of him.'

"I could not avoid asking myself if Mr. Groveswood were the person to marry for a nurse! And as to Mrs. Medway's care, I called to mind various observations which she had made respecting her married life. 'I had so much philosophy,' said she, 'that after my husband failed, I went to a dinner-party the very day that there was an auction in the house. Mr. Medway, not being very well, remained at home.' 'Is it possible?' I exclaimed, indignantly, 'and do you call this philosophy? A wife's place, at such a time, was at her husband's bedside, with her hand clasped in his, listening to his slightest breath.' 'There was nothing of the kind to listen to,' said she, laughing, 'Mr. Medway did not go to bed—he paced up and down the room.' I left the room in disgust at such unfeeling heartlessness, and Mrs. Medway considered me more crazy than ever.

"Mr. Groveswood came; but as I scarcely found courage to answer his questions, he turned to the brilliant widow, while I sat in a quiet corner, watching every word he uttered, and wishing in vain for Mrs. Medway's fluency. 'This,' thought I, 'is my reward; I have defended him constantly against that woman's ridicule; I have endowed him with the virtues of a god; while she considers him, to use her own term, but as a good speculation—I am wasting my youth in a hopeless dream.'

"Here, to conceal the tears which started to my eyes at this moving picture of my own griefs, I was obliged to bend down low over a book, and thus lost several sentences which, from the widow's pleased appearance, were, I felt convinced, something very complimentary. She was evidently in the full tide of success; and jealous and angry I sat twisting my bracelet, and wishing her a journey to the North Pole.

"The dinner passed off, the guest departed, and there was nothing left but retrospection. Strange to say, Mrs. Medway married a wealthy linen-draper; and years passed on, but I saw no more of Mr. Groveswood. He had been travelling for some time, and I looked back on my youthful dream with a smile.

"At twenty, I felt that I was no longer a child; and as I had not been troubled with a second love-attack, I deceived myself into the belief that I had become quite a sensible kind of person. I had changed my character, too; instead of the novel-reading child, I was transformed into a laughing-loving girl, whose passion for the ludicrous was perfectly incurable. Every trace of bashfulness, too, had quite disappeared; and I could now laugh at my former tremors in the presence of visitors.

"One day, upon entering the drawing-room of an acquaintance, I saw a slight, elegant-looking man, whose *tout ensemble* seemed familiar; and when he turned fully around, I beheld Mr. Groveswood. At first I was rather embarrassed at the idea of meeting him again, and felt the colour mounting to my cheeks, while I wondered what would be said and done on both sides. But I might have saved myself the trouble of any such emotion, for the gentleman, with the most perfect unconsciousness of having seen me before, honoured me with a courtly bow on being presented, and resumed his seat. I was half disposed to laugh at the total failure of my projected scheme, while, at the same time, I did not see what right I had to expect more. Mr. Groveswood was handsomer and more elegant-looking than ever; but I noticed that he was paler, and had an air of languor which suffering alone could give. I saw, too, that his hair was now streaked with the silver threads, whose absence I had regretted three years before; in short, he was now the exact *beau idéal* of my youth.

"You do not seem to remember me," said I, at length, to see what he would say; 'I believe I met you three years ago at —.'

"He seemed surprised at first. 'The name,' said he, 'struck me as being familiar; but you are very much changed since then.' He looked as though he considered this change for the better; at least, so my vanity interpreted it.

"You, too, are changed," said I.

"Yes," replied he, sadly, 'sickness and suffering leave their marks.'

"We seemed to have changed characters entirely; his pensive, half-melancholy tone almost brought the tears to my eyes, but I endeavoured to make him forget such feelings, and soon elicited a smile—for the laugh which had offended my girlish taste for melancholy and concealed griefs was now gone.

"I really do not remember how it came about—even now I can scarcely realize it—but one day I found myself saying, 'love, honour, and obey,' and now they call me 'Mrs. Groveswood.'

"I will tell you how it came about," said Mr. Groveswood—"a lonely, broken-down old bachelor, with no home which he could call his, met with a warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl, who seemed to pity his misfortunes and tolerate his faults, and asked her to take him 'for better or for worse.' She must tell you which it has proved, I do not like to bear witness against myself."

A single look was turned upon him, but that was all-sufficient. They all admired the attachment of Mr. and Mrs. Groveswood.

"Well," observed Mr. Dauridge, "the case has now been tried, and clearly proved, and 'first impressions' are as worthless as a lover's vow. Moral—always remember, young ladies, that when you would captivate any gentleman in particular, and take extraordinary pains for your first *début*, that very individual will be sure to catch you in curl-papers and a morning wrapper. The count will now adjourn."

## FRIEND.

BY PHOEBE CAREY.

We tried to win her from her grief,  
To soothe her great despair;  
We showed her how the starry flowers  
Were growing everywhere—  
The starry flowers she used to brand  
At evening in her hair.

We told her how our hearts, for her,  
Beat mournfully and low;  
How lines were deepening, day by day,  
Across her father's brow;  
And how her little brother drooped—  
He had no playmate now.

And then she spoke of weary nights  
Of dull and sleepless pain,  
And how she grieved that loving friend  
Should lead with her in vain;

And hoped that when the summer came  
She should be well again

Still softly singing to herself  
Sad words of plaintive rhyme  
And watching the sun

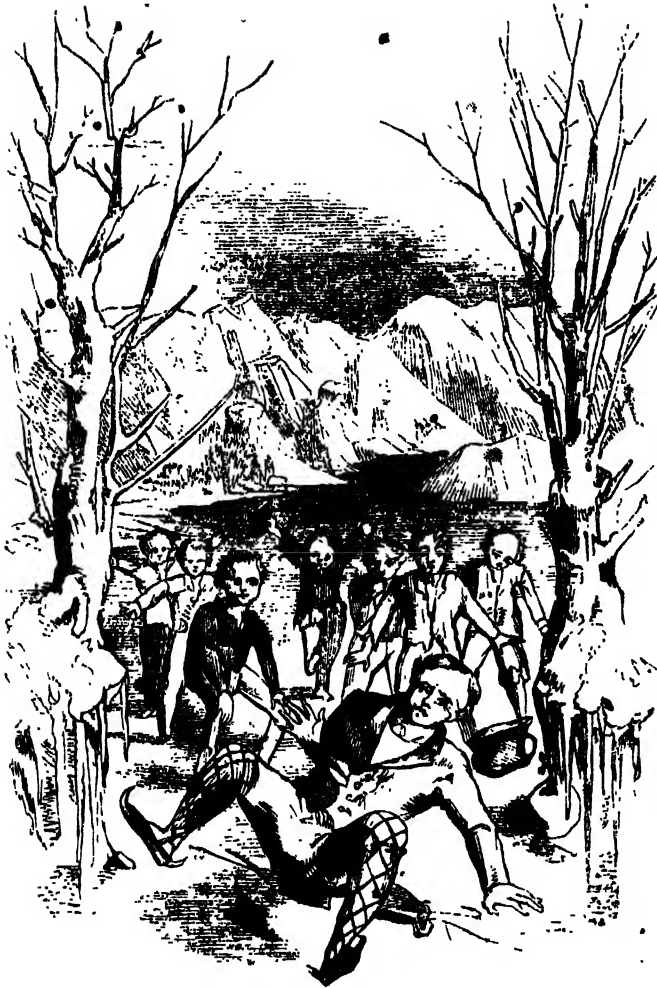
Faded off at eventime,  
As one who nursed a pleasant dream  
Of some delicious clime.

Thus, sweetly as the flowers that once  
She wore at eventide,  
Faded and dropped the gentle girl,  
A blossom by our side,  
And her young light of life went out  
With sunset, when she died!

## WHY SHOULD ANY MAN SWEAR?

I CAN conceive of no reason why he should, but ten reasons why he should not.

1. It is *mean*. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is *vulgar*: altogether too low for a decent man.
3. It is *cowardly*: implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is *ungentlemanly*. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a *gentle man*—well-bred, refined. Such an one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.
5. It is *indecent*: offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is *foolish*. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is *abusive*—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
8. It is *venomous*, showing a man's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears, one of them sticks out from his head.
9. It is *contemptible*—forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is *wicked*: violating the Divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.—*American Paper*.



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Continued from Page 94.)

Time wore on, and with its flight came many changes. The autumnal tints had passed away; the leaves had fallen from the trees and were being whirled about by winds which seemed to deride them in the hour of misfortune, even as the cold world trifles with the sufferings, and disregards the tears, of the unfortunate. The trees spread out their bare arms to the blighting blast, and many a morning had seen them white with the sparkling gems of hoar-frost, which disappeared before the struggling beams of the clouded sun, but which returned again at sunset, and mocked the genial rays that in the morning dispelled their icy forms. The flowers had died—not even a pale snowdrop might be seen. The ivy and the mistletoe were green, but were often mantled in a cloak of snow which made them look as cold and deathly as the more delicate of their kindred that had let their green banners fall at the first approach of winter. The songs of the blackbird and the thrush were hushed; and the sound of the sportsman's gun, and the barking of his dogs, had become the new music of the fields and woods. The robin drew near to cottage homes and chirped his mellow notes, like some sorrow-stricken bard, driven from his country and from home by despotic power, telling of joys past, and of hopes yet to be fulfilled! Along the borders of the lake, as the early eve set in, pale and flickering lights gleamed through the narrow panes of many a cot and cabin, and tales of love and bravery were told by the clear peat fires over which half-dried logs crackled furiously, their flames casting fantastic shadows upon the walls to help the fancy of those who rejoiced to listen to wild traditions, believing the most implicitly when they were most deeply wrought with mystery and romance.

The letter which had reached Mrs. Tregar, and of which mention was made at the close of our last narrative, fully confirmed the worst anticipations of its receiver. It intimated the intention of Miss Saville to close the mortgage upon the little property—the last remnant of the princely estates once owned by the Bell family. And the time was now fast drawing near, when the mortgage must be paid, or the property be yielded up to its legal owner.

In the warm and cosy room of Mrs. Tregar's cottage, the same comfortable arrangement prevailed as before. And yet, through some unexplainable influence, all comfort appeared to have fled. Chairs which before seemed to invite the visitors to luxurious repose, now wore a cold and forbidding aspect; they looked as things belonging to the past, not to the present. And in the mind of Mrs. Tregar, who sat within this room alone, there arose painful memories of departed joys, of faded grandeur, of forgotten hospitalities, of half-blighted love. Yes—of love, half-blighted! For Mrs. Tregar had, in her time, loved as wildly and as truly as the most passionate heart which now beats with the ardour of unquenchable devotion. She had married, giving her hand, heart, and fortune, to one upon whom her every hope of bliss became thenceforth centred. And never was the marriage tie consummated under more auspicious stars. The whole district for miles around was the scene of festivity. For the bountiful hand of the "young vargin at the Castle," as the peasantry used to call her, had dispensed comforts far and wide, and many a blessing from the "Saints" was invoked for the happy pair. But Tregar had scattered with a reckless hand the wealth intrusted to him by the loving confidence of the rich heiress, and in a few years she was compelled to leave the home of her fathers, and to reside in the small cottage, her present occupation. And thus Tregar had proved that he loved not truly: for true love ever seeks to shield the object of its affection from the storms of adversity; it loveth not for the bliss it may receive, but for that which it may impart, and finds its own happiness alone in blessing the object of its attachment. Memories, therefore, painful memories, of blighted hopes never more to be revived, stole upon the agonised mind of Mrs. Tregar as, setting aside the needle-work which she had for some time vainly attempted to pursue, she buried her face in her hands and wept with heart-felt bitterness.

A knock was heard at the door. Mrs. Tregar trembled, for her heart was already weak with fears; and dreading that every fresh communication would bring some unwelcome mystery of the dread event, she could neither speak or rise to answer the call. Her excitement, however, was soon allayed by the unceremonious opening of the door, and the entry of the old nurse, Oonagh.

"Marciful Vargin!" cried she, "tell me it's not thrue—tell me it's not thrue—for I'll hear nothing else at all, at all!" and she threw herself at Mrs. Tregar's feet, her hood falling back over her shoulders, and in its fall raising up her white hairs into fearful disorder. "Tell poor ould Oonagh," she continued, "that its not yourself, and Miss Avisia, and Mither Bell, and my own somy, the beauthifull Mither Arthur, my own dear chield, that's goin' to be druv out of their own cottage, like so many sheep, nivir to come back agin at all, at all! Sure, if its thrue, tell me; but don't let me know it, for what'll become of poor Oonagh. Didn't she 'most break her heart, which was stronger then than nivir it was, when you were driven from the Castle, and shut up in this cabin to make way for the Savilles, the same that now is going to drive you away from the cottage, jist as ould Oonagh was gittin' a bit of pace agin. And shan't I brake my poor old heart inthirely!"

"Alas! Oonagh," replied Mrs. Tregar, "the news you have heard is too true. In a few days we must leave this home for ever, and then we shall be homeless and friendless in the world!"

"The Holy Vargin deny it!" said Oonagh. "Sure, it's not the great good God that will see our blessed mistress a beggar; she that used to send male and praties to half the poor of Ould Ireland, and that risked the catechin' of the devil to take wine and physie into the cabins of Biddy Flanagan and Patrick Donovan, and fifty more, when the plague was so bad, that Father Bryant was already in the hands of the angels, and not a docther could be got all the country round for love or for money!"

"We must be assigned to our fate, Oonagh, and rely upon His mercy. But how did you get the sad intelligence?"

"Sure, ma'am, it's that baste in breeches, Collins, the rint and tithes collector, that was a-coming up the glen a rubbin' his hands, and scemed mighty grate glee, and he said he had jist been to the castle, and that he liked Mrs. Tregar mighty well, and it wasn't the likes o' him that would feel pleased to do her any harm. But as the mistress of the grate house, and the owner of the lands all about, had sint for him, and showed him a letter from Cork, from the mighty grate lawyer, he should be obleeged to obey their commands; though it went sore against his heart to aim anything by acting unpliantly to such a nice set of people! And didn't Donal Harrett, and Bonaparte, and half-a-dozen of the boys set about him there, and threaten that they'd see every bone of his body made into a knife-handle to murder his own childer with, if he dared to put a hand snit any one o' them that lives unther this roof. And didn't he stand there with his head hard agin a tree, a-tremblin' and hawlin' until one of the boys pitched a snow-ball into his mouth, which mighty soon stopped his noise, and cooled his determination!"

"I hope they did no further violence," said Mrs. Tregar.

"Och! not at all, my lady, except that one of the boys knocked his hat over his eyes, and anither filled his pockets full of snaw, and thin took him into the smithy and held him agin the fire till it milted—no, no! my lady, they did nothin' to the spalpeen, nothin' at all, at all!"

At this moment Arthur and Avisia entered. Their aspect was extremely sad; they had been out wandering over the deep snow, making a vain effort to drown their griefs. But a momentary glance was sufficient to show that they had been weeping.

"My own darlin' chield!" exclaimed Oonagh, rushing to Arthur, and clasping him in her arms. "Sure the blessed God will never see you separated from the lovely Miss Avisia—the dear darlin' crittur—the Holy Vargin protect her!"

"Separated we never shall be!" said Arthur; "but our fate is sorrowful, and our hearts will long be sad."

"Musha! bethier luck!" cried Oonagh; "didn't all the boys declare that they'd all work for ye? Didn't Donal Barrett say he'd catch all the fish in the say—Och, but he's a pink of a lad, is Donal!—an' sell 'em to buy the house for his young mauther? and didn't Bonaparte say as how you'd saved his life, when Uncle Tot put his head into a great iron pot, and sent him down to the very bottom of the lake to thry some botherin' invention? and didn't he say he'd work for ye, too? and a mighty strong lad is Bony. And wash't it your old nurse Oonagh, that tended ye until ye reached your teens? and won't she knit and trudge for ye, and sell nick-nacks to the gentry all round to keep ye from sufferin'. Och, bad luck to the Savilles! the likes o' 'em will niver do good, for it's not in their Protestant blood!"

Such a torrent of kind feeling coming from the rude old nurse affected the hearts of all the sufferers, and they seemed wholly sad.

"But where is Uncle Tot?" cried Avisia, arousing herself. "The night draws on apace, and the snow begins to fall fast; the evening is already dim."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Tregar, "he is in his laboratory; for since our distresses he has become doubly enthusiastic about his inventions, and has done nothing but talk of selling patents to monied speculators, and thereby realising an ample fortune. Poor Tot! the consolation he offers me, like his wonderful bellows, extinguishes the little flame of hope that remains."

At this moment the shouting of boys was heard in the front of the cottage, which stood but a little way from the margin of the lake; and, looking out of the window, Arthur espied Uncle Tot floundering about upon the ice. He had gone down to try what he called a pair of "patent perpendicular skates," which were warranted to keep the wearer in a fair vertical position; but having slipped repeatedly, he became so desperate at the failure that he determined to succeed, in spite of the awful thumps that he met with every few seconds. Arthur ran down, and luckily caught him in his arms just in time to avert what threatened to be a fearful fall; and, having liberated the old man from his "patent perpendicular skates," they soon rejoined the party in the cottage.

(Continued)

## HINTS ON THE PRESERVATION OF SIGHT.

*Take care of your Eyes.*—Most people may preserve good sight through their whole lives by taking care of it; and yet most people forfeit it by neglecting it. Among the rules for keeping the eyes sound and healthy the following are some of the most important:—

Avoid glaring lights; avoid abrupt, violent transitions from light to darkness, and from heat to cold, and *vice versa*; keep the eyes clean; wash them with lukewarm water. According to the old English proverb, "fasting spittle is good for sore eyes." Most animals heal their wounds by licking them with their tongues, for the saliva has great healing virtues; therefore, if you suffer from irritation of the eyes, moisten your finger with your saliva and apply it gently to the eyes. But do not rub or press your eyes at all roughly unless you wish to injure them. Never allow dust or hairs to remain in your eyes; but if they get in, fill the eyes with lukewarm water, so as to set the encumbrance afloat, and gently draw your fingers across the eyes in the direction of the nose, until the offending substances slip out at the corners. Don't put poultices over your eyes, lest in attempting thus to draw out the inflammatory diseases, you draw out eyes and all. In order to preserve your eyesight preserve your general health by air, exercise, and temperance, and medicine when you require it. Accustom your eyes to moderate and varied exercise, but never strain them by too long persevering over a work which they are weary of. Weak eyes are more benefited by a green shade, or blue or green spectacles, or railway goggles (made of wire gauze) than by thick bandages. Avoid reading small print after dinner, especially if your dinner has been rather of the epicurean order. And do not read much by candle-light, nor sew black clothes, &c. As candles are apt to flare and produce an undulating glare, use a ground glass or oiled paper lamp instead. Avoid exposing your eyes to an artificial draught of air. Don't roast your eyes by sitting too much before a bright fire. If your usual position exposes one eye more than another to a glare of light, protect the exposed eye by a green shade. Use double eye-glasses when you require them, rather than single eye-glasses, or even spectacles, and take care that their focus precisely suits your own. Choose apartments that are well and evenly lighted. Accustom your eyes to the natural influence of the atmosphere and solar light; those who live in dark and close rooms will produce a morbid weakness of the optic nerves. Beware of strong reflected lights, especially those from white walls, chalk rocks, &c., for white hardly absorbs any ray, whereas the other colours absorb many. Accustom your eyes to view varied objects at near and remote distances, as by this means you will preserve their free play and flexibility; whereas if you direct your sight too exclusively to near objects you will become near-sighted, and *vice versa*. Let the coloured papers of your rooms be rather mild and soft than brilliant or garish. View objects in oblique lights so as to avoid their direct reflections, which often dazzle the eyes. The best colour for spectacles is pale blue. Do not let a glaring light fall on the paper while you read or write. Keep the eyes cool by temperance, and the feet warm by exercise. When the eyes are simply weak, a tonic wash, such as alum-water, or green tea and brandy-water, is beneficial. When irritable, use weak goulard water, and produce defluxion from the nose by taking snuffs.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 89.)

### CHAPTER XVI.

"You have beguiled me with a counterfeit  
which being touched and tried,  
Proves valueless; you are foresworn—foresworn.—SHAKESPEARE.

NOT many days had elapsed after the scene related in our last chapter, before Mr. Gordon received a visit from his son-in-law. By this time the old man's nerves had become fairly calmed, and though Duval knew it not, he had an adversary to cope with, who was wary and cautious, and could dissimulate as easily as himself. He was received with all the affability which characterised the man who had dwelt so long in the world, and seen so much of mankind.

"Will you walk into the library, to spend an hour?" inquired Mr. Gordon, after tea, on the evening of the arrival.

"Thank you." And the villain and the merchant were soon there.

"Take a seat, Mr. Wallace," said the other, pointing to a chair.

He did so.

"You have had a pleasant day for travelling."

"Very."

"You have been quite a stranger with us lately."

"Somewhat. The truth is, my business has been so urgent for the last few weeks, that I have little time for recreation."

"That is the point. Business before pleasure."

"My affairs suffered from neglect while I was on the Continent, and I have been engaged in arranging them, since."

"Speaking of the Continent, how did you enjoy your tour there?"

"Oh, capitally."

"And Ellen?"

"She was in ecstasies at the many novelties we beheld."

"Then she was pleased with it."

"Yes, finely. And wherever we went she attracted much attention."

"Indeed!"

"I assure you so. Her beauty and intelligence won the hearts of all."

"Do not play upon a father's feelings."

"By no means; her society was courted by all classes."

"By this time you have found ample opportunity to become more acquainted with her character."

"Certainly."

"And are your anticipations realised?"

"They are more than realised; far outdone."

"You have studied her character attentively?"

"Very."

"And you have no fears now, that you were deceived?"

"None."

"I am glad of that—very glad of that; it would have been a sad misfortune if you had been cheated," said Mr. Gordon, in a significant tone.

Duval started involuntarily. He cast a searching glance on the man beside him; but his face was calm and untroubled as polished marble.

"Come, William," he added, a moment after, "will you have a convivial glass with me? You have been absent so long, that I feel like making merry on your arrival."

"Thank you," replied the person addressed; while a strange light suddenly flashed from his eye. "I should be pleased to do so."

His companion marked well the expression of his countenance as he ordered the wine. It was brought; Gordon poured out two glasses of the sparkling liquid; but just as they were ready to drink, a shout in front of the mansion attracted his attention, for he put down the glass, and suddenly went to the window. A glance of satisfaction stole over the countenance of the young man. He dexterously drew a neat package from his vest pocket, tore open the paper, and shook it over the glass which the old man had just set down. A light, colourless powder descended into the wine. All this was performed in much less time than it has been read, and while Mr. Gordon was apparently gazing at some object out of the window. But a careful observer might have seen that he cast a piercing glance under his brows, at the proceedings of his visitor. [See Engraving, p. 88.] Duval arose and walked to the window, where his father-in-law was standing.

"What do you observe, that interests you so much?" he asked, carelessly.

"I was looking at that cloud," he replied as calmly. "There is a party of young people out on the lake, and I fear we are about to have a squall. But come, let us resume our wine; I think there is not much danger."

So Mr. Gordon returned to the table, and took up one of the glasses. It was the one which his companion had appropriated to himself.

A deadly paleness came over Duval's countenance, but he spoke not.

"Come, William, propose a toast."

But the other stood gazing at him with cheeks pale as the grave.

"Come, come, William, why don't you take your wine? Why, you stand there, for all the world as if you were frightened out of your wits."

The other with a strong effort seemed to calm himself, and he gasped—

"You have changed the glasses."

"What?"

"You—you—have changed the glasses."

"Well, what of that? Is there anything so very remarkable in that occurrence?"

"Why, the fact is—I am—rather particular in regard to my wine." "Very likely, very likely; but there is not the slightest difference, I assure you. Fine old Madeira—has been in my cellar these dozen years. It makes my mouth water to look at it; so make haste—propose a toast."

"I must own I do not feel that I like drinking."

"Pshaw! it will do you good."

"I am sick—suddenly taken—very sick," gasped the young man, falling into a chair.

A sudden expression of satisfaction seemed to come over the face of Gordon. He set down his glass energetically, and, going to the door, looked it, and placed the key in his pocket. Next he closed and fastened the window—there was but one in the room—and then opening a drawer, he drew from it a polished revolver. He took a seat on the side opposite his surprised visitor, and coolly deposited the pistol on the table, before him.

Duval was thunderstruck. His wonted self-possession and effrontery had fled, so completely had he been taken by astonishment. He looked at his father-in-law. There were marks of determination on his countenance, that with all his penetration he had never noticed before. He almost believed that his hour had come, and that his dark deeds were about to be rewarded.

"Now, William," said his companion, in a calm, deep tone, "I have a story to relate to you."

"Sir!"

"I have a story to relate to you, and you will find it expedient to listen to it quietly. Are you paying attention?"

"I am."

"Very well, then; hear me. I am an old man; I have lived long in the world. I have toiled unrelentingly, and wealth has come in to reward my labours. I had come to this quiet spot to spend the remnant of my days. Do you hear?"

"I do."

"Then I will go on. I had a daughter. She was the only child God had given to me; she was a fair girl—the light and solace of my age. Think you I loved her? Aye; I loved her as you love—yourself; as you love your own life; and sooner than that she should have been deceived, and her trusting nature imposed upon, I would rather have seen her in her grave. Many sought her hand, but she gave no encouragement to them; but finally—do you mark me?"

"I hear."

"But finally a villain came——"

"A what?"

"Why, man, how you start! As I said—a villain came; his countenance was fair and his words were smooth, but his heart was dark—black as the ruins left by fire. He won her heart. In its trusting faith, she believed him the model of all that was upright—all that was honourable. So skillfully did he carry on the dissimulation, that all her friends—even I was deceived. The veil did not fall from my eyes, and he married her. How think you I felt, when I learned that she had wedded an impostor—a villain? Do you give your attention?"

Duval nodded.

"Then, as I was saying, I learned she had been imposed upon. I learned that the one who had sworn and cherished her until death, was not what he professed to be. He came to me under an assumed name; but I soon learned his real one—would you hear it?"

"I would."

"It was Lorenzo Duval!"

The listener started.

"This narrative seems to interest you deeply; I will go on. He had brought me letters from some of my old and trusty friends in the city, but they were forged!"

The old man watched his visitor narrowly, as by another involuntary movement he betrayed his surprise. He went on—

"More than this—I know much of his past life. He is a desperate unscrupulous character, and twice have his hands been stained with blood."

Duval started again. His face was pale, as if he had heard the summons to go on his last journey, and his whole frame shook with emotion.

"I will tell you more," continued his unyielding companion. "He knew that I was a proud, stern man; that when I heard how basely my honour had been trampled on, he never would be forgiven; and he feared that I should not leave him my property—gold was the object he sought."

The listener gazed intently at the narrator.

"And so he contrived a dark plot—a plot which might have caused a fend to blush; but it was worthy of him. He determined to take means which would insure his success—in short, he determined to murder me!"

Duval leaped from his chair, and cast a fearful look at the man before him; in a moment he would have sprang upon him; but his adversary was too wary; instantly the pistol was in his hand;—"Nay, be seated; I have not done."

The young man dropped sullenly into his chair once more.

"And now," continued Mr. Gordon, in a tone deeper and sterner than ever, "I have little more to say. You dark-hearted villain that you are, you know who has done all this. My hospitality has been disregarded, my honour has been trampled on, my trust has been betrayed, and my peace has been destroyed. Heaven knows that I am sorely tempted to visit upon you now the vengeance you so richly deserve; but on one condition I will spare your life. Swear to me that you will relinquish all claim to my daughter—that you will never cross my path again, and that you will offer no opposition to the course that will set her from you. Do this, and I will leave you to follow your own course—refuse, and you never leave my house alive!"

"Mr. Gordon," replied Duval, "I never yet yielded to man, and I am not

to be frightened into such a course now. Pause, or I will show you that I am indeed the desperate character you profess to believe."

"I am not a man to waste words with one like you. Swear that you will do as I have said, or, Lorenzo Duval, the next moment shall be your last."

was the pause of an instant. Duval could hear the ticking of a saw the cold steel barrel of a pistol close to his temple. For a moment he hesitated, and then he faintly ejaculated—"I swear it."

Gordon was satisfied; and the shadow of his son-in-law darkened his threshold for the last time.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"The closing of a day in June,  
Mild, beautiful and bright;  
The setting sun, the crescent moon,  
Mingling their doubtful light.  
The west wind brings the odours sweet,  
Of flowers and new-mown hay;  
While murmuring billows at our feet,  
Breathe of the salt sea spray—SARACANT."

"LILLIAN," said Whitman to his wife, one evening as he returned from his office, "I have a letter for you."

"Indeed; then you bring me good tidings, I suppose."

"That you know is uncertain. However, here is the epistle, and you can judge for yourself."

So he handed her a letter which he had received by post that day, and while she broke open the seal and perused it, he threw aside his overcoat, and taking his dressing-gown and slippers, seated himself in his arm-chair.

"This is rather comfortable," he said to himself, as he glanced around over the snug, tidy little parlour, which the light from the grate rendered so cheerful and pleasant, and then as he cast a glance at the companion by his side, he thought of somebody—we will not venture to say who—whose presence, perhaps, had very much to do with rendering his situation agreeable. But his pleasing cogitations were interrupted by Lillian, who had finished the perusal of the letter.

"Who do you suppose it is from?" she inquired.

"From my old school-mate, Ellen."

"Ellen Gordon?"

"Yes; and it contains sad tidings. Her father is dead."

"Dead?"

"He is; and she is an only child."

"How unfortunate! Was it not her who was married to some one in town, several months since?"

"Yes. Do you remember the circumstances?"

"I have some recollection of them."

"You know how she was deceived?"

"Oh, I remember now. My mind has been so much absorbed in business of late, that I have thought of little else. The villain who married her turned out to be Duval, did he not?"

"He did. The same one who was the persecutor of poor Morton."

"It all comes into my mind, now. A baser man never trod the earth. But it was singular how he was able to deceive Mr. Gordon. He was always a shrewd, penetrating man."

"Very true. But the representations of Duval were so fair, and his plans so artful, that he finally succeeded."

"And after it was discovered, they were divorced, were they not?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what has become of Duval, now. I have not heard from him since that time. Has Ellen lived with her father since the unfortunate event?"

"She has. Her mother, you know, died several months since."

"Yes; I recollect it. And now her father is gone."

"Yes."

"Poor girl! I wonder if she has any relations?"

"I think not; that is, none who are near to her."

"She must be sadly off, with so many mournful events following in such rapid succession. Indeed she must; I wish I could see her now."

"That connection with Duval must have been a most unhappy affair."

"It was. She loved him—almost idolised him."

"Then he had fully succeeded in deceiving her?"

"Entirely. She believed him all that was noble and manly."

"He was always ready to dissimulate, and he did it so readily that no one could detect him. But was not the effect almost dangerous, when she first discovered his real character?"

"It was; it had nearly overturned her reason. It was after he had been detected in the attempt to poison her father."

"Horrible! I should certainly have feared the result."

"At first, the effect it had on her was great; but her strength of mind finally triumphed. She has resided with her father since, and devoted herself to the task of ministering to his wants. He ever doted on her, and she has been a rich treasure to him."

"But I wonder how it was that Duval was suffered to flee. Such villainy should not be allowed to go unpunished."

"Certainly not."

"I shall ever believe that the blood of Morton is on Duval. He may escape punishment now, but he will one day find his reward, as true as there is a just Being above."

"I believe it."

And the young attorney fell into a train of deep thought. The scenes that in the busy and exciting places where he frequented, had almost been forgotten, or at least suffered to remain in quiet, among those that were past, once more came vividly before him. He remembered the prisoner who





"A traveller on horseback approached. It was evident that he had been riding far, for his clothes were dusty and soiled, and the stout, spirited animal that carried him, seemed weary and exhausted. The traveller threw the reins over the neck of his noble steed, and suffered him to walk leisurely along while he viewed the scenery around."

had fallen a victim to the dark plots of his enemies; he remembered the exertions he had made for him, though they had proved fruitless; the joy and surprise he had felt, when he had learned of his escape; the sad reaction which had taken place, when he learned of his unfortunate fate, and the dark and poignant sorrow that had filled his heart, as he was committed to his long, last resting-place. An involuntary sigh escaped him as these recollections came over his mind; but his thoughts were interrupted by the conversation of his companion.

"Alfred."

"Well."

"I have a project in my mind."

"Repeat it, and then I shall have it in my mind."

"Very likely; but I am afraid it will not strike you as favourable as it does me."

"I do not see that it is likely to strike me at all, at present."

"Then I will tell you. You know Ellen's parents are both dead?"

"Yes."

"And that she has no friends—that is, no connections living?"

"Yes."

"And now, probably, many profess to be her friends; for you know property always brings plenty of them; but I do not fancy they are any of them among whom she would desire to take up her residence."

"Probably not."

"I have been thinking that it would be pleasant if she could come and reside with us."

"So that is the project! You are as long coming to the point as some witnesses I have to cross-examine."

"Now you have heard the project, you do not give your opinion of it."

"Oh, I think that is entirely unnecessary."

"How so?"

"If I approve of it, my opinion will not add to the force of yours."

"But you may not approve of it."

"Perhaps not; and then mine would only be an argument to show the fallibility of yours."

"Pray do give us yours, then."

"Well, I must say, that I am decidedly in favour of it."

"I am truly glad, for I shall delight to have Ellen for my companion."

"And Ellen Gordon did go to the home of her early friend, and by her kindness of heart, she won the affections of those who knew her; and from that hour it became her home."

It was near the close of a summer's day. The air, which had been warm and sultry, began to grow cool and refreshing at the approach of evening. It was not in the busy city; no, it was far from it, among the green fields and rustic

simplicity of the country. Just as the sun was sinking to rest in the western horizon, a traveller on horseback approached. It was evident that he had been riding far, for his clothes were dusty and soiled, and the stout, spirited animal that carried him, seemed weary and exhausted. The traveller threw the reins over the neck of his noble steed, and suffered him to walk leisurely along, while he viewed the scenery around. He was a young, well-formed man, with hair black and glossy, and an eye bright and fearfully piercing; such an eye seldom meets the gaze, and after a moment's observation, we shall recognise in the traveller one whom we have often seen before—Edward Fenning.

The tract of land he was now passing was one of the most quiet, yet beautiful and picturesque, he had ever seen. Tall, spreading oaks overhung the road on either side; at his right, a little streamlet dashed carelessly along among the rocks and banks, while far on the left were broad, level fields, covered with waving grass. For a long time the traveller gazed, entranced by the beauty of the rural scene; but suddenly he drew up the reins with—

"Come, Hero, it will not do to loiter; we have yet a full dozen miles to make good, ere our journey's end is reached."

At the sound of his master's voice, the steed pricked up his ears, and, seeming to forget all fatigue, quickened his speed to a brisk trot. A sudden turn in the road soon brought them in sight of a neat, picturesque farmhouse, almost hid among the trees that overhung it. Riding up to it, the traveller dismounted, and rapped lightly on the door. The summons was answered by a lady, of about twenty-two years of age, whose countenance, though beautiful, was the very personification of quiet and content.

Her appearance seemed to affect the traveller strangely, for he started involuntarily, as his eye fell upon her countenance. From the look of surprise she cast upon him, it was evident that the surprise was mutual. But he was not a man given to the exhibition of emotion, so he merely nodded to the lady, and made the request that she would bring him a glass of water.

She disappeared, and as he marked her retreating form, he involuntarily exclaimed, "What a resemblance; but no, no—it cannot be. That were impossible!"

His fair waiter returned, and as her eye met his, as he was receiving the glass, the hand which presented it trembled sadly. He took it, casting a piercing glance upon her. The next moment the glass fell from his hand, and he earnestly exclaimed—

"Ellen!"

"Edward!"

And the next moment she was locked in his embrace. The one so near to his heart, who, he had believed, slept in the cold embrace of death, was indeed found. All further thoughts of his journey were discontinued. She related all her sad tale—how she had been basely deceived by him who had

won her love, and when she learned his character, how she had fled from him, as she would from a viper; how she had feared to return to her home, knowing that the finger of scorn would be pointed at her, and after wandering far, had finally reached this quiet spot. To the rustic, yet kind-hearted family, she had related her sad story, and they had treated her with much kindness.

Fenning heard her through, and then he clasped her to his heart once more. The lost was found. He cared not for the rigid punctilious rules of the cold world; but true to his first love, he was united to the bride of his heart, and peace and happiness came once more to comfort and to bless.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Blood hath been shed, by men in the olden time,  
Ere human statue purged the gentle weal.  
Aye, and since, too, murders have been performed,  
Too terrible for the ear; the times have been  
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
And there an end; but now they rise again,  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools.—SHAKESPEARE.

Eight years had passed—with their joys and their sorrows, their happiness and their woes, their peace and their suffering—all—all were gone. Numbered with the scenes buried in the oblivion of the past, the dark curtain that divides us from eternity had fallen over them for ever. Eight years! Short time, it is true, and quickly passed over; but it had brought many into the world—carried many out, and hurried those who still remained, onward—swiftly onward, to the grave.

It was a calm, lovely evening; not a cloud obscured the firmament above, no breeze moved the leaves; but after the sultry and oppressive heat of the day, the cool, and refreshing night air came, sweet and soothing to the aching brow. The clocks had struck the hour of midnight, and mankind were hushed in the sweet embrace of sleep. Over a quiet, beautiful road, a few miles from the city of Philadelphia, a traveller was passing. His face was turned toward the sleeping city; and the steed which carried him—a noble, powerful animal, was walking leisurely along. His master was evidently engaged in deep thought, for he heeded neither the beauty of the scene around him, nor the waning hours of the night. He was a powerfully-built man; his limbs were well-formed and muscular, and expression of his countenance, at least the part of it that was visible, showed marks of firm determination, and unyielding energy.

He was habited in sable garments; his coat was buttoned firmly to his chin; a glossy fur hat covered his head, and the steed that carried him was black as the raven's wing. Such a preponderance of black gave the rider and his horse a singular and most striking appearance.

Slowly they proceeded on—he, still deeply buried in thought, apparently hardly noticing his progress. They had passed a beautiful village—it was now left far behind, and a small but dark piece of woodland was before them. They entered it; the traveller looked neither to the right-hand nor the left, when suddenly, as he had just reached the grove, two men sprang from the wood beside him. Before he had hardly noticed them, one seized his horse by the bridle, and the other presented a pistol to his face. The traveller moved not, but he gazed at the highwayman who held the pistol, as if he would read his very soul. The intense glance he cast upon him, was more like an attempt to recognise a countenance almost forgotten, than to read the motives that prompted the daring deed.

Suddenly the traveller started. Some powerful emotion had seized him, as if it would claim the mastery of his spirit. Was it fear? No; there was nought of fear in the flashing of his eye, or the unmoved manner in which he kept his seat. But his reflections, be they what they might, were no longer suffered to be indulged in.

"Deliver or die!" exclaimed the assailant, in the deep, stern tone that told it was no simple farce he was acting. As the sound of that voice fell upon his ear, the rider started again. It was evident that its tones brought to mind vivid recollections that had long been suffered to sleep undisturbed in the memory of the past. Hardly had the robber uttered these words, that fell so fearfully on the ear, when the hand of the stranger deliberately moved to his breast-pocket. The assailant's eye was fixed; he was apparently watching every movement, and the glance was calmly returned. With the speed of lightning the traveller's hand arose; some heavy, short object was grasped by it—then as swiftly it descended, and ere the midnight assassin had guessed the purpose of his chosen victim, he had received a blow upon his temple that must surely, it would seem, strike the last spark of life from his body. With a deep groan, he fell heavily to the earth. His companion saw his fate, and with a look of undisguised fear upon his countenance, loosed the steed whose bridle he grasped, and sprang away into the wood beside him.

The rider cast a glance at the prostrate form on the earth, then drew up his reins, and spoke in a familiar tone to the noble animal he rode. Evidently the language was understood, for he dashed off at a swift gallop. A few moments' ride left the grove behind, and after several country seats had been passed, they drew near a hotel. They dashed swiftly up before it—the rider sprang from his horse, and ascending the steps, rang the bell violently. At that hour, all the inmates were evidently buried in sleep, for no one seemed ready to answer the summons. The traveller waited impatiently for a moment, then he rang again so powerfully, that the tones of the bell echoed through the mansion. He soon heard steps in the entry; in a moment the door was opened, and the landlord stood before him.

"Sir," exclaimed the stranger, "a man has been wounded, and I fear dangerously so. His body lies by the road-side, just at the edge of the grove a mile or two back. Send out two of your men to procure it: prepare a room for him, for I think he has not long to live."

"How I wounded, did you say?" inquired the host, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes; dangerously wounded."

"But how was it done?"

"Do not stop for inquiries; all shall be satisfactorily explained. Send two of your men for the body."

"I will, immediately," replied the landlord, now fairly aroused.

"And how far is it to the nearest physician's residence?"

"Two miles. Keep straight on until you come to a house painted white, with heavy pillars, situated back from the street, and entirely overhung with trees. Dr. Francis resides there."

"I will bring him without delay; see that your men are expeditious, or it may be too late."

The landlord hurried away to arouse his men; and the stranger sprang upon his steed, and was soon on the way to the physician's house. Arrived there, he soon aroused him, and briefly stated to him the same facts that he had told to the landlord.

The physician, like the majority of his profession, was ever ready to attend to the calls of duty; and after a few moments' preparation, was ready to accompany one who had summoned him. A short ride sufficed to bring him to the hotel. By this time all the household were stirring. It was evident that the stranger's commands of haste had been obeyed, for the wounded man had just been brought in. The physician and the traveller entered the room where he was laid, with his bedside surrounded by the people of the house. With an imperative motion, the stranger pointed to the door, and the signal was obeyed. All left the room, casting wondering and curious glances behind.

"Now, sir," said the man who was ordering all the movements so coolly, "tell me what you think of the case."

The physician bent over the inanimate form; he felt the pulse; looked at the frightful wound upon the temple, and shook his head.

"It is probable, almost certain, that he cannot recover."

"Can consciousness be restored?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Then do it at once. If he regains it, tell him that his time is short, and mark well his words."

"I will do so."

"I must not be here when reason resumes its mastery. If you think he is going soon, send for me."

"I will."

The stranger left the room, and the physician directed his attention to the wounded man. By some powerful restoratives, consciousness seemed about to dawn. He moved feverishly, slowly opened his eyes, pressed his hand over his brow, and then starting, and gazing earnestly around, suddenly inquired:—

"Where am I?"

"You are among strangers—wounded."

"How? Oh! now I remember it all. Have you examined the wound?"

"I have."

"And is it dangerous?"

"Man, you have not an hour to live!"

"What?" exclaimed the other, almost springing from his couch. In a moment he calmed himself, and earnestly inquired:—

"Is there a justice near this place?"

"There is: not half a dozen doors below."

"Then send for him; and for the love of Heaven be quick."

The physician left the room to comply with the request of the dying man. The justice soon came, but it was evident that the tide of life was flowing fast.

"I have a revelation to make, ere I can die," said he; "and while I do so, commit it to paper. Do it rapidly, for I feel that my time is short. The revelation may do little good now; but it will at least wipe a stain from the memory of one who is gone, and that is all the reparation I can make, for the dark, foul wrong I committed against him."

Writing implements were instantly brought, and the justice seated himself by the bed-side, to transcribe the confession of the dying man. In a clear tone, as if he had been in the vigour of manhood, he began:—

"Eight—no, nine years ago, in the city at hand, there was a young physician. He was noble, talented, and generous, and was fast rising in the confidence of all. Suddenly he was arrested for murder. All were astounded, but the evidence seemed so strong against him, that he was believed to be guilty. At length, just before the time of his trial, he mysteriously escaped. All traces of the manner in which it was effected, were invisible; but while the news was still fresh, tidings came that he had been found, with his body fearfully mangled and mutilated by an accident on the railroad. His remains were returned home—he was buried, and all believed him a murderer. But he was not;—I was the guilty man—I did the deed."

The speaker's voice grew faint, and moting the justice to haste, he fell back upon his pillow. The confession was soon written; it was read to the wounded man—he signified his assent—the pen was handed him, and with wonderful calmness, he signed, in a full, free hand, the name—Lorenzo Duval, to the document. The justice spoke:—

"You do solemnly swear, before that God, who is so soon to be your Judge, that the confession you have just made, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"I do," and weak and exhausted, he again fell back upon his couch.

At this moment the stranger entered the room. He proceeded to the bed-side, directly in view of the wretched being. When the dying man saw him, he sprang up, cast a long, piercing look upon his features, and an expression of the deepest horror came over him. He fell back, uttered a deep groan, and then, the spirit of Lorenzo Duval, laden as it was with vice and crime, had fled for ever from its tenement of clay!

(Continued in No. 8.)

## GREAT PRIZE ENIGMA COMPETITION.

The Editor of "The Family Friend," in announcing his intention of offering One Hundred and Seventy-five Guineas in Prizes for the best Solutions of Enigmas to be published in No. 61 of "The Friend," January 1, 1852, begs to intimate that at the urgent request of numerous Friends, he has been induced to divide the above amount into the following Prizes:—

Five Prizes of £10 10s... } For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma  
Ten Prizes of £5 5s... } submitted to Gentlemen.  
Two Prizes of £10 10s... } For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma  
Six Prizes of £5 5s... } submitted to Ladies.  
One Prize of £5 5s... } For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma  
Ten Prizes of £2 2s... } submitted to youths of both sexes.

The Number containing the Three Prize Enigmas, and the Conditions of the Award, will be ready on the 1st of January, 1852, and may be had of all Booksellers everywhere, price 2d.

Intending Competitors are informed that various Prize Enigmas, Solutions, and Awards, have appeared in the following Numbers of the "Family Friend," which may be obtained to order, price 2d. each:—Nos. 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 37, and 56. Competitors may derive many useful suggestions by consulting the Enigmas, &c., contained in these Numbers. Volume II., price 2s. 6d., contains the larger proportion of them.

TRADE NOTICE.—A Number of the HOME COMPANION is issued at 69, Fleet Street, every MONDAY at Nine o'clock.

PART I. of the HOME COMPANION, price 6d. is now ready.

## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. I.—THE WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or, *Enquiries into very many received Tenets and commonly presumed Truths*, speaks thus of our immoderate respect for "venerable antiquity":—"But the mortallest enemy unto knowledge, and that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth, hath been a peremptory adhesion unto authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity. For (as every capacity may observe) most men of ages present, so superstitiously do look on ages past, that the authorities of the one do exceed the reasons of the other. Those persons indeed being farre removed from our times, their works, which seldome with us passe uncontrold, either by contemporaries or immediate successors, are now become out of the distance of envious; and the farther removed from present times, are conceived to approach the nearer unto truth itself. Now, hereby, methinks we manifestly delude ourselves, and widely walk out of the track of truth."

One of the most mischievous forms which this reverence for authority assumes is, when what we are pleased to call "the wisdom of our ancestors," "the wisdom of ages," "venerable antiquity," is thrown in our teeth to prevent any discovery in science or in art, in philosophy or in legislation, from being adopted by us in modern times. This phrase, "the wisdom of our ancestors," and the prejudices it fosters, has sent some men to the stake, and others to the dungeon: it brought on Galileo the vengeance of the Inquisition; it called Harvey a dreamer, and Jenner an innovator; it mocked at Adam Smith, and sneered at Bentham; but the very phrase itself contains a fallacy as false as it is mischievous. To speak of the early days of the world as its old days, is the same as if in speaking of an individual man we were to dilate on the venerable antiquity of his babyhood, and yield with deference to his wisdom while yet in long-clothes and the full enjoyment of the pap-spoon. What is called "venerable antiquity" was, in truth, the young days of the world; the days of its inexperience and ignorance, full of error and credulity. We, in this present age, are far older than they; more experienced, less credulous. We possess not only such knowledge and experience as our ancestors possessed, but also the accumulated knowledge and experience of all thinkers from the very earliest ages of the world. Whatever advance in human thought or in human knowledge any individual man of past times has made, has come down to us. What over errors the ignorance or credulity of past times has fostered, are gradually disappearing before an older experience. The facts of the past times are valuable, the more valuable often, as teaching us what to avoid. The opinions of the past ages are frequently worthless, from the insufficiency of the facts upon which those opinions were founded. To apply those opinions, to events of the present time, would be like pronouncing judgment without evidence for the circumstances under which the opinion was formed, the habits of life; the wants and requirements of the age, are totally different and distinct from what they are when the opinion is to be acted on; and to prefer "the wisdom of our ancestors" to the knowledge of the present day, is

willfully to close our eyes against evidence, to shut out that which is complete and efficient, and to adopt that which is vague, imperfect, and null.

If the "wisdom of our ancestors" is implicitly to be relied on, to what age of the world would they refer us for perfect wisdom? Would it be enough, or too far, to go back to the times of the Ancient Britons? Would they wish us to dwell in wattled huts, and walk about with painted bodies and skin coats? Would they have us change our steam-boats for coracles, and our locomotives for war-chariots? Would they convert our Bishops into Druids,—and send out the Archbishop of Canterbury, with a golden knife, to cut the sacred mistletoe; and the Bishop of Exeter to preside over the human sacrifice? Yet such was the "wisdom of our ancestors" in those days.—But, perhaps, as the "laudatores temporis acti," the great upholders of the "wisdom of our ancestors," are deeply enamoured of feudalism and its accompaniments, they may wish to stop at that period, ignore all its antecedents, and find true wisdom in the mail-clad knights whose pen was the pommel of their sword, who were innocent of all learning; when every house was a fortress, where "power dwelt amidst its passions," when force was the sole guarantee for safety; when superstition, credulity, and ignorance, filled the land; when the nobles were highwaymen and the people were slaves. This period seems to have been thought, by many of our writers, the golden age of England, venerable from its antiquity, wise beyond all comparison, and not only wise, but merry; for to those days we are constantly sent back when they would impress us with a notion of "metric England." But let us look for a minute at the means of acquiring wisdom which existed even long after the time of the knights, when feudalism was drawing to its close, and printing was beginning to scatter the seeds of information about the world. A few meagre chronicles, the songs and romances of the troubadours, comprised almost entirely the literary food of the people. The *Nuremberg Chronicle* contains all that was then known of the history and geography of the world; and there we are told of sundry races of men then inhabiting the world, some with the horns and hoofs of goats; others with the heads of dogs, whose language is a perpetual bark; some with four eyes, others with but one, and that, like the Cyclops, in the middle of their forehead; others again with no heads, or rather, as Shakespeare has it, "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," the eyes being in the shoulders, and the nose and mouth in the breast; others again have necks as long as swans, with the beak of an eagle in the place of a mouth, and a nose, like Lord Brougham's, above it. Then some have a mouth so small that they are obliged to suck in all their nutriment through a reed; while others have the upper lip so large that it covers all their face like a screen. Others again have only one leg, and a foot so enormous in size, that they stick it up in the air like an umbrella and go to sleep under its shade, and are withal so swift with this one foot, that they easily run down the fleetest animal of the forest. Others wrap themselves up in their own ears, which are drawn in shape like those of a lop-eared rabbit, only large enough to cover the whole body of a man. Some had six hands, others six fingers, and others eight toes: all kinds of monstrosities are figured as representing the inhabitants of different parts of the earth; centaurs and pigmies are about the least outrageous of these conceptions, while the battle of the Pigmies and the Cranes is accepted as true history. And in the earliest travels that we have, the travellers confirm all these stories; there is not one of the monstrosities of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* that is not confirmed by Sir John Mandeville, a learned knight and physician, who spent thirty-four years in travelling through foreign lands. In fact, they all of them take the old stories of Pliny, and repeat them without examination.

The description of the hippopotamus, from Sir J. Mandeville, will give us some idea of the manner in which the "wisdom of our ancestors" looked at nature. "In that contree ben many *Ipotaques*, that dwellen sometyne in the Watre, and sometyne on the Lond; and thei ben half Man and half Hore, as I have sed before; and thei eten men whan thei may take hem." But it is not to the human and the animal creation alone that these wonders are confined: Sir John Mandeville on his own experience gives us an account of the Well of Youth, which he tells us he visited and drank of its waters. "And at the foot of that Mount, is a fayr Welle and a gret that hathe he odour and savour of alle Spices; and at every hour of the day, he chaunge the his odour and savour dyversely. And whoso drynke the three tymes fasting of that Watre of that Welle, he is hool of all manner of Sycknesse that he hathe. And thei that dwellen there and drynken often of that Welle, thei never hav Sickness, and thei semen alle weys zonge. I have dronken there of three or four sithes (times); and zit methinketh, I fare the better. Sum men clepen (call) it the Welle of Zouthe (youth); for thei that often drinken there of, semen alle weys zongly and lyven without Sycknesse. And men seyn that that Welle cometh out of Parady, and therefore it is so vertuous." Sir J. Mandeville set out on his travels in 1322, not long after the close of the Crusades, when the gallant knights of chivalry were in their full vigour. From the nature of the stories which one of the most learned of their body, who had received all the advantages of foreign travel, has handed down to us, we may form a tolerably accurate opinion on the "wisdom of our ancestors" in those days, to which we are now so continually called upon to do homage.

If they will not go back quite so far as the feudal times, perhaps they might find their days of perfect wisdom in the stirring times of "bluff King Hal"—the glorious days of fire and faggot, when Protestant and Catholic were burnt at the same stake for deviating on one side or the other from the king's rule of faith; when queens' heads were not adhesive, but sat uneasily upon their shoulders; and princesses refused to become queens because they

\* We have preserved the original spelling as an example of the manner in which our ancestors of the 14th century wrote, and spoke, before the orthography of the language became fixed.



had only one neck, which they did not like to trust within the reach of the most anatory of kings. Or, perhaps, they might deem the awakening light of the reign of "good Queen Bess" the finest sample of the "wisdom of our ancestors," when many bright spirits shed a lustre around which has descended undiminished to our days, but which was unable to penetrate the dense blackness of those times,—when Shakespeare was looked upon as a deer-stealer, and Speuser condemned "in suing long, to bide,"—when bear-baiting was held in higher estimation than the noblest poetry, and hobby-horses and tomfoolery were not confined to the Lord Mayor's day,—when queens rode in state upon a pillion, and maids-of-honour breakfasted upon salt beef and strong beer. Or, let us come down to the next reign, after Bacon had propounded the foundations of modern philosophy, and see the learned monarch of those times—the Solomon of his age—disputing on his two favourite themes of kingcraft and witchcraft; one moment laying down maxims for despotic rule, and the next teaching us how to discover a witch: one moment mauling over the divine right of kings, and the next, drivelling over the eternal rule of demons. Under his sway old women by scores and hundreds were hanged, and burned, and drowned for riding through the air on broomsticks, whisking up chimneys, tormenting cattle, and giving fits to children. And even so lately as the reign of Charles the Second we find that very learned judge Sir Matthew Hale, giving as a reason for believing in the existence of witches, the very fallacy that we have placed at the head of this article. "The wisdom of all nations had provided laws against all such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime." Laws and punishments, judges and juries, priests and exorcists, could not banish witchcraft from the thoughts and opinions of our wise ancestors; but in these modern times a few drops of printer's ink have sunk the whole brood into the Red Sea, never to rise again until an ignorance as dark as the "wisdom of our ancestors" shall spread itself over the earth.

By the "wisdom of our ancestors" credit was given to the existence of witchcraft, sorcerers, and ghosts, and judicial decisions were grounded on evidence attesting or supposing the existence of such facts. We have many stories relating the appearance of ghosts in courts of justice, which of course no one believes; but we have many trials in which the witnesses depose to facts which they allege they have received from apparitions. In 1734 Duncan Terig, alias Clerk, and Alexander Bane Macdonald were tried the murder of Arthur Davis, serjeant in General Guise's regiment, principal witness against the prisoners was a Highlander, who gave a distinct narrative of the appearance of the serjeant's ghost, which gave a very lucid account of the murder, and described the spot where the body was concealed. The jury did not convict on this testimony, for although they might have believed in the ghost, they could not reconcile themselves to this discrepancy, that the ghost of the serjeant, who had known no Gaelic in his lifetime, was obliged to use that language to be intelligible to the witness! Even so lately as 1832, we have evidence given in a trial, in the Highlands of Scotland, founded on a dream. A peillar had been murdered, and his pack concealed. An individual took the officers of justice to a spot where he said a voice had told him in a dream, in Gaelic, that the pack would be found; and it was there discovered accordingly. Suspicion was naturally roused against the witness, but all attempts to discover the real ground of his knowledge were baffled. The accused was found guilty and executed. The last two examples of this kind of evidence is found in the most remote and ignorant part of Scotland. To use the language of Mr. Bentham, we may say, "In effect, remote times are virtually present to us in remote places. The different generations of mankind, at their different stages of civilisation, are at once present to our eyes. We may view our ancestors in our antipodes. In Japan sorcerers are still seen riding in the clouds. In Negroland witchcraft is even now the most common of all crimes. Half a century is scarce past since Hungary has been cleared of vampires. Wherever the ignorance is deepest there we may see the reflex of the "wisdom of our ancestors."

Sir Thomas Browne, in the folio volume which we quoted at the beginning of this paper, published in the time of the Commonwealth, brought an immense mass of learning to bear on many vulgar errors which had passed for truth in the "wisdom of his ancestors;" and he gravely combats the opinion "that the sun danceth on Easter-day," that "crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed," that "a diamond is made soft or broke by the blood of a goat;" together with many others of like nature. The errors which Sir Thomas Browne exposed were for the most part physical and superstitious. The whole tribe of these might have been greatly increased, but these have long since disappeared: observation and science have so fully disclosed that the "wisdom of our ancestors" on these points was mere folly, that no one now-a-days sends us back to that wisdom for instruction. Authority and antiquity have yielded to reason and experience. "By no gentleman, honourable or right honourable, are we sent at this time of day to the 'wisdom of our ancestors' for the best mode of marshalling armies, navigating ships, or attacking or defending towns; for the best modes of cultivating and improving land, and prepaing and preserving its products for the purposes of food, clothing, artificial light and heat; for the promptest and most commodious means of conveyance of ourselves and goods from one portion of the earth's surface to another; for the best modes of curing, alleviating, or preventing disorders in our own bodies, and those of the animals which we contrive to apply to our use."

In all matters of physical science the fallacy has been exploded. It is only when we come to matters of legislation that we find grave men gravely affirming that such and such an improvement must not be made because "the wisdom of our ancestors" had decided against it,—because it was unknown to "venerable antiquity,"—because "the authority of the past" was opposed to it. They cast aside the unquestionable maxim, that reason and not authority should decide the judgment; and would prevent the pro-

gress of the human race by chaining us down to the practices and institutions of our ancestors, hallowed by antiquity and illuminated by the light of ages. And why is this? Why does no one now venture to insinuate that in mechanics, in astronomy, in mathematics, in chemistry, we ought to rely on the wisdom of our ancestors instead of direct and specific evidence; when, in questions of morals and legislation, of the well-being of the community, they would confine us to that narrow limit? It is because in these the sinister interests of men are allowed their full weight. All who are interested in the support of abuses,—all who are desirous of keeping up institutions that are found to be pernicious,—strive to put down reason by the voice of authority,—to make the authority of ages past exceed the reasons of times present. They find that argument is failing them, that they cannot from their own stores successfully combat the reasons opposed to them, that their propositions are in themselves untenable, and they seek to gain support through the opinions of some by-gone age, and imagine that we are bound to surrender up our understanding to some venerable authority of olden times. They continually exalt the past for the express purpose of depressing and discouraging the present generation. They depreciate and condemn the great body of the people of the present day, while they idolize the ignorance of untaught, inexperienced generations, under the lofty title of "the wisdom of our ancestors."

## SELFISH GENEVIEVE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

It is far better, dear, believe,  
To give in love than to receive:  
Oh, try to think so, Genevieve!

Which was the happier to-day,  
You, who wiled Ellen's toys away,  
Or she who gave them—can you say?

She let you and your prize alone,  
You sat down with them, all your own;  
But soon afar off they were thrwn.

Charmed they no more? Come, tell me why—

Ah! tears at last in that proud eye,  
Lift it, my child, to yon fair sky,

And let the heavenly sunshine win  
Free way to the dark thoughts within:  
Dark, sad, with this one childish sin.

Peace, Genevieve, will never bless  
A life replete with selfishness,  
That makes the world a wilderness,

And leads to darkness, Genevieve!  
—It is more blessed, dear, believe,  
To give in love than to receive.

## HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely—  
Joys no stranger heart can tell!"

WHAT a charm rests upon the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this, home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands: there a father welcomes with fond affection; a brother's kind sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lisp the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below, it is home—sweet home! It is like the oasis of the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our path may be chequered by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears; yet, when the memory hovers over the past, there is no place in which it so delights to linger, as the loved scene of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What cheers the mariner, far away from his native land in a foreign port, or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast? He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land, to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

Why rests that deep shade of sadness upon the stranger's brow as he seats himself amid the family circle? He is surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth can afford; happy faces gather around him, and strive in vain to win a smile! Ah! he is thinking of his own sweet home; of the loved ones assembled within his own cheerful cot.

Why those tears which steal down the cheeks of that young and lovely girl, as she mingles in the social circle? Ah! she is an orphan; she, too, had a happy home; its loved ones are now sleeping in the cold and silent tomb. The gentle mother who watched over her infancy, and hushed her to sleep with a lullaby which a mother only can sing,—who in girlhood days taught her of the Saviour, and tuned her youthful voice to sing praises to His name, has gone to the mansions of joy above, and is ringing her songs, and tuning her golden harp, with bright angels in heaven. Poor one! She is now left to thread the weary path of life, a lonely, homeless wanderer.

Thus it is in this changing world. The objects most dear are snatched away. We are deprived of the friends whom we most love, and our cherished home is rendered desolate. "Passing away" is engraved on all things earthly. But there is a home that knows no change, where separation never takes place, where the sorrowing ones of this world may obtain relief for all their griefs, and where the sighs and tears of earth are exchanged for unending songs of joy. This home is found in heaven!

In the shadowy past there is one sweet reminiscence which the storms of life can never wither: it is the recollection of home. In the visioned future there is one bright star, whose lustre never fades: it is the hope of a heavenly home!



## BRITISH WORTHIES.

THE goodly cluster of men of genius whose portraits are engraved in the vignette of the Biographical Enigma, in the "Evenings at Home" of our former number of the *Home Companion*, cannot be passed over with merely the bare mention of their names; although, in all probability, most of our readers are familiar with the conspicuous events of their remarkable lives. There may be some, however, whose memories are not so tenacious, and who may be glad to enshrine on their mental tablets the following brief sketches:—

**WILLIAM PENN**, the founder and legislator of Pennsylvania, and the only son of Admiral Sir William Penn, a meritorious naval officer, was born in London, in 1644. He received his education at Oxford, and imbibed there the principles of Quakerism, the advocacy of which afterwards entailed upon him the persecution of government and an incarceration in Newgate. In 1681, he received, in compensation of a debt due from the crown to his father, a cession of lands in America, which have since retained his name. The year following he embarked for his new colony, and in 1683 founded Philadelphia. Penn died in 1718.

**SIR FRANCIS DRAKE**, one of our most illustrious admirals, was born at Tavistock, Devon, in 1545. In early life he entered the royal navy, and rose to the highest rank by his undaunted bravery and enterprising disposition. The Spaniards, at that time the most formidable enemies to England, were constantly defeated by him, and the dispersion of the Grand Armada in 1588, was in a great measure owing to his seamanship and determination. Drake sailed round the world in 1577-80; and died at sea in 1595.

**ROBERT BOYLE**, a philosopher, whose attainments in chemistry and medicine have rendered his name greatly distinguished, was the son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, an eminent statesman in the reign of James the First. He was born at Lismore, Ireland, in 1627, and passed a laborious and useful life in the pursuit of science. He made improvements in the air-pump, and exhibited a variety of experiments in public, which awakened the zeal of others. Boyle, who died in 1691, was an active member of the Royal Society, and instituted by will the Boylean Lectures, to prove the truth of the Christian religion against infidels. His complete works were published in 1744, in five folio volumes.

**ROGER BACON**, a celebrated philosopher, was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214, and received his education at Oxford and Paris. His great scientific attainments rendered him an object of persecution by his ignorant contemporaries, who imputed them to magic. Roger Bacon was a friar, and he was nearly approximate to the discovery of the telescope, the camera obscura, and gunpowder. He also detected the error of the calendar, and suggested the improvement made in it afterwards by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. He died in 1292.

**THOMAS FULLER**, an eminent historian and divine, was born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and received his education at Cambridge. His talents being of a high order, speedily rendered him popular as a preacher. Throughout the reverses of the Stuarts he remained faithful to the royal cause, and suffered many privations in consequence. He was the author of several works, among which we may particularly mention the *Worthies of England*, still deservedly popular. Fuller was learned, quaint, and humorous, and possessed a wonderfully retentive memory. He died in 1661.

**SIR THOMAS MORE**, Chancellor of England, was born in London, in 1480. Attaching himself to the bar, his abilities and perseverance secured his promotion, and he was knighted on the recommendation of Cardinal Wolsey, whom he succeeded in 1530 as Lord Chancellor. Opposing the tyrannical humours of Henry the Eighth, he lost his dignities, but gained a name for integrity and virtue, immortal as time itself. He was committed to the Tower, and brought from thence for trial on an absurd charge of high treason. The rare courage and eloquence with which Sir Thomas More defended himself were of no avail. He was condemned to death, and this iniquitous sentence was carried into effect on the sixth of July, 1535. Sir Thomas More was the author of the political romance, *Utopia*. The warmth of his friendship for Erasmus is well known.

**SAMUEL BUTLER**, the author of *Hudibras*, one of the most strikingly original poems in our language, was born at Streatham in Worcestershire, in 1612, and died in 1680. Few particulars remain of his life, which appears, towards the close, to have been passed in seclusion, and in familiar intercourse with the chief literary characters of the day.

**SIR MATTHEW HALE**, the judge, whose very valuable writings on history and jurisprudence have rendered his name so celebrated, was born in 1600, at Aldersley, in Gloucestershire, and after his studies at Oxford, applied himself with great assiduity to the practice of law at Lincoln's Inn. He attained distinguished honours, and died in 1676. Sir Matthew Hale acted as counsel for Strafford, Laud, Hamilton, and even for Charles himself. He was a learned man, an upright judge, and an exemplary Christian.

**SIR WILLIAM PETTY**, a physician, and the founder of the noble House of Lansdowne, was born at Romsey in Hampshire, in 1623. In 1652, he was appointed Chief Medical Officer to the Army in Ireland, and Secretary to Henry Cromwell, by whom he was employed in surveying the forfeited lands, for which charges were alleged against him in the House of Commons, and he was dismissed from his places. At the Restoration he was knighted, and made Surveyor-General of Ireland. Sir William Petty was one of the first Fellows of the Royal Society, to which he presented the model of a double-bottomed ship to sail against wind and tide. He suffered

much by the Great Fire of London, but eventually became very rich and died in 1687. Of his works, the *Political Arithmetic* is the most important.

**ANDREW MARVELL**, a witty political writer, was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1620, and received his education at Cambridge. In 1637, he became assistant to Milton, as Latin secretary, and at the Restoration he was elected into parliament for his native place, and greatly esteemed for his diligence, ability, and integrity. He had the character of being the wittiest man of his time, and wrote a number of poetical effusions, both humorous and satirical. Marvell died in 1678.

**JOHN KNOX**, the great champion of the Scottish Reformation, was born in 1505, at Gifford, in East Lothian. Having been converted from the Romish faith, he became a zealous and eloquent preacher of the new doctrines. The murder of Cardinal Beaton had created great excitement throughout Scotland. The conspirators had fortified St. Andrew's, but the French fleet, which came to the assistance of Arran, in June 1547, compelled them to capitulate. Knox, among many others, was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Rouen, where he was confined on board the galleys. He was liberated in 1549, and engaged himself perseveringly and undauntedly, to further the cause of the Reformation in England and Scotland. In Perth, a civil commotion took place, in consequence of his pulpit orations against idolatry. At the instigation of Queen Mary, he was, in 1563, accused of treason, and tried, but pronounced guiltless. Knox died in 1572, from the consequences of an apoplectic attack brought on some time before by his unremitting exertions.—See "Biographical Mélange," p. 93.

## ONWARD!

**ELECTRIC LIGHT.**—The electric light, so long the amusement of dreamers and speculators, is at length to be brought into practical operation. The *Mining Journal* announces that the directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway intend almost immediately to light the tunnels on their line by this new method.

**LABOURERS' COTTAGES.**—The Duke of Northumberland, says the *Market Express*, has given orders for the construction of no less than 1,000 new labourers' dwellings; and due attention "it is no doubt, he paid to the sanitary principles of their construction, in which builders have hitherto shown themselves grossly ignorant.

**NEW CAB COMPANY.**—A new cab company, which is about to commence business in London, proposes to affix an "indicator" to each cab, so that the person hiring the cab will only have to look at the "indicator" on entering and leaving the carriage, in order to see how far he has travelled, the miles being marked on the face of the "indicator."

**ALLEGED DISCOVERY OF THE PERPETUAL MOTION.**—The *Courier de la Gironde* states, that a civil engineer of Bordeaux, named De Viguernon, has discovered the perpetual motion. His theory is said to be to find in a mass of water, at rest, and contained within a certain space, a continual force, able to replace all other moving powers. The above journal declares that this has been effected, and that the machine invented by M. de Viguernon works admirably. A model of the machine was to be exposed at Bordeaux for three days, previous to the inventor's departure with it for London.

**IRON PAVEMENT.**—According to the *Glasgow Mail*, an experiment is proceeding in that city to test the possibility of paving it with iron. "At the top," says our contemporary, "of Montrose-street, where it joins with Stirling's Road, a space in the middle of the thoroughfare has been laid with the new iron pavement. In appearance, there is not much difference between it and the granite that forms the causeway in Argyle-street and other principal thoroughfares. The base of iron of which the pavement is composed are about three inches broad, and nearly the same depth. They are laid parallel to, and about one inch apart from each other—the object of the last named provision being, we presume, to afford more secure footing to the horses as they pass along the street. Yesterday we chanced to be in the neighbourhood, and, so far as we could judge, the new invention seems a decided improvement. There is comparatively little noise, and the horses appear to find a firm and secure footing. The invention is characteristic of the age, and will possibly become of great importance in many quarters."

**MUSEUM OF ECONOMIC BOTANY.**—A museum of this kind is in course of collection at the Kew Gardens. The object is, to bring together such products from all parts of the world as cannot be shown in the living plants of a garden, nor in the preserved ones of a herbarium. In this way it is intended to collect and arrange in the new museum such fruits and seeds as are deserving of notice, especially those which are of large size, or possess any peculiarity of form or structure. All flowers and plants which, from their make, are unsuited to the *Florus Siccus*, and which may require preservation in spirits or acids, specimens of woods used in commerce, or which would appear to be deserving of notice from their beauty, hardness, &c., will come within the range of the collection. In the same way will be added gums and resins—especially those employed in the arts or in domestic economy; also dye-stuffs, of which very few are as yet known to science; also the medicinal substances which, in the various shapes of seeds, leaves, gums, oils, roots, &c., exist in unknown extent throughout the East. Active steps are being taken by the Colonial authorities to secure the co-operation of governors of colonies, managers of botanic gardens abroad, travellers, merchants, and others. Parcels or packages will be brought from abroad free of charge by any of Her Majesty's ships, or by the royal mail vessels, or Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers.—*Athenæum*.



## CHARADE.

SEEK for my *first* where mountains meet—

Tread well the rugged way;  
I've borne the tramp of warriors' feet,  
And heard their wild dismay;  
When from my dark and rugged sides,  
The deadly bullet flew,  
And struck deep in the soldier's heart—  
To love and valour true.

My *second* every one can own,  
In large or small degree;  
And when its better time has fled,  
How changed and frail are we.  
All seek it—but too few see;  
They little heed the way;  
But find temptations that allure,  
And fall to sin a prey.

When out upon the stormy main  
The weary bird is seen,  
Seeking a distant home to gain,  
Where woods and fields are green;  
While cheering rays and blooming flowers  
Shall for a season be,  
And music wake the leafy bowers—  
That bird is one of me.

(Answered in No. 8.)

I was with Adam and with Eve,  
With Noah in the ark;  
And that I still am seen with you,  
Is worthy of remark.

And then I am most useful too,  
And this I cannot doubt,  
For if I ever went from you,  
You'd grieve to be without.

I am about your house as well,  
Your sofa, table, chair;

And I've been told a heavy weight  
I often have to bear.

Your garden oft' I visit too,  
And keep your flowers so neat;  
I help in all your forcing frames,  
And in your garden seat.

I also am of silk and lace—  
With tailors long remain;  
In richest fabrics I appear,  
Now tell me, pray, my name.

[Answered in No. 8.]

He talked of daggers and of darts,  
Of passions and of pains,  
Of weeping eyes and wounded hearts,  
Of kisses and of chains;  
He said, though Love was kin to Grief,  
She was not born to grieve;  
He said, though many ruod belief,  
Shy safely might believe,  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My *whole* was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

He said my *first*, whose silent car  
Was slowly wandering by,  
Veiled in a vapour faint and far,  
Through the unfathomed sky,  
Was like the smile, whose rosy light  
Across her young lips passed,

Yet oh! it was not half so bright,  
It changed not half so fast,  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My *whole* was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

And then he set a cypress wreath  
Upon his raven hair,  
And drew his rapier from its sheath,  
Which made the lady stare;  
And said, his life-blood's purple flow  
My *second* there should dim,  
If she he served and worshipped so  
Would weep one tear for him,  
But still the lady shook her head,  
And swore by yea and nay,  
My *whole* was all that he had said,  
And all that he could say.

[Answered in No. 8.]

On the casement frame the wind beat high,  
Never a star was in the sky;  
All Kenneth Hold was wrapt in gloom,  
And Sir Everard slept in the Haunted Room.

I sat and sang beside his bed;—  
Never a single word I said,  
Yet did I scare his slumber;

And a fitful light in his eye-ball glisten'd,  
And his cheek grew pale as he lay and listen'd,  
For he thought, or he dreamed, that fiends  
and fays  
Were reckoning o'er his fleeting days,  
And telling out their number.

Was it my *second's* ceaseless tone?  
On my *second's* hand he laid his own:  
The hand that trembled in his grasp,  
Was crushed by his convulsive clasp.

Sir Everard did not fear my *first*,  
He had seen it in shapes that men deem worst

In many a field and flood;  
Yet, in the darkness of his dread,  
His tongue was parched, and his reason fled;

And he watched, as the lamp burned low  
and dim,  
To see some Phantom, gaunt and grim,  
Come, dabbled o'er with blood.

Sir Everard kneel'd, and strove to pray,  
He pray'd for light, and he prayed for day,  
Till terror check'd his prayer;  
And ever I muttered, clear and well,  
"Click, click," like a tolling bell,  
Till, bound in fancy's magic spell,  
Sir Everard fainted there.

## ENIGMAS AND CHARADES.

1.

BRING my *first* you can become,  
You must—in fact, you must be dumb;  
And with my *second* you will find  
Both skill and cunning are combined;  
While go my *third* you may with speed,  
Whenever onward you proceed,  
My *whole*, if rightly enter'd down,  
Will name an ancient Scottish town.—J. W.

(Answered in No. 8.)

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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BOGGRAPHICAL MELANGE.—If you will give me my *Penn* (1), I will tell you of a *Drake* (2), which I am about to *Boyle* (3) for dinner, together with a piece of *Bacon* (4). When I have eaten of them I shall be *Feller* (5), and shall feel that I do not need any *More* (6), unless it is in the shape of wine, which I will request my *Butler* (7) to bring me. He is a *Hale* (8) man, incapable of *Petty* (9) actions; but were you to offend him, you would *Marry* (10) the severity of his *Knox* (11).—See "British Worthies," p. 105.

CHARADE—Cod-ling.

THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY  
(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



The Baron, having repaired his Hunting-dress, brandishes his sword, and resolves upon new adventures!



He is somewhat awed at the distant roar of lions, but soon sets off in pursuit!



And rapidly overtaking the enemy, commences attack, the success of which remains to be shown!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

THE inertness of the mind is often taken for its peace.

If you would look "spruce" in your old age, don't "pine" in your youth.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

As charity covers, so modesty prevents, a multitude of sins.

Why is the letter A like a honeysuckle?—Because a B follows it.

He submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

True quietness of heart is got by resisting our passions, not by obeying them.

Man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds: let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other.

There are men, who, by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

Neither the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy.

Propensity to hope and joy is real riches: one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

Those that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate.

Pursue what you know to be attainable, make truth your object, and your studies will make you a wise man.

Many of the Parisian workmen employ a person daily to read the newspapers to them while at work.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

They have got a great aristocrat in Troy. He won't even smile, for fear people should think he was getting too familiar with himself.

It never was a wise thing yet to make men desperate, for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

He who defers his charities till his death, is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

The poet who knows how to express and paint the affections and passions of the soul, will always be read with greater delight than the most exact observer of inanimate nature.

A SHREW old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one who has money, and nothing else."

A FELLOW who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education that "he never went to school but *quo* afternoon, and then the master wasn't there."

At a late trial, somewhere in Texas, the defendant, who was not familiar with the multitude of words which the law employs to make a very trifling charge, after listening awhile to the reading of the indictment, jumped up and said, "Them 'ere allegations is false, and that 'ere allegator knows it."

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that only cost you ten days' labour." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I had been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."

A SHIP from Port Glasgow was recently lying in the harbour at New Orleans, when an Irish emigrant came on board, and thus addressed the cook, who was also Irish:—"Are you the mate?" "No," said he; "but I'm the man as boils the mate!"

Riches, like insects, while concealed they lie,  
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly;  
To whom can riches give repute and trust,  
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?  
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;  
Esteem and love were never to be sold.—*Pope*.

A new journal, with peculiar recommendations, is about to be established in Circleville, Ohio. The editor, in his prospectus, says:—"Our terms are two dollars a year. Gentlemen who pay in advance will receive a first-rate obituary notice in case of death."

EASY.—The attendant of Matthews in his last illness impatient some medicines; but a few moments afterwards it [that the medicine was nothing but ink, which had been taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed, "Good heavens, Matthew I have given you ink!" "Never mind, my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting-paper."

A GOOD REASON.—Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments." "Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty shillings which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?" "No," said the boy, confidently. "Think not?" "I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness. "Why not?" "'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

POPULAR FALLACIES.—There is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head till it seems to have given up the ghost; and, lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever again. The best example of the vitality of a fine saying, which has the advantage of being a fallacy, is in the over-hacknied piece of nonsense attributed to Archimedes—viz, "that he could move the earth, if he had any place at a distance from it, to fix a prop for his lever." This is one of the standard illusions—one of the necessary stock-in-trade, for all orators, poets, and newspaper writers; and parsons, whenever they meet with it, take Archimedes for an extraordinary great man, and cry, "How wonderful!" Now, if Archimedes had found his place, his prop, and lever, and if he could have moved it with the swiftness of a cannon ball, 485 miles every hour, it would have taken him just 44,063,540,000,000 years to have raised the earth one inch! And yet people will go on quoting absurdity as gospel, wondering at the wisdom of Archimedes.

A SMALL CALCULATION.—Suppose a man drinks four glasses of liquor a day, at five cents a glass;—in a week he spends one dollar and forty cents, and in a year seventy-two dollars and eighty cents. This will buy the following articles:—

4 Barrels of flour, say . . .	Dol. 24.00
4 Pairs boots, say . . .	15.00
40 Pounds of butter . . .	10.00
400 Pounds of beef . . .	8.00
A new hat . . .	4.00
A new satin vest . . .	5.00
A bonnet for wife . . .	5.00
Sugar-plums for children . . .	1.00

Total Dol. 72.00.—*American*.

EFFECTS OF WORLDLY SUCCESS.—We almost always find, however, that long course of success gives a sort of confidence very different from that which arises in a reliance on accurate and extensive views and prudent calculations. Many a man sets out in life with a daring and powerful genius, which, trusting implicitly to the precautions which it has previously taken, and the resources which it feels within itself for the future, grapples with enterprise and risks consequences, and succeeds in efforts that would daunt the timid, and be lost by the slow and calculating; but, after a long course of success, the basis of confidence becomes changed to the same man; he trusts to his fortune, not to his genius; grows rash instead of bold; and falls by events for which he is neither prepared nor adequate.

## MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

THE last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more strive to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them.

Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space.

The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul "above buttons."

Don't trust too much to good-temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products! Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

WHAT SHALL BE THE LIMIT OF DISCOVERY?—Who shall assign a limit to the discoveries of future ages? Who can prescribe to science her boundaries, or restrain the active and insatiable curiosity of man within the circle of his present acquirements? We may guess with plausibility what we cannot anticipate with confidence. The day may yet be coming when our instruments of observation shall be inconceivably more powerful. They may ascertain still more decisive points of resemblance between the planets and the earth. They may resolve the same question by the evidence of sense, which is now so abundantly convincing by the evidence of analogy. They may lay open to us the unquestionable vestiges of art, and industry, and intelligence. We may see summer throwing its green mantle over these mighty tracts, and we may see them left naked and odourless after the flush of vegetation has disappeared. In the progress of years, or of centuries, we may trace the hand of cultivation spreading a new aspect over some portion of a planetary surface. Perhaps some large city, the metropolis of a mighty empire, may expand into a visible spot by the powers of some future telescope. Perhaps the glass of some observer, in a distant age, may enable him to construct the map of another world, and to lay down the surface of it in all its minute and tropical variations. But there is no need of conjecture; and to the men of other times we leave the full assurance of what we can assert with the highest probability,—that yon planetary orbs are so many worlds; that they teem with life; and that the mighty Being who presides in high authority over this scene of grandeur and astonishment, has there planted the worshippers of His glory.—*Dr. Chalmers*.

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## Editor's Note-Book.

### WINTER EVENINGS' EMPLOYMENT.

S. S. B.—We have received numerous letters from correspondents, requesting advice on the employment of their time during the winter evenings, the following observations will therefore be of general application:—The winter evenings comprehend a large and invaluable portion of our time, upon the proper improvement of which depends, in a very great degree, the intellectual and moral improvement and happiness of individuals and families. These evening hours, on many accounts, are the best of our earthly existence. Gathered around life cheerful and comfortable fire, the world shut out, the gleaming lights dispelling their animating beams upon the family group, conversation flows with unobstructed freedom, the pleasant tale is told and listened to with vivid interest, reading from a good book is heard with attention and promptness, and in a well-managed household, while the members of the family generally are engaged in light but useful employments, some one may profitably entertain the rest; or all may engage in agreeable interchanges of thought and feeling. A great deal may be accomplished for the mind of a family by providing entertaining and instructive reading. It is wonderful how much may be done to open, enlarge, and improve the mind and heart of a household, through the medium of a book or magazine, read and commented upon while the family are collected around the fireside on a long winter evening. Suppose a family seated after tea, and while the mother and daughter are engaged in some light and ordinary employment, an intelligent boy takes down a new book which was brought to him to-day by his father, and commences reading aloud. The first two or three pages contain an interesting chapter of history, ancient or modern; next comes a touching moral story; then a beautiful little poem; then a chapter of travels, after that some information in geography, or a description of some curious trade or difficult art; and thus to the end of the book, article after article, each giving some new, valuable, and pleasing instruction, while the whole is suitably embellished with engraved representations of the things described. Surely an hour spent in this way will not only pass agreeably, but all will be benefited; they will be improved by the exercise, probably every member of such a family will know something he did not know before; and even without much advantage of school education, the children of this family would grow up to be intelligent, refined, and respectable members of society. We throw out these suggestions for the benefit of the families into which this work may find admission. But there may be individuals who are not so fortunate as to belong to families that feel an interest in such culture as we have spoken of. Let not such persons, therefore, despond. If any young person will diligently improve his winter evenings by himself, he will soon be abundantly compensated by the acquisition of a fund of knowledge which no pecuniary consideration would induce him to part with.

**CHILBLAINS.** J. B.—Put the hands and feet once a week into hot water, in which two or three handfuls of common salt have been thrown; this is a certain preventive as well as a cure.

**WARTS.** A. F.—Take a cake of dry pipe-clay, and scrape a little from it, then rub the wart or warts well with it four or six times a day until they disappear.

**MORSE EXERCISE.** A. R.—This is very good, and in some particular cases, remarkably useful; but, like every single form of exercise, it is too partial in its operation, calling into play only a few comparatively of the muscles in the body. It should consequently be combined with walking, the use of the dumb-bells, &c.

**NEEDLES AND PINS.** R. O.—These were in common use during the reign of Elizabeth. The making of the former was commenced in 1566, by Gouse, a German. Pins were known in Henry the Eighth's reign, and afforded the ladies a convenient substitute for ribbons, loop-holes, tags, clasps, and skewers made of wood, brass, silver, and gold.

**CURE FOR A COUGH.** J. F. H.—Half an ounce of marsh-mallow root half an ounce of liquorice root, both shred fine; boil in a pint and a half of water until reduced to a pint. Strain it, and sweeten to the taste with brown sugar-candy. Take half a teaspoonful in the same quantity of new milk, three times a day, particularly fasting, and the last thing before going to bed.

**REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.** Matthew.—We are obliged to our correspondent for his friendly suggestion in this respect. We cannot, however, pledge ourselves to give publicity to all the questions forwarded to us for solution. Those only which would interest, and prove useful to our readers generally, must claim our attention. We have neither time nor space to satisfy inquiries of mere individual interest.

**SPONGE BISCUITS.** J. B.—Beat the yolks of twelve eggs for half an hour; then put in a pound and a half of beaten sifted sugar, and whisk it until it rises in bubbles; beat the whites to a strong froth, and whisk them well with the sugar and yolks; work in fourteen ounces of flour, with the rinds of two lemons grated. Bake them in tin moulds buttered, in a quick oven for an hour; before they are baked sift a little fine sugar over them.

**SMITHFIELD MARKET.** S. B.—Our correspondent, who is somewhat late in the field on this subject, enlarges upon the intensely proceedings which constantly occur in that great public eyecore of London—Smithfield Market. Obligated by the nature of his business to pass daily through that thoroughfare, he is the witness to scenes of reckless cruelty, to which the Torero of Madrid is but a faint shadow. "I observed a few days back," he writes, "one bull, who was evidently disgusted with the filthy quarters in which he had been introduced, after having lost the length of a savoury pasturage in the country, make a determined bolt for liberty. The scene that ensued baffles description. Dante might have made it a subject for his *Divine Comedy*. It appeared to be a positive recreation to the drivers, who raised full cry in chase with all the ardour of red-hot *McKenzies*; while the spectators of all this sport, (I) displayed equal agility in getting out of the bull's way. This exciting contest lasted some time, until the poor animal, goaded and panting, was brought back in triumph by his unscrupulous attendants, and the line of passengers became again interrupted."—We cordially agree with S. B. in the remarks he deduces from these facts. Smithfield is certainly the last place which a lover of nature would select as a fit spot for



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**JESUIT'S BARK.** W. S.—Jesuit's Bark (*Cortex Peruvianus*) called by the Spaniards, Fever-wood, was discovered, it is said, by a Jesuit about 1535. Its virtues were not generally known till 1635, when it cured of fever the lady of the viceroys at Peru. The Jesuits gave it to the sick, and hence its name. It sold at one period for its weight in silver. It was introduced into France as a medicine in 1649; and cured Louis XIV. of fever when he was dauphin of France. This bark came into general use in 1680.

**BRIBERY.** J. N. H.—In England it is an indictable offence to bribe persons in the administration of public justice. Thomas de Weyland, a Judge, was banished the land for bribery, in 1288; he was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. William de Thorpe, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was hanged for bribery in 1351. Another Judge was fined £20,000 for the like offence, 1616. Mr. Walpole, secretary-at-war, was sent to the Tower for bribery in 1712. Lord Strangford was suspended from voting in the Irish House of Lords, for soliciting a bribe, January 1781.

**GOOSE AT MICHAELMAS.** M. S.—This custom has been thus accounted for, and though the fact has been contradicted by some, it is yet pertinaciously maintained by others. Queen Elizabeth, on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th September, 1588, dined at the ancient seat of Sir Neville Unfreyville, near that place; and among the good and substantial dishes which the knight had provided for her entertainment, were two fine geese. The queen ate heartily, and asking for a bumper of Burgundy, drank, "Destruction to the Spanish Armada!" At the moment that she returned the tankard to the knight, news arrived that the Spanish fleet had been destroyed by a storm. She immediately took another bumper, and was so much pleased with the event, that every year after on that day she had a goose served up. The court made it a custom, and the people the fashion, ever since.

**WIG.** R. J. B.—We suspect that our correspondent has some interested motive in addressing to us the eloquent eulogies of his self-ventilating imperishable wigs. We must inform him, however, that Nature, the best of all wig-makers, has been friendly to us in this particular, and we can gaze without envy on the artificial grass beholders to art. Not that we mean to decry the advantages of such a head-dress; far from it, we even inscribe on our pages the following anecdote to prove its value and utility:—While Count Laborde, the French traveller, was amongst the Arabs, he saw a very fine horse which he wished to purchase, but while bargaining, the Arabs thronged round and jostled him rudely. He drew his sword; but as quick as his ready steel flashed, he was assailed by the mob, and borne back by numbers, was on the point of being killed. Burning with rage, he plucked his head-dress, and with it his wig, and threw it among his assailants. The Arabs, on seeing this, fell back in wonder and fear, exclaiming, "Ya wallah! The Caffre has pulled his head off! God help us! God pardon us!" This gave time to appease all anger; the Count replaced his wig, which had proved to him a better defence than the triple shield of Ajax, or the petrifying head of Medusa; and he continued on his way unharmed. But certainly, if the wig made by our correspondent cannot inspire the brains they cover with better poetry than the following lines for a sign-board, which are sent for our approval, they might just as well remain on their blocks:—

"I tis with wig,  
Both small and big,  
Gents—walk inside and try 'em;  
And if for you,  
They do not do,  
Why, then—you needn't buy 'em."

**HINTS ON PICKLING.** W. E.—Do not keep pickles in common earthen-ware, as the glazing contains lead, and combines with the vinegar. Vinegar for pickling should be sharp, though not the sharpest kind, as it injures the pickles. If you use copper, bell-metal, or brass vessels, for pickling, never allow the vinegar to cool in them, as it then is poisonous. Add a teaspoonful of alum, and a teaspoon of salt to each three gallons of vinegar, and the

pickling. ~~except being only at room or room~~  
ware. Anything that has held grease will spoil pickles. Stir pickles occasionally, and if there are soft ones take them out and scald the vinegar, and pour it hot over the pickles. Keep enough vinegar to cover them well. If it is weak, take fresh vinegar and pour on hot. Do not boil vinegar or spice above five minutes.

### COMMUNICATIONS.—Letters have been received from—

A. D. E. S.	F. M. W.	M.	T. J. W.
A. S.	F. R. W.	M. B. B.	T. M. F.
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A. W.	Garrod.	"M. E."	W. A.
B. B.	G. W.	N. W.	W. D.
Beta.	G. M. F. G.	O. O.	W. H. S.
B. K. W.	H. J.	P.	W. G.
Bagnes.	H.	P. D.	Willie.
B. W. C.	H. M.	P. P.	W. R.
Civis.	H. C. S.	Question.	W. L. B.
C. S. T.	H. J. R.	R. S. C.	W. S.
Chas. W.	H. H. R.	R. B.	W. H.
C. F. L.	Iota.	R. F.	W. S.
Civil.	J. B.	R. F. S.	W. W.
C. M.	J. H.	R. C. B.	W. S. L.
Croxall.	J. C. R.	R. H. W.	W. S. S.
C. J. H.	J. W. J.	R. H.	Young.
Congrave.	J. F. H.	R. K. J.	Yule.
D.	J. K.	R. F. S.	
D. T.	J. B.	Stanislaus.	
E. H.	J. R. S.	S. W.	
E. L.	Justicia.	S. J. B.	
E. R.	J. H. R.	S. B. H.	
Espor.	J. H. C.	S. S.	
F. B.	Joselynn.	T. A.	
E. S. T.	J. S. A.	T. L. R.	
E. T. W.	J. P.	T. H.	
E. R.	L. M. T.	T. M.	
F. B.	Lilian.	T. O.	
F. R. O.	L. M.	T. H. C.	
F. L. C.	Lucy.	Therise.	
F. C.	Llewisa.	T. H. J.	



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 8.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## TO THE WIND

Oh, Solemn Wind!  
Thou beautiful and free!  
Proudly, exultingly  
Roaming the world—  
With wild harmonious swell  
Of wing invisible,  
At will unfurled—  
How wondrous is thy power,  
At morn or evening hour,  
Or midnight heard;  
Like sweep and swell of waves,  
Or harps in secret caves,  
Viewlessly stirred!  
Stealing into the heart,  
Reading with charmed art  
Some hidden line;  
With angel melodies  
Lulling the soul to bliss,  
And peace divine!  
Kissing the tear-stained cheek,  
As with affection's neck  
Of loved ones nigh;  
Fanning the sufferer's brow,  
Answering each accent low,  
With plaintive sigh!

Thou sportive Wind!  
Waving each scented cup,  
Flinging its dew-drops up  
In fragrant rain;  
Fringing with pearls the wave,  
Lilting o'er grassy grave,  
For sound in vain!  
Making delicious shade  
With golden light inlaid  
As dense thoughts away,  
Till minute leaves unfold  
In flickering dreamy gold  
Dropping away,  
Wafting the bee along,  
Catching its murmured song;  
In shadowy dells,  
Rocking the wild bird's nest,  
And butterfly to rest  
In scented bells.

Ranging the solemn wood  
Whispering to Solitude  
Mysterious dreams;  
Stirring the forest-tops,  
Scattering the silvery dews  
From singing streams,  
Tossing the glossy leaves,  
Sporting round vine-clad eaves,  
With dreamy song;  
Setting each withered leaf  
To music sad and low,  
Rustling along,  
Wafting the winged seed  
O'er dewy vale and mead,  
And wastes untrod,  
Filling all space with sound,  
Deep, mighty and profound,  
Thy minds of God!

Mysterious Wind!  
Where is thy dwelling-place;  
Whence comest thou apace  
Sudden and strong;  
Like some primeval word  
Down the still ages heard  
From seraph throng?  
Flitting along the calm,  
With thy deep-sound of pain,  
Or hallowing sigh;  
Or with low stifled breath,  
And hush that tells of Death  
And mystery?  
A presence undefined,  
Filling with awe the mind,  
And reverent dread;  
Everywhere yet unseen,  
Pressing our thoughts between  
With mystic tread,  
Bearing the soul with might  
Far through the Infinite,  
Resistlessly;  
Glorious thou art, sublime,  
Image and type in Time  
Of Deity!

Drifts of sunshine from that season of blissful ignorance often come back, as lightly

As the winds of the May-time flow,  
And lift up the shadows brightly  
As the daffodil lifts the snow—

the shadows that have gathered with the years! It is pleasant to have them thus swept off—to find myself a child again—the crown of pale pain and sorrow that presses heavily now, unfelt, and the graves that lie lonesomely along my way, covered up with flowers—to feel my mother's dark locks fall upon my cheek, as she teaches me the lesson or the prayer—to see my father, now a sorrowful old man, whose hair has thinned and whitened almost to the limit of threescore years and ten, fresh and vigorous, strong for the race—and to see myself a little child, happy with a new hat and a pink ribbon, or even with the string of briar-buds that I called coral. Now I tie it about my neck, and now around my forehead, and now twist it among my hair, as I have somewhere read great ladies do their pearls. The winds are blowing the last yellow leaves from the cherry-tree—I know not why; but it makes me sad. I draw closer to the light of the window, and slyly peep within—all is quiet and cheerful; the logs on the hearth are blazing; my father is mending a bridle-rein, which "Traveller," the favourite riding-horse, snapt in two yesterday, when frightened at the elephant that (covered with a great white cloth), went by to be exhibited at the coming show—my mother is hemming a ruffle, perhaps for me to wear to school next quarter—my brother is reading in a newspaper, I know not what, but I see, on one side, the picture of a bear: let me listen—and flattening my cheek against the pane, I catch his words distinctly, for he reads loud and very clearly—it is an improbable story of a wild man who has recently been discovered in the woods of some far-away island—he seems to have been there a long time, for his nails are grown like claws, and his hair, in rough and matted strings, hangs to his knees; he makes a noise like something between the howl of a beast and a human cry, and, when pursued, runs with a nimbleness and swiftness that baffles the pursuers, though mounted on the fleetest of steeds, urged through brake and bush to their utmost speed. When first seen, he was sitting on the ground and cracking nuts with his teeth; his arms are corded with sinews that make it probable his strength is sufficient to strangle a dozen men; and yet on seeing human beings, he runs into the thick woods, giving such a hideous scream the while, as make his discoverers clasp their hands to their ears. It is suggested that this is not a solitary individual, become wild by isolation, but that a race exists, many of which are perhaps larger and of more terrible aspects; but whether they have any intelligible language, and whether they live in caverns of rocks, or in trunks of hollow trees, remains for discovery by some future and more daring explorers.

My brother puts down the paper and looks at the picture of the bear. "I would not read such foolish stories," says my father, as he holds the bridle up to the light, to see that it is neatly mended; my mother breaks the thread which gathers the ruffle; she is gentle and loving, and does not like to hear even implied reproof, but she says nothing; little Harry, who is playing on the floor, upsets his block-house, and my father, clapping his hands together, exclaims, "This is the house that Jack built!" and adds, patting Harry on the head, "Where is my little boy? this is not he, this is a little carpenter; you must make your houses stronger, little carpenter!" But Harry insists that he is the veritable little Harry, and no carpenter, and hides his tearful eyes in the lap of my mother, who assures him that he is her own little boy, and soothes his childish grief by buttoning on his neck the ruffle she completed; and off he scampers again, building a new house, the roof of which he makes very steep, and calls it grandfather's house, at which all laugh heartily.

While listening to the story of the wild man I am half afraid, but now, as the joyous laughter rings out, I am ashamed of my fears, and skipping forth, I sit down on a green ridge which cuts the door-yard diagonally, and where, I am told, there was once a fence. Did the rose-bushes and lilacs and flag that are in the garden, ever grow here? I think—no, it must have been long while ago, if indeed the fence were ever here, for I can't conceive possibility of such change; and then I fall to arranging my string of briar-buds into letters that will spell some name, now my own, and now that of some one I love. A dull strip of cloud, from which the hues of pink and red and gold have but lately faded out, hangs low in the west; below is a long reach of withering woods—the grey sprays of the beech clinging thickly still, and the gorgeous maples shooting up here and there like sparks of fire among the darkly magnificent oaks and silvery columned sycamores—the grey and murmuring twilight gives way to darker shadows and a deeper hush.

I hear, far away, the beating of quick hoof-strokes on the pavement; the horseman, I think to myself, is just coming down the hill through the thick woods beyond the bridge. I listen close, and presently a hollow rumbling sound indicates that I was right; and now I hear the strokes more faintly

## THE OLD MAN'S DEATH:

OR, A CHILD'S FIRST SORROW

BY ALICE CARRY.

CHANGE is the order of nature; the old makes way for the new; over the perished growth of last year brighten the blossoms of this. What changes are to be counted, even in a little noiseless life like mine! How many graves have grown green; how many locks have grown grey; how many, lately young, and strong in hope and courage, are faltering and fainting; how many hands that reached eagerly for the roses are drawn back bleeding and full of thorns; and, saddest of all, how many hearts are broken! I remember when I had no sad memory, when I first made room in my bosom for the consciousness of death.

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and fear;  
But where are the living founts whose flow  
Was a joy of heart to hear?

I remember the twilight, as though it were yesterday—grey, and dim, and cold, for it was late in October, when the shadow first came over my heart that no subsequent sunshine has ever swept entirely away. From the window of our cottage home streamed a column of light, in which I sat stringing the red berries of the briar rose.

I had heard of death, but regarded it only with that vague apprehension which I felt for the demons and witches that gather poison-herbs under the new moon, in fairy forests, or strange harmless travellers with wands of the willow, or with vines of the wild grape or ivy. I did not much like to think about them, and yet I felt safe from their influence.

There might be people, somewhere, that would die some time; I didn't know, but it would not be myself, or any one I knew. They were so well and so strong, so full of joyous hopes, how could their feet falter, and their smiles grow dim, and their fainting hands lay away their work, and fold themselves together? No, no—it was not a thing to be believed.

he is climbing the hill that slopes directly away from me; but now, again, I hear distinctly—he has almost reached the hollow below me—the hollow that in summer is starry with dandelions, and now is full of brown nettles and withered weeds—he will presently have passed—where can he be going, and what is his errand? I will rise up and watch. The cloud passes from the face of the moon, and the light streams full and broad on the horizon—he tightens his rein, and looks eagerly towards the house—surely I know him, the long red curls streaming down his neck, and the straw hat, are not to be mistaken—it is Oliver Hillhouse, the miller, whom my grandfather, who lives in the steep-roofed house, has employed three years—longer than I can remember! He calls to me, and I laughingly bound forward, with an exclamation of delight, and put my arm about the slender neck of his horse, that is clamping the bit and pawing the pavement, and I say, "Why do you not come in?"

He smiles, but there is something very ominous in his smile as he hands me a folded paper, saying, "Give this to your mother;" and, gathering up his reins, he rides hurriedly forward. In a moment I am in the house, for my errand—"Here, mother, is a paper which Oliver Hillhouse gave me for you." Her hand trembles as she receives it, and waiting timidly near, I watch her as she reads—the tears come, and without speaking a word she hands it to my father.

That night there came upon my soul the shadows of an awful fear; sorrowful moans and plaints disturbed my dreams that have never since been wholly forgot. How cold and spectral-like the moonlight streamed across my pillow; how dismal the chirping of the cricket on the hearth; and how more than dismal the winds among the naked boughs that creaked against my window. For the first time in my life I could not sleep, and I lounged for the light of the morning. At last it came, whitening up the east, and the stars faded away, and there came a flush of crimson and purple fire, which was presently pushed aside by the golden disk of the sun. Daylight without, but within there was thick darkness still.

I kept close about my mother, for in her presence I felt a shelter and protection that I found no where else.

"Be a good girl till I come back," she said, stooping and kissing my forehead; "mother is going away to-day, your poor grandfather is very sick."

"Let me go, too," I said, clinging close to her hand. We were soon ready; little Harry pouted his lips and reached out his hands, and my father gave him his pocket-knife to play with; and the wind blowing the yellow curls over his eyes and forehead, he stood on the porch looking eagerly while my mother turned to see him again and again. We had before us a walk of perhaps two miles—northwardly along the turnpike nearly a mile, next, striking into a grass-grown road that crossed it, in an easterly direction nearly another mile, and then turning northwardly again, a narrow lane, bordered on each side by old and decaying cherry-trees, led us to the house, ancient fashioned, with high steep gables, narrow windows, and low, heavy chimneys of stone. In the rear was an old mill, with a plank sloping from the door-sill to the ground, by way of step, and a square open window in the gable, through which, with ropes and pulleys, the grain was drawn up.

This mill was an especial object of terror to me, and it was only when my Aunt Carry led me by the hand, and the cheerful smile of Oliver Hillhouse lighted up the dusky interior, that I could be persuaded to enter it. In truth it was a lonesome sort of place, with dark lotts, and curious bins, and ladders leading from place to place; and there were cat, creeping stealthily along the beams in wait for mice on the walls, and, as sometimes happened, the clay nest should be loosened from the rafters, and the whole trouble minously down. I used to wonder that Aunt Carry was not afraid in the old place, with its eternal rattle, and its great dusty wheel moving slowly round and round, beneath the steady tread of the two sober horses that never gained a hair's breadth for their pains; but, on the contrary, she seemed to like the mill, and never failed to show me through all its intricacies, on my visits. I have unravelled the mystery now, or rather, from the recollections I still retain, have apprehended what must have been clear to older eyes at the time.

A forest of oak and walnut stretched along this extremity of the farm, and on either side of the improvements (as the house and barn and mill were called) shot out two dark firs, completely cutting off the view, save toward the unfrequented road to the south, which was traversed mostly by persons coming to the mill, for my grandfather made the flour for all the neighbourhood round about, besides making corn meal for Johnny cakes, and "chops" for the cows.

He was an old man now, with a tall, athletic frame, slightly bent, thin locks white as the snow, and deep blue eyes full of fire and intelligence, and after long years of uninterrupted health and useful labour, he was suddenly stricken down, with no prospect of recovery.

"I hope he is better," said my mother, hearing the rumbling of the mill-wheel. She might have known my grandfather would permit no interruption of the usual business on account of his illness; the neighbours, he said, could not do without bread because he was sick, nor need they all be idle, waiting for him to die; when the time drew near, he would call them to take his farewell and his blessing, but till then let them sew and spin, and prepare dinner just as usual, so they would please him best. He was a stern man; even his kindness was unobtrusive and unflattering, and I remember his making toward me no manifestation of fondness, such as grandchildren usually receive, save once, when he gave me a bright red apple, without speaking a word till my timid thanks brought out his "Save your thanks for something better." The apple gave me no pleasure, and I even slipped into the mill to escape from his cold, forbidding presence.

Nevertheless, he was a good man, strictly honest and upright in all his dealings, and respected—almost revered—by everybody. I remember

once, when young Winters, the tenant of neighbor Granger's farm, who paid a great deal too much for his ground, as I have heard my father say, came to mill with some withered wheat, my grandfather filled up the sacks out of his own flour, while Tommy was in the house at dinner. That was a good deed, but Tommy Winters never suspected how his wheat happened to turn out so well.

As we drew near the house, it seemed to me more lonesome and desolate than it ever looked before. I wished I had stayed at home with little Harry. So eagerly I noted everything, that I remember to this day, that near a trough of water, in the lane, stood a little surly-looking cow, of a red colour, and with a white line running along her back. I had gone with Aunt Carry often when she went to milk her, but to-day she seemed not to have been milked. Near her was a black and white heifer, with sharp, short horns, and a square board tied over her eyes; two horses, one of them grey, and the other sorrel, with a short tail, were reaching their long necks into the garden, and browsing from the currant bushes. As we approached they trotted forward a little, and one of them—half playfully, half angrily—bit the other on the shoulder, after which they returned quietly to their cropping of the bushes, heedless of the voice that from across the field was calling to them.

A flock of turkeys were sunning themselves about the door, for no one came to scare them away; some were black, and some speckled, some with heads erect and tails spread, and some nibbling the grass; and with a gabbling noise, and a staid and dignified march, they made way for us. The smoke arose from the chimney in blue, graceful curls, and drifted away to the woods, the dead morning-glory vines had partly fallen from the windows, but the hands that tended them were grown careless, and they were suffered to remain blackened and void of beauty, as they were. Under these, the white curtain was partly put aside, and my grandmother, with the speckled handkerchief pinned across her bosom, and her pale face—a shade paler than usual—was looking out; and seeing us, she came forth, and in answer to my mother's look of inquiry, shook her head, and silently led the way in. The room we entered had some home-made carpet, about the size of a large tablecloth, spread in the middle of the floor, the remainder of which was scoured very white; the ceiling was of walnut-wood, and the side-walls were white-washed; a table, an old-fashioned desk, and some wooden chairs, comprised the furniture. On one of the chairs was a leather cushion; this was set on one side, my grandmother neither offering it to my mother, nor sitting in it herself; while, by way of composing herself, I suppose, she took off the black ribbon with which her cap was trimmed. This was a more simple process than the reader may fancy—the trimming consisting merely of a ribbon, always black, which she tied around her head after the cap was on, forming a bow and two ends just above the forehead. Aunt Carry, who was at what is termed an even disposition, received us with her usual cheerful demeanour, and then, reseating herself comfortably near the fire, resumed her work—the netting of some white fringes.

I liked Aunt Carry, because she always took especial pains to entertain me, showing me her patchwork, taking me with her to the cow-yard and dairy, as also to the mill—though in this last I fear she was a little selfish; however, that made no difference to me at the time, and I have always been sincerely grateful to her; children know more, and want more, and feel more, than people are apt to imagine.

On this occasion, she called me to her, and tried to teach me the mystery of netting, telling me I must get my father to buy me a little bureau, and then I could net fringes and make a nice cover for it. For a little time I thought I could, and arranged in my mind where it should be placed, and what should be put into it, and even went so far as to inquire how much fringe she thought would be necessary. I never attained to much proficiency in the netting of fringes, nor did I ever get the little bureau, and now it is quite reasonable to suppose I never shall.

Presently my father and mother were shown into an adjoining room, the interior of which I felt an irresistible desire to see, and by stealth I obtained a glimpse of it before the door closed behind them. There was a dull brown and yellow carpet on the floor, and on the bed, on which was a blue and white coverlid, stood a high-backed wooden chair, over which hung a towel, and on the bottom of which stood a patcher, of an unique pattern. I know not how I saw this, but I do, and perfectly remember it, notwithstanding my attention was in a moment completely absorbed by the sick man's face, which was turned towards the opening door—pale, livid, and ghastly. I trembled, and was so motionless; the rings beneath the eyes, which had always been deeply marked, were now almost black, and the blue eyes within looked glassy and cold and terrible. The expression of agony on the lips (for his disease was one of a most painful nature) gave place to a sort of smile; and the hand, twisted among the grey locks, was withdrawn, and extended to welcome my parents, as the door closed. That was a fearful moment; I was near the dark steep edges of the grave; I felt, for the first time, that I was mortal too, and I was afraid.

Aunt Carry put away her work, and taking from a nail in the window-frame a brown muslin sun bonnet, which seemed to me of half-a-yard in depth, she tied it on my head, and then clasped her hands as she looked into my face, saying, "Doopeep!" at which I half laughed and half cried; and, making provision for herself in grandmother's bonnet, which hung on the opposite side of the window, and was similar to mine, except that it was, perhaps, a little larger, she took my hand and we proceeded to the mill. Oliver, who was very busy, on our entrance, came forward, as Aunt Carry said, by way of introduction—"A little visitor I've brought you," and arranged a seat on a bag of meal for us, and, taking off his straw hat, pushed the red curls from his low, white forehead, and looked bewildered and anxious.

"It's quite warm for the season," said Aunt Carry, by way of breaking

silence, I suppose. The young man said "Yes," abstractedly, and then asked if the rumble of the mill was not a disturbance to the sick-room, to which Aunt Carry answered, "No, my father says it is his music."

"A good old man," said Oliver, "he will not hear it much longer, and then"—even more sadly—"everything will be changed." Aunt Carry was silent, and he added, "I have been here a long time, and it will make me very sorry to go away, especially when such trouble is about you all."

"Oh, Oliver," said Aunt Carry, "you don't mean to go away?"

"I see no alternative," he replied; "I shall have nothing to do; if I had gone a year ago it would have been better."

"Why?" asked Aunt Carry; but I think she understood why, and Oliver did not answer directly, but said, "Almost the last thing your father said to me was, that you should never marry any one who had not a house and twenty acres of land; if he has not, he will exact that promise of you, and I cannot ask you not to make it, nor would you refuse him if I did; I might have owned that long ago, but for my sister (she had lost her reason) and my lame brother, whom I must educate to be a schoolmaster, because he never can work; and my blind mother—but God forgive me! I must not, and do not complain; you will forget me, before long, Carry; and somebody who is richer and better, will be to you all I once hoped to be, and perhaps more."

I did not understand the meaning of the conversation at the time, but I felt out of place some way, and so, going to another part of the mill, I watched the sifting of the flour through the snowy bolter, listening to the rumbling of the wheel. When I looked around I perceived that Oliver had taken my place on the meal-bag, and that he had put his arm around the waist of Aunt Carry in a way I did not much like.

Great sorrow, like a storm, sweeps us aside from ordinary feelings, and we give our hearts into kindly hands—so cold, and hollow, and meaningless seem the formulae of the world. They had probably never spoken of love before, and now talked of it as calmly as they would have talked of anything else; but they felt that hope was hopeless; at best, their union was deferred, perhaps, for long years; the future was full of uncertainties. At last their tones became very low, so low I could not hear what they said; but I saw that they looked very sorrowful, and that Aunt Carry's hand lay in that of Oliver as though he were her brother.

"Why don't the flour come through?" I said, for the sifting had become trimmer and lighter, and at length quite ceased. Oliver smiled faintly as he arose, and saying, "This will never buy the child a rock"—poured a sack of wheat into the hopper, so that it nearly ran over. Seeing no child but myself, I supposed he meant to buy me a new frock, and at once resolved to put it in my little bureau, if he did.

"We have bothered Mr. Hillhouse long enough," said Aunt Carry, taking my hand, "and will go to the house, shall we not?"

I wondered why she said "Mr. Hillhouse," for I had never heard her say so before; and Oliver seemed to wonder, too; for he said reproachfully, laying particular stress on his own name. "You don't bother Mr. Hillhouse, I am sure, but I must not insist on your remaining if you wish to go."

"I don't want to insist on my staying," said Aunt Carry, "if you don't want to, and I see you don't," and fitting in out to the hopper, plunk, that I went beneath us, we descended.

"Carry," called a voice behind us, but she neither answered nor looked back, but seeming to feel a sudden and expressive frown. I then took me up in her arms, though I was almost too heavy for her to lift, and kissing me over and over, and I was light as a feather, at which she laughed as though neither sorrowful nor lacking for employment.

This little passage I could never precisely explain, aside from the reason that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Half-an-hour after we returned to the house, Oliver presented himself at the door, saying, "Miss Caroline, shall I trouble you for a cup to get a drink of water?" Carry accompanied him to the well, where they lingered some time, and when she returned, her face was sunshiny and cheerful as usual.

The day went slowly by, dinner was prepared, and removed scarcely tasted; Aunt Carry wrought at her fringe, and grandmother moved softly about, preparing teas and cordials.

Toward sunset the sick man became easy, and expressed a wish that the door of his chamber might be opened, that he might watch our occupations and hear our talk. It was done accordingly, and he was left alone. My mother smiled, saying she hoped he might yet get well, but my father shook his head mournfully, and answered, "He wishes to go without our knowledge." He made amplest provision for his family always, and I believe had a kind nature, but he manifested no little fondnesses, nor did he wish caresses for himself. Contrary to the general tenor of his character, was a love of quiet jests, that remained to the last. Once, as Carry gave him some drink, he said, "You know my wishes about your future, I expect you to be mindful."

I stole to the door of his room in the hope that he would say something to me, but he did not; and I went nearer, close to the bed, and timidly took his hand in mine; how damp and cold it felt! yet he spoke not, and climbing upon the chair, I put back his thin locks, and kissed his forehead. "Child, you trouble me," he said, and these were the last words he ever spoke to me.

The sun sank lower and lower, throwing a beam of light through the little window, quite across the carpet, and now it reached the sick man's room, climbed over the bed and up the wall; he turned his face away, and seemed to watch its glimmer upon the ceiling. The atmosphere grew dense and dusky, but without clouds, and the orange light changed to a dull, lurid red, and the dying and dead leaves dropped silently to the ground, for there was no wind, and the fowls flew into the trees, and the grey moths came from beneath the bushes and fluttered in the waning light. From the hollow tree by the mill came the bat, wheeling and flitting blindly about, and once or twice its wings struck the window of the sick man's chamber. The last sun-

light faded away at length, and the rumbling of the mill-wheel was still; he has fallen asleep in listening to its music.

Then came the funeral. What a desolate time it was! All down the lane were waggons, and carriages, and horses, for everybody that knew my grandfather had come to pay him the last honours. "We can do him no further good," they said, "but it seemed right that we should come." Close by the gate waited the little brown waggon to bear the coffin to the grave—the waggon in which he was used to ride while living. The heads of the horses were drooping, and I thought they looked consciously sad.

The day was mild, and the doors and windows of the old house stood all open, so that the people without could hear the words of the preacher. I remember nothing he said; I remember hearing my mother sob, and seeing my grandmother with her face buried in her hands, and seeing Aunt Carry sitting erect, her face pale but tearless, and Oliver near her, with his hands folded across his breast, save once or twice when he lifted them to brush away tears.

I did not cry, save from a frightened and strange feeling, but kept wishing that we were not so near the dead, and that it was another day. I tried to push the reality away with thoughts of pleasant things—in vain. I remember the hymn, and the very air in which it was sung—

"Ye fearful souls fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.  
Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His works in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

Near the door, blue flagstones were laid, bordered with a row of shrubberies and trees, with lilacs, and roses, and pears, and peach-trees, which my grandfather had planted long ago, and here, in the open air, the coffin was placed, and the white cloth removed and folded over the lid. I remember how it shook and trembled as the gust came moaning from the woods, and died off over the next hill, and that two or three withered leaves fell on the face of the dead, which Oliver gently removed, and brushed aside a yellow-winged butterfly that hovered near.

The friends hung over the smiling corpse till they were led weeping one by one away; the hand of some one rested for a moment on the forehead, and then the white cloth was replaced, and the lid screwed down. The coffin was placed in the brown waggon, with a sheet folded about it, and the long train moved slowly to the woodland burial-ground, where the words "dust to dust" were followed by the rattling of the earth, and the sunset light fell there a moment, and the dead leaves blew across the smoothly-shapen mound.

When the will was read, Oliver found himself heir to a fortune, the mill and the hamstead, and half the farm—provided he married Carry, which I suppose he did, for though I do not remember the wedding, I have had an Aunt Caroline Hillhouse almost as long as I can remember. The lunatic sister was sent to an asylum, where she sung songs about a faithless lover, till death took her up and opened her eyes in heaven. The mother was brought home, and she and my grandmother lived at their ease, and sat in the corner, and told stories of ghosts, and wretches, and marriages, and deaths, for long years. Peace to their memories! for they have both gone home; and the lame brother is teaching school—in his leisure playing the flute and reading Shakespeare.

Years have come and separated me from my childhood, from its innocence and blessed unconsciousness of the dark, but often awakens the memory of its first sorrow.

Death is less terrible to me now.

## BOLD ROBIN.

BY MARY BENNETT.

Now the biting frost is come,  
And the trees are white with snow,  
Bitter cold your Robin's home;  
How he lives I do not know.  
Robin is a gallant bird;  
Robin's eye is bold and bright;  
Since the storm last night we heard  
Must have filled him with affright.  
But he looks as blithe as ever,  
Hopping to the cottage door;  
Gallant Robin, he will never  
Furtively his griefs deplore.  
Dauntless Robin, why not stay  
Hungry, chattering at home,  
Pining for a better day,  
Murmuring until it come.  
No, not he; at break of dawn  
He is on the cottage sill,  
Or hopping on the frozen lawn,  
Looking bold and merry still.

## ROBIN:

Good morning, children, Robin is come  
From sleeping in the snow,  
For every bush, and tree, and sod,  
Is frozen, you must know.  
And where shall Robin his breakfast get,  
If not at your kind door?  
So throw him out some crumbs, I pray,  
You will have all the more.  
And when a bit of sunshine breaks  
O'er the bare trees tall,  
Oh! listen how I will sing to you,  
Thanking you for all.

## CHILDREN:

Yes, Robin, you'll not plead in vain,  
This food is but your due;  
Here's plenty for you—come again;  
Courage we learn from you.

**BUCCANERS.**—These piratical adventurers, chiefly French, English, and Dutch, commenced their depredations on the Spanish coast of America, soon after the latter had taken possession of that continent and the West Indies. The principal commanders of the first expedition were Montbar, Colonis, Basco, and Morgan, who murdered thousands, and plundered millions. The expedition of Van Horn, of Ostend, was undertaken in 1608; that of Gramont in 1685; and that of Pointis in 1697.



## THE MAN WHO NURSES THE BABY.

LITTLE children, lonely little ones, white-souled buds of existence, fair dovelets of heaven's own empyrean: happy the man of the world who, turning his back on scenes of heartless frivolity and falsely alluring pleasure, seeks his dearest enjoyments among them, in their purifying association, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Would, for the sake of you, my dear reader, I were endowed with a pencil embodying the delicate grace of Coreggio, and a palette spread with the magic tints of Titian, that I might worthily portray the excellencies and virtues of this noblest and most admirable of his kind, the man who nurses the baby.

"Who is he?" demands a fair damsel, in dulcet accents.

Oh, that must remain a secret, for a modest, modest person is the one in question; but a little patience, and I will enlighten you as far as the bounds of prudence admit of enlightenment.

"Paying a visit the other afternoon to a friend who resides somewhere in the precincts of ———, I, after sojourning for a brief interval in the drawing-room, was invited by the lady of the mansion up to her boudoir, which, entering rather unexpectedly, the first object my gaze lit upon was the lord of the household, esconced very comfortably on a low couch by the fire, with the baby on his lap, and wearing, meanwhile, an air the most placid and maternally in the world.

"Ah, this is pretty employment for you, Mr. H——, is it not?" quoth I, derisively.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in his wife; "he always will take the baby when he comes home from the city."

But while her nonchalant tones seemed to convey the impression that she but lightly appreciated the treasure of a husband she possessed, it was easy to discover from her beaming eye and self-gratulatory manner, that she considered him a very model of men—a pattern for extensive imitation.

The man who nurses the baby, in utter scorn of my continued raillery, only the more fondly caressed the magnificent little fellow, and, sweeping his eyes proudly over a circle of as lovely home-flowers as need to grace a fireside, from the hylthesome small maiden just hovering over the verge of her teens, down to the ringletted, frolicksome fairy of some three summers, who, nestling close to her mother's side, darted at me, from her violet peepers, shy, curious glances, smiled his reply—a mute response far more eloquent than words.

Little children are the keenest physiognomists imaginable, for they have an infallible instinct which teaches them whom to approach or avoid, and to distinguish, almost at first sight, a kindly and sincere nature from a morose and ungenial one. To the meek simplicity of a little child must return the haughtiest and loftiest spirit of man, ere it may become meet for the kingdom of God. The man who loves children, and is successful in winning their trust and affection, still catches through the clouds and darkening shades of perturbed life, bright glimpses of

"The heaven that lay about him in his infancy;"

and yet folds closely above his heart, even amidst the soils and tatters of his out-grown innocence, a small remnant of that glittering raiment of immaculate purity which robed the soul of the first infant when cradled, a tender nursing, in mother Eve's arm.

"Umph! I wonder whether father Adam ever nursed the baby?" methinks I hear muttered in tones of deep incredulous bass.

What a question! Why, my good sir, of course he did; and a beautiful sight it must have been to have seen that first family together. We will imagine a scene in that era; a bower, gorgeously draped with a profusion of fragrant blossoming vines, and furnished with an enamelled and flower-broidered carpet of luxurious velvet grass. Inside behold the majestic pair; Adam, reposing after the toils of the day, with the infant Abel in his arms, and graceful Eve kneeling beside him, playfully waving, just beyond the tiny grasp of the smiling little one, a bunch of rich, luscious, purple grapes. Not far off flows a picturesque river, and, straying on its gently sloping margin, may be seen young Cain, with curling locks and sunny brow, as yet unfurrowed with the scowl of unhallowed passions, gathering for his baby brother a nosegay of the superb lilies and other rare flowers that fringe it. The melodious ripple of the stream mingles faintly with the sweet glee of Abel as he welcomes, with a glad shout, the returning steps of his playmate. Sweet and placid picture!

Now, the creeping shades of evening, and the dew spangling each leaf and blossom, warn the sacred group that it is time to prepare for slumber. Philoel commences her vespertine hymn, and Adam, the baby still in his bosom, offers up his accustomed sacrifice of prayer and adoration to the Preserver of his happiness, the bestower of his wife and babes. That radiant band of angels, who have been bending with looks of love and admiration over the scene, now, ere their immortal eyes vanish from among the myriads of silver stars, pronounce a fervent Amen.

Let not for a moment be harboured the idea that my friend, the man who nurses the baby, is an effeminate or weak-minded individual! No! Nothing should be farther from the truth. Dignified in appearance is he, of portly and courteous mien, in tastes refined, and, withal, with a mercantile reputation that speaks well on 'Change.

Miss Bremer affirms that at no other time does a gentleman appear to such advantage as when presiding patriarchally in the bosom of his family. Certain it is, that a large majority of the more fascinating gentlemen one meets in society, are men of family. The man who reserves his sour moods for home—who regards up the spleen which he dared not wreak on strangers,

for the domestic circle—who slams the front door till the whole house quivers—who snatches off his beaver, and tears off his coat with a growl, and bounces into the room with a sharp snarl—who tosses poor Pussy off her comfortable cushion for sheer spite, and kicks Ponto till he fairly yells with pain; but, oh! oh! especially the man who never nurses the baby, is prepared to perpetrate any enormity whatever, and should be banished, with hue and cry, from the society of humanized beings. Mark him well; he is ripe for "treason, stratagems, and spoils; let no such man be trusted."

Therefore, all hail, to my friend! the man who nurses the baby, and does it, too, with such irresistible elegance; may he continue to flourish, until his crown blossoms like the almond tree. Much astonished will he be, in sooth, when, seizing on his favourite paper, the *Home Companion*, he finds himself and his modest merits immortalised in its delightful columns. But let him not blush, for right fortunate may he esteem himself, if, during the progress of life he earn no less honourable cognomen than this, the *Man who nurses the Baby!*

A. B.

## ODE TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

BY A POOR FIDDLER.

Torn,  
Worn,  
Oppressed, I mourn;  
Bad,  
Sad,

Three-quarters mad

Money gone,

Credit none;

Duns at door;

Half a score;

Wife in pain;

Twins again;

Others ailing;

Nurse a railing;

Billy whooping;

Hetty crouping;

Besides poor Joe

With foster'd toe.

Come, then, my Fiddle,

Come, my time worn friend,

With gay and brilliant sounds

Some sweet though transient solace end.

Thy polished neck in close embrace

I clasp, while joy illumines my face.

When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,

My drooping spirit pants to rise;

A lively strain I touch,—and lo!

I seem to mount above the skies.

There on Faun's wings I soar;

Heedless of the duns at door;

Olivious all I feel my woes no more;

But skip o'er the strings,

As my old Fiddle sings,

"Cheerily O! merrily go!

Presto! good master,

You very well know

I will find music,

If you will find bow,

From E, up in to, to G, down below."

Fatigued, I pause to change the time

For some *adagio* solemn and sublime.

With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;

My heart responsive to the soothing charm,

Throbs equally; whilst every health-corroding care

Lies prostrate, vanquished, by the mellifluous air.

More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,

And Resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.

Ready Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,

The Serpent may grunt and the Trombone may bawl;

But, by Poll,\* my old Fiddle is prince of them all.

Could e'en Dryden return thy praise to rehearse,

His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.

Now to thy case, in Flannel warn to lie,

Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

**RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.**—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for, if such be also its property when entered into the eternal, disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated, so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—*Dr. Winslow's Psychological Journal.*



## THE PHANTOM LIGHT:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Continued from Page 102.)

## VIII.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING! What a charm this brief sentence of three words conjures up! The schoolboy anticipates its approach by some six weeks of eager inquiry and watching. Day after day, as he dates his copy-book, he rejoices in the contemplation that the happy time draws nearer. He thinks not of the loss of days, of weeks, fled for ever past recall—no! "CHRISTMAS IS COMING" obliterates every other consideration; and many a simple soul has lacked its sought-for "proof," because the student's mind, instead of multiplying figures, would, in spite of every effort, fly off to calculations of cakes and puddings, "flip" and wine, parties and pantomimes, blind-man's-buff, forfeits, and kisses under the mistletoe! Nor is this a schoolboy's weakness alone. Who, from eight to eighty, does not delight to think of the joys of Christmas, when families shall draw together in charming circles, and renew the loves that unite their hearts? The anxieties of the counting-house fade before the conviviality and hospitality of the time. Animinities find their graves, and new loves and sympathies spring up to gladden the future. Oh, Christmas is, and was, and ever will be, a glorious time!

Somewhat—and others besides ourselves may have noticed it—the charm which the coming of Christmas brings with it dispels one-half of human ills. It is remarkable how old women forget their rheumatism, and plethoric men their gout. Corns forget to throb, and teeth to ache; a kind of chloroform pervades the atmosphere, and renders man almost insensible to pain. It must be a great sorrow that will stand up defiant of the congenial influence of the season: a gaunt and terrible grief that will dare intrude upon and sadden the human heart at such a time. And such a grief had entered the house of Mrs. Tregar and family.

The process of ejection had been served, and it was immediate and peremptory. There was, therefore, no preparation for the merry Christmas within the cottage. There was no lifting up and dusting of carpets—no scouring of floors and walls—no brushing away of cobwebs from unfrequented corners—no dusting of old pictures—no cleansing of old family faces, privileged with a gentle renovation once a year. True, there was bustle and change;

but it was to interrupt those ties of attachment to a spot endeared by many sweet recollections, and which can never be wholly forgotten but with the grave. Mrs. Tregar had already felt severely the blow occasioned by her removal from the castle; but she had at length become reconciled to her fate, and had cherished the ambition—a modest ambition, too, for the once wealthy and beautiful owner of the broad acres extending over a rich landscape as far as the eye could reach—the ambition to end her days in this cottage, the remnant of her former greatness; and ere the close of her own career to see Arthur and Avisia wedded and happy. Alas, with one blow every hope was now about to be crushed!

Arthur, Avisia, Uncle Tot, and Mrs. Tregar, were seated in the cottage, looking moodily at each other, when a gentle, timid knock came at the door of the room in which they were sitting. Arthur cried "Come in;" and at his summons, the door slowly opened, and the Poet's son slouched into the apartment, executing a series of agonised obsequies, and seemingly exceedingly ill at ease.

"Well, Poet's son," said Mrs. Tregar, kindly; "I am glad to see you. What is the matter? Have you discovered some treasure of game for Mr. Arthur? I am afraid, though, that your master is in no humour for sporting to-day."

The Poet's son extended his enormous mouth with the evident intention of executing a gigantic laugh; but suddenly recollecting that such mirth would be extremely unbecoming in the present sad state of family affairs, he made a tremendous effort to mould that feature into an expression of appropriate solemnity, which had the success of altering the incipient smile into a full-grown grin, of a most ghastly character.

"It ain't exactly that I cum about, yer honour, marm," said he, writhing his limbs in a sort of genteel torture, and thrusting his big hands alternately through the crown of an old hat, which he held, and which seemed to be conveniently constructed for the purpose. "It ain't that, yer honour, but you see—its—its something else."

"Well, let us hear what it is," said Mrs. Tregar, smiling at the evident agony which her protégé was suffering.

"Why, you see, yer honour, ma'am, that we heerd in the kitchen beyant, that the throuble was cum upon ye,—and, begor! more's the pity, that you or any of yer ancient and honourable family should ever see the dark day of misforthin'; for them and you wor always kind an' condescending, an' good to the poor; and more shame for—"

"Poet's son!" interrupted Mrs. Tregar, "this is not what you came to tell me. You are wandering from your subject. Pray, let the 'family' sleep in peace."

The Poet's son, who would have rambled on for about four hours in the track of family glories, was completely upset by this interruption to what he considered the thread of his discourse; and stood piercing the old hat with his hands, and endeavouring to tie his long legs into hopeless bow-knots, without being able to utter another syllable. At length—after a few minutes, during which time he put his body through such a series of contortions, that he seemed as if he had swallowed a few thousand live eels, and they were endeavouring to find the way out again—he made a number of telegraphic signals to some one apparently outside the parlour door.

These signals had the effect of producing the apparition of a large, shaggy grey head, which was thrust into the room, and which, after looking round for a second or two, uttered the words—"May I come in, ma'am?"

"Certainly, Donal," said Mrs. Tregar, and Donal Barrett entered.

"Donal, you and the Poet's son seem to have some mighty secret between you. I am afraid I have stopped the flow of your companion's eloquence too rudely, for he cannot speak. What have you to say?"

"Begor, ma'am, I fear he's but a gonnal ather all," said Donal, directing a contemptuous glance at the Poet's son, who looked as if he thought he deserved the title, and showed his humility by immediately putting the old hat upon his arm, like a large cuff: "I fear he's but a gonnal ather all," continued Donal: "for, if he wasn't a regular born nathral, he'd have sed what he had to say at wans't, an' not gone mayandhering about what didn't concern him."

"Don't blame him, Donal. At least he is faithful and true to us. He may not be eloquent, it is true; but it is not every one who can speak with your fluency, Donal."

The old fisherman blushed with gratification at this compliment.

"Thank yer ladyship," said he, "but you see the raison we gev him this little matter to conduct, was because he was the son of a poet, and we thought he must have some of the blood in him."

"But what is this important disclosure, Donal?"

"Why ma'am, we heerd something about a throuble that kom on you all of a suddint, an' we wor tould that it was some money which the lady at the big house beyant wanted to make you pay, and that if it was'n't ped, the old place would be sould for the debt."

"You heerd but the simple truth, Donal. The old place must go," and Mrs. Tregar sighed bitterly at the thought.

"Whethen bad cess to her for a spalpeen," cried Donal energetically, "shure 'tis she ought to be proud an' happy to be owed money by gentle-folks."

"Hush, Donal! You must not speak of Miss Saville in that way. She has a right to claim her debt when she please, and we have a right to pay it. Go on with what you have to say."

"Well, yer honor, we knew that it wasn't convenient for you to pay her her dirty money, so the Poet's son, and I, and Oonagh, thought we'd thry an' settle the matter for the honour of the family—and—and the Poet's son, there has it, yer honour, that's all."

"Has what?" asked Mrs. Tregar in amazement.

The Poet's son, the moment Donal mentioned his name, immediately commenced an agitated search in his garments. First, all his pockets, which were ingeniously concealed amongst numberless tattered shreds of cloth, then his waistcoat, then each individual pocket over again, finally concluding by thrusting his hand down his long woollen stocking, and drawing triumphantly from thence a dirty flannel bag, which he presented to Donal.

"We had it in the savings-bank in Skibbereen, yer honor," said Donal, as he untied the dirty bag, with a face glowing with pride, "but we dhrew it yesterday, an' here it is."

"What—what are you talking about, Donal?" cried Mrs. Tregar; "what have you got there?"

"The money, to be shure!" replied the old fisherman, taking out about twenty sovereigns in gold—"the money. Here, yer honour, take it an' welcome, an' pay the negur beyant her dirty money. Katty and I are ould, ma'am, and don't want it; and as for the Poet's son, shure all he wants is the bit he ates an' the dhrop he dhinks, and a warm corner by the kitchen fire. Take it, ma'am, with our blessing!"—and the old man held forth the money to his mistress.

If Mrs. Tregar had not been deeply affected by this instance of devotion on the part of her followers, she would have been inclined to laugh at the innocence of poor Donal in offering her twenty pounds to pay six thousand. As it was, however, the tears filled her eyes, and her heart swelled with gratitude at this proof of rude affection.

"My poor Donal," she said with a faltering voice, laying her hand gently on his outstretched arm, "I shall never forget your kindness in thus trying to shield us from misfortune; but you little know the extent of our fatal liabilities. How much money have you there, Donal?"

"Twenty pounds in gold, yer honor!" replied Donal, loftily. "But Oonagh ses that one of the sovereigns is bad."

"And we owe Miss Saville, Donal, the sum of six thousand pounds."

"Merciful mother!" ejaculated Donal, staggering back as the magnitude of the amount burst upon him in its full force, "Merciful mother! six thousand pounds! why the old Castle beyant wouldn't hould it!"—and he looked at his little store of gold with such a sad and disappointed gaze that all present were deeply affected by the simple devotion of the poor old man.

"You will be sorry to part with your mistress, Donal," said Avisia; "I do not think you will get a kinder one again."

"Is it part wid the mistress you mane, Miss?" he replied earnestly, "wisha then, Miss Avisia, 'tis funning me you are. Shure I'd as soon part wid my life. No, no; wherever the family goes, there I'll go too, wid the blessing of God. Six thousand pounds!" he continued, his mind evidently still absorbed in the contemplation of that mighty sum—"Six thousand pounds! wirrah! wirrah! but it's a world of money!"

"There goes as true a heart and noble a nature," said Arthur, as the old man departed with a drooping head, followed by the Poet's son, whose mouth was so distended with amazement at the unexpected fate of his monetary plot, that he looked as if he had got the entire six thousand in his mouth, and was vainly endeavouring to swallow it—"there goes as true a heart and noble a nature as ever made a suit of rude frieze, more dignified than robes of velvet or ermine."

"Bless him, poor old man," exclaimed Avisia in a low tone. "It will kill him parting with the place."

"Come, come, children," cried Mrs. Tregar, with an effort at cheerfulness, "let us have no more sad faces, or lamentations. We must be resigned and cheerful. Out, out into the fields, or on the lake, and drink your last of that pure air which our ancestors have breathed for ages, and which, ere long, will fan the brows of a stranger!"

Within a few days a large party of visitors had arrived at the Castle. They were some relations and friends of the Saville family, who had been invited down to spend the holidays. And nightly the windows were illuminated, and sounds of music were heard therein, and shadows were seen quickly passing to and fro; and there were some who thought that this was done in triumph over the fall of the Tregar family. But amidst the festivity there was one, however, who wore a face that spoke the trouble of her heart, and its wounded pride. Miss Saville was, indeed, unhappy, for her first love—wild and impassioned, had been coldly, scornfully rejected. She could confide her grief to no one, and therefore she bore in her own heart a deep and agonising sorrow.

"May I claim the honour of your hand in the next dance," said Mr. Freeman, one of the visitors.

"Excuse me for declining the pleasure," replied Miss Saville. "I have already danced to the utmost of my strength; and I confess I am not well."

"Pardon me," said her suitor, "if I suggest that your indisposition is of mind, and not of body; I have not been an indifferent spectator this evening, and I have more than once observed a shadow steal across your brow, as if some inward grief preyed upon the heart of my fair hostess."

"Indeed, sir," replied Miss Saville, "your suggestion is a strange one, I do not say a bold one—I have, no sorrow—at least none upon which you can offer me consolation!"

"I'm sorry," rejoined Mr. Freeman, "for I will confess, that from our past acquaintance, and more especially from my brief sojourn here, I have felt an interest in all that concerns you, which I may hardly dare to utter. You may have observed that I, too, have but seemed to enjoy the festivities of these occasions—that like yourself I have had a sorrow which none might hear—at length, I have become bold enough to believe that we may both find in mutual confidence."

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Saville, rising from her seat, "I pray you say no

more. There are sorrows which may never be told—but yours can have—must have—no sympathy with mine."

"May I not presume again to —"

"Presume not to question me, nor seek to impart anything. I can offer you no consolation."

"Be not so resolute—grant me one opportunity —"

"On the ice, to-morrow," said Miss Saville, with a sarcastic smile.

"On the ice! a cold encouragement."

"You know," said Miss Saville, "our skating party occurs to-morrow;" and with this remark she left the banquet-room and was seen no more that evening.

The gentleman who thus addressed the fair heiress was a bachelor of some forty years' celibacy; a merchant of good position, but whose manners and appearance were far from prepossessing. He had confided to a married cousin of Miss Saville's, the fact, that he had serious thoughts of at length taking a wife, and that he had already begun to think most kindly of the lady whom they were going to visit. He communicated this serious and interesting matter to her, however, in the strictest secrecy; and the fidelity which the lady regarded the trust may be sufficiently inferred, when it is stated that Miss Saville had previously been put in possession of Mr. Freeman's wife-hunting intentions; and this will also explain the readiness with which that gentleman's views were anticipated and discouraged, in the conversation which we have just recorded.

The lake was still ice-bound. The intensity of the cold had somewhat abated, and at noon, the trees seemed to weep tears for the loss of Summer. But the nights were bitterly cold, and each morning beheld the conquest of stern Winter over the kindly influence of the sun.

The skating-party had gathered upon the lake. There were some bounding along like Mercuries, with winged feet—there were others jerking and twisting with out-thrown arms and spreading fingers—there were some stooping down and groping cautiously in anticipation of falls—there were timid ones being led and coaxed by their more accomplished companions, shouting all the while with fear, and displaying every distortion of countenance—some fell heavily but rose again with stubborn pertinacity to pursue the "sport," which must have had peculiar charms for them, judging from the fearful knocks which they bore contentedly—and there were little boys, with bare feet, who slid along in rapid succession—now twirling their arms about in the highest glee—then knocking each other down in a heap, amid the laughter of the uppermost, and the loud complaints of those who fell beneath. The most elegant of all the skaters was Miss Saville, who skimmed the ice gracefully, cutting upon its face figures of every variety. And struggling to follow her was her admirer, Mr. Freeman, who, to his latest moment will never forget his pursuing a wife upon skates—and who at last was obliged to lie down while some boys released his feet from their appendages, and then suffered himself to be slid off in a recumbent position until he reached *terra firma*! The day had far advanced, the atmosphere became particularly mild and clear, and the sun shone forth upon the icy sheet, glistening upon it as upon a mirror. The glee of the accomplished skaters was high as they skimmed along in rapid succession. In a moment a loud shriek was heard, with shouts of horror from various parts of the lake—there was an instant splash, and broken sheets of the ice were seen springing upward—the accomplished lady skater had disappeared. She had ventured upon a spot whereon the sun shone brightly, and the fearful truth was at once recognised, that Miss Saville had fallen through the ice into the water. It was a moment of intense anxiety. Many skaters came up, but feeling the ice yielding beneath their feet, turned back. Miss Saville continued to struggle in the water, until at last her cries became feeble and less frequent; at length there was an awful silence, and all seemed lost, when out from the margin of the lake there sprang one who skimmed the ice like a bird, and nearing the spot, he laid himself down upon it, and stretching out his hands reached the broken part, and seized hold of the garments of the drowning body. Raising the head out of the water, he held it there until a rope was procured, which he tied around the waist, and the rope being pulled by parties on and near the shore, the body was, with much difficulty, drawn up. No sooner, however, had this additional weight been added to the surface of the ice, than it broke again, and the heroic youth who had so nobly rescued a fellow-creature from death was himself precipitated in the water, and sank underneath the frozen surface. For some moments not a sound was heard; Miss Saville was drawn ashore and borne to her home, and the rope thrown immediately back to the spot where the ice was broken. The skaters kept aloof with agonised faces, and some of the boldest, who ventured to draw near, again turned back, alarmed by the cracking of the ice beneath their feet. At length, amidst a general burst of excitement, a hand was seen to rise feebly out of the water, and to grope about; in a second more the head appeared, and then there was a joyful shout of encouragement, with cries of "Seize the rope! seize the rope!" This was soon done; and the noble fellow who had nearly sacrificed his life was drawn ashore. It was Arthur Bell! He was found to be in a dreadful state of exhaustion; his eyes had become bloodshot, and his lips and cheeks were fearfully discoloured. He was borne to the cottage upon the shoulders of four sturdy fellows, followed by a long train of sympathisers, who implored every blessing upon his head.

Among the early visitors to the cottage was Helen Saville. She had soon recovered from her fright and suffering; and now it was as beautiful as it was unexpected to behold the rich and romantic heiress kneeling by the side of the couch of her deliverer, together with his mother and his bride elect—each administering to the wants of one whom they all loved, though their attachments differed.

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE!

OR, WHO SHALL WIN?

BY CHARLES CRAYON.—(Continued from page 105.)

## CHAPTER XIX.

"And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-concealing discontents,  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud.  
On the unsteady footing of a spear."—SHAKESPEARE.

WHITMAN sat in his office. He was not now the young man first introduced to the reader; but his features bore the stamp of mature manhood. Time had not omitted him in its changes; but as one gazed on his open, contented countenance, and the sunny smile that sometimes played upon it, they would at least have concluded, that the inexorable tyrant had dealt kindly with him. And so he had. Years had proved that the character of the attorney in youth, was only more fully developed. Now, his name stood high among those of his profession, in the city, not only for his talents and industry, but that he had shown himself, in all his dealings with others, a straightforward, upright, generous, honest man. The office he occupied at the commencement of our tale, he had left, and now he was found in a much larger one, in a more favourable and flourishing part of the city. But pardon our introduction—we promise that we will not inflict another upon the reader.

As we have said, Whitman sat in his office; several clerks were in different parts of the room, busily engaged in writing, while his partner sat at his desk, in the same occupation. He heeded them not, however, for he was busily engaged in thought, evidently resolving some knotty question in his mind. The door opened, and a man entered. A single glance would satisfy us, that he was the stranger who figured so conspicuously in our last chapter. He was dressed almost in the same manner; his sinewy and muscular form enveloped in a coat that fitted to his chin.

As he entered, Whitman merely cast a glance at him, and then resumed the subject that engrossed his attention. The stranger passed on to where the partner was, and seating himself by his side, soon engaged in a conversation with him, which apparently interested the lawyer much, but which was carried on in so low a tone, that it was audible to none except those who engaged in it. Whitman remained in his seat, but the single glance he had cast at the stranger, gave him a singular sensation. He could not define it; but notwithstanding the importance of the matter that claimed his attention, he could not refrain from casting his eyes towards the spot where the visitor was engaged in conversation with his partner. As he was situated, it was impossible to view his features except from the side; but even that view seemed to perplex the lawyer sadly. He attempted vainly to concentrate his mind on the object which had rivetted his attention, but he could not. Suddenly, as the stranger turned partly round, and he could see his features more distinctly, the ponderous volume before him was closed, and he leaned back in his seat, passing his hand over his brow, as if to render more particular some vague recollection. He looked again and again at him with renewed surprise, that sufficiently showed that startling thoughts were passing in his mind.

Evidently the stranger had noticed the emotion his appearance had caused; for speaking a few words to the person he was conversing with, he arose, and approached Whitman. After he had nearly reached him, he paused a moment, gazing intently upon him. The gaze was as earnestly returned, and it expressed wonder, doubt, and surprise. At length the stranger spoke:—

"Mr. Whitman," said he, "is it possible you do not recognise me?"

At the sound of that voice, the person addressed looked still more surprised.

"I ought to know you, sir."

"So I should think," replied the visitor with a smile.

"Your countenance has called up old recollections wonderfully."

"I have no doubt of it."

"There is a strangely familiar expression about it; but I cannot, by any effort, recall to whom it belonged."

"Look at me again."

"Oh! now I remember. But," added Whitman, mournfully shaking his head, "I was mistaken. The person you so vividly reminded me of, has long slept in the grave."

"May I ask who it was?"

"Henry Morton."

The stranger smiled again.

Whitman gazed upon him again, as if he would read his very soul.

"Examine me more minutely," said he, removing his hat, and pushing back a mass of light brown hair from his forehead. "Tell me," continued his interrogator, "does the resemblance now seem as plain?"

"More so; much more vivid. I had not supposed any one trod the earth who bore such a resemblance to my unfortunate friend."

"Mr. Whitman, I have perplexed you enough. You say that my features remind you of an early friend?"

"They do, most forcibly."

"Then do not be surprised if I tell you that I am that friend."

"Sir!"

"I am Henry Morton!"

Whitman sprang from his seat, but in a moment he resumed his position.

"You look incredulous," continued his companion.

"I am so."

"Did not my countenance remind you of the one you disbelieve me to be, when we met?"

"It did; but it was only a resemblance. True, it affected me greatly, but it cannot be."

"And why?"

"I saw my friend in the embrace of the Tyrant; I saw his remains deposited in their long home. Can earth give back her dead?"

"Listen a moment. Do you remember visiting your friend in his lonely cell?"

"I do."

"Do you remember the gloom that oppressed his mind as he spoke of his condition?"

"Vividly."

"Do you recollect the villain who had done it all?"

"I do. You could never have known of this, had you not been in some way connected with it. The more I gaze upon you, the more your features bring those scenes to memory. If it were not morally impossible, I should be certain that it must be him; but, as I told you, I followed him to the grave."

"I hardly wonder at your incredulity; but give your attention for a few moments, and I will explain the conflicting circumstances. You have not forgotten the mysterious manner in which I escaped?"

"By no means."

"Was you not struck with surprise?"

"Indeed I was. There was a mystery about it I could not penetrate."

"I will unravel it." In my gloomy cell a friend called upon me. True, he was a stranger, and I distrusted him at first, but he soon gave me convincing proof of his integrity. I knew that if I remained, my chance of escape was small, and he urged me to flee, promising to provide the means. Reluctantly I consented, half doubting his faith. But at the appointed time he came. By some powerful narcotic he had succeeded in lulling the sentinel—by means of false keys, he prevented all suspicion. When we were once more under the light of heaven, he took me to his home; a disguise was provided for me, and with a carriage he took me several miles from the city. Then, when we were so far as to prevent suspicion, we stepped on board the first train of cars. He was with me, but did not think it advisable to be too intimate there, so he was in another car. I was so much engrossed in my thoughts, that I heeded nothing else; when, after I was nearly a hundred miles from this, I found, to my great surprise, that some scoundrel had taken advantage of my condition, by robbing me of all the money I possessed. I cared not so much for this, as for the loss of some papers which revealed my name, and which I feared might afford some clue to my whereabouts. But it so turned out, that the event which I feared would cause suspicion, most effectually hushed it. The person who robbed me met with a terrible fate. As he was stepping from one car to another, he missed the platform, and fell between them.

"Of all the sights I ever beheld, none affected me so much as that. The corpse was mangled in the most horrid and sickening manner, and no one knew who the unfortunate person was. When he was searched, the papers of which I have spoken were found upon him. At first this filled me with apprehension; but I remembered that the body, in its state, could not be identified, and I knew that it would pass for my own. I consulted with my preserver about it, and he deemed it favourable to me, inasmuch as I never should be sought for again in the land of the living. So the body was returned, and, as I afterwards learned, was buried. Now can you understand and reconcile the anomalous circumstances?"

"I can," replied Whitman, as he grasped his old friend by the hand, now fully convinced of his identity. "Ah, little did I think, eight years ago, that I should ever meet you again this side the confines of the grave! But the mystery is explained; and after all, your enemies were confounded. Who was this mysterious friend who took such an interest in your welfare?"

"His name was Fenning; do you remember him?"

"Well; but he was the bosom friend of Duval."

"No; he had associated with him long, but it was only to foil him in his plans. He was his deadly enemy; Duval had once done him a foul wrong, and he followed him only to seek revenge. To me he was a friend indeed. He accompanied me to one of our southern cities, and there, under an assumed name, I attended to my profession. By untiring industry and perseverance, I soon gained many friends, and I found that wealth flowed in abundance to me. I heard often from Fenning, and finally, I joyed to know that he had found one whom he mourned as dead, and for whose sake he had exercised such a deadly hatred towards the one who sought my life. But he is no longer to be feared, for he has been conquered by our common enemy."

"How? Is he dead?"

"He is; Heaven knows that I sought not his blood; but he died while done in self-defence." And Morton related the events given in the last chapter to his friend. Then they conversed long over the scenes of old years, and Whitman took his unexpected visitor to his happy home. There was introduced to Ellen, for the first time. Whether or no he was pleased with her, the next chapter will disclose. To tell of the excitement and joy caused by the re-appearance of Morton, the death of Duval, and the explanation of all the circumstances connected with them, would be to extend the pages to a most unwarrantable length—if we have not done so already. Let them all be imagined. Another chapter, gentle reader, and we are weary you no longer.





"In the quiet, beautiful retreat where Ellen Gordon was first introduced to the reader, she now resides; and is still the pride of him whose bosom swelled with joy as he first clasped his lovely bride to his heart. Blessed with a bright-eyed girl and a merry boy, their days are gliding by as smoothly as they could hope."

## CHAPTER XX.

"Art thou a wanderer? hast thou seen  
 Overwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
 A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,  
 Misfortune's mark?  
 Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
 Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
 Ideo! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
 A quiet home."—MONTGOMERY

BRILLIANTLY blaze the chandeliers and candelabras in the elegant mansion of Alfred Whitman, for a gay and joyous company have assembled there. There are smiling faces and light hearts, and ever and anon the cheerful one and the merry laugh greet the ear. Familiar faces are there, many of whom have figured conspicuously in the foregoing pages. Let us glance at them. Is there not a familiar look about that noble, well-formed man, with dark, curling locks? See now, as he turns his countenance, so that we can obtain a fairer view of it; mark his deep, piercing eye—surely we have met him before; it is Fenning. Years have done little to change his appearance; but now a calm, contented smile, rests upon his face, denoting a peace and happiness to which, when first we saw him, he was a stranger. And that fair lady by his side, is his first, his only love. After years of sorrow and of suffering, they were united; and now, in a rural retreat, a few miles out of the city, they have found a peaceful, quiet home. And that stout, corpulent old gentleman, who is looking with such a happy heart on the assembly, evidently highly gratified to see every one else so well pleased—that is our old friend, Mr. Montrose. His hair is silvered by age, but he looks as hale and hearty as ever; and his round, full features are clothed in the same sunny smile. The hand of age has robbed him of none of that kindness of heart which ever characterised him; and now, as his wishes are gratified, he looks the very personification of peace and content. There are more of our old friends—Whitman and the partner of his joys, apparently enjoying the occasion, and entering into the hilarity with the warmest zest.

But why are these friends assembled? What has brought them together, and rendered them all so happy this evening? Here, in the corner, are two engaged in earnest conversation—perhaps we may gain some information from them. Let us listen.

"Well, Mason, this seems to be a happy occasion."

"Decidedly so."

"Mr. Montrose seems particularly pleased."

"Yes; he is in ecstasies. It does his kind-old heart good to see his dear boy, as he calls him, so happily situated, at last."

"This has been rather a strange affair."

"Very. Who would have dreamed of such a result a year since?"

"No one. But this is certainly a joyful denouement of a singular history."  
 "Aye, that it is! Do you remember the sensation caused when Morton was arrested?"

"Well; the excitement was intense."

"And well it might have been. Were you acquainted with him before that time?"

"Intimately. He was my companion at school, and afterwards we graduated at the same time."

"Indeed! How did the tidings of his arrest affect you?"

"They filled me with wonder."

"Did you believe him guilty?"

"At first I could not."

"Were you finally convinced?"

"The evidence against him seemed so strong, that I could hardly be otherwise."

"No one seemed to doubt his guilt."

"True; I never heard it hinted that there was even a possibility of his innocence."

"It is ever the case. We are prone to judge without evidence, and when there is an opportunity to do so, to judge against the dictates of charity and humanity."

"Undoubtedly; but that learned me a lesson which will never be effaced."

"It should learn us all one. What an excitement was caused by the tidings of his escape!"

"Yes; men were thirsting for his trial. They desired to hear the particulars of the supposed crime related, and witness its punishment. When they found they were to be disappointed, they only mourned that their morbid tastes could not be gratified."

"I remember it well; but did not the news of his escape surprise you?"

"Greatly. I had given him up for lost, and though I feared that he had, in an unguarded moment, committed the crime, I was thankful to hear of his escape."

"Every one seemed at a loss to account for the manner of it."

"Yes; but I only rejoiced at the belief that he was safe. A sad reaction came, however, when the next tidings reached me. I was at his funeral, and saw, as I thought, his remains committed to the earth."

"Then his enemies all fancied that they had triumphed?"

"True; and they rejoiced over what they supposed to be his fate. Did you know Duval?"

"I had seen him."

"For a long time he succeeded in covering his real character; but that connexion with Gordon revealed it. From that time all men marked him as a villain. But it was a fearful death he died."

"Ah, fearful, indeed! He recognised Morton, did he not?"



THE MOHAMEDAN FAMILY, NOW PERFORMING IN LEICESTER SQUARE.

"He did, and doubtless supposed it a warning from the spirit affected him strangely."

A period is suddenly put to the conversation by the opening of a door, and the entrance of two individuals. One we shall instantly recognise as Henry Morton. Years have changed the expression of his countenance to that of mature manhood since first we beheld him, and now his reputation is unsullied; and his name on the lips of his fellow-men is only associated with whatever is honourable and upright. But who is that fair being who leans on his arm? Her countenance is certainly familiar: it is Ellen Gordon. Morton first beheld her after he had reappeared to his old friends, and whether he was pleased with her or not, the present occasion will testify. Since the death of her father she has resided with her youthful friend, Mrs. Whitman, and her years have been those of peaceful and quiet happiness. She still possesses the same queenly, matchless beauty, and now she loves him who is soon to call her his own with all the fervour of a fond and trusting heart.

The ceremony is soon performed, and they are united by that holy tie which only the hand of death can sever. Congratulations and kindly wishes follow from many happy and friendly hearts, and as Henry Morton gazes on the fair being who has just become his bride, and remembers the pure devotion her heart offers to him, then, as he gazes on the happy countenances of those around him, who rejoice at the fulfilment of his fondest hopes, he feels that it is enough to recompense him for all the dark, weary hours of sorrow and suffering that are now numbered with the past. And as he looks at the countenance of Fenning, and remembers the kindness he showed him when his sky was dark and lowering, with not a solitary gleam of hope to pierce the black clouds of despair, the gratitude of a warm and grateful heart is felt towards him, and as he grasps the friendly hand, the eyes of both are blinded by a tear. And as Mr. Montrose gazes upon the scene, he, too, seems to be affected with the same weakness, for drops are seen chasing each other down his round, merry-looking cheek.

"Ah!" he says, "I always said that it would eventually prove for the best; but I little thought, when I supposed I saw his body deposited in its final resting-place, that the countenance of Henry would ever greet me again on earth. Now I feel that the injunction of his dying father is obeyed, and may he be as happy as he ever has been honourable and upright."

In the quiet, beautiful retreat where Ellen Gordon was first introduced to the reader, she now resides, and is still the bride of him whose bosom swelled with joy as he first clasped his lovely bride to his heart. Blessed with a bright-eyed girl and a merry boy, their days are gliding by, as smoothly as they could hope for in a rough world like this, happy in the enjoyment of each other's love, and the friendship and respect of those around them. The game is finished—who has won?

Reader, we will trespass on you no longer. Pardon the faults your eye may have detected, and rest assured that if, in the foregoing pages, you have found ought to interest or instruct, the labour of a few weary hours has been amply remunerated.

## THE MOHAMEDAN FAMILY.

THE Arabian family, which is now performing in the *Paradise of Mohamed*, in Leicester Square, under the superintendence of M. Yousouf Ben Ibrahim, is composed of seven members. It is the first family that ever ventured to abandon the East and live in Europe, free from the prejudices of the Mohammedan fanaticism.

The dresses, costumes, and jewellery are very splendid, and, when worn, are most picturesque. They are all strictly Oriental, as also are the various musical instruments, the songs and dances. The latter may appear rather monotonous to an English audience, because we are not familiar with the Arabian language and manners.

The principal musical instruments are—

1. The old viol, the origin of our modern violin. It was invented 5,800 years ago, under the reign of the Pharaohs of Egypt. One of those kings cast his prime minister into prison, placed a plank at his feet, and said that if he could make the wood speak he would grant him his liberty. The prisoner hollowed the plank, placed a rush across it with two chords, and thus the plank was transformed into a rough musical instrument, which is called the *old man* by the Orientals, because of its venerable antiquity.

2. The guitar, composed of eight pieces of wood, united together by means of whalebone, and played on eight chords, generally by the younger portion of the community. It was invented by King Solomon, whom the Orientals call Soliman.

3. The drums or tomtomes, a rough looking instrument, in the shape of a jug, made of earthenware, with its aperture covered by a skin, on which the young ladies knock their fingers.

4. The tambourine, similar to those which are used in Europe.

Their dances with scarfs, and with the *burnus*, are much more simple than those which they are in the habit of performing in their own country. The principal one is the dance of *Almek's*; but its effeminate character would not, perhaps, be thought acceptable to an English audience.

M. Yousouf Ben Ibrahim, the head of the family, is a very handsome looking man, with a manly and expressive countenance. He was for fourteen years a faithful warrior companion of Abd-al-Kader, and played an active and conspicuous part in several of the African campaigns.

The other principal members are—

Madlle. Aixa, his wife, who possesses a very intelligent countenance, and the manners of a perfect lady.

Madlle. Morni, his wife's sister, a very pretty young woman of seventeen.

Madlle. Baïa, sister of M. Yousouf, aged thirteen; and a little boy, brisk, lively, and promising, the son of M. Yousouf, and whose name is Mustapha. Madlle. Kadoudja, Lora, and M. Ibrahim, take also a useful part in these performances.

M. Yousouf and family are natives of Algiers, and speak the French and Italian languages very fluently.

We understand that they are to be introduced to Her Majesty



into a full preparation for that to which he will freely attach himself, on whom words of wisdom on any and every subject are not thrown away, but are cherished as

"Chance-pearls hung among the rocks by the sullen waters of oblivion,  
Which Diligence loveth to gather, and hang round the neck of Memory."

Those who so treasure up the teachings of nature and of art, of men and of books, will one day find the proper opportunity for their use, into whatever shape their early career may have been fashioned. What a mass of pleasure and delight would have been lost to the world if Sir Walter Scott had found his "last" in the lawyer's office, if that bright and humorous spirit had been chained down to musty records, and legal quibbles! But to him every incident, every action of life became blended with thought and feelings of a different hue and colour than the melancholy solemnity of courts. The defence of a worthless minister against a charge of drunkenness and impiety led him into those scenes which he has immortalised in *Guy Rimering*, and the names and characters of the witnesses form the basis of some of those in the novel. He was breaking away from his bondage to the "last," and finding for himself the true sources of his influence and his utility. So, too, with Burns; neither the serfdom of the plough, nor the inquisitorial office of the gauger could fetter his free soul; neither the poverty of his youth, nor the distresses of his manhood could bind him to his appointed "last." His mind soared in the free empyrean of thought; and whether when driving his cart he composed the songs of olden times verse by verse, or basking on the hill-side he clothed his own thoughts in burning words, committing them to memory because too poor to purchase paper, he was but seeking that fitting occupation from which the narrowness of his means had apparently debarred him. He is not the only shepherd who has found inspiration on the hill-side. James Hogg wrapped his plaid about his shoulders as he followed his flocks, and determined to become a literary man. But it was not merely in a poetical form that reveries among the hills found vent in the minds of the humble shepherds. James Ferguson, in the silence and solitude of the night, studied the stars in their appointed course as he tended his master's sheep, and with his own self-constructed, rude and simple instruments, measured their apparent distances, and ultimately became one of our greatest astronomers. If he had not gone beyond the "last," to which hard fortune seem to have bound him, he would have lived and died an unknown herdsman.

The benefactors of the human race are not always to be found among those who imagine that they have an hereditary right to the title, and think that humbler beings are going beyond their "last" when they aspire to effect some benefit for their fellow-men. Many a lordly name has stultified itself in titles and pedigrees, while those of meaner mould have gathered wisdom from the common things of nature, and raised themselves to high eminence merely by the effort to break through the shackles by which they were bound. And sometimes the effort is rendered more difficult by the scoffs and sneers of those above them, who too often look upon an artisan with a cultivated mind as an ass dressed in a lion's skin; they are content to rest quiet in the skin nature has given them, even if it be that of an ass; but they mock at the humble son of genius who seeks to cast his slough, who, to use the words of Horace, *in propriâ non pello quiescit*, who will not rest satisfied with the original skin, but seeks to elevate himself from out of the mental darkness. If Franklin, the printer's boy, had remained contented with his original skin, had stuck closely to his original "last," had done nothing but pick up little metal letters, and put them into the words of others for the press, he might have made a very good printer; but we should have lost all those experiments which drew down lightning from the skies, which gave a solid foundation to the science of electricity, and which now we use as a winged messenger to bear our thoughts from land to land. We should have lost all those discoveries in science and philosophy which have rendered his name famous; and America would have been deprived of the services of one of the greatest statesmen of his age. We can well imagine the pride with which he preserved the old coat in which he had been scoffed at by the high-born statesmen of England, to wear it in the presence of those same statesmen, when he signed the convention wresting America from their control, and guaranteeing her independence as the United States. Many a man who sneered at the printer's boy for going beyond his "last," lived to see that same boy the companion of princes, and respected and revered by men.

Gifford, the *Quarterly* reviewer, was a shoemaker; Samuel Drew, the metaphysician, was a shoemaker; Holcroft, the dramatist, was a shoemaker, and then a jockey, riding races; these men all went beyond their "last," and the world is the better for their having broken away from its bondage. For the great series of canals intersecting this country and bearing its enormous traffic, even still maintaining their utility when the speed of railroads had given such a new feature to our country, we are indebted to the genius of Brindley, a humble, uneducated millwright;—one would have imagined that the complicated levels, the whole series of locks, and embankments and tunnels, would have been beyond the capacity of one whose "last" seemed shaped for quite a different end; but his genius went beyond his "last," and produced these great results for developing the wealth of the country. And this wealth was still more developed by the genius of a barber, who, for forty years of his life had stuck to his "last," and shaved, cut hair, and made wigs for a whole generation; but at length, going beyond his "last," he invented the machinery for spinning cotton—produced an immense mass of wealth for the country, acquired an immense mass for himself and his posterity, and has added a greater honour to the name of Richard Arkwright than the title which was placed before it, for he has become one of the benefactors of mankind. But it still required some one else to "go beyond his

last" before the full benefits of Arkwright's invention could be obtained: the machines he had constructed could produce cotton-thread much faster than the weavers of those days could use it. And a parson, who for long years had preached and prayed with good effect, went "beyond his last," and Dr. Cartwright, without ever having seen a weaving-loom in his life, invented the power-loom, and thus gave an impetus to the trade and commerce of this country which has placed it in its present proud position; which has increased its capital to an enormous extent, and given employment to millions of the people!

In science, in literature, in the useful arts, we are greatly indebted to the men who have gone beyond their "last." In politics, it is pretty much the same. To say nothing of Alfred the Great, and Peter the Great, admirable reformers as they were of their age and countries, we may come down to modern times, and we shall find the greatest political good has been effected not by the "stick-to-your-last" statesmen, but by those who have ventured to go beyond it. It was said by a great wit, of Lord John Russell, that he was so bold a man that he would have assumed the office of archbishop of Canterbury, or taken command of the Channel fleet. We are not quite sure that he would not have filled either the one office or the other quite as well as many who have been placed in situations, and perhaps better; but of this we are certain, that if John Lubbock had continued to compound medicines and roll up pills, we not have reduced the expenditure of the country to its present form; that if, Richard Cobden had measured tape and displayed the beauties of his cottons to admiring sempstresses, we might not to this day have been blessed with cheap food. But these men went beyond their "last."

We hope we have now proved that this expression, however just it may have originally been in the mouth of the painter Apelles, has been so generally misapplied that it has become full of mischievousness and error; and that if we have robbed some gentlemen of a felicitous Latin quotation, we have done so without going beyond our own "last."

## THE MAN-BALLOON.

Our lively French friends extract fun out of everything, generally at the expense of that unfortunate being—the husband of his wife—a being whose mission in France seems to be to supply the journalists with an inexhaustible subject of ridicule. Everything is twisted into this somewhat demoralising channel of public instruction: Latterly, the balloon mania has furnished a large quota of lively anecdotes illustrative of the weakness and follies of Parisian Benedicts. As a specimen, we select the following, as it is told by P. Florentino in the pages of *Le Phare*:—

Whilst an immense balloon was filling in the Champ-de Mars, the impatient crowd were amused by the sending up of a small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without the spectacles. The little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favouring gale which impelled him on his course, the little balloon-man arrived the same afternoon in the sight of a fine country house in the neighbourhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe in her chamber, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows, which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. Whilst tranquilly engaged by the assistance of a corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open and our little balloon-man enters her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he comes himself under the bed.

Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan—"Ah! Monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me!" the husband, furious, rushed in, crying:—

"Ah! the wretch, I have him now!"

And goes in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates in the midst of sobs, "Fly, fly! Monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy."

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger.

Whilst two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, whilst the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

The following is an excellent study in English for Frenchmen:—Thimberling Thistlewaite-thievishly thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about. But he was thwarted, and thwacked, and thumped, and thrashed with thirty thousand thistles and thorns, for thievishly thinking to thrive through thick and thin by his thimbles about.



## REVIEW.

*The Family Tutor's English Grammar, and Miscellany.* London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1851.

ENGLISH education without an enlarged knowledge of the English language, may be likened to the play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* left out. It is not important merely because enabling one to speak and write with propriety, as Murray imagined, and as many people believe, but for numerous higher reasons. Words are the gates by which we enter the palaces of thought. "Nothing is great," says Channing, "until it is expressed." It is, therefore, of consequence to ascertain how a knowledge of English words may be most easily, agreeably, and correctly obtained; especially as the subject is to many minds unattractive and beset with difficulties.

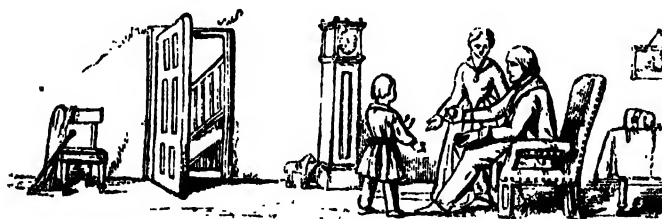
The old Grammar systems—of which the type and head was Lindley Murray—were truly unattractive and difficult. Latham also asserts that "out of every hundred statements made by the current writers on the English language, ninety-nine come under one of the two following predicaments: they either contain that which is incorrect and better not known at all, or something that was known before, and would have been known independent of any grammatical lesson whatever." At the same time, the strong sense that characterises the reasoning of Cobbett, affords intellectual exercise even where the facts upon which it works are wrong; whilst the copiousness of illustration in Lindley Murray has its value as *Exercises* and in the way of *practice*. Since their time, Grammars of various pretensions have multiplied around us, and Latham's masterly works on the English language have opened up new fountains of thought for advanced students. But none of all these have succeeded in making the subject simple, easy, and attractive to people generally. This is accomplished in the *Family Tutor's Grammar* by a plain and homely style, with familiar illustrations, full explanations, abundance of examples, and a gradual progression from the more simple and easy parts to those more advanced. The engravings form a new and remarkable feature, not merely pleasing, but greatly assisting the learner—as will be evident from the following development of



THE NOUN.

"The man shown in the cut may be spoken of as a man, a gentleman, an Englishman, a father, a husband, a friend, a merchant, a master, a householder, Sidney, or George Sidney. All these are name-words, or NOUNS. In like manner, the words, woman, Mrs. Sidney, Jane Sidney, lady, wife, mother, boy, Henry, girl, child, cat, book, John, tongue, fire, mug, fireside, are NOUNS, or names of things." \* \* \* Again. "If the scene represented in the above cut, there would be *heat* coming out from the fire, and *sound* from the girl who is reading, neither of which can be seen; yet the words, *heat* and *sound*, are undoubted NOUNS, or names of things.—There are some things which cannot be perceived by the outward senses, but of which the name; are nouns—*as* goodness, wisdom, knowledge, virtue, mercy, strength, happiness, woe, sorrow, freedom, fear. These, however, may be perceived by the inward mind."

The Adjective is pictured out with equal clearness.



THE ADJECTIVE.

"In the foregoing cut, we see several objects, the names of which are nouns: as the man, the woman, the boy, the balls. But we observe that the man is *old*, the woman is *young*, the boy is *little*, one ball is *black*, and the other ball is *white*. Those words in italics are adjectives, for they qualify the nouns, that is, tell us some qualities or properties of the nouns. They may be used along with the nouns, either in the way given above, or as follows: an *old* man, a *young* woman, a *little* boy, a *white* ball, a *black* ball."

THE PRONOUNS are in the same spirit.

"In the engraving we see a little boy who has taken his brother's ball, and the latter is complaining to his mamma. He would very likely say to her 'Please, mamma, would you speak to Tommy; he has taken the pretty white ball that grandpapa gave me, and he won't let me have it; and he won't let me play with him.' And mamma probably replies

—'Well, John, we will go to him, and hear what he will say to us about it.' The words in italics are pronouns. They are used instead of nouns—you instead of mamma; he and



THE PRONOUN.

him instead of Tommy; me instead of John himself, who is speaking; it instead of the ball; me and us instead of mamma and John taken together."

One example more of this graphic way of teaching; here is



THE VERB.

"Jane rides on her pony, while her papa walks at her side holding Tommy by the hand. Mamma follows, looking with pleasure at her little girl; and the dog runs behind, at a distance, for the pony kicked him yesterday.—The words in italics make assertions,—they are VERBS."

The learner who could not readily understand the nature of classes of words thus exhibited, must be dull indeed.

The examples are numerous, interesting, and valuable, increasing in difficulty as the learner advances:—

"The following passage, from *Cymbeline*, gives a number of examples of the relations which cause the noun or pronoun to be considered in the objective case; and, as this is a most important point in grammar, we recommend it to be attentively studied. The words in the objective case are marked by italics (not the proper names) it is for the latter to find out, from what has just been described, why these words are in that case.

IMOGEN. Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow, or less, ere left

To after-eye him.

PLISANIO. Madam, so I did.

IMOGEN. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution

Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle;

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eyes and wept.—But, good Plisanio,

When shall we hear from him?"

Teachers who aim at informing the understandings of their pupils rather than loading their memories, and creating an interest in order to have essential ideas retained, will find this Grammar admirably suited to their purpose. Persons aiming at self-culture have not only in the *Tutor's Grammar* a full, correct, and animated treatise, but also ample instructions how to study.

In again especially recommending this Grammar to teachers, we advise them to keep in view that valuable principle of method which it exemplifies—that we should not teach children by the ear alone where it is practicable to teach by the eye. For general family use, this is the best Grammar yet published, and we hope to see it in every school-room, parlour, and study. The price, considering the engravings, is singularly cheap—half-a-crown, for which a Miscellany is included rich in information and suggestion for all who are seeking or imparting instruction. Truly, the schoolmaster is abroad, and so vigorous and accessible that knowledge ought to make swift progress.

YOU NOT SO BERRY FAT ARTER ALL.—A field-slave in the South, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities.

"Oh, how fat!—berry fat!—the fittest I eber did see! Let me see how I'll cook him! I broil him! No, he so fat he lose all de grease. I fry him! Ah, yes! he so berry fat he fry himself. Golly! how fat he be! No, I won't fry him—I stew him!"

The thought of the savoury stew made the negro forget himself, and in spreading out the feast in his imagination, his arms relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and squatting at a goodly distance, he eyed his late owner with cool composure.

The negro knew there was an end of the stew, and summoning up all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit, at the same time shaking his fist at him:—

"You long-eared, white-whiskered rascal, you not so berry fat arter all!"



## CHARADE.

The organ ceased its solemn peal,  
The worshippers began to kneel,  
And turned from worldly thoughts away,

While the good priest looked up to pray.  
He asked forgiveness for the past—  
Implored a blissful home at last;  
Bosought escape from hell accus'd,  
And piously exclaimed my *first*.  
My *second's* found in every land,  
On every hill, on every strand,  
Where waters dance beneath the skies,  
Or where the thirsty camel dies.  
Years pass away, until my *whole*  
Is writ upon Time's lengthening scroll.  
Of ducats did old Shylock lend  
For purpose vile—not as a friend—  
My *whole* three times,—and wrought  
A deed  
Which would have made a Christian bleed.

[Answered in No. 9.]

## ENIGMAS.

1. When I am full, I run away,  
Because, in truth, I cannot stay.  
Though for a time I'm only gone,  
I soon return to fill my home.  
2. And play my pranks with some; so soon  
They're crazy long before 'tis noon  
Now catch and guess me if you can  
Some say they see in me a man.

[Answered in No. 9.]

But never on the earth am I;  
I'm seated far away—on high;  
So let not that be your reply;  
For I am wand'ring far away,  
Doomed from this ether earth to  
stray;  
Though due attendance I must give  
To all the world in which you live.

[Answered in No. 9.]

My *first* is a cleaner of shoes;  
My *second* a dresser of stews;  
And now for my *whole*, you must travel,  
To Greece for the point to unravel.

Two-thirds of a fairy take *first*, when you  
find her;  
Then, what is level, to which you must  
bind her;  
After that, to Rome's calendar, you may  
repair;  
Ten to one, if you look sharp, you'll find  
my *whole* there.

To say my *first* is the conclusion  
May put you all into confusion,  
But so it is you'll see;  
Whatever quantity you name,  
My *second*, cannot reach the same:  
My *whole's* eternity.

You may put on my *first* before you lie  
down;  
My *second*, you'll find an episcopal town,  
Which sometimes you only can enter by  
keys:  
My *whole* you must have, to guess me with

A witticism first look out, and place;  
Then to it add the first part of a chase;  
The whole, when you've completed, swallow  
soon,  
For it will cheer you, though a mere  
buffoon.

1. To an insect add nothing—take two  
away—then  
2. You may add if you please as many as  
ten.  
3. When your work is completed, I trust  
you will find,  
What is placed round your bed, if its  
made to your mind.  
4. Should you not see it there, you may  
go to the play.  
Though perhaps a good actor will send  
you away,  
Without giving you leave to look round  
about,  
To see if you can, or cannot find me  
out.  
5. Then home you may trudge, and, I  
think, you'll be able,  
To find me, when going to bed, on  
your table;  
But if, after all, I ne'er enter your head,  
Rest assur'd, you will find me as soon  
as you're dead.

[The above will be answered in No. 9.]

1. When statesmen deign to take me in  
their hand,  
They make me nimbly run at their  
command.  
When anxious lovers would their hours  
beguile,  
They tarry tenderly with me awhile;  
And clasp me round with frantic joy  
't' unfold  
Passions they fondly swear, as pure as  
gold.  
Poetic tales I frequently relate,  
And tell of trifling things as well as  
great.  
No genius of my own do I possess,  
But thoughts of other men I do ex-  
press.  
Sometimes they make me lie, blas-  
pheme and swear,  
And for my fate hereafter little care.  
But, yet—to them, I'm of the greatest  
use,  
2. Although the wildest offspring of a  
goose.

1. Faithful to beauty's charms and grace,  
The form of loveliness I trace;  
But every blemish I detect,  
And point out every defect.  
Though long a favorite with the fair,  
I sometimes fill them with despair.  
Still I'm consulted every day,  
By old and young—the sad—the gay;  
All fly to me, so fam'd for truth,  
Uninfluenced by age or youth;  
For I nor flatter nor defame,  
So now, I think, you'll guess my name.

I'm apt to grumble, fume, and fret,  
Whenever we meet together;  
And sometimes look as black as jet,  
Evince contentment—never.  
In vain it has been tried by some,  
To turn me to their will,  
But then I'm fierce and doubly queer,  
And turn to murmur still.

1. A man of wisdom, or a fool;  
2. A shape or figure, formed by rule;  
3. A source of happiness or woe;  
4. A negative reversed take now;  
5. Not any thing I fear you'll find,  
Now for a letter to your mind,  
But the initials you must name,  
To show a man of worth and fame;  
One of the seven men of Greece,  
Renown'd for wisdom, charity, and  
peace,  
The widow's friend, the orphan's shield,  
A foe to Draco's laws, he them repealed.  
Not one more hint you now need have  
To name a sage, both good and brave.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 109.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—Pass age.

CHARADES—1. Dumb-bell on. 2. A Nail 3. Moon-shine. 4. Death-watch.

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG.—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(To be Continued by Us, until Discontinued by the Baron.)



By a desperate thrust the Baron transfixes three of his terrible enemies, but is unable to release the fatal weapon!



The fourth barely escapes; and, excited by the fate of his companions, determines on revenge!



But the Baron is so emboldened, that he defies and trifles with the enraged animal. With what result we shall soon see!

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

READ not books alone, but men; and chiefly be careful to read *thysself*.

NEVER apologise for a long letter—you only add to its length.

TO SAVE BUTTER.—Make it so salt nobody can eat it.

TRUTH may be expressed without art or affectation; but a lie stands in need of both.

DO good to him who does you evil, and by this means you will gain the victory over him.

IDLENESS prepares us for mischief, as loose company prepares us for corrupt habits.

TRUE wisdom is to select the good from the bad; so the bee draws honey from many an unlovely flower.

GO slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

LEARNING is obtained only by labour: it cannot be bought with money; if it could, the rich would always be intelligent.

NEVER be afraid to do right; he that strives to please everybody pleases nobody.

WE never yet knew a man disposed to scorn the humble, who was not himself a fair object of scorn to the humblest.

Oh! what a tangled web we weave,

When first we labour to deceive.

WE seldom appreciate beauty until it is on the decline, and then we cling to and treasure its wreck with jealous care.

AN Irishman coming to Boston from Lowell, took the stage, in preference to the cars, because, as he said, he could ride four times as long for the same money.

THE following (as we learn from the *Maine Democrat*.) is a copy of an excuse recently handed in to a schoolmaster for the non-attendance of one of his scholars:—"cepatomtoogotaturing."—"Kept at home to go a-taturing!"

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavouring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I shall never get them on at all, until I wear them a day or two."

A PAISLEY manufacturer, having got, by some accident, a severe cut across the nose, and having no court-plaster at hand, stuck on his unfortunate organ one of his gum tickets, on which was the usual intimation:—"Warranted 350 yards long!"

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of the hearers. "I did not go in to boar," was the Dutchman's placid answer.

IT is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstance, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.

A FRIEND in California writes us that they have fire-flies so large in that interesting State, that they use them to cook by. They hang their bottles on their hinder legs, which are bent for the purpose, like pot hooks. Great country that.

"THIS must be a very inconvenient town to live in," said a Cockney to an inhabitant of Hyde: "for I understand you have to get all your milk from Cowes?" "Not so bad as London," replied the Isle of Wight wag, "for they tell me you get all your milk from Wells!"

I SHALL set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and at the same time, place beside it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relation:—

Falsehood	Truth.
Nonsense.	Good Sense.
Frenzy	Wit.
False Laughter.	Mirth.
False Humour.	True Humour.

—Addition.

THE editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. "Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed, the mails failed and deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedlar stole our scissors, the rats ran off with the paste, and the printers went to the circus, while the editor was at home tending the babies, our paper is unavoidably delayed beyond the proper period of publication."

**TAKE PHYSIC, CROSSNESS.**—A sensible woman, the mother of a young family, taught her children from their earliest childhood to consider ill-humour as a disorder which was to be cured by physic. Accordingly, she had always small doses ready, and the little patients, whenever it was thought needful, took rhubarb for the crossness. No punishment was required. Peevishness, ill-temper, and rhubarb were associated in their minds always as cause and effect.—*Southey's Literary Fastimes.*

A DROLL story is related of an honest farmer, who, attempting to drive a bull, got suddenly hoisted over the fence. Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other side of the rails, sawing the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The good old man looked steadily at him for a moment, and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed, "Darn your apologies—you needn't stand there, you 'tarnal crittur, a bowin' and scrapin'—you did it a purpose, darn your curly picture!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

*Rules of Living.—Adapted from the German of A. Von Platen.*

1. READ frequently the following precepts; impress them carefully upon your mind, and let your purpose of living by them ever grow firmer and livelier, and let them be to you more inviolable than an oath.

2. Let your religion be that of sensible and reasonable men. Let it consist in faith in the goodness of the great all-pervading Spirit—in a Providence, whose guiding and directing presence is clearly manifested in all the events of your life.

3. Permit no doubt, nor doubter to perplex you. It is neither possible nor conceivable that you, with human understanding, should be able to comprehend the Deity and the original creation of things, since you can survey only so small a part of the universe, and can perceive that only through the senses, and externally.

4. Communicate your principles only to those who are animated by similar views. You will convince no one who does not convince himself. The reformation of the world advances at a slow pace: let time perform its work. All projects of sudden enlightenment have proved abortive.

5. Never engage in so-called religious disputes; break off such a conversation as soon as an opportunity of doing so is presented.

6. The idea of a Supreme Being will necessarily lead you to the belief of the spirit's immortality, without which life would be without meaning.

7. Neglect not the body, upon which your whole earthly existence depends. Inform yourself of what is beneficial, and what is pernicious to it. Despire it not; but on the other hand also consider what an inert, useless and mouldering mass it is, as soon as it lacks life, its animating principle.

8. Let the object of your life be, improvement in what is good. All is good which contributes to the health of your own body and mind, and that of others.

9. For the perception of the good, a sincere desire is sufficient. But it is only by reflection and observation of ourselves, that we attain to that rapid penetration and that nice power of distinction, which are necessary in the manifold and complicated events of life.

10. Never lose sight of that aim of life, not even in little things. Believe that no action is so insignificant that some virtue may not be promoted by it. In bodily suffering and disagreeable occupations, exercise at least patience, of which man stands so much and so frequently in need, and which is the best safeguard against ill-humour.

11. The good man contributes to the welfare of others not alone by positive act and instruction; but his life resembles a fruit-bearing shade tree, by which each passer-by finds shelter and refreshment, which disinterestedly and even involuntarily scatters happy germs upon the surrounding soil, whereby it produces what is like and similar itself.

12. Whatever you do, trust in Providence, and also in yourself. Both united, will extricate you from every dilemma, encourage you in every undertaking.

13. Should any misfortune threaten to plunge you into the deep gloom of despondency, stimulate your courage by an effort of resignation.

14. Shun not "as the wise Seneca says, to make yourself remarkable by no talent or other.

15. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for science is but one.

16. Follow also the counsel of Garve; acquire the art and skill to render the whole man at least tolerable, although you may gain your real reputation in the world by a single part only. To a rational man this attainment is obligatory.

17. Let your watch-words be constant activity and daily contemplation of yourself and the ways of God. These will guard you against every false step.

18. Allow yourself, moreover, as much recreation, as is needful for you, but not more, unless you would reap the reward of disagreeable feelings.

19. Force yourself in the evil hour to no labour, except it be a positive duty. Yet on the other hand, fly procrastination, which Young justly calls the thief of time. These rules have their exceptions, not likely to be mistaken.

20. Introduce changes in your reading and studies. Who reads but little at a time, retains that little the better.

21. Guard against reading too much or too rapidly. Read rather with attention; lay the book often down; impress on your mind what you have read, and reflect upon it.

22. Weigh every step that you are about to take, whenever your passions become involved. How often do things assume a different aspect, when they are fairly considered.

23. On the other hand be prompt and decided in all that you have ascertained to be clear of doubt, irrefragable and in accordance with duty, and in which you can in no wise fear misconstruction.

24. Maintain your name blameless, and deliver it pure and stainless to posterity. Let no end induce a resort to questionable means.

25. In all things study moderation, a virtue more difficult than it appears, but more necessary than any other. Think not, however, that anything base can be ennobled by moderation.

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## Editor's Note-Book.

**ADVICE TO WIVES.**—A wife must learn how to form her husband's happiness, in what direction the secret lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not rashly run counter to his prejudices; her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to draw largely on the small stock of patience in a man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, never, if possible, to have scenes. We doubt much if a real quarrel, even made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from most men a strong and vehement language far more than the occasion requires. Mild, as well as stern men, are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow if she do. Men frequently forget what they have said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases; for, whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest boon you can bestow, to the irritated feelings of your husband.

**DRINKING HEALTHS.** R. F. S.—Our custom of drinking healths is derived from the Was-halle and Drinc heil, the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the Anglo-Saxons, and synonymous with the "Come, here's to you," and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

**CLEANING HAIR-BRUSHES.** G. Adey.—It is said that soda dissolved in cold water is better than soap and hot water. The latter very soon softens the hairs, and the rubbing completes their destruction. Soda having an affinity for grease, cleans the brush with a very little friction.

**MEDICAL DEGREES IN AMERICA.**—T. R. T.—The first medical degrees conferred in America were by King's College, New York, in 1769. The first medical work was *A Brief Guide on Small-pox and Measles*, by Thomas Thatcher, of Massachusetts, published in 1677.

**THE DRUNKARD'S CLOAK.** Wilson.—In the time of the Commonwealth, the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne punished drunkards by making them carry a tub with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the "Drunkard's Cloak," through the streets of that town.

**SPINNING, WEAVING, AND DYING.** S. S.—Women originally spun, wove, and dyed; and the origin of these arts is ascribed, by ancient nations, to different women, as women's arts. The Egyptians ascribed it to Isis; the Greeks, to Minerva; and the Peruvians, to Menno Caepeo. But in China and India it is still more ancient.

**CHAP POSTAGE.** J. B. H.—The uniform rate of one penny per half ounce, for letters, came into operation on the tenth of January, 1840. The use of stamps, which formed one of the means suggested by Mr. Rowland Hill, for facilitating the despatch of letters, was introduced on the sixth of May following.

**RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.** G. R.—This king died from a cross-bow while besieging a small castle in France. It has been remarked, that he met his death by a weapon introduced into warfare by himself, much to the displeasure of the warriors of his time, who said that "heretofore brave men fought hand to hand, but now the bravest and noblest might be brought down by a cowardly knave lurking behind a tree."

**TO BROODER THIN.** T. R. C.—The following may be considered one of the most successful prescriptions in procuring leanness:—Take of anxiety as much as you can carry; of labour, twelve hours; of sleep, five hours; of food, one meal; of disappointed love, one season; of blighted friendship, half-a-dozen instances. Let these ingredients be mixed carefully with a considerable weight of debt, in a mind from which all religious remedies have been excluded, and excessive leanness will be produced.

**REWARD OF LABOUR.** Philo.—"Proposal of a plan to reward labour, and to perform it in a manner more conducive to the health and good morality of a great portion of our labouring population," &c. Such is the subject of a letter addressed to us by our correspondent, to whom we will willingly give the credit of being a well-wisher to his species, but the design is too vast to be treated upon in a few pages. We would not, however, discourage "Philo" from his benevolent scheme. The man whose inventive genius opens a source of additional happiness to mankind, fulfils an essential part in the purposes of his existence.

**A CROOKED COINCIDENCE.**—A pamphlet published in the year 1793, has the following strange title:—"The degeneracy of sinners. A sermon, preached at St. Michael's, Crooked-lane, before the Priests of Orange, by the Rev. James Crookshanks; sold by Matthew Dowton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate, and by all other Booksellers." The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight." The prince before whom it was preached was deformed in his person.

**INDUSTRY.**—Every young man should remember that the world will always honour industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of body and mind are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement, as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercise that produces no useful end, may look with scorn on the labourer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise, his contempt is an honour. Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and good among men, and yield the rich fruits of an easy conscience, and give that hearty self-respect that is above all price. Toil on then, young man and young woman. Be diligent in business—improve the heart and the mind.

**MR. SMITH ON THE BLOOMER COSTUME.**—We had thought that the excitement about Bloomerism, like all blooming things of which poets write, was on the wane; but the numerous letters we continue to receive on the subject, chiefly from our male correspondents, convince us that the ladies are not alone in this particular, but that the opposite sex are for once making an insane attempt to have the last word. This may imply a gallant anxiety to add to the comfort and happiness of the fair sex, or may arise from that fondness for quizzing inherent in some dispositions. We strongly suspect, however, dexterously the motives may be concealed, that the latter feeling predominates among those who have addressed us on this matter. Our friend Mr. Smith evidently belongs to this number, and has taken a one-sided glance of the question; but the ladies may have a more than equivalent satisfaction by criticising the decorative costume of certain "lions" who amply repay the dull formalities of dress, and are cut out for immortality by dint of sheer ingenuity.



"ITH PRETTY!—BUT DEFEHLENT IN THAT RETTING SIMPLICITY SOB VE-AY PHAWING!"

**POACHED EGGS.** W. S. S.—Poached eggs make several excellent dishes, but poaching them is rather a delicate operation, as in breaking the egg into the water, particular care must be taken to keep the white round the yolk. The best way is to open the small end of the egg with a knife. When the egg is done (it must be very soft) it should be thrown into cold water, where it may be pared, and its appearance improved, before it is dished up. Poached eggs are served up upon spinach, or stewed endive, or alone with rich gravy, or with stewed Spanish onions. They may also be fried in oil until they are brown, when they form a good dish with rich gravy.

**A RECIPE FOR LOW SPIRITS.**—F. H. has copied the following receipt for us:—Take an ounce of the seeds of resolution, mixed well with the oil of good conscience, infuse into it a large spoonful of the salt of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called "other's woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity, and it will greatly assist the salt of patience in their operation; gather a handful of the blossom of hope, then sweeten them properly with balm of prudence, and if you can get any of the seeds of true friendship, you will then have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful to get some of the seeds of true friendship, as there is a weed very much like it, called "self-interest," which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills, which you must call "Pills of Comfort," take one night and morning, and the cure will be effected.

**THE POSITION OF THE HEAD AS INDICATION OF WHAT IS INSIDE OF IT.**—Alexander, all men of talent, genius and celebrity, have habitually held their heads inclined either to the right or to the left. Alexander, Cæsar,

Louis XIV., Newton, Charles XII., Voltaire, Frederick the Great, and Byron, all had this habit; Mirabeau, who defied his whole century and race, held his head stiffly and immovably erect. Napoleon never inclined his head, but looked straight at the battle-field mankind, and the world. Robespierre, about whom there are so many opinions, held his head up, but his eyes down, when he addressed the Assembly. Chateaubriand inclined his head to the left shoulder, and looked upwards. Beaumarchais looked straight before him, with his chin elevated; but he, like Mirabeau, was persecuted, and persecution aggrandises and ennobles a man of genius.

**CONTRADICTION.**—S. B. H.—Our correspondent inquires for a remedy to cure this most unconquerable of all habits. We confess our inability to satisfy him, except it is to avoid all discussions with persons of a contradictory disposition. There are some individuals who will not be persuaded into assentment, however reasonable may be the ideas submitted to them; and they remind us of the "better and worse" case we have seen somewhere:—"I have to inform you that I was married since I saw you. So much the better. Not so much the better; for my wife proved an arrant shrew. So much the worse. Not so much the worse; for she brought me a fortune. So much the better. Not so much the better; for with the money I bought a great number of sheep, which died of the rot. So much the worse. Not so much the worse; for I sold the wool, and with the produce I built a house. So much the better. Not so much the better; for my house was burned. So much the worse. Not so much the worse; for my wife was in it."

**OMEN, SWEARING.** Working Man.—We are much gratified by the observations addressed to us on this subject, and if space permitted, we would willingly insert the entire letter. Too much censure cannot be bestowed on this degrading vice, which would appear to be wholly confined to civilised (if) life. Mr. Schoolcraft, who resided thirty years with the Indian tribes on the American frontiers, affirms that the Indians never swear. "I have," he says, "made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchi anemowah*, which simply means 'bad dog.' I never heard of an imprecation or oath among them. The genius of the language does not seem to favour the formation of terms to be used in oaths, or for purposes of profanity. An Indian cannot curse. Surely, if these untutored wild men, as we are apt to term them, reject the language of swearing, how ashamed should those of our countrymen to feel, who interlard their daily converse with filthy and sinful oaths."

**TO MAKE COURT-PLASTER.** L. L.—Procure a small frame, that of an old school sixpenny-slate will suffice, strap tightly over it, in every direction, a piece of black silk. Prepare a size, by dissolving thirty grains, by weight, of the best small shred isinglass, in six drachmas, by measure, of common gin. Set this on the hob in a tripod, covered over, to acquire heat. When the isinglass is quite dissolved add gradually thirty drops of Friars' balsam (compound tincture of benzoin), occasionally stirring the fluid or size on every addition, with a strip of glass, or the small end of an ivory spoon. Then take a broad, flat camel-hair pencil, such as is used for the first wash of the sky in water colour drawings, and cover the silk with a coating of the fluid; then let it dry in a warm room. Repeat the coating as often as the silk shall become dry, and till the surface appears quite glossy. If the size should be found insufficient to finish the process, more must be prepared; eight to twelve applications of the fluid, according to the texture of the silk, will be required. Should the size become too thick, a few drops more gin may be added.

**COMMUNICATIONS.**—Letters have been received from—

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A. A. W.	P. H. W. A.	M. M.	Welcome.
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Ethelred.	Lucilla.	Total.	
Exprint.	Lilian.	Thomas.	
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Printed by WILLIAM KILMERSON, 92, Cornwell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES, 65, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 9.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PAPER.]

## LINES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Sweet moon, I love thee, yet I grieve  
To gaze on thy pale orb to-night,  
It tells me of that last dear eve  
I passed with her—my soul's delight  
Hill vale, and wood and stream were dyed  
In the pale glory of thy beams,  
As forth we wandered, side by side,  
Once more to tell love's burning dreams  
My fond arm was her living zone,  
My hand within her hand was pressed  
And love was in each earnest tongue,  
And rapture in each heaving breast.  
And many a high and fervent vow  
Was breathed from her full heart and  
mine,  
While thy calm light was on her brow  
I like pure religion's seal and sign  
We knew alas! that we must part  
We knew we must be severed long,  
Yet joy was in each throbbing heart  
For love was deep and faith was strong  
A thousand memories of the past  
Were busy in each glowing breast,  
And hope upon the future cast  
Her rainbow hues—and we were blest  
I craved a boon—oh! in that boon  
There was a wild delicious bliss

Ah! didst thou ever gaze, sweet moon,  
Upon a more impassioned kiss?  
The passing scene—one moment, brief  
Her dim and fading form I view'd—  
Twas gone—and there I stood in grief,  
Amid life's awful solitude  
Tell me sweet moon, for thou canst tell,  
If passion still unchanged is here!  
Do thoughts of me her heart still swell  
Among her many worshippers?  
Say, does she sometimes wander now  
At eve beneath thy gentle flame,  
To raise to heaven her angel brow,  
And breathe her absent lover's name?  
Oh when her gentle lids are wet  
I pray thee mark each falling gem,  
And tell me if my image yet  
Is pictured trembling in them  
Ay tell me, does her bosom thrill  
As wildly as of yore for me?  
Does her young heart adore me still  
Or is that young heart changed like  
these?  
Oh let thy beams that softest shine,  
If still my love to her is dear,  
Bear to her gentle heart from mine  
A sigh—a blessing—and a tear

## WHAT WOMEN CAN DO.

A DOMESTIC STORY—BY ANGELOICA HULL.

"What a terrible thing poverty must be!" exclaimed a young girl, who was standing at the window of a luxuriously furnished room, impervious to the cold piercing wind that was raging without. The soft Wilton carpets yielded to the foot the heavy velvet curtains shielded the large deep windows the cushioned chairs with open arms invited the idle and weary, and a bright coal-fire burned merrily in the grate. The table was set with beautiful porcelain and richly chased silver and well might the fair speaker look with pity on the many that passed before her exposed to all the horrors of cold and hunger—the hundreds who were homeless by night as well as by day. "What a terrible thing poverty must be!"

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Herbert in a low voice. Alice turned round—her mother's eyes were full of tears. "Dear mother, said she going up to her, 'what affects you thus?'" "You little know, my child, how deeply I can feel for the poor," said Mrs. Herbert returning her fond caress, "for although I have not suffered from that actual poverty of which you were thinking, I have been sufficiently near it in my life to understand its terrors." "You, mother, you!" and her children crowded round her. There were five in number—Wallace, a fine spirited youth of eighteen; Alice, two years younger, Mary, Bertha, and Frank, a little rogue of eight summers. "When was that, darling, best of mothers?" said Wallace, seating himself at her side. "Tell us about this sad time of which we never dreamed." "Be silent, children, Frank shall sit on my knee and Bertha stand here. The mother smiled fondly on the little group, and passed an arm over Mary's shoulder.

"You all look so full of eager interest, my dear children, that I am afraid you will be disappointed, but my own experience may benefit you, should such trials ever be your share—which God forbid! and I will relate mine, and beg you to remember how I care for His own in the midst of suffering."

"Your father and myself were very young at the time of our marriage—too young, in fact, and I would not like to see my daughters leave their home at the age that I left mine. But lovers are ever sanguine, and we thought it impossible that anything but an unclouded future could be in store for us. Your grandmother was in favour of our early union, she could urge her own happiness as a powerful argument, and your grandfather yielded to her entreaties and ours. A few months previous to this, there came on the commercial horizon a dark spot, which, when we deemed ourselves comfortably settled for life, burst over our heads in spite of your father's struggles to avert it. He had been lately taken as a partner in the house to which he belonged, and all therein were crushed and ruined by the failures of thousands. Our happy home had to be given up, and I returned with one child, Wallace, to my old homestead, where I was received with open arms. Your father never lost his spirits or his energy, and to work he went again

with a small capital advanced him by my own father, for many others, his relatives now talked about the imprudence of our marriage, and left him to his own exertions. I never missed my comforts, for I could not feel their absence where I was, and cheerfully gave up my accustomed style of dress to wear plain bonnets and shawls. I am sure neither of us breathed a sigh of regret for our lost fortune, and with our dear boy to love and with the kindness from those around us, and a competence, we began life anew. Alas! how little human hearts foretell the storms that roll over them! My father, too, was a victim to the prevailing times. He had endorsed largely for others, and invested part of his fortune in stocks that proved worthless. His failure was to him a terrible blow. He had no youth to spare him—he had no strength to recommence, and he sunk under his misfortunes. Mother was very delicate—she had long been an invalid, and ere long I was left an orphan and penniless again. We were then dependent on the generosity of your grandparents for a salary; and never, never shall I forget my agony, as I left my childhood's home to strangers! All was given up, and I must have died, but for my husband's firmness under all this. He was the first to comfort and bid me smile again. He still hoped on, and busied himself with providing us a shelter in the storm. It was a small, poor place, my children, and boasted of three rooms. We furnished it as we could, and never dreamed of comfort, when it was hard to get food and raiment. This was about two months before Alice was born. I thought of my mother's tenderness, and the constant care with which she had surrounded me at Wallace's birth. I had not even clothes now for my little one, and set about cutting up my worn-out dresses, to convert them into a wardrobe for the coming stranger. It was neatly made, and I tried hard to think it pretty, but the faded calico seemed shabby enough by the side of one or two embroidered robes that had been worn by Wallace.

"It was bitter cold, my Alice, when your sweet eyes first opened to the light, and I pressed you close to my heart as my tears fell over you, wondering if God would spare you amidst so much affliction. We hired a woman to work and attend to my wants, but I knew full well how unable we were to indulge in the luxury of a nurse. So in spite of your father's entreaties that I would not overtask myself, I soon dismissed her and resumed my household duties. Little Wally could rock his baby sister, and watch the fire while I went about other things. Your father brought me water and coal for the day, before he set off to his business, and you cannot imagine how happy I was to sit down by my two little ones after the house was in order and baby dressed. At night I had a bright fire in the dining-room, supper prepared for my weary husband, and his gown and slippers all ready for his coming. I then we met so gladly, and chatted so cheerfully together, that no one would have imagined we had ever been otherwise than poor; but we knew the folly of repining, and the sinfulness of murmuring, and thus kept light hearts as long as there was enough for the morrow. We never despaired of making a way in the world and living comforts once more—and you should have seen our pleasure when your father brought home some little present for Wallace or Alice! Now it was a new toy, a pretty cup or mug, that served to ornament the chimney-piece, and hold the fresh flowers I gathered each day from our little garden. Sometimes a dress for baby, whose making was as interesting to Alfred as to me. We thought her such a beauty after it was on, and Wally's curls fastened on her neck and arms!"

"And where were my father's sisters?" asked Alice, whose deep-blue eyes were filled with tears, while Wallace covered his face with his hand. "Could they not help him, mother?"

"They were worldly women, and seemed to look upon our reverses as the effect of an imprudent union. They came occasionally to see us, but I learned to dread their visits and rude questions, as they glanced around our humble home and wondered how I managed to make it so comfortable. They never allowed me to suppose that they knew we were in want of anything, though Betaria once or twice sent you and Wallace a small gift that I longed to refuse, but accepted for your father's sake. They were of that number to whom poverty is as a disgrace, and brought up as they were, I could not blame them that they avoided us."

"Oh, mother! do not say that!" cried Alice, kissing her. "How could they let these poor hands toil so hard, and never offer to lighten your labours?"

"It was as well that we could feel independent, my love; and we were all glad when we left our native place to settle here."

"And did they bid you farewell?" said the same indignant questioner. "Did they let you leave without coming forward to your assistance?"

"We did not see them, my child—why should they have affected to care whether we left or not? It would have mortified them to contemplate our forlorn state; and the day we bade adieu to the scenes of our prosperity and adversity, they were preparing for a magnificent ball, that was afterwards mentioned in the newspapers. They could not regret our leaving, and they did not pretend to do so."

"We arrived here in good spirits, and left all regret behind us. Your father had secured us a good and comfortable home in a very respectable family, reduced like ourselves. Here I had nothing to do but to see to my children, of whom I was heartily proud, for whatever they want, people stopped to admire them. I began to long for the means of dressing them handsomely, and often have redeemed one of my own dresses that I might wear it longer and purchase some bright stuff for Wally. At length your father insisted on getting a servant for me, and I was once more free to spend my time as of yore. But you will smile, my dear ones, when I tell you of one cause of sorrow to me at that time. It was an old coat of your father's, that was entirely threadbare; his 'Sunday-suit,' as he called it, laughingly. How industriously I brushed that coat every Monday, for two years, folding it carefully, and laying it in a drawer, with the vest and coat; I could not tell you! But now it seemed so old and shabby, so worn, that I could not help crying bitterly every time I put it away. Often have my tears helped to clean it as I rubbed the spots, or sought for the thin places to darn before it commenced to tear. As you may imagine, we never went to places of amusement; but when I saw your handsome-looking father sally forth once a week in this much cared-for suit, I regularly burst out into a flood of tears that I took good care he should never see. But there came a ray of sunshine—then another, and we held up our heads. The day I saw your father dressed like himself once more I nearly cried for joy; and when I found myself housekeeping again, with something of the old comfort around us, I blessed God that he had given us trials, and taught us how to live.

"In my new home my little Alfred was born, and I thought myself the happiest of mothers. We did not improve much in wealth, but we became so poorer; and to us our way of living was quite a luxurious one compared to the past. I spent my time alone, until your father returned to his meals, for we made no acquaintances, and I rejoiced at it. I preferred centering my happiness in my loved ones at home. I was too secure of it, my darlings, for the year after I lost my little boy—my 'summer child.' Alas! I then found that I had never known sorrow before—none but a mother who has parted with her treasure can tell what I suffered—"

Mrs. Herbert paused, and the tears rolled over her face. Until now, she had been unmoved throughout her recital of their early misfortunes, but she could not recur to the death of her child without strong emotion. Alice pressed her hand fondly, and she went on after a pause.

"I no longer looked upon my comforts as things to gladden me; and poverty was a blessing compared to this! It is said that trials never come singly, and we were an example. Your father's health gave way under his terrible fatigues, and he was very ill for some time. His depression of mind increased his malady, and for three months he was an invalid, unable to leave the house. All that we had in the world was a small sum he had laid by in case of emergency, and day by day I saw it lessen, concealing from your father as well as I could the privation: I undertook to make it last. As he retired early, I put out the light as soon as he was gone to bed; and often, in the delightful spring evenings, I would sit at the door in the moonlight. When the moon rose too late to be my lamp, I would light a candle and sew on some piece of work laid by for the next day. I eat a piece of dry bread as I gave you your supper at night, but dispensed with my own tea that the sugar might last longer. I often wept when you have begged for something better than dry bread and tea, but we could not afford more, and I had to comfort my three little ones with caresses that they loved. My great care was to keep all this from your father; and many a time have I excused my extinguishing the light, by promising to sit on your bed and tell stories. How much I had to invent! My imagination was well-nigh exhausted; but I borrowed a book of fairy tales, and read them as I nursed Mary to keep her quiet while her father slept. Without his knowing it, I had dismissed my servant. There was little enough to cook, and as I always attended to our own room he did not miss her.

"One day he turned to me with a mournful look. 'Alice,' said he, 'your funds must be exhausted, my dear wife. Send Janet to me—I must make the trial, at least.'

"What trial, my dear Alfred?' said I, trying to smile. 'I am not, indeed, as poor as you think. There is enough to last for some time yet. Do let that relieve your mind, and leave Janet alone. Eat your toast, and don't wait until it is cold.'

"Alice,' said he, looking at me fixedly, 'you are trying to conceal it from me—I know that you have no more money in the house.'

"I went to the drawer and brought him what still remained in the box I used to call my bank.

"But you must pay Janet—she cannot work for nothing. And then what will be left?"

"Janet is paid, Alfred; do compose yourself," replied I, trembling now, lest he should agitate himself too much.

"Then to whom do you owe this?" asked he.

"Neither 'butcher, baker, nor candlestick maker,' can say I am in debt to him. This is fairly ours, and it will last until you are strong again; so look cheerful, dear husband, and take me for the fairy Good-Will."

"Alice!' he cried, 'then you and my children have been starving!'

"He burst into tears and sobbed bitterly. This I could not bear, and almost on my knees I implored him to be calm. He once more called for Janet. I asked him what he wanted with her.

"I want to write a note to Preston—he will lend me money. That small sum cannot support us for any time. Let me do it, Alice—I must. Tell Janet to get ready to go down to the office with my letter."

"Pat it off until I tell you I have no more, will you, Alfred? You might grant me this!" And I sat down by him with a look of entreaty that he said he could not resist—so I conquered. The assurance that we were

not starving, and his conviction of length that I could not give up my little sum, yet again, strengthened his resolve. Wish you could see us on that dear children the day he was well enough to go out—how poor! He walked into the yard, and called Janet. But so Janet came, and he wishing to disturb me, he went as far as the kitchen door. Then he read out my secret, and then he scolded and laughed by turns."

Mrs. Herbert had not seen her husband enter, he stole softly behind the little group, and looked fondly on the sharer of his early vicissitudes. As she paused at this part of her narrative he threw his arm around her. She turned her head to smile upon him, and he sat down beside her with her hand in his.

"Your mother has not told you all, my children," said he, with glistening eyes. "How often she went to the door and called Janet long after she had discharged her, pretending to take from her hands at the door whatever I had asked for. How, in the morning early she arose, and with our dear boy's help, set a box of wood and coal just within reach, that the invisible Janet might hand it in whenever I rang for it. It is singular how long I was deceived, but illness had made me inattentive, and I fear selfish, with regard to my Alice."

"Hush, Alfred! hush!" cried she, putting her hand before his mouth, "You were never selfish."

"Ah, dear ones! you were ever a merciful judge, but you must be blinded by affection. She did not tell you, Wallace, how her scanty stock of rings were sold to buy shoes for you and Alice while we were so poor. The very one your mother wears with her wedding-ring, I redeemed with the first sum that I dared to spare after I grew stronger. Do not sob so, my dear child—my good Alice! We would not now give up that time of trial, when our affection was so tested—our hearts so oppressed. We look back with gratitude for it all—assured now that we have been permitted to fulfil our marriage vow to the letter. I succeeded after a few years in establishing myself in a position of much advantage. I grew wealthy, and gained many friends in consequence, who fettered us, and sought our society. But through all, we found one who stood by us fast and firm. He is yet our beloved and esteemed guest; as often as the week comes round, do you, my children, welcome him as we do."

"Mr. Eldon!" they cried. "Is it not Mr. Eldon?"

"It is, indeed, my dears; and to this day he cannot recall, without emotion, his absence from the city at the time of my illness. He was travelling on urgent business, and my letters never reached him. We had known him then but a short time, yet we knew him to be a friend—we would have felt it no shame to be under obligations to him. When he left us we were doing tolerably well, and he expected to return after a few weeks, but he was detained, and your parents were in actual want before this host of friends reached our poor little home. His coming was like an angel's visit of mercy. He took up his residence with us, and never left until he was sure of my own certainty of success, enabling us by his generous bounty to live comfortably once more. He would never allow that we were under obligations to him, as he delicately insisted that he merely paid his board and lodging. We were much grieved when he left us long after we were on the high road to fortune, but his sister and her son were destitute, and he sent for them to come and live with him, proving himself the noblest of protectors—the kindest of brothers, and the best of uncles. I dare say, Alice, that you do not like Mr. Eldon the less for this, hey, girl?"

Alice blushed, and hid her face on her mother's bosom. Mr. Eldon's nephew was no indifferent person it would appear, and the parents exchanged smiles as the mother's gentle hand fondly stroked the shining hair that floated over her arm.

"I thought, dear mother, that I could not love you more than I have hitherto," said Wallace, kissing her tenderly; "but my affection must be twofold after to-day. The aim of our lives shall be to make ourselves worthy of such a devoted, self-sacrificing mother."

"I honour you for such sentiments, my fine fellow," said Mr. Eldon, entering familiarly, and holding out his hand. "I am sure we must all be proud of my friend Herbert's wife and children."

"And we, dear sir, of your friendship," said Wallace, as they gathered around the kind old gentleman. "We did not know until to-day how much we owed you, dearly as we love and respect you. Mother has been telling us—"

"Pshaw! pshaw, my dears!" interrupted he, with glistening eyes, and smiling merrily, "don't believe her! don't believe her! She makes it bigger every time she tells it, and I'm going to forbid the story's being told again."

"Ah! but you could not forbid our gratitude, Mr. Eldon," said little Mary, nestling up to him; "you can't do that, sir."

He stopped her mouth with kisses, and seating her on his knee, took a letter out of his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Herbert. "I took this out of the office for you, as Calvert told me you were not down yet."

A visible change came over Mr. Herbert's face as he read it, but a smile followed the change. He looked up at his wife as he finished it, and placed it before him.

"Read that aloud, my love, it concerns us all. The offer is a singular one, and the condescension rather equivocal. It is a letter from my sister, Mrs. Blunt."

An exclamation of astonishment escaped each one; but Mrs. Herbert was allowed to read it uninterrupted.

"Dear Brother—It must be seven or eight years since we have heard anything of you, and I am almost afraid that you have left the place you preferred to this one. As your circumstances were very poor, and you must have now a large family of children, I write to say that you can



send her to one of the girls I should prefer—and I will accept her as my own—she is a good girl, and Mr. Blunt's great wealth will allow me to bring her up and provide handsomely for her. Let her be sent on as soon as possible—don't mind giving her clothes, as I will save you that expense.

"If your wife is still living, you will remember me to her. She must be looking very old after working so hard. If you have any boys, Mr. Blunt might do a little to advance them—his business connections are very extensive and high. Your other sisters are well and advantageously married. I expect an immediate reply.

"Your affectionate sister,  
"OCTAVIA BLUNT"

The indignation with which this tender epistle was received was indescribable, and Alice was chosen to answer it by the entire assembly. So on the following morning she presented her father with her reply.

"DEAR AUNT,—Since you last heard of my father, he has been assailed by ill health and extreme poverty. From these two evils he was rescued by the affectionate care and wise economy of the best of wives who, I thank God, is not only well, but looking as youthful as a woman of twenty-five. They have found, too, a friend, who helped them kindly through their misfortunes, and still clings fondly to us all. I am the eldest girl; Mary and Bertha come next. My brother Wallace, is two years my senior, and Frank is the youngest of all. Within my recollection we have always lived in the most comfortable manner. We now manage to get on as decently as people can who have only four thousand a year, and beg to decline your very obliging offer of adopting any of us. We are the happiest family in the world, and pride ourselves upon the patience and firmness with which our parents bore their youthful trials.

"Very respectfully &c,  
"ALICE HERBERT"

"This will do, my love," said her father, placing the letter in its envelope. "In a few days we shall certainly have an answer, and I predict a very different style from the first. Mr. Blunt has altered wonderfully since I knew him. He worships gold.

A few days after Mr. Herbert brought home the following epistle, over which Alice's beautiful lip curled involuntarily.

"MY DEAR HERBERT—Octavia was much affected by your dear girl's communication. We were all so glad to hear from you at last, for we had often thought of and feared you might be in distress. I cannot tell you how glad we are to find how successful you have been. It has relieved our hearts of a load indeed. (Here Mr. Eldon gave a kind of groan and tossed Frank over his shoulder. Mr. Herbert smiled sadly but continued to read.) Your sisters are very anxious to see you and your lovely family, so you may look for Octavia and myself about the beginning of next month. With kindest love to Mrs. Herbert and your children, I bid you adieu.

"Very sincerely, yours  
"MACDUFF B. BLUNT"

"They shan't come shall they, mother?" cried Alice. "We do not want them to care for us now."

"For your father's sake they must be kindly received, my daughter. Was the mother a reply. They may yet learn to give us credit for whatever virtues we have and excuse our faults."

"And it is never too late to amend, Ally," said Mr. Eldon, patting her shoulder. "Forgive and forget," is a beautiful motto, my dear.

Alice blushed but held out her little white hand.

"I am ashamed of my childishness and do poor credit to my darling mother. Do try and let it be forgotten, and I will make up for it by playing the agreeable to my aunt because she is my father's sister."

"And more than that your father cannot expect my children," said Mr. Herbert, laying his hand on her soft locks. "He sees, however, one good to be derived from your aunt's visit."

"I know, I know," cried Bertha, clapping her hands.

"Well, what then, little prattler?" asked her father.

"Why you mean that we can now practise what we find it so hard to do—forgive as we would be forgiven."

"That's my good little Bertha!" said her mother, kissing her fondly. "That's my attentive Sunday-scholar. I do not waste my time when I preach in the afternoons."

And so, when Mr. and Mrs. Blunt arrived they were agreeably surprised with the reception they met. The Herberts made no professions—they were too sincere for that, but they were all polite from the beginning of the visit to its end. Mrs. Blunt was delighted with her brother's wife and family; and when, two years after, she was invited to Alice's wedding she presented the bride with a beautiful silver pitcher to which Mr. Blunt added a set of crystal for young Mrs. Eldon, to begin housekeeping with. Alice sighed as she looked at her splendid gifts and thought of the time when half their value would have made her poor mother feel rich! But with the bright years in her soft eyes, she wound her arms around that beloved mother, and laid her young face against hers.

"Dear mother! those who need not such rich and costly things are always filled with them. My uncle Eldon has to-day settled on me alone—Independently of what he gives Edward—an annuity of two hundred a-year. I have resolved to lay by so much a year for benevolent purposes, and together we will seek out the poor and the needy. Best of mothers! I cannot equal you in goodness, but I will do my best not to waste the great blessings God has given me."

## THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

(Continued from Page 114.)

It was a beautiful night. The frost had set in with increased power. Winter had renewed her robes of crystals, and the heavens bore an unusual lustre from the multitude of stars that seemed almost to mingle in an atmosphere of celestial light. The full moon just began to peep over the hills which surrounded the lake; the Queen of Night rose silently and stealthily, as if she would withhold the still beauty of the moon below, an unobserved observer. Walking up a fence-made beautiful by the tracery of the shadows of trees upon whose gnarled branches, tipped with frost and snow, the moonbeams fell like glistening silver—were almost a dozen persons. They stepped briskly along, and now and then, one more joyous song the rest broke from the string of arms with which he had been leading, and danced about, and beat his breast with his hands, partly to keep his heart warm, and partly to give vent to glad feelings. As they passed the cottage door, they became silent, and whispered until, drawing close to it, they entered in a circle and closed. Then the silence was broken by a few words as of direction, to which all listened; these uttered, for a moment a death-like quiet, when suddenly burst forth the strains of vocal music.

"While I stand here, my heart is full of joy."

All voices on the hill were hushed.

The angel of the Lord was here,

And glory shone around.

"Fear not! said he, for I am here."

His voice was full of love,

Glad tidings of great joy.

To you and all mankind.

"For who you this day is born."

Is born to David's line,

A Saviour who is Christ the Lord,

And this shall be the sign.

And so they continued. How deliciously sweet it sounded in the stillness of night—and in the solemn calm of such a night, how heavenly! The singers were rude, uncultivated men, with little more than a good sense of harmony to guide them in the execution of their simple songs. But they sang with a heartfelt earnestness, and their voices seemed to vibrate upon the air, and then die in faint echoes among the hills, as if the distant heavens had caught the strain, and the angelic hosts were chanting back the salutations of the humble fishermen.

The singers had not continued long, when an upper window of the cottage opened, amid the rustling of the branches of clustering ivy, and the fall of a shower of crystal stars that had settled upon its leaves. A form presented itself which was instantly recognised.

"Good morning, Mister Arthur!" exclaimed various voices. "A merry Christmas to ye an' bad luck to your enemies!"

"Good morning friends," replied Arthur. "Bless you for your good wishes. But let us not, with songs of peace upon our tongues, and with heaven smiling upon us on this auspicious morning, wish ill to any one. The true Christian has no enemies, and let us hope that we have none."

"That same's a good sentiment, Mister Arthur," said Donal Barrett, upon whose face at that moment, the blue light of a lucifer match glared as he lit his pipe. "That's a good sentiment, Mister Arthur," said Donal, pausing every word or two to draw breath through his pipe. "But will everybody deal wid ye ather that same? if not I'll not unsay what I've said, anyway—but God forgive me!" Heaven is watchful over us, said Arthur. "Already the clouds have begun to part away and there is little doubt but we shall be allowed to remain in the cottage a much longer time than we anticipated."

"Sure that's good news to Donal Barret!"

"And to Bonaparte!" cried a strong, husky voice.

"And to your old nurse, Oonagh," said a shrill and trembling tongue, shivering with cold—for Oonagh could not be persuaded to stay at home.

And the same to us all!" exclaimed the rest.

Tell me, said Arthur, "have you been to the Castle?"

Not at all," said Donal. "It's not the likes o' us to go there wasting our carols upon an unchristian lot as they are!"

Mind Donal, what I have already said," replied Arthur; "this is the time of Christian forgiveness, when we must bear enmity no more. Go you to the castle, and sing as nicely as you have to me; and who knows but every sweet note may be like an angel of love fanning the heart of a troubled man, and softening her passions!"

"If that same's your wish," said Donal, "we'll do it in right earnest; but it's for you, Mister Arthur, an' for nobody else unther the sun!"

"Well, then, for me," said Arthur, "but do it willingly, and well, forgetting all enmity."

"Come along, lads," said Donal, "though it goes against my heart to sing up agin those stony walls that seem to make ugly faces against their rightful owners. Mister Arthur knows better nor us, so we'll away and do his bidding."

And away they turned—all except old Oonagh, who dropped behind to warn her "dear child" to get out of the bitter cold, and to wrap herself well round with blankets and the like, or certainly he'd die an' be lost to old Oonagh for ever!" Arthur closed the window, and had just time to see Oonagh regale herself with a mouthful of whiskey, which she took from beneath her cloak, before she rejoined the minstrel party.





The singers had reached the Castle, having on their way repeatedly comforted themselves by asserting that it was for "Misther Arthur," and not Miss Saville, or the dirty spalpeens of her acquaintance, that they had consented to sing. They had no sooner arrived, however, than a difficulty presented itself. The gate which admitted the visitor within the outer wall was closed; the wall was of massive stone-work, and it stood many yards from the sleeping apartments, so that Boney and Donal, notwithstanding the stentorian power of their lungs, quite despaired of making themselves heard.

"What'll we be afther, now," said Donal to the rest?  
 "Sure an' we can do nothin'," exclaimed a voice, "for the spalpeens will be all thrunk an' asleep, an' I'll hear no more of our singing than if we were at the botthom of the lake unthir the ice!"

"Wisha, then," said Bonaparte, "bad luck to us if we brake a promise to Misther Arthur! Didn't he pull me up from the botthom of the lake, where I'd been frozen to death by this time, if he hadn't risked his life to save me. Look there," said he, pointing to a broken part of the wall; "len' me the loan of your shoulther, Donal, an' I'll scale the wall an' undo the gate; an' the devil take the dirty lot, if they complain of our determination to be civil."

"Well, here goes!" cried Donal, pitching his head against the wall, while two others assisted Bonaparte to get up.

"There now, are ye all right?"

"Right as Father Mathew!" said Boney, clutching the top of the wall, and scrambling away with his feet until he made a small cataraet of snow, dry earth, and stones, which fell to the ground with a rumbling noise.

"Marcoful Vargin!" shrieked Oonagh, "but the boy 'll fall and make away wid himself!"

And sure enough, Boney fell to the ground, making a capital mould of his prostrate figure upon the snow.

Miss Saville lay in her chamber a sleepless watcher. Painful thoughts constantly fled across her mind. True, they were not the thoughts that possessed her a few days ago. But she had not yet wholly ceased to love. A strange struggle was passing in her heart. The passion of a self-willed and imprudent woman was yielding to a deep veneration for the valorous opponent of her wrongs; and convictions of her duty to him who had twice saved her from horrible calamities, were hourly growing upon her. Moreover, in her visits to the cottage to wait upon Arthur during his illness, she had seen much of the dignified and lady-like demeanour of Mrs. Tregar, and of the sweet gentleness of her daughter Avisia. And strange to say, she almost felt a love for the former, and certainly she did not hate the latter. She only wished that Avisia had been Arthur's sister—or that she had never been—or,

having been, that she had never loved—for she did not know what she wished! But certainly she could do her no wrong—her heart was resigned for ever.

She lay sleepless upon her downy bed, rich, but poor, blessed but cursed! She looked out upon the still moon, and wondered whether there were lovers there, and whether, in that sphere, Providence had ordained such arduous trials of the heart? She sometimes dozed awhile, and dreamt that Avisia was dead, and that she was married to Arthur; then she awoke, and wept; and became calm—then dozed again, and fancied she heard the rush of water in her ears, and had a suffocating feeling, as though every blood-vessel of the body were bursting—and then she saw a shower of brilliant stars, which seemed to shoot up from the earth, and each one growing larger, became at length a flower of exquisite beauty, or a bird of gorgeous plumage—then she heard sweet strains of music floating on her ears, which became faint, then swelled out into a wild and rapturous chord, and then died away to a murmur again,—such a murmur that the head bent forth to catch it, and the ear seemed to thirst for its enchantment; then she opened her eyes, and dimly beheld the form of Arthur struggling to save her, from what she knew not.

She had lain for many nights in this state of sleepless delirium—but it was passing away—her brain was less feverish, and her heart beat less rapidly. The strange noises without the wall now alarmed her. She listened eagerly, and caught the various voices of men—she heard the fall of earth and stones, and of something that dropped heavily upon the ground. And then she caught renewed expressions of determination. A fearful anticipation crossed her mind. "It had become known to the peasants, by whom the Tregar family were much beloved, that she had ordered their ejection from the cottage, and more than once, when going to the lake, she was 'spoken at' by the peasants in a manner which too well told their ire. Her alarm increased, and raising herself in the bed, she gazed out of the window, and espied Bonaparte's rough head emerging over the wall! The exasperated peasants, she knew, had come to take her life, even at the moment of her repentance, and when she was about to perform a deed which should atone for her cruel act. She heard the man get over the wall, unfasten the gate, and admit a group of accomplices—she would have called for help, but was speechless—and stretching up to reach the bell-pull, she swooned away, and was lost at once to love, to reason, and to fear!

"Hist, come along," said Bony.

"Softly!" said Donald, "or ye'll frighten the critturs afore ye begin to plaze 'em."

"Come along, Pat, and M'Carthy, and Murphy. Where's Oonagh?"

"Och, and its here I be, darlint!" said Oonagh, tripping forward over the snow, and huddling her whiskey bottle out of sight.

"Now then, lads," said Donal, waving his hand "let's have the lanthem, the same that Father O'Grady tached us." So they began, or attempted to begin, when old Oonagh exclaimed, "Stay a bit, boys, for the honour of the Tregar's, sing like nightingales—remember its for the beautiful Misther Arthur, my own dear chield, and nobody else at all, at all, that you're giving 'em this benefit. Here, take a dhrop of the crame of the valley, it'll mollify your throats from the could, and make ye sing like thrushes!"

The hint was readily taken, and the whiskey more readily than the hint, by all except Patrick, a good lad, whom we shall have no other opportunity of noticing than to say now that he was a disciple of Father Matthew—he excused himself, saying, "No thank'ee, Oonagh, its not mysel' that'll put the dirty water down my clane throat!"

After this they began in earnest:—

"Awake! pft on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, thou holy city. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings, of peace, and salvation; that say unto Zion, thy God reigneth. Sing, oh Heavens, and be joyful, oh earth. Break forth into joy, Hallelujah! And all the world shall see the glory of the Lord!"

Miss Saville returned to consciousness while Patrick, who had a sweet and woman-like voice, was singing with young M'Carthy, who sang a rich full second, the duet, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings of peace and salvation." Oh, how sweetly those sounds broke upon her ear, and how deeply the lesson they conveyed sunk into her troubled heart! She wept until she became calm—then, in fancy, she heard the strain again—and the words brought fresh comfort to her heart.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THOSE THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS OF SALVATION."

At length she slept—a calm long sleep, such as she had not known for many weary nights; and when she awoke the sun shone brightly in upon her, and she rose with her heart renewed!

Early in the morning, Avisia was looking out of the cottage window, when she espied a stranger at the gate. He wore a thick fur cap, and was wrapped around in a rough cloak which was thrown across his shoulders in a style that gave him a half military appearance. He bore with him a small portmanteau, and appeared as if he had travelled from afar. At first Avisia thought it must be a visitor to the Castle, who knew not his way; but she espied some villagers directing him to the gate; and his step thereto was so direct and willing, that this idea passed away; so she ran down to the gate, tripping like a fawn over the untrodden snow, which seemed spread out intentionally to receive her delicate foot-prints—so white, as untrodden its surface, that not even the track of a bird could be seen upon it.

"Does Mr. Arthur Bell live here?" inquired the stranger.

"He does," said Avisia. Who can he be, thought she—certainly not a lawyer—his countenance too open and cheerful for a bearer of unwelcome news.

"And is he at home?"

## THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

"He is," said the stranger, "at this moment he is in his chamber, but will soon be down. He has not been well of late; and last night the waits aroused him from sleep."

"Ah! Miss Avisia," said the stranger, opening the gate and entering, "you spoil him, you spoil him! I know you kill him with your kindness." "How did you know that my name was Avisia?" inquired she, looking astonished, as they walked toward the cottage.

"Woman's curiosity again!" said the stranger. "Now let that be my secret—at least for a little while. We are all of us more widely known than we are aware of, and should ever live as in the eye of an unseen observer. A capital idea, that, for our Professor of Moral Philosophy, the Rev. Tobias Forethought."

"Ah! now I see," said Avisia, "you are from Dublin, and are Arthur's particular college friend of whom I have heard so much!"

"There, now, I have let it out! But why his particular college friend? is there anything about me that requires so emphatic an application of that adjective?"

"Perhaps I should have said his *dearest* college friend. That would have done Arthur's representation of you greater justice!"

"And it has already given me greater pleasure. You see, Miss Bell—Miss—Miss Tregar, I should have said, I have been reading up for a surgeon's diploma, and am well-nigh sick of flexors and extensors, glands and ganglia, lacteals, veins, and verticles; in fact, I was becoming hypochondriacal myself, and am always predisposed that way in Arthur's absence. So, as he challenged me to come down at Christmas, declaring that he would send me to Coventry for ever after if I did not, I determined to come and take him unawares. For I fancy, from his not writing to me, he really felt offended."

"I will run and tell him, instantly," said Avisia, showing the stranger into the parlour.

"So ho!" said the visitor, unfolding his cloak, and taking his position before a blazing fire. "A nice girl, that—eyes that from their mildness would fascinate a woman-hater! No wonder, Mr. Arthur, that you remain your full time at home, and return to college looking as delicate as a candidate for the dissecting room."

In a moment Arthur was down—he had got on but one slipper, and had succeeded in getting one arm into the sleeve which rightly belonged to its opposite neighbour, and was blundering with the other; but he rushed into the parlour and embraced his friend with child-like fondness and simplicity. "Let me," said he to Mrs. Tregar and Uncle Tot, who had just entered the room—"Let me introduce to you my dear friend, Alfred Tremayne. Mr. Tremayne, my father and my aunt! Oh, joy! Your coming has set me right again; I have been dreadfully in my boots of late."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Alfred.

"Oh, nothing! nothing! nothing the matter now!" said Arthur. "We'll have a merry time of it. Remember this is Christmas time, and comes but once a year!" said he, humming a snatch of an old song.

The party was soon at breakfast; in the midst of which Uncle Tot was delighted to find that his new acquaintance had a remarkable taste for mechanics, and listened with profound attention to descriptions of various inventions, past, present, and prospective.

The breakfast over, Arthur and Alfred had retired to talk over some college reminiscences, when Miss Saville called at the cottage. She was received by Mrs. Tregar and Uncle Tot, and there was now a cordiality in the manner of each of them which had never appeared before.

"I am glad," said Miss Saville, "that I have found you thus opportunely. I have come to ask your forgiveness for the pain I have caused you; and to say that I forego every intention of disturbing your present domestic arrangements. Your son, Mr. Arthur Bell, has twice saved my life, and thus he has a claim upon my gratitude, which, apart from every other consideration, entitles him and you to the utmost I can do for your happiness. But I now revere his valorous character, his fidelity to his first love, whose fond attachment to him my own eyes have witnessed; and I have learned that I must not seek to establish my own happiness by destroying hers. If it would not sadden you too much on a day which should be one of rejoicing—"

"Proceed," said Mrs. Tregar, who found that the speaker was becoming much affected.

"I should like to tell you of my own dear mother, who died when I was yet a child. All I remember of her is the kind caresses with which she granted my every desire; and that in her person, as in the tones of her voice, she closely resembled you; so much so, that when I knelt by Arthur's couch, and looked up into your face, I felt as if the days of my childhood had returned again, and that I was offering up my morning prayer by my mother's knee! She died, and I was left under the care of an illiterate nurse. My father cared little for the comforts of home; engaged in the strife of commercial life, he made the acquisition of wealth his chief aim. He loved me—but it was a cold and systematic love, which set apart my yearly income, and raised me to the position of a lady before I knew what it was to be a woman. Then he died, and I had none to guide me. I lost my mother at that age, when her sweet influences were most essential to a daughter's weal; when dangers surrounded me at every step. Followed by unprincipled flatterers, I wonder that I withstood the temptations that surrounded me. But I was blessed with a keen perception, which made me distrust hollow pretensions. In this my mother's spirit seemed to hover over me as a guardian angel. So events passed until I saw Arthur, which I had done several times before the first remarkable event, which for a time lost me my heart, and almost my reason. I will say no more, but will ask your forgiveness. I could look upon you as a mother, and could even

knelt and ask you to guide me in the future by your kind sympathy; for I have lost the pole-star of a daughter's life, and feel that I am alone and friendless in the world." Here her voice faltered, and she wept.

Mrs. Tregar wept, too, and so did Uncle Tot. But they soon dried their tears, because they saw occasion for joy to all. "Bless you, Miss Saville," exclaimed Mrs. Tregar, "I will love you, and be a mother to you in all things wherein the trials of a mother and a wife can serve you."

"I have but one request to ask," said Miss Saville, "that you will place this packet into Arthur's hands, and that then these circumstances—all except our love—shall be forgotten for ever."

Mrs. Tregar took the packet, and Miss Saville hastened from the cottage, for Arthur and Alfred were heard coming down stairs.

Arthur returned to his chamber, and hastily opened the packet which had been given him by Mrs. Tregar; while Uncle Tot entertained their visitor by a further elucidation of mechanical principles. The packet which Arthur had opened contained the following letter:—

"TO MY PRESERVER."

"Twice you have saved my life. Wonder not, therefore, that I love you. But my love is not that which I bore you when I told you, 'the Legend of Barlagh Cave.' I have seen Avisia, and her mother, and I love them too; for they are worthy. My heartfelt prayers are for the happiness of you all. I have enclosed the mortgage deeds of your aunt's cottage and lands; they are yours for ever. Be my friend, my brother, Arthur, and let us entwine the hearts of our families into one wreath, which shall not be divided. So shall these strange events be regarded only as thorny paths to the harbour of peace!"

Helen.

On the day following, there was a great gathering at the Castle. The old festive hall seemed alive with merry feet. By general consent it had been arranged that the Tregar family, including the visitor from college, should join the festivities thereat; that an *ammonition* should be conveyed, and bonds of unity be entered into. Old Uncle Tot, whose merry disposition made him a leader in every festive movement, was invited to be—not the master of the ceremonies, for there were none—but the mirth-maker for the evening. So, in a few hours, he ran up along the roof a series of well-contrived wires, by which the mistletoe, at his own will, while holding a string, was made to travel about the ceiling, thereby throwing blushing couples in awkward but not unwelcome predicaments. He also got a very tiny boy, and dressed him up as a Christmas tree, and it was droll to see a sort of diminutive laurel walking about the hall and delivering *bon-bons* to the boys and girls. A capital thought that of Uncle Tot's, to make the little living tree extend one of its branches and deliver to Miss Saville an apple, upon opening which a number of poetical blessings dropped out, signed variously by all the parties to the plot, not omitting old Oonagh, Donal Barrel, and Bonaparte. Poor old Oonagh put her *x* and her blessing to the rhyming couplet which Uncle Tot had selected for her, and tears ran down over her old face as she prayed forgiveness for having spoken unmannerly things of Miss Saville. And another pretty idea of Uncle Tot's was that of making the little walking tree deliver a wedding ring to Miss Avisia! And a foresighted stratagem it was when he drew the mistletoe over the heads of Helen Saville and Alfred Tremayne—what may not that kiss have wrought before another Christmas comes round! Some little incidents begin to excite reasonable and acceptable anticipations. And spirited, too, of Uncle Tot to take hold of Mrs. Tregar's hand, and say "Now, Sis, we must be young again!" and then to lead off the dance with her with as much life as though they were both in their teens! How joyful was all this—how truly in the spirit of the Anthem sung by the poets fishermen—

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THOSE THAT BRING GLAD TIDINGS  
OF PEACE AND SALVATION!"

THE END.

## THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARY BENNETT.

MARGARET—poor Margaret!  
She a little plant had set  
On a high-raised window sill,  
And when winds blew loud and shrill,  
In the morning Margaret found  
Her flower broken on the ground,  
And weeps for it with fond regret;  
Ah, Margaret—poor Margaret!

Of disappointment, till this hour,  
She neither knew the name nor power;  
Her little life had been so blest,  
In childhood's sweetest colours dressed,  
Like to a pretty insect born  
In sunshine, on a summer morn;  
Bred in safe covert, green and fair,  
But now her tear-bedewed hair  
Droops from her mournful head full low,  
As if she were a child of woe;  
Dread o'er the perished plant she set.  
Ah, Margaret—poor Margaret!

"My money-box I emptied quite  
To buy this plant, it looked so bright,

And had so sweet a scent; and then  
The china pot came from Aunt Venn;  
It was so beautiful, the first  
Sweet plant that ever I have nursed;  
Now it is dead—my own dear flower—  
Why had the wind such evil power?  
I never had a plant before,  
And I will never have one more.

Ah, Margaret—poor Margaret!  
Full soon you will this loss forget;  
Blame not the wind, but blame yourself;  
You chose a high and perilous shelf.  
It was the duty of the wind  
To scatter all that it could find.  
Upon its course left insecure:  
With patience we should stand secure.  
The evils that our errors cause,  
All things, like winds, obey the laws  
That God has settled: so must we  
Be wise, or bear calamity;  
And we grow wise from grief and pain,  
(You will not trust that shaft again)  
Whilst the good Power above the wind  
Can strengthen and console the mind.

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

## A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

## CHAPTER I.—ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

ONE of the most disastrous battles for the whites ever fought on the Western frontier, was that known by the inglorious but significant appellation of "St. Clair's Defeat." This took place within the limits of what is now Dark County, on the Wabash river, in the present State of Ohio, on the 4th of November, 1791. The facts relating to it are briefly these:—

At the period above referred to, the depredations of the Indians had become so frequent and alarming, that the few whites who had ventured within the precincts of the North-Western territory, were in danger of being exterminated. In consequence of this, General St. Clair received orders to raise as large an army as possible, march from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) along the whole Western frontier, and establish military posts at all such points as he might think advisable, in order to awe the savages, and put a check upon their bloody enterprises. In September, St. Clair left Ludlow's Station, six miles distant from Cincinnati, with 2,300 troops under his command, exclusive of some five or six hundred militia. Advancing northerly, he built Fort Hamilton, and soon after Fort Jefferson, and then continued his toilsome and perilous march through the wilderness.

The progress of the army was necessarily slow; for the troops were entering a new and unexplored country, full of blood-thirsty savages, where every inch of ground must be examined with great caution, and roads be prepared through thick woods, and over dangerous morasses and streams, in order to bring on in safety the baggage and cannon contingent upon such a body of hostile men. Accompanying the troops, was also a large number of women and children, who preferred pursuing the perilous journey of their husbands and fathers into the wilderness, to remaining in comparative safety in the forts and strongholds behind. To add to the discomfort of the march, much of the provision of the army was delayed in coming forward as fast as was expected, and some three hundred of the militia, becoming alarmed and discouraged, deserted, and returned to their homes. Fearing these latter might seize upon the army supplies in their retreat, General St. Clair finally determined on sending back the first regiment to bring up the provisions, and, if possible, overtake and arrest some of the deserters. Having put his plan in execution, he continued his march with what supplies he had on hand, and on the third of November arrived at a branch creek of the Wabash, on a commanding piece of ground, where he resolved to encamp, and await the return of the detachment from below. By order of the General, the main army encamped on the east side of the Wabash; the militia were advanced to a commanding point on the west side, some two hundred rods distant. In this position the forces rested through the night—it being the intention of the General to commence a work of defence on the following day. In this he was disappointed; "For, (to use the words of Judge Burnet,) on the next morning, November 4th, half an hour before sunrise, the men having been just dismissed from parade, an attack was made on the militia posted in front, who gave way, and rushed back into the camp, throwing the army into a state of disorder from which it could not be recovered, as the Indians followed close at their heels. They were, however, checked for a short time, by the fire of the first line; but immediately a very heavy fire was commenced on that line, and in a few minutes it was extended to the second."

"In each case, the great weight of the fire was directed to the centre, where the artillery was placed, from which the men were frequently driven with great slaughter. In that emergency, resort was had to the bayonet. Colonel Darke was ordered to make the charge with a part of the second line, which order was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back several hundred yards; but for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to preserve the advantage gained, the enemy soon renewed their attack, and the American troops in turn were forced to give way."

"At that instant, the Indians entered the American camp on the left, having forced back the troops stationed at that point. Another charge was then ordered and made, by the battalions of Majors Butler and Clark, with great success. Several other charges were afterwards made, and always with equal effect. These attacks, however, were attended with a very heavy loss of men, and particularly of officers. In the charge made by the second regiment, Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of that regiment fell, except three, one of whom was shot through the body. The artillery being silenced, and all the officers belonging to it killed but Captain Ford, who was dangerously wounded, and half of the army having fallen, it became necessary to gain the road, if possible, and make a retreat."

"For that purpose a successful charge was made on the enemy, as if to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road, which was effected. The militia then commenced a retreat, followed by the United States' troops. Major Clark, with his battalion, covering the rear. The retreat, as might be supposed, soon became a flight. The camp was abandoned, and so was this, for the want of horses to remove it. The men threw away their arms and accoutrements, even after the pursuit had ceased, which was not continued more than four miles. The road was almost covered with those articles for a great distance."

"All the horses of the General were killed, and he was mounted on a broken-down pack-horse, and could scarcely be forced out of a walk. It was, therefore, impossible for him to get forward in person to command a halt till regularity could be restored, and the orders which he despatched by

others for that purpose were wholly unattended to. The road continued to Fort Jefferson, where they arrived about dark, twenty-seven miles from the battle-ground. The retreat began at half-past nine in the morning, and as the battle commenced half an hour before sunrise, it must have lasted three hours, during which time, with only one exception, the troops behaved with great bravery. This fact accounts for the great slaughter which took place."

"When the fugitives arrived at Fort Jefferson, they found the first regiment, which was just returning from the service on which it had been sent, without either overtaking the deserters, or meeting the convoy of provisions. The absence of that regiment, at the time of the battle, was believed by some to be the cause of defeat; but General St. Clair expressed great doubt on that subject."

The foregoing is a brief outline of this disastrous battle; but the detail would be horrible, heart-sickening, revolting. It is impossible to ascertain the number of killed; but it must have been very great; for an old squaw was afterwards heard to say—"Oh! my arm, that night, was weary scalping white men." Some estimate of the loss to the country may be formed, when we state that not less than forty brave officers, some of them highly distinguished, were killed, and not less than twenty-five wounded; and of the women there present, it has been variously estimated that from fifty to two hundred were among the slain, besides a great number that were taken into barbarous and hopeless captivity."

But as it is not with the general features of the battle that we have especially to do, but rather with a certain train of incidents arising therefrom, we shall leave the former into the hands of historians, while we proceed to narrate the latter in the best manner consonant with our humble abilities."

It was, then, while the battle was raging at its greatest height, and on all sides the dead and dying were mingled in bloody confusion, and heaped one upon the other, over which the living forces were trampling, as they alternately rushed to and fro in their advance and retreat, that a tall veteran officer was riding up and down the lines, and encouraging his men, by look, gesture, speech, and action, to bear down upon the foe, and sell their lives as dearly as possible. His appearance was not a little remarkable, and needs a passing description. He was well mounted on a coal-black charger, and sat erect, with his head bared to the breeze, and his long, grey locks streaming out behind. In one hand he held a bloody sword, the point of which was broken, showing that its owner had been no idle spectator; and as he swung it to and fro, and shouted words of encouragement to his men, his lips compressed, and his dark eye flashed a fire that would have become one of half his years. Wherever the battle raged fiercest, and the danger was most imminent, there this gallant officer could be seen, doing his duty like a true hero."

So conspicuous a mark could not, of course, escape the quick eyes of the savages, and more than a hundred Indians made him a target. But in vain they burned their powder and spent their bullets. All failed to bring down their intended victim, or even check the progress of his fiery charger. Yet they did not shoot wide of the mark. More than twenty balls passed through his clothes, as many more penetrated the saddle on which he rode, and one even cut a lock of his grey hair from his right temple; and still he remained unharmed. Surely, a watchful Providence preserved him for another destiny! Colonel Danforth—for so we shall designate this brave veteran—was still in the thickest of the fight, encouraging his men, now reduced to a small number, to hold out to the very last, and die like Spartans, when a young officer, an aid to General Butler, came dashing up to him, on a horse nearly as fiery as his own, and cried out:—

"For heaven's sake, save yourself, Colonel Danforth, while yet there is time! General St. Clair has ordered a retreat, and already the men are flying in every direction, and you will soon be surrounded and cut off!"

The Colonel reined his horse directly in front of the speaker, and eyed him with almost savage sternness; while his men, catching the word retreat, and seeing their comrades flying, turned and rushed after them, leaving him and the aid for a moment alone."

"What's this?" shouted the Colonel, as soon as his astonishment would permit him to speak. "Retreat! say you?"

The young man made no reply; but with a gesture of impatience and alarm, he caught the bit of the Colonel's horse with one hand, struck the animal on the flank with a sword he carried in the other, and at the same time buried his heels in the sides of his own gallant charger. Both horses reared and plunged, and the next moment were rushing away with the speed of the wind, guided by the bold, strong arm of the young and daring aid. At first the Colonel was so astonished that he offered no resistance; and it was well he did not, for a large party of Indians had nearly surrounded them, and another minute's delay would have been fatal to their escape. As it was, they had barely time to dart through the nearly closed circles; and many a hatchet and ball came whizzing past them, too close for safety, though, fortunately, both remained unharmed."

"This is sheer cowardice, boy!" cried the Colonel, at length tightening his grasp upon the rein, and making an effort to check his horse."

"Your wife and daughter!" shouted the other.

"True! but are they not in safety?"

"Nothing is safe here, Colonel Danforth; but I trust they will escape; for I sent them down the road, with an escort, as you advised."

"We must join them, then, with all speed."

"So I thought, and therefore ventured on doing what I did."

"You did right, Edward, and I was at fault." But still, I cannot but think, it is cowardly to fly, and leave these poor wretches here to the mercy of the savages. Oh, woful day! How will it sound abroad, to say that a body of Indians defeated two thousand white men, in an open combat? Ah! St. Clair should have kept out spies! I told him so; but he did not heed my



advice—now will he reap his reward. The old man is brave, but he is not a good general, or this would not have happened. Look! behold the poor wretches flying on every side of us, and some of them entreating us with looks, gestures, and supplications, to save them! Oh, it is heart-rending! and were it not for my wife and daughter, I would dismount and die with them—for the shame of this day is more to be dreaded than death."

Such were the remarks of Colonel Danforth, as, side by side, he and Edward Allen dashed along the road, past the dead, and dying, and wounded, and parties of flying fugitives, who were straining every nerve to escape the horrible fate which awaited them, if overtaken by the pursuing savages. And there were women, too, and children—mothers with infants at their breast—all flying in hopeless despair; and in some cases these mothers dashed their tender offspring upon the ground, to lighten themselves, and enable them to flee faster from the shrieking and yelling horrors behind. Parties on foot, and on horse, all doing their utmost to escape, and all still regardless of every life but their own, were alternately passed by the unmercifully swift-footed steeds of Danforth and Allen. But though our friends passed them, the road ahead was still filled with fugitives; and the shrieks and Indian yells behind, proclaimed that the terrible work of human butchery was still going fearfully on in their rear.

"Oh, woe! woe! day! oh, woe! day!" groaned the Colonel; "that I should live to witness such a terrible death as this! Edward, we should have died on the field of battle, along with the brave comrades."

"Then what would have become of those who need our protection?"

"True, true—too true! my wife and daughter. But where are they, Edward?"

"They must be on ahead, I think."

"You think! Suppose we have passed them?"

"Do not say that, Colonel! It ranks me shudder," cried the young officer, turning deadly pale.

"You sent them by an escort, you say?"

"I did, as you advised."

"Where did you direct them to stop?"

"Nowhere short of Fort Jefferson."

"Of how many was the escort composed?"

"A sergeant and five privates."

"Where were any other ladies in company?"

"Yes, four—the wives and daughters of some of the officers of our regiment."

"God grant they may have escaped!"

"Amen! I trust we shall soon overtake them. Remember they have had nearly an hour the start."

"Spur on, then—our poor beasts must do their duty now."

For some twenty minutes longer, the Colonel and his young friend rode as fast as their gallant steeds could carry them, by which time they had passed all the fugitives on foot, and nearly all that were mounted. Not less than five or six miles now intervened between them and the battle-ground, and yet they had not overtaken them for whom they were in search.

"This is strange!" observed the Colonel, reining in his foaming and panting steed, and looking eagerly around, on every side. "Edward, they have either escaped faster than I should think it possible for them to do, or something serious, if not alarming has happened to them."

"God forbid the latter!" cried the young aid, again turning deadly pale, and reining in his horse so fiercely, as almost to throw him on his haunches. "It does seem strange, Colonel, I admit. Oh, Heaven be merciful to them, if we have unwittingly passed them! But that cannot be, if they kept the road. If they turned off—ha! what is that yonder?"

"Where? where?" eagerly demanded the other.

"Yonder—ahead—beside the road! As I live I do believe it is a dead soldier; and, if my eyes do not deceive me—oh! the thought is too horrible!" and burying his spurs in his horse's side as he spoke, he sped away like a meteor, followed instantly by the now really alarmed veteran officer.

A ride of less than a minute brought Edward to the object he had espied; and, again reining his horse to a halt, he uttered a cry of horror, and placed both hands before his eyes, and bowed his head in silence toward the saddle-bow, while his whole frame shook with heart-rending emotion.

"What is it, Edward?—what is it?" cried Colonel Danforth, riding up to his side.

The young aid raised his head slowly, withdrew his hands from a face of the ghastly hue of death, and pointing to the awful scene before him, fairly gasped—"Behold!"

"I see! I see!" returned the other, quickly; "six soldiers dead and scalped. Well?"

"The escort!" again faintly gasped Edward Allen.

"Merciful Heaven! the escort!" groaned the Colonel. "Then my wife and daughter are lost!"

"Lost!" echoed the other, in a hollow tone; then both remained silent for a moment, gazing shudderingly upon the bloody scene, and both experiencing such feelings as alone could be felt by a husband, father, and lover, in such a situation.

"My wife, my daughter—my daughter, my wife—death and defeat—oh! it is too much!" gasped Colonel Danforth.

At this moment several horsemen passed our friends; but, as each was intent on saving his own life, they merely glanced at the two officers with inquiring looks, and rode on without speaking.

"Ha! the sergeant!—see! he moves!" cried Edward; and instantly dismounting, he sprang to the poor fellow's side, and raised him in his arms.

In doing this, he exposed a deep wound in his left side, some two inches below the heart, from which the blood was slowly oozing. He had been

lying on his face, and was scalped; but changing his position, he managed to revive him; and opening his parched and livid lips, he gasped faintly—"Water! water!—oh, give me water!"

By this time the Colonel was dismounted, and standing by his side. "We must save him, if possible," said the latter. "There is a small stream about a mile ahead; and we must place him on one of our horses, and bear him to it with all speed."

As the Colonel spoke, he tore off the scarf which he wore about his waist, and bound it around the wounded man, in order to staunch the blood. Then placing him upon his own horse, both he and Edward remounted, and set off as fast as a pace as was deemed prudent for one to be carried in a situation as delicate.

In a short time they reached the stream; and having bathed the brow and temples of the wounded man, they scooped up water with their hands and placed it to his lips, which he drank eagerly, and soon revived as to open his eyes, look around, and speak distinctly.

"What are you?" was his first question, "and why am I here?" "Ah! I remember now," cried the Colonel Danforth and Major Allen—I remember all now. Dear, brave, gentlemen—I did my best to save them."

"And what happened to them? Where are they now?" cried the two officers in a breath.

"I cannot answer either of your questions. Oh! my side pains me."

"Be thankful for that, for it shows you would not get mental," rejoined the Colonel. "But tell us all you know of this matter, with a little delay as possible."

"Give me more water. There—I thank you. Ah! I revived again."

"Would that we had a stronger band!" said Colonel Danforth, putting his hand upon the sergeant's side, and feeling it still continued to bleed.

"Your wish is granted," rejoined the sergeant, looking up the road, where a horseman was reported approaching. "Here comes Dr. McAllister, one of the best in the army, was it not what I call his selfish, cold-hearted eccentricity?"

As the doctor approached the party, Colonel Danforth stepped forward, and bowed to him, and said, "What has happened?"

"Oh! my wife and daughter gone, ah! my wife, Sergeant wounded, ah! my daughter, Thibault—so her name. Oh!—had place for surgery."

Indians about, Colonel. Can do nothing here—must take him on to the fort. Terrible day, Colonel. Plenty for us men of science to do. Rare sport, if it wasn't for the danger. Can't do anything for that fellow here, Colonel."

"You can, at least, look at the man. Come, come, doctor, his life may be as valuable as yours or mine—so dismount, and see what can be done."

"Bother!" rejoined the eccentric doctor, slowly complying with the Colonel's request.

The surgeon, as we have intimated, was both a man of talent and eccentricity; and it were difficult to say which he prided himself most upon: his skill in his profession, or his oddity. He was a Scotchman by birth, but spoke English very smoothly, and only with a slight brogue. His costume was a compound of the old English and backwoods hunter. He wore a broad white scarf around his neck, and ruffles around his wrists, which latter were now not a little soiled by labours in his profession. His velvet breeches and buckles were mostly covered with deer-skin leggings; and his small, grey eyes, and sharp, bony, wiry countenance, had a rather comical look under his heavy wig, and small, three-cornered hat.

Having examined the sergeant's wound with a haste occasioned by his fears of being overtaken by the Indians, Dr. McAllister gave it as his professional opinion, that the man should be taken forthwith to Fort Jefferson, where he, the said doctor, would guarantee to save his life, by means only known to men of his scientific calibre.

"Then you must take him there, Doctor," said the Colonel. "For Major Allen and myself are about to set off in search of my wife and child."

"Nonsense, Colonel—can't find them; and if you did, what could two of you do against two thousand. Stuff! So-ho, Thibault, sag. Excuse me, I am afraid my horse will depart;" and the little doctor waddled off to secure the bridle of his beast, which was standing very quietly in the road.

"I think, Colonel Danforth," said the wounded man, "it is useless to search for your friends now. They are undoubtedly prisoners, and time must elapse ere they can be recovered, if ever. As soon as I am able, I will gladly accompany you; and in the meantime, you can perhaps collect a band of old hunters, who understand stratagem and manoeuvres better than ourselves. If you attempt anything now, you will be likely to lose your own lives, without rendering them any assistance."

"What think you, Edward?" asked the Colonel.

"Alas! sir, I fear it is as Sergeant Bomb says. We must wait and take our chance."

"Oh, it is terrible!" groaned the Colonel.

"But tell me, Bomb, how it happened."

"All I know, sir, is, that we were set upon by about twenty howling savages, and were despatched as fast as rifles, tomahawks, and knives could do. I saw two or three of the enemy fall, before I fell myself; and I saw the women hurried away, and that's all I know about it."

"Here comes fugitives on foot, and Indians behind them," said the doctor; and remounting Thibault, with all haste, he put spurs to his mount, and dashed away without any further ceremony.

"There goes a man, whose own life is of more consequence to him than all the rest of the world," observed Colonel Danforth, his lip curling with contempt, as he gazed for a moment after the retreating surgeon.

"Well, we must follow," returned Edward; "for the foot are coming up."





*"Both horses reared and plunged, and the next moment were rushing away with the speed of the wind, guided by the bold, strong arm of the young and daring aid. At first the Colonel was so astonished that he offered no resistance; and it was well he did not; for a large party of Indians had nearly surrounded them, and another minute's delay would have been fatal to their escape."*

rapidly, and the Indians may be close behind. We must take care of our own lives now, in order to save those near and dear to us."

"Right, Major—let us mount and away."

A minute or two later, Colonel Danforth and Major Allen were dashing the road, bearing the sergeant with them; while hundreds behind, in wild disorder, came panting after, afraid every nerve to escape the horrors they had so recently witnessed.

#### CHAPTER II.—OUR HERO AND HEROINE.

**COLONEL DANFORTH** was a native of New Jersey, and had served in the war of the Revolution with some distinction, first as Captain, and afterwards as Major. He had been married twice. By his first wife he had no issue; his second had borne him a daughter, some eighteen years previous to the writing of our story. As this was the only child he ever had, and he being a man of strong, ardent affections, it is not perhaps too much to say that he idolized her. At the close of the war, by which the Americans gained their independence, Major Danforth returned to his family, and for several years settled down to the quiet life of a farmer. But, being naturally restless and ambitious, this kind of occupation did not altogether suit him; and in 1800 he removed to the west, and located himself in Cincinnati, then a very small village. The encroachments of the Indians soon aroused his ire and ardour, and he signified his intention of again joining the army and his aid to the protection of the frontier. This was represented to Governor St. Clair, who, knowing something of his history, and anxious to secure so valuable an officer, tendered him a colonel's commission, which he accepted, and immediately took command of a regiment, with which he subsequently left Cincinnati, under the military direction of the Governor himself, and proceeded on that march of peril, the awful terminus of which we have already briefly chronicled.

It was neither the design nor wish of the Colonel that his wife and daughter should accompany him; but as they earnestly pleaded to be allowed to go, he readily gave his consent; which was the more readily accorded, from the fact that he believed that there would be no fighting with the Indians, and consequently that they would be as safe under his own immediate protection in remaining where they were.

And, during his journey to the west, that Colonel Danforth went in company with Edward Allen, who, his rents being dead, had joined a party of emigrants, for the purpose of trying his fortune in the new world. So many were then bending their steps westward, when coming contact with each other, to mingle most indistinguishably for the time, and share each other's company for

mutual protection. All, in those times and on a similar journey, were considered equals; for the poor man's arm and rifle were of as much account in the moment of peril, as those of him, who might in another clime, encase himself in an armour of gold, and stand aloof from the humble denizen of society. Nor did refinement and intellect then hold that distinction above the unlettered and vulgar which it does now. The man of flowery ideas, and classic lingo, was as likely to become a victim to the Indian's rifle, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, as he who could not call the letters of his own name. No; physical strength, native cunning, hard experience, a sure rifle, and a quick eye, were what was most needed then; and he who could excel in these took the highest station in the hour of danger; and, no matter what were his other qualifications, was regarded by all with a feeling akin to deference.

We do not wish the reader to infer from these remarks, that we are going to class our hero with the unrefined and unlettered. No, far from it; for his early training and education were of no inferior grade; but we merely state the facts to show how natural it was for Colonel Danforth's party to be united with another, not a single member of which was known to himself or any of his friends at the time of joining.

From the very first, a mutual liking sprang up between Colonel Danforth and Edward Allen; and this liking soon ripened into the warmest friendship, when both found themselves acquainted, through the memory of the father of Edward, who was mortally wounded in a severe engagement, while commanding a company of infantry in the same regiment to which Colonel Danforth belonged, who well remembered and lamented him as a brave and worthy officer. Had there been any of the polite and formal coldness of strangers between the Colonel and Edward, previous to this discovery, this would have been sufficient of itself to thaw it away, and let the genial warmth of friendship take its place; but, fortunately, nothing of this kind was needed for this purpose—though its effect was perhaps in equal ratio, in causing those who desired to be friends, to feel as if a sacred tie, amounting to more than friendship, bound them to each other.

The Colonel, in his enthusiastic delight, presented Edward to his wife and daughter as the son of a deceased and highly valued military friend—though, in truth, no intimacy had ever existed between himself and Captain Allen, than what naturally arises between a superior and inferior officer in the ordinary discharge of their general duties. But time, place, and circumstances rendered mere acquaintanceship friendship in the eyes of the Colonel; and he really felt—in reviewing the past and looking upon the offspring of the deceased captain—as if the latter had been regarded as a personal friend, rather than as a subordinate officer.

But if the mere meeting of the Colonel and Edward productive of an ardent, mutual attachment, what shall we say of the meeting between the Colonel's daughter, who was as impulsive, as generous, as as himself, and, withal, far more impressive! What does the

reader would be the natural consequence of bringing together a handsome, noble-looking youth of twenty, and a lovely, accomplished maiden of seventeen, under the circumstances we have described, provided that the affections of neither had been previously engaged, and that each saw in the other the identity of a perfect ideal! What, we say, does the reader suppose would be the natural consequence of such a meeting? Above at first sight, of course, with all the etceteras! And the reader supposes right; for such indeed was the result of the meeting between Edward Allen and Lucy Danforth. There are, we know, a few cold-hearted cynics in this world, who make a point of denying that there is any such thing as love at first sight, even if there be such a thing as love at all. But we have only one word for such sceptics, and that is, that we know them to be in error; and we speak from experience.

And Lucy Danforth was a being to love, and beloved. Her frank, artistic, beautiful countenance lighted with intellect, and the bloom of a maiden just verging upon womanhood, with her lustrous dark eyes sparkling with merriment, or beaming with tenderness, through which could be perceived a soul of depth and feeling, made her an object of admiration and fascination that would not have failed of exercising a strong influence on a heart less susceptible than was that of our hero. Nor was her outward appearance, lovely as it was, without a mind to correspond.

A good education, and, more important still, a mother's careful training, had enlarged her quick understanding, and instilled into her soul all those noble and holy virtues which most adorn the sex; and thus was she fitted to take her place, as becomes a true woman, in any station in life to which all eventful destiny might call her.

But, lovely in person, refined in manner, and noble in virtue as she was, Edward Allen was a meet companion for her. And this we consider as one of the highest encomiums we can pass upon him. Tall, handsome, and manly in person, he, too, possessed an intellect of no inferior order, well balanced by a sound, discriminating judgment, and a moral rectitude that would not suffer him to go astray from the path of duty and honour. He, too, had been fitted by a good education, and a pious mother's precepts and example, to enter properly upon the stage of action, and conducting himself becomingly through life. True, that mother was now no more; but the golden seed of virtue that she had early sown in his young breast had not been strawn on stony ground, but upon rich soil, capable of bearing fruit a hundred fold. Amid all the eventful circumstances in which he was subsequently placed, her righteous counsels were remembered; her holy precepts were not forgotten; and, whether in prosperity or adversity, he was one to acknowledge the wisdom of God in all.

Thus prepared, as it were, for each other, were this youth and maiden brought together; and, therefore, it can be no wonder that a pure and holy love was the spontaneous result—a love that would not weaken and dissolve, but rather strengthen and cement, by time and continued intercourse. Each saw in the other something to admire, and something worthy of imitation; and as they journeyed together through the wilds of the forest, and allowed their souls to expand in cordial union, each felt that his or her thoughts and expressions were properly understood by the other, and that the indescribable void which had heretofore existed in the heart, was now happily filled by a presence dearer than self. Both possessed a degree of romantic poetry which gave to every new object a secret charm; and as they journeyed under arching trees, over beds of flowers, and across sparkling streams, every object was noted and commented upon with a delight, a quiet inward rapture, known only to lovers. Thus, day after day, was their toilsome and perilous journey pursued, and the toils and perils wholly forgotten in the golden joys which each experienced in the society and converse of the other.

At last the party arrived in Cincinnati, the present destination of Colonel Danforth. As Edward had gone west without any settled purpose, other than to seek a change, and, if possible, better his pecuniary condition, it mattered little, in his view, where he took up his residence; and he cheerfully accepted a cordial invitation of the Colonel to make his house his home for the time being. Not so with the other members of the party. Some had one destination, and some another; and gradually they separated, to go to their respective places; so that, of the fifty persons that had crossed the mountains together, not more than a dozen landed at Cincinnati, and a part of these were destined for Symmes, a place since known as North Bend, the residence of the lamented General Harrison, whose remains still repose in a tomb on a high mound, conspicuous from the silvery Ohio.

Edward continued to reside with the Danforths for several months, and every day he enjoyed the company of her who was dearer to him than life. He had brought a few hundred dollars with him, being the amount received from the disposal of the little property his parents had left him; and these he placed in the hands of Lucy's father, to be invested in such real estate as he might deem proper. On learning the resolve of Colonel Danforth to volunteer his services in the defence of the frontier, a military ardour was awakened in the breast of Edward, and he privately expressed a desire to the Colonel to be allowed to accompany him in the event of his again betaking himself to the field. From this, at first, the Colonel endeavoured to dissuade him; but, finding him determined, he finally applauded his resolution, and said he would use his influence to procure him a commission. On receiving his own from Governor St. Clair, and learning that the latter was about to raise an army for the purpose already shown, Colonel Danforth wrote to him, giving a brief history and personal description of Edward, and soliciting as a great favour, that he would appoint him as one of his aids. In course of time he received an answer, to the effect that he, the governor, had already appointed his aids, but that he had written to General Butler on the subject, and doubted not the services of the young man would prove acceptable to that gallant officer. The result verified his expectations; and the

first knowledge Edward had of his so-conceived good fortune, was the receipt of a document in which he found himself elevated to the honorable post of aide-de-camp to General Butler, with the rank of Major.

It is difficult to portray the feelings which the reception of this mission awakened in the mind of the young, enthusiastic, and nobly ambitious Edward Allen. His father had died honoured with the rank of captain; and his wildest boy-dreams, and most sanguine expectations, had never led him to look beyond that without years of service, even if he ever entered the army and attained such an eminence at all; and now, without having struck a single blow, he was suddenly advanced to a grade above it.

"Love, honour, and glory, at twenty-one," mentally exclaimed Edward—"am I not blest?"

Alas! he knew not what the future had in store for him, or his exuberant joy would have suddenly changed to gloomy forebodings.

With his commission in his hand, and joy on his countenance, and his heart wildly beating with a thousand bright hopes for the future—in which rank, fame, honour, glory, and love were strangely mingled—he entered the presence of Lucy Danforth, and hurriedly told her all.

But, oh! instead of greeting his present joy and brilliant expectations with smiles of delight, and expressions of rapture, the poor girl burst into tears, threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed bitterly. To her simple, guileless mind—wherein fancy and the did—there came no visions of glory, fame, and distinction; but, in their place, the unwelcome prognostics of sickness, defeat, death, and despair. She was a soldier's daughter, it is true; but she had not a soldier's feelings. She did not delight in scenes of blood and carnage, and least of all, to hear of the war-like preparations now were to take from her friends both near and dear. Edward, relieved by her grief, did his best to tranquillize and console her; and so far succeeded, that when he left her presence, there was a faint smile upon her pale lovely features; but his own heart felt heavier and sadder than he had known it for a long time. All his dreams of greatness by military achievements he would now have gladly relinquished, for one hour of that quiet, peaceful joy he had ever before experienced in the society of her he loved. But it was now too late to repent of the step he had taken, and he made an effort to console himself with the reflection, that his country needed his services, and that he was only doing his duty as became a true and patriotic citizen.

As we have before stated, the pleadings of his wife and daughter to be allowed to accompany him on his march into the wilderness, at last gained the reluctant assent of Colonel Danforth; and, therefore, Edward and Lucy were spared that trial-scene to lovers—a parting with a great uncertainty of ever meeting again. During the toilsome march, whenever he could be released from duty, Edward was ever at the side of Lucy, breathing in her ear tales of love and words of encouragement; and thus the journey, fatiguing as it was, was rendered far less irksome to both than it would otherwise have been.

The sudden attack on the morning of the fourth of November, being wholly unexpected, no provision, of course, had been made for the protection of the females; and they were thus necessarily left exposed to all the surrounding dangers. Each officer was required to be at his post, by the performance of his duty; and there was consequently no time for tender partings with those he most dearly loved, but whom he might never behold again on earth. Lovers may imagine the feelings of Edward, husband and father, those of Colonel Danforth, as both plunged into the heat of battle, knowing the defenceless condition of those to save whose lives either would willingly have laid down his own.

Fortunately for Mrs. Danforth and Lucy, they occupied a marquee, pitched near the centre of the encampment, where the danger was less imminent than near the outer circle of tents, as the Indians would not be so likely to reach them without the interference of American soldiers to check and change their course. Here, locked in each other's embraces, more dead than alive with mortal dread and mental agony, they remained in terrible suspense, for two long hours, praying God to preserve them and their friends, yet expecting every moment would be their last. At length, in carrying orders from General Butler to one of his subordinate officers, Major Allen and Colonel Danforth met.

"My wife and daughter?" cried the latter.

"I have not seen them since the action commenced," was Edward's reply.

"For Heaven's sake, Edward, beg General Butler to allow you to send them away with an escort. If not butchered by these red devils, you will most likely find them in the marquee."

"I will," rejoined Edward; and the two parted.

Half an hour later, Edward again met the Colonel.

"I have followed your directions," said the former, "and I trust our friends are now in comparative safety."

"Thank God! my son, you take a weight from my heart. Now shall these accursed red-skins feel the force of an old man's arm."

And Colonel Danforth kept his word. Believing his wife and daughter to be out of danger, he entered into the spirit of the combat, and fought with a heroism worthy of a better fate. He was thus engaged, as the reader has already seen, when young Major Allen came to warn him of the order to retreat; and in fact to preserve his life, by boldly forcing his horse from the ensanguined field. General Butler, having in the meantime been killed, Major Allen, as his aide-de-camp, was of course free to depart with his friend; and the result of that departure is already known.

Having thus given a brief outline of matters necessary for the reader to know, in order to have everything clearly understood, we shall in our next resume the thread of our story.

## GREAT PRIZE ENIGMA COMPETITION!

The Editor of "The Family Friend," in announcing his intention of offering One Hundred and Seventy-five Guineas in Prizes for the best Solutions of Enigmas to be published in No. 61 of "The Friend," January 1, 1852, begs to announce that at the urgent request of numerous Friends, he has been induced to divide the above amount into the following Prizes:—

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|---------------------------|--|
| Five Prizes of £10 10s... | For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to Gentlemen.            |
| Two Prizes of £10 10s...  | For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to Ladies.               |
| Six Prizes of £5 5s...    | For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to youths of both sexes. |
| One Prize of £5 5s...     |  |
| Ten Prizes of £2 2s...    |  |

The Number containing the Three Prize Enigmas, and the Conditions of the Award, will be ready on the 1st of January, 1852, and may be had of all Booksellers everywhere, price 2d.

Intending Competitors are informed that various Prize Enigmas, Solutions, and Awards, have appeared in the following Numbers of the "Family Friend," which may be obtained on order, price 2d. each:—Nos. 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 37, and 56. Competitors may derive many useful suggestions by consulting the Enigmas, &c., contained in these Numbers. Volume II., price 2s. 6d., contains the larger proportion of them.

TRADE NOTICE.—A Number of the HOME COMPANION is issued at 69, Fleet Street, every MONDAY at Nine o'Clock.

PART I. of the HOME COMPANION, price 6d. is now ready.

## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

## No. 3.—"A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING."

When Mr. Pope wrote his far too celebrated lines—

"A little learning is a dangerous thing!  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;"

he little thought of the mischievous effects that would be produced by them; that they would be continually used as the means of preventing education, and checking the spread of improvement among the people. But so it is. Men seize hold of a witty saying, and without examining into its truth, go on continually quoting it, until it assumes the dignity of a proverb, and is used as an authority to put down or prevent those things which the person using it is disinclined to. The answer to this particular saying may be found also in the works of the same Mr. Pope, and it is at least entitled to equal authority, nay, even greater authority, since it is the product of his mind in a more mature age:—

"The education forms the common mind;  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

The bending of the twig is the acquisition of a "little learning;" it is that which must give a direction to a whole life. A "little learning" is, in truth, the keystone to all knowledge; for he who does not begin with a little can never attain to much—can never be able to take a deep draught of the Pierian spring.

But is a little learning dangerous? We think not.

"The humblest measure of mind is bright in its humble sphere.  
The glow-worm, creeping in the hedge, lighteth her evening torch,  
And her far-off mate, on gossamer sail, steers his course by that star;  
But ignorance mocketh at prophecies, bringing out the glow-worm at noon."

The very first advances in learning have some influence in bringing us nearer to "prophecies;" in enabling us to cast off some of the utter brutishness which makes us the slave and the tool of every sensual desire. The humblest labourer that ever delved in field has some particles of the divine breath within him that may be stirred and excited by giving him a "little learning;" and with this movement of the intellect comes also a movement of the affections, and the whole nature is changed under their influence;—a tenderness and softness is spread over that which before was rude, and harsh, and brutal;—sympathies are aroused and communicated,—the lamp of the glow-worm is lit in the cottage home, and its attractions are love, affection, and domestic peace. We are wiser in our generation than in the days of Mr. Pope, brilliant as the wits and literary men of those times commonly were. But then, knowledge—nay, even the appreciation of knowledge was confined to a few: they were honoured with the title of the wits, and the two or three coffee-houses in which they were accustomed to assemble were looked upon with a degree of reverence which we can scarcely understand in these days, as the haunts of all that was eminent in literature and poetry, philosophy, and knowledge. The great mass of the people were uninstructed, unimproved; even the country gentlemen, the men of fortune, were more ignorant than a charity school-boy of the present day; they were mere Squire Westerns, devoted to the chase and the bottle; their only reading, *Baker's Chronicle*, or *Gentleman's Book of Horology*, which their family pride made them

delight in,—the only kind of music they could tolerate was *Juniper's* *James*, or *Robbing Joan*. "Philosopher Square" and "Professor's Weekham" are the types of those to whom the education of the youth of that age was committed. We need not be surprised, therefore, that the few who had elevated themselves out of the mire of ignorance by which they were surrounded,—who revelled in the bright thoughts which genius strikes out for itself, or which the cultivation of the intellect gathers from various sources, should look down upon the uninformed and brutal mass around them, and possess a degree of literary pride which is unknown in these our days to all who mix in the world at large. Within the walls of our colleges scarce a few may still be found who live in an atmosphere of their own; who dream in Greek, and pass their lives in the vain endeavour to trace the accurate meaning of a Greek particle, or the proper use of the digamma; and these still think that "a little learning is a dangerous thing;" they have no sympathies with any times or any people, but those of the classical æra;—from the days of Pericles to those of Augustus is their golden age, in which they still wander as in a kind of enchanted sleep. They have great acquisitions in their way—rare ones, such as few possess; but the world has run away from them—has gone a-head—has launched out boldly upon the ocean of knowledge, in which all may find rich freights, but in which all must have some instruction lest they strike upon the hidden rocks and shoals which may send their venture to the bottom. Here "a little learning" may be "dangerous," but not so dangerous as perfect ignorance. We must each endeavour to acquire as much as we can if we would pursue our voyage in hope, but if we taste not" our destruction is certain.

In the days of Pope, learning was confined to the few; scarce any ever thought of instructing the labourer—we do not say people, for as yet there was no such thing as a people in the world. It is only in our day, as the result of a "little learning," that peoples are springing into existence. Formerly it was by no means uncommon for men who were desirous of affording a little knowledge to the labourer—of giving them some elementary instruction—to be afraid to do so, lest it should make them less industrious. We have this fear stated in *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, with Johnson's comments on it as follows: "Mr. Langton told us he was about to establish a school upon his estate; but it had been suggested to him that it might have a tendency to make the people less industrious. Johnson: No, sir; while learning to read and write is a distinction, the few who have that distinction may be the less inclined to work; but when everybody learns to read and write, it is no longer a distinction. A man who has a laced waistcoat is too fine a man to work; but if everybody had laced waistcoats, we should have people working in laced waistcoats. There are no people whatever more industrious, none who work more, than our manufacturers; yet they have all learnt to read and write. Sir, you must not neglect doing a thing immediately good, from fear of remote evil; from fear of its being abused." And on another and later occasion, a gentleman, at a dinner at General Paoli's, maintained that a general diffusion of knowledge among a people was a disadvantage, for it made the vulgar rise above their sphere. Johnson's reply was in the same strain as that we have quoted. "Sir, while knowledge is a distinction, those who are possessed of it will naturally rise above those who are not. Merely to read and write was a distinction at first; but we see when reading and writing have become general, the common people keep their stations. And so, were higher attainments to become general, the effect would be the same." These expressions are remarkable as coming from the great leviathan of literature at a time when the pride of learning was at its height; when few had learnt to take the captive of ignorance by the hand, and lead him even to the portals of the temple of knowledge; when the green landscapes of literature, and the lovely scenery of the imagination were to him mere barren wastes. But in these our days, how great the contrast! Some few, ignorant themselves, still think "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and would keep the world in the mental darkness to which they have doomed themselves. But the light of knowledge has become common as the sunshine on our fields: it shines for all, it illuminates all. And we find a modern writer, Alexander Knox, working out Johnson's thought, with all the additional experience of the present day. "I do feel strongly,—and I thank God that I have the feeling,—that to neglect the mind for the sake of anything earthly, is high treason against the laws of nature. The great mass, hitherto, could not commit this crime; because, either they had not minds to cultivate, or their minds were never awakened to activity, or even consciousness. But Providence is now putting things on another footing. Knowledge is spreading into the dark places of the earth; and to be ignorant will be a disgrace of a far different kind from what it ever was before. A good English scholar has hitherto been a reputable character, because to be so was no common thing. Now, through the aid of Sunday Schools first, and of Dr. Bell and Joseph Lancaster next,—and through the means at the same time of Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers innumerable,—good English scholars will be, in comparison of what they were, probably as one hundred to one; so that those who were sufficiently distinguished by being good English scholars, must now rise a step higher, or forfeit their place in the intellectual scale of society. I admit the wisdom of Providence in making such an advance in knowledge so easily attainable."

Let us suppose a child sent to school with this maxim impressed on his mind—"A little learning is a dangerous thing!" What progress could we expect him to make in his studies? Would it not furnish him with an excuse for neglecting every task, and devoting himself to idleness? An instance once came under our own knowledge, of a wealthy farmer who placed his sons at the National School, in the parish in which he resided, with a strict injunction to the schoolmaster not to bring them on too far! In those days the Masters of National Schools did not receive the same admirable training as at present: they were in truth nearly as ignorant as their



pupils themselves; and if they had been capable of imparting every atom of what they themselves knew, their pupils would still have been in the dangerous state of possessing only "a little learning," but so little did boys trained upon this principle possess, that they never acquired the taste or desire for attaining more. They live on in ignorance and prejudice; almost certain to be inferior in every species of information to the labourers they employ, and who perhaps have been educated at their expense in the schools of the parochial Unions. It is not the least advantage of these schools, that they force upon those of a higher station the necessity of acquiring something more than "a little learning," if they would maintain their position in the world. But, then, all those who send their little boys to school, with a desire that they shall not be brought on "too far!" are in a great fright about thus affording to the labouring classes "a little learning!" and they cry out with vehemence against a system which will compel their boys to be brought on a little farther. Thus, we hear loud talk of the danger of "a little learning," as unfitting men for the duties of their position,—giving them a smattering of useless things,—filling them with self-sufficiency, vanity, and pride. Dr. Johnson has answered the first and last of these objections;—as regards the second, it is better they should have a little knowledge of many things than be left in ignorance of all; it may, and most probably will, give them the desire to extend this little knowledge in one direction or another:

"By degrees, the mind  
Feels her young nerves shake; the plastic powers  
Labour for action."

And every fresh gleam of knowledge will awaken a more intense sensation of pleasure—a more earnest desire to acquire more information. It is idle to talk of the self-sufficiency, the vanity, and the pride engendered by a "little learning." Your true self-sufficient person is your thoroughly ignorant man. "Don't tell me, I know everything!" was an expression we ourselves have heard used by an old cattle-dealer, who had not an idea beyond the form of a bullock and the price of fat stock. The occasion was an accident that had befallen one of his horses, it had been goled by a bullock, and an artery was ruptured, the blood was streaming in torrents, and the farrier of the village was using his best endeavour to stop the effusion and repair the damage, but the old man shoved him on one side; "Stand aside!" said he, "don't tell me; I know everything. I'll stop the blood; bring me an egg-shell." The egg-shell was brought, he gravely caught some of the blood in it, carried it into the village inn, and placed it on the fire, in the firm conviction that as the blood in the shell boiled, the blood from the artery would cease to flow. He was pretty nearly right in his conclusion, for by the time the blood had boiled away and the shell was calcined, the horse was dead! A "little learning"—a very little, would have destroyed the self-sufficient confidence of the old man; would have lowered his vanity, and perhaps saved the life of a valuable animal. But he, like "Goodman Dull" in *Love's Labour's Lost*, "hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eaten paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; he is only an animal; only sensible in the duller parts. And such barren plants are set before us," goes on the pompous and pedantic schoolmaster Holofernes, "that we thankful should be (which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than in he."

"For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,  
So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school!"

O virtuous Holofernes, thy little learning hath taught thee it is not right for thee to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool! but it hath not yet sufficiently fructified in thee to eradicate all the seeds of variety, indiscretion, and folly, from thy composition. In these our days, Holofernes would have felt no pride in his "little learning;" there would have been too many wearing the laced waistcoat besides himself. There is no danger now of a little learning fostering either pride or vanity; day by day we see elementary instruction, such as can be afforded even in the "Ragged Schools," softening, humanizing, and enlightening the very dregs of the community, bringing them nearer to the "proprieties" of life—sowing in them the good seed to fructify in due season. The "little learning" that has been spread abroad has done something towards striking down the pride of ignorance. Look abroad through the world, and you will find that it is ignorance that is self-willed, opinionated, assuming, prejudiced, fancying that it knows and understands every thing; while knowledge is modest, unassuming, patient, inquiring; aware of its own deficiencies, of how much it has yet to learn; and anxious to seek and derive instruction from every source—

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

If, then, we would increase the knowledge of the world, we must blot out this fallacy from our list of proverbs, and exert ourselves to give a "little learning" to all, in the full and confident hope that many will strive to make that little much; and that even those who rest contented with the little, are better than when they possess none. It is in vain now for the pride of scholarship to sneer at a "little learning;" to throw obstacles in the way of its acquirement; to speak more for "barbarism" than for that angel, knowledge;—the fiat has gone forth:

"The dawn of mind, which upwards on a pinion  
Borne, swift as sunrise, far illumines space,  
And clasps this barren world in its own bright embrace."

This dawn of mind has already shed its beneficent light over this land, we feel its influence through all grades of society; we feel it in increased morality—in the diminution of sensuality—in the love of order—in wide-spread benevolence and kindly feeling; it must be the object of us all to guide the dawning to a brilliant noon. And many are the helps to this great work. Men are beginning to understand that learning, like the diamond, doubles in value with every carat that is added to its weight: that the infor-

mation we gain from one source, we immediately apply to the next subject of our inquiry, which renders that more easy of acquirement, and increases pleasure and advantage as we follow the pursuit. The conqueror of old, when he had reached the height of power, wept that no more worlds were left to conquer. But we, beginning with a "little learning," find new worlds opening and expanding before us in whatever direction we turn our gaze: here "Alps arise;" and however high we may rise, new wonders—new thoughts are presented to us, until at length our only grief will be not that no more worlds are left to conquer, but that we have not time, and life, and mind, sufficient to understand and comprehend them all. O, vain pride of man, that stigmatises a "little learning" as dangerous! What are the greatest attainments ever reached by man, more than a "little learning"—a drop in the great ocean of knowledge?

## A MEXICAN STRATAGEM.

A LADY of fortune, in the city of Mexico, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a small sum of money.

Don —, being her friend, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. He agreed, and the bargain was concluded without any written document, the lady depositing her jewels, and receiving the sum.

At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her friend's house to repay the money and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to the astonished lady that as to the jewels, he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place.

The senora, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the vice-king, hoping for justice from this western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained. She was instantly received by Count Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances.

"Had you no witness?" said the Count. "None," replied she.

"Did no servants pass in or out during the transaction?" "Not one."

The viceroy reflected a moment. "Does your friend smoke?"

"No, sir," said the lady, astonished at this strange question.

"Does he take snuff?" asked the viceroy. "Yes, your excellency," said his visitor, who feared that his excellency's wife were wool-gathering.

"That is sufficient," said the viceroy; "retire into the adjoining chamber and keep quiet: your jewels shall be restored."

His excellency then despatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself.

"I have sent for you," said the viceroy, "that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the State."

The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy; while the viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profession.

Suddenly the viceroy put his hand, first into one pocket, then into the other, with the air of a man who had mislaid something. "Ah," said he, "my snuff-box! Excuse me for a moment while I fetch it from the next room."

"Sir," said the merchant, "permit me to have the honour of offering my box to your excellency." His excellency received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till, pretending some business, he went out; and calling an officer, desired him to take that snuff-box to the merchant's house, asking his wife, as from him, by that token to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there.

The viceroy returned to the apartment and remained in conversation with his guest until the officer returned, and delivered to him a jewel-case which he had received from the merchant's wife.

Revillagigedo then returned to his fair complainant, and under the pretence of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where, among many objects of value, the jewel-case stood open.

No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it, than she started forward in joy and amazement. The viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest.

"Now," said he, "before going further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Senorita de —?" "Intimately, sir; she is my friend."

"Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a date?" "I did."

"Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?" "Never!" said the merchant, vehemently. "The money was lent without any security; merely an act of friendship; and she has invented a story concerning some jewels which has not the slightest foundation."

In vain the viceroy begged him to reflect, and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant persisted in his denial.

The viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel-case in his hand; at which unexpected apparition, the astonished merchant changed colour, and entirely lost his presence of mind.

The viceroy ordered him from his presence, with a severe rebuke for falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him, the next morning, eight hundred dollars with five hundred more; which he did, and which were the viceroy's orders, distributed among the hospitals. His excellency gave a severe reprimand to the lady, for having made a bargain without writing.



## ONWARD!

**EXTINCTION OF VESUVIUS.**—In this age of "onward" nothing appears to be impossible. A project has been started to extinguish the fire of Vesuvius, which for thousands of years has spread terror and destruction among the inhabitants of the Stollan coast. The depths of the crater of Mount Vesuvius extend, it is known, several thousand feet beneath the surface of the sea. By means of a canal it is proposed to convey the waters of the Mediterranean into the heart of the fiery furnace. Mr. MacLaughlin, who has greatly interested himself in this scheme, goes so far as to detail the expenses of such an undertaking, which he estimates at two millions of piastres, an outlay that will be more than redeemed by the increased value of the land in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius. What a chance for Herculaneum and Pompeii if such a project had been conceived two thousand years sooner!

**PROPOSED JUNCTION OF RAILROADS IN THE CITY.**—With regard to Mr. Charles Pearson's scheme for effecting a junction between the centre of the City, and the several railways north of the Thames, plans have been deposited preparatory to an application to Parliament for powers. The projector has drawn a very striking, we may say astounding, picture of London City, with its coal trade, corn trade, banks, Stock Exchange, markets, India House, and other immense establishments, and showed the enormous interests centered in the 620 acres which form it, and contain a fixed property, the assessable value of which is a million and a quarter per annum. The worth of the moveable property he has called a hundred millions. The course of the proposed lines of railway to be constructed in a subway beneath a street 100 feet wide (less straight than is desirable) from Farringdon Street to King's Cross, with branch lines to passenger-stations, passing under Holborn Hill and Skinner Street.—*Builder*.

**FLOATING PALACE OF ENTERTAINMENT.**—The flying machines of Paris, its hippodromes and balloons; the largest ship in the world, advertised as now building in England, are nothing compared with the following. The Cincinnati *Register* says of a marine monster about to be constructed there:—"Dr. Spalding, the circus king, has been in town several days, closeted with architects and ship-builders, projecting an enterprise compared with which all other show projects are literally nothing. He has the drawings and working plans for a monster floating palace, for the construction of which he is getting estimates, 400 feet long and 60 feet beam, with luxurious accommodations for 4,000 spectators. The interior is to be an amphitheatre, much more capacious and costly than any theatre in the country; with cushioned and arm-chairs, dress circle, parquet and gallery, saloons, promenades, and with drawing-rooms, stage, drops, and scenery, well ventilated and lighted, with facilities for speedy ingress and egress, lighted with gas and Bengal lights, and every modern and elegant improvement. The exterior of this leviathan of the deep is to be like nothing in 'the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth.' An agent proceeded to Europe in the last steamer to procure rare novelties for this sumptuous place of entertainment—from Asia and Africa, wild animals from their native wilds; from France, equestrians and ballet girls; from England, acrobats and actors; and from home, some of those ingenious artists who would acquire no additional lustre from transatlantic endorsement. The 'Water Mountain' is to be towed by two steam tenders to the various towns upon the Mississippi and its tributaries in summer, and be moored at the levee in New Orleans in the winter. It is estimated to cost 40,000 dollars, and will be completed next spring, although Dr. S. has offered a large bonus to have it completed in time for this winter's campaign."

**PACIFIC RAILROAD.**—Mr. Whitney says we shall cross from the Atlantic to the Pacific in *five days* and for *forty dollars*. He relates some interesting things in his report made to the Geographical Society. We copy a passage or two:—"He had divided the world into three parts; Europe and Africa being one division, Asia a second, and America the third; the last being the centre of all, not only in a geographical sense, but commercially and politically the centre of the world. And as the great bulk of the population of the earth is north of the tropics, the North American Continent must become the axis upon which the commercial and political world must, for all time to come, move and revolve. In Europe, where civilisation and the arts have reached the highest point, we see the most misery—the few enjoying prodigal luxury, and the masses famishing in want. In China there is a greater amount of human misery. There, human life is purposely destroyed, because the population is so dense that the earth does not yield support for all. Between these two over-peopled points lies the American Continent, with soils and climates adapted to the wants of all portions of the human race, divided by a lofty mountain range into two great parts—the Atlantic and the Pacific slopes, as it were—for the especial accommodation of the Europeans on the one side, and the Asiatics on the other. . . . Mr. W. has sketched briefly the plan which he had laid before Congress for the construction of this great road—a plan which is by this time too well known to need repeating in our columns. He contended that the people could do nothing if he should go forward no more than fifty miles with the road, since even these fifty miles would add immensely to the value of the land upon its borders. In case the work should go on, it would furnish employment to thousands of those who are now in indigence; attract to comfortable homes the squallid population of eastern cities; enhance the value of the public domain immensely; pay into the treasury directly millions of dollars; create a mercantile marine on the Pacific; distribute more equally the population of the globe; unite more firmly the various sections of our union; and harmonise, civilise, and Christianise the world together.—*American Paper*."

## STATISTICS.

**POPULATION OF EUROPEAN CAPITALS.**—The capital of Great Britain has a population estimated at 2,000,000 of souls, exclusive of strangers. The population of Paris now exceeds 1,000,000; the population of Vienna is 330,000 souls; Berlin, 366,000; and St. Petersburg, 476,000.

**CHINESE WORSHIP.**—In China there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius alone. The offerings brought to the shrine during the spring and autumn give rise to the consumption of 17,000 hogs, 2,800 sheep, 2,800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits, besides the use of an equal number of pieces of silk.

**THE COAL FIELDS OF LANCASHIRE.**—It has been calculated that the available coal-beds of Lancashire amount in weight to the enormous sum of 8,400,000,000 tons. The total annual consumption of this coal, it has been estimated, amounts to 3,400,120 tons. Hence it is inferred that the coal-fields of Lancashire, at the present rate of consumption, will last 2,470 years.

**SPECULATION HALF A CENTURY AGO.**—In August, 1792, England was in a ferment, created by a speculation in canals, which were projected, and incredible sums subscribed, chiefly in the midland counties. On the 18th of August, 1792, there appeared in the *Gazette* 19 different notices of intended applications to Parliament respecting internal navigation. The following were current premiums on single shares in those canals for which acts of parliament had been obtained:—Birmingham and Fazeley, £1,170; Stourbridge, £350; Melton, £56; Grand Trunk, £350; Leicester, £156; Worcester, £350.

**IVORY.**—At the quarterly meeting of the Geological and Polytechnic Society of the West Riding of Yorkshire, held in the Guildhall, in Doncaster, Mr. Dalton, of Sheffield, read a paper on "Ivory as an Article of Manufacture," in which he stated, that a few years ago, the value of the annual consumption in Sheffield was about £30,000, and about five hundred persons were employed in working it up for trade. The number of tusks to make up the weight consumed in Sheffield—about 180 tons—was 45,000. According to this, the number of elephants killed every year was 22,500; but supposing that some tusks were cast and some animals died, it might be fairly estimated that 18,000 were killed for the purpose.

**STATISTICS OF THE JEWS.**—An official publication informs us that there are hardly more than from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 Jews in the whole world; whereas Buddhism numbers 400,000,000 adepts; Brahminism, 200,000,000; Christianity, 230,000,000 to 250,000,000; Mahometanism, from 130,000,000 to 150,000,000; and Fetishism (or pure idolatry), from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000. The 5,000,000 Jews are thus distributed:—There are some 600,000 in Syria and Asiatic Turkey; 250,000 in European Turkey; 600,000 in Morocco and North Africa; 50,000 to 80,000 in Eastern Asia; 100,000 in America; and about 200,000 in Europe—viz., 13,000 in England; 1,594 in Belgium; 850 in Sweden and Norway; 6,000 in Denmark; 70,000 in France; 52,000 in the Low Countries; 1,120,000 in Russia (more than one-fifth of the entire race); 631,000 in Austria and its dependencies; 214,431 in Prussia; 175,000 in the German States; and 4,000 in Italy.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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PICTORIAL CHARADE—Thousand.

ENIGMAS.

1. THE MOON.—1. Appears, disappears, re-appears. 2. Influences the human mind.—Lunatics generally affected at the changes.
2. Mat-a-pan (Cape Matapan).
3. Elf-even (Kleven).
4. End-less (Endless).
5. Cap-a-city (Capacity).
6. Pun-ch (Punch).
- 7.—1. From a B or take two, add nothing, (O.)
2. Then X.
3. A-bud in your garden.... Box.
4. At the theatre..... Box.
5. Dressing..... Box.
- 8.—1. A PEN I must say is of very great use;  
To men of all ranks; ay, even to a goose.  
Poor half-starved authors, their value much feel,  
Whether pluck'd from a goose, or made up of hard steel;  
And like horses, they drive them till ready to drop,  
Without knowing how to go on or to stop.  
"To proceed thus," says one, "you'll be no great winner!"  
"Should I stop short," asks scribe, "who'll give me a dinner?  
I every day should get thinner and thinner.  
So drive on I must, as long as I'm able,  
And when I have done I may sit down to table;  
And let my pen rest, as well as myself,  
For helping to furnish my larder and shelf."
9. What pencil ever sketch'd a lass,  
So truly as her looking-glass?
10. "Mur-mur."—Hum-rum,  
Tut-tut again to mur-mur.

A man of wisdom is a sage,

1. A simpleton, a fool.
2. An Octagon, a figure formed by rule.
3. Love is the source of happiness or woe;
4. The negative reversed is not;
5. Nothing will flourish, we find,  
With the best talent to our mind,  
And these initials soon will show,  
The man of worth we wish to know,  
Solon.

# THE LONDON ENIGMA.

Once on a time—no matter when or where—

There lived a seer,  
Who thus of modern Babylon foretold  
The wondrous things its boundary should hold—

- 1 A street whose name should a swiftness be,  
Since either side would yield a princely property;
- 2 Another street, with outlet at its end,  
Whose names may prove to watchful minds a friend,  
Since they'll suggest that those who live too fast,  
Shall wear the chains of poverty at last;
- 3 A place where pious souls may fly to pray;
- 4 Another place where they may rightly stay;
- 5 A street where men may seek to renovate their souls;
- 6 Another street that travels round the poles;
- 7 Another that a hungry man may eat,  
Or tread the staff of life beneath his feet;
- 8 Another that may form a scolding talk  
For those who bear their cups of water mix'd with chalk.
- 9 A place the weary traveller might see when he sees,  
And no wire Cookney sportsman find both game and treat.
- 10 A street which says that Henry did a wondrous deed;
- 11 And one which fired, might make a soldier bleed;
- 12 A place where men with crooked legs may go  
And one who says "Bloomers" ne'er should be allowed to show.
- 13 A place for those who dread the ill of alcohol
- 14 Another where hydropathists should often call.
- 15 Another where a famine ne'er can be
- 16 And one where there's a likelihood a coloured man to see
- 17 A place where King Alfred might have toiled,  
When Cæsar Danes his kingly rule deploiled.
- 18 A street that should belong unto a miller's man;
- 19 And one from which the frightened oft have ran.
- 20 One that may stand upon a bishop's head
- 21 A place where any nun may lie when dead
- 22 One that reminds us of the Hunter's fall,
- 23 When jumping over another dog's and all!
- 24 Places where holy Friars may be sought,
- 25 And one where coffin'd bodies may be brought,
- 26 One where the miller's man should always live;
- 27 One where unto travellers the road will joinings give
- 28 A gate that for another should be changed
- 29 And one where useless things should be arranged
- 30 A place whereto a piece of clay will go  
And one where men will straw abundant throw  
But straw or lay this clay will ne'er make a 'brick,'  
But from the brewing storm will cut his stick.  
And fly to his country to feel the bar  
Which free men give to the atrocities of war
- 31 A lane which seems to a traveller to impede,  
And one that tells him how he may proceed
- 32 A place beneath the sun a perfect bore  
And something like it though not so viewed before
- 33 A place that neath the sun would melt away
- 34 A street where many old men's hopes to stray
- 35 A square that is a quest onable name
- 36 And one reminding us of spinsters' shame
- 37 A sea from whence you may your Christmas puddings make,
- 38 A place whence you your Christmas log may take
- 39 A corner where a poet may be found  
To sing the joys that in his day abound

Thus spoke the Seer! Ye men of London show  
How many of these prophecies ye know  
Have come to pass Quick to your firebrands run,  
Read the Enigma and make known its fun  
Nor give it up until its myths unfold,  
To set sweet smiles upon the lips of young and old

[Continued in No 10]

## THE AMOUR.

Mr. First was one of high degree  
So thought he  
He fell in love with the Lady Blank  
With her eyes so bright and form so lank  
She was quite a beauty to his mind  
And had two little pages tripping behind

But the Lady Blank was already wed  
And was sad  
Till her lord had many a jealous shriek  
So he kept her in with his wonderful  
lock  
My second hung laughing by his side,  
With two little chains by which 'twas tied

The lady unto her lover spoke—  
(A capital joke)  
If you can pick the terrible lock  
I'll let you in at my chamber door  
I'll open my door in a twinkling  
And you shall behold my two little  
eyes

Said the nobleman of high degree  
I see—me—see!  
I know none so clever at these little jobs  
As the Yankee mechanic John Hobbs  
John Hobbs  
I'll send for him and he shall do it  
In two little nuts the door to you

At night John Hobbs he went to work  
And with a jerk

He picked back the lock and called to my first  
I set it in the second ward but he—  
With my first with delight he opened the door  
There came from within a satirical roar  
For the first and my whole stood face to face  
A queer looking pair in a queer looking place

[Continued in No 10]

## THE REMARKABLE ADVENTURES OF BARON BRAG—AN UNNATURAL HISTORY FOUNDED UPON NATURAL HISTORY.

(Given up by Us, because the Baron has gone down)



Confident in his invulnerability, the Baron continues his practical jokes with the lion!



Which the lion feeling to be no joke at all, becomes wild with rage, and opens his mouth to its utmost capacity!



The lion seizes a favourable opportunity of repaying his foe, and the beholder now witnesses—  
THE END OF THE BARON!

MONDAY.—All gentlemen who, like the Baron, may be disposed to brag, are hereby warned that although for a time their vain pretences may go down with the English lion, they will themselves eventually go down at last.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

**CURIOSITY**—A feather from the bed of the Mississippi!

**WHAT flower** most resembles a bull's mouth? A cowslip.

**THE** labouring man in the present age, if he does but read, has more helps to wisdom than Solomon had.

**MAN** wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

**SOMEBODY** asks,—What is more sole-harrowing than pegs in one's boots which tear one's stockings?

**THE** religion of Christ is peace and good-will; the religion of Christendom is war and ill-will.

**GENIUS** lights its own fire, but it is constantly collecting materials to keep alive the flame.

**IF** some men died, and others did not, death would indeed be a most mortifying evil.—*Brugere*

**WE** hope to grow old, and yet we fear old age—that is, we are willing to live, and afraid to die.—*Brugere*.

**A TAILOR** in Broadway has a bill in his window like this "Wanted, several thin coat-makers." This is a fine chance for spare tailors.

### DELAY

'Full many a day for ever is lost

By delaying its work till to-morrow,

The minutes of cloth have often cost

Long years of bootless sorrow

**THE** best bank ever known is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labour, and the best share is the plough share, on which dividends are always liberal.

**IF** you would relish your food heartily labour to obtain it. If you would enjoy your raiment thoroughly, pay for it before you put it on. If you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

**IF** a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Storrs*

**DURING** the war, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for a century."

**DEAL** gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother!

**"WHAT'S** your name?" said an officer to a young coloured lad who was on board the receiving ship—"What's your name?" "Wallaboght Bay sir." "Where were you born?" "Wasn't I born at all sir." "Wasn't I born at all?" "No sir, was washed ashore in a storm."

**THE** length of the shelves in the new portion of the British Museum is eight miles—those in the library of Munich, fifteen miles—and those in the King's Library in Paris, twenty miles. The first contains 269,000 volumes, the second, 500,000; and the third, 650,000.

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,

Which we ascribe to heaven—the fated sky

Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull

Our slow designs where we ourselves are dull.—*Shakespeare*

**A PERSON** was holding forth, and gratifying his audience with his notions of liberty and equality. "Is not one man as good as another?" he exclaimed, coming to a point, and "pausing for a reply as the saying is—" "Ay, coorse he is," shouted an excited Irishman, "and bether!"

**POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES**—The scorn produces the oak, but the earth, in some portions of its soil, furnishes *oaks*.—A person secretly watching the movements of an enemy is a *spy*, but the little insect which constructs cobwebs is a *spider*. The most expressive language of love is a *spig*, but the expressive juice of apples is *cider*.

**POPE, 4TH EDITION**—The *Richmond Whig* says, it will publish original poetry in the *Review*. We have received a few choice specimens of the *Review*, which we should be pleased to dispose of to the *Review*. And if the supply should not be equal to the demand, we can furnish any quantity, to make up the deficiency.

**THE** shopkeeper in the High street of Auld Scotch (Edinburgh), was exhibiting one day of a book which a very erudite doctor had published. "It's a bad one," said he. "How?" said his friend. "I thought Dr. Findlay had been a worthy, good man." "It's the worst book I ken," said the shopkeeper, "it's ower big for a pennyworth o' stuff, and it's no big enough for three bawbees' worth!"

**A WANKER** has just invented a method to catch rats. "He says," "Lodge your bed in a room much infested by these animals, and on retiring, put out a light. Then strow over your pillow some strong-smelling cheese, three or four red herrings, some barley meal or new malt, and a sprinkling of dried codfish. Keep awake till you find the rats at work, then make a grab."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

*Rules of Living—Adapted from the German of A. Von Platen.*

(Continued from page 126)

26 Be prepared for the worst. Never let your sorrows get the mastery over you; conceal them always. Those things, says La Bruyère, which are most wished for, do not happen, or if they happen, it is not at the time and in the circumstances when they would have given the greatest pleasure.

27 Be always frank and true, and spurn every sort of affectation and disguise. Have the courage to confess your ignorance and awkwardness. Confide in your faults and follies to but few.

28 Observe, hear, and be silent. Judge little, imagine much.

29 Be not deterred by unfavourable appearances, provided your intentions are good. Be not too proud to dissipate a prejudice that happens to attach to you, whenever it lies in your power. If it does not, entrench yourself within your virtue, as Horace says.

30 When low-spirited, remain rather alone. In company be as cheerful as possible. It is incredible to what an extent a gloomy and surly deportment can disfigure—how prepossessing cheerfulness is.

31 When you are in ill humour, ask yourself seriously. What is the cause of my vexation? May it not be dispelled? What shall I do? In most cases an earnest effort will be successful.

32 Be punctual. Admit no disorder in your effects and papers. Look over the latter from time to time, destroying those that are useless.

33 Appear rather too liberal than too economical, but never lavish. Economize in little things. Learn self-denial.

34 In a strait betwixt truth and falsehood, decide unhesitatingly for the truth. Candour is always essential.

35 Be strictly on your guard against the risings of anger. Never vent your displeasure against those who cannot or dare not retort.

36 Restrain your self will. An opportunity will not be wanting for exhibiting your firmness. Banish obstinacy, however.

37 Let your repentance be a lively will a firm resolution. Complaints and mourning over past errors avail nothing, without a determination to amend them.

38 When you wake in the morning, think over the day. Endeavour to look at the bright side, though unpleasant business lies before you.

39 Keep a journal. The utility of it is manifold, as is also the pleasure. Make it, however, a point of duty to be rigidly candid. Let it not be to you merely a remembrancer but a means of self knowledge.

40 Preserve purity of mind under all circumstances. Guard against the follies of love. Allow due importance to first impressions, but do not let yourself be carried away by them. Study physiognomy in different persons, but not in those for whom you begin to feel affection, for in that case it will assuredly mislead you. Shun all self-deception. Accustom yourself to esteem only inward and acknowledge worth, and to regard exterior rather as a snare for your fier judgment. Do not delude yourself by fine-sounding words by self-created idols.

41 It is particularly necessary that you should be master of your thoughts. Difficult as it may be not to indulge one's darling ideas, be determined nevertheless to strive against them. Should they intrude themselves during your walks, take a book with you and read with attention. But read something that will change the tone of your mind, not Pastor Fido, which would only make it worse.

42 Attend scrupulously to the duties which your situation imposes on you.

43 Take a benevolent interest in all that concerns humanity and its progress as well as the welfare of individuals. Be sensible to the claims of all.

44 Let the judgment of the multitude make you reflect, but never despair.

45 Do not imagine that every person who lays claim to your sympathy at the first moment, is made to be your friend, for experience contradicts it.

46 Be the more confiding with your known friends. Do everything for them that lies in your power. For Pope was right in saying, that when we suspect what others feel and think, our joys are mean and false. Let no threats, no fate, induce you to forsake your friends.

47 Trust them, for without confidence never do two human beings get near to each other. On the other hand keep sacred not only every secret confided in you, but also every word not proper for all to hear.

48 Never read other people's papers, letters, or journals, that happen to be in your way.

49 See your friends neither too often nor too seldom.

50 Promise little, particularly in public life, but keep your promises in spite of all hindrances. Do not place reliance in the promises of those whom you do not well know.

51 Better trust too much than mistrust. Believe not with La Rochefoucault and his followers, that all men and all their words and actions are regulated simply by their interest, if indeed you deem yourself capable of a disinterested action.

52 Epistolary correspondence is pleasant as it is profitable, but do not extend it so far as to make it burdensome.

53 Be more polite to inferiors than superiors.



# TUTOR'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR

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# HOME COMPANION

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 12.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1851

## WOMAN'S HEART.

What is woman's heart? A thing  
Whose all the deepest feelings spring;  
A heart, whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch in harmony  
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the colour of dreams of thought;  
A heart that still will blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love

What is its love? A ceaseless strife,  
A changeless stir, and restless dream;  
A smiling fever that will not die—  
A mystery and a mystery—  
Its storm as light as April showers,  
Its joy as bright as April flowers,  
Its hope as sweet as summer air,  
And dark as winter's deepest despair

What are its hopes? Rainbows that throw  
A radiant light where'er they go,  
Smiling when heaven is overcast,  
Yet melting into storms at last  
Bright clouds, that come with siren words,  
Beguiling it, like summer birds,  
That stay while nature pines their blooms,  
But flee away when winter comes

What is its hate? A passing frown,  
A single word mid blossoms sown,  
That cannot flourish there for long.  
An harsh note in an angel's song;  
A summer cloud, that all the while  
Is laden with a summer's smile,  
A passion that scarce hath a hint  
To lead the game of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep  
Fever that leaves no tears to weep,  
A web that works its silent power,  
As easter-worms beneath a flower;  
A viper that shows no sign of life,  
Until the heart has preyed on life;  
A dark, cold, and a cold of light  
And a cold of light in darkest night

Then what is woman's heart? A thing  
Whose all the deepest feelings spring,  
A heart, whose tender chords reply  
Unto the touch in harmony  
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught  
With all the colour of dreams of thought;  
A heart that still will blindly move  
Upon the treacherous seas of love

M A B

## THE FOUR LACE DEALERS.

M. Brisson, my employer, was an extensive lace merchant of Lyons. His establishment was the largest of its kind in France. His correspondents were scattered all over the Continent, but his principal agents were at Paris, which was at that time in a state of agitation and terror, consequent upon that daring act of the Convention—the decapitation, by the axe of the guillotine, of “the Austrian woman,” that is to say, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France.

M. Brisson was in a state of feverish excitement. His large establishment presented the melancholy picture of a host of workmen and machinery, and an empty treasury. Worse than this, bills were rapidly falling due, and unless he received remittances from his Paris agents, who were very heavily in his debt, there was nothing to save him from that ultimatum, whose bare name is so appalling to the ear and mind of all honest tradesmen—bankruptcy.

In this condition of his affairs, M. Brisson came to me and said—

“François, you are my confidential clerk, and consequently understand my position without my telling it to you.”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“It is in your power, François, my friend, to save me. Will you do it?”

“How could you ask such a question, Monsieur, when you know I am devoted to you? Explain to me how I can assist you, or take you out of this extremity, and you may rely upon me.”

“I understand you, my good François; for your nature is noble, your mind clear, your hand firm, and your heart brave. Therefore it is that I have selected you, in this perilous state of my affairs, to rescue me from annihilation—to save me from ruin. You keep the books, and consequently understand the delicacy of my position; you know that I have a large number of heavy bills to pay within the next thirty days, and that to pay them I have scarcely a shilling on hand or in expectation; you know that my Paris correspondents, who are deeply in my debt, and whom I have given on repeatedly without receiving any replies, are all gone; you know that all my hopes, my credit, my life, my reputation, hang on the Paris agents, and that, unless I hear from them speedily, I am ruined—lost.”

“Yes, Monsieur, I know all that.”

“And therefore,” said I, seeing that he paused, “if you will permit me, I will go to Paris, see those men, obtain what I can from them, then return in the morning and deliver it to you.”

“That is what I should, but had not the heart to ask of you; for it is at the risk of your life and health now. The capital is mad with blood; terror

is everywhere; the streets are guarded by Robespierre's soldiers, and the walls are covered with the names of the guillotined. To enter the place is comparatively easy; to emerge is impossible.”

“But you must go,” said he, half of whose face on the other side was pale and shivering; “for every man is either an assassin or a victim.”

“My dear Monsieur.”

“If you enter Paris, spies will hang upon your heels; if you engage them, would at once denounce you, and if they off you, till they had seen your head upon the block, and the guillotine neck.”

“I know it; and yet to save you—yes, you who have ever been my factor and a father, I will incur this peril, which in my eyes is not the danger of your bankruptcy—your ruin!”

M. Brisson's eyes were humid; his whole frame trembled with emotion. He threw his arms around me.

“I have an only child,” he exclaimed, “my daughter, my François, know that your heart has long worshipped her in secret. Return to her, and, whether you succeed or fail, she is yours!”

I could only return the pressure of his hand.

Two hours afterward, a passport was in my hand, and myself on my way to Paris.

In two days I was in the metropolis. I had ridden so hard that my horse dying upon the road, within a mile or two of the walls, I had my passport to an officer at the gate, and was at once admitted.

Paris presented a frightful picture. “Everybody was in the streets, presented the appearance of a gaily day. Men and women mingled indiscriminately together in crowds, dressed in the most brilliant costumes. Here was a group, chanting a hymn of rejoicing at the news of a victory of the army; there a crowd, listening to an orator who was extolling the virtues of Robespierre, “the incorruptible,” and denouncing the crimes of his enemies; at another point was a concourse following a cart, which was conveying a number of victims to the Place de la Revolution, where, on the scaffold, the drop, and the axe—the guillotine; look where you would, noisy, heterogeneous mass met your eye, wild with excitement, and filled with blasphemy and meaningless joy.

After some difficulty I procured lodgings, which I at once took possession of, as there was no telling, in the disordered state of society, how long I should be compelled to stay in the city, or what difficulties I should have to encounter and overcome ere I could return to Lyons.

I opened a private memorandum book that I had brought with me, and found the following—

M. Roignol, Rue Vivienne...	£2,000
M. Berthier, Rue de l'Étang...	3,000
M. Tonnerre, Rue St. Denis...	2,000
M. Malhouet, Rue Rachelieu...	2,000

£15,000

So that my first business was to call on M. Roignol, who was indebted to my employer in the sum of £2,000.

I proceeded to the Rue Vivienne, and after some difficulty, as I was a stranger in the city—discovered the establishment of the lace dealer. The windows were closed, the doors locked, and the shop appeared abandoned.

I was alarmed if Roignol were lost, or dead—if he were, I was not sufficient to pay my employer's claim, there was nothing to save me from bankruptcy; for it required every pound of the above, and some thousand pounds to enable him to meet his obligations.

I at once knocked at a side-door leading to the upper stories, and presented himself.

“Monsieur,” said I to him, “why is the establishment of M. Roignol, the lace dealer, closed?”

The man looked at me in surprise.  
“Monsieur is a stranger here,” he said, slowly, “but he is a man of respect.”

“You have guessed correctly.”

“Ah! then you had better apply to the prefect of police.”

“M. Roignol has been arrested then?”

“Yes, Monsieur.”

“For what?”

“Monsieur had better ask that question of the prefect of police.

I was more and more alarmed.

“Another word,” said I, seeing that the porter was about to retire.

“With pleasure, Monsieur.”

“When was M. Roignol arrested?”

“Yesterday.”

“Thank you.”

“Monsieur is very welcome,” replied the porter, as he closed the door.

I then proceeded out to me the direction of the prefect of police.

While passing down the Rue Vivienne, I noticed a gentleman



distance a-head, whose slight, noiseless step, and quiet, thoughtful appearance could not fail to command attention. His figure was small, his face pale, almost to lividness, his features sharp, and his keen, restless eyes of a deep, glittering blue. He was dressed in a dark suit, and wore a round hat with a broad rim, which was thrown so far back on his head that it exposed a small forehead projecting well forward over his temples. The expression of his face was that of a man born at byrigs and meditations. A sinuous line about his small, bloodless lips, warned the spectator that he was in the presence of a man of great intellectual power.

While examining this strange face, the sudden and quick trampling of hoofs upon the pavement caused me to look around, and I beheld a horse who had evidently thrown his rider, dashing wildly down the street, and, to my great horror, making directly toward the personage I have just described.

"Monsieur," I cried, "look out—you will be killed!"

The stranger raised his thoughtful eyes, and evidently still under the influence of his reverie, fixed them half consciously upon me.

Seeing that he was not aware of his danger, I sprang forward, seized him around the waist, and at one bound was in the middle of the highway.

The horse, at almost the same moment, dashed in his wild flight right over the spot, and, speeding down the street, was out of sight in an instant.

A moment later, and the stranger would have been knocked down, crushed, and in all probability slain by the affrighted animal.

The shock I had given him recalled the gentleman to self-possession, and wheeling round and catching a momentary glimpse of the flying steed, he saw in an instant the peril he had so fortunately escaped. As his mind took in the extent of the danger, he turned his eyes, humid with emotion, upon me, and exclaimed:—

"Monsieur, you have saved me! How can I repay you?"

"Name it not," I answered, desirous of avoiding thanks for so trifling a service. "I only performed a duty that I owed to humanity. It is sufficient for me that you are safe."

"Nay, Monsieur," said the stranger, "it is a life I owe you. Ha! what do I say—a life—I owe you ten, twenty, ay, a hundred lives, each one of which is priceless, because it is a life—that is to say, a soul, formed by God's own hands, and therefore more priceless than all the riches of the world. And it is a hundred of such jewels that I owe you from this hour, for having rescued me from the wretched and ignoble death to which you mid animal was so near consigning me!"

I looked at him in astonishment. "Who is this man?" thought I.

"In the hour of danger—in the hour of your greatest peril," continued the stranger, taking my hand and pressing it, "call on me, and I will prove to you—whatever the world may say to the contrary—that this breast contains a heart overflowing with gratitude!"

So saying, he lifted his hat and made me a profound bow; then turning on his heel, he resumed his quiet, noiseless step, bent his head as before in thought, and so passed on till he reached the next corner, around which he disappeared.

I looked after him till he had vanished, and then resumed my walk, wondering who this man could be whose life I had, in all probability, been the humble instrument of saving.

I reached in due time the office of the prefect of police, and was shown at once into the private room of that functionary, who sat writing at a small desk before a window, shaded by a crimson curtain, through which the sunlight penetrated, casting a soft, vermillion tint upon every object within the chamber.

"Your wish?" said the prefect—a tall, stout man of about fifty years, turning a pair of fierce eyes and shaggy brows full upon me.

"I desire, Monsieur," I replied, "to learn the whereabouts of a certain M. Rosignol."

"A lace merchant?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"He is in the dungeons of the Conciergerie."

"For what crime, Monsieur?"

"Treason."

"Can I see him, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

"At what hour?"

"Ten, A.M. At that hour he will, with his compeers in treason, leave the Conciergerie for the scaffold!"

At this brutal answer my heart sunk, and I was nigh falling. With an effort, however, I mastered my feelings, and left the prefect. Once in the open air, that confidence which had ever been my best and truest friend returned to me, and enabled me to think. The result of my reflections was, that it was necessary for me to see M. Rosignol at all hazards. To do this, it was necessary to get an order from one of the members of the Revolutionary Tribunal. I, therefore, resolved to wait upon one whose name and fame had spread all over France, and who was noted for his sympathy for the masses—Danton. I inquired his address, and posted at once to his house. The porter declined allowing me admittance; but a piece of gold at once removed his surliness, and served as a passport to the chamber of the patriot.

At a round table covered with books, papers, letters, and writing materials, I beheld a tall, stout man, with a bold, laughing eye, a pleasant countenance, and large light whiskers. I had heard his appearance described a thousand times, and at once recognised the bold and unscrupulous Danton.

"Who are you?" said he, in a rough voice; "and what do you want with me?"

"I am a Lyonese," I replied, "and have come to the great patriot of whom I have heard so much, and who is so popular in my own city, to ask a favour."

The flattery pleased him, and he was in a moment so polite. "So, they speak of me in Lyons, do they?" he said, with a smile of satisfied pride. "And how do they call me?"

"They speak of you as Danton, the Man of the People."

"Ha! they call me that!" And a smile of triumph gleamed in his large blue eyes. "The Man of the People! They but do me justice. I am of and for the people—that is to say, the many, the masses, and not the few. My heart, my sympathies, my feelings, are with the many, who suffer, and opposed to the few, who oppress. I am with the people, and against the aristocrats, who can exist only by riding over the heads of the people. The Lyonese but do me justice. Posterity also will do me justice, and France will do me justice, whatever they may say of me to-day; and future ages, in treating of my actions, will say with the Lyonese, 'He was, in truth, the Man of the People!' But what can I do for you? What is the favour you have come to ask of me?" he added, with an encouraging smile.

"I have a friend in the Conciergerie, whom it is a desire of my heart to see."

"You are young," he said, throwing a smiling glance at me. "This friend? is't a lady?"

"No, Monsieur, a gentleman."

"Ah!" he observed, coldly, seeing that he had overshot his mark. "His name?"

"M. Rosignol."

"A lace dealer?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The pleasant expression of his face passed away, and was replaced by a disagreeable frown at this answer.

"You should beware of such acquaintances," he said, somewhat sternly. "These lace dealers are aristocrats. Their very business depends upon the aristocracy for an existence!"

This staggered me. So sweeping an assertion, if it were generally entertained by the Revolutionary Tribunal, boded me no good. If his business as a lace merchant was the cause of M. Rosignol's arrest, why, then, M. Berthier, M. Tondère, and M. Malhouet, were doubtless all traitors, and in the dungeons of the Conciergerie as well!

"You do not reply?" said Danton, eyeing me menacingly.

"I saw in a moment the necessity of avoiding all argument with this vain, but powerful man. It was my policy to appeal to his vanity, which was so conspicuously great, and not to his reason, which was as correspondingly small."

"It would not be becoming, Monsieur, for a rude, untutored man like me to attempt to dispute a point with a mind so keen, subtle, and enlarged in its views as yours."

"Well, well," he cried, with a condescending smile, and evidently pleased with the flattery, "we will say no more about it. It is very evident you are no aristocrat, at all events."

"Who—I, Monsieur! Oh, I am, like you, of the people. The only difference between us is, that God made me a common man, and you a great one!"

"Enough!" he said, with an affectation of majesty and magnanimity; "you shall not go back to Lyons without having seen your friend. Danton will, at all times, stretch a point to serve one of the people."

As he spoke, he drew towards him a slip of paper, on which he hurriedly traced a few words, and then, with an assumed air of condescension, handed it to me.

It was an order to the governor of the Conciergerie, authorising him to allow me an interview with M. Rosignol.

As I stammered my thanks, Danton waved his hand for me to depart, and leaving him, I hurried at once to the prison, and was instantly admitted.

The order of Danton was enough to insure me the highest attention and respect, and a turnkey at once conducted me to a low dungeon, in which were seven persons. As the jailer opened the door, these men turned their eyes upon him with an eager, inquiring look.

The turnkey, familiar with such scenes, at once understood what they would ask him. He shook his head, saying—

"No, messieurs, I bring you not a reprieve—I bring you no intelligence.—I bring nothing but a visitor: a visitor to M. Rosignol."

The prisoners turned away their heads with a groan, and all but one dropped their heads on their bosoms in despair. That one I felt satisfied was M. Rosignol.

The turnkey now left the dungeon, saying:—

"When Monsieur wishes to retire, let him knock thrice, and I will open the door."

The next moment the door closed, the lock was turned, and I was alone with the prisoners.

A lamp, suspended by three chains, hung from the ceiling, and threw a dim light through the dungeon.

"Which is M. Rosignol?" I asked, somewhat timidly.

The man whom I had taken for him answered:—

"You are looking at him, Monsieur."

"It is well," I answered. "My name is François Dumouriez; I am confidential clerk to M. Brissot, of Lyons, in whose name I now speak to you." At mention of M. Brissot's name, three others of the prisoners raised their heads, and threw their eyes upon me.

"Say on, Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, in a tone of subdued grief. "I am listening."

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said I, "but before I speak further, I would ask a question."

"Ask it, Monsieur."

"Are you acquainted with M. Berthier, of the Rue de l'Étang?"

"Yes."

"With M. Tonnèrre, of the Rue St. Denis?"

"Yes."

"And with M. Malhouet, of the Rue Richelieu?"

"And with him."

At mention of these names, the three prisoners to whom I have alluded pricked up their ears, and looked at one another in surprise.

"And can you tell me, M. Rosignol, if those three gentlemen are, like you, in the Conciergerie?"

"They are!"

"I feared it!" I exclaimed. "And are they here?"

"They are," answered M. Rosignol. "Messieurs," he added, turning to the three prisoners, "permit me to introduce you to Monsieur Dumourier, confidential clerk to our correspondent at Lyons, M. Brissot."

I was thunderstruck.

The three gentlemen bowed to me with that grace and politeness which never desert Frenchmen under any circumstances.

"Gentlemen," said I, as I recovered my self-possession, "I will not address you individually. What I have to say had better, I think, be said to you generally, as all of you are interested."

They bowed, and I went on.

"Gentlemen, before I begin, permit me to make my apologies for speaking to you on such matters here, and in this unfortunate position. Blame not me, but the necessity which brings me here."

"Say on, Monsieur!" said they, in that peculiar tone which is never heard save from the lips of those whose ill-starred destinies have sentenced them to the lowest depths of human suffering.

"Gentlemen," I began, "when M. Brissot requested me to come to Paris and learn the cause of your silence, it was not here, it was not in the Conciergerie that he expected me to see—that I expected to meet you!"

The four lace dealers each gave a low groan, and cast their eyes, moist with mental agony, upon the floor.

"Gentlemen," said I, struggling to repress my feelings at their frightful position, "will you pardon me for, in obedience to the duty I owe my employer, intruding my presence on your sorrows here?"

They raised their eyes, and by their looks I saw that I was forgiven.

"Gentlemen," I continued, "let me tell you in one word the cause of my presence in Paris. M. Brissot is on the eve of bankruptcy; and unless he can get some money from you, who are heavily on his books, he is lost. Gentlemen, in one word, can you do anything to save him?"

"Monsieur," said M. Rosignol, "I am in debt to the worthy M. Brissot, whom I sincerely love and respect, in the sum of two thousand pounds. Were I free, I could and would cheerfully pay it. But I am a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at ten o'clock to-morrow!"

And he turned his head to the wall, murmuring, "My poor wife—my poor children—who will watch over ye now!"

I was like one who feels the ground giving way from under him.

"Monsieur," said M. Berthier, "I honestly owe the worthy man you represent three thousand pounds. Were I free, I could pay it in an hour. But I am a condemned man, and to-morrow, at ten o'clock, I am to die!"

And he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My wife—my poor, poor wife!"

I felt like a wretch on a wreck at sea, who sees, without the power of resistance, the waves wrenching his only support in pieces.

"Monsieur," said M. Tonnèrre, with an air of dignity, "I compassionate the troubles in which my friend and correspondent, M. Brissot, finds himself. I regret it the more, inasmuch as the large dealings between us leave me heavily in his debt. I owe him the sum of nine thousand pounds, which, large as it is, I could easily pay were I but one hour at liberty. But I am, as you see, a chained prisoner in the Conciergerie, and condemned to lose my head at the hour of ten to-morrow!"

And he turned away, exclaiming in accents of deep grief—"Oh, Emily—my only, my darling one—could I but see thee once more ere I die!"

As he concluded, I felt as if my blood had ceased to flow—as if my heart had ceased to beat.

"Monsieur," said Mr. Malhouet, "like my friends here—like every captive in this cell—I am a lost man, and doomed to lose my head at ten to-morrow. I am indebted to your worthy employer in the sum of three thousand pounds. Were I free, I could discharge the debt. I sympathize, like an honest tradesman, with M. Brissot in his troubles, and if at liberty would at once do my share, as a correspondent and friend, toward relieving him. But I am chained, imprisoned, helpless!"

And, like the others, he turned his face to the wall, murmuring—"My mother—my mother—who will preserve who will console thee, when I am gone!"

I could make no reply. The terrible intelligence they had given me—the frightful bearing it had on the position of my unfortunate benefactor and employer, had operated on me like a heavy blow. I felt confused, crushed, annihilated.

A messenger, to the door, gave the required signal, and, a few moments afterward was in the street, reeling like a drunkard.

I staggered to a coffee-house, called for a glass of brandy, drank it like so much water, and then, feeling still stupefied, hurried forth more like a lunatic than a sane man.

Men, women, and children stared at me as I passed by; but I cared neither for their smiles nor their jeers, but strode on, bold, savage, and defiant.

Suddenly, I found my progress arrested by two long pieces of steel, crossed against my breast. I looked up, and beheld two *gens d'armes*, with bayonets of their muskets pointed at me.

"Where is Monsieur going?" they demanded.

I made no reply, but gazed at them like one dreaming. I fell back a step or two from their guns, and found myself before the entrance of a large building.

"What place is this?" I asked of one of the *gens d'armes*.

"The Hotel de Ville," was the reply.

"Stand out of the way," he added, pushing me off with his bayonet; "make room for the Incorruptible!"

As the soldier spoke, there was a rattling of wheels upon the pavement, and a few moments afterward, a carriage drew up before the main entrance of the Hotel de Ville.

A short, slender gentleman, dressed in a suit of plain black, stepped from it, and was passing forward into the palace, when, as my eyes fell on him, all the blood in my body seemed mounting like hot lava to my head. In an instant every attribute of my nature, every sense of my intellect was alive. In the Incorruptible I had recognised the gentleman whose life I had saved in the morning!

An idea now flashed through my brain, and with it all my self-possession instantly returned.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked of one standing near me.

"The Incorruptible, Maximilien Robespierre!" was the reply.

"Thank you!" I replied. "And can one see him? Is he visible to strangers?"

"Of course," answered the man, shrugging his shoulders at my ignorance. "The people have the right to visit him at any hour. And why should they not? Though the Dictator of France, he is nothing more than the people's steward. He says so himself."

"Thank you!" I repeated. And breaking from the crowd, I hurried to my lodgings, and penned the following note:—

"M. ROBESPIERRE.—Fortunately for France, I was this morning the humble instrument of preserving your valuable life. Your noble nature prompted you to say, in consideration of that service, that you owed me a hundred souls in return. I therefore now ask of your gratitude not a hundred, but four lives, who are as precious to me as my own existence. The names of the four men whose lives I have the honour to ask at your hands are M. Rosignol, of the Rue Vivienne; M. Berthier, of the Rue de l'Étang; M. Tonnèrre, of the Rue St. Denis; and M. Malhouet, of the Rue Richelieu. These men are in cell No. 28 of the Conciergerie, and unless previously set at liberty, will perish at ten o'clock to-morrow. They are charged with being aristocrats. I will answer for them that the charge is without the slightest foundation. I ask their lives of you, for the one I saved to France this morning. FRANCIS DUMOURIER."

This missive I folded and sealed, and then it took to the Hotel de Ville. Seeing a letter in my hand, and therefore taking me for one of the countless spies of the Revolutionary Tribunal, the guards permitted me to pass, and, following the stream that preceded me, I soon found myself in the vast reception hall. It was filled with a motley crowd, and to reach Robespierre, who was sitting at a round table with a number of his colleagues, it was necessary to work my way gradually along the line of spectators facing the slight railing which divided the Tribunal from the auditors. This was in due time accomplished, and I had now to bide my time till the Dictator's eyes should, by some fortunate chance, meet mine.

I had not long to wait; my uplifted hand, holding the letter, attracted the attention of the President of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and his glance, falling from the letter to the hand, and from that to the face of the person owning it, settled at length on me, and in an instant he was on his feet.

"Approach!" he said.

The crowd around me at once gave way, and an officer conducted me to the Dictator.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a loud voice, taking me by the hand, and turning to his colleagues, "permit me to introduce to you the hero of whom I have already spoken—the instrument, under God, of saving my poor life!"

The members rose and crowded around me, and at the same instant the vast crowd in the hall thundered forth—

"Gratitude to the preserver of our Dictator!"

And for a few moments the hall rang with a din so deafening that it almost bewildered me.

"You have a petition," said Robespierre, waving his hand to command silence, and then resuming his seat; "deliver it."

I modestly handed him the letter, and then stepped back a step or two, to watch the manner of its reception.

The Dictator perused it calmly, and then silently passed it over to a colleague, who at a sign from the former, read it aloud.

I could scarcely breathe during its recital, for on its acceptance depended all my hopes.

"What say you, gentlemen," said the Dictator, "has M. Dumourier sufficient claims on us to grant him the lives of those four men?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" resounded from all sides. Not a voice was in the negative.

"My heart was in my throat with joy. The members of the Tribunal, the chairs, the tables, the spectators, everything danced before me."

"St. Just," said the Dictator, turning to one near him, "write out the order of liberation."

I could scarcely see; everything around me began to grow dim.  
 "Here," said the Dictator, putting the paper, which he had just signed, into my hand, "go, and make yourself and four friends happy. France grants your petition and their deliverance. As for yourself, remember that while he lives, you have claims of an enduring character upon Robespierre!"  
 How I got away from the Hotel de Ville, I know not.

I hurried to the Conciergerie, presented the order, and shortly afterward left the prison with the four lace merchants. I shall not attempt to describe their gratitude, nor my happiness. Enough that they paid me their individual amounts in full before night fell.

I quitted Paris early the next morning, and two days afterward entered the establishment of my employer at Lyons, whom I made happy with the gold which was to save him from bankruptcy.

M. Brissot could scarcely control his emotion at the sight of the money. He heard the details of my absence with varied feelings; then, taking me by the hand, led me to his house, and there, raising the hand of his daughter Pauline, silently placed it in mine.

I was happy!

## FRANK LUDLOW.

A TALE FOR OUR YOUNG COMPANIONS. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"It is time Frank and Edward were at home," said Mrs. Ludlow. So she stirred and replenished the fire, for it was a cold winter's evening.

"Mother, you gave them liberty to stay and play after school," said little Eliza.

"Yes, my daughter, but the time is expired. I wish my children to come home at the appointed time, as well as to obey me in all other things. The stars are already shining, and they are not allowed to stay out so late."

"Dear mother, I think I hear their voices now." Little Eliza climbed into a chair and drawing aside the window-curtain, said joyfully, "Oh yes, they are just coming up to the door."

Mrs. Ludlow told her to go to the kitchen, and see that the bread was toasted nice and warm for their bowls of milk, which had been some time ready.

Frank and Edward Ludlow were fine boys, of eleven and nine years old. They returned in high spirits from their sport on the frozen pond. They hung up their skates, and then hastened to kiss their mother.

"We have stayed longer at our play than we ought, my dear mother," said Edward.

"You are nearly an hour beyond the time," said Mrs. Ludlow.

"Edward reminded me twice," said Frank, "that we ought to go home. But oh, it was such excellent skating, that I could not help going round the pond a few times more. We left all the boys there when we came away. The next time we will try to be as true as the town-clock. And it is not Edward's fault now, mother."

"My sons, I always expect you to leave your sports at the time that I appoint. I know that you do not intend to disobey, or to give me anxiety. But you must take pains to be punctual. When you become men, it will be of great importance that you observe your engagements. Unless you perform what is expected of you, at the proper time, people will cease to have confidence in you."

The boys promised to be punctual and obedient, and their mother assured them that they were not often forgetful of these important duties.

Eliza came in with the bread nicely toasted, for their supper.

"What a good little one, to be thinking of her brothers when they are away. Come, sweet sister, sit between us."

Eliza felt very happy when her brothers each gave her a kiss, and she looked up in their faces, with a sweet smile.

The evening meal was a pleasant one. The mother and her children talked cheerfully together. Each had some little agreeable circumstance to relate, and they felt how happy it is for a family to live in love.

After supper, books and maps were laid on the table, and Mrs. Ludlow said:

"Come, boys, you go to school every day, and your sister does not. It is but fair that you should teach her something. First examine her in the lessons she has learned with me, and then you may add some gift of knowledge from your own store."

So Frank looked over her geography, and asked her a few questions on the map; and Edward explained to her a little arithmetic, and told a story from the history of England, with which she was much pleased. Soon, she grew sleepy, and kissing her brothers, wished them an affectionate good-night. Her mother went with her, to see her laid comfortably in bed, and to hear her repeat her evening hymns, and thank her Father in heaven for his care of her through the day.

When Mrs. Ludlow returned to the parlour, she found her sons busily employed in studying their lessons for the following day. She sat down beside them with her work, and when they now and then looked up from their books, they saw that their diligence was rewarded by her approving eye.

When they had completed their studies, they replaced the books which they had used, in the book-case, and drew their chairs nearer to the fire. The kind mother joined them, with a basket of fruit, and while they partook of it, they had the following conversation.

Mrs. Ludlow.—"I should like to hear, my dear boys, more of what you have learned to-day."

Frank.—"I have been much pleased with a book that I borrowed from one of the boys. Indeed, I have hardly thought of anything else. I must

confess that I put it inside of my geography, and read it while the master thought I was studying."

Mrs. Ludlow.—"I am truly sorry, Frank, that you should be willing to deceive. What are called *boy's tricks*, too often lead to falsehood, and end in disgrace. On this occasion you cheated yourself also. You lost the knowledge which you might have gained, for the sake of what, I suppose was only some book of amusement."

Frank.—"Mother, it was the life of Charles XII. of Sweden. You know that he was the bravest soldier of his times. He beat the king of Denmark when he was only eighteen years old. Then he defeated the Russians, at the battle of Narva, though they had 80,000 soldiers, and he had not a quarter of that number."

Mrs. Ludlow.—"How did he die?"

Frank.—"He went to make war in Norway. It was a terribly severe winter, but he feared no hardship. The cold was so great that his sentinels were often found frozen to death at their posts. He was besieging a town called Fredericksall. It was about the middle of December. He gave orders that they should continue to work on the trenches, though the feet of the soldiers were numb, and their hands froze to the tools. He got up very early one morning, to see if they were at their work. The stars shone clear and bright on the snow that covered everything. Sometimes a firing was heard from the enemy, but he was too courageous to mind that. Suddenly, a cannon-shot struck him, and he fell. When they took him up, his forehead was beat in, but his right hand still strongly grasped his sword. Mother, was not that dying like a brave man?"

Mrs. Ludlow.—"I should think there was more of rashness than bravery in thus exposing himself, for no better reason. Do you not feel that it was cruel to force his soldiers to such labours in that dreadful climate? and to make war when it was not necessary? The historians say that he undertook it, only to fill up an interval of time, until he could be prepared for his great campaign in Poland. So, to amuse his restless mind, he was willing to destroy his own soldiers, willing to see even his most faithful friends frozen every morning into statues. Edward, tell me what you remember."

Edward.—"My lesson in the history of Rome, was the character of Antoninus Pius. He was one of the best of the Roman emperors. While he was young he paid great respect to the aged, and when he grew rich he gave liberally to the poor. He greatly disliked war. He said he had rather save the life of one subject, than destroy a thousand enemies. Rome was prosperous and happy, under his government. He reigned 22 years, and died, with many friends surrounding his bed, at the age of 74."

Mrs. Ludlow.—"Was he not beloved by the people whom he ruled? I have read that they all mourned at his death, as if they had lost a father. Was it not better to be thus lamented, than to be remembered only by the numbers he had slain, and the miseries he had caused?"

Frank.—"But mother, the glory of Charles XII. of Sweden, was certainly greater than that of a quiet old man, who, I dare say, was afraid to fight. Antoninus Pius was clever enough, but you cannot deny that Alexander, and Cæsar, and Bonaparte, had far greater talents. They will be called heroes, and praised as long as the world endures."

Mrs. Ludlow.—"My dear children, those talents should be most admired which produce the greatest good. That fame is the highest which best agrees with our duty to God and man. Do not be dazzled by the false glory that surrounds the hero. Consider it your glory to live in peace, and to make others happy. Believe me, when you come to your death-bed—and oh, how soon will that be! for the longest life is short—it will give you more comfort to reflect that you have healed one broken heart, given one poor child the means of education, or sent to one heathen the book of salvation, than that you lifted your hand to destroy your fellow-creatures, and wrung forth the tears of widows and of orphans."

The hour of rest had come, and the mother opened the large family Bible, that they might together remember, and thank Him who had preserved them through the day. When Frank and Edward took leave of her for the night, they were grieved to see that there were tears in her eyes. They lingered by her side, hoping she would tell them if anything had troubled her. But she only said, "My sons, my dear sons, before you sleep, pray to God for a heart to love peace."

After they had retired, Frank said to his brother:—

"I cannot feel that it is wrong to be a soldier. Was not our father one? I shall never forget the fine stories he used to tell me about battles, when I was almost a baby. I remember that I used to climb up on his knee, and put my face close to his. Then I used to dream of prancing horses, and glittering swords and sounding trumpets, and wake up, and wish I was a soldier. Indeed, Edward, I wish so now. But I cannot tell dear mother what is in my heart, for it would grieve her."

"No, no; don't tell her so, dear Frank, and pray, never be a soldier. I have heard her say that father's ill health, and most of his troubles, came from the life that he led in camps. He said on his death-bed, that if he could live his youth over again, he would be a meek follower of the Saviour, and not a man of blood."

"Edward, our father was engaged in the war of the Revolution, without which we should all have been slaves. Do you pretend to say that it was not a holy war?"

"I pretend to say nothing, brother, only what the Bible says—'Render to no man evil for evil, but follow after the things that make for peace.'"

The boys had frequent conversations on the subject of war and peace. Their opinions still continued to differ. Their love for their mother prevented their holding these discourses often in her presence. For they perceived that Frank's admiration of martial renown gave her increased pain. She devoted her life to the education and happiness of her children. She



secured for them every opportunity in her power for the acquisition of useful knowledge; and, both by precept and example, urged them to add to their "knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, brotherly kindness and to brotherly kindness, charity."

This little family were models of kindness and affection among themselves. Each strove to make the other happy. Their fireside was always cheerful and the summer evening walks, which the mother took with her were sources both of delight and improvement.

Thus years passed away. The young saplings which they had cherished grew up to be trees, and the boys became men. The health of the kind and faithful mother became feeble. At length she visibly declined; but she wore on her brow the same sweet smile which had cheered their childhood.

Eliza watched over her night and day, with the tenderest care. She was not willing that any other hand should give the medicine, or smooth the pillow of the sufferer. She remembered the love that had nurtured her own childhood, and wished to perform every office that grateful affection could dictate.

Edward had completed his collegiate course, and was studying at a distant seminary, to prepare himself for the ministry. He had sustained a high character as a scholar, and had early chosen his place among the followers of the Redeemer. As often as was in his power, he visited his beloved parent; and during her long sickness his letters, full of fond regard and pious confidence, continually cheered her.

Frank resided at home. He had chosen to pursue the business of agriculture, and superintended their small family estate. He had an affectionate heart, and his attentions to his declining mother were unceasing. In her last moments he stood by her side. His spirit was deeply smitten as he supported his weeping sister at the bed of the dying. Pain had departed, and the meek Christian patiently awaited the coming of the Lord. She had given much counsel to her children, and sent tender messages to the absent one. She seemed to have done speaking. But, while they were uncertain whether she yet breathed, she raised her eyes once more to her first-born, and said, faintly—"My son, follow peace with all men."

These were her last words. They listened attentively, but her voice was heard no more.

Edward Ludlow was summoned to the funeral of his beloved mother. After she was committed to the dust, he remained a few days to mingle his sympathies with his brother and sister. He knew how to comfort them out of the Scriptures, for therein was his hope in all time of his tribulation.

Frank listened to all his admonitions with a serious countenance and a sorrowful heart. He loved his brother with great ardour, and to the mother for whom they mourned, he had always been dutiful. Yet she had felt painfully anxious for him to the last, because he had not made choice of religion for his guide, and secretly coveted the glory of the warrior.

After he became the head of the household, he continued to take the kindest care of his sister, who prudently managed all his affairs until his marriage. The companion whom he chose was a most amiable young woman, whose society and friendship greatly cheered the heart of Eliza. There seemed to be not a shadow over the happiness of that small and loving family.

But in little more than a year after Frank's marriage, the second war between America and Great Britain commenced. Eliza trembled as she saw him possessing himself of all its details, and neglecting his business to gather and relate every rumour of war. Still she relied on his affections for his wife to retain him at home. She could not understand the depth and force of the passion that prompted him to be a soldier.

At length, he rashly enlisted. It was a sad night for that affectionate family, when he informed them that he must leave them and join the army. His young wife felt it the more deeply, because she had but recently buried a new-born babe. He comforted her as well as he could. He assured her that his regiment would not probably be stationed at any great distance, that he would come home as often as possible, and that she should constantly receive letters from him. He told her that she could not imagine how restless and miserable he had been in his mind ever since war was declared. He could not bear to have his country insulted, and take no part in her defence. Now, he said, he should again feel a quiet conscience, because he had done his duty; that the war would undoubtedly soon be terminated, and then he should return home, and they would all be happy together. He hinted at the promotion which courage might win, but such ambition had no part in his wife's gentler nature. He begged her not to distress him by her lamentations, but to let him go away with a strong heart, like a hero.

When his wife and sister found that there was no alternative, they endeavoured to comply with his request, and to part with him as calmly as possible. So Frank Ludlow went to be a soldier. He was twenty-five years old, a tall, handsome, and healthful young man. At the regimental trainings in his native town, he had often been told how well he looked in a military dress. This had flattered his vanity. He loved martial music, and thought he should never be tired of serving his country.

But a life in camps has many evils, of which those who dwell at home are entirely ignorant. Frank Ludlow scorned to complain of hardships, and bore fatigue and privation as well as the best. He was undoubtedly a brave man, and never seemed in higher spirits than when preparing for battle.

When a few months had past, the novelty of his situation wore off. There were many things in which he thought of his quiet home, and his dear wife and sister, until his heart was heavy in his bosom. He longed to see them, but leave of absence could not be obtained. He felt so unhappy that he thought he could not endure it; and, always moved more by impulse than principle, absconded to visit them.

When he returned to the regiment, it was to be disgraced for disobedience. Thus humbled before his comrades, he felt indignant and disgusted. He

knew it was according to the rules of war, but he hoped that he might have been excused.

Some time after, a letter from home informed him of the birth of an infant. His feelings as a father were strong, and he yearned to see it. He attempted to obtain a furlough, but in vain. He was determined to go, and so departed without leave. On the second day of his journey, when at no great distance from the house, he was taken and brought back as a deserter.

The punishment that followed made him detest war in all its forms. He had seen it at a distance, in its garb of glory, and worshipped the splendour that enrobes the hero. But he had not taken into view the miseries of the private soldier, nor believed that the cup of glory was for others, and the dregs of bitterness for him. The patriotism of which he had boasted, vanished like a shadow in the hour of trial; for ambition, and not principle, had induced him to become a soldier.

His state of mind rendered him an object of compassion. The strains of martial music, which he once admired, were discordant to his ear. His daily duties became irksome to him. He shunned conversation, and thought continually of his sweet, forsaken home, of the admonitions of his departed mother, and the disappointment of all his gilded hopes.

The regiment to which he was attached, was ordered to a distant part of the country. It was an additional affliction to be so widely separated from the objects of his love. In utter desperation he again deserted.

He was greatly fatigued when he came in sight of his home. Its green trees, and the fair fields which he so oft had tilled, smiled as an Eden upon him. But he entered as a low spirit. His wife and sister wept with joy, as they embraced him, and put his infant son into his arms. His smiles and caresses woke him to agony, for he knew he must soon take his leave of it, perhaps for ever.

He mentioned that his furlough would expire in a few days, and that he had some hopes when winter came, of obtaining a substitute, and then they would be parted no more. He strove to appear cheerful, but his wife and sister saw that there was a weight upon his spirit, and a cloud on his brow, which they had never perceived before. He started at every sudden sound, for he feared that he should be sought for in his own house, and taken back to the army.

When he dared no longer remain, he tore himself away, but not, as his family supposed, to return to his duty. Disguising himself, he travelled rapidly in a different direction, resolving to conceal himself in the far west, or, if necessary, to fly his country rather than rejoin the army.

But, in spite of every precaution, he was recognised by a party of soldiers, who carried him back to his regiment, having been three times a deserter. He was bound, and taken to the guard-house, where a court-martial convened to try his offence.

It was now the summer of 1814. The morning sun shone forth brightly upon rock, and hill, and stream. But the quiet beauty of the rural landscape was vexed by the bustle and glare of a military encampment. Tent and barrack rose up among the verdure, and the shrill, spirit-stirring bugle echoed through the deep valley.

On the day of which we speak, the music seemed strangely subdued and solemn. Muffled drums, and wind instruments mournfully playing, announced the slow march of a procession. A pinioned prisoner came forth from his confinement. A coffin of rough boards was borne before him. By his side walked the chaplain, who had laboured to prepare his soul for its extremity, and went with him as a pitying and sustaining spirit, to the last verge of life.

The sentenced man wore a long white mantle, like a winding-sheet. On his head was a cap of the same colour, bordered with black. Behind him several prisoners walked, two and two. They had been confined for various offences, and a part of their punishment was to stand by and witness the age of their comrade. A strong guard of soldiers marched in order, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets.

Such was the sad spectacle on that cloudless morning—a man in full strength and beauty, clad in burial garments, and walking onward to his grave. The procession halted at a broad open field. A mound of earth freshly thrown up in its centre, marked the yawning and untimely grave. Beyond it, many hundred men, drawn up in the form of a hollow square, stood in solemn silence.

The voice of the officer of the day, now and then heard giving brief orders or marshalling the soldiers, was low, and varied by feeling. In the line, but not yet called forth, were eight men drawn by lot as executioners. They stood motionless, revolting from their office, but not daring to disobey.

Between the coffin and the pit, he whose moments were numbered was directed to stand. His noble forehead and quivering lips, were alike pale. Yet, in his deportment, there was a struggle for fortitude, like one who had resolved to meet death unmoved.

"May I speak to the soldiers?" he said. It was the voice of Frank Ludlow. Permission was given, and he spoke something of warning against desertion, and something in deep bitterness against the spirit of war. But his ones were so hurried and agitated, that their import could scarcely be gathered. The eye of the commanding officer was fixed on the watch which he held in his hand. "The time has come," he said. "Kneel upon your knees."

The cap was drawn over the eyes of the miserable man. He with a stifled sob—"God, I thank thee, that my dear ones cannot see me from the bottom of this soul-bursting hole!"

"Oh, mother! mother! had I but believed!" Ere the sentence was finished, a sword glittered in the sunbeam. It was the death signal. Eight soldiers advanced from the ranks. There was a sharp report of arms; a shriek of piercing anguish! One convulsive leap. And then a dead man lay between his coffin and his

There was a shuddering silence. Afterwards, the whole line was directed to march by the lifeless body, that every one might for himself see the punishment of a deserter.

Suddenly, there was some confusion; and all eyes turned towards a horseman approaching at breathless speed. Alighting, he attempted to raise the dead man, who had fallen with face downward. Gazing earnestly upon the rigid features, he clasped the mangled and bleeding bosom to his own. Even the sternest veteran was moved, at the heart-rending cry of "Brother! Oh, my brother!"

"No one disturbed the bitter grief which the living poured forth in broken sentences over the dead.

"Gone to thine account! Gone to thine everlasting account! Is it indeed thy heart's blood that trickles warmly upon me? My brother, would that I might have been with thee in thy dreary prison! Would that we might have breathed together one more prayer, that I might have seen thee look unto Jesus of Nazareth!"

Rising up from the corpse, and turning to the commanding officer, he spoke through his tears, with a tremulous, yet sweet-toned voice.

"And what was the crime for which my brother was condemned to this death? There beat no more loyal heart in the bosom of any of these men, who do the bidding of their country. His greatest fault, the source of all his misery was the love of war. In the bright days of his boyhood, he said he would be content to die on the field of battle. See, you have taken away his life in cold blood, among his own people, and no eye hath pitied him."

The commandant stated briefly and calmly, that desertion thrice repeated was death; that the trial of his brother had been impartial, and the sentence just. Something too, he added, about the necessity of enforcing military discipline, and the exceeding danger of remissions in a point like this.

"If he must die, why was it hidden from those whose life was bound up in his? Why were they left to learn from the idle voice of rumour, this death-blow to their happiness? If they might not have gained his pardon from an earthly tribunal, they would have been comforted by knowing that he sought that mercy from above which hath no limit. Fearful power have ye, indeed, to kill the body; but why need you put the never-dying soul in jeopardy? There are those to whom the moving of the lips that you have silenced, would have been most dear, though their only word had been to say farewell. There are those to whom the glance of that eye, which you have sealed in blood, was like the clear shining of the sun after rain. The wife of his bosom would have thanked you, might she but have sat with him on the steps of his prison; and his infant son would have played with his fettered hands, and lighted up his dark soul with one more smile of innocence. The sister, to whom he has been as a father, would have soothed his despairing spirit with the hymn which, in infancy, she sang nightly with him at their blessed mother's knee. Nor would his only brother thus have mourned, might he but have poured the consolations of the gospel once more upon that stricken wanderer, and treasured up one tear of penitence."

A burst of grief overpowered him. The officer with kindness assured him that it was no fault of theirs that the family of his brother was not apprised of his situation; that he strenuously desired no tidings might be conveyed to them, saying that the sight of their sorrow would be more dreadful to him than his doom; and that, during the brief interval between his sentence and execution, he had had the devoted services of a clergyman to prepare him for the final hour.

Edward Ludlow composed himself to listen to every word. The shock of surprise, with its tempest of tears, had past. As he stood with uncovered brow, the bright locks clustering around his noble forehead, it was seen how strongly he resembled his fallen brother, ere care and sorrow had clouded his manly beauty. For a moment, his eyes were raised upward, and his lips moved. Pious hearts felt that he was asking strength from above to rule his emotions, and to attain that submission which, as a teacher of religion, he enforced on others.

Turning meekly towards the commanding officer, he asked for the body of the dead, that it might be borne once more to the desolate home of his birth, and buried by the side of his father and mother. The request was granted with sympathy.

He addressed himself to the services connected with the removal of the body, as one who bows himself down to bear the will of the Almighty. And as he raised the bleeding corpse of his beloved brother in his arms, he said: "Oh, war! war! whose tender mercies are cruel; what enmity is so fearful to the soul as friendship with thee?"

**CHOLERA.**—In Glossop, as well as in many of the manufacturing towns of Manchester, we have had, during the late splendid autumnal weather, multitudes of hasty cases, to which indiscriminately have been applied the terms, "bowel complaint," "English cholera," "diarrhoea," "vomiting and purging," the two latter terms being pretty constantly a correct description of the more prominent symptoms. Few cases have proved fatal; happily, in our practice, none; though many aged persons have suffered severely, still recovering from the debility produced by cramp and profuse watery purging more rapidly than could have been anticipated. In several instances of this latter class (seen by my partner, Dr. Hunt, as well as by myself), sulphuric acid, to use his own words, has acted "like a charm," and in none have we had recourse to any other remedy,—subduing cramp, restraining vomiting, rousing the pulse, and with it the heat of surface,—supporting, in fact, the whole vital energies, and apparently effecting this by checking profuse watery secretion, and its consequent discharge from the bowels.—*Dr. Smith, in the Lancet.*

PEOPLE speak strangely of *youth* and happy youth. Happy indeed it may be, but it has an eager, impulsive happiness, which is anything but calm. Youth is our most unquiet season. There is no rest for heart, or mind, or soul. We plunge eagerly into the active scenes of life, and even in our hours of solitude and bodily repose, Fancy is still busily at work, painting scenes of future exertion. Our passions have all the charms of novelty; none of them have been sated, many but just discovered by us. What broad fields of delight are spread before us—fame, love, pleasure; each yet to be explored! How the sunny spots are in bold relief, while the dark passages are but little seen, or but serve to make the brightness more bright. Every feeling then is different from what it becomes in later years. We may preserve these feelings when we are older—they may be strong and beautiful still—but they are not the same they were; their newness is gone.

Youth is the time for dreams, strange, contradictory, but most beautiful dreams, which, as we advance in life, we are doomed to see depart for ever.

There is the dream of Love—the most bewildering of all Youth's dreams. Love—when the heart is fresh and young, and strong—before we have loved unworthily, or perchance grown weary of loving—or become cold and hard, so that we cannot love—earnest, true, undoubting love—this is youth's first dream, and the hardest one of all to yield.

There is the dream of Ambition—when we could compass a universe—when nothing seems too arduous for us to accomplish. Oh! we can reach the dizzy heights of power—we will "lord it" over a world. But when we live a little longer, we see this proud dream crumble—*il faut céder*—we are but mortal.

There is the dream of Philanthropy—when we would renovate all mankind—would willingly sacrifice life and health for the good of others. We have the best possible opinion of every one; we are unsuspicious and benevolent; all women seem angels, all men heroes. But we discover that all are not faultless—we are deceived where we had trusted—we see, perhaps, kindness repaid with ingratitude; and often our disappointment brings us to the opposite extreme, and we become misanthropic for a season, at least.

And there is the Religion of Youth, which is not a dream, but a beautiful reality; the only thing which increases in strength and earnestness as we advance in years, without losing any of its primitive loveliness; the only feeling, be it passion or emotion, with which the heart is never sated. Religion, the saviour of youth, the life-giver of age! Happy are they who obtain this precious boon to teach them in youth that life should not be idolatrous, or ambition reckless; and in age that moderation should not become coldness, or happiness or content degenerate to apathy. E.

## A WINTER SALAD.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen-sieve,  
Unwonted softness to the salad give,  
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon—  
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;  
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault  
To add a double quantity of salt;  
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,  
And once with vinegar procured from town.  
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs,  
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.  
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,  
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;  
And lastly on the favoured compound toss  
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce;  
Then, though green turtle fall, though venison's tough,  
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,  
Serenely fill, the epicure may say—  
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day."

**THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE CAPE.**—The most troublesome of wild animals to the South African farmer is the hyena, or wolf, as he is always called in the colony. He is the great robber of the night. He is a cowardly brute, and never attacks a human being; indeed, he very rarely makes his appearance till night-time, when the farmers and their herds are asleep. By day he continues in his hole in the earth. These wolf-holes, by the way, are so numerous as to be very dangerous to a man galloping across the country. Many a time have I been hunting, and, when at full speed, my horse has put his foot into one of these holes and come down like a shot, sending me two or three yards over his head. These wolves seem to have diminished less before the spread of civilisation than any other wild beast. The truth is, they are very fond of beef and mutton, and their dwelling-places are very secure, and so they most sedulously remain where oxen and sheep are plenty. They are the toughest skinned of any animals covered with hair. I have seen a troop of dogs attacking one, and unable to draw blood; and a friend told me that he had frequently been unable to send a bullet into one at a distance from which he must have killed any ordinary animal. Next in mischief is the wild dog, which is only less destructive from being smaller. It can only attack sheep, while the hyena seizes oxen and horses into the bargain. Moreover, it is more easily killed by the curra which are kept at every kraal. Wild cats play vengeance amongst the poultry and the lambs, but they don't venture on a full-sized sheep. There are no foxes, but their place is worthily supplied by the jackal, who is equally partial to a tender chicken or a Michaelmas goose with his European relative.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from page 150.)

#### CHAPTER III.—THE EXPEDITION FOR THE PRISONERS.

On reaching Fort Jefferson, Sergeant Bomb was immediately dispatched upon a rude pallet, and the McAllister called upon to dress his wounds. After a careful examination of the hurt in his side, the doctor declared that he was seriously, but not very dangerously, injured, and that with pure and good attendance he would recover and be about in a few days. The result verified the eccentric doctor's prediction. In less than a week the sergeant was enabled to sit up and walk about his room, and in the course of a fortnight was pronounced out of danger, and almost fit for duty.

Meantime Colonel Danforth and Major Allen had been active in raising a small party of experienced hunters and spies, to accompany them in their contemplated search for their missing men. For this purpose, he had remained behind at Fort Jefferson, and the majority of the soldiers had been forced to continue their march the same night they reached there, owing to want of provisions to last so large a number. The party in question was composed of men picked, namely, Colonel Danforth, Major Allen, Lieutenant Miller, Sergeant Bomb, who insisted on going, and six experienced athletic hunters and spies, whom the Colonel had by various means enlisted into his service. The day after day, one after another came dropping into the fort. This force the Colonel deemed sufficient for his purpose; and as it was generally supposed for the Indians to become quieted, after the excitement caused by their signal victory, it was decided the party should set off forthwith. Accordingly, the morning following the night on which this decision was made, this little, but hardy and intrepid band, armed with rifles, pistols, knives, tomahawks, and costumed as hunters, with hunting-frocks, leggins, moccasins, and deer-skin caps, quitted Fort Jefferson, and plunged into the forest on their adventurous and perilous expedition.

It may be as well for us to remark here, *en passant*, that the Lieutenant Wilkes mentioned was one of the officers in Colonel Danforth's regiment, whose wife had joined the escort commanded by Sergeant Bomb, and the only one on the field related to any of that party of four who had survived the fortunes of that ill-fated day.

It was an early hour in the morning when our friends left the fort, and the day was cloudy, raw, and cold, with a strong east wind, which betokened a storm. The frosts of autumn had browned the forest, and the dead leaves were falling in showers, and crumbling and rattling under their careful tread. It had been decided, by consultation, that the Piqua settlement, on the Great Miami, should first be visited, and if no traces of the prisoners were to be seen, other villages, in turn, should receive as close a scrutiny as should be consistent with their own safety. Accordingly, they set off in an easterly direction, bending their steps toward Piqua, distant some twenty-five miles from their place of starting.

For several hours they pursued their journey without any occurrence worthy of note, when one of the three scouts who had been sent forward in advance of the main party, hurriedly returned, and held his finger to his lips, in token of silence.

"What is it?" demanded the Colonel, in a low, guarded tone, motioning his friends to halt, as the other came up to him.

"Thar's Injen sign ahead," was the brief reply.

The speaker, whom we shall denominate John Carnele, was a true specimen of the backwoods' hunter—a class of beings now almost extinct, or which can only be found occasionally in the still far West, beyond the borders of civilization. He was a tall, athletic man, some six feet in stature, with coarse features, bronzed by exposure to all kinds of weather. He had a large Roman nose, and sharp, restless, keen black eyes, which were habitually turned from side to side in quick succession, as if continually on the look-out for danger. He wore the loose hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins of the regular woodsman, with a belt buckled around his waist, in which were confined tomahawk and scalping-knife; and a rude knapsack was strapped to his back, by leather thongs passing over his shoulders and under his arms.

"Well, what did you discover?" pursued the Colonel.

"Why, I was jest stealing keeffully along—I always go keefful, Curnel—and throwing my day-lights from side to side, before and behind, when all at once it struck me that I seed a leaf as had been crunched down in a way natur never did it. Well, I drapt on my hands and knees, stretched over for arid, and let my peepers rest right plump upon it. As soon as I'd tuk a good look, I knowed it was made by a red-skin's mocca; and then I sot to, to looking for other sign. I wasn't more nor a few minutes, afore I made out thar'd been a party of three about; but as they'd been dodging around considerable, I concluded on 'em being hunters. At fust, I thought I'd foller 'em, and make 'em out; but remembering your orders, Curnel, to come in and report on the fust sign, I tuk a back'ard trail, and here I is."

"And here comes the other," spoke up Edward, pointing to the right and left, where two men, from different directions, were seen approaching, so as to form an angle where the main party stood. "Probably they have seen the same track."

His conjecture was right. On coming up, the other scouts confirmed the

report of Carnele, and gave it as their opinion the Indians could not be far distant.

"What is to be done?" asked the Colonel. "I fear we may be discovered, the alarm be given, and our present design of reconnoitring Piqua be frustrated."

"Ef we could cotch one on 'em and kill tother two, without raising no alarm, it'd not impossible we could turn the hull side to our advantage," suggested Carnele; "for though a Injen prisoner is no great thing about his people's secrets, yet I've knowed that as you could shoot dead a white man; and ef we should happen to git hold on a black one, it's not impossible we could find out the secret about where the prisoners is."

"The idea is a good one, but how is it to be managed?" inquired Colonel Danforth.

"Jest let me, and Wade, and Miller fix it," rejoined Carnele. "Jest you and the rest stay h'reabouts, till we come back; and ef such a thing can be done decent, we'll do it. Ef you're too cold, jest start a fire to warm yourselves by, somewhar in the bushes here; but don't raise no smoke and blaze nor you can help, for the red-niggers has a powerful way, and they're as skerry as deers."

"Well, well, friends, do as you think best," said the Colonel; "only restore me my wife and daughter, and you shall have both my purse and my gratitude. But do not make any imprudent act, for I shall not sacrifice all my hopes by an imprudent act. Remember me to your man as experienced as yourselves, and remember that he is your friend and a father. Oh! it makes me groan in spirit to think what your wife and child may now be suffering."

"Alas!" sighed Wilkes, "it is terrible!" and Edward turned away to secretly give vent to the emotions which agitated his breast; nor was there one of the old hunters but felt a deep sympathy for the cause they had undertaken.

"Rest assured, Colonel, and gentlemen," said Miller, one of the three that had been out as a scout—"rest assured, we'll do our best; but don't count too much on us; for we're only human, and the best may fail. But the thing I'll promise you, for myself, and that is, if we are fortunate enough to discover the prisoners, they shall either be set free, or Harry Miller shall walk his last step."

"We say we'll," said Wade.

"Ay, ay, ay," echoed the others.

"Gentleman," said the Colonel, his voice husky with emotion, "I thank you from the depths of my heart, and may God preserve you from harm!"

"To which I will add, amen!" rejoined the lieutenant, hastily brushing a tear from his eye.

"Well, ef all's fixed, let's tramp," said Carnele, abruptly; and turning on his heel, with his long rifle thrown into the hollow of his left arm, he glided away, followed by Wade and Miller, in Indian file.

As soon as they had departed, the other three hunters declared they could not remain idle, but would just scout around, and be within sound of a rifle. Accordingly, they set off in another direction, leaving the Colonel, Major, Lieutenant, and Sergeant to themselves.

"Come, said the senior officer, "since we can do nothing for the present in the way of assisting our friends, let us start a fire, for I am chilled to the bone with this piercing cold wind."

Leaving our friends in the act of carrying out Colonel Danforth's suggestion, we will follow the first party of scouts. For something like a quarter of a mile, they proceeded in the same manner as at first—silently, steadily, warily. This brought them to a deep hollow or glen, through which ran a small stream, one of the western branches of the Miami. Crossing this, they began their ascent of the opposite hill; but had scarcely advanced fifty yards, when the foremost suddenly came to a halt, and dropping quietly upon his knees, examined the earth with great care.

"I make it out one o' the same varmints," he said, at length, in a whisper, as he rose to his feet: "what think you, Bill Wade, and Harry Miller?"

The two hunters appealed to now stopped forward, and after a close examination of the ground, asserted that, to the best of their judgment, it was one of the three moccasin prints they had previously discovered.

"Let's divide," rejoined Carnele. "This trail as comes in from the left, and goes straight up the hill, I'll foller, while you two strike off ayther way. Ef ye discover anything new or startling, make a bee line for the top o' this hill, so as to hit a straight line from here, and you'll find me thar a waitin'."

As he spoke, Carnele glided stealthily forward, parting the bushes carefully, while the others, separating, moved away to the right and left, in the same silent and cautious manner. To the brow of the hill, in a direct line, was not less than a hundred yards; and it was therefore several minutes before Carnele reached it. The side of the hill which he ascended was heavily timbered; but on its summit was an opening of several acres in extent, where the tangled, withered grass, interspersed with innumerable wild-flowers, all now in a state of blight and decay, proclaimed the fertility of the soil, and gave one an idea of the Eden-like beauty of the scene, when viewed in all the bright and golden luxuriance of midsummer. This opening extended some half-way down the opposite side of the hill, toward the small stream our scouts had crossed, which wound around its base in the form of an ox-bow or magnet. What seemed a little remarkable, not a living tree or bush was to be seen within its open space; but all around it, the forest stood up dark, bold, and abrupt, reminding one of a light, pleasant, airy picture, set in a black, heavy, cumbersome frame.

But though there was not a tree, bush, or stone, for the eye to rest upon within the area described, there were three dark objects that failed not to rivet the attention of the wily old hunter, as he carefully parted the bushes.





*"Along the edge of the opening lay a fallen tree; and resting their rifles on this, Carnele and Wade took a preparatory glance at their victims across the barrels. The Indians were in high glee; and as they roasted and devoured their meat they chatted and laughed, and occasionally jumping up, cut wild and grotesque antics around the fire."*

which skirted the clearing at the point where he gained the top of the eminence. On a little knoll, which commanded a view of the whole opening, and squatted around a fire that had been kindled of dried grass and brush, for the double purpose of warming them, and cooking their mid-day meal, were three half-naked savages, busily engaged in roasting and devouring slices of meat, which ever and anon they cut from the carcass of a deer that lay within reaching distance. From the spot where Carnele first beheld them, the distance was too great for a certain shot; but below them, to the nearest cover, was apparently not over a hundred yards; and there he felt certain a sure aim would tell.

He had not been watching the Indians long, when the bushes to the right were carefully parted, and Harry Miller glided silently to his side; and a moment or two later Bill Wade also made his appearance, so alike had these two scouts timed their movements.

"Well," observed Carnele, scarcely above his breath, "you see the three varmints—so what hev you got to propose?"

"That we gain the nearest cover to them, and give them the contents of our rifles," said Wade.

"Two on 'em, you mean," rejoined Carnele; "for one on 'em, you know, has got to be tuk alive."

"Exactly."

"Well, you and I, I reckon, had best do the shootin' part, and let Harry here, do the runnin'; for his legs is a heap the longest, and I've knowed him do some tall walkin' afore now."

This personal allusion of the old hunter occasioned a smile, which was extended to a broad grin on the face of Wade, as Harry threw forward one foot, and displayed a leg which certainly had its full share of extension. In other respects, he was well proportioned, and would pass for a very good-looking man of thirty. His countenance was one expressive of more than ordinary intelligence, which was particularly perceptible in his clear hazel eyes. He was noted as one of the fleetest runners on the frontier; and there were the very fewest number, even among the savages, that could keep him company on a trial race. His history was somewhat eventful. When quite a youth, he and a younger brother, named Christopher, had been taken prisoner by the Indians, during one of their marauding expeditions into the State of Kentucky. On returning home, two of the Indians adopted the brothers; and in course of time the latter became real savages—at least in appearance, manners, and customs, if not in feelings. For a number of years Harry remained with his captors, apparently contented; but at last he began to tire of Indian life, and longed to return to his white friends. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, he set out alone, after vainly trying to persuade his brother to accompany him. He finally succeeded in reaching the settlements, though he suffered severely on his journey for want of food. But during his residence among the Indians, he had imbibed new

habits, and could never afterwards content himself to settle down to a quiet life. Hunting and scouting had since been his principal delight and employment. He could speak the Shawnee and Wyandott languages almost as fluently as a native, and had often acted as an interpreter between the white men and red. He enjoyed his wild life remarkably—as, in fact, a true woodsman can alone enjoy it; and had been often heard to say, that he only needed the company of his brother to render him perfectly happy.

"Well," he answered, in reply to Carnele, "if it's decided that I'm to do the running, we had better be on the move, or the game will be lost."

"Nothing more truer nor that thar argement," rejoined Carnele, who, being the oldest hunter,—his age was about forty,—took it upon himself to act as leader to the party.

Accordingly, all three set off, Carnele in advance, and in about five minutes arrived at the cover nearest to the savages. Along the edge of the opening lay a fallen tree; and resting their rifles on this, Carnele and Wade took a preparatory glance at their victims across the barrels. The Indians were in high glee; and, as they roasted and devoured their meat, they chatted and laughed, and occasionally jumping up, cut wild and grotesque antics around the fire. For several minutes the scouts watched them in silence, as the cat does her game; and then Carnele said hastily, in a whisper:—

"Come, come, we must stop their fun, for the Curnel 'll git tired o' waitin'. I think it 'll do—eh, Bill?"

"A sure shot, I reckon," replied the one addressed.

"Well, then, you take the right one, I'll take the left, and the cent'r varmint we'll leave to Harry's legs."

"All right," rejoined the other. "I'm ready."

"One moment," said the old hunter, sighting his rifle—"we must both shoot together. Harry, give the word."

"Fire!" returned the other, after a moment's pause.

Both rifles flashed together as he spoke—only one report was heard; and with cries of pain, two of the savages sprang up suddenly, and fell back upon the earth.

With a wild, loud whoop, Harry Miller instantly bounded through the bushes into the opening, in pursuit of the third; who, changing a merry laugh to a yell of dismay, on witnessing the horrible tragedy that had taken place before him, turned and fled, shaping his course down the hill, so as to gain the forest at a point about a hundred and fifty yards distant from where Miller emerged from it. Perceiving his intention, the scout redoubled his exertions, well knowing if he could head him off, and keep him in the open field, his capture would be comparatively easy. It was a closely contested race, and for several moments it was doubtful which would win. The superiority of Miller as a runner was now made strikingly apparent. He had a third further to run than the Indian; and yet, for a time, it was thought he would beat him, notwithstanding the remarkable odds against him. But

the Indian won by a few feet, and bounded into the cover with a yell, though Miller was so near him that he could easily have buried his tomahawk in his head, had it been his design to kill, instead of taking his life.

But the savage had no time to congratulate himself on so trivial a victory for scarcely a moment elapsed after his entering the cover, and the rustling of the bushes and dried leaves announced that his pursuer was close upon him. Just below him was a steep bank, which overlooking the little stream we have before mentioned, and finding there was no chance of escape for him; either to the right or left, the panting and frightened savage, as a desperate resort, gave a loud yell, and a leap, and down he went out of sight. The next moment the scout, without thought of consequences, and only fearful the fugitive might escape, leaped boldly after him. Down, down he went, some fifteen or twenty feet, and then found himself quietly sticking in mud and water up to his waist, within reaching distance of the object of his pursuit, who was alike in the same disagreeable predicament.

The moment the Indian found his pursuer in such close proximity, he drew his knife, the only weapon he had retained in his flight, and under the expectation of an immediate attack, prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. Turning fiercely upon him, Harry brandished his tomahawk, and addressing him in Shawnee, informed him that he did not seek his life, but that, unless he threw away his knife instantly, he would brain him on the spot.

On hearing this, the Indian gave one quick, eager glance around, as if to convince himself there was no hope of escape, and then quietly sunk his knife in the mud, thus tacitly surrendering himself a prisoner.

Miller now made several desperate efforts to extricate himself; but, finding it to be impossible without assistance, as each attempt only sunk him deeper in the mire, he called lustily to his companions to come to his assistance. Presently, Carnele and Wade made their appearance on the high bank above; but, on beholding the discomfiture of their friend and his captive, both with faces elongated to a woful extent, the sight impressed them so forcibly with the ridiculous, that for several minutes they could do nothing more effective than hold their sides and laugh. This over, they set to work in earnest, and by means of deer-skin ropes, which they carried with them, succeeded at last in getting Miller and his captive upon dry land. Carnele then despatched Wade to inform the Colonel and his party of their success, and to bid them hasten forward, as the day was wearing away, and he was anxious to get within sight of the Piqua village by dark, if such a thing were possible. He then bound the hands of the Indian, and, in company with Miller, set off for the fire, driving the captive along before him.

We have said it was a bitter cold day; and in consequence Miller felt greatly chilled and benumbed, by reason of his immersion in the mud and water. The fire, however, soon restored warmth and circulation to his blood, and he began to view the whole affair in the light of a most excellent joke; though at first, during the detriment of his companions, he had regarded himself in the same category with the frog in the fable—"if it were fun to them, it was death to him."

Meantime, Carnele had busied himself in trying to gather some information from the captive, as to who he was, and to what tribe he belonged; but the savage kept a stubborn silence, and would not answer.

"I say, Harry, I can't make nothin' out o' the varmint—so 'spose you try your hand at him," said the scout, at last, turning away to examine the dead Indians, and take off their scalps.

Miller now put questions to his captive in Shawnee, Huron, and English; but the latter preserved an immovable countenance, never so much as showing, by the change of a single feature, or by the gleam of his eye, that he understood what was addressed to him. He was apparently a young warrior, about twenty-five years of age, and his features seemed to bespeak intelligence—though so bedaubed were they with paint and mud, that it was almost impossible to make out their original expression. He was of medium stature, stood erect, and had altogether a very light and nimble appearance, though he was not, as we have seen, any match for such a runner as Miller. With the exception of the before-mentioned mud and paint, his arms, neck, breast, and a part of his legs, were mostly bare—his only covering being a large panther skin around his loins, with a strip of the same passing obliquely from left to right across his back and breast, together with short leggings below his knees, and rude moccasins on his feet.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, young red-skin," said Miller, at length, in a rather savage tone, greatly vexed at the other's obstinacy—"I know you understand Shawnee, for it was that language I used when I ordered you to throw away your knife; and so, if you don't answer my questions before the party comes that I'm expecting, I'll have you roasted at a slow fire."

But still the young Indian made no reply, and with an air of much dissatisfaction, Miller turned away, and seated himself at the fire, to await the arrival of Colonel Danforth, and receive further instructions. It was not many minutes after this, before the expected party made their appearance, and on informing the Colonel of the obstinacy of the prisoner, he decided that it would not be worth while to lose any more time, but that all should set off for Piqua, taking the young savage along, and that, at the first stream they crossed, the latter should receive a thorough washing—stating it as his belief, from what little he had seen of his features, that he would turn out to be a white man. Accordingly, the whole party again set out, taking along a good supply of the deer-meat, to serve them for their supper, and leaving the remainder of the carcass, and the dead Indians, to be devoured by wild beasts.

Their most direct route to Piqua lying across the stream below, the party halted for a few minutes on its bank, while a couple of the scouts took the prisoner down to the water, and effectually removed the dirt and paint from his face. As the Colonel had anticipated, he, indeed, turned out to be a white man; and after gazing upon him in silence for a few minutes, during

which time emotions deep and strange agitated his breast, Miller walked up to him, and exclaimed in Shawnee:—

To the surprise of all, the prisoner started, and looking wonderingly on the other, replied, in the same dialect:—

"Who speaks?—who is it that knows Posetha?"

"My brother! my long lost brother!" cried Miller, in English, instantly throwing his arms around the captive's neck, and shedding tears of joy, while the latter stood passive and amazed at what was taking place.

"Oh, God! I thank thee that at last thou hast granted my prayer!" pursued Henry Miller, fervently. "Oh! Christopher, don't you know me?" he continued, looking eagerly into the other's face. "Don't you remember your brother Henry? that was taken by the Indians at the same time you were, but who afterward got away from them?"

"Yes, me now know," replied Christopher, in broken English the warm embrace of the other; and then, suddenly started:—

"Posetha warrior now—no cry—saw you?"

"Posetha is warrior no longer," rejoined Henry—"he must fight the pale-face, and not fight against his brothers."

"No," returned the other, with dignity, "Posetha's brothers Indian—him got no other."

"We are all your brothers," now interposed Colonel Danforth, who, with the rest, had stood looking on in amazement; during this wonderful scene. "Christopher—for so I hear you are called—you must have been taken with us, and fight no more against your race; the red-man is our enemy."

"The red-man Posetha's brother," persisted the other, drawing himself up haughtily, with an air of defiance.

The Colonel was about to make some reply, when Henry stepped forward, and in a low tone said:—

"Pray, Colonel Danforth, let me deal with him, for I know his nature better than you, and an ill-timed word might ruin all our hopes."

"You are right," returned the veteran officer. "Draw him aside, and confer with him, and we will await the result; and, as the other complied with his request, he added—"This is indeed most wonderful! that brother should meet brother under such strange circumstances!"

"The ways of Providence are sometimes very remarkable," observed Edward, reflectively.

"May we not take this as a good augury of our own success?" rejoined

"We will hope," replied Danforth, heaving a deep sigh; "we will—and he relapsed into a thoughtful mood.

Some ten minutes elapsed, and then, rejoining the party, Miller said, in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by his brother:—

"I've got good news for you all. Christopher says that there's a number of women prisoners, in Piqua; and that, for my sake, he'll help us to get them away, provided we'll set him free, and allow him to take his own course."

"Truly, this is cheering!" rejoined Colonel Danforth, not a little excited, as indeed were all the others. "But can you trust him, Harry?"

"I think we can, Colonel. I never knew him to break a promise."

"Act, then, as you think best, and may Heaven in its wisdom guide you aright!"

"Yes, I'd jest let him go," observed Carnele, who stood alongside, and who felt himself privileged to bestow his advice on all occasions—"yes, I'd jest let him go; for sence we've got the grease and mud off on him, he looks a heap honest. Besides, he's your brother, Harry, and nothin' good'll come o' keepin' him tied up like a snappin' bull-dog. No, no—let him go,—that's the advice of old John Carnele, and he's seed a few snakes in his day."

Harry held another short conference with his brother, and then, cutting his hands loose, told him he was free. Posetha uttered a few emphatic words in Shawnee, and then, with a whoop, as of triumph, he bounded away, and disappeared in the forest.

"Alas! I fear we have been imprudent," exclaimed Colonel Danforth, anxiously. "If he betrays us now, we are certainly lost. What do you think, Harry?"

"I don't think he'll betray us, Colonel. His last words give me reason to hope we've made him our friend; but I can't tell how much Indian life may have altered his nature. It's too late to repent, at all events; and so I think we had best resume our journey."

"Yes, yes, we must reach Piqua to-night—for something tells me we shall then be near our friends," cried Edward, with energy.

"Forward, then," rejoined the Colonel, "and may a watchful Providence guide our steps aright, and deliver from evil hands those that are near and dear to us!"

With this the whole party again set off at a rapid pace, the scouts as usual taking the lead. A little after nightfall, they arrived at a point commanding a view of the lights of the Piqua village. Here they halted, ate a hasty meal, held a council of war, and finally decided on reconnoitring the town forthwith. For this purpose they divided into pairs, and separated, with the understanding that all should rendezvous at the place of separation before midnight, and each report on what they had seen.

Alas! for human calculations. Midnight came, and a part of the party met according to agreement—but it was a gloomy meeting. Let us not anticipate the result, but first, in order, to follow the advent of our hero, and his companion, John Carnele.

(Continued in No. 11.)

My brother, Posetha, or Cat. This incident of the meeting of the brothers may as it may seem, is an historical fact.

## GREAT PRIZE ENIGMA COMPETITION!

The Editor of "The Family Friend," in announcing his intention of offering One Hundred and Seventy-five Guineas in Prizes for the best Solutions of Enigmas to be published in No. 61 of "The Friend," January 1, 1862, begs to intimate that at the urgent request of numerous Friends, he has been induced to divide the above amount into the following Prizes:—

- Five Prizes of £10 10s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to Gentlemen.
- Ten Prizes of £5 5s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to Ladies.
- Two Prizes of £10 10s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to youths of both sexes.
- Six Prizes of £5 5s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to youths of both sexes.
- One Prize of £5 5s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to youths of both sexes.
- Ten Prizes of £2 2s... For the best Correct Solutions of an Enigma submitted to youths of both sexes.

The Number containing the Three Prize Enigmas, and the Conditions of the Award, will be ready on the 1st of January, 1862, and may be had of all Booksellers everywhere, price 2d.

Intending Competitors are informed that various Prize Enigmas, Solutions, and Awards, have appeared in the following Numbers of the "Family Friend," which may be obtained to order, price 2d. each:—Nos. 9, 10, 13, 15, 18, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 37, and 56. Competitors may derive many useful suggestions by consulting the Enigmas, &c., contained in these Numbers. Volume II., price 2s. 6d., contains the larger proportion of them.

TRADE NOTICE.—A Number of the HOME COMPANION is issued at 69, Fleet Street, every MONDAY at Nine o'Clock.

PARTS I. and II. of the HOME COMPANION, price 6d., is now ready.

## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

### No. IV.—"HE'S A GOOD 'FELLOW!—NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN!"

"THE world," says Longfellow, in his beautiful tale of *Hyperion*—which we heartily commend to all our readers for perusal—"the world loves a spice of wickedness. Talk as you will about principle, impulse is more attractive, even when it goes too far. The passions of youth, like unhooded hawks, fly high, with musical bells upon their jesses; and we forget the cruelty of the sport in the dauntless bearing of the gallant bird." It is this inclination for "a spice of wickedness" which has given currency to the saying we purpose to illustrate, and which, with its double fallacy, deludes so many to their destruction. The two fallacies are, first, that the kind of character to whom the name of "a good fellow" is applied, is in reality, a thorough scoundrel; second, instead of being "nobody's enemy but his own," he is the enemy of all with whom he is in any way connected. Sir Lytton Bulwer, in his novel of *The Cartons*, has given us an example of this double fallacy in the character of Guy Bolding, who, he tells us, "was one of those excellent creatures, who are nobody's enemies but their own." This "excellent creature" is introduced to us as "a tall fellow, somewhat more than six feet high, in a cut-away sporting-coat, with a dog-whistle tied to the button-hole, drab shorts and gaiters, and a waistcoat with all manner of strange furtive pockets. Guy Bolding had lived a year and a half at Oxford as a 'fast man,' so 'fast' had he lived, that there was scarcely a tradesman at Oxford into whose books he had not contrived to run. His father was compelled to withdraw him from the university, at which he had already had the honour of being plucked for the *Little go*; and the young gentleman, on being asked for what profession he was fit, had replied with conscious pride, 'that he could tool a coach.' His father was a clergyman, whom he had compelled to make great pecuniary sacrifice, to say nothing of mental distress suffered; and we are told that the meditated portion for his infant sister had been half swallowed up in the payment of his college debts. And yet this man is held up to us as an "excellent creature," "a good fellow, who is nobody's enemy but his own." At all events, the Oxford tradesmen, we should think, did not exactly agree in this panegyric—at least, while they were kept waiting for their money; and the father, when he paid it, must have felt very much as if an enemy had been despoiling his property. Still, this Guy Bolding is about one of the most favourable examples that can be quoted of the "good fellow, who is nobody's enemy but his own;" for he is not described as possessing any very vicious habits—he is not presented to us either as a drunkard or a gambler; but more as a reckless, extravagant youth, who has an utter impossibility either to use or to keep his money, but suffers it to flow away from him almost unconsciously, regardless of those on whom his extravagance may inflict injury. And this is done with such an imperturbable air of good-humour, such an overbearing relish for fun, that you cannot help liking the fellow in spite of his recklessness. His good-temper, his gallant bearing, are like the musical bells upon the jesses of the hawk; and

we forget the injuries he inflicts on others in our liking for his own bold bearing—for the better feelings that are discerned beneath the sporting-coat, and the waistcoat with "furtive pockets." And through these feelings we are led to hope that, in time, the weapons of evil may be "turned against itself, fighting under better banners."

We have an older and a higher example of one who may be called, in the phraseology of our adage, the king of "good fellows," in the portraiture which Shakespeare has drawn for us of the "mad-cap Prince of Wales," he who "doff'd the world aside, and let it pass." But it cannot be said that he was "nobody's enemy but his own." From the very first mention of him, we have him described "as dissolute as desperate" from the very first he is a "plague" hanging over his father; the

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws,  
Its deep shade alike o'er his joys and his woes."

He sees "riot and disorder stain the brows of his young Harry," until, when surrounded with dangers, when rebellion rears its hideous front, and the great nobles of the land "capitulate" against him, then we find the old king lamenting that this "good fellow" is only marked "for the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven

"To punish my misreadings;"

and in the wild and debauched youth who calls him father, sees only his "nearest and dearest enemy." But Shakespeare understood human nature too well to make the riotous Prince all evil. From the very first, "some sparks of better hope" are seen, and our interest is excited by the development of these indications of better things. We are never in any doubt as to the ultimate conquest over the ardent passions of his youth—the "breaking through the foul and ugly mists of vapours"—the casting off "his Rose behaviour"—

"Redeeming time when men least think I will;"

and we follow him through the dramatic action with ever increasing pleasure, as we see in him something more than the "good fellowship" which endears him to Falstaff and the rest of his followers. Shakespeare has endowed him with strong intellect, and strong affections. The conventionalities of the court were too tame for his ardent nature—he must mingle with his fellow-men. He does not come entirely unscathed from the contact; he yields himself up to the idleness of the moment, smoothes his higher thoughts, and gives way to their "unyoked humours." But he has been learning the great lessons of humanity amidst men with whom his follies made him an equal; and we see him come out of the encounter, not altogether debased, as inferior minds would have been, but with enlarged sympathies for human nature, which he might have sought in vain in courts. It is when we see him breaking away from the bondage of "good fellowship"—

"When consideration, like an angel, came,  
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him!"

when his lower impulses give place to higher thoughts, and he has cast aside the vile habits that obscured his nobler nature, that he justifies the interest we have felt for him, even in his wildness, his riot, and dishonour.

Henry the Fifth is here a poetical creation moulded according to the poet's will; giving full scope to the misdirected energies of youth—full scope to its impulses; but, at the same time, commingling with them a lofty intellect—a high and noble nature, glowing aspirations for a better state of things. Yet, even here, we find the "good fellow" mixed up with much that is vile, debasing, and wicked; engaged in highway robbery; "touching the base string of humility" with drawers and serving-men; revelling in foul jests and "most unsavoury similies;" and gaining "rotten opinions" from the great and good. It might suit the poet's purpose to make the "musical bells" strike out their loudest notes—to enlist our sympathies on the side of his "good fellow." It might, perhaps, be wise to show us that there is a possibility of becoming something better than a "good fellow;" of redeeming time, putting aside that "loose behaviour" of early life, by which the title was earned, and doing some little good in our generation. But, we fear, in real life the examples of this change are almost as rare as that of one deserting the mysteries of a betting-book, to guide the mysteries of a nation's finances. If Harry the Fifth redeemed the errors of the Prince of Wales, George the Fourth died as he had lived.

Let us now look into real life. Who are these "good fellows?" Who are these excellent creatures who are "nobody's enemies but their own?" Are they to be found among the great philanthropists of their age? When Howard passed years of his life in visiting the jails and prisons throughout Europe; when he braved the fever and the pestilence in dungeon and lazaretto; when he spent his fortune in the endeavour to relieve the miseries of the oppressed, to give comfort to the sick and health to the criminal; when he laid the foundations of those changes which purified our hospitals, and gave cleanliness, fresh air, and wholesome food to the criminals in the dungeon; was he called a "good fellow?" When periling his own life to give health to others, was he styled "nobody's enemy but his own?" Far from it: he was met by the sneers, and scoffs, and calumnies of the world; he was ridiculed as a dreamer, as a knight-errant; he came under the ban of officials for the trouble he was giving; he was on all sides thwarted and opposed; and it was left to a subsequent generation to recognise his worth, and erect a statue to his memory. When Father Mathew was devoting time and fortune to get rid of the monster vice of his country, instead of being hailed as a "good fellow"—"nobody's enemy but his own," all the "good fellows" of the land were loud in their outcry against him. They felt as if he was robbing them of their "occupation"—depriving them of their good name; for, singular to say, there is never an instance known of a man



obtaining the appellation of a "good fellow—nobody's enemy but his own," unless he is notorious for his love of strong potations. This seems to be the one thing necessary to obtain this title. He may possess wit, humour, earning, a ready flow of conversation, a never-failing good-nature, a love for human kind; but unless there is mingled with this "a voice of wickedness," unless his "impulses" are stronger than his "principles," unless he brings himself down to the level of meaner capacities by drowning his better propensities in drink, he never gains the title of a "good fellow—nobody's enemy but his own." There is a kind of contemptuous pity in the very sound of it. When we see a fine intellect and bright nature, calculated to attain the highest eminence, degrading and brutalizing itself, then it is that the common herd cry out, "he is a good fellow," as if they rejoiced to see a great spirit brought down to their own low level. And if we find he makes an effort to redeem himself—if, for instance, he casts off the habit of indulgence—then, although still retaining all his other qualities, and displaying them in still greater vigour, the tone of his quondam admirers is altered; he is no longer a "good fellow," but we hear him spoken of as one who was formerly a "good fellow—nobody's enemy but his own," but now he is a "milksop," a "prig," who can no longer take his glass like a man.

The irregularities and frailties of men of genius have done much to promote the fallacy which we condemn. The very brilliancy of one portion of their lives has served to blind us to the profligacy of the other. And men who cannot compete with them in intellect and wit, imagine they are imitating them when they rival them in the number of bottles they can drink, or when they exceed them in some act of profligacy. But if we look into the lives of those public men who have been famed as "good fellows," who have been the life and soul of society, without whose presence the richest dinners were a blank, we shall find that so far from being "nobody's enemy but their own," they spread difficulty and distress over all around them. It is with a faltering hand that we write the name of Sheridan; it is with a saddened spirit that we recall the memory of this "good fellow, nobody's enemy but his own." In him, we have the "dauntless bearing of the noble bird" that claims our admiration; the "musical bells" fastened to his jesses, which gives us so much delight; but, alas! in him, also, we have impulse overmastering principle, and leading him to evil, to ruin, and to death: the fire of his genius breaking out and flashing upon the world in spite of his undisciplined youth and half-trained mind: winning for himself a position amongst the highest and noblest in the land: the highest in station, the noblest in intellect. In all he attempted achieving the greatest success: as an orator, making the best speech; as an author, writing the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce; as the companion of wits, taking the highest place and outshining them all. But, withal, reckless, improvident, seeking inspiration in wine, and rewarding it with wine when it came, until reduced to a state of mental and bodily imbecility. Distress accumulating around him, but in the midst of distress preserving his political independence, and refusing to go into Parliament with the badge of a master upon him. His whole life one long paroxysm of excitement; his moral character disorganised; and, in the end, sinking under pecuniary embarrassments, amidst the ingratitude of those who had hailed him as a "good fellow—nobody's enemy but his own!"

"Oh, it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,  
And friendships so false in the great and highborn;  
To think what a long line of titles may follow  
The relics of him who died, friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the funeral array  
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow;  
How baillifs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow."

Another name arises to our memory as we stand by the grave of Sheridan, not so lofty in its nature, indeed, though gifted with even greater readiness of wit; not playing so prominent a part in public life, but a "good fellow," of infinite jest and merriment, who kept the table continually on the roar. If in Sheridan we see and grieve over the prostration of a noble mind, in Theodore Hook we have the man of bright parts, but with an earthiness about him that keeps him down to the level of a mere "good fellow:" the spirit of funkeyism is strong in him who could be content to be the lion of the night, to roar when called upon by assembled lords and ladies, and then to be as little thought of as the showman who manages the squeakings of Punch. In all his works there is wit that amuses, talent that dazzles, verbal jokes and practical jokes without end or number; but rarely a thought or sentiment that touches the feelings and goes home to the heart. It is all of the earth, earthy. So, too, in his political writings there was wit, and fancy, and pungent ridicule; but all tending to lessen our respect for human nature—to degrade man in the eyes of his fellow-men. No one good thing for the improvement of the human race was ever proposed but he had a gibe and sneer against it. He strove to crush education with a song, freedom with a sarcasm, character with a scandalous jest. And yet he maintained the reputation of a "good fellow," who was "nobody's enemy but his own" to the very last. It is pitiable, in his later years, to see this martyr to the world striving against the effects of his follies, and at the same time clinging to the folly itself; wearing out body and mind in an incessant round of excitement—one minute writing for the press, then priming himself with stimulants to meet the fatigues of amusing others; until, wearied, diseased, worn out, his effects seized by his own political friends to repay some Government debt, he sinks into the grave, unremembered by those he had wasted his powers to please—had sacrificed his life to amuse. The miserable end of a "good fellow—nobody's enemy but his own."

These good fellows had some redeeming traits; wit and intellect shed a halo over their career, which softened down its coarser points and attached

some hearts to them in spite of their errors and their vices. But there are men without one redeeming quality, who walk about the world as "good fellows;" who know no guide but their passions, whose life is merely different gradations in folly and in vice. Ardent young men who stake a fortune on the cast of a die, or the speed of a horse; who rush from the stable to the bottle, from the bottle to the gaming-table; who begin by being dupes, and end by becoming cheats; sinking gradually lower and lower in the scale, until, from being "good fellows" in good society, they come to be "good fellows" among black-legs and jockeys, and at last, perhaps, are "good fellows" only among billiard-markers and stable-boys. The Alleyne, who cheated Lieutenant Kennedy out of so large a portion of his fortune, were, doubtless, "good fellows," with the reputation of being "nobody's enemy but their own;" we can well imagine the reckless gaiety with which they booked the bets of their unlucky dupe, saw hundreds swell into thousands, and the right good fellowship with which the three brothers, soldiers and parson, combined to cheat the unsuspecting victim and divide the spoil among them. And the poor dupe, too; he was a "good fellow, nobody's enemy but his own," as long as he was dolt enough to play into their hands; but the sequel proves that these "good fellows" were thorough knaves, the enemies to all around them as well as to themselves. Their tricks and wickedness recoil upon themselves, as the curses in the Arabian proverb, which says—"Curses, like chickens, aye come home to roost."

And so it ever will be; wherever impulse is stronger than principle, wherever sensuality is more prized than intellectuality, the impulsive and the sensuous may be liked and admired for a time, may be hailed as "good fellows," and said to be "nobody's enemy but their own." But the end of their good fellowship is contempt; and while they have most effectually been enemies to themselves, they have also been inflicting the most grievous wrongs on society at large, and dealing the heaviest and severest blows on those who are nearest and dearest to them. The world of man is not like that of the limpet, confined within the compass of its own shell. He cannot be his own enemy without inflicting harm on his neighbours; he cannot play the part assigned to him in society badly, without damaging all those around him. And the higher the abilities with which he is endowed, the more musical the bells upon his jesses—the greater the damage he inflicts. "It hath oftentimes," says a modern writer who adopts the name, and copies the style of Sir Thomas Browne, speaking of the adage we have been commenting on—"It hath oftentimes been matter of wonderment to me, how many phrases do come to be received as current coin in the world, which for certain were never stamped in the mint of either religion or reason; and among these brass shillings of society, I know none that better deserveth to be nailed to the counter than the one above placed; for many an idle young man hath, before now, found it the last in his pocket, and haply hath exchanged it for a pistol-bullet, thinking himself a gainer by the bargain."

## THE WANDERING BEE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

A BEE in the wild wood one morning awoke,  
And left its home in the hollow oak  
Ere the dove began to coo;  
Ere the young rooks were on the wing,  
This honey-bee, a careless thing,  
Rov'd hither and thither, murmuring  
All the wild wood through.

Often he div'd in greeny glooms  
For honey from the sleepy blooms  
Of wood flowers 'mong the moss.  
Then off he flew with swift wild flight,  
Full of gay hopes and fond delight:  
He little thought before the night  
That he would suffer loss.

Sometimes he mounted to the sky,  
Then o'er the wide green fields would fly,  
Singing away the hours!  
And now he follows—thoughtless bee!—  
A cart that jogs on merrily,  
Laden with plants of fragrancy,  
And many beautiful flowers.

The cart jogged on toward the town,  
And till the sun at eve went down  
The wheels found no repose.

All through the crowded city vast,  
The flower-cart with its sweet load pass'd,  
Till plants and flowers are sold at last,  
And home the gardener goes.

The bee had followed to the town,  
The fragrant flower-cart, up and down,  
Till chill'd and faint was he.  
Fast fell the rain—close crouch'd he lay  
Within a lily bell of May—  
O how he wish'd he were away,  
At home in the old oak tree!

Where all his dear companions dwell  
In honied hive and well-stor'd cell,  
Their voices sure he hears!  
The squirrel leaps, loud caws the rook;  
Merrily flows the restless brook;  
In its waters bright he loves to look,  
Whilst there his form appears.

Vain visions of delight—he dies!  
Struck from the lily flower, he lies  
(Wood, hive, no more he'll see  
Crush'd low where ruthless footsteps press.  
Thus, children, from inauspicious  
Fools may come past all redress;  
So found the Wandering Bee,

**BURKE'S FONDNESS FOR CHILDREN.**—Burke was so very partial to children that he would play at teetotum and push-pin with them, and apparently take as much delight in the stories of *Jack the Giant Killer*, and *Tom Thumb*, as themselves. "Half an hour might pass," says Murphy, "during which he would keep speaking in such a way that you could see no more in him than in an ordinary man, good-naturedly amusing his young auditors; when some observation or suggestion called his attention, a remark of the most profound wisdom would slip out, and he would return to his teetotum. It is related of him, that one day, after dining with Fox, Sheridan, Lord John Townshend, and several other eminent men, at Sheridan's cottage, he amused himself by rapidly wheeling his host's little son round the front garden, in a child's hand-chaise. While thus employed, the great orator, it is added, evinced by his looks and activity that he enjoyed the sport nearly as much as his delighted playfellow.

## ONWARD!

**SUMMARY TELEGRAPH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.**—Active measures are about to be taken for carrying out this species of communication between England and Ireland. It will require about sixty miles of cable, or three times the length of that between Dover and Calais.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—A gentleman in Newport, Kentucky, is perfecting an application of electricity for propelling a box containing letters over wires, from place to place, on the telegraphic principle. It is said that the experiment over wires of 600 yards has worked successfully.

**BRICKS FOR THE MILLION.**—At Stourbridge, it is reported, a machine is at work producing perfect bricks from untempered clay, at the rate of forty-eight a minute. The bricks are said to be of such consistency as to be immediately fit for the kiln. It is added that there is little doubt the machine would produce them at the rate of 100 a minute, if required.

**IRON PAVEMENT.**—We some short time since noticed an experiment which had just been made at Glasgow, under a new patent, by Mr. Allan, of Spring Bank Iron Works. The pavement laid down has now had a trial of several weeks' duration, and the result is reported to be favourable to its adoption in the place of granite pavement, on the score of first cost, at least, and of adaptation to its purposes, if not also of durability, which has not yet been sufficiently tested. It is grooved in zig-zags, and thus prevents the horses' feet from slipping.—*Builder.*

**NEW FEATURE IN STEAM NAVIGATION.**—The application of the screw-propeller, as an auxiliary power to sailing vessels, promises to be greatly extended and simplified by the introduction of a portable screw-propeller, patented by Mr. Winshurst, the ship-builder, which, it is stated, can be applied to sailing vessels at a moderate expense, and possesses the advantage of being shipped or unshipped in a few minutes. In conjunction with the screw, an engine has also been patented, said to possess great advantages as a means of applying steam power to the working of the propeller. For the purpose of extending the advantages of Mr. Winshurst's invention a company is now in course of formation.

**TOWAGE BY STEAM ON CANALS.**—An interesting series of experiments, originating in a desire to test the applicability of steam power to towing purposes, has recently been made by the Directors of the Grand Junction Canal Company. The locality selected for the purpose was the vicinity of West Drayton. Eight deeply-laden brick-barges, each containing thirty tons of brick, equivalent in the whole to 240 tons of dead weight, were attached to a steam-tug, and conveyed from Bull's-bridge to Paddington, at the rate of two-and-a-quarter miles per hour, a speed equal to that attained by the brick-boats at present towed by horses on the canal. The line of barges on this occasion extended over a length of 79½ feet, presenting a sight novel in canal navigation. The results were satisfactory, and it was universally admitted that much benefit to canals must result from the adoption of this economical motive power.

**GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE AND VIADUCT.**—The break that occurs at Chepstow in the railway communication on the South Wales Railway, is not likely to be soon filled up by the completion of the great bridge now in course of erection over the Wye; but, though no time can be fixed with certainty as to the period of its completion, still it is rapidly progressing. It will acquire a fame equal to that of the Britannia or Menai-bridge. The whole will be made of wrought iron, and will combine the principles of the suspension with those of the tubular bridges. Including the viaduct, the bridge is 623 feet in length; the span, or suspended part, being 290 feet. There are two separate roadways, each being perfectly independent of the other, and their height is 70 feet over the river Wye at high water-mark, so that vessels can pass under. The roadways of the bridge are formed of iron, put together in plates.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.**—To the various other proposed and commenced improvements in London—railways, streets, squares, and terraces—we have now to add rumours of two new bridges across the Thames. A notice of motion is on the London Corporation books—"That it be referred to the Bridge-house Estates Committee to cause to be surveyed the property running parallel with the Old Change down to the river side, and in a direct line with the eastern side of St. Paul's Churchyard, and to report to this court the probable cost of a new street to be constructed in that direction, such street to be at least sixty feet wide; and also to procure an estimate of the cost of a new stone bridge across the Thames, to be communicated with by the suggested new street." Rumour also states that the South-Western Railway Company are considering a project for throwing a new bridge across the Thames, as a free road for their passengers.—*Athenæum.*

**STREET RAILWAYS FOR HORSE-TRAINS.**—A new project has been started whereby it is proposed, not only to centralize the metropolitan railway traffic, but also that of the omnibuses, in such a way as to virtually clear the streets from much confused and conflicting traffic, while, at the same time, affording increased accommodation to the public. This project contemplates simply the laying down of lines of rail flush with the streets, to radiate from the centre of the metropolis through all the principal lines of thoroughfare, and of course to all the railway stations, the gauge being the ordinary one suitable to railway carriages, by a modification in the construction of which it is proposed to adapt them also for street traffic, when detached one by one, and driven off by horses from each station towards the centre, stations being set down, at least, every quarter of a mile along the course.—*Builder.*

## THE GLASGOW ENIGMA.

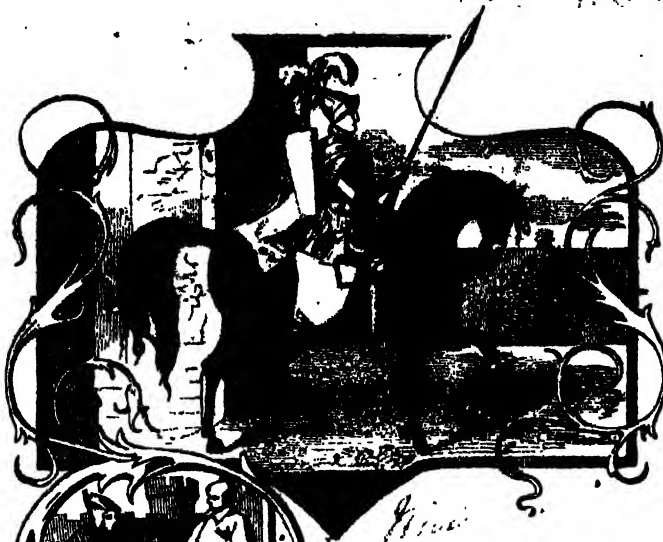
Good people of Glasgow, of sannie Scotch breed,  
Who breathe the keen air of the "north of the Tweed,"  
Perhaps you will try these strange queries to scan,  
They've been scribbled for yow by a bonnie Scotchman.  
While the lamp giveth light, and the burning coal flames,  
Yow'll be pleased to unfold this Enigma of names.

1. Of all your good townsmen who stands the first one?
2. And who's no relation, and yet is his son?
3. Who seemeth a man, but is only a pain?
4. Who may be called those that bring gambles their gain?
5. Who might supply shavings to light people's fires?
6. And who for a battle attire served our sires?
7. Say who could jump backwards with very great grace?
8. And who has found many an unwelcome place?
9. Say who in processions your standard should bear?
10. And who are most sadly deficient of hair?
11. Say who can from robbers your houses secure?
12. And who are most heard when folks call at your door?
13. Say who is a serpent in name, not in fact?
14. And whose trade from his name will nothing detract?
15. Say whose name represents a studious girl?
16. And whose may imply an illiterate churl?
17. Say which of your neighbours should carry another?
18. And who in a walk takes more room than another?
19. Who'd make famous scavengers? Who are really untrue?
20. And who would be found very painful by you?
21. Which one of your neighbours in another might hide?
22. And who of your unlucky townsmen are tried?
23. Who do your shopkeepers most like to see?
24. And who do those shopkeepers most like to be?
25. Say which of your people are most to be loved?
26. And by whom may a barrow be easily shoved?
27. Say who gently falleth down every night?
28. And who hath the power of sparkling bright?
29. Say who in America would be received?
30. And who have full often our hunger relieved?
31. Say who can an untruth most truthfully tell?
32. And who will abide with you for a long spell?
33. There's one of your townsmen yow'd all like to get,
34. And one that you often we rise in a jet!
35. There are some in demand on the first of September;
36. And others that spendthrifts should ever remember!
37. There are some that are wanted on other folks' heads;
38. And some that are heard where the feet in their treads.
39. There are some that the maidens are all very fond of;
40. And some that a miser would honour the bond of;
41. There are some that the ladies are sure to pursue;
42. And a doctor whose name is quite suited thereto.
43. There's a noted assembly in London will name
44. A host of your townsmen—so many the same.
45. There are some that Britannia is oft said to rule;
46. And some that are gloomy as dunces at school.
47. There are ladies that bear quite a masculine name;
48. And some that are wholly protected from shame.
49. Some are quite cheerful, and some are quite witty;
50. Some like the spring flowers, simple and pretty.
51. Some are like birds that are kept for mere show;
52. And some bid the mists of November to go.
53. Some always are gentle, though ever so rude;
54. And others are much too polite to intrude.
55. One though a man is not man at all;
56. Another is like one who once had a fall.
57. One gives his son his own name on the head;
58. And another is known to be very well read.
59. One is well known to be full of conceit;
60. And one shows the same by his tread in the street.
61. One seems to walk in a path red with gore;
62. And one seems to have fallen therein, head before!
63. One seems in himself a sort of Enigma;
64. Another expresses a sort of a stigma.
65. One, were he insane, would be stark staring mad;
66. And one finds it impossible to become bad.
67. It would take three of one sort to make a whole man;
68. Whilst another might yield a very good ham!
69. One may be relied on for all that he says;
70. Whilst another talks nonsense the whole of his days.
71. One looks at the girls in a very rude way;
72. Whilst one we may judge is quite honest at play.

So now, bonnie Scotchmen, in your festive games,  
Try to unravel this puzzle of names.  
You have Potts in some number, and of Porter a plenty;  
Of Sparrows and Ducks from a dozen to twenty.  
You've men of all colours, White, Black, Brown, and Green,  
But the best of the puzzle remains to be seen.

## ANSWER TO THE LONDON ENIGMA.

- |                                      |                              |   |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| 1. Cheapside.                        | 15. Pump Court.              | 31. Lumber Court.   |
| 2. Fleet Street and Fetter Lane.     | 16. Cold Bath Fields.        | 32. Bar-clays brewery, where straw was thrown on Hay-nau! |
| 3. Anson Corner.                     | 17. Cornhill.                |   |
| 4. Goodmen's Fields.                 | 18. Blackman Street.         | 33. Crooked Lane.   |
| 5. Shoe Lane.                        | 19. King's Bench.            | 34. Turn-again Lane.                                      |
| 6. Half-moon Street.                 | 20. Millman Street.          | 35. Thames Tunnel.  |
| 7. Bread Street.                     | 21. Maddox Street.           | 36. Hollo-way.  |
| 8. Milk Street.                      | 22. Miter Street.            | 37. Snow-hill.  |
| 9. Mile End.                         | 23. Nunhead Cemetery.        | 38. Bride Lane.   |
| 10. Hare Wood Street.                | 24. Horse-ly-down.           | 39. School Square.  |
| 11. Henrietta Street (Henry-street). | 25. Hounds-ditch.            | 40. Wood-stock Street.                                    |
| 12. Cannon Street (Lane).            | 26. Black and Whitefriars.   | 41. Batter-sea.   |
| 13. Bandy-leg Walk (Gravel).         | 27. Bury Street.             | 42. Foot's Corner (Old Palace Yard).                      |
| 14. Petticoat Lane.                  | 28. Windmill Street.         |   |
|                                      | 29. Rutland Road.            |   |
|                                      | 30. Cripplegate for Newgate. |   |



SIR KENNETH.

Sir Kenneth rode forth from his castle gate,  
On a pouncing steed rode he;  
He was my first of large estate,  
And he went the Lady Ellen to see.

The Lady Ellen had been wedded five years,  
And a goodly wife proved she;  
She'd a lovely boy, and a lovelier girl,  
And they sported upon their mother's knee.

Sir Kenneth well knew that the lady was true,  
But a crafty foe was he;  
And he hated fiercely her rightful lord,  
That so lov'd by the beautiful Ellen was he.

Sir Kenneth dismounted and donn'd my second,  
And seemed a monk to be;  
And with pious face he knock'd at the gate,  
And asked the Lady Ellen to see.

Then forth from the gate the stout porter he  
Came:

"Monk, what can thy errand be?"  
"I come on a mission of mercy," he said—  
"The Lady Ellen, pray where is she?"

But to hide himself, with sword in hand,  
Where none might him or his bright  
blade see.

Sir Kenneth he set aside my second,  
And drept upon his knee;  
And the lady she cried for help aloud,  
And the swordsman in rushed he.

Sir Kenneth he struggled, but 'twas in vain,  
A prisoner soon was he:  
Strip'd of my whole, they cast him down,  
In a dungeon evermore to be.

The Lady Ellen at her morning prayers,  
Now lowly bends her knee:  
Come on, and when she the cloister leaves,  
You shall the pious lady see."

The lady forth from the cloister came,  
And her lord there chanced to be;  
And when the monk in lying accents spoke,  
Her lord suspected no monk was he.

So he called a trusty swordsman, and  
Bade him by his mistress be;

ENIGMAS.

1. TAKE one from nine, add nothing to it,  
2. A useful beast you'll see;  
3. And what is mighty strange—the number ten  
Instead of eight will be.
- 2.
1. WHEN divided by nature, 'tis my friendly part,  
To unite my good neighbours by labour and art.  
Now, my outward appearance is stately and fine,  
I'm as firm as a rock, and straight as a line.  
2. But doubtful within, oft destruction I find,  
When in warfare the foe is pursuing behind.  
For to friend or opponent, I lend equal aid:  
Thus the routed in battle, of me are afraid.  
No wonder I'm sacrificed then to their ends,  
As on my ruined state, their safety depends.  
For although my ark-ways, long protect me from harm,  
I, like many great wage, sink at last through alarm.
- 3.
1. ON happy occasions, when people rejoice,  
Very seldom I fail to raise my strong voice;  
And spread the good tidings around, far and near,  
As loud as I can for my neighbours to hear.  
On great public events, I'm sensibly moved,  
And always my temper is sure to be proved.  
For, like a good Christian, I often have had,  
To enlighten the gay, and to mourn with the sad:  
2. And sometimes collect, as far as I am able,  
A party of friends to sit down at table.  
3. The last thing I do is to call for a light,  
The company then wish each other good-night.  
[The whole contained in No. 11.]



FARMER HODGE.

My first was one of a hardy breed,  
A capital help in time of need,  
And always ready for work or speed.  
Trot, trot!

My second (reversed) was a farming  
man;  
He had a wife, and her name was Nan;  
After her the pigs and poultry ran,  
Trot, trot!

My whole was exciting an agitation,  
And stirring the masses throughout the  
nation,  
By a sort of political peregrination—  
Trot, trot!

My second I went out and said to my  
first,  
(Remember my second throughout is  
reversed)—  
"The demagogues they are doing their  
worst,  
Trot, trot!

"Come, finish the corn that is now in  
your 'trot!'  
We'll teach the Radicals how to scoff!  
So let us both to the town be off."  
Trot, trot!

My first and my second the town soon reach'd,  
And came to a place where a radical preached;  
The men hurra'd! and the women screech'd!  
Trot, trot!

My first the noise couldn't understand;  
My second grew nervous heel and hand,  
And over my first lost all command.  
Trot, trot!

My second was ruddy, short, and fat;  
He lost the reins, and he lost his hat,  
And the people ran on it and trampled it flat!  
Trot, trot!

My first he made a terrible plunge;  
My second he made an awkward lunge,  
And fell in the pond, where he soak'd like  
a sponge.  
Trot, trot!

Then my second he got up quite dismay'd,  
Saying my whole was a rascally blade,  
And grumbling that he in the pond had  
been laid.  
Trot, trot!

ENIGMAS.

- 4.
1. At most weddings I'm present as well as the bride,  
And the contract I solemnly seal and decide:  
2. And sometimes on the death of a friend I appear,  
To remind the survivors of one they held dear,  
The wise and the simple—the poor and the great,  
3. I sometimes chain together, according to fate,  
In short, the whole world, by Almighty decree,  
Is confined by my limits, in ev'ry degree.
- 5.
- READ me backwards or forwards, I still am the same,  
Divide me in two, I turn crazy;  
If you put me together, divide me again,  
I'm a mother bereav'd, you may say.  
Now join me together again, if you please,  
Then cut off my head in a hurry;  
You'll find I'm a man and a father, with ease,  
But don't put yourself in a hurry.  
Return me my head, you will find me once more  
A lady rever'd though detected:  
Nor crazy, nor many, though from me you tore,  
Ev'ry limb that first made me respected.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Every virtue carried to excess approaches its kindred vice.  
 There is no condition that does not sit well upon a wise man.  
 Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think.—*Pope*.  
 Bounce is not industry; any more than impudence is courage.  
 Falstaff could do little mischief, if it did not gain the credit of truth.  
 The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is to stick to it yourself.  
 Nothing ever touched the heart of a reader that did not come from the heart of a writer.

When is a mason more than a mason? When he's a building. When is a smith less than a smith? When he's a filling.

This regard one shows economy, is like that we show an old aunt who is to leave us something at last.—*Shenstone*.

Why cannot a gentleman legally possess a short walking-stick? Because it never can be long to him.

There are but few who know how to be idle and innocent—by doing nothing we learn to do ill.

The worst education which teaches self-denial is better than the best which teaches everything but that.

Why is Charybdis like a vicious donkey? Because it is an eddy particularly to be avoided.

To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life.

The Chinese have a saying, that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

The familiar parting expression, "Good bye!" means "God be with you!" "Adieu!" signifies "To God," or "God protect you."

A country editor thinks that Columbus is not entitled to much credit for discovering America, as the country is so large he could not well have mis-  
 sed it.

A Yankee, who has just commenced the study of Italian, wants to know how it is, if they have no *to* in that language, that "them chaps spells waggan?"

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why echo was always of the feminine gender, that, "May be it was because she always had the last word."

When travelling, put your watch and wallet at night into one of your stockings, and then place the stocking under your head. It will then be impossible to leave them, unless you have been accustomed to go barefoot.

A celebrated poet at one time advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after, and "wanted a line strong enough to catch a porpoise."

An American paper says, "We are anxious to collect the autographs of all our subscribers, and therefore request all, whether in city or country, to enclose the amount due in a letter, with their several signatures."

The Duchess of Marlborough was pressing the Duke to take medicine, and with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it does not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, My lord duke, for it must be of service in one way or the other."

If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on Swedish turnips? Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs of the cow's tail, then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

A man would do well to carry a penoil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Lord Bacon*.

A cobbler at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the Academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the mechanic, "but I know who is wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

"Are you an Odd Fellow?" "No, sir; I've been married for a week." "I mean, do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?" "No, no; I belong to the order of married men." "Mercy, how dull! Are you a mason?" "No, I am a carpenter." "Worse and worse! Are you a Son of Temperance?" "Bother you, no; I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."

What so foolish as the chase of fame?  
 How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!  
 For what are men who grasp at praise sublime  
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,  
 That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more.  
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!—*Pope*.

According to Camden and Spelman, the ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors. In the time of Ethelred it was equal in weight to our three-pence. Till the time of King Edward I. the penny was so deeply indented that it might be easily broken, and parted, on occasion, into two parts—these were called *halfpence*; or into four, these were called *four things*, or *farthings*.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK.

ALWAYS do as the sun does—look at the bright side of everything, it is just as cheap, and three times as good for digestion.

Discussion.—Truth cannot be found without some labour and intention of the mind, and the thoughts dwelling a considerable time upon the survey and discussion of each particular.

Wisdom is a fox who, when hunting, will at last cost you the pain to dig out; it is a sheep, when by how much the wool has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat; and whereas to a few stout fellows, the maggots are best. It is a sick pocket, when the deeper you dig, the more you find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a box whose contents are numerous and consider, because it is attended with no egg. But what it is, what unless you choose with judgment, may cost you dear, and for you will nothing but a worm.—*Swift*.

Pleasures are like poppies spread;  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts for ever;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That flit ere you can point their place;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanescent amid the storm—  
 Nae man can tether time or tide.—*Burns*.

SCHOOL FALSEHOODS.—The scholar who plays truant is guilty of falsehood. He intends to deceive both his teacher and his parents in the very act of truantship. But this is not all. To avoid reproof, he gives false pretences, equivocates, and often, in the end, is guilty of the downright lie. And more than this, the habitual truant keeps his mind in a state ready to lie the whole time, and thus injures his sense of truth and prepares himself for the commission of other crimes. If a written excuse is presented at a time different from that which the parent intended; it is an *actual* lie. Another way of lying is, when a scholar procures some person to work out a problem or to write a composition for him, and then presents it as the product of his own labour. The prompting of a fellow-pupil during recitation comes under the same head. Scholars perhaps think they speak the truth when they say, "I know the answer, but cannot say it." For no one can be said truly to have an idea until he can express it.

MALE FLIRTATIONS.—A man has no right to sport with the feelings of a young woman, though he stop short of positive promises. Vanity is generally the tempter in this case; a desire to be regarded as being admired by the women—a very despicable species of vanity, but frequently greatly mischievous, notwithstanding. You do not, indeed, actually, in so many words, promise to marry; but the general tenor of your language and deportment has that meaning. You know that your meaning is so understood; and if you have not such meaning—if you be fixed by some previous engagement with, or greater liking for, another—if you know you are here sowing the seeds of disappointment—and if you, keeping your previous engagement or greater liking a secret, persevere, in spite of the admonitions of conscience, you are guilty of deliberate deception, injustice, and cruelty; you make to God an ungrateful return for those endowments which have enabled you to achieve this inglorious and tummy triumph; and if, as is frequently the case, you glory in such triumph, you may have person, riches, talents, to excite envy, but every just and humane man will abhor your heart.—*Cobbett*.

HUMILITY.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor, whose writings cannot be too much studied, says of humility that it is like the root of a goodly tree, thrust very far into the ground, and this we may know by the goodly fruits which appear above ground. Of these fruits the worthy Bishop sums up seventeen varieties. The catalogue (with slight abridgment) in some of the articles, is as follows:—1. The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but in matters of concernment relies rather upon the judgment of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides. 2. He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will. 3. He does not murmur against commands. 4. He is not inquisitive into the reasonableness of indifferent and unimportant commands, but believes their command to be reason enough in such cases to exact his obedience. 5. He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation or singularity. 6. He is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances. 7. He patiently bears injuries—"verum humilium patientia ostendit." He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and councils. 8. He is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man. 9. He is modest in his speech and reserved in his laughter. 10. He fears when he hears himself commended. 11. He gives no pert or saucy answers when he is reproved, whether justly or unjustly. 12. He loves to sit down in private, and, if he may, he refuses the temptation of offices and new honours. 13. He is ingenuous, free, and open in his actions and discourses. 14. He mends his fault, and gives thanks when he is admonished. 15. He is ready to do good to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and defectors. 16. He is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so he may really be innocent, and not offensive to his neighbour, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest. These, it may be said, are very many fruits to spring from the one root of humility. But this is of so very great and excellent a virtue that it draws with it most others.

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Natural History. 1039. Natural History.



## Editor's Note-Book.

**THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.**—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom, to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by their evil spirit, is, in truth, a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is most deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma whenever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad tempers of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a plaster of Spanish flies upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument, otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a neighbourhood and family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

**TO PRESERVE FRUITS OR FLOWERS THE WHOLE YEAR WITHOUT SPOILING.** W.W.—Mix 1 lb. of nitre with 2 lbs. of bole ammoniac and 3 lbs. of fine common sand; then, in dry weather, take fruit of any sort, which is not fully ripe, allowing the stalks to remain, and put them one by one into an open glass till it is quite full; cover the glass with oiled cloth closely tied down. Put the glass 3 or 4 inches down in the earth, in a dry cellar, and surround it on all sides to the depth of 3 or 4 inches with the above mixture. The fruit will thus be preserved quite fresh all the year round.

**EXCESSIVE FROSTS.** T.R.S.—Albert Crants relates that the German Ocean was frozen over in the year 1323, so that men passed on foot from Lubeck to Denmark, and to Prussia by sea, ice being erected on the ice in such places as were commodious. In 1399, during the whole of the winter, persons crossed on foot from Lubeck to Sunden; and again, in 1523, horsemen went from Gedan in Prussia to Lubeck, and then from Magnopolis into Denmark, ice being built as usual. Olaus notes notice of a frost as severe, still earlier, in 1207, when people rode across from Jathia to Astoria. It is remarkable that the cold has in later winters been more intense.

**EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.** J.VENIS.—Our young correspondent expresses a great desire to improve himself, and wishes to be informed what are the best means of acquiring knowledge. We cannot do better than reply to him in the words of Elihu Barritt, the eloquent advocate for human progress in every department. He says:—"You have heard of blacksmiths who became mayors and magistrates of towns and cities, had men of great wealth and influence. What was the secret of their success? Why, they picked up nails and pins in the streets, and carried them home in the pockets of their waistcoats. Now, you must pick up thoughts in the same way, and fill your mind with them, and they will grow into other thoughts, and you will find them strewn everywhere in your path."

**USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.** Washing.—A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen, cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one-half the labour, and saving full one-half of soap. The clothes will be improved in colour equally as if they were bleached. **Flannels.** Soak flannel before you make it up, as it shrinks in the first washing. Much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap, and the water being too cool. Never use soda for flannels. **Dyeing.** A painful of ley, with a piece of green copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will be a fine nankin dye, which will never wash out, and be very useful for lining of furniture. **Crope.** Skimmed milk and water, with a bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, is excellent to restore old rusty black Italian crope. If clapped and pulled dry, like muslin, it will look as well or better than new.

**ENGRAVING IN MARGOTINTO.** W. S. C.—Prince Rupert is supposed to have discovered this mode of engraving, and it is said to have been suggested to him by observing a soldier once engraving rubbing off from the barrel of his musket the spot which it had contracted from being exposed to the night dew. The prince perceived, on examination, that the dew had left on the surface of the steel a collection of very minute holes, so as to form the

resemblance of a dark engraving, parts of which had been here and there already rubbed away by the soldier. From this he conceived the idea that it would be practicable to find a way of covering a plate of copper in the same manner with little holes, which, being lifted and laid upon the paper, would undoubtedly produce a black impression; while, by scraping away, in different degrees, such parts of the surface as might be required, the paper would be left white, where or there were no holes.

**HOME AMUSEMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.**—In our Note-Book of No. 7, we gave a few hints in answer to various inquiries on the subject of winter evening's employments for the young; and we have since received several letters approving our suggestions. Home is essentially the place where principles of morality and usefulness should be inculcated, and where much that is pernicious, and constantly meets the gaze in the outer world, may be counteracted. The pugnacious propensities of Punch that are exhibited in the streets to admiring juveniles, are scarcely calculated to render them in after life very active members of the Peace Congress. Everything designed to inspire fear, even at the sacrifice of that absorbing feeling, wonder, should be carefully avoided. We would banish from the house all shows that send children shivering to their beds, pursued by a wild array of phantoms as the followers of Jam o' Shanter, at Kirk-Alloway, when he was "o'er the ill of life victorious." Such sights leave a lasting impression, and create a morbid liking for the marvellous and unnatural, wholly opposed to the matter-of-fact realities of life. The magic lantern is a fruitful source of home recreation, and employed to illustrate the sciences of astronomy, botany, entomology, geography, &c., may be rendered highly instructive. But too many uncles and aunts fall into the error of exhibiting to children pictures of "Old Bogies," and other imaginary demons and sprites, which are calculated to supply anything but



## NATIONAL RECREATION.

**TO CLEAN SILK.** B.F.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey; quarter of a pound of soft soap; two wine glasses of gin; three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table with a cloth under it—there must be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold soft water, hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

**HOW TO GET SLEEP.** T. T.—How to get sleep is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood on the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and shake the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation; and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"

**BEEF STEAKS.** C. R. B.—"Mr. Editor,—Probably some of your readers may smile on seeing directions for serving up what is 'everybody's dish,' but I believe it will be found, with many other good things that are common, there is still room for improvement. With this conviction I leave the following observations in your hands:—Steaks should never be covered after they are laid upon the dish; a cover smother them, and thus they lose their best flavour. Beefsteaks should be eaten as soon as

they are cooked. The best place for steak are the rump and the round. The top part of the round, next to the ribs, is the best, and by pounding it with a mallet may be made as tender as the rump. The steak should be cut nearly as thick as it is long. It is not necessary to grease the gridiron before putting on the steak; indeed, the flavour of the meat is much improved by so doing. Prepare a brisk fire of coals, put your gridiron over it, but do not let your gridiron get hot before you put on the steak. As soon as the sinews become crisp and light, turn the steak. Do not spill the gravy upon the fire. Take up the steak on a hot dish, turn the steak and replace it upon the gridiron. It will require ten minutes to broil it through and brown the outside. As soon as the steak is broiled, place it upon a dish and serve."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—LORRIMO (the best medicine for strengthening the nerves and exorcising and moderate living).—J. W. S. CONWAY (many thanks for the suggestion offered to us, they shall be attended to).—J. H. (we audaciously avoid any interference in religious or political discussion).—W. W. (apply to an attorney).—N. WAGGAS (the communications of our correspondents always receive due attention).—R. S. C. (it should be expressed "a banker's leather case").—W. W. (thanks for the paper sent).—HAWLEY (we have not heard of the scheme alluded to).—J. M. M. (there is always room for improvement).—FRIEND TO COMPANION had better consult some bird-fancier).—ELKAN M. (cheerful disposition compensates for any exterior defect).—R. M. ("Knight's Excursions from London," in one volume).—JOSSELYN (had better apply to a professed teacher of shorthand).—S. R. (Gobett's French Grammar is an excellent elementary work).—STANISLAV (we do not undertake to return all manuscripts, as this would absorb too much of our time; of course there are some few exceptions to this rule).—VEXAS (will find his question answered in our general notice to correspondents in No. 9).—W. B. (thanks for the suggestion).—SPICULAZION (apply to the excise-office).—E. WYNDHAM (we thank our correspondent, and will attend to his suggestion).—SUBSCRIBER (consult Mrs. Lee's Taxidermy, published by Longman).—R. FARRMAN (write legibly, and on one side of the leaf only).—S. J. ROSE (Dr. Gall himself would have been puzzled to answer the Phrenological question proposed to us; our correspondent must explain his meaning).—AOLAKEMON (procure the music from a publisher, we have no space for the score).—T. TRAVELL (we are obliged by the suggestion of our fair correspondent, and shall be happy to see the papers she mentions).—LORRIMO M. (under commencing "What's in a name," &c.).—J. L. (many thanks for his suggestions).—T. J. SAKSBERG (thanks).—B. (the subject will scarcely admit of insertion).—A. P. (thanks).—R. B. (will find his request attended to).—M. S. (the Home Companion Postoffice will be found to answer every purpose).—T. ARDUS, consult a professional adviser).—WILKEY (we cannot for prudential reasons adopt his advice).—D. O. I. (our correspondent's remarks are excellent, and will receive due attention).—E. M. (we cannot offer any opinion on a subject of such difficulty).—M. N. B. (we have never heard of the work).—W. J. J. (to ensure the rights of citizenship in America, a person must become naturalized).—ROBIN HOOD (should remember the wise adage, first catch the hare and then cook it).—J. A. M. (no subjects of the nature described will be inserted).—J. P. B. ("Brauder's Town and Country Brewing Book," A. F. (we are not sufficiently acquainted with the object of the company to offer an opinion).—UNIAUX (close and hard application).—W. H. (will see his wishes attended to).—B. W. (can send when he pleases).—P. R. S. (consult some hairdresser).—G. J. L. (undoubtedly we shall).—J. W. (a chemist will supply the required article).—H. STANLEY (it would be incorrect).—W. W. W. W. (the cost of a special licence is five pounds, and that of a non-special one ten shillings).—H. HOWARD (Thanks for suggestions).—J. J. (We cannot give any information respecting the Labour Academy).—LORRIMO had better be enlightened by a professional adviser).—NEW SUBSCRIBER (three shillings per quarter).—GUSTAVUS G. (consult the London Directory).—J. MASON (what cannon is alluded to?).—S. S. (will find full instructions for making a galvanic cell in the Family Friend, vol. 4, p. 20, Appendix).—J. S. (apply to the publisher.)





# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 11.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## A WINTER SKETCH.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

'Tis eventide, Roofed and shut in from the storm,  
How dear is the hearthstone, so laughing and warm,  
Where my cat sits composing her puritan face,  
And my dog at my feet has his privilege'd place;  
While a friend I have tried, and a wife who is true,  
And a sweet child of promise all smile in my view.  
With the blessing of books, and a spirit to The glory and goodness their pages reveal,  
I cling to the gods of my household—and hark!  
Like a sorrowful outcast that roams in the The wind waileth by, and the fierce, falling rain  
Knocketh loud at my window, but knocketh With the time-cherish'd legend, the heart-waking song,  
With the prattle of childhood that never seems wrong;  
With the voice of my friend in good-humour'd debate,  
And the smile of my wife as she listens sedate.  
I feel the infusion of Heavenly things,  
As the hours hurry past on invisible wings;  
Then a shake of the hand, and a look at the sky,  
Where the stars through a cloud-rift are winking on high,  
And I turn with a satisfied calmness of breast,  
Unto sleep and the dream-life that colours my rest.

'Tis morn, and I mark on my dim lattice-pane,  
But yesterday dull'd with a deluge of rain,  
Quaint pictures of wavelet, and tendril, and curl,  
[pearl:] Array'd in the moon colour'd tints of the And woodland, and waterfall, temple, and tree,  
And shapes of the coralline depths of the sea,

In deep confusion most cunningly toss'd  
By the fanciful pencil of frolicsome frost.

I am out (who would prison his senses by walls,  
When health holy nature so lovingly calls?)  
I am out, and my vigils and my vision are rife

With a positive feeling of glorious life;  
For my step is a triumph, my breathing a joy,  
[alley:] My thoughts a sweet madness unmixed with  
I am out in the country, and who will gainsay

That pleasure and profit await me to-day?

I am walking the woodlands, whose tribe of old trees,  
[In vain:] Erect in adversity, baffle the breeze;

Where the foathery pine, and the weather-warp'd oak,  
Seem bent with the weight of their white winter cloak;

Where berries, like ruby-drops, nestle between  
The leaves of the holly bough, glossy and green;

Where the pool hath no ripple, the river no And the petrified rill hangs aloof from the ground;

Where the sociable robin, alone on the spray,

Salutes my ear with his querulous lay,  
And shaketh to earth, by the stir of his wings,

Such jewels as deck not the ermine of  
While the scene hath a beauty no words can disclose,

As it lies in a solemn, but splendid repose.  
And the whole realm of majesty, silence, and light,

In the trance of mid-winter, appears to my Like the worship of mute and manigabe things,

O'er-shadow'd and hush'd by Omnipotent And my soul in accordance with nature lies bare,

O'erburden'd with wordless, but eloquent prayer.

## THE STORY OF ERIC THE FOURTEENTH, KING OF SWEDEN.

FROM THE SWEDISH CHRONICLES; BY W. JONES.

GUSTAVUS VASA, the liberator of Sweden, dying in 1560, left three sons, Eric the Fourteenth, John the Third, and Charles the Ninth. The eldest was remarkable for his comely and handsome person. He had also a brilliant and poetical imagination; but his temper was exceedingly hasty and violent.

Capable of the most virtuous actions, and the greatest crimes, King Eric, soon after his accession to the throne, was one day passing through the great market-place at Stockholm, when he observed a maiden of singular beauty seated in front of a small shop stored with fruit and flowers. She presented a nosegay to the monarch, who, struck with her graceful appearance, directed one of his officers, on his return to the palace, to make some inquiries respecting her.

"Sire," observed the messenger on his return, "Karine Magnus is the daughter of an old soldier. She is lovely indeed, but wholly uneducated. It is delightful to observe her; but the moment she speaks, the charm is lost."

"The work is then incomplete, is it?" returned the disappointed monarch. "Well, let the young Karine be sent away until she becomes perfection itself. See that she is conducted to a suitable dwelling, where she can be brought up as a princess; and let her be instructed by the most talented professors in Sweden. When her education is finished, I will marry her."

\* History informs us that Eric, before his love for Karine, had been a suitor to Queen Elizabeth. A correspondence between the sovereigns proves this, and the letters are still preserved in the library at Upsal. John, the king's brother, had been sent to London, charged with this negotiation. Tradition affirms that an order had been given to assassinate Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by whose influence this match was said to be thwarted, but Gryllensierne, who was employed on this mission, refused to execute it.

The commands of the monarch were promptly obeyed; and Karine, by dint of great application and tuition, became a model of talent, beauty, and virtue. She was then introduced to Eric, who became enthusiastically attached to her. In vain the royal family and his councillors endeavoured to dissuade him from this marriage; their opposition only tended to increase his passion; and, in spite of all remonstrances, he was united to Karine; who, from a simple child of the people, became Queen of Sweden.

Eric was a poet and musician. Every evening when the duties of his high position permitted him, he would proceed with his lovely companion to Lake Malar; and, seated at her side in the boat, he would take his guitar and improvise verses to Karine; several of which have been preserved from the ravages of time.

The following is an almost literal translation of one of these poems:—

"The skies at thy birth had denied thee its treasures,  
Nor riches, nor lineage, yet maidens wreathline;  
What matters it now? Thou art sharing my pleasures,  
The queen of my bosom, and all that is mine!"

"Thou hast brought to thine Eric a blessing far greater,  
Outvying in lustre gold, silver, or gem;  
Of love thou hast been the delightful creator,  
Enchelling with glory the proud diadem.  
Let others seek happiness where they think best,  
My idol is Karine, who dwells in my breast."

A fatal destiny had placed among the councillors of King Eric, an officer of the court, named Goran Peterson, who had the reputation of being the first astrologer in Europe, and entirely possessed the confidence of his royal master. The king was a firm believer in the dark science; and the unworthy favourite, making use of the subterfuges of his art, had gained by degrees such influence over the mind of the monarch, that he may be said to have governed Sweden.

Peterson, detested by every one, and addicted to gross immorality, was one of those men who prove by their actions the existence of God, by displaying the worst attributes of the evil spirit; for, without the beneficent aid of religion to counteract wickedness, what would the world become?

Three persons alone were able to compete with him in their power over the king. These were Prince John, the brother of Eric; Nils Sture, one of the greatest nobles in the kingdom; and the queen herself.

"Sire," said Peterson one day to the monarch, "while I was yesterday contemplating the starry host, I observed your planet on the point of disappearing entirely. 'You are menaced with some real danger.'"

"What is it? Explain yourself, Peterson."

"Another star is rising in the heavens; and, sire, it has great chances of success. Your crown is in peril!"

"Where is this star?"

"Near the throne, sire."

Prince John had often been an obstacle to the accomplishment of the imperious caprices of his brother, and had opposed his marriage to Karine. He had also evinced a profound contempt for the astrologer and his pretended art.

Eric doubted not for a moment that Prince John was the fatal star by which his own was menaced to be superseded, and he took advantage of a violent altercation that ensued shortly afterwards between them, to order his brother into confinement in the dungeons of Gripsholm.

Nils Sture was the next victim of Peterson. He belonged to one of the most powerful families in Sweden. Stenon Sture had governed the kingdom as Regent in 1477, before Gustavus Vasa mounted the throne; and Swante Sture, the father of young Nils, was the brother-in-law of the last king.\*

Peterson, to effect the ruin of the young nobleman, caused calumnies against him to be justified into the ears of King Eric. Nils had openly expressed an enthusiastic admiration of the queen, and her virtuous conduct. This was magnified by persons employed for that purpose, into a mutual attachment between the royal lady and her subject. Nor was this all. A great conspiracy was suddenly pretended to be discovered, and reports were spread that the Sture family coveted the crown. It was insinuated that Swante Sture was the brother-in-law of Eric, and numerous partizans had already declared for Nils. The horizon was dark and troubled. These deceptions were successful, and the violent Eric believing them, consulted the astrologer.

\* Swante Sture loved Margarita Leyouhufoud, who returned his affection. He was seventeen and the maiden had attained her eighteenth year, when Swante was obliged to undertake a voyage, on his return from which he found Margarita was married to King Gustavus Vasa. Troubled in mind and desperate, he forced his way into the palace, sought the Queen, and fell on his knees before her. The monarch entered the apartment at this moment. "What means this?" he demanded, sternly. "Sire," replied Margarita, with admirable presence of mind, "Sture is passionately in love with my sister, and on his knees has demanded her in marriage from me; but I dared not give my consent without your majesty's permission." "I grant it to him," replied the monarch. Sture thus saw himself compelled to become the brother-in-law of the king.

Peterson mounted to his observatory, and affected to read in the skies that Sture would occasion misfortune to the monarch, and he swore solemnly that the prediction was correct. Eric immediately caused the unhappy Nils to be seized, but unwilling to inflict the last punishment, he caused the young nobleman to be degraded.

On the fifteenth of January, 1566, Nils Sture was accordingly conducted to Stockholm, to the same public place called Star-Torget, where the tyrant Christian, King of Sweden, had ordered the execution of the principal noblemen in the kingdom, including the father of Gustavus Vasa, to be beheaded. Nils was clothed in a ridiculous costume, and had a crown of straw placed on his head. A large open book was placed in his hands, upon which was inscribed—"Register of all the dignities and riches of Sture." He was afterwards seated in a miserable house, and followed by the public executioner, was paraded through the streets of the city, between files of the vilest population, who had been bribed to maltreat him and cover him with mud. The handsome and valiant Sture, worn down with misery and shame, struggled in vain to liberate himself. The soldiers held him down, bound hand and foot to the horse. The blood gushed from his mouth and eyes, but King Eric remained pitiless.

The Queen now became the chief object of hatred to Peterson, not only because her influence over the king continued unaltered, but she had on several occasions expressed great horror at the conduct of the astrologer. It remained to be seen which of the two would obtain the greatest ascendancy over the weak-minded monarch. Peterson had one great advantage, for he guided the helm of state, and, in fact, governed Sweden. The king never performing any action without first consulting his unprincipled adviser.

Nils Sture and his father were imprisoned in the dungeons of the castle of Upsal. At the suggestion of Peterson, King Eric went to pass a few days in the magnificent residence constructed in the same building by Gustavus Vasa, and he was accompanied by the Queen and his court.

Plunged in profound grief the mother of Nils Sture could only think by what means her husband and her son could be released from captivity. She was aware that the people were murmuring at the tyranny of Peterson, and that a party might easily be raised against Eric; but she knew also that such proceedings would be rejected with scorn by the noble Sture. While she was reflecting, an anonymous letter reached her in secret, containing the following words:—

"Address yourself to the Queen, the prisoners. The king always is desirous of saving Sture, wherever is

reference to him and if she is re-

Who had written this letter? Ah! if the mother of Nils had been aware that it was the work of the infamous astrologer, what ill might have been averted. Conceiving that such advice came from a friend, she hastened at once to the Queen.

"Sire," observed Peterson to King Eric as he watched the monarch, and beheld two plaid league is forming against your majesty. I da-

"Speak, I command you!"

"Sire, the Queen is in the plot!"

"Silence, miserable wretch; what thy fearful science hath announced to me, I know. Art thou aware that men speak to the public voice is like a priest who believes his father's voice? Away from me!"

An officer of the palace announced to the Queen:

"Did her enter; she is my pardon-angel!" exclaimed Eric enthusiastically.

"Then fate may do its worst," murmured the astrologer, gloomily.

"Dear Karine," said the monarch, when he was alone with the Queen, "hast thou any favour to command? Speak freely, and thou shalt have thy desire gratified. I place thy pretty head under this crown of ears; and I seem to be girdling thee, my most charming diamonds of love and joy. What is thy wish?"

"Sire, pardon the miserable Sture!"

"Pardon? He could not control his anger. His gloom became more and more oppressive. The astrologer pointed to his mind, and they seemed to be in the midst of his torches of fire and vengeance. With an ironical laugh of scorn and triumph, he exclaimed, "Ah! you loved Sture, madam!"

Karine drew back from her furious husband, who added, in a terrible voice—"Hence! You desire his pardon. He shall die!"

The terrified Queen quitted the apartment hastily, well aware, by experience, that it was useless to reason with the King in these fits of obstinate madness. She was overcome with grief, on reflecting that instead of restoring Nils Sture to freedom, she had been the means of his condemnation to death; for she knew the desperate resolution of Eric would lead him to put the threat into execution. One part of the misfortune of Sture had arisen from his expression of respect to himself; and he could not but feel sympathy for his sufferings. Sture also, faithful to the dictates of chivalric honour, was still attached to his sovereign, notwithstanding the cruelty and hatred of the King towards him. Nils accused the astrologer alone for what had passed. Karine could not forbear admiring these noble qualities, and wishing to repair the evil she had unintentionally caused, to save his life became now her absorbing feeling; and in this she was not actuated by love, but by motives of duty and justice.

One of the Queen's attendants was in the interest of Peterson, who had

purchased her services. This person was acquainted with all the secret sufferings of her royal mistress.

"Madam," she observed to Karine, one day, "you have an opportunity of liberating the prisoner this evening. By a fortunate hazard, the officer who commands the guard stationed at the cell of Sture, is my affianced husband. Come yourself this night to the vaulted chamber where he keeps watch, and the captive will be restored to freedom. He has sworn it upon his honour."

"I will not fail to be there," replied the unsuspecting Queen, in a low and decided voice.

Strong in the purity of her motives, she implored the protection of Heaven.

The evening shadows gathered around the castle. Who is that man, who, mounted on an iron-grey charger, crosses with a rapid pace the plains of Upsal? He is clad in armour of a funereal hue, and the black plumes of his casque wave in the wind. He might have been taken for Hamlet in his madness, pursued by some phantom. The horseman proceeded through the increasing darkness towards the tomb of Odin; and reached the spot where the deity was supposed to repose, who drinks mead in Walhalla from the skulls of his enemies.

"Vengeance!" shouted the monarch (for it was Eric), until the walls of the old temple, where human sacrifices were wont to be offered formally, seemed to shake with the cry. The king seated himself on the ground in a state of great excitement. He fancied a dagger of fire was suspended over his head, and that unearthly beings repeated his threat of vengeance. Was it the echo from the runes? or could it be the accents of Odin himself?

The monarch at this moment raised his head, and a man was standing before him. It was his evil genius, Peterson, the astrologer.

"Who called thee? Retire instantly!" exclaimed the exasperated Eric.

"Thou art sentencing new murders, art thou not? I will have no more blood shed—no hit shall be sacrificed. Hence!—away!"

"When you may have the will to order, you may no longer have the power," returned Peterson, coldly.

"I do not understand thee."

"Why explain my words when it will be too late? I am silent."

"Speak, and be brief,—I command thee."

"Be it so. The Queen, at midnight, intends to visit the prison of Sture, and unlock with her own hands his fetters."

"Thou!"

"You shall see for yourself, if you will take the trouble."

"When?"

"The moment approaches. Sture once at liberty, there will be revolt throughout Sweden."

"Oh, then, I will follow thee."

King Eric retraced his steps to Upsal, murmuring at intervals on the way, "What ill might have been averted. Conceiving that such advice came from a friend, she hastened at once to the Queen."

They arrived shortly before midnight at the gate of the castle. The monarch dismounted, and took his position in a hidden recess, near the cell of Sture. Where were the soldiers of the guard? The officer in command had taken care to remove them. The treason appeared evident to the King, who, with Peterson at his side, crept closer to the wall, and waited impatiently, his hand grasping the dagger in readiness.

The white figure of a woman advanced slowly down the passage. She held a lantern in one hand, and a bunch of keys in the other. Her step faltered, for she was alone, and Eric thought she might have left her companion behind, in order to effect her object more securely. The figure approached the door of the cell, and the light falling on her features, partly concealed by a veil, discovered Karine. She turned the key in the lock, opened the door, and was about to enter, when an iron grasp seized her arm.

"Wretch!" cried Eric, his poignard gleaming in the light.

The Queen uttered a cry of terror, and fell on her knees, while her veil, falling back, exposed her countenance deadly pale with terror. Eric raised his guilty hand to strike, but Karine was at his feet, her hands joined, and in an attitude of supplication, that was not, however, that of a criminal. In this situation she appeared to him more beautiful than he had ever beheld her.

"I am only guilty of pitying misfortune," murmured the Queen, in a low and tremulous voice; "strike, but I shall die pure and blameless."

"No, thou shalt not die, faithless though thou art," replied Eric, furiously. "Coward that I am, I love thee still! Fly without delay! Hence! and escape this dagger."

Karine arose and fled.

"Sture, now for thy turn!" exclaimed the monarch, bursting into the cell of his victim.

A small lamp feebly lighted the interior. Nils suddenly perceived before him what appeared to be a black phantom, but speedily recognised his sovereign.

"What is thy purpose, Sire?" he said.

"Death!"

Eric struck the young noble without pity, but the dagger in the blind fury of the king entered the arm of Nils Sture. The sufferer, drawing the weapon forth, kissed it, and then returned it to Eric, saying—

"Mercy, Sire, thou art deceived. None love thee better than I do."

But, mad with rage, the monarch felled him to the earth, where Nils expired instantly.

A profound silence succeeded the last imprecation of hatred and the sigh of death. Eric gazed for a few moments stupefied at the body of his victim. Horror, fear, and remorse took possession of him. He suddenly remembered

\* In the cathedral of Upsal may still be seen the blood-stained dress of Sture, and the marks inflicted by the dagger of King Eric.

that in the next cell Swante, the father of the murdered Nils, was confined, and running there, he fell on his knees before the noble old man, exclaiming—  
 "Stare! Stare! forgive me."  
 The reeking poignard was still in his hands, and his clothes were stained with blood.

"I will pardon everything," replied the unhappy father, "provided you have not killed my son."  
 "It is just," said Eric, speaking to himself in a tone of bitter reproach; "this man will not, cannot pardon me. I am cursed alike by Heaven and by man."

He arose from his kneeling posture, and threw away his casque, beneath which his head was almost bursting with fever. The black plumes were trampled under foot, and casting off his armour he quitted the castle at a rapid pace, bareheaded, and in his under garments only, traversing field and woods like a madman. Peterson took care not to follow him.

One of his principal officers met the king in this condition by accident.  
 "Go to the prison," cried the monarch in a decided tone to the soldier, "and order all the inmates to be slain."  
 The same night he was obeyed.

The old governor of Eric, the venerable Burraeus, on being informed of the king's frenzy, followed him in the hope that his voice would reach him to reason. Several soldiers accompanied the patriarch. Eric, on beholding him, ordered his attendants to seize and slay his former tutor.

Burraeus was massacred.

"Leave me now," exclaimed the king, in a melancholy voice. "I am contented, for Sture is avenged. I have made a glorious sacrifice of blood to his name, and this will atone for his death."

During three days and nights the monarch wandered about the country, refusing nourishment and shelter, and without closing his eyes. The fourth day he was discovered lying insensible at the foot of an isolated rock, and he was removed to the palace in a state of mental alienation.

"I am like Nero," he constantly repeated, "for I have also killed my Burrhus."\*

Karine could induce Eric to take some food, and by her tender attentions reason partially returned. Her voice, like the harp of David the Saint, calmed his excited mind. He could only sleep when alone, and now that Karine had justified her conduct in her conduct towards him, the king gave his whole affections to her, and, by her influence, distributed rewards to his surviving partisans, and the distemper.

His great desire was to expiate his crimes.  
 "Karine," he observed one day to the Queen, "to gain the pardon of Heaven, I will curse me my life no longer to love and pleasure, but to the glory of Providence and immortality. For although deeply sinful, I believe in God sincerely; and a soul without such faith is like the world without a sun."

He visited the widow of Sture, and loaded her with honours and riches. None of his present were missed, but they were received coldly, and without one word of gratitude.

"Demand," said King Eric to her, "what yet thou wilt, and it shall be met."

"Gold, plenty of gold," replied the widow, "and other officers."

Prince John, his brother, was still a prisoner in the castle of Gripsholm, but an order was now sent for his release. Peterson remonstrated with the king, but in vain.

"Silence," cried Eric, "thy part is played. I have spared thy life, and in return desire no advice from thee. Bid me of thy presence instantly."

The astrologer was driven ignominiously from the court. Once in freedom, Prince John had but one absorbing thing, that of vengeance. The people murmured against Eric, whose crimes and madness had terrified the country. The embers of revolt, long smouldering, required only a spark to flame forth.

"The hour of justice has sounded," said the widow of Sture to Prince John, "you have only to say the word, and Sweden will rise to a man in thy cause, and crush the man of blood. To arms! The throne is yours!"

"Money is required," replied John.

"My coffers are filled with gold at your service."

"From whence hast thou these riches?"

"They were the gift of Eric."

Shortly after this interview, the king's brother, at the head of a numerous army, marched as a conqueror to Stockholm. The treasures given by the mother of Nils Sture were melted at the mint, and new coins, with the effigy of John the Third, were distributed among the rebels, and called blood-money.† John overcame every obstacle, and vanquished Eric, who was unable to meet the storm. Abandoned, betrayed, and delivered into the power of his brother, the unhappy monarch was, in his turn, sent a prisoner to the castle of Gripsholm, where Prince John had been confined. But the latter had been treated, while there, with the respect due to his rank, and lodged in magnificent apartments. Eric, on the contrary, was incarcerated like the meanest felon, in a frightful dungeon. Weary and sad were the hours of captivity. Days and months passed on, and the unhappy monarch, not allowed to quit his cell, lost his health. At length the guard placed at his door, taking pity, permitted him to walk in a gallery overlooking the beautiful lake Melar.

This prospect, enchanting as it was, added to the sorrowful reflections of King Eric; for it was on the quiet waters of this lake, in the happiest period of his life, he had chaunted his songs in honour of Karine and love. It was there, seated at her side in a boat, he had composed the lines—

"Thou hast brought to thine Eric a blessing far greater,  
 Outvying in lustre gold, silver, or gem:  
 Of love, thou hast been the delightful creator,  
 Encircling with glory the proud diadem."

One evening, while watching from his solitary place the magnificent rays of the departing sun, he observed a small boat gliding over the waters towards the spot where he was seated. The notes of a lyre sounded on the breeze. He listened, and like Richard of the Lion Heart, he recognised the song of past days. The words, the music, and the instrument, were his own.

"My idol is Karine, who dwells in my breast!" was repeated by a voice that sounded familiar to him. A gleam of hope and joy brightened his heart. The boat contained a female form, clothed in black; and although he could not distinguish the features of the stranger, he felt persuaded she must be his wife. This was soon confirmed by a low sweet voice calling from beneath the gallery, "Eric, I am Karine!"

A few moments afterwards the door of the prison opened, and the Queen sank into his arms.\*

By dint of prayers, entreaties, and bribery, Karine had succeeded in obtaining permission to behold her husband. The transports and delight of this meeting may easily be conceived.

"Listen," said the Queen, in a subdued voice. "A hope is still left us. Some noble and faithful warriors, armed in your cause, have sworn to save you or perish. At their head is the gallant Charles de Mornay."†

"The chief of my Scotch guard!" interrupted Eric.

"The same. It has been arranged that he will be present this evening with his officers at a ball to be given by the usurper John. Mornay has been requested to prepare a military dance, and in the midst of this performance, he and his friends, armed to the teeth, will precipitate themselves on the self-styled king, kill him without mercy, and cry 'Long live Eric the Fourteenth!' The army will rally to the signal, for the usurper is detested by all."

"The people then are tired of my brother," observed Eric, with tearful eyes. "Should Heaven again place me on the throne, I will be a good king and father to them. Karine, thou shalt be ever present with me, and I will mould all my thoughts and actions to thine own sweet will. Just and merciful shall be my conduct, and I will secure the happiness and prosperity of Sweden."

"And Peterson will be no longer at court," added the Queen, in the same low tone.

"Who has then happened to him?"

"He has been executed by order of John."

A sigh broke from the royal captive. "The stars, however," he remarked, "have not deceived the astrologer. Peterson predicted I should be dethroned. If I had kept my brother, whom he so plainly designated, in prison——"

The noise of approaching footsteps disturbed the dethroned monarch. An officer of the court appeared.

"An infamous conspiracy has been discovered," he said, addressing the Prince. "Mornay, your insolent agent, has been arrested, together with his accomplices, and the scaffold awaits them."‡

Karine uttered a cry of distress.

"Drive hence this woman," continued the officer, turning to his attendants, "she came here to reveal the murderous plans to her husband. They will, however, meet in prison."

"Back to him!" exclaimed the Queen.

"And you," he added, addressing Eric, "must now change quarters. It

On the borders of Lake Venad, upon a gloomy and deserted coast, stood an old tower, proudly dilapidated, which was appropriated as a prison for the dethroned sovereign. Orlyhus was the name given to this spot; and in a damp and loathsome cell, hidden from the light of day, the royal captive passed nine dreary years.

Eric never again beheld Karine. His lyre was the only consolation left to him; and he would compose and sing hymns of great solemnity and beauty, in praise of God and immortality. Pleasure and love, the former themes of his muse, were now abandoned, and he gave up his whole soul to religion and piety.

A psalm composed by him in this frightful abode has been preserved. The long imprisonment of the dethroned monarch at length softened the feelings of those even who had been his most bitter enemies, and a report was spread that a popular demonstration was about to be made in his favour.

John the Third became alarmed, and resolved to slay his brother.

One morning, the governor of Orlyhus made his appearance before Eric. His features were dark and menacing.

"Your condemnation is pronounced," said the inflexible jailer. "prepare yourself for death, and choose between being stifled or poisoned. The one or the other is to be your portion."

"Bring me poison," replied Eric, calmly.

\* At Skokloster is a charming picture by Sandberg, representing this last interview between Eric and Karine. The king is remarkably handsome, and the Queen's features have a sweet and tender expression.

† He punished the victims of his devotion. The plot was denounced by a priest, of whom one of the conspirators had demanded absolution beforehand for the blood he was about to shed.

\* These words of Eric, and all the details of the homicide, are related in history. Burraeus had always evinced for his headstrong pupil the liveliest affection. This name was pronounced like Burrhus, the preceptor of Nero, who was poisoned by the tyrant's order.

† These are still to be seen in the Cabinet of



He uttered a last prayer, and then with an air of tranquil dignity, quaffed the fatal draught.

"Adieu, Karine," he murmured, as he closed his eyes.

On the same evening Eric the Fourteenth died.\*

The Queen expired shortly afterwards of grief.

The Psalm of Penitence composed by King Eric in his prison is still to be found in the book of Swedish Canticles. It has also been rendered into the Danish and German languages. The following translation of three verses may serve to give the English reader a faint idea of the original poem.

"Take pity, Saviour, on a captive lone,  
Whose crimes just Heav'n hath punished with distress;  
Shipwreck'd, proscribed,—all worldly hopes now flown,—  
Thee, he implores, to comfort and to bless.  
Take pity, Saviour, on a captive lone!

Sweet are my sorrows if they cleanse from sin:  
Could I have felt them in my days of pride,  
What cares and sorrows I had spared within!  
Grant me the mercy, Heaven, I then denied.  
Sweet are my sorrows if they cleanse from sin

Give me, Great Judge, the heritage of Heaven,  
And earthly crowns may crumble into dust.  
Comfort a heart to Thee now wholly given,  
Crush'd by dark guilt, Thou only art my trust!  
Give me, Great Judge, the heritage of Heaven."

## A PEEP AT AN OLD MAN'S HEART;

OR, WHY UNCLE HARRY WAS A BACHELOR.

### SCENE THE FIRST.

"WHEW! what a storm!" ejaculated old Uncle Harry Bell, as he stamped his feet and brushed the snow from his overcoat in the hall, and then flung wide open the door of a snug, cozy little parlour in his comfortable farm-house.

Within, a cheerful wood fire was burning; and the flickering light cast a bright lustre on the quaintly carved old-fashioned mahogany chairs and tables—danced upon the lofty ceiling, and scattered a shower of golden beams on the sunny ringlets of fair Lilly Bell, who had fallen fast asleep in Uncle Harry's arm-chair.

"Whew! what a storm, I say. Lilly! Lilly! Lilly! where are you? Asleep? hey! A fine welcome, this, for a hungry old man; for as I live, tea is not ready. Come, Lilly, wake up," and Uncle Harry rubbed his chilled fingers across Lilly's face, which caused her to jump from her chair, and open her blue eyes with astonishment.

"Why, have I been asleep, and can it be six o'clock!" she exclaimed, as the old clock in the hall chimed forth the hour; "and I declare it is snowing fast, too! Why, how could I be so careless as to fall asleep when I am in such a hurry to finish my tabouret? and where in the world can Nancy be?" and away Lilly flew to the kitchen to summon the good old housekeeper, whose movements were somewhat dilatory.

Uncle Harry sat slowly sipping his tea—closely eyeing Lilly the while—a mischievous smile playing about the corners of his mouth, while her glance was fixed upon her plate; but it was evident by her movements that her thoughts were neither upon the plate nor its contents, for Uncle Harry presently burst into a hearty laugh, exclaiming, "There, Lilly, that will do. Pouring cream and sugar on one's bread is not so bad, but when I see large lumps of butter floating about like islands in your tea, I think it is time to recal your wandering thoughts. Ah! Lilly, how I pity poor Ned Allston. A sorry little wife you will make him. I declare you'll surfeit him one week, and starve him the next," and again Uncle Harry burst into a hearty laugh, which sent the blood flying into fair Lilly's face, but then "Uncle Harry was such a 'dear old quiz,'" as all the girls said, that Lilly found it impossible to get angry with him, although a very perceptible pout was on her cherry lips as he again reiterated, "Poor Ned, I pity him!"

Lilly could stand it no longer. "I don't believe Ned wants your pity," she exclaimed. "You are too provoking!"

"Ah!" persisted her tormentor, "but that is the very reason why he ought to have it—because, running into the fire with his eyes wide open, does not show that he will not get burned."

"Come, now, Lilly, dear," he continued, "acknowledge, like a candid, sensible girl, that no condition in life can be preferable to that of a jolly old bachelor."

But Lilly only persisted in shaking her pretty little head with an incredulous air, to the infinite amusement of her uncle, who sipped his tea with a smile of good humour on his lips.

"Ah, well!" said he, at length, "it always has been so, and it always will be, that the young will never take the advice of the old. Now, if I were in Ned's place——" here he paused, for Lilly's eyes were bent upon him with an earnest, appealing look, as she asked, "What would you do, Uncle Harry?"

"Well," he continued, "were I very much bewitched, perhaps I might—I might—commit matrimony. But then I rather think that I should not resign myself to such a fate, without I had struggled pretty hard to free myself from my fetters."

"Ah, then," said Lilly, laughing, "I aim to conclude that you never were bewitched by any pretty girl, else you had yielded to her charms. Uncle Harry, why were you an old bachelor?"

Ah, Lilly, you touched a tender chord; for Uncle Harry's hand trembled strangely as he lifted a spoonful of tea to his mouth, and an unwonted moisture sprang to his eye; but he only dropped the spoon, exclaiming, "Why, Lilly, how hot this tea is. I declare it has scalded me!"

Yes, Lilly had touched a tender chord; and the meal ended in silence, for Uncle Harry's heart was now filled with memories of the past.

### SCENE THE SECOND.

An hour later, Lilly sat at the table, busy with her worsted work. Her fingers flew rapidly, and the flowers rose quickly upon the canvass beneath her needle; but it was evident that her thoughts were not there. A sunny, loving, hoping smile played upon her lips, like a bright-winged bird among the flowers, and a tender light gleamed from the dilated eye, for her heart was away with her absent lover—Ned Allston.

In one month from that eve was Lilly to plight her faith where she had long since given her love.

The poet hath said, "the course of true love never did run smooth," but for once he erred; for Lilly was beloved by one well worthy of her, and her's had ever been a sunny sky, where storms never came, nor wild winds blew.

Uncle Harry sat leaning back in his arm-chair, looking very comfortable, with his slippered feet resting on the fender, and the ruddy fire-light gleaming on his hale cheeks and silver hair.

Lilly had placed beside him upon the table his spectacles and the newspapers; but contrary to his usual custom, the glasses were unused, the papers unread.

Even his old favourite, the pipe—and Uncle Harry still clung to that old pipe with a wonderful tenacity—lay quite unregarded between his thumb and finger.

No graceful wreath of smoke, curling upward, wreathed his head like a silvery veil—no sudden nodding of the head betokened that ever and anon the old man was wandering in Dreamland; he was wide awake now, and his eye was fondly bent on the young girl who sat beside him; and thus he gazed until a tear started from its depths, and coursed down his cheek. Brushing it away, Uncle Harry spoke—

"Lilly,"—and she slightly started, as his voice broke alike the silence and her reveries—"Lilly, you asked me a little while ago why I was an old bachelor. Shall I tell you a story of my early years?"

Lilly threw aside her work, and seating herself on a low stool at her uncle's feet, leaned her head upon his knee, letting her hair fall like a rippling shower of gold over her shoulders, while he gazed tenderly on her, and slowly passed his hand across his brow, as if to dispel some disagreeable memory that lingered there. It was thus that he spoke:—

### UNCLE HARRY'S STORY.

"I was twenty-two years of age when I finished my studies at college.

"With a mind and body alike enfeebled by intense mental application and long confinement, I gladly accepted the invitation of my friend and classmate, Frank Waters, to spend the long vacation succeeding the summer term at his house. It was a lonely village whither we went, embosomed in lovely mountains, and very picturesque.

"And here, away from books, and the ceaseless round of college duties, how swiftly sped the hours in quiet communion with the beauties of nature. We passed whole days shooting in the thick woods, or fishing in the blue river; and by these pursuits, varied by the healthy exercise on a large farm, my health was completely established. So the days sped swiftly onward, until one-half of our allotted vacation had vanished as a dream.

"An excursion and pic-nic in the mountain woods had long been talked of among the young people of the village, and needed only the enterprising spirit of Frank to forward it. He, as chief manager, enlisted me in his service, and so we immediately busied ourselves with all necessary preparations.

"It was on a beautiful morning in the early autumn time, that a merry party of gay young men and rosy-cheeked maidens assembled at the 'Mansion House,' from which we were to start for the grove, about five miles distant.

"What merry shouts rang out on the pure morning air, as one after another stowed themselves away in the huge hay-racks, trimmed with wreaths of evergreen and fresh oak-leaves, woven for the occasion; and how merry was the cry, 'Here's room for just one more!' when the carriage was already filled to overflowing. At length all were ready, and on we went, past orchards bending beneath golden fruit, and fields waving with nodding grain, by fragrant hedges and warm uplands, where the white mist hung overhead like fleecy clouds, until we entered the dim and solemn woods."

Uncle Harry's voice grew yet more distinct as he proceeded, while Lilly's eyes were turned to his with eager interest speaking from every glance.

"But why do I linger," continued he. "It is of her, of sweet Annie Gray that I would speak. Lilly, how can I describe to you the light of her violet eye, the dimpled cheek, and the waves of sunny hair? I have often thought that they were strangely like yours, Lilly.

"It was then that I first met sweet Annie Gray. Frank and myself were both, at first sight, struck by her exceeding loveliness and quiet lady-like deportment; and we eagerly sought an introduction.

"Her manner was calm and subdued—quite different from the noisy group around her; and I half suspected that she had thus early known sorrow, else had the spirits not been checked in their joyous outpourings; and what I learned of her history confirmed me in the opinion I had formed.

"What I had heard of Miss Gray only rendered me more anxious to seek her acquaintance, and I had but just engaged her as my partner for the day, when Frank came where we were standing, and repeating the question I had

\* Besow, a celebrated Swedish writer, has written an admirable tragedy on the eventful history of King Eric the Fourteenth.

just asked her, was informed that she was already engaged to Mr. Bell. He cast upon me a look, which then I could not fathom, but which rose before my memory in after days like an evil vision, bit his lip with vexation, and walked away.

"Lilly, that was to me a happy, happy day.

"We rambled apart from the others, down by the river banks; and sat upon mossy knolls beneath the magnificent old trees, and I wove her garlands of flowers, while she sang to me snatches of sweet ballads, in a voice more musical than the birds.

"And there in those old woods, alone with the birds and flowers, we became far better acquainted with each other than those who meet in the crowded drawing-room.

"In sweet Annie Gray I recognised the embodiment of my boyish dreams—dreams, too, which the opening years of manhood had not dispelled. The ideal gave place to the real.

"I saw no more of Frank Waters that day, until at evening, when I sought him after I left the cottage of Annie. He sat alone in his room. I addressed a few words to him regarding the events of the day, but he seemed disinclined to converse, only answering my questions abruptly; and not knowing the reason, I left him for my own apartment.

"A word here with regard to Frank. During our first two years at college we had been room-mates as we were class-mates; and a similarity of tastes and pursuits created a sort of student sympathy between us; but for the past year we had not shared the same room, although we were frequently together.

We were both orphans, having control over our own time, and at that time over our own fortunes, which were not inconsiderable. Frank was a younger child—I an only one."

"But, Uncle Harry, you could not have been an only child. I thought my father was your brother," said Lilly, hastily interrupting him.

"You shall know all soon, Lilly," was Uncle Harry's reply, as he continued. "Frank and I at school were reckoned intimate friends, but it was not so in reality, although we were much together.

"His was one of those natures so common among men; generous to an inferior where they could well afford to be generous—courteous to their equals where it was their policy to be courteous; but woe unto him who dared to rival him, as I afterwards learned to my bitter sorrow. He was affable and gentlemanly outwardly, but at heart a villain.

"My stay in C— drew to a close, but I had taken every opportunity to see Annie. Oh, what long, long walks we had in those deep woods, and what happy hours I spent at the cottage; and when we parted, it was as plighted lovers. Even Annie's father smiled as I sought his consent, and said, 'Yes, yes, Annie is a good girl. She deserves to be happy.'

"Ah, Lilly, how sweet is 'Love's Young Dream!' but Lilly needed no to be reminded of it thus by Uncle Harry, for her eyes were bent on his with a dreamy expression, soft as a hazy sky. She was revelling then in its sweet light.

"I returned to college with new incentives for application to books; yet eagerly did I turn from abstruse study and classic theme to pore over long letters from my Annie—letters which, to my wearied soul, were as refreshing as the desert spring to the fainting traveller.

"Even Frank, for a while, seemed to be as much as ever my friend; but it was only seemingly, as I afterwards found. We were both acknowledged by our classmates as candidates for the highest college honours, and each was striving to win them.

"Frank had set his heart upon delivering the college address, and so had I. Had he owned it to me like a man, I should have honoured him for it, but he ever denied it, saying that he cared not for paltry college honours; while to the next person he met he said, 'Bell thinks to distance me in this race, but he'll have to try pretty hard, I'm thinking. He's a conceited fellow, but I'll teach him how to cope with me.'

"I despised such meanness; and, shortly afterwards, I met him, and told him that I considered such language as what hardly could be expected from one who professed to be a friend. For a moment he equivocated; but I passionately exclaimed that I scorned his threats as I did him who uttered them, and turning away, left him, little thinking that I had aroused all his evil passions.

"Shortly afterwards, I received a letter from Annie—a cool, carefully worded letter, so different from the previous effusions of her warm, loving heart, that I knew not what to think.

"I hastened to reply, requesting an explanation, and again was my heart racked with undefinable fears, lest I had by some means lost her love; yet strange to say, I never once suspected treachery—never once suspected but that Annie was the author of the letter. Again I wrote to her, reiterating my vows of love, and conjuring her to deal faithfully and candidly with me; and in a few days, I broke the seal of a letter, which should either remove all doubt and anxiety, or blight my hopes for ever. Ah, it was a cruel, cruel blow! and the sunlight of happiness was shut out from my soul, for ever, as I then thought.

"Now Annie informed me that circumstances rendered it necessary for her to say that she considered our engagement as having been too hastily formed upon too slight an acquaintance—that she had been interested in me it was true, and this feeling had been mistaken for love, but that recent events had revealed to her the true nature of her feelings, &c.

"Lilly, all hopes died within me then!

"Henceforward, I mocked at the words—*true love*. I scorned those who treasured woman's affection as a holy thing; my laugh rang the loudest when among my gay companions, and my steps were the most buoyant, though my heart was aching with intense agony all the while.

"Alas, that I was thus hasty in believing! Would that I had sought Annie

then; but pride, stern pride, said, 'Go not to her; humble not thyself again to woman, who trifles with the best feelings of the heart.'

Here Lilly's face flushed with indignation at this imputation, Harry smiled such a sad, mournful smile, that she again leaned her head confidently upon his knee, as he continued:—

"I graduated with the highest honours, amid the plaudits of friends, even the admiration of envious rivals; but what cared I for triumph or—for fame? To me success was but as a bitter mockery, since the boon of love was denied me.

"Friends crowded around, congratulating me upon one of my 'happiest efforts' as they termed it. Even Frank Waters gave me a cordial grasp of the hand, while words of courtesy fell from his lips. I treasured no ill-will against him, and readily accepted his good wishes and congratulations, glad that we were friends again.

"The villain! A smile was upon his lips, but I knew not that it was a mocking smile at the misery he knew I was suffering! And so we parted.

"A brilliant future lay before me, at least my friends said so.

"I was young, wealthy, and they said I was talented. They wished me to my attention to the law, prophesying for me a bright career, but all to my arpose.

"Hope was dead; ambition's voice was hushed; the future had no charms for me. I grew morose and taciturn; withdrew from society, refusing all invitations to mingle with the young and gay, saying, 'Why should I go with them? They are happy, but joy is not for me!'

"Nearly two years had passed, when one day in glancing over a newspaper I read the marriage of Anne with James Morton, brother of Carrie Morton, her intimate friend.

"But what cared I? Did I not know her to be false? It was nothing more than that another had won her! It was thus that I reasoned; yet I a confused ringing in my ears, and a sudden shock as though I had been stunned by a heavy blow, when I was conscious what I had read.

"But I rallied my strength again; and then I thought that I would do with the oft-repeated advice of my friends, who, wishing to draw me from seclusion, urged me to turn my attention to professional pursuits; but it was but for a moment that I wavered.

"Injured pride said, 'Go win yourself a name among men, she will repent that she refused one honoured and esteemed by while reason said, 'Remain here;' and to her voice I listened, for the secluded life which I led here in my ancestral home, where my strains dwelt, accorded far better with my wounded feelings, than would the and cares, and toil, while pursuing fame.

It was about three years after Annie's marriage, that business led me to the village where I first met her. How every scene and every object served to remind me of the past! I rode by the 'Mansion House,' where we had met on the morning of that brief and happy day. I inquired for Frank, and learned that he was in a western city, eminently successful as a physician. I drove through the woods where I had been before with a light and happy heart; alas! how changed now! I wandered down by the green river and lingered long beneath the shade of those magnificent trees, for thoughts swept across my soul. Here I had listened to words dearer to than life—words that were but idly pledged, and had been broken, ah, how lightly! and bitter feelings rose within me as I mentally reviewed the

At the village inn, I inquired for all my old acquaintances, excepting Annie. Of her I spoke not. I could not speak of her, when they would tell me that she was happy as the wife of another. I called upon Miss Morton, the friend of Annie, and found she had been married some time to a farmer in the village.

She received me cordially; spoke of our pleasant acquaintance during brief sojourn in C—; but, although I thought it very strange, never once reverted to Annie.

I was dying to hear but one word regarding her; yet she never once referred to her. What puzzled me still more was the strange expression of countenance more when, in reply to questions, I informed her that I was unmarried, adding that 'I should live and die an old bachelor.' She hastily waived the subject, as if unpleasant to her.

"Just at this moment my attention was arrested by two little children apparently of the same age, who burst into the room, frolicking in all the glee of innocent childhood. 'Your children, I presume,' said I, addressing Carrie; taking a fair-haired girl upon my knee, and caressing her as I spoke.

"This is mine, patting the curly head of a fine little boy; 'the other is my niece. You knew Annie Gray, her mother,' said she, after a slight pause. Had a serpent stung me, I could not have started quicker than I did.

I had been caressing the child of the very woman who had proved so false to me, yet I found strength to speak, and faintly gasped—'And Annie, is she happy?' 'I trust so,' was the reply, in a sad voice. 'Poor thing, he suffered here keenly enough, but has at length gone where sorrow never comes. Oh, it was unkind, it was cruel of you to treat poor Annie so!' and he tears ran down her cheeks.

It flashed upon me in a moment with overwhelming force. Annie was dead!

"How! what mean you?" cried I. 'I unkind? I cruel? You wrong me, indeed. Did not Annie prove false to me?' I almost shrieked, dreading yet wildly anxious to hear her say that Annie had been innocent; for such words seemed to imply.

Can it be possible that you have been deceived?" said she. "Annie loved you as she did her own soul."

"But she scorned me! she wed another!" and I pointed to the little child in a manner that terrified it.

"There has been a sad wrong done you both here. Listen a moment, and I will tell you all;" and she spoke thus:—

"Annie and I had no secrets from each other; and she told me with a smile, while the light of happiness danced in her eyes, that she had surrendered her happiness to your keeping. Aye, if ever man was beloved, you were beloved by Annie.

"One day she came to me, and I saw that she had been weeping. I inquired the cause, when she laid before me a letter so different from the one preceding it, that she knew not how to regard it. There was nothing written which in itself was calculated to wound the feelings, but there was lacking the depth of tenderness which had characterized your previous com-

"I advised her to take no notice of it, but to write as she had done before. She did so; but when she came to me afterwards, with another epistle still more formal than the first, I knew not what to advise her.

"About this time, Frank Waters wrote to a friend, and casually remarked that he hoped Miss Gray was not interested in Bell, for it was evident to him that he had nothing for her, as report said he was engaged to a very beautiful and wealthy lady."

"This soon came to Annie's ears. She bent her head in anguish, for her dream of love was crushed. What bitter tears she shed as she told me of the visions of happiness she had formed, that were wrecked for ever."

"Lilly, I could hardly restrain myself sufficiently to listen with any degree of composure to the narration of Carrie. How I longed to search out the monster who had secured all my happiness, for it was evident now that Waters had been the author of those letters purporting to come from Annie."

"She continued: 'Annie wrote to you once again, saying that she gave you up; and since it was evident you cared not for her, no love of hers could ever fetter you, although it cost her many a bitter tear.

"Her attention and time was now wholly engrossed by her father; who had a failing for some time; and although many would gladly have won her, she repelled all advances, saying that her duty was to remain beside her

My brother James had sincerely loved Annie, yet always concealed a passion, thinking she loved another."

"He was extremely sensitive, never enjoying good health; and not daring to appear other than as a friend to Annie; until after months had elapsed, he told his long-concealed love, and besought her to become his wife. Then I do not think Annie would have consented, had she not yielded to wishes of her father; and so she gave James her hand, saying, 'You know I have suffered, and if you can be content with such love as I have to offer you, it is yours.'

"They were married. One child was given them, and my brother had but not begun to taste happiness, when the destroyer came and summoned him away. He died, blessing his Annie, who had ever been to him a true wife—smoothing his pillow, and ministering to him to the last. She was now alone with her child, her father having died shortly after her marriage. A few months went by, and her steps grew feeble, and her eyes dim; and one summer's eve she also passed away like the breeze. Her last words were, 'all may love in Heaven!'"

"I knew all now: I was undeceived, and I thanked God that Annie had been true. I kissed her child, and vowed that henceforward she should be to me as my own. I have never seen Waters, and I pray God I never

"Lilly, eighteen years have passed away since then; and though my years number no more than do many who are in the prime of life, yet I am an old man—old before my time.

"Sorrow has silvered my hair and furrowed my brow, yet I am young again when I gaze upon you. Then do I again live over the past; for in your eyes I see again the love-light of other days. Need I tell you that Annie was your mother? And do you wonder now, Lilly, that I am an old bachelor?"

Uncle Harry's voice was husky, as choked for utterance; while Lilly answered not, but arose, wound her arms about his neck, and kissed his ear-bedecked cheek, and then left the room.

Half an hour afterwards she sat in her own room, with the tears falling upon a small miniature painted on ivory, which she held in her hand, as she murmured, "Sweet mother, why wert thou so unfortunate, while thy life is only too happy?" And below, in the parlour, gazing sadly, yet tenderly, upon a tress of golden hair, entwined with one of a deep, rich red—pledges of early affection, more prized than costly orient gems—sat in silence and deep thought, Uncle Harry, the old bachelor.

**GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.**—There is as much connexion between the words and the thoughts, as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expressions of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul, and leave the stains of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one profane or vulgar word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but, by the utterance of that word, he extends that spot and inflames it, till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words, as well as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able also to control the mind, and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word where, which you would be ashamed to speak in presence of the most refined male or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of your tongue.

## BEARDS AND SHAVING.

CONNECTED with the subject of beards, there is much that is curious and interesting. The difference which the beard exhibits in different countries is a curious matter for inquiry. It is the cherished appendage of the despised oxeroseous of others: some have it in profusion, others are almost without it. In hot countries, the beard is dark, dry, hard, and thin; in cold, thick, curling, and light in colour. Poor, dry, and indigestible food renders the beard hard and bristly; while wholesome and digestible nutriment makes it soft.

Civilised life appears to be most favourable for producing luxuriant beards. Savages are seldom furnished with large ones; though there is, perhaps, no people, however savage, upon whose chins a few stunted and stray hairs do not appear. At one time it was believed that the Indians were naturally destitute of beards; but stricter inquiry has since shown that they pull out, root and branch, the scanty supply of hair with which their chins are furnished. In this they are not alone; and it may be generally stated, that those on whose faces no culture can raise a decent beard, consider the little they possess a deformity of which they would be well rid.

Excepting the Greeks and Romans, all the nations of antiquity appear to have prized and cultivated the beard. Even in Greece, it was worn until Alexander's time, and in Rome, until 300 B. C. In both nations beards were retained by the philosophers and priests long after they were given up by the mass of the people. Among the Egyptians, on the other hand, it was the priests that shaved, and that not only in the face, but the head and the whole body. In times of mourning, however, they let their beards grow; and so did the Romans, after they became a shaven people; while the Greeks, in the time of the abolition of slavery, were accustomed to shave. After the abolition of slavery, among the Romans a long beard became a token of its owner's pride. On the other hand, the Franks, who were a bearded people, had all bondsmen to shave the chin.

In the middle ages beards were generally in high esteem. Among the early French monarchs, it was the custom to attach three hairs of the sovereign's beard to the seal of all important official documents, which probably became so numerous as to threaten the royal beard with extinction, and the custom was abolished.

The natives of Europe, generally speaking, are now a shaven people, while the Asiatics are as generally bearded. Among Asiatics, the Persians have the finest and best cultivated beards; we shall, therefore, bestow a few remarks upon Persian beards. The Persians, in early times, paid extreme attention to their beards. According to Chrysostom, their kings had them interwoven with gold thread. During one dynasty, however, only moustaches were allowed. But at the present time, the ancient zeal for them has revived, and the king has a magnificent specimen—one reaching to the waist, and claiming the admiration and adoration of his numerous subjects. Naturally the beards of the Persians grow to a larger size than those of any other people. Mostly, they are black by nature; but the practice of dyeing, either to strengthen the intensity of the black, or to give that colour where it does not exist, is universal. The operation of dyeing is both tedious and painful, and must be undergone every fortnight. It is always performed in the hot bath, as the hair is then saturated, and takes the colour better. At first, the beard is plastered over with a thick paste of henna, which, after remaining for about an hour, is washed away, leaving the beard of a deep orange colour, bordering on that of brick-dust. Many of the common people are so enraptured by the meteoric appearance of the beards produced by this first application, that they decline having it changed to black. In the second operation, another paste, made from the leaf of the indigo, is applied in the same manner, and allowed to remain for two hours, after which the patient leaves the bath with a dark bottle-green beard, which, in the course of a few days, becomes a jet black. Throughout all this, the patient is obliged to lie on his back; while the dye, in the application of the second preparation, causes the lower part of his face to smart and burn, and contracts the features in a most painful manner. The whole operation is one of great delicacy, and often results in a purple or parti-coloured beard.

The comparative advantages and propriety of shaving, and of permitting the beard to grow, it is not easy to determine. Much has been said that is good for both sides; yet, after all, it seems more a matter of taste than anything else.

The practice of shaving probably originated at first from its being found that the beard afforded too good a hold to an enemy in battle; and for this cause shaving was originally practised among the Greeks, who continued in it until Justinian's time, when long beards came again into fashion, and so remained until Constantinople was taken by the Turks. The Romans appear to have derived the custom of shaving from the Sicilians, who were of Greek origin; and the refinement of daily shaving was first introduced by no less a personage than Scipio Africanus. At the close of the Republic beards were rare; and some of the Emperors lived in great fear of having their throats cut by their barbers. For the sake of hiding the scars on his face, the emperor Hadrian wore a beard, and this, of course, brought that appendage again into use; but the custom did not long survive him.

Among the Romans, shaving did not commence with the appearance of the hair; the youth was permitted to raise a small beard which was shorn for the first time with great ceremony. Persons of rank had the operation performed for their sons by men of rank higher than themselves; and by this act such person became the youth's adopted father. The day was kept as a festival, visits were paid to the young man, and he received presents from his friends. The first crop of beard was solemnly consecrated, rally, to the household gods.



The ancient Germans wore only the moustache. They allowed no young man to shave, or cut his hair, until he had killed his enemy in battle. The ancient Goths, Franks, Gauls, and Britons, also wore only moustaches, which they permitted to attain to an enormous size. The Saxons wore long beards until the introduction of Christianity; after which they dispensed with all but the moustache. The Normans shaved their beards entirely, and looked upon beards as indications of want and misery. Accordingly, being great apostles of shaving, they succeeded in compelling, by persuasion, the English to clean their upper lips. In the fourteenth century, beards became again fashionable; but commenced to decline since more about the beginning of the seventeenth, since which time they have experienced many fluctuations—now being favored, now slighted. Beards, though useful in the battle-field, yields to French caprice; for it is of the later changes which have taken place in beards, France has led the way. The Spaniards were more tardily influenced by French caprice. A French prince, however, with a shaven chin, having introduced the Spanish throne, the courtiers, with heavy hearts, lightened their heads of those hairy burdens, and the Spaniards, according to a popular proverb, "with their beards, lost their souls."

It is a singular fact, that in most countries where the beard is allowed to grow, the hair of the head is shaved. This is particularly the case in Mohammedan countries, in which, in general, only a small tuft of hair is left on the crown of the head, for the purpose of adorning their Prophet a hold in raising him to Paradise.

## SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;	As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;	As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a
As plump as a partridge—as poor as	toast; [ball;
a rat;	As fast as a flounder—as round as a
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;	As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;	awl;
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;	As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;
As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as	As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
a bear;	As straight as an arrow—as crook'd
As light as a drum—as free as the air;	as a bow;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;	As yellow as saffron—as black as a
As steady as time—uncertain as weat-	shoe;
her;	As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;	As neat as my nail—as clean as a
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;	whistle;
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as	As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;
the wind; [unkind;	As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;
As true as the Gospel—as false as	As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;	As full as a tick—as solid as brass;
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as	As lean as a greyhound—as rich
a grig;	as a Jew, man;
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;	And ten thousand similes equally new
As still as a poker—as limp as a glove;	—for the "Home Companion."

## BEAUTY IN MEN.

"I CAN tell when a woman's face is beautiful," said a friend to us the other day. "but I don't know what you call a handsome man."

We might have referred him to the popular romances of the present day, for the description of manly beauty; but having little sympathy for those perfect beings with expansive brows of snowy whiteness, oblong, drooping, deep, piercing blue, black, or grey eyes, finely chiselled features, rich, wavy curls, and all the minutiae of fancied perfection, we simply said we believed there was no particular standard of beauty recognised among the ladies with reference to his sex, and we think that in so saying we were correct.

"I do not like a pretty man,  
With pretty lip and pretty walk,  
With hands that prettily sport a fan,  
And delicate lips that prettily talk."

says a lady at our elbow, an interesting and sensible one, too.

We believe, as a general thing, ladies do not like what are called pretty men; their style of face is too softly feminine; there is generally no break-up in the monotony of expression, no sudden gleam of joy, no flitting ray of thought; they are like a cloudless sky, which needs here a massive array of dark clouds, there a broken line of fleecy vapour, here a bright spot of brilliant hue, there a pale azure, a soft, almost imperceptible blending into the white pure light that sometimes silvers our northern heavens as with a dazzling wreath, to make its beauty impressive and lingering. A pretty man is too apt to be mincing and affected; his smile is always sweetly interesting; his whiskers—he would not have them encroached upon a tenth of an inch for a dozen little worlds like ours; his reputation is at stake should an unsightly pimple obtrude its hideous outline upon the fairness of his complexion.

Strong outlines of face, well-defined brows, marked and prominent forehead, any sort of eyes, so that they are capable of being lighted up with the soul—these, with us, constitute a handsome man, for the reason that rough, heavy features, if they are not in any way deformed, are capable of the greatest play of expression; and expression, after all, is the truest test of

beauty, for it captivates while it pleases, and stamps itself upon the heart, not upon the imagination. Do we not weary of the most perfect picture? Even in contemplating the cherished semblance of a friend, the heart aches for a change; a frown would be preferable to that immovable placidity or unbending sternness.

The frank, open countenance, cheered with the light of a sunny disposition; the thoughtful, placid brow; the firm when in thought, yet flexible and smiling in conversation; the possession of a refined nature illuminating every lineament: give us these in preference to all your set, fine faces. And even the irregular features of a man are valued decidedly plain men, we have seen glow with an expression so beautifully beautiful, as some all-pervading theme of interest lighted up the face, so that the coarse mouth, the crooked nose, even the heavy, shapeless forehead, and the dull eyes, have caught a reflection of the inner loveliness—the beauty of the soul.

Now, gentlemen, remember it does not need the aid and face of an Adonis to please and interest us ladies. Only let us rest upon the countenance the stamp of a cultivated mind, or the quick lighting up of the eye as some generous impulse prompts to an act of kindness; let us behold you at once dignified and courteous, gentle and refined in all things, even in the slightest delect in your attentions (especially to us ladies), unobtrusive in your will only when in the absolute right, gentlemanly in your address, and that in person, and we will all—those whose opinion is of any value, of course—pronounce you handsome, without a dissenting voice.

Remember that the qualities of the heart and the actions of the life stamp the features with an ineffaceable mark, either with goodness or villainy; and cultivate those affections and habits which will write upon the tablets of your countenance that which no one reading can but love and admire.

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

## A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 162.)

## CHAPTER IV.—THE CAPTURE.

ON purring for new adventures at the Rendezvous Mount, as one of the scouts appropriately termed the place, Colonel Danforth and Edward embraced each other, and separated, as friends who are about to encounter perils, with a great uncertainty of ever meeting each other again on earth. Tears dimmed the eyes of both for the time, and the farewell prayers for each other's safety were said in tones tremulous with deep emotion. Each party had been assigned their post for reconnoitring, and each cautioned the other against unnecessary exposure. Canale was to accompany Edward, Miller the Colonel, Wade the Lieutenant, Hale (another of the scouts) the Sergeant, and the two remaining scouts were to go by themselves. By this arrangement, each party had an experienced woodsman to act as leader, who perfectly understood the habits of the Indian, and knew the caution necessary to succeed in their enterprises. Thus, two by two, they led off, in different directions, for different points of observation, and, in five minutes from the time of starting, were effectually separated.

The night had set in dark and gloomy. Clouds driven from the east overspread the heavens, and not a star was visible. The wind still blew strong and cold, but seemed to be more damp than during the day, an almost certain prognostic that a storm of rain would follow soon. From Rendezvous Mount to the Piqua village, the distance was about half a mile; and for a quarter of a mile, the direction taken by Canale and our hero led them down a declivity, from which the lights of the town were plainly visible. They then came to a level, but heavily timbered bottom, which extended to the Miami, on the opposite side whereof they could dimly perceive the wigwams of the Indians, by the light of their fires, scattered along a high bank, that rose almost abruptly above the water, which was here too deep to be forded.

"We'll hew to swim, or go below," said Canale; "and I think we'd best go below, for its powerful cold work swimming, and it might not be the wisest thing to come out of the water right under the noses of the Indians."

"You are right," rejoined Edward; "but how will our friends get across, unless they come below also?"

"That's their look out, and not ours. May be they'll go above, and may be swim. If we've got to look after them, it'd be best to had 'em with us; but since they aint with us, it's best to look arter ourselves. Yes, we must go below;" and, as the old woodsman uttered this, he glided away down the bank of the river, and Edward, with gloomy feelings, followed in his steps.

A quarter of a mile brought them to a point where the current ran swift; and, cautioning Edward to be careful of his steps, and not let the stream prove too much for him, the old scout entered the water and waded across, apparently without difficulty. Not so Edward. Unused to fording streams, and the river in some places being breast high, he found it exceedingly troublesome and laborious to maintain an upright position himself, and keep his rifle, pistols, and ammunition above water.

He succeeded, however, in gaining the opposite shore in safety; but was so fatigued by his exertions and benumbed with cold, that for several minutes he was unable to proceed. But intense excitement, caused by the reflection that he might now be near her he loved, soon aroused all his faculties, and served him to new exertions; and, starting abruptly to his feet, he declared his readiness to go on without more delay.



*Edward, who had just gained the outside of the wigwam, with Lucy in his arms, was laid senseless upon the earth by a blow from a war-club. At the same instant, some three or four savages, one of them bearing a lighted torch, sprang over his body, burst into the wigwam, and secured Carnele a prisoner."*

When he came to the trial, however, he found that he had overated his power of locomotion; for a strange, cold numbness seemed to chain his nether limbs to the earth, so that it was almost impossible for him to get one foot before the other. At length, after going a few rods, he sunk down upon the ground, and in as loud a tone as he dared to use, called to his companion, who was several paces in advance, to come to his assistance.

"What's the matter?" inquired the old hunter, anxiously, as he retraced his steps to where Edward was lying.

"I fear the water has so chilled me that I shall be unfit for further service to-night," replied Edward, with a deep sigh that amounted almost to a groan.

"That comes o' being raised in the settlements," rejoined the other, with something like contempt. "I al'ays arg'd they was the places for spilin' all young chaps like you. They're only fit for sich good-for nothin', soft-handed, inealy mouthed things as doctors, lawyers, women, and them; and ef I'd got a boy—which thank fortin', I haint—I'd stripe his back ef ever he staid over night in one on 'em till he was a man grown. Oh, it's woful to think what people now-a-days is comin' to! It's my opine the men is all turnin' women, and that the world will disgenerate till thar wont be a man of as much account as a two-year old Injen baby. Now I've bin in the water when it war so cold it friz right afore my eyes; and I've staid in't for more'n a hour to time, and never felt the wuss for't when I got out. But, howsoever, I reckon you think as how this here kind o' talk don't help your case now—which is a fact—and so I'll set to work and make up a fire to warm you by."

"But surely, Mr. Carnele——"

"Don't Mister me!" interrupted the other. "I don't want none o' them settlement fixins hitched to my name. I'm jest plain John Carnele, and John's the shortest, and saves talk. Jest call me John when I'm alone; and of thar's another John along, why jest put on the tother for a distinguisher."

"Well, John, surely it would be imprudent to start a fire here, so near an Indian village. Why, we should have the whole town upon us in less than an hour."

"Tush! you're a boy, Ned—a settlement boy at that—and haint follered by a few as many trails as I hev, nor laid out in the woods quite so many nights, with howlin' imps all round ye. I said, I'd have to start a fire to warm ye by—but I didn't say I war going to raise a light for Injens to look at."

"But where there is a fire, there must of course be a light," persisted the other.

"And that's whar you show your ignorance," rejoined the scout, "and your settlement raisin'. But wait a bit, and you shall see what you never seed afore."

Saying this, the old hunter leaned his rifle against a tree, and drawing his

hatchet from his belt, began to dig a hole in the hard earth at his feet, scooping up the dirt, and throwing it out with his hands. When he had made an excavation large enough for his purpose, he collected a few dry sticks and placed them in the hole, in the form of a coal-pit or cove, with a handful or two of leaves at the bottom. These he next ignited by means of flint and steel, and then covered the whole over with the loose earth thrown out, taking care to leave one or two small air-holes on either side.

"Thar," he said, as soon as he had done—"thar, young man, thar's a fire without a light; and ef you'll jest plant yourself on top on't, you'll find the frost 'll leave your legs right sudden."

Edward immediately followed his directions, and in a very short time the steam began to rise from his wet garments, while the warmth restored an animated circulation of blood to his chilled and almost frozen limbs. As he revived, he was profuse in his thanks to the old hunter, for having, as he expressed it, given him renewed life. In the course of fifteen minutes, he declared he was again ready to pursue his adventures, and accordingly both set off toward the town, Carnele leading the way, and charging the other repeatedly to exercise great caution, and not to make the least noise.

Less than a quarter of a mile brought them to the outskirts of the Indian village; and, by the aid of a few fires kindled outside, they could plainly perceive the lodges of the savages scattered over a large area of ground, and occasionally a dusky figure stalking about in the uncertain light, which, together with the growling and barking of a few restless mastiffs, warned them they were already treading on dangerous ground, where a single wrong movement might prove fatal to their hopes, if not their lives.

The night, however, disagreeable as it appeared, was favourable to their adventure by keeping most of the Indians closely housed; while the sighing and moaning of the wind prevented any ordinary sound from being heard—or, if heard, proved a ready means of accounting for it without creating suspicion or alarm. The main thing to be feared was the watchful dogs, whose keen sense of hearing was less easy to be deceived than that of their masters, while their power of smelling, or scenting, would be almost certain to detect the presence of strangers.

"It won't do to go into the village here," said Carnele, in a whisper. "No; we'll hev to go up a piece, and wait a spell."

Our two friends accordingly moved away, and taking a circuitous route through the forest, approached the town in the rear, or rather on the side farthest from the river. Ascending a little hillock, which was well covered with bushes, they found themselves in a very comfortable position for overlooking the lodges of the Indians, and noting everything of consequence taking place within their limits. Fearing the effects of the cold upon his companion, whose garments were by no means dry, and thinking he might as well enjoy the luxury of now warming himself, Carnele immediately set to work, and prepared another underground fire. This done, both he

and Edward seated themselves over it, with the design of waiting till nearly midnight, or until the savages should have retired to their slumbers, before making any further explorations.

But they had not so long to wait as they at first anticipated, for in less than half an hour, the storm, which had been so long brewing, came on with fury, and the rain poured down in torrents, completely drenching our spies, and extinguishing the fires about the village. It was so cold that the drops often froze as they fell, forming a kind of snow which the wind drove with such fury against the faces, hands, and necks of our friends, as would have rendered their situation almost too uncomfortable to be borne, had not their spirits been cheered by the reflection, that the same pallings would drive their enemies under cover, and consequently lessen the danger of detection.

"Everything so far favours our enterprise," whispered Edward; "shall we not venture now to enter the village?"

"Directly," replied Carnele, "just as soon as I can git my dog-feed ready;" and he unstrapped his knapsack from his back, and began to fumble inside of it.

"What do you mean by dog-feed?" inquired Edward.

"Why, I've got a fixter here, that'll quiet dogs better nor all the potheecases you could buy from the fast settlement to sunrise. It's made from yarbs, and I made it myself—though I'll allow it war an old Indian as fast showed me how to do it. It's made in little balls like, about the size o' bullets; and all we has to do in goin' into the village, is to scatter 'em around; and the fast dogs as comes about will nose on 'em and eat it, and it'll be the last fodder he'll ever cram. It'll make him arful dry; and he'll break for the drink; and the fast swallow he takes 'll do his business, and ten to one but the stream takes his body down it; and that'll be the end o' him. Ah! here it is, all right—so now we'll be for a tramp. Cover your w'pons as much as you can, and mind your powder don't git wet."

Saying this, the old hunter replaced his knapsack on his back, and rising to his feet, led the way into the village; treading very cautiously, and scattering his unknown compound for the destruction of the canine race in every direction. Either this latter worked to a charm, or else the dogs, like their masters, did not care to encounter such uncongenial weather, for not one of them approached our friends as, slowly and cautiously, they now moved about among the huts, gradually nearing the centre of the village, where three or four lodges larger than the rest, proclaimed them the abodes of the chiefs of the nation. Most of the huts were dark inside; but, occasionally, a ray of light gleamed out through the crevices made by the swaying to and fro of the skins, which were hung at the doors to protect the inmates against the inclemency of the weather. Wherever a light of this kind could be seen, Edward or his companion would approach the hut, and cautiously raise the skin a little, and peer inside; and they would generally perceive a few Indians, or one Indian and his family, either lounging about in careless attitudes, stretched at full length on their rude pallets, or sitting near the light, engaged in making wampum belts, mending or making moccasins, and other similar employments.

The interior of some eight or ten huts had been examined in this manner without the occurrence of any incident worthy of note, when, just as Carnele approached another, a large Indian suddenly pushed aside the skin and came out. The old scout suddenly drew back, and stood still, and the savage passed close to his person without perceiving him. Carnele then softly advanced to the rear of the hut, where he remained in deep shadow till the Indian had re-entered when he heard him comment, in his own peculiar way, upon the rough state of the weather. Then he drew a long breath of relief, for he had been in great fear lest Edward should be discovered, but, fortunately, the latter had seen the Indian also, and had exercised sufficient presence of mind to remain motionless till the danger was past.

Some three or four more lodges were now examined in the same manner as those described, which brought our party almost to the centre of the village, and still no traces of the pioneers had been found, and they were already beginning to think themselves deceived by the information obtained from Posetha, and were debating whether it were best for them to look farther or retrace their steps, as they had even now exceeded the limits assigned to them at Rendezvous Mount, when a long deep moan, followed by a sharp reproof in broken English, proceeding from a darkened hut close by, reached their ears, and turned their thoughts into an entirely different channel, arousing both curiosity and sympathy, and, in the breast of Edward at least, exciting emotions strange and indescribable.

Without speaking a word, and scarcely venturing a natural respiration, our two spies, acting in concert, slowly and silently drew near the hut whence the sounds proceeded, and listened. For some moments all was still; and then several low moans succeeded, and another sharp and angry reproof was given, which evidently came from the lips of an old squaw, and, from the tenor of the language, left no doubt in the minds of our friends that it was addressed to a white female prisoner.

Oh! how wildly beat the heart of Edward; and what strange, almost uncontrollable, feelings were excited in his breast, as these few broken sentences reached his ear.

"Lie down! why you make noise? Me strike you, beat you, take you scalp, you no be still and go sleep."

What would he not have given then to know to whom they were addressed? Could it be that he was so near his dear Lucy, and that it was her groans, wrung from an agonized soul, that had sounded in his ears, and caused those harsh threatenings in return? And oh! if such were the case, how glad would he now take her place, and endure all the horrors of imprisonment, if by this means she could be restored to liberty and happiness. Edward loved, and loved truly, and there was no sacrifice too great for him to make for the object of his affections.

All within had once more become still; but without, the storm was raging

as fiercely as ever; and the wind moaned and whistled among the lodges and flapped the skins, and drove the rain and sleet against them with a loud pattering sound. Taking advantage of the noise, Edward now drew Carnele aside, and in low hurried tones informed him that he had resolved upon the bold expedient of entering the hut, and endeavoring to ascertain whether it contained any one of the party of whom they were in search.

"Why, boy, it's a foolish risk, and no good can come on't," was the hunter's reply.

"At least, I can ascertain whether my hopes have any foundation."

"And if they hev, what'll you do?"

"Endeavour, by some means, to get the captive away."

"Yes, and hev the whole village at your heels. No, it'll never do for you to go, lad, for you've not had experience enough; and, besides, you'd be too nervous in such a case to do things right. Ef anybody goes, it'd best be me; and ef thar's only one old squaw thar, I'll try and still her."

"Surely, you would not murder her!" exclaimed Edward, his mind revolving at the thought of such extreme measures.

"Not ef I could get along without, sartingly; but ef thar's a white captive in thar—and thar must be, else why did she speak English to her?—I'd fetch her out, at all risks, or die trying."

"Well, then, go; but, for Heaven's sake, do no violence if it can possibly be avoided!"

"Don't fear for me," rejoined the old woodsman. "I'll be very keeful—I al'ys is keeful. Here, take my rifle, and wait for me at the door; but don't move nor speak till you hev orders from me; and mind you keep the lock down, and don't let the powder git too damp-like."

"May heaven prosper this undertaking!" was the silent prayer of Edward, as he retraced his steps to the lodge, preceded by Carnele.

The latter now turned to his companion, put his mouth to his ear, and said, in a whisper—

"Stand right still, and don't move. I'll jest slip round this old shanty, and see ef thar's any other opening," and the next moment his dusky figure was lost in the darkness. Something like a minute elapsed, when he again made his appearance, on the opposite side of the hut, and added, "It's all right; be keeful, Ned, I'm jest a-goin' to enter now—keep a good look-out;" and with these words he dropped quietly to the earth, extended himself at full length on the wet ground, and cautiously raising the lower part of the skin, which hung at the door, put his head under, and slowly and silently drew his body after him.

The moment of Carnele's final disappearance was one of the most mentally and physically painful to Edward he had ever experienced. It seemed to him as if his blood had all rushed to his heart, and his heart to his throat, producing a strange species of suffocation and strangulation. For some moments, as he stood and listened, he could not breathe; and then, with a degree of pain that almost forced him to cry aloud, his heart seemed to leap back to its proper place, and began a series of palpitations, that to him really appeared audible; and which, to his excited fancy, threatened to force a passage through his breast. Gradually he grew calmer; and then he approached the hut, so as to place his ear against the skin at the entrance, and listened, with every faculty of hearing exerted to the last degree his will could give it. For a time, however, all remained still within; and no sound, save that caused by the driving storm without, could be heard. Suddenly, a quick, sharp, Indian ejaculation, followed by a stifled scream, smote upon his ear; and then he could distinguish sounds indicating a struggle where one is endeavouring to strangle another. Next he heard a voice, that sent a thrill of joy and fear through every fibre of his frame, exclaim—

"Oh! Heaven help us! What is taking place here! Mercy! mercy!—help! help!"

"Hut! hut!" cried the voice of the old hunter, "or you'll spile all!"

"Who are you?" cried another female voice.

"A friend come to save you, and git ye clear of these blood-thirsty varmints. Be quiet, now, or else go out, where you'll find a young chap ready to take you away."

"Quick, then, release us!" cried the first speaker—"for we are bound by cords!"

"Ha! that voice—that voice!" almost shouted Edward, bursting into the lodge. "Lucy! dear, dear Lucy! is it indeed you?"

"Edward! oh, merciful Providence!" was the response; and then the fair speaker burst into tears.

"Quick! quick!" rejoined Edward—"where are you?—let me cut you loose!—we have not a moment to lose!"

"You're mad—mad, boy—mad!" fairly growled Carnele. "You've ruined all by your foolish doin's!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Edward, as he cut the cord that bound Lucy Danforth, and almost convulsively clasped her in his arms.

"You talkin' and yellin' has roused the Indians in the other lodges, and they're hurryin' out in search of the cause."

"But we may escape!" rejoined Edward, tremulously. "Nerve yourself, dear Lucy, for the effort, and lean on me;" and as he spoke, he raised her in his arms, and made for the door.

"And what will become of me?" cried the other female prisoner.

"Hush! hush!" began the old hunter, "I'll—"

The sentence, if finished, was drowned by a loud, shrill whoop; and Edward, who had just gained the outside of the wigwam, with Lucy in his arms, was laid senseless upon the earth by a blow from a war-club. At the same instant, some three or four savages, one of them bearing a lighted torch, sprang over his body, burst into the wigwam, and secured Carnele a prisoner.



**PRIZE ENIGMA COMPETITION.**—The Competition for Prizes offered by the Editor of *THE FAMILY FRIEND*, for the Best Solution of ENIGMAS for LADIES, GENTLEMEN, and YOUTHS, in three separate classes, is now open. The PRIZES amount, collectively, to ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

The Three ENIGMAS are contained in *THE FAMILY FRIEND*, No. 61, for JANUARY 1, 1852.

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. V.—"TAKE CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

THERE is another adage which deserves to be bound up with this—"Charity begins at home;" and the two together would make as complete a packet edition of selfishness as the most ardent admirer of Number One could desire. The evils which sayings of this kind produce, arise from there being two senses in which they can be read: one a good sense, as in this instance, commendatory of economy and frugality; the other a bad sense, as productive of avarice, covetousness, and rapacity. And it needs but little knowledge of human nature to be certain that when such a proverb is fixed in the heart, the good sense will speedily degenerate into the bad one, and economy will be changed into avarice, frugality into rapacity. Some five-and-thirty years ago, the rector of Harrow, Mr. Cunningham, well known as the author of the *Velvet Cushion* and other works of stamp, published a little volume which he called *Sancho the Proverbialist*, with the intention of showing the evil that was occasioned by placing our reliance on, and squaring our actions by these scraps of the "Wisdom of our Ancestors" which have become dignified with the name of proverbs. And the very first of those he selects is, "Take care of Number One." Sancho is a little boy who has an aunt who places the most entire faith in the value of these proverbs; whose whole life was guided and directed by these maxims, and who insisted on making others shape theirs by the same rule. She is about to send poor Sancho to school, and summoned him to her presence, that she might impress upon his mind the words of wisdom before he departed. He arrives, his face "begrimed to the very eyes with half the contents of a pot of black currant jelly which she had, upon pain of her mortal displeasure, prohibited him from touching about half an hour before." Impressed, however, with the importance of the moment when she was about to instil into his youthful mind the proverb that was to carry him with safety, honour, and splendour, through life, she passed over the delinquency of the jam, while she exhorted him ever to remember "Take care of Number One." Poor Sancho, not clearly understanding the meaning of Number One, thought it must refer to some counters she had given him, and in his innocence asked if he must not take care of Number Two also. "Child," said my aunt, "you are little better than an idiot. Number One means your foolish self; and, therefore, if I must put into common English what is so briefly and forcibly expressed by the proverb, 'Take care of number one,' means 'Take care of yourself alone.'" "Oh," said I, "aunt, now I do understand you, and I am sure you will think me a very good boy, for I have just been 'taking care of Number One' in the very way you mean, by eating up all the currant jelly you left upon the table." This was a very hopeful application of the proverb for a young beginner! but his aunt still maintained her faith in it, and sent him off to school with the contents of a pastry-cook's shop in his trunk, and a guinea wrapped up in paper, on which was written, "Take care of Number One." What with the currant jam, and what with the guinea, it was no wonder that this maxim was engraved on his heart, that he was thoroughly determined to act up to it, and show his obedience to his aunt by "taking care of Number One."

He begins by devouring his sweetmeats in the presence of the boys, without giving away a single nut; the boys do not much admire this practical application of the proverb. "Take care of Number One," so by the time he had eaten enough to make himself ill, they made a rush upon him, and deprived him of the remainder, rolling him upon the ground with sundry pommellings, leaving him with a bruised body and sick stomach, and some few glimmerings of a notion that the best way to have taken care of Number One, would have

been to take care of all the other numbers also. But with the sickness of the stomach, the sickness of his faith in his aunt's maxim disappeared. And he resolved to be revenged on some of those who had interfered with his taking care of Number One: for this purpose, he watched his opportunity, and catching one of the most puny boys in the school alone, he most unmercifully thrashed him, and sent him away howling in agony. He soon found that he had brought a hornet's nest about his ears, for the other boys, who had not been educated in the maxim of "Take care of Number One," resolved to punish him for damaging Number Two; they set upon him in a body, beat him black and blue, and strongly impressed upon him the notion, that if he went on taking care of Number One much longer there would not be a sound inch of Number One left to take care of. But the baneful consequences of adhering to his maxim were not yet all accomplished. It had made him greedy and cruel; it was not long before it made him dishonest. Notions of property are very loose in those who see only Number One in the world. Whatever is gratifying to Number One, is appropriated by Number One, provided Number One thinks he can escape detection. Thus, many small articles disappeared, until, at length, a knife which had excited the cupidity of poor Number One, being missed, a search was instituted; it was found in Sancho's trunk, wrapped up in the very paper on which his aunt had written his guiding maxim. He is dismissed with ignominy from the school, bearing this characteristic note from the master to his aunt—"Madam—you have sent your boy to school with a principle that has made him greedy, cruel, and dishonest. It is but just that you who have given the disease, should endeavour to cure it; and therefore I have sent him back to you."

Sometimes it happens that this proverb is instilled into the youthful mind—not, perhaps, by words, but practically, by the habits and practices of the parents by whom the early education of the child is formed. Penurious habits breed covetousness, and covetousness does not always stop short of dishonesty. Some little while ago we witnessed the trial of a wealthy yeoman, for stealing some sheaves of corn from his own tenant; the case was clearly brought home to him; he was convicted and transported. There were some singular circumstances connected with him talked about, which led us to make some inquiries into his early life and habits, and we collected the following facts, showing him to be another victim of the adage, "Take care of Number One." His father had been a penurious man, always taking care of Number One; with, apparently, no object in life but how to save money. Like old Elwes, he would be seen picking sticks from everybody's hedge; gathering up little odds and ends wherever he could lay his hands upon them; trifles which, perhaps, he thought it no great harm to appropriate, although they certainly did not belong to him. Eventually, he saved considerable sums of money, and died, leaving this young son to succeed to a very fair income, arising from lands he had purchased. The son was young at his father's death, but the penurious habits of the father had even then become covetousness in the son. He was sent to school, where, like the boy in Mr. Cunningham's tale, he was remarkable for his greediness and selfishness. After a little time small articles of various kinds began to disappear throughout the school—pencils, knives, cables of all description, money, books, all the little trifles on which boys set a value disappeared, and no trace of the thief could be discovered: soon the depredations extended to the house also; spoons, knives and forks, vanished; the bedroom of the mistress was entered, and rings, brooches, chains, jewellery of all kinds and to considerable value, were missing; set after set of servants were discharged, but still the robbery went on. At length the boys themselves were determined to discover the depredator;

which was established, and this young lad was at last detected abstracting a case of mathematical instruments from the pocket of one of the boy's coats. This led to a discovery of the whole affair; a full confession was made, and most of the articles were recovered, being found hidden away in queer little hiding-places about the premises, in holes in the garden hedge, crevices between the walls and the roofs of the outhouses; most of them damaged and spoiled by damp. It was not for the purpose of converting them into money they had been taken, for he was more largely supplied with pocket-money by his doting mother than most of the boys in the school; but from a morbid desire of taking care of Number One, of becoming the possessor of all that he coveted. He was of course sent away from the school, to the great grief of his mother, who seemed to feel deeply the disgrace, but not so much on account of the crime itself as that it should have been committed by a person of his property, or, as she expressed herself in her own strange dialect and elliptical mode of speech, "My dear boy, how coudee com fur to do it, you know you'm a property;" meaning, that he was possessed of large property. The boy grew into the man; the same propensities still clinging to him—the same desire to take care of Number One at the expense of all the other numbers around him. As he moved about in his world—the villages and market towns around his residence—many trifling things were found to disappear; a watch was gone from the chimney-piece of a public house he visited, and he was suspected of having taken it,—was charged with having done so, and returned it upon the plea of having taken it in a joke—and no one supposed a man of his property and respectability could have intended to have stolen it. He gave up farming, let his farm, and lived in a small house close by, a solitary and friendless life, as those who are always thinking of Number One are sure to live. His tenant perceived that his farm-yard had been robbed of corn, kept watch one night, and saw his landlord drawing the sheaves of corn out of the stack, and carrying them away to feed his own pig. For this offence he was tried and transported. Upon searching his house two large chests were found, filled with all sorts of articles, the produce of his pilferings, hoarded away without ever having been of the slightest use to him: odd chimney ornaments, thimbles, small glasses picked up in public houses, gilt chains and brooches, all kinds of odds and ends that could be easily secreted and carried away. Nothing seems to have come amiss to

him; covetousness had absorbed his whole soul; "take care of Number One" meant with him "fill your pockets;" he lost sight of the consequences of theft in the gratification he derived from indulgence of the propensity to thieve.

Let us now turn to some of the other consequences of adhering too strictly to the maxim, "Take care of Number One." We mean, the heartlessness, the want of sympathy with our fellow-men, which springs from this source. It may not always lead to dishonesty—that is, to dishonest acts, liable to the punishment of the law; but it often leads to moral dishonesty—dishonourable and mean actions, petty trickery, and knavish proceedings. But, above all, it engenders a selfishness which becomes the predominant spring of every thought and action. Wherever the intellectual horizon is bounded by self, all the friendships and affections of life, all its amenities disappear. We remember once congratulating a man of this stamp, whose life was passed in "taking care of Number One," on the pleasure he would derive from a very old—we were going to say friend, but, alas! those who live for "Number One" alone, have no friends—acquaintance having purchased a nice villa close to the town in which he resided. "I do not know," was the reply, "I think I would rather a stranger had taken it. I do his business already, and if a stranger had come there I might have had his also." Here, "Take care of Number One" ignores all the ties of friendship and acquaintance, all the sweet bonds of social life, and substitutes for them a hard, pounds, shillings, and pence life, which wears out all the better feelings of humanity. Once, talking with a lawyer who had taken care of "Number One," on the death of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, of most estimable character and useful life, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy, he expressed himself strongly on the loss the neighbourhood had sustained, but, at the same time, he could not account for feeling so much on the occasion. "I do feel it very much," he said, "and I am quite surprised at myself for doing so. There is no reason why I should; he was no client of mine." This death had deprived him of no business—did not interfere with "Number One"—and he was surprised that all the common feelings of humanity had not been completely eradicated from his heart.

We are all of us naturally endowed with a full sufficiency of the selfish principle, and do not require to have it continually forced upon us by means of an old adage. It should not be forgotten, too, that most of these old sayings are answered by other sayings of far higher authority. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," is far more likely to promote happiness in this life, to say nothing of the life to come, than that miserable cloak which the selfish man wraps round him as he exclaims, "Take care of Number One!" The lesson taught by the proverb produces no effect on the wasteful and extravagant. It does not lead them to economy and frugality; but it is ever in the mouths of the mean and the miserly, who, in its language, find an excuse for their avarice, a stimulus to their covetousness; and this passion, once taken root, never quits a man but with life. It fills every thought, it guides every action. "Every man," says Johnson, "is born cupidus—desirous of getting; but not avarus—desirous of keeping." This adage, and the feelings it engenders, enlarges the desire of getting, and encourages the desire of keeping; while its selfish doctrine renders him insensible to what is due to other persons. He sees in the whole world nothing but men and things that are to be used for his own purposes, to be made to minister to his craving desires for possessing and keeping. He has no scruples about the means he applies, if only they "put money in his purse." Hence all the trickery and cheating that disgraces the course of trade, lowers the morality of the tradesman, and gives rise to the notion that it is right to take every advantage of a customer. When Sam Slick, by the aid of "soft sawder" and "human nature," sold a clock for forty dollars that had cost him six dollars and fifty cents, he was acting upon the principle instilled by "Take care of Number One." The grocer who can mix the most sand with his sugar, is but fulfilling the doctrines of "Take care of Number One." As long as such traders can go on without being found out, they rejoice in the notion that they are "taking care of Number One." If discovered, and a stop put to their practices, they "take care of Number One" by going into the Gazette, cheating their creditors, and commencing the world afresh upon capital of which they have defrauded others. The spirit of honesty dies out before this false maxim, and nothing but the spirit of selfishness—and its companions, knavery and trickery—remains.

As with individuals, so is it with classes of men; the principle of "Take care of Number One" operates upon them also, and through it general interests are sacrificed to those of a class. If the wants and necessities of the times require that reforms should be made in the law—that justice between man and man should be rendered cheap and accessible—that the high road to our courts should not be encumbered with too many toll-gates—that vexatious delays and grievous uncertainties should be swept away, up rises at once the whole body of lawyers with the cry of "Take care of Number One," and every obstacle is placed in the way of the contemplated changes. In our graveyards in great cities spread pestilence among the living—if they are so crowded that the means of decent interment are wanting—that no room is to be found for the ever multiplying victims who perish in larger numbers as the nuisance increases, and at length means are adopted to remedy the evil, then parsons, clerks, sextons, and undertakers, unite under the influence of "Take care of Number One," a shout is raised for their fees, their perquisites, their profits; and if ever the necessary reform is completed, succeeding generations will be saddled with the payment of large sums to them in the shape of fees for services that have never been performed, and profits for work that has not been done. If it is intended to increase the supply of water to the metropolis, to give the inhabitants an increased and purer supply of this prime necessary of life, "Take care of Number One" is the rallying cry of the old Companies, as their selfish instincts rouse them in opposition to the

proposed improvement. In every case the same feeling is manifested, the detriment to the public is in proportion to the power of the class, and the loudness of the outcry they can make.

In illustrating our adage, our main object is to condemn the selfishness which arises from it—the desire to gain by any means, honest or dishonest, and the restless and insatiable thirst for riches, merely from the desire of hoarding, as the foolish magpie steals jewels and money, merely that he may hide it away. Too often in this world do we see men make a stalking-horse of honesty to gain their selfish ends, and "Take care of Number One" is the salve that he applies to his conscience. It has been said, a miser has a pleasure in hoarding, is happy in his avarice, in spite of the sneers of the public—

"Populus me alibit; at mihi plaudo,  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummis contemplor in archa;"

which Francis, in his translation of *Horace*, is

"I'm in public; but in secret blest,  
I count my money, and enjoy my hoard."

But a pleasant poverty is better than discontented riches; and the wealth ever accumulated by the selfish man, never brought with it anything but discontent. Frugality and economy are consistent with the active exercise of the most wide-spread benevolence and charity; but "Take care of Number One" draws tight the purse-strings, and buttons up the pockets against the most deserving objects. It deadens every good spirit within us, until at last, like old Grippewell on his death-bed, we see nothing in the cofee from which his last sacrament is to be partaken but an object brought to be pawned, on which he cannot afford to lend more than twenty shillings.

## LOVE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

God hath given me store of love;  
All the things that breathe and move,  
I love, I love.  
I love the earth, I love the sky;  
The sweets that bloom, the sweets that die,  
I love, I love.

I love the trees, songs, birds, and flowers;  
The summer and the winter hours,  
I love, I love.  
I love the fairies and the moon;  
The balmy eve, the sunny noon,  
I love, I love.

I love the sun; the brave, free blast;  
Repose, and thoughts of trouble past,  
I love, I love.  
I love the rich, I love the poor;  
The tatter'd beggar at my door,  
I love, I love.

I love the friends of love and truth;  
Childhood, old age, and merry youth,  
I love, I love.  
I love the good, the great, the free;  
In all things I some charm can see,  
But, most of all, whom I love me,  
I love, I love.

## INDIAN CEREMONY OF BORING CHILDREN'S E

THE editor of the *St. Louis Republican*, writing from the late Indian treaty ground at Fort Laramie, thus describes the ceremony of ear-boring:—

"We were witnesses of another novel, but painful exhibition. The boring of the ears of infants is quite as important and religiously observed a ceremony with the Indians, as a christening with the whites. When a child is of proper age to have its ears slit—that is, several slits or long incisions made in the rim of the ear to hold ornaments—it is done in public by some other man than its father; and on this occasion a sacrifice is made to the Great Spirit, by giving away to some person a horse, and whatever else the head of the family can afford. If these things cannot be given away—and sometimes they cannot, for the receiver stands as a godfather—the horse is turned out to run wild on the prairie, and the other presents are thrown away or destroyed.

"In the present instance, a young squaw came in carrying several mats and blankets. These she arranged as a bed. She then brought in her child and laid it down. After surveying the young men for some time, she selected one, and drawing from her belt an old knife, which had been worn to a tolerable sharp point, she took the Indian she had selected by the hand, gave him the knife, and he became the operator. Two or three others were selected as assistants. They always cut two, and sometimes five slits in each ear. The operation was evidently very painful to the little sufferer to 'fashion,' for the knife was dull, the ear tough, and the child screamed with all its power. The father always assists in the operation. I was curious to watch the features of the mother whilst the child was in its agony, and although she stood out in full view of most of the crowd, and was evidently struggling to appear indifferent, yet the mother's feelings manifested themselves even more strongly through her efforts at concealment. The tears rolled down her cheeks—her breast heaved—and ever and anon a deep, partially suppressed sigh would escape her. When the slits were made, threads from dried sinews were inserted to keep the parts from growing together. All this over, the squaw presented the operator with a horse, and other presents to the assistants, and then she bore off her child. The little sufferer ceased to cry much sooner than I expected, and I think sooner than a white child would after such an operation; but it may be important to know that I could perceive no difference between the crying of an Indian and a white baby. However our dialect may differ, infants cry in the same language. This would indicate that nature had but one way to give expression to its agony. The same process was gone through with in the case of a number of other children."

## ONWARD!

**PENNY NEWS ROOMS.**—Among the signs of our ever-increasing provision for cheap reading, we notice the recent opening of several penny news-rooms. Our attention has been particularly drawn to two of these useful little institutions—one in High Holborn, another in Cheapside. Both are conveniently fitted up with reading desks, chairs and sofas—and the tables are covered with reviews, newspapers and magazines.—*Athenaeum*.

**STEAM STONE-CUTTING.**—Not long ago, Mr. Charles Wilson, an American, invented a machine for dressing and rubbing stone, which has proved, in practical application, to be astonishingly effective. The dressing of stone by hand will soon in a great measure be done away with. The slow plodding of the mallet and chisel contrasts strongly with the rapid evolution of the steam cutter. The works of the Empire Stone Dressing Company are carried on in New York. The establishment is conducted on a most extensive scale, occupying about five acres of ground, and employing a steam-engine of 100 horse-power. Huge blocks of stone are lifted by steam from the vessel at the dock, and placed upon a railroad track extending to the main building, and conveyed by means of a truck to the remarkable machine. The adjustment of the cutters is but the work of an instant, and then, by the push of a lever, the stone chips begin to fly like shavings from a board. One of these machines can do more work in ten minutes than a man can do in a whole day by hand.

**SANITARY IMPROVEMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.**—A Company having for its object the draining of London, and other excellent sanitary measures, has been projected. The plan of their operations is thus set forth:—to consist of "a tunnel sewer on each side of the Thames, crossing under the present sewers without disturbing them, and receiving the contents of each through a shaft. These two tunnel-sewers will be constructed by tunnelling or boring, and will be laid with such an additional fall, or inclination, as will secure a rapid subterranean current towards the marshes east of the metropolis, where the refuse matter will be raised by mechanical means, for agricultural purposes. The Company's works will afford means for effectually draining the lowest parts of the metropolis. An important sanitary improvement will be conferred, by the proposed removal of the refuse which now vitiates the atmosphere: the Thames water, which is used by a million of the inhabitants, will be preserved from pollution; and a guano field, of vast extent, will be collected for the use of our agriculturists."

**THE SPANISH FLYING-MACHINE.**—The inventor of this contrivance, Don Diego de Salamanca, and his daughter, are about to arrive in Paris to show the effects of this marvellous invention. The machine is very simple: it consists of a case two feet long and one foot wide, adapted to a band of leather round the waist, buckled behind. Two iron rods, fastened to the case, support a small piece of wood on which the feet repose. The case contains a simple and ingenious mechanism, similar to that which is employed to set an automaton in motion. The mechanism is worked by means of a handle. It sets to work two large wings ten feet long, made of very thin caoutchouc covered with feathers, and the wings may be so worked as to produce vertical, perpendicular, or horizontal flying. The number of turns given to the handle, determines the height to which it is desired to go. The handle has also to be turned every quarter of a league to regulate the distance. The operation of turning lasts a minute. Horizontal flying is the most difficult, the wings beat the air like the oars of a boat, or rather as the feet of the swan when it swims. By means of this curious machine a man can go almost as rapidly as a carrier-pigeon from the Hotel de Ville to the Arc de Triomphe or l'Etoile in eight minutes, and in half an hour to Versailles.

**LODGING-HOUSES AND READING ROOMS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES AT SALISBURY.**—Mr. Sidney Herbert is causing to be fitted up a large and commodious lodging-house for as many of the unmarried labourers of the parish of Wilton as may be disposed to take the benefit of it. The house will be furnished with every convenience, and a housekeeper will be provided. The meals will be at stated hours, and the dietary will be ample but plain, and each inmate will have a separate bed. A library will be attached, and as one of the curates of the parish church will reside in a part of the house, he will occasionally deliver a lecture to the labourers. For all these advantages, which it is impossible to estimate too highly, each labourer is to pay 4s. 1d. a week only.—The same excellent idea is in operation at Halifax: Mr. John Crossly, ex-mayor of this borough, has fitted up Mulcure Hall, the oldest mansion in the town, as a model lodging-house. The parlours and drawing-rooms have been converted into large store rooms, reading rooms, and dormitories. Spacious kitchens, and cooking apparatus, have been fitted up, and a large wash-house appropriated to the use of the inmates. The lodging rooms are arranged with every convenience, and the whole fitted up with gas, and ventilated. The number of inmates will be restricted to fifty, and no females will be admitted. The charge will be 3d. per night's lodging.—It is pleasing to observe the same benevolent intention carried out at Carlisle, where the Working Men's Reading Room has been opened; it was recently built by the John-street working men, is in the Elizabethan style, and contains a reading room, school room, committee room, and a library; and the opening was celebrated by a public *soirée* at which the Mayor took the chair, and, about 500 persons were present. The Dean of Carlisle, Mr. W. N. Hodgson, M.P., the Mayor, and various other gentlemen addressed the meeting.—*Builder*.

## THE BIRMINGHAM ENIGMA.

As a beginning, we have tried a simple ANAGRAM, And found that BIRMINGHAM will yield the sentence—BRING-MI-HAM. May peace and plenty long prevail, and their great blessings shed, And to the sons of "Brummagem" bring HAM as well as BREAD! And now we'll run the townsmen through, and with a ready eye Find out the NAMES that will for all a cheerful hour supply.

1. There's one, a god of wine, the king of jollity;
  2. And one in whom the opposite of this false god we see.
  3. There's one that for the ham here sought a substitute may be;
  4. And two the ham we often on the table see.
  5. There's one that, if he were the ham, would surely be rejected
  6. By others, who, at breakfast time, are frequently expected.
  7. There are others, in whose absence no ham could be supplied;
  8. And some by whom the quality of ham is often tried.
  9. There are some who oft are pickled, and savour many a dish;
  10. And some who often eat their kind, though in the shape of fish;
  11. And other fish in Brummagem, fine golden backs have they;
  12. And others, near whose spreading banks the sportive fishes play.
  13. There are some that on the table come at evening hour with tea;
  14. And some that show what ladies do, when they o'er their cups agree.
  15. Some show by what the tea is "made," when undisturbed it stands;
  16. And some proclaim, if the tea you spill, the nature of your hands.
  17. Some tell you what the tea-pot's of, if made of earthenware;
  18. And others tell you of the place wherein your teas you share.
  19. Some tell you what the marriage state to many hearts secure;
  20. And others of a single state the ladies can't endure.
  21. Some tell you of the worldly gain that cold wife-hunters seek;
  22. Others of those that only love the lady-like and meek.
  23. Some tell you of the false address which worthless lovers use;
  24. And others, of the sense of those that all such love refuse.
  25. Some are in holy orders, though differing in belief;
  26. Some point to acts, which truly done, will spread around relief;
  27. Some show to whom the wondrous world and all therein belong;
  28. Some show the place where all will meet, who shun the ways of wrong.
  29. Some show the love which every one should to his neighbour bear;
  30. And others show what we should do, all times and everywhere.
- And now of wonders strange and droll, we will reveal a few:—
31. There's one who'd form two animals, if his name were split in two,
  32. There's one who was a jovial man the moment he was born;
  33. And one who's ne'er without a mist at night, or noon, or morn;
  34. There's one who can't walk less than miles, though short his errand be;
  35. And one who's joined unto a pipe—a careless man is he!
  36. There's one whom luck will ne'er desert, be he soever poor;
  37. And one who never will be weaned, though he be three-cote or more;
  38. There's one, who, if he runs away, will lead a funny chase;
  39. And one who from his birth till now, has been a long embrace;
  40. There's one who wore the new costume full many years ago,
  41. And a teacher who unto his boys always the birch doth show.
  42. There's one with whom 'tis always cold, and always cold will be;
  43. And one who in the last one's time we're almost sure to see.
  44. There's one, who, wheresoe'er he walks, can never go before;
  45. And one, who, like an insect vexed, would sting you very sore.
  46. There's one who always walks about, just like a living doll;
  47. And one who'll always a diver have, though he has no coach at all;
  48. There are minor towns that often walk about your busy streets;
  49. There's one who gives a powerful blow to every one he meets;
  50. There's one who might be ground up to yield a good manure;
  51. And one, once met, it is a chance if you ever meet him more;
  52. There's one you all would like to have, in every hour of need,
  53. And one you'd like to follow, if he went off with speed;
  54. There's one who often is relieved by soaking in hot water;
  55. And one who had a male child that proved to be a daughter;
  56. There are some that ought to keep, from fear, out of some other's way;
  57. And one with whom 'tis never dark, though long beyond the day;
  58. There's one whose every part is used in every act of speech;
  59. And one who is an instrument by which instructors teach;
  60. There's one that tells how we may all to height of knowledge climb;
  61. And one that shows what man should be when he is in his prime;
  62. There's one who throughout all his days has been a perfect bore,
  63. And one who dyed the battle-field, and made it red with gore!

Such wonders, men of "Brummagem," may well excite surprise, And make you o'en and your smoke ope wide your staring eyes. Your smoke? Not no! for o'en amid your chimnies dark and tall, Full often may we hear the Nightingale's melodious call; And have Greenwoods, and have Fields, Green-hills, and Rocks, and Vales, And the Linnet and the Finch—let tell their loving tales. You have Lillies and have Roses, and Garlands of sweet Flowers, And Peacocks walk their stately way among your Breezy Bowers! Swans with their graceful shapes appear, where, too, your Waters move, And Geese of brightest Dew descend upon your walks of Love. Thus fancy weaves with names of men a picture for the mind; May He who reads their hearts than this a fairer picture find!

## ANSWER TO THE GLASGOW ENIGMA.

- |                  |                  |                 |                  |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. Adam.         | 19. Brooms,      | 36. The Duns.   | 53. Gentle.      |
| 2. Adamson.      | 20. Brown-lies.  | 37. Hair.       | 54. Manners.     |
| 3. All-an-ach.   | 21. Burns.       | 38. The Horns   | 55. Not-man.     |
| 4. All-ar-dime.  | 22. Fox in Bush. | 39. Love.       | 56. Fell.        |
| 5. All wood.     | 23. Butters.     | 40. Banks.      | 57. Put-on!      |
| 6. Armour.       | 24. Buyers.      | 41. The Backe   | 58. Read-man.    |
| 7. Buck-hop.     | 25. Sellers.     | 42. Iors.       | 59. Pride.       |
| 8. Constable.    | 26. The Darlings | 43. Dr. Leech.  | 60. Proud-foot.  |
| 9. Banner-man.   | 27. The Arm-     | 44. Almacks.    | 61. Red-path.    |
| 10. The Bald.    | 28. strongs.     | 45. All Macs!   | 62. Red-head.    |
| 11. The Barrs.   | 29. Dew.         | 46. Main.       | 63. Riddell.     |
| 12. The Bella.   | 30. The Dia-     | 47. Moody.      | 64. Little-John. |
| 13. Black-adder. | 31. monds.       | 48. Mann.       | 65. Start.       |
| 14. Black, chin- | 32. Dollar.      | 49. Virtue.     | 66. Good.        |
| ney-sweep.       | 33. The Cooks.   | 50. Merry Wagg. | 67. Third.       |
| 15. Book-lass.   | 34. Fair-lie.    | 51. The Prin-   | 68. Hogs.        |
| 16. Book-less.   | 35. For-lung.    | 52. The Pea-    | 69. True-man.    |
| 17. Bowman carry | 36. Fortune.     | 53. cocks.      | 70. Twaddle.     |
| Bow.             | 37. Gas.         | 54. Fog-go!     | 71. Wink.        |
| 18. Broad-foot.  | 38. The Gunns.   |                 | 72. Play-fair.   |





THE "DO."

My first was a shocking coquette!  
I shall never forget.  
So tight were her stays, so arch were  
her ways,  
And her bright eyes sent forth such a  
luminous blaze.  
Oh! she was my pet.

She told me she lov'd me—as truth I  
receiv'd it,  
And believed it.  
And did I love her? To prove it I did  
Affix to my second my name as she  
bid;  
And she receiv'd it. •

You're a "jolly good chap," said she,  
cunningly winking.  
This set me thinking!  
For she took up my second and wish'd  
me good day,  
And with her "solicitor" trotted away,  
Saying—"Dear Mr. Jenkins, you jolly  
old soul,  
You will very soon find we have both  
done my whole!"



ENIGMAS, &c.

1. Sometimes I fly—though very low;  
2. Sometimes I make another go,  
I give him such a heavy blow.  
3. In short, when I approach too near,  
You're very apt to disappear;  
I make you fly away with fear.

2. Sometimes I'm form'd of beaux and belles;  
2. Sometimes of lead, of wood, of leather;  
3. Sometimes I'm pack'd in lonely cells,  
Now by myself—now whole groups  
together.  
Sometimes in haste I fly away;  
Sometimes I roll and tarry on the earth;  
Sometimes I burst upon the way;  
4. Now a great grievance cause—and now  
much mirth.

8. In northern clime I often roam,  
Sometimes I make the gouth my home.  
From place to place I quickly run,  
My labour still is never done:  
For though at early dawn I rise,  
2. Soon as Aurora sweeps the skies,  
Onward I press, without repose,  
Nor stop to rest at evening's close:  
But journey on, deor'd by fate,  
One single moment ne'er to wait.  
Compell'd my duty to fulfil,  
Which lets me set, but never still:  
5. Unless by some great miracle.

4. Although I'm dumb, I often speak,  
No matter whether French or Greek:  
The feelings of my heart I tell,  
And do explain them vastly well.  
I'm always understood, and more,  
Your thoughts and sentiments explore.  
So now be cautious, lest I find,  
All that is passing in your mind,  
And to the which you'd have me blind.  
Now, if you're quick of penetration,  
You'll want no further explanation.

5. My history's so blended with fable and  
truth, [my youth]  
That few will believe the great feats of  
Such miraculous tales have been told of  
my birth,  
That it seems rather doubtful how I came  
on earth:  
But on earth I have certainly been, you  
will find, [your mind]  
By truths, that may reconcile more to  
The poor knights of Windsor will surely  
attest, [at rest]  
That when round my table, they all sit  
No further proof of my having existed,  
Need be brought forward, if that be re-  
sisted.

6. 1. Place a French article between you and I,  
2. Then set it before us, and you will desecry  
3. That after some centuries it will pro-  
claim  
4. A king and a hero of very great fame.  
He was valiant and brave as Mars, we  
are told,  
And was blest with a son as courageous  
and bold,  
He conquered a hero, a chief, and a sage,  
United in one, and the pride of that age.  
Each party erected a trophy, to show  
That their chief had vanquish'd the  
powerful foe;  
But our hero certainly proved that he  
gain'd  
The battle at last, and the glory obtain'd.

7. 1. In company I'm often drawn,  
2. And sometimes stay from night till morn.  
For when I fly both friends and foes,  
3. Perchance are taken by the nose.  
My presence seldom fails to cheer,  
Yet fast bound down I must appear.  
4. The welcome, then, I meet from you,  
Pleases my soul and body through.  
5. By bribery my freedom's gain'd,  
But not till I'm completely maim'd.



SIR RONALD.

SIR RONALD was a spendthrift,  
A gay gallant was he;  
The boldest of the daring, the fleetest of  
the free.

Sir Ronald's purse was limited,  
His lands they were but small:  
Poorest of the poor knights, yet gayest  
of them all.

Sir Ronald in his poverty,  
Of my first sought the aid:  
The gambler of gamblers, what princely  
stakes he laid!

Sir Ronald lost his thousands,  
And he was not my second:  
The worst of all defaulters, Sir Ronald  
he was reckon'd.

Sir Ronald had a challenge,  
Defying him to fight;  
And fiercest of the furious, resolved to  
try his might.

Sir Ronald was defeated,  
And in a goal was cast;  
The boldest of the daring became my  
whole at last.



8. 1. Though I am gentle and slender,  
Believe me not, if I am tender;  
Nor let your youthful heart be warm'd,  
Although I'm so gently form'd,  
And trust me not, although I swear,  
2. That I am really in despair.  
For ne'er was I in love—'tis true,  
So don't believe me, should I woo,  
For should I change my shape and feature,  
And prove an awkward, crooked creature  
3. Then in a disappointed strain,  
You'd find me out, and tell my name.  
9. 1. I'm like a tree that's ever green,  
And in most countries may be seen.  
2. Oft in Morocco I sojourn.  
Sometimes in Russia take a turn:

[The whole answered in No. 12.]

3. Though more than monarchs I possess,  
My fame depends I must confess,  
4. Less on caprice of taste, than fashion;  
And though with care I try to dash on,  
Sometimes I meet with no compassion,  
THAT—proclaims me faultless, vor'ries  
agree;  
THAT—is more candid, and my frailties  
see.  
THAT—prone to censure, if the critics  
wound:  
THAT—is more just, and more to mercy  
tuned.  
So between both, I'm often bound to  
stray,  
With wits, with prelates, with the sad,  
and gay!

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

PICTORIAL CHARADES, P. 141—DON-KEY;—P. 157—KNIGHT-HOOD;—COR-DEW.

1. I from IX remain X.  
2. Add nothing to it, O.  
OX.

The foe pursuing close behind,  
A bridge demolish'd often find.  
1. Unties two shores.  
2. Stone bridges usually filled up with  
rubbish.

3.—A BELL  
1. Spreads good news from ev'ry steeples,  
On happy events, t'enliven the people;  
It gives a good peal when a Princess is  
wed.  
And it likewise issues to toll for the dead.  
2. The temper or quality of the metal is  
usually tried.  
3. Dinner bell!  
4. Rings for the domestics.

1. A ring, it is surely, that binds man and  
wife,  
When they promise to live with each other  
for life.  
2. It used to be customary to present rings  
on the death of a person, to the sur-  
viving friends.  
3. A wedding-ring joins all classes, of course.  
4. See the circles on the globe.

5. Backwards or forwards  
Divide me in two I'm crazy . . . Madam.  
Put me together, divide me again . . . Madam.  
I'm a mother bereaved . . . M.A. DOW.  
Join me again, cut off my head . . . M.  
I'm a man, &c. . . Adam.  
Return me my head . . . M.  
I once more am. . . Madam.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

If life be miserable, to live is painful; if happy, to die is terrible. They both come to the same thing.

He who shows hatred against the sinner, instead of exercising it only against the sin, condemns himself.

The name tulip is derived from the Turkish, and the flower is so called from its fancied resemblance to a turban.

The happiest of pillows is not that which love first presses; it is that which death has frowned on, and passed over.

Why ought the best lead-pencils to use be made in Philadelphia?—Because Philadelphia is capital, in *Pencil*-vania.

"Thou rich," said a Turkish physician, "should eat when they are hungry; and the poor when they can get anything to eat."

It is a curious fact, recently demonstrated, that if a tree be inoculated with the poison of a rattlesnake, the leaves will wither.

At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him *sage*.

There is a plant in South America the leaves of which are natural skeletons, the places between the vascular tissues never being filled up.

If you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper-leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in any water.

The Mahometans suppose that shooting stars are the firebrands with which the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the walls of Heaven.

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

An Eastern writer, speaking of a man of weak understanding and deformed person, but magnificently attired, compares him to a wretched hand-writing, traced in characters of gold.

A gentleman burying his wife, a friend asked why he expended so much on her funeral. "Ah, sir," replied he, "she would have done as much, or more, for me, with pleasure."

A wag observes, that the reason ladies make the best theatrical managers is, probably, because a woman is obliged to be so much more careful than a man in choosing the company she keeps.

"Wall, how uneasy I am seated between two tailors," said a self-important fellow. "They suffer the greatest inconvenience," replied a gentleman, "having but one *gown* between them."

"I am always heavy and stupid when I have a cold," said a gentleman; to which John Wilkes replied—"You have been afflicted, too, in the same way these twenty years, to my certain knowledge."

A LOVE-SONG.—I've seen her out a-walking, in her habit *de la rue*, and it ain't no use a-talking, she's pumpkins and a few. She glides along in beauty, like a duck upon a lake,—Oh! I'd be all love and duty, if I only was her drake.

In ceremonial politeness and conventual courtesy, better do too little than too much. Never talk when you do not feel inclined. Express yourself frankly and candidly when you visit. People will become accustomed to your manner.

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss M. C. to a bookseller. "No, madam, none," was the answer. "Why!" exclaimed the witty and beautiful lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no plates?"

"Will you keep an eye on my horse, my son, while I step in and get a drink?" "Yes, sir." Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out, and finds his horse missing. "Where is my horse, boy?" "He's runn' a way, sir." "Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?" "No, sir; you told me to keep my eye on him, and I did, till he got clear out of sight."

"My friend," said an American hotel-keeper to an over-avaricious boarder, "you eat so much, I shall have to charge you an extra half-dollar." "An extra half-dollar!" replied his boarder, with his countenance the very picture of pain. "For goodness' sake, don't do that! I'm most dead now, eating three dollars' worth, and if you put on an extra half-dollar, I shall certainly bust—I shall."

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocosely old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'Oh, dear, I must get up, but I don't want to.' After breakfast, she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to,' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done anything.'"

A NEWLY-IMPORTED Irish girl was engaged in service in New York, recently, and on the third day of her servitude she came to her mistress before breakfast, and inquired, "How the meals pleased the lady?" "Why do you ask, Biddy?" "Because, ma'am, the brizist will be better to-day." "How so?" "I thought the coffee and tay was too wake, myself, for your ladyship, so I jist mixed 'em together, to make 'em stronger, my lady." Her mistress went into hysterics.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune—or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronise the neglected. Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel. That thou art but the receiver, and that to be obliged and to be vain, too, is but the old solacism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet, yet ever make but an absurd society.—*SKRINE*.

Let none look back on darker years,

Where Hope's lone star had set;

But let us e'er pursue the right,

And all the wrongs forget.

Let none despair, for brighter hours

Will surely come at last;

And thousands yet will hail the day,

When sorrowing scenes are past.

CONVERSATION.—There must be, in the first place, knowledge—there must be materials; in the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in; and, in the fourth place, there must be a presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation.

THINGS TO BE FOUND OUT.—Nature is not exhausted. Within her fertile bosom there may be thousands of substances yet unknown as precious as the only recently found gutta serena. To doubt this, would be to repudiate the most logical inference afforded by the whole history of the earth. Corn and the grape excepted, nearly all our staples in vegetable food are of modern discovery. Society had a long existence without tea, coffee, cotton, coco, sugar, and potatoes. Who shall say there is not a more nutritious plant than the sugar cane?—a finer root than the potatoe?—a more useful tree than the cotton? Buried wealth lies everywhere in the bowels of the earth, which needs but the divining-rod of organized action for its discovery.

OUR OWN CONSEQUENCE.—We think of our own consequence, our talents, our attainments. We think what a breach will be made when we die. We think of the mourners who will gather around us with broken hearts. We think of the solemn, sad procession that will go with us to the tomb—forgetting how seldom it is that the hearts of any considerable portion in a funeral procession are serious and solemn at all, or care anything about the dead. We look at our own affairs, and press them forward, as if everything else should give way to them, and as if the world had no interests so great that they may not be required to yield to our convenience. Now, how contrary all this is to truth and reality, it is hardly necessary to attempt to show. Few will care about it at all when we die; and the world at large will care nothing about it. A very little circle of friends will be afflicted.

There is a joy, innate, divine,

The fruit of conscience, free from crime;

Nor wealth, nor fame, can e'er bestow

The joys which never fail to flow

From consciousness of doing good.

Sweet are the joys of rectitude!

A BROTHER'S PORTION.—Sharoch, the son of Tamerlane, was a prince naturally avaricious, and of extreme parsimony in the management of his household. A potter, who was aware of his disposition, once presented himself before him, and asked him if he believed in the truth of that doctrine of the Mahometan religion which teaches that Mussulmen are all brethren. Sharoch replied, "Undoubtedly." "Then," resumed the potter, "since we are all brothers, is it not a great injustice that you should possess such an immense treasure, while I have only one poor chest of tools. Give me at least the portion I ought to have in quality of brother." The Sultan accordingly presented him with a piece of money of the value of three half-pence. "What!" said the potter, "is this all that is coming to me out of so great a treasure?" "Retire," said Sharoch, "and be careful to toll no one of the sum I have given you: your portion would not be so considerable if all our other brothers knew it."

IGNORANCE OF GREAT PHYSICAL TRUTHS.—How few men really believe that they sojourn on a whirling globe, and that each day and year of life is measured by its revolutions, the labour and the repose of every race of beings. How few believe that the great luminary of the firmament, whose restless activity they daily witness, is an immovable star, controlling, by its solid mass, the primary planets which compose our system, and forming the gnomon of the great dial which measures the thread of life, the tenure of empires, and the great cycles of the world's change. How few believe that each of the millions of stars—those atoms of light which the telescope can scarcely deary—and the centre of planetary systems that may equal, if not surpass, our own. And how very few believe that the solid pavement of the globe upon which they nightly slumber is an elastic crust, imprisoning fires that have often burst forth in tremendous energy, and are at this very instant struggling to escape—now finding their way in volcanic fires—now heaving and shaking the earth—now upraising islands and continents, and gathering strength for that final outburst which is to usher in the new heavens and the new earth, "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Were these great physical truths objects of faith as well as deductions of reason, we should lead a better life than we do, and make a quicker preparation for its close.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**COUNSELS FOR THE YOUNG.**—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one. If the sun is going down, look up to the stars: if the earth is dark, keep your eye on Heaven!

With God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful. Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping. Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury. If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little great things are completed; and repeated kindness will soften the heart of stone. Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man who is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and slugs while he works, is the man of action.

**SIR WALTER RALEIGH.** Denny.—This great man was undoubtedly the victim of an infamous conspiracy, but his ruin was, in a great measure, owing to his ambition. His *History of the World*, a most remarkable work, was written during his imprisonment in the Tower of London.

**TO LEARN FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER.** J. J.—Our correspondent may certainly acquire, by self-tuition, much valuable grammatical knowledge of the French language; but in regard to pronunciation, a teacher is indispensably requisite.

**TO FRY EGGS.** T. S.—To fry eggs nicely requires some little attention, as they are apt to become hard, black, and unpalatable. There should be plenty of butter or oil, and care taken not to let them be overdone. If ham or bacon is fried with them, it must be done first, and the eggs afterwards.

**CHILTERN HUNDREDS.** T. R. C.—The Chiltern Hundreds were not always a fiction; they were a veritable locality, in which the knight of the shire who was averse to entering Parliament took refuge, and might be secure from the pursuit of the sheriff; but when once the member had taken his seat in the house, this sanctuary was no longer open to him.

**BLEACHING IVORY.** T. H.—An excellent method, to bleach bones is to boil them in a dilute solution of caustic potash for about half an hour, which method would be equally successful with ivory. The ordinary bleach, lag agents, namely, chloride of lime, chlorine, and sulphuric acid, are inapplicable to the bleaching of bone, ivory, &c., for they dissolve the lime which forms the principal part of their substance.

**ORIGIN OF SMALL FEET IN CHINA.** T. C.—According to Chinese history the custom of small feet among the females of that people, originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the government and endeavoured to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event, the use of wooden shoes was enforced on all female infants, so small as to disable them, without great pain, from making any use of their feet.

**LYONS.** F. S. S.—"Mr. Editor—Can you inform me by whom the following lines have been written?"

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,  
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.  
And who stands safest? Tell me, is it he  
That spreads, and swells, in puffed prosperity;  
On blest with little, whose preventing care  
In peace provides fit arms against a war!"

—[We think they are by Pope.]

**EPPING AND HAINAULT FORESTS.**—"Mr. Editor.—Sir,—Can it be true that we are to be deprived of the privilege of relaxing for a time from the toils of business and taking a mouthful of fresh air in the beautiful forests of Epping and Hainault. I implore you, in the name of the working men of England, to lift up your powerful voice in condemnation of such a measure. The pleasures of the poor are surely not so numerous, and certainly no overabundance is necessary. And why is the proposed inclosure to be effected? For whose benefit,

and at whose suggestion? By the evidence given before the house, in 1846, it appears that these spots constitute healthful pastime grounds for thousands of the overworked operatives of this vast metropolis. Let not our rulers take from us then a source of so much good, merely for the gratification of a few selfish members of the community. I am a plain man, and one not given to speaking out; but I call on you to aid me in this work. Remember that you will confer a blessing, too great to be expressed, on us and on our children; and it is impossible to say how much good may be done, and what amount of evil may be prevented, by your advocacy. Trusting you may be prevailed on to air in this matter, I remain, your obedient servant, A WORKING M/AN."

**"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST."**—Among the many excellent old maxims that occasionally stir our thoughts into prudence and good humour, as we journey through life, there is not one that could more worthily engage the memory than this, which is, unfortunately, like most other sage adages, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," or if we do sometimes adjust them to the cases of others, we too often overlook their application to ourselves, which renders them of no practical value. The man toiling to increase his gains, and disappointed with his lot, is but an older (we cannot say wiser) than the boy, who, with a large piece of cake in one hand, makes a floodgate to his eyes with the other, crying because he cannot have more. This is a homely simile, but it is of universal adaptation. Happy, indeed, would it be for the whole human race, if each one was satisfied with his own portion, nor envied the lot of his neighbour. The "good time" so long expected, would, no doubt, then pass the world a visit, and man would be favoured with those greatest of all blessings



PEACE (PIE!) AND PLERITY.

**DR. FRANKLIN AND ELECTRICITY.** B.—"Mr. Editor, You have devoted considerable space in your columns to the wonderful progress of science in the present day, not forgetting the submarine telegraph, as you justly term it 'the greatest marvel of the age.' Some of your readers, however, may not be acquainted with the fact that, so far back as 1748, Dr. Franklin conceived the idea of an electric communication through a river, and actually performed the experiment. This circumstance is thus pleasantly alluded to in one of his letters.—'Chagrined a little that we have hitherto been able to produce nothing in this way of use to mankind, and the hot weather coming on, when electrical experiments are not so agreeable, it is proposed to put an end to them for this season somewhat humorously in a party of pleasure on the banks of Skunkkill. Spirits at the same time are to be fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water; an experiment which we have some time since performed to the amazement of many. A turkey is to be killed for dinner by the electric shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electrical bottle; when the healths of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany, are to be drunk in electrified bumpers, under the discharge of guns from the electrified battery.'—BETA."

**EMBLEMATIC STONES.** S. W.—**THE JEWELS OF THE MONTHS.**—In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is, in consequence, customary amongst friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make, on birthdays, reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelar stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather, of the future destiny, will be realised according to the wishes expressed on the occasion.

**January.**—The stone of January is the Jacinth, or Garnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in any sort of engagement.

**February.**—The Amethyst, a preservative against violent passions, and an assurance of peace of mind and serenity.

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**April.**—The Sapphire, or Diamond, is the stone of repentance, innocence, and kindness of disposition.

**May.**—The Emerald. This stone signifies happiness in love, and domestic felicity.

**June.**—The Agate is the stone of long life, health, and prosperity.

**July.**—The Ruby, or Cornelian, denotes forgetfulness of, and exemption from, the vexations caused by friendship and love.

**August.**—The Sardonyx. This stone denotes conjugal felicity.

**September.**—The Chrysolite is the stone which preserves and cures madness and despair.

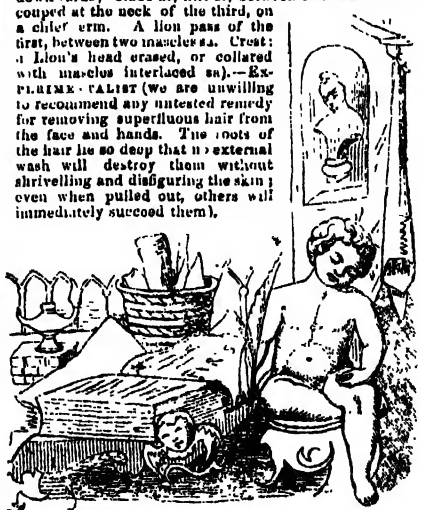
**October.**—The Aqua-Marina, or Opal, signifies distress and hope.

**November.**—The Topaz signifies fidelity and friendship.

**December.**—The Turquoise is the stone which expresses great sureness and prosperity in love, and in all the circumstances of life.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—S. J. C. (we have no present intention of publishing music in the *Home Companion*).—C. E. P. (we do not know of any work on the subject. Consult your own taste).—**SUFFERER** (seek a dentist; inexperience cannot advise you).—J. PRIN (the question is an important one, and open to much discussion. We should perhaps take the negative side).—E. L. B. (apply to some hairdresser).—**LORENZO** (our correspondent is right in his pronunciation of the word.—These problems are inserted in each number of the *Family Friend*, a fortnightly publication).—G. W. I. (many thanks for his communication. We shall avoid inserting the notices mentioned).—J. CHAIR (thanks).—G. NORMAN (cannot be sent free through the post, being unstamped).—J. AVERIN (should state whence the family is derived).—F. B. J. REAR (Jesus hominum Saviour—Jesus the Saviour of Men)—J. HAZARD (the first Christian church erected in England was at Canterbury, in the suburbs of St. Martin. Chapels were formerly places set apart in baronial residences for private worship, but in course of time the term became of general adaptation to both Roman Catholics and Protestants).—G. C. C. (dislike, according to Pliny, were invented by Anaximander, 550 years B.C.).—W. J. CLARK (thanks).—T. H. (the Carthaginians are said to have been the first who paved their towns with stones. London was first paved about the year 1535. Wood pavement commenced in 1839).—T. G. (we quite agree that the eating is better than the experiment).—W. T. T. (great moderation in living and attention to health, constant exercise of the voice).—G. C. G. (we think not).—T. R. S. (the origin of money is very remote. It is mentioned as a medium of commerce in the 22nd chapter of Genesis).—W. ARMSTRONG (Cordwainer is derived from the French *cordonnier*, and it is the title under which the shoemakers are incorporated).—Sir Walter Raleigh was charged with conspiring to place Arabella Stuart on the throne, and a base jury returned a verdict of guilty).—**THOMAS** (the Will-o'-the-Wisp arises from the gas of putrefying animal and vegetable substances, especially decayed fish).—W. W. (thanks).—M. THATCHER (the article would be too incomprehensible for most of our readers).—B. S. I. D. (our correspondent should mention which family he alludes to).—R. R. O. (a good ear is indispensable; tune is a great addition).—**LORENZO** (it should be "hanged." We shall consider the suggestions offered).—J. MORRISON (the three most requisite articles are brevity, good sense, and logic).—T. A. (this must depend upon constitutional causes).—A cheerful and contented disposition greatly contributes).—**TWO PUCK** (Puck is the proper spelling).—W. W. (not suitable).—J. H. SLOANE (the arms borne by Sir Hans Sloane are Gules, a sword in pale, point downwards; blade ar, hilt or, between two bears' heads couped at the neck of the third, on a chief arm. A lion pass of the first, between two maces. Crest: a Lion's head erased, or collared with maces interlaced).—**EXPIRIMENTALIST** (we are unwilling to recommend any untested remedy for removing superfluous hair from the face and hands. The roots of the hair lie so deep that no external wash will destroy them without shrivelling and disfiguring the skin; even when pulled out, others will immediately succeed them).

**THE JEWELS OF THE MONTHS.**—In Poland, according to a superstitious belief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is, in consequence, customary amongst friends, and more particularly between lovers, to make, on birthdays, reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewel ornamented with the tutelar stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather, of the future destiny, will be realised according to the wishes expressed on the occasion.



# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 12.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE HUMBLE COTTAGE

BY EDWARD ASHTON

ALONE the humble cottage stood,  
Far from the city and its din  
Hard by a wide extent of wood  
Which almost seemed to hem it in  
As if with kind protecting hand  
To guard from all that household ban  
Yet 'twas a sweet romantic spot  
Where grew the pink and gladioli  
Where grew the gillyflowers and the pansies  
The blushing rose and trailing vine  
And all that nature's hand has made  
In glorious beauty arrayed  
The little streamlet wandered by  
Breathing a sweet music on the air  
The distant mountain to the high  
Up through the sky so bright and fair  
And Nature's everlasting smile  
Was there the care worn to be galle  
But humble was indeed that cot,  
As if artist's skill was so need  
So very rudely was it wrought  
Not with one ornament and red  
But like an uncouth ruin'd pile  
It stood in loneliness the while  
And all without and all within  
While the curious eye could see  
Taught plainly wealth had never been  
To stay the hand of poverty  
And lesson long and wary tell  
With plenty a rich and bonny set

Yet happy was the household band  
Which in the humble cottage dwelt,  
Hope joyed to a better land  
And off the toiling pilgrims knelt  
In holy fear and reverence there  
To offer up their heartfelt prayer  
What matter, then, though rich and great  
Their humble threshold never passed?  
Though proud ones scorned their low estate  
And on their name oppressor's sin cast  
Though they no longer saw one friendly smile  
So cheer their orphan hearts the while?  
Perchance it were a joy to know  
If at some time there were to sympathise,  
But what is all of earth below  
To him who reigns beyond the skies?  
He was their all in all—a light  
To cheer them through time's stormy night  
And thus they lived—and bless their life  
Though thus secluded from the world  
They knew that over them their strife  
A Saviour's banner was unfurled  
To slay the serpent's snares of sin,  
And add a fabled crown of win  
And when the day of life was o'er  
And they must leave all earthly things  
To tread an unknown silent shore  
Death plumed for them his angel wings  
And lo! a sweet release was given—  
That cottage proved the gate of heaven

## ISABEL LESLIE.

THE good people of Westbrook had just concluded it could not be possible that Marion Warren was to be married to that gentleman from W—, for, if he was fine looking rich and intelligent, he was a widower with one child, and a pretty step mother that young thing would make!—when one bright morning, the church doors were observed to be open and presently an elegant carriage drove up before the porch and the bride party alighted—Marion looking very lovely in her rich but plain travelling dress. They entered the church, and when after a short time they reappeared Mr Leslie lifted his bride into the carriage sprang in after her himself the noble steeds bounded forward, and in a moment, a sudden turn in the road had hidden them from the eyes of the curious lookers on. No party or parade of any kind. What a disappointment!

Three weeks after the event narrated in the preceding paragraph a travelling carriage, drawn by a pair of spirited bays was slowly ascending a hill in one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of England. Its occupants were a lady and gentleman, who were so absorbed in earnest conversation, that the many beauties of the surrounding scenery were entirely unheeded. As they reached the summit of the hill, however, the driver reined in his steeds, in obedience to a signal from his master, and Mr Leslie exclaimed—

"There, Marion we are almost at home now have I been too poetical, or too prosaic, in my descriptions of Glenwood?"

The young bride looked hastily from the window, and an exclamation of mingled surprise and admiration escaped her.

"Your descriptions certainly fell very far short of the reality," she replied, with a smile. "I had no idea of anything half so lovely."

And the scene that greeted the eyes of Marion Leslie was indeed exquisite. The spacious old mansion, surrounded as it was by forest trees that had grown old with it the extensive grounds, the arrangement of which art had never been allowed to supplant nature, the dark ravine in the background, through which a streamlet wound like a thread of silver, and, at a short distance from the house, fell over a ledge of rocks, forming a small but beautiful cascade, which, at that moment, with the last red light of day falling upon it, flashed and sparkled as if the Diamond Fay had converted each tiny drop into a gem, lustrous enough to deck the brow of his queen herself, the undulating outline of the hills that nearly surrounded the glen, bathed in a purple, golden, and rose-coloured haze, all combined to form a view most attractive even to the eye of a stranger—how much more so, then, to that of her who looked upon it as the spot where her household gods were henceforth to abide—as the home of a lifetime.

For some moments they sat in silence. There was a blending of new and strange emotions in Marion's breast and she could not give vent to them in words. At length as her eye wandered around in search of new beauties, it fell upon a simple but tasteful monument of white marble, gleaming out in strange contrast with the green turf, and from among the overshadowing trees.

An indefinable thrill passed through the frame of the young wife, and her cheek perhaps grew a shade paler, for her husband, marking the direction of her glance, bade the driver go on, and drawing her closer to his side, kissed her fondly as he said—

"The mother of my child sleeps there. Nay—do not tremble, dearest; I know that if her gentle spirit looks down upon us now, she rejoices that my heart is no longer desolate—that her little one is no longer motherless. And look, Marion," he continued, laying aside the solemnity of his tone and manner, "there is Isabel in the piazza ready to welcome us!"

A moment more, and the carriage drew up at the door. The household had all assembled in the hall to greet their new mistress; but the little Isabel had escaped from her nurse, and stood upon the piazza, clinging to a vine-wreathed column that supported the roof. Her face was flushed, her eyes sparkled with excitement, as, shaking back her dark curls, she leaned forward to obtain a better view of the new-comers, and when Mr Leslie lifted his wife from the carriage, she sprang forward, and, without awaiting her father, extended her little arms beseechingly, exclaiming, "Mama!"

Tears started to Marion's eyes, and she would have clasped the little creature to her heart with whispered words of tenderness; but the child, after gazing in her face long and earnestly, while surprise, doubt, and finally bitter disappointment were depicted on her own expressive features, broke from her embrace, and bursting into tears, ran to her nurse, crying, "Take me away, Nanny—take me away!"

Marion stood motionless with astonishment, and Mr Leslie, turning with a half frown to the housekeeper, who at that moment approached, asked—

"Mrs Morris, what is the reason of Miss Isabel's extraordinary behaviour?"

"Indeed, indeed, sir, I am as much surprised as you can be. Nannie told her this morning that her mama would be here before night, and she has been half wild all day, running all about the house, and asking so many questions. She thought it was Mrs Leslie—my former mistress, I mean," she added hesitatingly, "who was coming, and, indeed, sir, I had not the heart to tell her the contrary. Still, I did not think she would know the difference."

The old housekeeper's voice trembled, and with a few words of respectful yet kindly greeting to Mrs Leslie, she led the way to the suite of rooms that had been furnished for Marion's special use, and then retired.

You will think this but a sorry welcome my sweet wife," said Mr Leslie, as the door closed, and he led her to a luxurious chair that stood invitingly by the open window. "and I must own I am puzzled by Isabel's conduct."

"Can it be possible she remembers her mother?" asked Marion. "She is five years old now, you tell me, and I think she was but two when her mother died."

"I do not think she can remember her," was the reply, "but she has heard so much of her, that she probably thinks she does. Still, I am at a loss to know why, when she saw you, she seemed to realise so quickly that you were not the one she was expecting."

Is there no portrait of her mother in the house?"

"Yes, one that is remarkably lifelike, but it is in a room that she seldom enters, and she has not seen it many times. Nannie!" he called, as the nurse passed through the yard at a little distance from the window where they were sitting—"when was Miss Isabel in the library last?"

"She was there this morning, sir. Sampson was airing the room, and putting the books in order. She would not stay in the nursery, and when I left her in the hall just for a minute, she crept in there, and hid behind the curtains. When Sampson had finished his work, he came out, and shut the door. I could not find her for a long time, for I did not remember that the library had been open, but at last I happened to think of looking there. When I opened the door, she was sitting on the floor, in front of my mistress's portrait, and she said she was 'looking at mama.'"

"That explains the mystery in some degree," said Mr Leslie; "yet I can hardly account for such a sudden burst of emotion."

"Do you remember that you have not yet spoken to her, Ernest?" She ran away so quickly that you had no opportunity to do so, and had you not better go and find her? Poor child! her disappointment must have been bitter indeed!"

"I will go at once," replied Mr Leslie, "will you come, too?"

"Not to-night. My presence might occasion another flood of tears, and I can easily amuse myself here until you return."

"She has forgotten all her troubles," said Mr. Leslie, gaily, as he re-entered the room a few moments after, "and is sleeping as soundly as possible. A tear-drop glittered on her little rosy cheek, but I kissed it off without waking her, and I must defer my words of greeting until the morrow. But you look sad, my Marion; surely this little affair is not going to make you unhappy?"

"No, Ernest, neither sad nor unhappy, but a little thoughtful, perhaps, and that will certainly do me no harm. Ever since I promised to be your wife, I have thought often of your child, and trusted that I might be to her a mother in heart, as well as in name; but while the depth of feeling she has manifested to-night has awakened an interest in my breast which months of ordinary intercourse might have failed to do, it has also given rise to the fear that I may find it a difficult task to win her love and confidence."

"Never fear that, darling. I expect to be jealous ere long—jealous of both of you. But come, this will never do. It is time 'our new mistress' saw something more of her new domain,—so call back your smiles, love, and we'll start on a short exploring expedition, if you are not too much fatigued."

Sweet little Isabel Leslie! "That is not my mama! Nannie—oh, Nannie! you told me my mama was coming; but that is a strange lady," she exclaimed, as Nannie bore her to the nursery, although her words were scarcely audible, she sobbed so bitterly. "Mama's eyes were black, and she had long dark curls like mine; but this lady's eyes are blue, and her hair is brown, like Cousin Mary's, and her cheeks are red, and poor mama's were so pale. Oh, no—she is not my mama—she is not my mama!"

"But she is your papa's wife, Miss Isabel," replied Nannie, as she tenderly clasped her to her faithful breast, "she is your papa's wife; and, indeed, she is very pretty, and I think you will love her dearly, but if you cry so you will be sick to-morrow; and your papa will think Nannie did not take good care of you while he was gone. Hush, hush, little birdie!" and many a tender caress did Nannie try to soothe the little one she had from her infancy, until, at last, she fairly sobbed herself to sleep.

So first Mrs. Leslie had been loved with a love nearly akin to adoration, all of those with whom she had mingled in the social circle. After she taken from their midst, and the little Isabel grew old enough to plead for a story, it was always "a story of mama," and she had so often been told of her mother's deep love for her—of the caresses she was wont to lavish upon her—of her long illnesses, when she grew paler and weaker day by day, and of her prayers for the babe she would leave motherless—her mother's form and features had been so often and so minutely described to her, that she really fancied that she remembered her; and the strongest feeling in that young child's heart was love and reverence for her dead mother. No one imagined—not even her father—how that childish heart had yearned for that mother; and when told that her mama was coming back, she was, indeed, as Mrs. Morris had said, "half wild." And who can tell the anguish and disappointment that swept over her spirit, when, instead of meeting the tender eyes of which she had so often dreamed—instead of seeing the face that her own imagination had painted with all the vividness of reality, bending over her—she gazed upon one, beautiful, it is true, yet that of a stranger!

One pleasant evening in August—it was in May that our young bride first saw her new home.—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were seated in the piazza of which we have before spoken, and Isabel was playing on the grass at a little distance. Her father's eyes rested fondly on her, as he watched her graceful movements, and noted her rare beauty with pardonable pride.

"She is very lovely," he said, at last. "Is she not, Marion?"

"She is, indeed," was the reply, and a shade of sadness rested on the sweet face of the young step-mother. "Oh, if she would only love me!"

"Do not say so, my Marion; how can she help loving one so kind and gentle as yourself?" said Mr. Leslie, earnestly, as he tenderly clasped the little hand that his wife had placed upon his arm while speaking.

"No, Ernest, Isabel does not love me. I have no disrespect nor rudeness to complain of; her temper is too sweet for that; but with all my endeavours I have not advanced one step in winning her love. She has no personal dislike to me; it is but her fidelity to the memory of her mother that keeps us apart. Of her she no longer speaks, unless it be to Nannie; but it is not because she has ceased to think of her. Every morning she takes her little basket, fills it with flowers which she has been told her mother best loved, and goes to her grave and scatters them over it. Child as she is in all other respects, upon this one subject her heart has far outgrown her years."

"I know all this, my Marion; and I will not conceal from you that I love her the better for so cherishing the affection with which she has been taught to regard her mother. I have watched her closely, and have only refrained from noticing her reserve and distance towards you, because I was very sure that she would soon lay it aside of her own accord,—sooner, perhaps, than if there was any interference on my part. Have you ever spoken to her of her mother?"

"Never. I have felt almost afraid to do so?"

"Try the experiment, then;—induce her to talk to you of her mama,—win her confidence upon that subject, which she now seems to regard as one forbidden,—make her love you as a friend, my darling, and, take my word for it, she will soon, of her own free will, love you as a mother."

Just then, Nannie came for her little charge, and a flood of light from the drawing-room windows falling upon the floor of the piazza, told them that Samson was already lighting the lamps, and they withdrew into the house.

At the usual hour, immediately after breakfast the next morning, Marion saw Isabel take her little basket, and go to the garden in search of flowers. Throwing on her bonnet, she slowly followed the child, and reached her just as she had filled her basket.

"You have some beautiful flowers here, my little Isabel," she said, adding, at the same time, a superb moss rose-bud to her fragrant treasures. "Shall we go and sit under the large oak tree near your mother's grave? Then, I

will show you how to make some pretty wreaths, and we can hang them in the shade over the grave, so they will keep fresh all the day." "Will you come?" she continued, extending her hand with a smile. Isabel lifted her large, dark eyes wonderingly to the kind face that was bending over her, and, finally placing her hand quietly in that of Marion, she walked silently by her side to the oak tree, which was one of her favourite resting-places.

There was a singular expression, half pleasure and half doubt, upon her young face, as she watched the busy fingers that were so rapidly twining her flowers into a wreath of rare elegance and beauty; but when it was completed, her delight and admiration knew no bounds.

"Now, Isabel, we will hang the wreath on that willow tree that bends just over your dear mama's head. There, does that please you, and shall we make one every morning?"

Isabel made no reply; but her red lips quivered, and her hands trembled so violently, that her little basket fell from her grasp. At last, she flung herself upon the grave, and sobbed convulsively; Marion knelt by her side, and putting her arm around her, asked—

"What troubles you, dear Isabel? are you weeping for your mama, my poor child?"

The little creature struggled with her tears for a moment, and then lifting her tiny arms, she clasped them around Marion's neck, and kissed her over and over again.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I was not weeping for my mama; but I have been so very, very naughty! They told me you was my new mama, and that papa would be angry with me if I did not love you; and then I thought that if I loved you, and called you my mama, I could not love my own poor mama any more: and oh, she always loved me so much! and I was afraid you would not like me to come here, and bring flowers, and would not wish me to talk of my mama any more, and so I would not love you at all."

Inexpressibly affected, Marion raised the weeping child in her arms, and bore her back to their seat under the tree.

"You must love your own dear mama, Isabel. You must love her, and think of her very often. I could not love you, neither could your papa, if you did not. But can you not find love enough in your heart for her, and for me, too? Your poor mama had been sick for a long, long time. She was glad to go to rest in this quiet grave, just as you are glad, when you are very tired, to go to sleep at night. But she did not like to leave her little girl behind her, without any mother: and do you not think she would be glad to know that Isabel had found another mama, who would teach her to be good, and try to make her happy?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the child; and her face was radiant with smiles. "And now, I do love you so much! You will love me dearly, too, won't you, mama?"

It was the first time she had addressed Marion by that title; and the young stepmother, as she clasped her to her heart, felt that the victory was won. An hour after, Mr. Leslie found them in the same spot, still talking earnestly. Isabel sprang with a glad cry into his outstretched arms; and laying her head on his shoulder, murmured, "God has been very good to me, dear papa. I have two mamas to love me now—one in heaven, and one on earth."

From that hour there was confidence—perfect, entire confidence, between Marion Leslie and the child of her adoption. As time passed on, and the young wife knew that ere long she would be indeed a mother, she could not help feeling a slight degree of anxiety as to the effect the arrival of the little stranger might produce upon Isabel; but her uneasiness was wholly uncalculated for. All hearts, rejoiced when, after a day and night of torturing suspense, Mrs. Leslie was pronounced out of danger, and the joyful tidings of the birth of a son passed from mouth to mouth; but none were more overjoyed than she who had been before regarded as the heiress of Glenwood.

Ten years! how long in anticipation—how short in the retrospect! Ten years had passed away; and to our friends at Glenwood, they had brought many changes. Marion Leslie had, for three long years, worn the garb of widowhood; and the same fell disease that tore her noble husband from her side, laid its hand heavily upon her first-born. When at length, after many months of suffering, they bore him from the chamber where he had lain so long, out into the garden, that the pure fresh air might play amid his golden locks, it was with saddened hearts and tears that would not be kept back; for they knew that their pride, their darling, their precious little Willie might not look upon the roses that were just opening their white and crimson buds—upon the soft, green turf—nor on the large old trees, beneath whose swaying branches he had so loved to play. The boy was blind!

His sisters Marion and Isabel—for another daughter had been added to the household band—a laughing, hazel-eyed little fairy, who was then four years old—escaped the contagion. The latter had changed from a lovely child into a still lovelier maiden. She was, indeed, beautiful; but hers was not the dazzling beauty that at once challenges admiration. She would, very possibly, have passed unnoticed amid a crowd. Her dark, lustrous eyes were generally so veiled by the heavy lashes that shaded them, that few knew how they could flash and sparkle; and she was, perhaps, too pale, save when some high thought of spirit-stirring impulse made her heart beat quickly, and sent the rich blood to her cheek. Yet beautiful or not, all loved her for her thoughtfulness, her purity, and for the warm, confiding heart, that found some good in all God's creatures.

Trouble, it is said, never comes singly, and at the time when we take up again the broken thread of our narrative, a shadow was resting upon the spirits of the inmates of Glenwood, although the sunlight fell, as cheerfully as of yore, upon hill, ravine, and waterfall. Death was again hovering over the dwelling; and this time his destined victim was she who, twelve years



had crossed its threshold a trusting, happy bride. Marion Leslie knew that her days—nay, her very hours were numbered; and can we wonder if, when she thought of her orphan children, one of whom was so helpless—so dependent, her heart sank chill within her, and she wildly prayed that the cup might pass from her! God alone may know the agony of such an hour! He alone may know how fearful must be the struggle ere a dying mother can teach her heart to say, "Thy will be done!"

She was reclining one evening on a low couch, near an open window, around which hung, in rich luxuriance, flowering vines, that her own hand had trained there, and Isabel sat near her, reading, in a low tone, the concluding lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. As she paused, her mother's eye kindled, and a faint flush rose to her cheek.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" she murmured. "I have known that noble poem by heart, ever since I was much younger than you are, Isabel; but it always seems new to me. But lay aside your book, love, and sit here close by my side. I want to talk with you awhile. It is just twelve years this evening, since I first saw you. Do you remember it, my Isabel?"

"Do I remember it? Indeed, indeed, I do, my mother!" was the fair girl's answer, as she bowed her head, and her tears fell fast upon the wasted hand that clasped her own. "I can never forget the day, that I long ago learned to regard as the brightest of my life—the day that brought you here, to be to me at once a guide, a companion, and a friend. Oh, my mother—my more than mother, how can I ever repay you for all your kindness and affection—for your persevering efforts to win my love and confidence, when I was but a wayward child—for the unvarying tenderness, that has never allowed you to evince by look, or word, or deed, that I was less dear to you than your own children—for the watchful care that has kept my yearning heart from ever realizing for twelve long years that I was motherless!"

"Blessings on you, my sweet Isabel! I was more than repaid long since, in the delight of loving and being loved by you. Never was daughter more to a mother than you have been to me; and let that thought console you, when I am lying yonder among the willow trees, by your own dear mother's side. I feel that I shall lie there very soon; and were it not for my children, I should welcome the hour of my release. But, oh! Isabel, when I think of them—of my poor blind Willie, and of my clinging, sensitive, affectionate little Marion, it is hard—hard to be reconciled to the approach of death!"

Mrs. Leslie had half raised herself from her couch, in the excitement of the moment; but, as she ceased speaking, she sank back exhausted, and large tears forced their way through her closed eyelids. Isabel had fallen upon her knees, and buried her face in the pillow; and for some moments the silence was unbroken. At length, she raised her head, and looking steadily in her mother's face, she said, in a voice that, though low and solemn, was yet calm and firm—

"Mother, I am young, very young, and the words I am about to speak might be deemed presumptuous by a stranger, but you will not so understand them. What you have been to me, that—God helping me—will I be to Willie and Marion. Their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own, and I will watch over and care for them even as you would have done. Do you trust me, mother? Will you accept this vow?"

"Will I accept it? will I trust you? Oh! my Isabel, you little dream what a burden you have removed from my heart. You are young, it is true, but I have such confidence in the principles that have guided you through your whole life—in your fidelity to the right, and in the gentle firmness of your character, that I can leave my darlings in your charge, without a fear or a doubt. God in heaven bless you, my child—your words have removed the last cloud that came between my heart and heaven, and now the pathway to the grave has no terrors!"

She ceased; and Isabel's watchful eye marked the increasing pallor of her cheek. "You have exerted yourself too much, dear mother," she said; "lay your head upon my breast, and try if you cannot sleep."

Mrs. Leslie complied; and, for several hours, Isabel supported her in one position, refusing to listen to the entreaties of the nurse, that she might be allowed to take her place. "She will surely waken, if we attempt to move her, Nannie; and she was so very tired—oh! do let her sleep." Just then, the physician came in; and, in reply to Isabel's remark, that her mother had slept sweetly for three hours, he approached the window, and drew the curtains farther back. It was as he had anticipated—they looked upon the face of the dead!

Sacred as the promise that Isabel Leslie had made to her dying mother would have been regarded by her under any circumstances, the fact that the words in which it was couched were almost the last that had fallen upon that mother's ear—that, in a few moments after they were breathed, she had exchanged the discordant sounds of earth for the deep harmonies of Heaven—rendering it still more so. It seemed, to her excited fancy, that her mother's spirit had caught the vow from her lips, and borne it up into the presence of Him who sitteth upon the great White Throne. That promise had not been made lightly or ignorantly. Isabel had been for the last three or four years so much the companion and confidant of her mother, that she knew, better than most young girls would have done, what responsibilities she was taking upon herself. But she did not shrink from the task, and it was indeed wonderful how gracefully she bore herself under her arduous duties. She might truly have been said to be "eyes to the blind;" for she was almost constantly by Willie's side, reading to him, instructing him, leading him out under the shade of the old majestic trees, and describing, in glowing language, the beautiful and picturesque scenery around, singing to him the wild plaintive ballads he so loved to hear, or guiding his small fingers over the keys of the piano; thus giving him a source of amusement of which he never wearied. Indeed, the poor boy sometimes said he was "almost glad he was blind; for, if he could run and play like other

boys, his dear sister Isabel would not grant him so much of her time and attention.

The little Marion, who was seven years old when her mother died, clung to her with a fondness scarcely less than that she would have given to a parent; and so well did she combine firmness with gentleness, that both children revered as much as they loved her.

Riverside, the estate of Walter Hamilton, lay about five miles to the north of Glenwood. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Leslie had been friends in boyhood, and that friendship had grown stronger, when, each having arrived at man's estate, they found themselves agreeing upon nearly all questions, whether of national or domestic policy. Their families had ever been upon terms of the closest intimacy; and it was a rare thing if a week passed without finding Clarence, the only son of Mr. Hamilton, quietly seated in the pleasant parlours at Glenwood, reading to, or chatting with, Mrs. Leslie and Isabel; or, as was more frequently the case, pleading with the former for a walk, or a ride with the latter.

For the last year, there had been more reserve in their manner towards each other; and, meanwhile, Clarence Hamilton had been looking into his own heart, and had learned—but we will not anticipate.

At the close of a dark, gloomy day, about six months after her mother's death, Isabel sat alone in the library. The large parlours had looked so lonely and dreary, after the children had retired, that she had ordered lights in her father's favourite apartment, thinking that change of place might, perhaps, drive away the sadness that weighed upon her spirits. There had been an unusual display of wilfulness on the part of Marion that day, and she had been obliged to exert her authority more decidedly than ever before. She had been fancying, too, that Willie was growing sicker, and more feeble; and these causes, together with some trifling household difficulties, made her feel more oppressively than was her wont, the burden of care that rested upon her. She had tried to read, in vain; and was sitting by the table, with her head resting upon her folded arms, when the door opened, and Clarence Hamilton entered.

She looked up, and welcomed him with a faint smile, as he seated himself by her side; but, after a few fruitless attempts to maintain a conversation on ordinary topics, he said, "You look sad, to-night, Isabel; I wish I dared ask why you are so, as I used to do when we were children together."

"I know no reason why you may not, Clarence," replied Isabel, without raising her eyes; for there was something in his tone and manner that embarrassed her—she knew not why. Then, trying to speak more gaily, she continued: "There is nothing the matter, except that I sometimes find being the 'Lady of the Manor' rather a troublesome dignity. Have you been to L— lately?"

"I have not," was the answer;—and the long pause that ensued was broken, at last, by Clarence, who exclaimed, "I cannot talk to-night upon indifferent subjects! I came here to speak to you of ourselves—of our own intercourse. Isabel—Isabel, why do you shun me as you have done of late? For the last few months I have found it difficult to obtain even a glimpse of you; and never, until this evening, have I met you alone. May I not ask why is this?"

"I have not the leisure I once had, to devote to my friends," was the evasive reply; "and my spirits have not been such as to allow me to mingle in society with any pleasure, either to myself or others."

"And this to me, Isabel?" asked the young man, sadly. "I had hoped that you regarded me as more than an ordinary acquaintance; that friends, as we have been, from our very childhood, I might have claimed the privilege of friendship, and striven to soothe, and comfort in your affliction. But that you have not permitted; and now, I hardly dare ask, that you will give me the right to do so for the future. Yet you must know that I love you, Isabel,—that I have loved you for years,—that the hope of one day calling you mine, is the dearest that my heart has ever cherished. May I not believe that hope is not a vain one?"

Isabel had turned her face away,—it was pale as marble, and almost as rigid, such was the effort she made to retain her composure; and so successful was she, that her voice scarcely trembled as she replied, "It may not be, Clarence; we can never be more to each other than we now are—friends!"

Young Hamilton rose hastily, and, gazing upon her face for a moment, said—"Then I may linger here no longer. I thought I had reason to believe that my love was not unreturned; but it seems I was mistaken,—farewell!" and, without another word, he left the room.

Isabel's forced composure gave way the moment he passed from her sight. "Oh, my mother—this is terrible!" she murmured, and her slender frame swayed to and fro, in the violence of her emotion. The door had not quite closed behind Clarence Hamilton, and turning involuntary, for a last look, he was startled by beholding the sudden change in the countenance and attitude of her he loved. Noiselessly entering the room, he stood again by her side.

"Isabel, I was not deceived; you do love me, and this strange agitation convinces me that some cause, of which I am yet ignorant, occasioned the cruel words you have just spoken. I leave you not again, until all is explained."

"Oh, Clarence! I have hoped and prayed that I might be spared the agony of this moment," was the young girl's answer; "I will no longer try to conceal from you that you are dear to me; but there is a bar to our union that can never be removed."

"There can be none that is insuperable. Oh, Isabel! now that I know you love me, I cannot give you up."

"A promise to a dying mother can never be broken, Clarence," and Isabel related to him her last conversation with Mrs. Leslie. Harpently he strove to alter her determination—to persuade her that duty required no such self-sacrifice; and, finally, he said, "You need not be separated if

Willie and Marion, dear Isabel—my home shall be theirs, and you can watch over and care for them as well in one place as another."

"I know, I feel, that Willie's life would be shortened by taking in from Glenwood. Here, he is familiar with everything around him—he can go from room to room, and even to some extent about the grounds, alone. It could not be so elsewhere; and he is so attached to his home, that, if taken from it, he would droop and wither like a transplanted flower. No, Clarence, urge me no longer; our paths lie in opposite directions, and God will give us strength to walk therein. Leave me now, I beg; you are but torturing yourself and me by prolonging this interview. Go—and may Heaven bless you!" She extended her hand—Clarence raised it, for a moment, to his lips, and Isabel Leslie was alone.

Yet again must we pass over the period of ten years in the lives of those to whom our story relates. It was a morning in early spring-time: Glenwood bore much the same appearance that it did when we first looked upon it. The fine old trees raised themselves, if possible, with a more stately mien than at that time, and one or two of the very oldest had begun to show slight symptoms of decay. The vines that twined round the pillars, supporting the piazza, had clambered up and spread themselves upon the roof; but there was no other change. By one of the open windows sat a lady, apparently about twenty-seven or eight, engaged in some light embroidery. She did not look in the least sad or unhappy, yet there was something about her face and mien that spoke of past sorrow. You could scarcely tell what, however; for her smile was sweet and even joyous, as she turned to greet a young girl, who, at that moment, approached the window from without—one tiny hand grasping the folds of her riding-dress, while, with the other, she unfastened the little velvet cap that so well became her.

"Oh, sister Isabel. I have had such a charming ride," she exclaimed, as she laid her cap on the window-seat, and commenced smoothing the long, brown ringlets that shaded her bright, animated face. "Ebony was in fine spirits, and we flew over the hills like two madcaps, as we were. Caesar found it hard work to keep up with us, and I imagine he hopes Miss Marion won't take another ride very soon. And, oh! I have some news for you, Isabel: we passed Riverside, and—what do you think?"

"Pray, don't make me guess, dear Marion. I was never good at riddles."

"Why, then, I learned that Clarence is coming home. Old Susan had every window in the house wide open, I verily believe; and such tearing down and putting to rights again I never saw in my life."

A slight flush had mounted to the brow of the other sister, but the younger one marked it not; and, in a moment, added—

"I wonder if he looks at all as he used to? Susan said he had been gone ten years."

"Do you remember him?"

"Oh, yes; and how handsome I thought he was! Are you not glad he is coming home? I am; for now there will probably be something going on to keep us awake," and the merry girl bounded away to her room, singing as she went.

Clarence Hamilton was coming back; and how would he come—alone or otherwise? Isabel knew not—they had never met since the interview of which we have before spoken. He left for the Continent the next week. Until the death of his parents, she had heard from him occasionally through them; but for the last five years no intelligence concerning him had reached her.

A few weeks afterwards, he stood again in her presence; and no one would have dreamed that the two who there met—not coldly, but so calmly and quietly—could ever have loved each other as they had loved. The interview was not long, and it was tinged with sadness on both sides; for Mr. Hamilton had returned to look on the graves rather than the faces of his nearest relatives. Willie's wonted seat, too, was now vacant; and, as his eye fell on a shorter mound near Mrs. Leslie's resting-place, he needed no explanation.

From that time they met frequently. During the long years that had rolled away since they parted, Isabel had striven to conquer her attachment, and she had succeeded; but thrown again into his society, she soon found that if it had been easy to love the high-spirited, ardent, enthusiastic youth, it would be still easier to love the noble, intellectual man. Did he love her? She sometimes fancied that he did, although he had never even alluded to the past.

"Marion, my own dear sister, why will you no longer confide in me? For weeks you have been sad and restless; your cheek grows pale; your step is slow and languid; and, at times, you startle me by an unnatural gaiety that is more painful to behold than sadness itself. I am convinced that your suffering is more mental than physical, yet you evade all my questions. What have I done, Marion, thus to forfeit your confidence?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, dearest Isabel! Do not be anxious about me. I have not felt very well for the last few weeks, but it will soon pass over."

"You cannot deceive me, Marion. I have read your heart too long not to be well aware that something distresses you. I cannot now demand your confidence: you are too old for that. I can only beg, by the love I have so long borne you—by the memory of your mother—that you will no longer withhold it from me. May I ask you a question or two, my own sister; and will you answer me truly?" she continued, as she drew the now weeping girl to her breast and twined her arms around her.

"I will, I will, Isabel—ask me whatever you wish."

"Then tell me truly, Marion, do you not love Clarence Hamilton?"

Marion started quickly from her sister's embrace at this unexpected question, and an almost angry flush rose to her very forehead, then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she buried her face in her sister's lap, and wept more bitterly than before.

"I am answered, darling," said the latter, after she had allowed her to weep awhile in silence. "Now, tell me all about it?"

"Oh, do not blame me, Isabel! Indeed, indeed, I did not mean it. I could not, knowingly, have given my affections to any, unsought. I did not dream that I cared for him, until I was told that—that —"

"That, what, dear Marion?"

"That Mr. Hamilton had been a lover of yours before he went on the Continent, and that you refused him. Then, my eyes were opened, and at the same moment I felt that he who had once loved one so good and noble as you are, even vainly, could never care for one like me."

"You do yourself injustice, my sweet sister. I should feel that I was bestowing a treasure upon any man, in giving him the hand of my Marion; but tell me, have you ever had reason to think Mr. Hamilton loves you?"

"Never, never. His manner is always kind and courteous, but nothing more. But, oh, Isabel! do not, do not betray me. I could never look upon his face again, if I thought he suspected my folly."

"Nay, fear not, dear one. Your secret is as safe with me as if it were hidden in your own breast. Now, go, let Flora smooth these dishevelled curls, and try, if for my sake at least, you cannot call your smiles and roses back again," she added, as she tenderly kissed Marion's now glowing cheek.

"Blind fool that I have been!" murmured Isabel, as she gained the secrecy of her own apartment. "How could I expect that one so young, so confiding, so prone to love as Marion, could associate as freely as she has done, with one like Clarence Hamilton, without loving him? Now, once again my dream is over—their happiness shall be dearer to me than my own!" were the words of my vow. I have kept it thus far—shall I break it now?"

We may not pause here to tell of Isabel's resolves—of her efforts to secure Marion's happiness—of her struggles with her own heart in the night-watches, when there was no eye to witness her suffering save that of Him who seeth in darkness. Suffice it to say, that several months afterwards Clarence Hamilton called at Glenwood, and requested a private interview with Miss Leslie.

"Isabel," he said, as he rose to meet her,—and we cannot deny that there was a slight tinge of embarrassment in his manner. "Isabel, I have a boon to ask of you, and, ere I make it known, will you pardon one allusion to the past? You cannot have forgotten what passed between us in this very room more than ten years ago. While I was abroad, I strove to forget you, or rather to think of you only as the friend of my childhood. I thought I had succeeded; but when I again met you, and saw that there was now no bar to our union, my heart would dwell upon the admission I had once won from you, that you loved me. There was a time when I fancied that the dream of my youth might yet be realized; but your manner soon convinced me that it was a vain hope, and that you would never regard me again as you had done in days gone by. And then, I can scarcely tell how—by slow degrees—I found my affections twining around Marion, and I now love her, Isabel—deeply, sincerely; not, perhaps, with the enthusiastic love of boyhood, but with the calmer attachment of maturer years. Will you give her to me, Isabel?"

Calmly did Isabel Leslie place her hand in that of Clarence Hamilton, as she replied, "Yes, Clarence, I give her to you willingly"—gladly, she would have added, but her tongue refused to syllable the word. "She is just coming up the avenue—go meet her."

Mr. Hamilton rose eagerly, and then Isabel bowed her head, and murmured, "My mother, my more than mother—the sacrifice is complete! From your home in heaven, bless, oh, bless me!"

For more than an hour she remained there, while ever and anon the low murmur of voices from the garden fell upon her ear. Then, well-known footsteps sounded a moment more, and Marion came to her—her sweet face all smiles, and tears, and blushes.

"Well, Marion, what is it? When are you to be mistress of Riverside?" said Isabel, gaily; for she saw that Marion's heart was too full for words.

"Oh, not soon—not very soon. I cannot leave you yet, Isabel."

Tenderly did Isabel part the rich tresses on her young sister's brow, and fondly press her lips upon it, as she said, "God bless you, my sweet sister, now and evermore!"

Not many months afterwards, there was a small bridal-party assembled in the elegant drawing-room at Glenwood. Exquisitely lovely was the child-like bride in her robe of pure white, and her luxuriant ringlets unconfined save by a simple wreath of the lily of the valley; but scarcely less so was the pale, spiritual Isabel, with her deep, dark eyes, and raven tresses, bound with severe simplicity around her beautifully-shaped head. Once only, during the evening, did Clarence Hamilton, on looking suddenly up, meet those eyes bent upon him with such a strange expression that his heart thrilled, and the unbidden thought arose, "Has she quite forgotten that she ever loved me?" But the next moment, she was receiving her guests with a graceful dignity that completely deceived him. Two hours later, and Isabel Leslie was alone in the home of her father.

**IMPORTANCE OF CORRECT PUNCTUATION.**—The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool, during the year 1819, was thrown void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements—thus:—"The lamps at present are about 4050, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton." The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being but half the usual quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following instead of preceding the word each. The parties agreed to annul the contract, and a new one was ordered.

## THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.

We live in an age of improvement. The characteristic battle-cry of our times is, *Onward!* Not shouted by armed columns in the headlong onset that secures or overthrows empires, but in the scarcely less impetuous advance of all classes, of all nations, in the eventful struggle for preëdence in the arts of peace.

In looking back within the period of our own remembrance, there seems so much of progress crowded into that brief space, that we are surprised so little should have been done before we lived. We wonder what the world has been about since the creation, and suspect that the past ages must have had rather a sleepy time in leaving so much to our day and generation. In the vast range of science, and its applicability to every-day use, in the means of abridging distance by increased locomotion, in all that relates to human culture and human comfort, the nineteenth century has done more than the combined results of all its predecessors. Its distinctive mark is utility. All professions and classes must contribute to this great end. The plodding scholar and the practical man must alike lay their work on the public altar. The student is not allowed to follow his tastes and gratify his curiosity for himself alone: he must acquire for others, and surrender his knowledge for the good of all. He may dissect the globe until its component parts are familiar things; resolve matter into its original elements; compel the solid rock to tell the history of its formation; and from the indistinct and mouldering fragments of a bygone time, spread out the map of the infant earth teeming with monster life and unseemly vegetation. He may show how processes, worked out by the wisdom of the Creator, compelled the ungenial soil to unfold the principles of production, and, transforming the primitive world into fertility and usefulness, prepared this beautiful home for the advent and improvement of the human race. But he must do all this with a strict regard to the wants of humanity. Science can no longer dwell in seclusion—a living thing buried from men; but she is summoned from study and laboratory, from closet and cabinet, to aid in the great march of advancement. She abandons her "arcana" to minister to man, and to apply her power to the necessities of active life. She does not, now, bend mysteriously over furnace and crucible, that iron may become gold, and our allotted days be indefinitely extended; but she brings her works into light, that industry may be encouraged by her friendly assistance. She seeks a solvent that shall cover the barren places with abundance, converting stones to bread, and transmuting sterility into waving corn-fields. That the husbandman may know how to apportion his labour, she subjects the soil to a scrutiny, which infallibly betrays where excess exists, or where nutriment is wanted. She classifies and arranges earth, stone, and plant, with unerring skill; tells the history and uses of the forest tree; breaks in on the domestic economy of insect life; discloses the habits of the worm; gives every hue of the beetle's mail; describing so minutely the appearance and intentions of the destroyer of orchard and garden, that his presence may be detected, and his operations frustrated. Indeed, the speculations of science and abstractions of philosophy are made subservient to this utilitarian age, which discards theory without practice, and estimates the value of learned research in proportion to its adaption to the tangible requirements of society.

It is not advisable to go back to the early ages, tracing the progress of agriculture from beyond the flood. It may be taken for granted that the antediluvians entertained a due consideration for dinner, and very well comprehended the small chances of procuring it without paying their addresses to the soil. Neither is it expedient to explore what is generally understood by antiquity. It may be a matter of curiosity what the people of that indefinite period did to the earth, but as for any practical application of the information, we might as well consult a model of one of their war galleys for the purpose of improving a line-of-battle ship. Whether tillage was first practised in India or China, whether the Egyptians pulverized the Delta of the Nile with a wooden hoe, or the Romans scarified the Campagna with a crooked stick, are matters of no great moment except to the antiquary. A thorough investigation into the agriculture of the ancients would give no hint for the management of our farms, adding neither to the corn-bin, hay-mow, or market-cart. They wrote much, and not content with plain prose, gave some, now useless, advice in very excellent verse. Hesiod's poem of *Works and Days* sleeps on the shelf of the library, and the *Georgics* of Virgil serve only to worry schoolboys with rather tough Latin. Homer says, that the master farmer was accustomed to meet his ploughmen at either end of the furrow with the "crowned goblet," to reward and stimulate them with hearty draughts. He does not describe the quality of the beverage, but it is to be supposed that it was such as would meet the approbation of a temperance society, or that the furrows were very long; the employers of those days doubtless being as anxious as at the present for a good day's work, and however partial they may have been to "the serpentine line of beauty" in art, it can be presumed they did not fancy an irregular series of them in their ploughed fields.

We give the past ages credit for very good intentions, and, in some things, must acknowledge their superiority. The huge monuments, whose construction is an unsolved problem, puzzling the science and art of modern times even to raise from the ground the fragments which time or the barbarian has laid low, compel us to confess that they beat us in laying stone walls. But, in positive usefulness, we entertain a belief that we have made an advance in the management of the earth. If the Carthaginian general, who wrote twenty-eight books on Husbandry, every word of which is now as little known as his military exploits, had been present at the Great Exhibition, his astonishment would be equal to that of his soldiers, should they rise up, to find themselves

confronted by a battery of flying artillery. And could Cincinnatus walk through our agricultural warehouses, his wonder would be, not that he left his plough, but that he ever returned to it. In fact, we flatter ourselves that we know something more about farming than did the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans; and doubt whether the most indefatigable research into their modes of cultivation would increase our knowledge. We respect them for their veneration of the plough, and can excuse them for worshipping the ox that drew it, he being, unquestionably, superior to the average of their deities; but we think we could show them stock that would essentially diminish the divine honours of all the cattle of antiquity, from Apis downward.

The cultivation of the earth commenced whenever, and wherever, she did not, spontaneously, produce enough for human wants. Necessity placed the hand on the plough, for men never yet did hard work for the fun of it. When they can feed and clothe themselves without it, they find other modes of amusement. Labour has been ordained as man's heritage, leaving to his ingenuity to discover the best ways of applying or diminishing it. One of his great objects is to produce the most results with the least work. He has, therefore, pressed the horse and ox into his service, making them do his bidding. He dams the water-course, and only suffers it to run after it has turned his mill-wheels. He invents the steam-engine, and it puffs and blows that his hands may rest and his own breath not be expended. The drowsy hum of the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, which was once seen in every farmhouse, and the monotonous sound of the hand-loom, that lumbered up the largest apartment, have given way to the stunning din and clatter of the factory, which turns out material enough to clothe an army, in the time that an ancient housewife would have been getting ready to weave a shirt.

## TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

"HAVE you seen much of your new neighbours, yet?" asked Mrs. Morris, as she stepped in to have an hour's chat with her old friend Mrs. Freeman. "Very little," was the reply. "Occasionally I have seen the lady walking in her garden, and have sometimes watched the sports of the children on the side walk, but this is all. It is not like the country, you know. One may live here for years and not become acquainted with the next-door neighbours."

"Some may do so," replied Mrs. Morris, "but, for my part, I always like to know something of those around me. It is not always desirable to make the acquaintance of near neighbours, but by a little observation it is very easy to gain an insight into their characters and position in society. The family which has moved into the house next to yours, for instance, lived near to me for about two years, and although I never spoke to one of them, I can tell you of some strange transactions which took place in their house."

"Indeed!" replied Mrs. Freeman, with little manifestation of interest or curiosity; but Mrs. Morris was too eager to communicate her information to notice her manner, and lowering her voice to a confidential tone, continued—"There is an old lady in their family whom they abuse in the most shocking manner. She is very rich; and they, by threats and ill-treatment, extort large sums of money from her."

"A singular way of inducing any one to bestow favours," replied Mrs. Freeman, dryly. "Why does not the old lady leave there?"

"Bless your heart, my dear friend! She cannot get an opportunity. They never suffer her to leave the house unattended. Once or twice, indeed, he succeeded in getting into the street, but they discovered her in a moment, and actually forced her into the house. You smile incredulously, but if you had been an eye-witness of their proceedings as I have, or had heard the screams of the poor creature, and the heavy blows which they inflict, you would be convinced of the truth of what I tell you."

"I do not doubt the truth of your story, in the least, my dear Mrs. Morris. I only think that in this case, as in most others, there must be two sides to his story. It is almost incredible that such barbarous treatment could continue for any great length of time without discovery and exposure."

"Oh, as to that, people are not fond of getting themselves into trouble by meddling with their neighbours' affairs. I am very cautious about it myself; I would not have mentioned this matter to any one but an old friend like yourself. It seemed best to put you on your guard."

"Thank you," was the smiling reply. "It is hardly probable that I shall be called upon to make any acquaintance with my new neighbours, but if I am, I certainly shall not forget your caution."

Satisfied that she had partially succeeded in awakening the suspicions of her friend, Mrs. Morris took her departure, while Mrs. Freeman, quite undisturbed by her communications, continued her round of domestic duties, hinking less of the affairs of her neighbours, than those of her own household. Occasionally she saw the old lady whom Mrs. Morris had mentioned, walking in the adjoining garden, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by the lady of the house or one of the children. There was nothing striking in her appearance. She looked cheerful and contented, and showed no signs of confinement or abuse. Once when Mrs. Freeman was in her garden, she had looked over the fence and praised the beauty of her flowers, and when a bunch was presented to her, had received them with that almost childish delight which aged people often manifest.

Weeks passed on, and the remarks of Mrs. Morris were almost forgotten, when Mrs. Freeman was aroused one night by loud cries, apparently proceeding from the adjoining house; and on listening intently, could plainly distinguish the sound of heavy blows, and also the voice of the old lady in question, as if in earnest expostulation and entreaty.

Mrs. Freeman aroused her husband, and together they listened in anxiety and alarm. For nearly an hour the sounds continued, but at length all was



again quiet. It was long, however, before they could compose themselves to rest. It was certainly strange and unaccountable, and there was something so inhuman in the thought of abusing an aged woman, that their hearts revolted at the idea.

Still Mrs. Freeman maintained, as was her wont, that there must be two sides to the story; and after vainly endeavouring to imagine what the other side could be, she fell asleep, and was undisturbed until morning.

All seemed quiet the next day, and Mrs. Freeman had somewhat recovered from the alarm of the previous night, when she was again visited by her friend Mrs. Morris. As usual, she had confidential communications to make, and particularly wished the advice of Mrs. Freeman in a matter which she declared weighed heavily upon her mind; and being assured that they should be undisturbed, began at once to impart the weighty secret.

"You remember Mrs. Dawson, who went abroad with her husband, a year or two ago?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply. "I was well acquainted with her."

"Do you recollect a girl who had lived with her for several years: I think her name was Mary Berkly?"

"Quite well. Mrs. Dawson placed great confidence in her, and wished to take her abroad, but Mary was engaged to an honest carpenter, in good business, and wisely preferred a comfortable house in her own country."

"She had other reasons, I suspect," replied Mrs. Morris, mysteriously; "but you will hear. This Mary Berkly, or as she is now called, Mary White, lives not far from my present residence. Her husband is comfortably off, and his wife will occasionally, as a favour, do up a few muslins for particular persons. You know she was famous for her skill in those things. The other day, having a few pieces which I was particularly anxious to have looked nice, I called upon her to see if she would wash them for me. She was not at home, but her little niece, who lives with her, a child of four years old, said that Aunt Mary would be in directly, and asked me to walk into the parlour. I did so, and the little thing stood by my side chattering away like a magpie. In reply to my questions as to whether she liked to live with her aunt, what she amused herself with, &c., &c., she entered into a long account of her various playthings, and ended by saying that she would show me a beautiful new doll which her good uncle had given her, if I would please to unlock the door of a closet near where I was sitting, as she could not turn the key."

"To please the child, I unlocked the door. She threw it wide open, and to my astonishment I saw that it was filled with valuable silver plate, china, and other articles of similar kind, some of which I particularly remembered having seen at Mrs. Dawson's."

"Perhaps she gave them to Mary," suggested Mrs. Freeman. "She was quite attached to her."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Morris. "Valuable silver plate is not often given to servants. But I have not yet finished. Just as the child had found the doll, Mrs. White entered, and on seeing the closet door open, said sternly to the child—'Rosy, you did very wrong to open that door without my leave. I shall not let you take your doll again for a week;' and looking very red and confused, she hastily closed it and turned the key. Now, to my mind, these are suspicious circumstances, particularly as I recollect that Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were robbed of silver plate shortly before they went abroad, and no trace could be found of the thieves."

"True," replied Mrs. Freeman, thoughtfully; "I recollect the robbery very well. Still I cannot believe that Mary had anything to do with it. I was always pleased with her modest manner, and thought her an honest girl."

"She is very smooth-faced, I know," answered Mrs. Morris, "but appearances are certainly against her. I am confident that the articles I saw belonged to Mrs. Dawson."

"There may be another side to the story, however," remarked her friend, "but why not mention your suspicions to Mrs. Dawson; you know she has returned, and is living in the city. I have her address somewhere."

"I know where she lives, but would you really advise me to meddle with the affair. I shall make enemies of Mr. and Mrs. White, if they hear of it, and I like to have the good will of all, both rich and poor."

"I do not believe that Mary would take anything wrongfully," replied Mrs. Freeman; "but if my suspicions were so fully aroused as yours seem to be, I presume I should mention what I saw to Mrs. Dawson, if it were only for the sake of hearing the other side of the story, and thus removing such unpleasant doubts from my mind. And, indeed, if you really think that the articles which you saw were stolen, it becomes your duty to inform the owners thereof, or you become, in a measure, a partaker of the theft."

"That is true," said Mrs. Morris, rising, "and in that way I might ultimately gain the ill-will of Mrs. Dawson; therefore, I think I will go at once and tell her my suspicions."

"Which, I am convinced, you will find erroneous," replied Mrs. Freeman. "We shall see," was the answer of her friend, accompanied by an ominous shake of the head; and, promising to call upon Mrs. Freeman on her return, she took leave.

During her absence, the alarming cries from the next house were again heard; and presently the old lady appeared on the side-walk, apparently in great agitation and alarm, and gazing wildly about her as if seeking a place of refuge; but she was instantly seized in the forcible manner Mrs. Morris had described, and carried into the house.

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Freeman. "What excuse can there be for such treatment!" and, for a moment, her heart was filled with indignation toward her supposed barbarous neighbours; but a little reflection caused her to suspend her judgment, and try to learn both sides of the story.

As she sat ruminating on this singular occurrence, and considering what was her duty in regard to it, she was aroused by the entrance of Mrs. Morris,

who, with an air of vexation and disappointment, threw herself upon the nearest chair, exclaiming—

"A pretty piece of work I have been about! It is all owing to your advice, Mrs. Freeman. If it had not been for you I should not have made such a fool of myself."

"Why, what has happened to you?" asked Mrs. Freeman, anxiously.

"What advice have I given you which has caused trouble?"

"You recommended my calling upon Mrs. Dawson, did you not?"

"Certainly: I thought it the easiest way to relieve your mind from painful suspicions. What did she say?"

"Say! I wish you could have seen the look she gave me, when I told her what I saw at Mrs. White's. You know her haughty manner. She thanked me for the trouble I had taken on her account, and begged leave to assure me that she had perfect confidence in the honesty of Mrs. White. The articles which had caused me so much unnecessary anxiety, were entrusted to her care when they went abroad, and it had not yet been convenient to reclaim them. I cannot tell you how contemptuously she spoke. I never felt so mortified in my life."

"There is no occasion for feeling so, if your intentions were good," answered Mrs. Freeman, "and certainly it must be a relief to you to hear the other side of the story. Nothing less would have convinced you of Mrs. White's honesty."

Mrs. Morris was prevented from replying by the sudden and violent ringing of the bell, and an instant after, the door was thrown open, and the old lady, whose supposed unhappy condition had called forth their sympathies, rushed into the room. "Oh, save me! Save me!" she exclaimed, frantically. "I am pursued—protect me, for the love of heaven!"

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Morris. "You see that I was not mistaken in this story, at least. There can be no two sides to this."

"Depend upon it there is," replied Mrs. Freeman; but she invited her visitor to be seated, and begged to know what had caused her so much alarm.

The poor lady told a plausible and piteous tale of ill-treatment, and, indeed, actual abuse. Mrs. Morris listened with a ready ear, and loudly expressed her horror and indignation. Mrs. Freeman was more guarded. There was something in the old lady's appearance and manners that excited an undefinable feeling of fear and aversion. She felt much perplexed as to the course she ought to pursue, and looked anxiously at the clock to see if the time of her husband's return was near.

It still wanted nearly two hours, and after a little more consideration she decided to go herself into the next house, ask for an interview with the lady of the house, frankly state what had taken place, and demand an explanation. This resolution she communicated in a low voice to Mrs. Morris, who opposed it as imprudent and ill-judged.

"Of course they will deny the charge," she argued, "and by letting them know where the poor creature has taken shelter, you will again expose her to their cruelty. Besides, you will get yourself into trouble. My advice to you is to keep quiet until your husband returns, and then to assist the lady secretly to go to her friends in the country, whom she says will gladly receive her."

"But I am anxious to hear both sides of the story before I decide to assist her," replied Mrs. Freeman.

"Nonsense," exclaimed her friend. "Even you must see that there cannot be two sides to this story. There is no possible excuse for cruelty, and to an inoffensive aged woman."

While they were thus consulting together their visitor regarded them with a troubled look and a fierce gleam in her eye, which did not escape Mrs. Freeman's observation; and just as Mrs. Morris finished speaking, the maniac sprang upon her, like a tiger on his prey, and seizing her by the throat demanded what new mischief was plotting against her.

The screams of the terrified woman drew the attention of the son of the old lady, who had just discovered her absence, and was hastening in search of her. At once suspecting the truth, he rushed without ceremony into his neighbour's house, and speedily rescued Mrs. Morris from her unpleasant and somewhat dangerous situation. After conveying his mother to her own room, and consigning her to strict custody, he returned and respectfully apologised to Mrs. Freeman for what had taken place.

"His poor mother," he said, "had for several years been subject to occasional fits of insanity. Generally she had appeared harmless, excepting as regarding herself. Unless prevented by force, she would sometimes beat her own flesh in a shocking manner, uttering at the same time loud cries and complaints of the abuse of those whom she supposed to be tormenting her."

"In her lucid intervals she had so earnestly besought them not to place her in the asylum for the insane, but to continue to bear with her under their own roof, that they had found it impossible to refuse their solemn promise to comply with her wishes. For themselves, their love for her rendered them willing to bear with her infirmities, but it should be their care that their neighbours should not again be disturbed."

Mrs. Freeman kindly expressed her sympathy and forgiveness for the alarm which she had experienced, and the gentleman took leave.

Poor Mrs. Morris had remained perfectly silent since her release, but as the door closed on their visitor, and her friend kindly turned to inquire how she found herself, she recovered her speech, and exclaimed energetically—

"I will never, never say again that there are not two sides to a story. If I am ever tempted to believe one side without waiting to hear the other, I shall surely feel again the hands of that old witch upon my throat."

"Old witch!" repeated Mrs. Freeman. "Surely she demands our sympathy as much as when we thought her suffering under ill-treatment. It is indeed a sad thing to be bereft of reason. But this will be a useful lesson to both of us: for I will readily acknowledge that in this instance I was sometimes tempted to forget that there are always 'two sides to a story.'"

## OLD CHINA.

AMONG the ornaments and decorations of our modern apartments, old porcelain forms a very prominent feature. The activity shown in the pursuit of a rare piece of china, and the extraordinary price which has been frequently paid for it, are striking indications of the prevailing taste; and there is a certain degree of reputation attached to the possessor of a good collection, which is highly stimulating.

Of all the pursuits of fashion, this is one of the most innocent. We have had frequent occasions to admire the female taste and judgment displayed in the selection, and we have listened to many an elegant dissertation from the sweetest lips in the world, on the beauties of a mutilated jar, until we have felt the incipient mania. Then have we pryed into every broker's store in each dirty avenue of the metropolis, in the hope of forming a collection suited to the dimensions of our apartment, and purchased with painful reluctance to the state of our exchequer.

The proficiency of the Chinese in the chief branch of their manufactures, the state of their fine arts, and even the religious opinions of the people, may be collected from their porcelain. In the numerous private cabinets of this metropolis are specimens of the most precious kinds of porcelain, for which the Chinese have been long pre-eminent, and the manufacturers of our own country experience the benefit of these models. With the advantages of more correct principles of design, the knowledge of perspective, and of the harmony of colours, we are only deficient in understanding the mixture of the materials, and the plastic part, to rival the productions of Eastern Asia in this line. The former may be made good to us by our superior chemical science, the latter will no doubt be acquired by patience and care. Every one therefore must applaud the curiosity which leads to forming such collections, and must cease to wonder at the high price at which objects of such beauty and importance have been estimated.

The kind of porcelain chiefly prized is termed Mandarin or Egg-shell. It displays the greatest ingenuity in the fabric; its characteristic is extreme delicacy, and the objects on it are of the most exquisite pencilling and enamel. The marks, however, by which the Mandarin porcelain may be known are not decidedly agreed on. Some persons have ventured to recommend it by the thinness and transparency of the material; others by the contrast of some rich colour on the outside with a green verditer within; others again only, and perhaps with juster reason, on the quadrangular cluster of characters inscribed on the bottoms of the vessels. These groups, it is believed, are the most ancient characters of China, changed from their hieroglyphical to a quadrate form, and are used as a court character. The inscription records the dynasty and emperor under which the specific piece of porcelain was made.

The *Crackle China* is admired for the cracks observable in the varnish, which, it is believed, are occasioned by the vase being suddenly exposed to a cool draught of air while the varnish is yet warm.

The more thick *Enamel China* is less to be admired for its earth and painting, than for the freedom with which aquatic and other plants are designed on it, for the richness of the colours laid on in varnish, and the curious symbols with which it is embellished.

The *Burnt-in China* is considered of inferior quality; but this mode of colouring gives admirable richness and effect when introduced on the genuine specimens of the old Japan, which is of massive manufacture, and admired for its weight.

The *Old Japan*, properly so called, combines almost every quality that is separately admired in the porcelain of China. The broad flowers depicted on it are displayed in blue and red, burnt in, with the addition of a little enamel. But what chiefly gives richness to these specimens, is the bold relief in which some of the flowers are executed, and afterwards gilt and burnished.

The Chinese have discovered a fertile source for the embellishments of these different kinds, in the fables of their religion; and, it is remarkable that, like the Greeks, they have chosen their earthenware to commemorate their most secret doctrines.

A Chinese Emperor is said to have observed that the dragons on his crest were designed for more than merely ornament. They had a moral signification. We may affirm that many subjects depicted on porcelain have a recondite meaning. The operation of the elements on each other, to produce the first created universe, according to the material notions of the Gentiles, seems to be expressed by the combinations of the *fiery dragon* with the *Fung Hoang*, or bird of Paradise, expressive of Air; the *Ky-lin*, or horned dog, perhaps denoting Earth; and the tortoise-fish, or the lotus, which indifferently imply Water.

Fohi, the ancient founder of the Chinese Empire (coeval with Noah) is reported to have seen a tortoise issue from the water, bearing on its back a mystical diagram; and on this account we find a tortoise-shell pattern adopted on china as a border, having open compartments in which flowers are painted and enamelled in natural colours. Hence, the date of this appearance to Fohi being considered, we conclude the combined emblem denotes the vegetable creation arising from water. But the forms, as well as the paintings of porcelain, are of mythological import; and the hexagon seems to have been generally preferred, from its representing the natural vein or mark in the shell of the sacred tortoise. We collect from Bayer that Fohi appointed eight Tchín or spirits—they are probably no more than the eight persons preserved at the general destruction of mankind, with which Fohi must have been coeval, but which he and a few others survived. These persons are on bowls, plates, &c. standing on water, generally supported on an animal, and are thus distinguished

1. How-cing-koe, a female with a landing-net.
2. Hong-chong-lie, a boy with a flute.
3. Lit-bit-quay, a man with a crutch and double gourd.
4. Tong-fong-sok, a man with a fan and the fruit of immortality.
5. Schow-lak-how, a man with rattles or castanets.
6. Lut-hong-ban, a man with a sword and cowtail.
7. Tchung-colso, a man with a bamboo tube and pencils.
8. La-mi-tai-woo, a youth or female with a basket of flowers.

The implements depicted on Enamel China are the symbols of these divinities, and the fruit borne by the fourth person has suggested the form of many vessels in porcelain. Were a Chinese to present liquor in a vessel so shaped, it might be deemed a flattering mode of entertainment.

We find a ninth person, superior to these, who may, perhaps, represent the material heaven; he is almost invariably seated; he rides on the stork, a bird of supposed longevity; he is bald and aged, and he carries a sceptre. He seems to be the ancient one—a title well known in the Egyptian, Scythian and Greek mythologies, as Ptah, and Jupiter Pappus.

## PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

OF

(Continued from page

## V.—THE CAPTIVES AND

It is of course impossible for us to convey a thing more than a line of the alarm and confusion which prevail throughout the town.

It imagines more than five hundred men suddenly awakened from a peaceful slumber, under the impression that the town was at the mercy of the whites, and that a horrible massacre was about to ensue. We say, such a number of pell-mell from their dwellings, and jostling one against the other, with whoops, yells, and screams of terror resounding on all sides, mingled with the yelping and barking of dogs, the report of fire-arms, and the howlings of the storm, and you will have as good a general conception of the scene presented, as our humble pen is competent to pourtray. So great and universal was the alarm this midnight arousing occasioned, that it was more than half an hour before all could be made to understand the true cause thereof; and then anger gradually took the place of fear; and the loud invectives poured upon the heads of our friends, proclaimed the general desire of the nation to have the disgrace—which each felt had been brought upon him by his cowardice during a false alarm—washed out in the heart's blood of the poor prisoners. Alas for those who had unintentionally raised this terrible storm of human passion!

But there were more prisoners taken that night than Edward Allen and John Carnele. Of the remainder of their friends, who had set off at the same time with themselves to reconnoitre the town, only three had escaped the clutches of the savages. These three were, Sergeant Bomb, and the two scouts who had gone by themselves. How Bomb escaped, is beyond our power to explain; and he never had any definite idea of the matter himself, it is altogether probable the mystery will never be cleared up; and that, consequently, coming generations will be as much in the dark as we are. All he ever remembered, was, that when the alarm broke out, he was not a great way from the river; and that, soon after, he found himself chilled to the very bone swimming the Miami. The escape of the scouts was more easily accounted for. They chanced to be on the northern side of the village, in the very outskirts thereof, and on the point of entering it—having waited till such an hour as they deemed advisable to insure the success of their design. On the first alarm they fled, and in due time reached Rendezvous Mount, where they were shortly after joined by the Sergeant, who, under the excitement from which he was labouring, immediately embraced the old woodsman, and solemnly declared, that if he ever lived to reach a white settlement again, he would never have anything further to do with Indians. He had escaped a horrible death twice, he said, and in a third risk there might be a fatal charm.

Those of our gallant little band who were captured, had, like those whom we have followed step by step, penetrated to the very heart of the village. Consequently the alarm at once surrounded them with Indians, and rendered it impossible for them to escape. They did their best, however, and all that men could do. They were not captured without a struggle for liberty. It was their fire-arms that were heard, and more than one of their enemies bit the dust, though none, as it chanced, were mortally wounded. Yet they fought alone, and each party without the knowledge of the whereabouts of the other; for no two had met after the separation which we described in a previous chapter. Why they were not killed on the spot, will be readily perceived by those who know the nature and habits of the Indian; and to those who have no such solution to what may seem a mystery, we will merely say, that they were reserved for the greater vengeance of the most diabolical and excruciating tortures.

Death in itself, as viewed by the savage, has no terrors; it is merely the manner of dying that can appal him; consequently, he rarely inflicts a sudden death upon his most bitter enemy, when it can be as well avoided. Thus it was in the case of our friends. Each party being surrounded by numbers, were certain of securing them, their lives were spared, by mutual con-



"Nothing could exceed the majestic bearing, of Black Hoof, as, upon ending his brief speech, he turned away from the captive, amid outbursts of applause from the hearers, of his own nation."

sent, for a vengeance a thousand times more terrible. If there is any doubt existing in the mind of the reader as to how each could be so readily discovered in the pitchy darkness that prevailed, we must remind him that all the village had not retired to rest—that in every third or fourth cabin there was a light, generally a torch—and that in rushing out at the first alarm—whoop, each party exercised sufficient forethought to take one of these with them, which, though it might reveal their own persons to the enemy, would, in return, reveal the persons of the enemy to them; and this, under the circumstances, was necessary, in order to know whether it were the better policy to stand their ground or take to flight.

To such a degree of vindictive fury were the passions of the populace excited, that for a time it seemed probable the prisoners would be torn in pieces, in spite of the efforts of a more calculating few to reserve them for another fate. But at last, by entreaty and menace, they succeeded in restraining the mob from present violence. Gradually the tumult subsided, and the prisoners were severally conducted to the council house, bound hand and foot, and put under a strong guard, to await their hour of trial, which was to take place on the following day. Sentinels were next stationed throughout the town, to prevent the recurrence of a similar scene, and guard the village against surprise; and a party of young warriors, headed by a daring, experienced, and sagacious chief, were selected to set off by daylight, to ascertain if any of the adventurous whites had made their escape, and if so, to follow their trail, and endeavour to take them prisoners, that all might die at the stake together, and create a savage jubilee.

Order at length being restored, the recently alarmed denizens of Piqua quietly withdrew to their homes, all more or less elated at the prospect of shortly being both spectators and actors in the barbarous amusement of human torture.

Silence, as concerning the human storm of passion, again reigned in the village; but the storm of the elements still raged as fiercely as ever; and the wind sighed, and moaned, and whistled among the lodges, and the rain and hail pattered on their bark roofs as before, rendering the night pitchy dark, disagreeable, and gloomy.

And doubly gloomy was it now to our friends, whose last hopes had expired, and who could look forward to nothing better than a horrible death on the morrow. As one by one each was conducted within the council house, and, by the lurid, flickering light of the torch burning within, beheld so many of his friends prisoners also, a keener pang than ever his own captivity occasioned, penetrated his breast.

As for Edward, on coming to himself, and perceiving at a glance what had transpired, and believing it was all occasioned by his own imprudence, his anguish of soul knew no bounds; and he repeatedly groaned aloud, and rolled to and fro in his fetters, as one in mortal agony. On the point of liberating her he loved, he had been struck down, she had been torn from him, and now there was little hope that he would ever behold her sweet face again.

And more than this, he had involved others in his own ruin, and brought

upon them a doom of which he shuddered and grew sick at heart to think. Oh! he thought, if he could but die alone, and thus atone for his incautious acts, how gladly would he do so; but no, this could not be—the father of her he loved would also be a victim—and not only this, but those who had so nobly consented to risk their own lives to rescue those so dear to him, would receive the same horrible doom and fate. And then, alas! what would become of poor Lucy, without a protector? Alas, indeed!

The prisoners, though near each other through the night, were not permitted to speak; and as the day dawned—a cold, disagreeable drizzly morning—and the dull rays of light penetrated the chinks and crannies of the council house, and spread a grey or leaden hue over each object, it revealed the pale, anguished features of the prisoners, with their bloodshot eyes, and clearly showed that the night had been one of intense, restless, mental agony, devoid of hope.

The positions of Edward and the Colonel were such, that though tightly bound and extended at full length on the damp, cold ground, they could look into each other's faces; and as they did so, tears involuntarily started to the eyes of both; but they knit their brows, compressed their lips, and strove to be stoics—yet strove in vain; for the tears would occasionally gush out afresh, in spite of their efforts to the contrary. The Colonel was unhurt, as were all the rest, with the exception of Edward, whose head was somewhat bloody from the wound he had received at the time of his capture. But the contusion was not a dangerous one, and he experienced very little inconvenience from it; though the Colonel, in looking on him, could not forbear a groan, for he knew not the extent of the injury, and he already loved him as his own son.

About sunrise, the guard over the captives was changed; but nothing else worthy of note took place for a couple of hours, when Posetha, the brother of Miller, made his appearance. As he entered the council house—which was a large, circular building, with a row of rude benches around the walls—he glanced his dark eye, coldly, almost savagely, over the prisoners, without the least sign of recognition, even when it fell on his own brother. He was still costumed as we before described him; but his face and breast had been repainted, and he now presented an appearance which our friends considered revolting in the extreme—the more so, perhaps, that they knew him to be a white man, and looked upon him as a being sunk to the lowest degree of human depravity and degradation. It was bad enough, they thought, to behold so disgusting a spectacle in an Indian; but for a white man, it was monstrous, and his presence became hateful to their sight. Previous to his appearance, there had been a faint hope in the mind of his brother, that he might, in some unknown, unexpected way, assist them in their difficulties; but the moment he looked upon Posetha, that hope fled, and he closed his eyes and shuddered.

All this the white savage noted, as his keen, black eye glanced from one to the other; and when he had finished his survey, a grin, which seemed one of fiendish delight, rested on his now ugly countenance. He had read their



thoughts, and knew himself despised by all, and this seemed to give him inward satisfaction.

"Dog of the pale face!" he said, addressing his brother in Shawnee, "your time, and that of your companions, has come; and Posetha laughs—tell them so. As sure as the sun rises and sets, you will all be doomed; and still Posetha laughs—tell them so. Your cries at the stake will be music to Posetha's ears."

"Begone!" exclaimed Miller, vehemently, his indignation raised to a pitch he could not controul. "Begone, base ingrate and fratricide! and may your brother's blood be on your head."

"Ha! ha! I laugh—I laugh!" was the taunting rejoinder; and Posetha drew closer to his brother, who was so bound as to be unable to move a limb. "I laugh at you—I spit upon you—I defy you!" he continued still drawing closer and closer, by a slow movement, till his feet fairly touched the prostrate man. "Oh, yes, I laugh, and I will laugh at the stake, as I invent tortures wherewith to make you groan anew. Let me tell you one of the tortures now, that you may laugh, too—let me whisper it in your ear;" and he bent down his head, apparently for the purpose; but instead of the language Harry was expecting to hear, these words almost made him doubt his senses:—

"Posetha is true—but know him not—for he must deceive the Indians to suit his friends." Then he added aloud:—"Ha, ha, ha! How does the dog of the pale face like the invention?" and turning abruptly away, he strode to the door, passed a few words with the guard, and disappeared.

About an hour later, several inferior chiefs and warriors made their appearance, and after walking around the prisoners, and examining them, and occasionally turning them over with their feet, in a careless manner, they gathered themselves together in a group near the door, and a very animated discussion took place, of the nature of which Miller was ignorant, the conversation being carried on in a tone too low to reach his ear.

Suddenly, all ceased speaking, and drew back with deference, and a man of venerable appearance entered the council house. The new comer was decorated with all the trappings of a great chief; but even had he not been, there would have been no mistaking his character and position; for his erect carriage, dignified mien, graceful step, and lofty bearing, would at once have proclaimed him a man of no inferior grade and intellect.

His features were venerable and striking. He was apparently not less than eighty years of age; but his movement was as graceful and energetic as one who had numbered only half his winters. In his rather handsome countenance was more than ordinary intelligence; and his slightly Roman nose, prominent and well turned chin, compressed lips, and eagle eye, gave him a look of lofty decision. In his ears he wore heavy jewels, which came down almost to his shoulders; and the skin around his loins, the belt around his waist, his leggins and moccasins, were all richly and tastefully ornamented with wampum. A bright red scarf passed from left to right across his back and breast, and was carelessly tied around his waist; and his long gray scalp-lock was adorned with feathers of beautiful colours. Such was Catahecassa, or Black Hoof, one of the most cunning, sagacious, and successful warriors of the Shawnee nation. He was a great orator; and ever used the most flowing, sublime, and effective language. Stepping forward to where the prisoners lay bound, he regarded them a few minutes, with a stern, almost vindictive, expression; and then said, in a full, sonorous, majestic tone—

"Is there one among the pale-faces that speaks the language of the great Shawnee nation?"

"There is," replied Miller, in Shawnee.

"Let him be unbound and stand forth!" said the chief, turning to one of his attendants.

Instantly a warrior sprang forward to Miller, cut the cords that confined his limbs, and led him into the circle that had now silently formed around Black Hoof, much to the astonishment of all the rest of the prisoners, who, not understanding what had been said, could not, of course, divine what was about to take place.

In detailing the interview between Miller and the chief, as also in recording other remarks and speeches of the Shawnees, we wish the reader to understand that we give a free translation, but at the same time preserve the true spirit of the Indian language, with all its striking vigour, eloquence, and poetical imagery.

"Warrior of the pale-face," began Black Hoof, in a calm, dignified, almost haughty tone, drawing up his handsome form to its full height, and fixing his eagle eye keenly and sternly upon the captive—"warrior of the pale-face, whose race is from the rising sun, how is it that the language of the great nation of the South\* is upon thy tongue?"

"Because I have mingled much with the red man, and have closely noted his speech," replied the undaunted scout, in a firm tone.

"So have you learned much that is good," was the proud rejoinder; "for the Shawnee is a great nation; and he who hears and understands its mighty men, gains wisdom. But why, like a cat upon its prey, did the pale-face warriors last night steal into the stronghold of my people?"

"The old bear will follow as usual—the dove will seek its mate," was the figurative reply of Miller, who well understood how much the prolonging of the interview with the great chief depended on his skillful answers.

"Yet those you sought were the rightful property of those who conquered the pale-faces, and gathered scalps, as the harvester gathers corn. Warrior of the pale-face, you and your companions were more brave than wise, to enter the stronghold of the red man on such an errand."

"Is the she-bear wise that rushes upon the hunter's bullet in defence of her cub?" was the interrogative reply.

\* Shawnee—or, as it is more correctly spelled, Shawanese (though, for various reasons, we have adopted the common orthography) means "the South," or "people from the South."

"The she-bear takes the consequences of her temerity—the pale-face must take his," was the rejoinder of the Shawnee chief. "Warrior, the red man was once as the leaves of the forest in numbers, and, like the deer that runs free, was happy on his own domains. The pale-face came, and the red man retired to give him room. But not content with territory, the pale-face still intruded upon the hunting-grounds of the red man, to rob him of his own, and drive him farther towards the setting sun. Let him go peacefully, and what then? The pale-face, more arrogant and avaricious from easy victory, will follow his trail; and seek to drive him farther. There are no bounds to his cravings. But he must and shall have limits. Already the red man knows he is not invincible. Does the pale-face warrior want proof let him seek the wigwams of my people, and he will there behold the long bending with the weight of trophies, as the tree bends with the weight of fruit. Let the pale-face ask whence came these trophies, and the red will point him to a great victory, where the arms that took them were made weary by numbers. The warriors of the pale-face were there that day in all their strength, with their women and children by to cheer them on, and nerve their arms for deeds of valour. Yet the red man conquered. He shall always conquer. Yes!" (raising his voice, and throwing into it all the powerful eloquence of lofty, energetic passion, while his eyes brightened till they fairly seemed to flash,) "yes, he shall always conquer. The pale-face shall be driven from the land that is not his own; and then, and not till then, shall there be peace. He shall wait for his women—he shall weep for his young. He shall sue for mercy, but find it not. He shall tear his hair, and curse the hour that he was born. His women shall become squaws of the red man—his children shall hunt with their fathers' victors, and forget the race they are of, and the mothers that bore them. The war-cry is sounded, the hatchet is red, the pipe is broken, and the pale-face shall never know peace, till he finds it in dust, or his trail leads toward the rising sun, and crosses the Great Hills\* that divide him from his fatherland. Warrior of the pale-face, the lips of a great chief have been opened, and thou hast heard words of prophetic wisdom. Catahecassa has spoken."

Nothing could exceed the dignity, the majestic bearing, of Black Hoof, as, upon ending his brief speech, he turned away from the captive, amidst outbursts of applause from the hearers of his own nation. His eyes emitted almost unearthly gleam, his nostrils expanded, his form towered aloft, and he did, indeed, seem a prophet of the olden day, who had just broken the seal of the great book of the future and read its contents.

As he drew near the door of the council-house, several of the minor chiefs and braves surrounded him, and a short consultation was held in a tone too low to reach the ears of Miller, who still remained unbound, but surrounded by a strong guard. The scout had seen and heard enough, however, to know that his own doom, and that of his companions, was sealed. In fact, he believed, when taken, that no mercy would be shown; and therefore had

fought with desperation, until overpowered by numbers. The words of his brother, however, were not forgotten; but the more he reflected upon them, the less ground there seemed to build a hope upon. His brother, whom at first he considered false, he now believed to be true. Yet what would it avail, save in the consoling reflection that he had one friend among many enemies? What could Posetha do? His will might be good enough—but what could he do? What was one man among hundreds? What was one voice among thousands?

While revolving these thoughts in his mind, a young athletic warrior, from the party near the door, came up to Miller, and tapping him on the shoulder, made signs that he should follow him. At the same time, another party, numbering one to each prisoner, approached our friends, and proceeded to cut them loose. The Indians then made signs that the captives should arise and follow them; but in attempting to stand, only one of them succeeded at the first trial. The exception was Lieutenant Wilkes, who, by some means, had not been as tightly bound as the others, and did not therefore experience the same numbness, in consequence of the stoppage of the circulation of the blood. He, however, felt very much stiffened from cold, and weak from loss of rest and food; for the reader must bear in mind that the party had not tasted any thing—not even so much as a drink of water—since their capture.

After repeated trials, during which the Indians exhibited their haste, and entered a small share of their hatred, by repeated kicks on the bodies of our friends, the latter succeeded in getting upon their feet. Edward was the first to rise; and when he finally did so, it was only by a great effort he could stand. He felt stiff, numb, and weak, with occasionally sharp darting pains through his body, and a slight dizziness in his head.

"Cheer up, poor lad!" said Colonel Danforth, in a low, tender tone. "It is a great trial we are about to undergo, and I sincerely pray we may be able to bear it as becomes American officers."

These were the first words the Colonel had ventured to address to one of his companions since being taken a prisoner, and he was now warned against repeating the offence, by receiving a back-hand blow across the face from one of the savages, which caused his lips to swell. The Colonel started, his eyes flashed, and he instinctively placed his right hand to his left side, as if to draw his sword; but instantly recollecting himself, his countenance fell, and turning a hopeless, mournful look upon Edward, he bowed his head upon his bosom, and quietly walked alongside of the young savage—him in charge.

As one by one our friends passed out of the council-house, each a sight which involuntarily made him recoil. But ere we describe what they saw, we will open another chapter.\*

[Continued in No. 13.]

## THE HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO.



We strongly recommend to our Subscribers the adoption of the "HOME COMPANION PORTFOLIO," for the preservation of the Weekly Numbers or the Monthly Parts. These Portfolios are made with elastic cords at the back, to hold Fifty-two Numbers, or Twelve Parts, which comprise one Volume. At the end of each year they may be taken out and bound, and the Portfolio may be employed to preserve the Numbers or Parts of the succeeding Volume. The price is Two Shillings. The outlay will be saved by the preservation of the Numbers, which, hereafter, may be difficult to obtain. The Portfolio is beautifully embossed, and illuminated with silver, by a new invention introduced by LEIGHTON, SON, & HODGE. It is an ornament for the drawing-room table.—Order of any Bookseller.

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

## No. VI.—"WHEN AT ROME, DO AS THE ROMANS DO."

If we are sojourners in a strange land it is well not to attack the prejudices of the inhabitants, nor to set ourselves up as the censors of their habits and customs. In minor points of difference between us, in non-essentials, it is better perhaps to conform to these customs; but in essential variances we must pause before we follow them. We may easily accommodate ourselves to eat macaroni with the Romans, but we need not hire a bravo to run a stiletto into the back of any one who has offended us. He who would journey easily through the world must be possessed of the spirit of accommodation as to the minor customs of life—must learn to appreciate molasses as a sauce for roast pork with the Americans, and not altogether despise blubber and train-oil if located among the Esquimaux. Our limbs may find some difficulty in accommodating themselves to the attitude of a Turkish exquisite, but we need not pull him by the beard or laugh in his face because he chooses to sit cross-legged like a tailor. If the proverb we have quoted were applied only on occasions similar to those we introduced, we should not have a word to say against it; but, unfortunately, it has been allowed a much wider scope—has lost, as it were, its first meaning, its simple warning against attacking the habits of foreign countries, and has been enlarged into a command that we should do as others do; as if it were pitted in direct opposition to the Scriptural exhortation "not to follow the multitude to do evil;" for, in almost all cases, it is used to urge us on to some evil course, to plunge us into some vice, or lead us into some extravagance. It most effectually binds us the slaves of fashion; and sends its follies, and too often its vices, downwards through every grade of society.

In a work lately published by Parker, and attributed to a member of the family of Archbishop Whately, called *English Life, Social and Domestic, in the Middle of the Nineteenth Century*, the influence of fashion operating through the maxim "do as others do," is thus admirably described:—"To maintain our proper (or improper) places in society, that is, in the circles of what we call fashionable life—to keep the numbers on our visiting list, in order that we may fill our mansions and add our persons to the throng assembled in the saloons of others—to entertain our acquaintance properly, that is, not according to our own means and in harmony with our ordinary habits of life, but according to their expectations, and to the mode of entertainment adopted by persons of good style; to do as others do; to speak, look, and dress after the fashion; not of those whom our own judgment and taste approve, but of those who are esteemed the most fashionable in the society to which we belong; and to repress every manifestation of taste and sentiment which is not stamped with their approbation; all these are among the self-imposed cares which injure our independence of character and dignity of mind, and destroy our individuality by making one person's life and manners the type of another's; but they also involve us in the commission of acts of the greatest injustice. To run into debt; to reduce our tradesmen to distress; to put our servants to inconvenience by an irregular discharge of their wages; to neglect the sale of charity and kindred; to involve our children in future adversity, or to neglect their present claims; these are among the temptations to which we expose ourselves by the self-imposed necessity of doing as others do; not as the wise and good do, but as the world does—that part of the world, at least, by which we are influenced, and to which we still give the almost worn-out name of 'fashionable world.' Nor are the very persons whose wealth and position would seem to raise them above all fear of losing caste by non-conformity, more independent in their habits than those less favourably placed. They are still the same assimilating principle at work. They, too,

must do as others of their own rank and pretension do—they must multiply to themselves estates and mansions, and adopt a style of living in conformity with the tastes and habits of their associates, often at the cost of obliging themselves to neglect the just claims of their children and dependents, and of denying themselves the gratification of promoting many a good work which others, with much smaller means, have set afoot."

These remarks refer particularly to what is called the fashionable world; but they are equally applicable to all parts of society: we know not where the influence of "do as others do" ceases. It was possible for the barber in Dickens's tale to draw the line somewhere—to stop at bakers' men and refuse to shave the coalheaver—but "do as others do" will have no line drawn; it influences alike the duke and the coalheaver, the baron and the chimney-sweep. Chimney-sweep! we beg their pardon; the name and the calling are both obsolete: they have been "doing as others do," and adopting a fine title to cover a dirty, though useful, trade. Chimney-sweeps are no longer employed to cleanse the flues; the Secretary of the "Patent Ramoneur Company" comes in his brougham to take orders; and his soot-despatching attendants arrive in gilded tourgon, to carry away the superfluous carbonized materials. The glories of May-day are fast disappearing, and the grave of "Jack-in-the-Green" is preparing by the side of the last May-pole. Each class has its own petty world that it must imitate—Mrs. Grundy of whose sayings it is afraid.

There are cases in which this imitation is useful and commendable. When it is not adopted in the spirit of rivalry, but in that of improvement; when it seeks to elevate the character, to purify the taste, to cultivate the love of the beautiful; and not merely to encourage habits of expense. We love to see a cottage garden bright with flowers tastefully arranged, although we cannot expect the rare exotics of the wealthy; the grand conservatories may be wanting, but the cottage window can guard some of the more delicate species from the inclemency of the weather, and give a grace and beauty to the humble room: the gathered nosegay may not be exhibited in alabaster vases on gilt brackets, but it may be arranged with taste, placed in a jar of humble materials, but elegant in shape, and shed its light and fragrance around; we may not have all the expensive nicknacks that strew the aristocratic drawing-room—all the books with gorgeous bindings and expensive plates lying on the tables; but, happily, the pink and yellow parrots and spotted cats of former days have given place to cheap statuettes of classic form; the miserable paintings, of gaudy colouring, are superseded by others correct in drawing and chaste in design; and, above all, books are placed within the reach of all, and may be had in every home, at once its ornaments and its chief pleasures, gratifying the taste and improving the intellect. Wherever we see a humble hearth surrounded with such imitations of the more wealthy classes, we feel the owner, in thus "doing as others do," has been rightly construing our adage—has been adding to his own self respect, elevating himself in the scale of society, and is a much superior person to the sordid neighbour, who, perhaps possessed of more wealth, chooses to live in a mud-floored hovel with no ornaments on its bare walls, no objects around him to excite his taste, no humanising influences, no intellectual employments.

Unfortunately, however, the general tendency of the imitative process in the human mind has a peculiar aptitude to copy that which is evil more readily than that which is good. It is more easy to imitate the expense than the taste which directs it. Thus, a man with only fifteen hundred a-year, in his rage for "doing as others do," seems to fancy that he must have the same description of plate on his table, the same variety of wines, the same kind of carriages and number of horses, as the man with twenty thousand a-year; he cannot get them all, but he goes as near to it as his credit will stretch; and so, descending in the scale, the imitation goes on, each striving to do as those do who have their place in the class immediately above them. And thus, family after family are brought to ruin and decay. We once heard it stated that there was no situation in life so unfortunate as that of having an income just sufficient to live on without the necessity of professional or other employment, and without the tastes to find proper occupation for one's self. The life of James Harding will illustrate this position, and is precisely apposite to our adage of "do as others do." He was the son of a highly respectable yeoman, who lived on his own estate, which he farmed himself, and was possessed of considerable property besides. He gave his son a better education than yeomen's sons generally receive, but not enough to create a taste for literature, or to give stability of character. James Harding came into the possession of his property upon the death of his father; he was in the first dawn of manhood, high-spirited, good-looking, of strong social feelings, when he found himself in the uncontrolled receipt of about eight hundred a-year. He carried on his farm as his father had done, was spirited in his improvements, was liked by his neighbour farmers; he possessed, indeed, considerable influence with them, for he was in many things intelligent, and always hearty and hospitable. He had, however, another circle of associates besides his agricultural friends. The country squires and some of the best families in his neighbourhood hailed his acquaintance as an acquisition; he was an adept in field sports, and earnest in their pursuit; a cheerful and jovial companion at the festival board; had a ready wit, sung a good song, told a good story. With the "fast men" of this set he soon became closely allied; like them he kept his hounds and hunters, sported his champagne and other luxurious wines, which were served without restraint in his house, there being no female to exercise a salutary influence upon the potations of the company; it was "Bachelor's Hall" at which the "good fellows" met to enjoy themselves after their own fashion; then he became a sporting character, kept race-horses, and made a book; rode his own hurdle-races and steeple-chases; in short, plunged into all the follies and many of the vices which thoughtless young men embark in—he was only "doing as others do." During this time he was living, as it were, in a

double circle of society. One day entertaining his brother farmers; the next feasting the fastest of the fast. One day presiding at the market ordinary; the next as steward at a race-dinner. With one set looked up to as their head and chief; with the other looked down upon as one just tolerated. And more was recklessly spent for the privilege of being looked down upon by fashionable men, than for being looked up to by his own class; but both were expensive. The master's eye was seldom on the farm-yard; his fields knew him not; the farm which laid the foundation of the fortune he inherited ceased to be profitable, became a dead loss; he soon "did as others do" who want to raise the wind; bill transactions became familiar to him; his stock dwindled away; mortgage grew upon mortgage; he never tried retrenchment, for "What would people say?" At length, the day of reckoning came, and before he was thirty he found himself without a penny in the world. Then he found the friendships of the world were hollow; that those who had been encouraging him to "do as others do," had not yet learnt the maxim which should have taught them to "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." No hand was stretched out to save him; that, indeed, was scarcely possible—they could not replace what he had recklessly squandered away—but no hand was stretched out to aid him, to make his fall more gentle. He passed away from the knowledge and even from the remembrance of his former associates, and drives a coach for a maintenance.

O imitators! servum pecus! O slavish herd of imitators! readily following the multitude to do evil; slowly and with difficulty copying that which is good. The "fast men" of the aristocracy are putting on the drag; the vulgarity of their imitators has stripped the veil from their vicious habits, and shown them in their naked deformity. The bell-ringing, knocker-twisting, cab-driving exploits—the drunken debaucheries and rows which formerly brought many "sprigs of the aristocracy" to the police office, are discarded by them; but they have descended to their imitators—the government clerks, the medical students, and other hot-blooded youths who have a notion that they are "doing the fashionable." Even these, however, are beginning to find out that they have made a mistake—that vulgar "fastness" draws after it the finger of scorn. It is true, the aristocracy have still their Tattersall's and their clubs, where fortunes are dissipated on the speed of a horse, the colour of a card, or the turn of a die; but the worshippers of the fickle goddess, Chance, are fast diminishing in the higher circles. With sweepstakes in every pot-house, tobaccoist's shops parading the announcement that there a book is to be made, and dignifying itself with the title of "Betting Office," we shall soon have "the turf" brought to as low an ebb as "the ring," and left to the sole guidance of blacklegs and blackguards, cheats, and their dupes. Tattersall's will go out of fashion, and gambling will only be known to snobs and knaves.

The stream of life, with its customs, its habits, its extravagancies, is a hurried and turbulent one; once fairly drawn within the vortex—once fairly started upon the wave of "do as others do"—like the poor Indian in his canoe above the rapids of Niagara, you lose command of your bark, and are swept over the face of the cataract and dashed to pieces. How many a youthful spirit, full of hope and daring, has launched his little bark on the stream; has struggled perhaps for a short time against the influences which surrounded him, but, at length, folding his arms in despair, has yielded to the current, and been swept away into the nothingness of "doing as others do." What a miserable ambition is this! To be always walking behind another man—treading in his steps. If we always walk behind the object of our imitation, we can never be his equal; we are merely his *umbræ*, his shade, his parasite. An actor who contented himself with walking behind Macready, would never represent Lear, or Macbeth, or *Virginus*; he would only give you an exaggerated notion of the faults of Macready, without attaining to any of his excellencies. Mere imitation is unworthy man: it is the monkey's doom. In man it will be attended with the same results as when the monkey swallowed a whole box of pills from which he had seen his master take one. So, in our imitations of fashionable life, we overdo the thing; we exaggerate its very absurdities; we take the whole box, and are not content with one pill. And, after all, what is this fashionable life which we are so anxious to imitate?

Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,  
There is a sameness in its gems and ornaments:  
A dull and family likeness through all ages,  
Of no great promise for poetic pages.  
With much to excite, there's little to exalt;  
Nothing that speaks to all men, and all times;  
A sort of varnish over every fault;  
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes:  
Factitious passions; wit without much salt;  
A want of that true nature that sublimates  
Whatever it shows with truth: a smooth monotony  
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

And with all our struggles to appear members of this fashionable world, in which "there's a little to exalt"—with all our ambition "to do as others do," what do we gain? Nothing, that we know of, except the fear of "what people will say." The one is the necessary consequence of the other. Mrs. Smith must have a new bonnet—when she has got a very good one already, and she can ill afford the purchase—for fear Mrs. Brown should say she was shabby. Mrs. Jones must give a ball and supper, not to indulge her love of hospitality, but for fear Mrs. Robinson should say she could not afford it. And then springs up the spirit of rivalry between them, and Mrs. Brown puts her errand-boy into a many-buttoned jacket, and christens him a page, that she may spite Mrs. Smith, who has only a maid. And Mrs. Robinson sets up a carriage, that she may "astonish the Browns." And Mrs. Jones goes to the opera to outshine Mrs. Robinson. And Mrs. Smith hires a tall footman, who kicks "the Browns" page into the gutter. And thus

Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, ring the changes upon each other, until envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, spring up in their hearts, and we wish they were all under the hands of the pedagogue in the old spelling-book tale. Then springs up a system of exclusiveness, based upon "doing as others do," mingled with fear of "what others will say." Lord Noodle will not visit Mr. Doodle, because Baron Foodle says he is not genteel. Mrs. Tomkins, the lawyer's wife, will not invite her cousin, Mr. Jenkins, the printer's wife, for fear lest Mrs. Priggins, the parson's wife, should refuse to visit Mrs. Tomkins. And thus a heartlessness is generated, permeating through all society.

And then into how many absurdities does this "do as others do" lead us. We need hardly point at the anomalies of dress—at the strange notion of the Chinese ladies, and the martyrdom they undergo to reduce the natural size of the foot to the fashionable standard of two inches in length; at the still stranger practice of some Indian nations, of compressing the heads of their children into smaller dimensions than the head of an ape; or at that grievous abomination of our *own* land, where the crushing of the ladies' waists to a deformed smallness, has destroyed the health and life of so many thousands of the fairest of God's creatures: if they would only be content with the form which God has given them! But besides these grievous absurdities, there is another and still greater evil arising from an adherence to the maxim of "do as others do;" and that is when it becomes, as is too often the case, "a worm at the root of good intentions"—when the fear of what the world will say prevents us from doing that which conscience tells us is right, erects a barrier across the path that leads to good, and turns us aside into the paths of vice. How many a drunkard has acquired the habit from "doing as others do"—has been deterred from casting it off by the fear of ridicule—the dread of what others will say. How often has the stream of charity been stopped by the fear of being thought ungentle and dubbed a saint by those who are ready enough to follow the multitude to do evil, but shrink back with the utmost disgust from those who would lead them to do good. This "do as others do" is a one-sided proverb: it has a squinting look, that sees only the evil side of things; and a sinister influence which is most pernicious. But if you will make it the guide of your life—if you will choose it for a Home Companion, try to squint out of the right eye, and make the good the exemplars of your life.

## THE QUARREL.

BY MARY BENNETT.

How now, Johnny! Can a child  
Speak so fiercely, look so wild—  
Scarcely four years old, to show  
Eyes that flame and threaten so!

Stamp imperious on the floor,  
Cheeks with crimson blood flushed o'er;  
Defiant gesture, breathing hard,  
A pretty picture, on my word!

All because your elder brother  
Took one marble, gave another—  
Took a marble that you prize,  
With handsome markings, rosy dyes;

Gave you one of common grey—  
Twas unfair, but all in play,

As you would have seen anon,  
If you had but patience, John.

Ho, kind boy, had bought for you,  
Other playthings—marbles, too;  
If he teased you, it was mean,  
All in love and merriment.

Johnny hung his curly head:  
"Are we friends?" his brother said  
Johnny in his arms he held,  
Passion checked, and fury quelled.

Repentant, lovingly they wept,  
Prayed together ere they slept;  
Closed their eyes in faith and  
Thus should every quarrel end.

## AN EXCITING SCENE.

A few days since, on board a steamer from Memphis to Cincinnati, was a large crowd of passengers. We found a man in a Quaker-like attire, upon a large chest, declaring that it should not be broken open unless they killed him. Soon from the chest, as if in distress, was heard a voice—apparently of a coloured person.

"Let me out—I had rather go back to massa; oh, mercy! I can't stay here any longer."

"Look here, my friend," says the captain; "you will have to get off that chest."

"I'll be darned if I do," he replied.

"Oh, dear! let me out, let me out!" came distinctly from the chest, as if in apparent suffocation.

"Mate!" said the captain, "bring some men; take that person off the chest, and break it open."

The person, showing fight, was seized by the passengers; all believing he was carrying off Mr. Darkey, contrary to law made and provided. The mate seized an iron bar, and forced it between the lid and body of the chest.

"Oh, don't! you'll kill me," says the stifled voice; "I want to get out; I want to go back; oh dear! I shall die!"

"Hold out for a few minutes longer," says a good-natured, philanthropic person, stepping out; "you shall soon be released."

Quite an intense feeling was now raised in the crowd, when the mate forced off the lid; as it came from the chest an unearthly, demoniac laugh came from the old clothes with which it was filled, and no sign or appearance of any living thing. Amusement appeared on the countenance of the before, but now bewildered lookers-on. We were shortly after let into the

by the captain, who informed us of what he was before aware, but had forgotten—that the immortal ventriloquist, the "Fakir of Siva," stood by, apparently an anxious spectator of the proceedings.—*American paper.*



## ONWARD!

**SAFETY OF RAILROADS.**—The Vermont Legislature, at its late session, passed a capital Act, designed to protect the lives of travellers on railroads. It forbids the employment of conductors, engineers, brakemen, or switchmen, "who shall make use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage;" and the employment of such a person, with the knowledge of the president, superintendent, or any of the directors, exposes the company to prosecution, and to a fine of 300 dollars to 3,000 dollars, besides being liable for all damages that may result.

**GUTTA PERCHA IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—Mr. Fry has exhibited some charming pictures on glass, obtained by a combination of gutta percha and collodion. To the ordinary collodion—gun-cotton dissolved in ether—a small quantity of gutta percha is added, which readily dissolves. This is employed with the ordinary materials for the processes on glass,—the picture being developed by pyro-gallic acid. The extraordinary sensibility of this preparation may be inferred from the fact, that a positive copy from a glass negative has been obtained in five seconds by gas-light. The film formed on glass is far more adherent than the ordinary collodion or albumen:—we may, therefore, expect many valuable results from Mr. Fry's discovery.—*Athenæum*.

**PROGRESS OF STEAM NAVIGATION.**—Lines of steam ships will soon traverse all the great oceans of the earth. The German Ocean was scarcely bridged by steam before men began to speculate on the possibility of a similar feat on the Atlantic. That accomplished,—the Indian Ocean next occupied attention. Presto!—and Plymouth, Lisbon, Liberia, the Cape, Bengal, and Sydney, are joined together. There now remains only the wide waste of the Pacific:—and we understand that Government is already seriously engaged in preparations for future experiments in the steam navigation of that, the largest ocean in the world. Two vessels, the *Harold* and the *Arrow*, are under equipment as an expedition to the Southern Pacific—their object being a search in that region for coal stations and an appropriate place for a new penal settlement.—*Athenæum*.

**IMPROVEMENTS AT PARIS.**—We understand that Monsieur Hittorff has been directed to prepare for the municipal authorities designs for two large schools of mutual instruction and Christian doctrine (!)—the one for 600, the other for 1,200 pupils; the site intended for the latter being one that affords an opportunity for very effective treatment. He is also engaged upon a "cirque d'hiver," to be erected on the Boulevard du Temple. The central area will exceed 136 feet in diameter; and the roof to cover this vast space will be so ingeniously arranged as to be carried directly by the enclosure walls, without any intermediate pillars, or being suspended like his roof to the Panorama in the Champs Elysées. Some changes are in contemplation in the Place de la Concorde, and it is whispered that the Prince President, anxious to mark his government by some striking architectural feature, has directed M. Hittorff to prepare a colossal project, so vast, nay, gigantesque, that the conceptions of the loftiest fancy do not exceed it, and it will vie with any of the most magnificent designs of ancient Rome.—*Builder*.

**BUILDING SOCIETIES.**—We have before us a Prospectus of the London Suburban and Home Counties' Permanent Benefit Building Society, from which it appears that the amount of rent upon the value of house property varies from £7 to £10 per cent. The Society lends its funds according to a fixed table of principal and interest, calculated at £5 per cent.; so that the difference is the *gain* to the borrowing member—he is allowed 15 years to pay off the loan and interest, thus enabling him to purchase his residence by paying, in equalized easy monthly instalments, about the same amount annually, as he is now paying to his landlord for rent. The Society lend its funds as fast as they accrue, thus gaining compound interest, which after paying the expense of management, (judiciously limited to one per cent. of profit) returns altogether £6 per cent. to its investing members. The shares are £30 each, which can be paid by monthly instalments of 10s. per share; if paid up at once, the interest will be receivable at the end of every year. The entrance fee, which in the old societies was perpetually increasing, is in this Society fixed at 2s. 6d. per share, and persons may become members at any time, without having increased or back subscriptions to pay. Members may withdraw their money upon seven days' notice.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—The submarine Telegraph Company are getting made several new metallic cables, in addition to that already in operation—one conductor being already insufficient to convey the multitude of despatches now exchanged between London and the Continent. The facility and certainty with which the telegraph has worked have already effected a great revolution in commercial arrangements, which would be thrown into confusion by the rupture of the communication. Night and day

There is still a space of about a mile (from East Cliff to the Telegraph Office) unconnected by the wires. The distance by horse express, and, consequently, causes a few minutes delay in communication. The desideratum is, however, to be speedily accomplished. A number of telegraph stations now open and in connexion with the central station of the Electric Telegraph Company in Lothbury, amount to 226, embracing all the principal towns in the kingdom. Nearly seventy are principal commercial stations, at which the attendance is day and night: the length of the telegraph communication extend over 2,500 miles, with 800 in progress of suspension. Since the partial reduction of charges, it is said, persons of all classes are availing themselves of its advantages for business purposes.—*Builder*.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

*We purpose continuing under this head, in the Home Companion, a series of poetical quotations from the best authors. As these extracts will be carefully selected and arranged in alphabetical order, they will form, with the completion of the volume, a valuable dictionary of reference to the student of poetry, and, indeed, to all lovers of literature.*

## ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough,  
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,  
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow  
For his return that seems to linger late:  
So I, alone now left, disconsolate,  
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;  
And wandering here and there all desolate,  
Seek, with my plaints, to match that mournful dove.

Edmund Spenser.

Though absent, present in desires they be;  
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

Michael Drayton.

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,  
Though I must go, endure not yet  
A breach, but an empanation;  
Like gold to airy thinness beat.  
If they be two, they are two so  
As stiff twin compasses are two;  
The soul, the first foot, makes no show  
To move, but doth, if th' other do.  
And though it in the centre sit,  
Yet when the other far doth roam,  
It leans and harkens after it,  
And grows erect, as that comes home.  
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,  
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And makes me end where I begun.

Dr. John Donne.

It is night should shade noon-day,  
Or sun was here, but forced away;  
And we were left, under that hemisphere,  
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.

Ben Jonson.

Short absence hurt him more;  
And made his wound far greater than before;  
Absence not long enough to root out quite  
All love, increases love at second sight.

Thomas May's Henry II.

I do not doubt his love, but I could wish  
His presence might confirm it: when I see  
A fire well fed, shoot up its wanton flame,  
And dart itself into the face of heaven,  
I grant that fire, without a fresh supply,  
May for a while be still a fire; but yet  
How doth its lustre languish, and itself  
Grow dark, if it too long want the embrace  
Of its loved pyle! how straight it buried lies  
In its own ruins

Robert Mead's Comfort of Love and Friendship.

If she be gone, the world, in my esteem,  
Is all bare walls; nothing remains in it  
But dust and feathers.

John Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

What! keep a week away? Seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lover's absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

Shakespeare's Othello.

Without your sight my life is less secure;  
Those wounds you gave, your eyes can only cure;  
No balm in absence will effectual prove,  
Nature provides no weapon salve for love.

Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves  
No absence can subsist with loves  
That do partake of fair perfection;  
Since, in the darkest night, they may,  
By love's quick motion, find a way  
To see each other in reflection.

Suckling



## SEEK!

I was before man, I am o'er his doom.  
And I dwell on his mind like a terrible gloom.  
In my garments the whole of Creation I hold,  
And these garments no being but God can unfold.  
Look upward to heaven I baffle your view,  
Look into the sea and your sight I undo.  
Look back to the Past—I appear like a power,  
That looks up the tale of each unnumbered hour.  
Look forth to the Future, my finger will steal  
Through the mists of the Present, and affix its dread  
seal. (shines,  
Ask the flower why it grows, ask the sun why it  
Ask the gems of the earth why they lie in its  
mines. (space,  
Ask the earth why it flies through the regions of  
And the moon why it follows the earth in its race.  
And each object my name to your query shall give,  
And I know again why you happened to live.  
The world to disclose me pays terrible cost,  
Yet, when I'm revealed, I'm instantly lost.

## CHARADES, REBUSES,

For my *first*, you may take almost half a stocking;  
My *second* the ducs of the parish proclaim;  
And my *whole*, though he met with treatment quite shocking  
You surely will say, was by no means to blame.

He was gentle, forbearing, kind-hearted and wise,  
Though a vixen, we're told, he had for a wife:  
But he, when she stormed, shut his ears and his eyes,  
And so far, poor man, led a peaceable life.

Neither wisdom, good humour, nor truth could avail,  
To protect this good man from the malice of foes;  
The Sophists opposed him, such men could not fail,  
To crush him to death, yet, could not break his repose.

So now, I presume, that I've told you enough;  
For if I say more you'll too quickly discover.  
The name of the sage that was treated so rough,  
And sent, in such haste, from this world to another.

1. The transmitting our thoughts to a friend at a distance,
2. The liquid required to lend its assistance;
3. An event that no mortal on earth can escape,  
Unless by a change he may suddenly make;
4. A circle that always is seen in a crowd;
5. A letter that's doubled, when used in a word;  
Then take the initials, and they'll plainly show,  
An object of pity, of sorrow, and woe.

3.

1. Inclos'd within a cask you'll find,  
A something that will suit your mind:  
When you have got it, then from nine,  
2. Take one, and what remains subjoin.  
Two well-known capitals, will then  
Appear; nay, very likely ten.  
Now then you'll find, without delay,  
The county which they will betray,  
For more than half they give away.

[The whole answered in No. 12.]



## "PAPA'S COME!"

Oh! Billy and Nannie, and Harry and  
Jane,  
And nearly half a score more,  
Ran laughing and jumping, as merry as  
larks,  
To welcome my *last* at the door.  
He had brought home my *first*, and they  
wanted to see  
The presents that they were to share;  
He had come from my *whole*, and of  
course he had brought  
For them presents both costly and  
rare.  
For Nannie a *basket*, for Nancy an  
*apron*,  
For Mary a *gown* and a *doll*;  
For Harry an *album*, for Charlie a  
*desk*—  
In fact there was something for all.  
Now, a glance at the articles brought  
by my *last*,  
Will show whence my *first* and *last*  
came;  
If you cannot find out my known where-  
about,  
You dunces! 'tis a very great shame!



## ANSWER TO THE BIRMINGHAM ENIGMA, P. 172.

- |                      |                   |                    |                        |
|----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Bacchus.          | 18. Room.         | 33. Fogg.          | 48. Cheshire, Birken-  |
| 2. Drink-water.      | 19. Bliss.        | 34. Miles.         | head, Chester, &c.     |
| 3. Bacon.            | 20. Bachelor.     | 35. Pipe and Care- | 49. Gale.              |
| 4. Pepper and Salt.  | 21. Gold and Sil- | less.              | 50. Bone-hill.         |
| 5. Bad-hum.          | ver.              | 36. Luck-man.      | 51. Chance.            |
| 6. The Guests.       | 22. True-love and | 37. Suckling.      | 52. Cash.              |
| 7. The Heads.        | True-man.         | 38. Wild goose.    | 53. Cash-mere.         |
| 8. The Fries & Frys. | 23. Gammon.       | 39. Hug.           | 54. Corns.             |
| 9. The Onions.       | 24. Foresight.    | 40. Bloomer.       | 55. Male.              |
| 10. The Dace, the    | 25. Bishops and   | 41. Broomhead,     | 56. Bull, Bullock, and |
| Skates, & Fish.      | Priests.          | schoolmaster.      | Butchers.              |
| 11. The Dolphins.    | 26. Doo-good.     | 42. Winter.        | 57. Light.             |
| 12. The Beaches.     | 27. God's-all.    | 43. Snow.          | 58. Tongue.            |
| 13. Cakebread.       | 28. Heaven.       | 44. Yellows.       | 59. Penn.              |
| 14. Chat-away.       | 29. Love-kin.     | 45. Cross-bes.     | 60. Reading.           |
| 15. By-water.        | 30. Make-peace.   | 46. Doll-man.      | 61. Wise-man.          |
| 16. Careless.        | 31. Man-ox.       | 47. Coachman.      | 62. Gimblett.          |
| 17. Clay.            | 32. Merry-man.    |                    | 64. Blood.             |

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING, P. 173

## PICTORIAL CHARADES.—1. Mis-deed. 2. Miser-able.

1.

1. A bat flies low;
2. A bat makes a ball go.
3. Few like a bat to fly against them.

2.

1. A ballroom assembly.
2. Shot-balls to play with.
3. Small shot—bullet.
4. Balls cause grief in war,  
Merriment in society.

3.

1. Sun.
2. Aurora, according to the Grecian My-  
thology, is sister of the sun, and  
always immediately precedes the  
appearance of the sun.
3. The sun stood still on Mount Gilboa,  
for the whole day by Divine command.

4. EYE.

5. PRINCE ARTHUR.

6.—ACOSILAVE.

AFTER Ages, place I, is, us, the French  
article is between U and I, and before us.

7.

1. A cork is often thrown aside.
2. Nor quits the room till guests divide.
3. By the poignancy of some liquors,
4. The corkscrew drawing the cork,
5. Bribed by the liquor obtained.

8.

1. The letter C.
2. In a pipe.
3. A disappointed strain.

9.—A BOOK.

1. Frank of leaves.
2. Found sometimes in Morocco;  
Sometimes in Russia.
3. More pages than a Monarch.
4. It is well known that public opinion is  
influenced by fashion.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Being once asked how long he meant to be a disciple, said, "As long as I am not ashamed of growing better and wiser."

What trade does the sun regularly follow?—Those of a tanner and portrait-painter.

Money is to merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.—*Brayere*.

HEN, on being told that Bunyan stands at the head of allegorical writers, sagely remarked that he had always thought *visions* were confined to the feet.

It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.—*Johnson*.

"Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that Chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his 'comb' with him."

The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and, in a short time, will cease to miss him.—*Johnson*.

"There is nothing," said Sir Samuel Romilly, "by which I have through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of an amiable and sensible woman."

There is no use of money equal to that of beneficence; here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases to be in our possession.—*Mackenzie*.

To reject and repel all foreigners, is so much a national principle in Japan, that, on the landing of the captain of a vessel which lately put in to Nipaking, the shops were all closed, and sixty men were appointed to guard him.

Over and above the delight and the virtue of obliging, one good turn is a shoeing-horn to another. This, of all hints, is, perhaps, the most effectual, as well as the most generous.—*Seneca*.

An open countenance is generally considered a mark of honesty. Still, you will observe that a shark presents an open countenance at the very moment he is taking you in.

The business of constancy chiefly is, bravely to stand to, and stoutly to suffer these inconveniences which are not otherwise possible to be avoided.—*Montaigne*.

"BIDDY," said the landlady of a boarding-house to a new recruit in the kitchen, "did you bake the bread we had for dinner, or boil it?" (The bread had been soggy.) "Faj," replied Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the noble art of cookery, "an' be sure, mistress, I did both."

A GENTLEMAN, of the name of Pepper, had been several times thrown from a spirited young horse, and was relating the circumstance to a friend, and at the same time observing that he had never given his horse a name. "I think," replied his friend, "you should call him Peppercaster."

"I HOPE to live to see the day," said Lord Brougham, "when every peasant in England can understand Bacon." "His lordship," replied Cobbett, had much better hope to see the day when every peasant will be able to eat bacon."

A BLACKSMITH made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for *steeling two matlocks*; but the son of Vulcan, who had been more used to wielding a sledge-hammer than studying Dr. Johnson, wrote the following item: "To *stealing two mad ducks, two shillings*."

I AM not concern'd to know  
What to-morrow fate will do:  
'Tis enough that I can say,  
I've possessed myself to-day;  
Then, if happily midnight death  
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,  
Yet to-morrow I shall be  
Heir to the best part of me.—*Watts*.

THE AFFAIRS OF GREASE.—Fat cattle did not sell well this year. Their over-obesity seems to have been one of the causes of their going off so heavily—which is no wonder. Fat oxen cannot be expected to be brisk. Now this truth has been brought home to graziers, perhaps they will abandon the system of fattening animals so enormously; which is the merest in-fat-uation.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy, and showed no disposition to "let up," although the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and replying to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered, "He didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject, he generally spoke a couple of hours." "That will never do; I've got a few remarks to make myself," said the president; "how shall I stave him off?" "Well, I don't know; in the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop I'd stick a pin in it." The president returned to his seat, and his head was invisible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the "brother" who had prescribed "the pin style of treatment," and said, "I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg, and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever." "Very likely," said the wag, "that leg is cork!" Nothing has been seen of that president since.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK.

TO-PARENTS.—Boys that have been properly reared are men in point of usefulness at sixteen, whilst those who have been brought up in idleness are a nuisance at twenty-one.

TRUTH.—The temple of Truth is, indeed, built of stones of crystal, but inasmuch as men have been concerned in rearing it, it has been consolidated by a cement composed of baser materials. It is deeply to be lamented that truth herself will attract little attention, and less esteem, until it be amalgamated with some particular party, persuasion, or sect; unmixed and unadulterated, it too often proves as unfit for currency as pure gold for circulation. Sir Walter Raleigh has observed—That he that follows truth too closely must take care that she does not strike out his teeth; but he that follows truth too closely, has little to fear from truth, but he has much to fear from the pretended friends of it. He, therefore, that is dead to all the smiles and to all the frowns of the living, alone is equal to the hazardous task of writing a history of his own times, worthy of being transmitted to times that are to come.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep; but the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 468 feet deep, is 280 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottoms of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior, although their surface is so much higher, are all, from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the full probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper great lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior to Huron, and from Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by no means improbable, and will account for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of this river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

THE LADY TRAVELLER ROUND THE WORLD.—Madame Ida Pfeiffer, whose adventures during a journey round the world have been laid before the public, is a remarkable instance of female courage and cleverness. Undeterred by privation and fatigue, this heroic lady is already at the Cape, on her fourth journey to explore some of the unknown portions of the interior of Africa, prepared, we are informed, to note the bearings and the distances on the way, make meteorological observations, and keep a careful diary; relying for protection on her sex, and prepared to brave the uncertain humours of savage life, in her ambition to aid the cause of science. Such confidence and determination is admirable in a man, endowed by nature with more sturdy powers of endurance; but, in a woman, what shall we say? Madame Pfeiffer appears to have long felt this erratic impulse, before she had the means of gratifying it. She was twenty years saving sufficient money to undertake her first journey to the Holy Land, and now, with the insignificant donation of one hundred pounds from the Austrian government, and the precarious assistance of a few friends, this lady is endeavouring to achieve her visit of inquiry to Southern Africa, believing that her sex would enable her to penetrate into regions guarded with jealous care against the approach of armed and iron-nerved men. Heaven guide the footsteps of Ida Pfeiffer, and soften the hearts of the savage tribes among whom she may wander!

ENGLISH STATUE-MAKING.—We must consent to have a few hard knocks on this subject, for certainly the abortions of art that meet our gaze in the most conspicuous parts of London, are far from flattering to our national vanity. A correspondent of the *Builder* observes:—"For some time past, the English have been endeavouring to acquire a reputation for statue-making. There never was a more unfortunate mania. The grand defect of this people is, in respect of art, a total want of taste and feeling—taste for what is noble and great, feeling for what is true and beautiful." Without accepting this unqualified censure, we must say that the want of encouragement to art in our country has been a serious obstacle to its progress, and has prevented men of real genius from attempting a reform; consequently, bad paintings and burlesque representations on pedestals continue to disgrace our galleries, and disfigure our public squares, to the great scandal of those among us who are even tolerable judges of art, and to the lasting ridicule of foreigners. To whom is the student of art to look for support? Where are the private individuals or rich societies who should be emulous to raise him into distinction, and stimulate his efforts by a judicious and liberal patronage? And if apathy and neglect are to be the portion of those who labour in the higher departments of art, who should we accuse but ourselves for any languor or paucity of native talent? It is with surprise and regret, therefore, that we find so few of the rich city Companies among the purchasers of objects of art from the late Exhibition. We have heard, it is true, of one or two fine statues having been purchased at barely remunerative prices to the artists, and one patriotic Guild has expended some thousands of pounds in decorating a great Hall; but these are solitary instances. Well may the *Times* insinuate that the work of a great sculptor or painter is weighed in the balance with the *meté* and *entrées* of civic festivity, and that the culinary science must be shorn of its accustomed dainties, to secure the acquisition of such noble works of art as would grace for centuries the precincts of the city, and prove that, out of their abundance, the present elders of the corporation know how to appreciate native genius.



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## Editor's Note-Book.

**THREE IMPORTANT FACTS.**—Never be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule: for many a noble spirit is covered with habiliments of poverty, whilst not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind. Dean Swift says that nature has given every man a capacity of being agreeable though not of shining in company; and "there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they may correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable." The world would be more happy, if persons gave up more time to an interchange of friendship. But money engrosses all our defence, and we scarce enjoy a social hour, because we think it unjustly stolen from the main business of life.

**LADY.** F. F.—This term is an abbreviation of the Saxon *lad day*, which signifies "bread giver."

**POSITION.** V. G.—The London Police was remodelled by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Peel, by royal statute, in 1829.

**TO REMOVE RECENT STAINS OF INK.** H. P.—Rub the part with lemon-juice, tartaric acid, or purified wood-vinegar, and afterwards wash it with soap and water.

**MAIL-COACHES.** B. B.—These were first set up at Bristol in 1784, and were extended to other routes the year following; when they became general in England.

**EARS ACHES.** F. T. C.—This may be relieved by dropping two or three drops of laudanum into the ear, with or without a little sweet oil.

**FRANCO LANGUAGE.** S. B.—Among the best aids in obtaining an elementary knowledge of French is Cobbett's Grammar of that language, which we can confidently recommend to our inquirer.

**NORMAL SCHOOLS.** C. F. G.—This word is derived from the Italian *norma*, which means, literally, a carpenter's rule; and is applied in our language as a model or pattern.

**TEETH.** T. C. F.—A simple mode of cleansing the teeth may be adopted by taking a tooth-brush, and, after dipping it in water, rub it on a cake of soap. The mouth can easily be cleared of soap-suds by rinsing with water.

**TO EXTRACT GREASE-SPOTS FROM LINEN.** B. D.—Take magnesia in the lump, wet it, and rub the grease-spots well with it; in a little time brush it off, when no stain or appearance of grease will be left.

**SALT FOR HORSES.** W.—Salt is often given to horses, but the propriety of its daily use is questionable. Most quadrupeds appear to be fond of salt; but they probably seek for it only when instinct impels them to desire it as a remedy.

**SIGNS FOR INNS.** A. M.—These are of great antiquity. Originally signs were probably mere simple symbols; but in course of time they became professional badges, and art being employed to embellish them, innkeepers and shopkeepers made a great parade of their sign-posts.

**CLERK.** C. R. D.—The clergy were first styled "clerks," owing to the judges being chosen, after the Norman custom, from the sacred order, and the officers being clerical; this gave them that denomination which they keep to this day.

**DAMP WALLS.** S. B.—The following method is recommended to prevent the effect of damp walls on paper in rooms:—Line the damp part of the wall with sheet lead, rolled very thin, and fastened up with small copper-nails. It may be immediately covered with paper. The lead is not to be thicker than that which lines tea-chests.

**TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.** W. S.—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every day with this, and the proportion be very gradually increased, it will answer every purpose of facilitating the growth of the hair.

**TO REMOVE GREASE FROM CLOTH.** M.—Take soft soap and spirits of turpentine, of each half a pound, beat them well together in a mortar, and form into cakes. The spot, first moistened with water, is rubbed with a cake and allowed to dry, when it is well rubbed with a little warm water, and afterwards rinsed or rubbed off clean.

**TO EXTINGUISH A FIRE IN A CHIMNEY.** B. R.—Throw some powdered brimstone on the fire in the grate, or ignite some of the hob, and then put a board or something in the front of the fire-place, so that the fumes descending into the room. The vapour of the brimstone ascending the chimney will then effectually extinguish the fire.

**TO POLISH SEA-SHELLS.** S. S.—This requires much care and experience. The shells are first burned to get rid of the animal matter that remains in them. Their rough outside is next removed by mechanical means. They are then carefully treated—some with nitric, others with muriatic acid, according to their nature, until the proper surface is reached. This is then polished by friction, with leather and the hand.

**ALMANACKS.** G. G.—Almanacks, in their present shape, are comparatively of modern date. The first almanack in England was printed at Oxford in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near fifty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanack for twopence" that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanack, and its title, they were all vendid. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers of London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross it in their own hands."

**THE LAMP OF KNOWLEDGE.**—It was a beautiful thought of Owen Feltham when he said, "If I die to-morrow, my mind will be somewhat the sweeter to-day for knowledge;" so true it is that upon the culture of the mind depends all our chances of happiness. But the refinement of our own intellect should also be communicated to others. We should share with them the enjoyment we have derived from habits of reflection and study, and encounter, with the weapons of reason and experience, the intolerance and prejudice that impede the progress of knowledge. As Milton wrote:—

"All my mind was set  
"Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good."

It is an obligation we owe, in return for the sweet comfort that wisdom has bestowed upon us, to hold the lamp of knowledge constantly in the path of ignorance, and to detect the insidious distillers of mental poison, who prow like the crouching thief in the night; to become trusty guardians of the public mind, and promote its healthy improvement; to divert the thoughts from all that is unreal and morbidly exciting, to a true sense of the actualities of life. By steadily adhering to these principles, great good may be effected, and vice, in its most specious disguise, may always be exposed, by opportunely



THROWING A LIGHT UPON THE SUBJECT.

**VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS.** S. S. B.—The observations of our correspondent on the enjoyment he has derived from reading certain choice books, remind us of what Dr. Arnott has said on the same subject:—"By my books I can conjure up before me to vivid existence all the great and good men of antiquity; and for my individual satisfaction I can make them act over again the most renowned of their exploits. The orators declaim for me; the historians recite; the poets sing;—in a word, from the equator to the pole, and from the beginning of time until now, by my books I can be wherever I please."

**EXERCISE.** G. C. W.—We have the authority of Mr. Curtis in declaring that exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds and under all circumstances is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death—not the giver of health.

**KITCHEN GARDENS.** T. R.—The kitchen-gardens of England were but scantily supplied with vegetables until about the end of the sixteenth century. It was not until the end of the reign of Henry VIII. that any salads, carrots, turnips, or other edible roots were produced in England; the little of these vegetables that was used was imported from Holland and Flanders. Queen Catherine, when she wanted a salad, was obliged to despatch a messenger thither on purpose. Their fruits were neither numerous nor good, being chiefly confined

to gooseberries, currants, and strawberries; the apples and pears were generally indifferent, and their plums and cherries bad.

**BREVITY.**—We must impress upon our correspondents generally the importance of brevity in their communications. A long letter, containing frequent repetitions of the same subject, however good the purport may be, is often laid aside, from want of leisure to examine and simplify the details. Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is the hinge of business, and an indispensable requisite in letter-writing. None valued this quality more highly than Dr. Abernethy, who could also appreciate it in another, as the following anecdote proves:—A woman, having burnt her hand, called at his office. Showing him her hand, she said—"A burn." "A poltice," quietly answered the learned doctor. The next day the woman returned and said—"Better." "Continue the poltice." In a week, she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three monosyllables:—"Well; your feet?" "Nothing!" said the pleased physician: "you are the most sensible woman I ever saw!"

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—ROB ROY (the subject is well known)—M. C. B. (they should be framed and glazed. A complete index will be added to each volume).—LOOOS (the suggestion is worth consideration).—T. J. W. (We cannot enlighten our correspondent. All puffing remedies are dangerous).—S. J. R. (a mere allusion was intended to a superstition that prevails in some parts of Ireland).—STEAM (you can make such articles for your own use, but not for sale).—FAREND, Glasgow (many thanks for the suggestion).—W. W. B. (the fears expressed by our correspondent are unavoidably justified, for the paper sent is much too long).—J. S. H. H. (any practical scientific work will give the required information; we have no opportunity of referring).—GREENALD (we do not remember the game mentioned).—R. P. (the receipt given has been often practised with success).—WAG (thanks).—J. G. G. (the question is too simple to need arbitration).—WELL-WISHER (our fair correspondent will find a series of the subjects alluded to in the *Family Friend*, of which the fifth volume has just been published).—W. S. (the tablet to the memory of William Caxton, the father of the British Press, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, was erected at the expense of the Roxburgh Club, in 1820).—W. S. T. (the best mode of destroying moles is by the common trap, made with noose, frame, and bent stick).—M. C. (to remove the sealing-wax from table covers, dissolve the spots by touching them repeatedly with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel-hair pencil).—THOMAS (we think not).—S. S. B. (it is an erroneous supposition to suppose that only three of Queen Anne's farthings were struck. Many hundreds were circulated).—JOHN (thanks).—D. B. (it is often a disease, and not a sign of health, in some persons. Moderate living and exercise are the best remedies for reducing corpulence).—NINA (thanks).—R. C. (the paper is too long for insertion).—WILLIAM (a person may be prevented by the Herald's Office from using a name to which he is not entitled).—DERRY (the following recipe for promoting the growth of the hair has been handed to us.—One ounce of beef marrow, three drachms of tincture of cantharides, one drachm of powdered cinnamon; mix. To be well brushed into the hair night and morning, the head being first washed with salt and water: the hair to be kept short for a time).—B. B. (to preserve the colours of sea-weeds, dissolve two or three lumps of gum-mastic in two-thirds of a small phial of turpentine. The gum must be dissolved by placing it in a warm place. This solution should be carefully brushed over the sea-weed).—JUVENILE (the best method for teaching birds to speak, is to wake them gently up at night, and repeat slowly what you wish them to learn).—J. HAYES (for magic-lantern slides, prepared colours are sufficient).—G. W. (thanks for the advice offered).—(Our Poetical Contributors are so very numerous, that we are unable, from want of space, to comply with the often repeated request to notice the receipt of such compositions).—FAN-DEKA (should apply to a music publisher).—A. X. (thanks).—SCIENCE (we do not think that the discovery alluded to by our correspondent has yet received the sanction of the Académie des Sciences).—SIR WILLIAM HERSCHELL (father of the present Sir John Herschell died in 1822).—E. R. (many thanks, but the comment is declined).—T. W. (thanks).



Printed by WILLIAM BELLIMOR, 92, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BURNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 13.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## TO THE MOON.

BY R. KEMP PHILP.

QUEEN of the solemn night, to thee  
My thoughts arise;  
While thou art smiling placidly  
Down from the skies,—  
Ostling the earth with thy heart-soothing  
light,  
Thy love-inspiring ray—Queen of the  
Night!

Thy lustre falls upon the lakes,  
Like angels' wings;  
In the deep glen the blackbird wakes,  
And sweetly sings.  
The winds are lull'd, save where the spor-  
tive breeze  
Invites thy dancing beams among the clus-  
tering trees.

How truthful seems thy placid face!  
Yet—false art thou—  
Type of the cold and heartless race,  
Whose worthless vow  
Dies with the hour that swiftly flies away,  
And leaves the trusting ones to deep dismay.

No! thus I wrong thee, Night's fair Queen,  
For thou art true;  
And all the changes on the scene  
Spring from our view.  
Thou art unchanged—the same sweet orb  
of light,  
Though we behold thee not, amid our night.

Faithful as thou may I for ever be,  
Through good or ill;  
And when mistrustful eyes some failing see,  
Be constant still.  
Though clouds may gather and their gloom  
impart,  
May light for ever radiate from my heart.

Child of the Sun! thou dost obtain  
The parent ray;  
But from thy arms it soon again  
Flies fast away.  
So may I seek to spread the light I here  
enjoy,  
And that which I receive, for good employ.

## FLORENCE DE ROHAN.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON.

### CHAPTER I.

"THE triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife,  
The earthquake voice of victory,  
To thee the breath of life."—BROOK.  
"Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strowed our earth with hostile bones?"  
BROOK.

"From the bounds of truth careering,  
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,  
With each hasty impulse veering,  
Down to passion's troubled deeps;  
And his heart contented never,  
Chaseth its own shadow for ever!"

Of the many dark events in connexion with Napoleon's wonderful career, there is none on which the historian has so often been obliged to ponder, as that of the death of the Duke D'Enghien.

The death of the Duke D'Enghien was as undesigned as it was sudden and violent; the most subtle ingenuity has been continually engaged in the endeavour to provide for this act a solution that may be admitted with the most boundless admiration for the hero. The common feeling of mankind, which seldom for any length of time can err, has finally referred the most efficient cause of this deed to Napoleon's fear that the Duke might ultimately thwart his imperial projects. The connexion that the life of the Duke had with Napoleon's fortunes, Napoleon himself best could tell.

We will trace in outline the historical position of the event before bringing into view, and into as orderly arrangement as possible, its concurrent incidents and circumstances. We can do no more: these incidents, these circumstances can by no possibility be *blest*—they possess neither unity nor fitness. The unchecked development of a wicked and powerful heart, like the flowing of a heated volcano, can make only waste and desolation; all that is good it isolates. Yet is its work not wholly uninteresting; affection, love, devotion, lifted high above its power, resplending in this the scattered stars of verdure on the pale steeps of Etna, bloom on us with an almost unearthly beauty—the preachers of mortal constancy and of spiritual immortality. Alas! as we gaze the stems are scorched, the flowers fall, their fragrance ascends to heaven, and their dust is scattered!

The time of the mournful tragedy which constitutes this fragment, was when France, by the success of her arms, was executing plans unprecedented in their character. The magnitude, together with the atrociousness of the deed, may be estimated by the fact, that though Europe at the period of its occurrence had become inured to scenes of blood, and could hear without emotion of armies being swept away in fewer days than had been required to collect and equip them, yet, limited almost personally as it was, it sent a thrill of horror through all the veins of European society, and effected a revelation of feeling that has no parallel in the moral annals of mankind.

In this issue it was that Napoleon's character shone out boldly and confessedly as the enemy of mankind. The steel-written declaration that no innocence, no rank, no sanctity could render life inviolable, dismayed even the most active promoters of the Revolution, who till now had imagined

that the French nation had recovered at last the long-lost rights of freedom, and that the system of government framed according to their wishes was surely tending to secure their happiness.

The tale of sorrow now to be opened out cannot, therefore, want a background—a background, the sombre hue of which is only illuminated by the startled enthusiasm of those who would offer to Napoleon the highest worship that man can give his fellow: those with whom—and it is no rare creed—

"One murder makes a villain,  
Millions a hero!"

Just within the boundary line of Austria—whose populous and fertile provinces had excited at once the envy and jealousy of Napoleon—and on a sloping plain, hemmed in by wooded plantations, and dotted by a few straggling cottages, he and his great army halted, immediately after engagement in one of the most brilliant battles that history has recorded. Brilliant, but inglorious! Austria had presented a noble, though useless opposition. The French army, inspired by an almost supernatural excitement, and aided by local circumstances, had fully evinced its own superiority. There was an advantage of another kind on which Napoleon had well and safely calculated. The dominions of the house of Austria being unconnectedly situated, a long time was necessary for the march of Austrian levies from one extremity of the empire to another. These battalions, too, being composed of a variety of nations, differing in manner and opposed in interest, it was frequently a difficult matter to unite as to collect them. The resources of France, on the contrary, were immediately at hand; its soldiers were united in one compact body, so closely concentrated as to admit of no embarrassment. As it was, the genius of Napoleon was adjudged to have won the day; and from all the clamour and confusion common to a noisy and reckless army, there arose from this place of encampment, clear and distinct, those ascriptions of praise on which Napoleon was wont to set so high a value.

It was evening as the division sent in pursuit of straggling parties of the enemy drew itself up above the base of the broad hill. As twilight deepened, the battle-field close by faded gradually from every eye, till the lighted camp-fires brought portions into view, tenfold more horrible by the heavy crimson mist that hung around the flames, now made fantastic by sudden and furious gusts of wind. The officers of the army, elated by a success that promised a speedy advancement in their respective ranks, had relaxed a good deal of their usual discipline—the extreme severity of which was, perhaps, the only expressed cause of discontent on the part of Napoleon's soldiers—soldiers who followed him with a half-inspired devotion, ready at any moment to sacrifice life, if they might enhance his fame.

As though fierce passion, in all its varieties, had been completely expended, the merry flow of mirth was to be heard in every division of the camp. The men, assembled in little bands, drank heartily to the health of their comrades. As night wore on, the best and illest tales were told; the most wonderful feats were alluded to; each recital being occasionally heightened by a few fictitious touches, whilst all the meritorious deeds of the dead, who, alas! could never contradict them, were credited to their own individual selves. It was no time for those gentle thoughts, which no deeds of blood can ever effectually eradicate from the human heart, and which, however pressed down, will yet always bloom again, giving to the oppressed a respite, and to the tyrant a season for repentance. Now and then, a few of the loquacious and excited multitude would look sad and grave, rather, perhaps, from the undefined apprehension of retribution than from the workings of remorse. Each one needed rest: scarce one but felt too excited to wish repose. Our regiment after another, however, dropped down exhausted, yet not to sleep; for from where they lay were heard wide-awake expressions—the language of men wholly wrought upon by their inflated senses. The officers of the army took good care to ensconce themselves in the private dwellings which happened to be situated at convenient distances on the slope. The best one of these was, of course, reserved for their commander.

We have little to do with the external aspect of the French commander's head-quarters. It was simply a pile of stone, of no describable shape or form, but bearing marks of age in the ivy that clung about it. Its inhabitants had fled the previous night, and probably were not so much as thought of in this summary action of possession. The light in the second story flashed down on two sentinels, engaged in the mechanical operation of pacing to and fro as guardians of the hallowed precincts. The interior of that apartment, only made noticeable by the presence of its transient guest, exhibited an extreme paucity of furniture—furniture, however, a memento of better and richer times.

A high mantel-piece, rudely carved, extended over a fire, made up of every burnable material that could be laid hold of. The flames of this fire employed themselves in multiplying the shadows of three antique chairs; while, on an oaken table, a lamp burned with a quiet and contented air, despite the gambols of the shadows on the floor and on the walls. Close by sat Napoleon,



dictating a series of despatches to his private secretary; a task that was no sooner got through than the secretary was dismissed. Napoleon, now sitting up, threw off the greater part of his military dress, and commenced pacing up and down that large chamber, with a restless and unsatisfied air: a mood to be remarked in a man whose placidity the most alarming incidents could hardly ruffle. At intervals his hand passed rapidly over his brow, his lips were compressed, his countenance lost its meaning, and his eyes their animation.

It was at this time that one of his marshals, *sans cérémonie*, entered the apartment, and referred to the advantages sure to result from the late conflict. His companion, with that ready command of thought that he possessed in so wonderful a degree, entered warmly into topics as diverse from his former meditations as possible. His remarks went to show how long he had resolved the conquest of Austria in his mind, and with how clear a foresight he had formed his plans of policy respecting it. It was thus an hour passed away; and the visit terminated with mutual expressions of satisfaction. On the comparison of opinions, both had satisfied themselves that though the territories of Austria were disadvantageously situated in respect to foreign trade, its robust and hardy population could enable France to levy numerous armies, on which they might depend for conquest, whenever the enthusiasm that characterised the French nation should by any accident subside.

Truly, there was that which lay heavy on Napoleon's heart, for no sooner had the door of his apartment closed, than his broad chest heaved like the motion of the sea at the approach of storms; his eyes, too, resumed their former dulness. Ah! had he felt for those who lay stiffened in death beneath the open sky, this might well have been. No, only of himself thought Napoleon, and of his destiny. He remembered that no purple robes had yet fallen on his shoulders; he had not yet touched the diadem he coveted, and had pressed but the lower steps of that throne which he afterwards ascended. Had his final greatness been clear that night, with all its sequence of unutterable misery, the prospect might well have tortured him. It was not so; and yet his limbs shook at intervals, whilst, apparently unconscious of the act, he would take up and throw down the military cap that he had worn during the day, and continually loosen and refasten the button of his grey surtout. These incidents are not wanting in significance, for Napoleon was wont to assume, on almost all occasions, a reposeful manner. His present mood, if like the inroad of a sullen tide over golden sands, like a tide went as quickly down, giving way to that rejoicing expression which feeds on bright anticipation. A disposition to cheerfulness was scarce ever absent from Napoleon, and when his career as conqueror of nations for ever terminated, his buoyant mind brought round him at fitful seasons, in strengthening splendour, the charmed imaginings of youthful days. With such a man was cheerfulness to be wondered at on the eve of a victory that made more tangible the object of his ambition? The wildest aspirations that can enter a mortal heart were about being fulfilled; France would recognise him as her most successful general; and what was more, his sagacity and intelligence had enabled him to estimate the extent of his power.

Hitherto France had exhibited the unpromising spectacle of a nation divided into a number of discordant factions; its military force in a disorganised state, without an army capable of looking the enemy in the face, and without any general in whom the nation could place confidence. The armies of the confederates, at the same time, were numerous and well disciplined, flushed by expectation, and encouraged by the most probable appearance of success, a condition met by defeat and disaster. As a statesman, Napoleon had reason to feel proud; for not only did he perceive the most successful method of subjugating mankind, but knew himself able to prepossess their minds in favour of any yoke he chose to impose. He had adopted a matchless system of proselytism, and one most easy to carry out. The minds of all classes in France had been put in a state of delusion from visionary theories, or become corrupted by the expectation of advancing their private interests in the bustle of innovation, and amidst the vicissitudes of political confusion. Austria had always been able to present a formidable front, affording an apparently insurmountable obstacle to the extension of French dominion and power in that quarter. Napoleon remembered this and rejoiced; and, as he pondered in that empty room, he inwardly determined to assume a more dictatorial tone. He could not forbear from plotting his next return to France—to that people whose interests had now become identified with his own. It was no dream; but again a shadow fell over the beaming pathway. His step became less rapid, and at intervals he gave utterance to sentences abrupt, impassioned, but almost meaningless. A calm and quiet gravity succeeded; and, seating himself upon a chair, he fixed his eyes on the fire, which an attendant, who had just entered the apartment, was piling up. In a short while, and probably without intention, he bent over the outspread map that lay on the table at his side; but, strangely enough, a roll of parchment rolled down upon it: the sight did not please Napoleon, and again he relapsed into his former listless mood. That parchment was the undepatched order for the immediate execution of the Duke D'Enghien, and lay here awaiting his signature. God alone knows the unbidden thoughts that pressed round Napoleon during that inward conflict of conscience with the darkest passions. A moment more, and smiles of mockery were traced on his stern features, as if at his own imagined weakness. Napoleon was forgetful that his hesitation sprang from the very humanity of the nature that he wore, vindicating itself, despoiled and dimmed in glory as it was.

"This must not be," he exclaimed at length; "time flies, and — Why do I hesitate? Let this man be weighed against the millions that have perished, and what is his worth?" In an instant more the scroll was opened, but ere the pen could touch the document, a loud challenge of the guards without arrested his attention.

"A friend," was the reply. At that late hour the rejoinder was perfectly audible to Napoleon, who, glad of interruption, rose from his chair, and walked towards the window. It was a night so beautiful with moon and stars as ever blessed the earth. His quick sight detected a lady, together with two attendants. The appearance of the three strangers he could not but regard as somewhat curious: the circumstance, at least, was sufficiently surprising to raise many a head from its uneasy pillow, and fix many a roving eye that fain would have caught a glimpse of the intruders. Napoleon, at a loss to understand the object of the visit, stood motionless until an *aide-de-camp* opened the door of the chamber to request permission, on behalf of the visitor, for an interview.

Napoleon directed the immediate admission of the applicant.

In a few moments a lady arrayed in deep mourning was ushered in. Her dress was evidently assumed for disguise; and the observant general discovered at a glance, what indeed no disguise could conceal, that she was of rank and station. The first sensation of the stranger, on finding herself in the presence of Napoleon and his *aide*, appeared to be that of shrinking delicacy; but, quickly recovering her accustomed air of quiet dignity, she took an offered seat near the fire. After a most embarrassing pause, Napoleon abruptly broke the silence.

"To what, madam, am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"General Bonaparte," was the reply, in a voice sweetly clear, "I wish to speak to you in private for a few moments."

"We will retire," said Dupont, with courtesy.

As the last footsteps of the officer became inaudible, the lady threw aside her cloak and hood, which had effectually concealed her features. Her companion started in amazement: he could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses, when he saw before him the lady with whom the Duke D'Enghien was known to have exchanged vows of affection, the consummation of which had been suspended by the Duke's untimely arrest. Napoleon's ultimate design had plainly been anticipated. To conceal a momentary surprise, the perturbed warrior crossed the room and closed the door, which was still ajar. Returning to his seat, he said coldly:—

"I know not whether to censure or admire the energy that has led the daughter of a Bourbon to enter my camp at this unseasonable time, although not unaware of the motives by which you may seek to justify this act."

The intruder instantly rose from her chair, dismayed at these sarcastic tones, so foreign to human feeling and sympathy. Astonishment seemed to grow upon her, till she looked more like a beautiful statue than a living being. As she sank down, her face buried in her hands, tears—those most eloquent of witnesses to the heart's sorrow—flowed abundantly; but quickly recovering that dignity which never long forsakes a noble woman, she replied, "It is not necessary to tell General Bonaparte, that no trifling errand would tempt me to such a venturesome act." The speaker hesitated, and with difficulty added: "I believe that my person is known to you."

"Undoubtedly," returned Napoleon, who had the faculty of remembering all whom he had once seen; "you are the betrothed bride of the Duke D'Enghien."

"If, then, you know of my engagement, you will at once acknowledge strong cause for my interest in his welfare. There was a time when I should have shrunk as from death from such an avowal; but now I hesitate not to own my love for him."

A quick and restless motion of the man whom she confronted followed this appeal; and she looked into his face as if to gather some sign of mercy. Rigid as ever where those features; and yet she was speaking to one who held in his hands the destiny of her lover!—whose one word could restore him from the gloom of a prison to the liberty of life!

"The Duke D'Enghien," replied Napoleon, "is my prisoner, under charge of the heavy crime of treason. He has incurred its penalty, by acting as spy of the enemies of France."

This was not without its effect upon the listener. She exclaimed, "This charge is false! Could I forget my position and my sex for one so unworthy of his country's regard? But even if he has erred, give him the advantage of a fair trial."

Napoleon's eye rested with a gentler expression upon her glowing face. "The Duke D'Enghien," he replied, "ought indeed to value an affection which can dare all things; but I cannot allow it to interfere with my duty to my country."

She grew paler as she whispered, with an earnestness that rendered the soft tones of her voice doubly impressive, "I have come here to learn the truth, General Bonaparte; and it would be cruel in you to conceal your intention."

Napoleon gazed on the feminine loveliness of the beautiful creature before him, and at the suspended animation on her countenance; but the beholding her had no influence to turn him from his firm purpose, for he said, coldly: "I shall not conceal anything. I will allow that you possess the fullest right to learn everything connected with one so nearly related. His is no ordinary crime, mademoiselle; and it becomes my painful duty —"

He paused.

"Proceed!" cried the excited girl, nearly ceasing to breathe in the intensity of her interest. Napoleon, without trusting himself to any utterance, drew forth the death-warrant, and placed it in her hands. She took it with a sort of charmed submission; but the instant her eye fell on the engrossing, formula words, an absorbing curiosity concentrated every feeling. The reader read the roll a second time, from the first to the last letter, before it produced any clear impression on her mind. She could not bring home to herself the possibility that her lover was immediately to be consigned to death. There must be some mistake, she thought; it could not be that he to whom she had united every thought of earthly happiness was thus to die. This was

truly a happy doubt, but for which the shock of that sudden blow might have proved fatal. When she had a third time read the scroll, her looks turned eagerly to her companion, anxious to detect signs of mercy in his countenance. But Napoleon's intention was too plain to be long misunderstood; and when by degrees this painful dream became a conviction, her whole frame seemed giving way. Yet she continued in full consciousness; the very immminence of the danger endued her with strength to embrace in its most disheartening aspects; and as she closed her eyes, and leaned back wearily, in the chair, she tried to collect some sustaining consideration; but no; her lover's death appeared inevitable.

As Napoleon stood watching her in silence, she suddenly raised herself from her posture of grief, and in a voice so low that her lips scarcely moved with the utterance, she whispered:—"General Bonaparte, you have doomed an innocent man to die—to die without guilt. Yes," she added, with a look of touching anguish, "you have destroyed my last hope! and yet—oh! what is this strange impulse of prophecy!—an inward voice whispers to me that, as surely as I shall see perish from before my eyes all that I love on earth, for want of a fellow-being's mercy, so will it be with you!"

The speaker paused; her feelings, excited as they were, could sustain her physical frame no longer; and before Napoleon could reply, she became insensible. On recovery from her swoon, she was seated in a chair, her dress damp with the water that had been sprinkled in her face; and in that moment of illusion she fondly trusted that the impression on her mind had been all a dream. The sight of Napoleon, who still supported her, dispelled the fancy; and instantly withdrawing herself from his encircling arms, she walked to the door, descended the solitary stairway, and recrossed the threshold.

The sentinels dropped their arms and interchanged expressive glances, as if seeking in the countenances of each other some solution of the interview. Several officers, with an air of the deepest respect, pressed forward to accompany the mysterious stranger to the extremity of the camp.

Napoleon, after her abrupt and sudden departure, turned with a look of chagrin towards the yet unsigned death-warrant, and again his gaze recoiled quickly, with the air of one not sufficiently at ease to feel any desire for repose. For an hour he did no more than watch the motions of his time-piece—motions that increased, in place of lessening, his own impatience. Once more he sought employment for his mind in looking on the lifeless moon—pale and sorrowful as the face he had just seen—moving in the tranquil heavens, without voice or sound to soothe his troubled spirit. As he pursued the current of his thoughts, he became himself appalled at his meditated purpose, and a virtuous indignation was about frustrating the intention, when his ambition once more sprang up to cancel the resolution. The master of armies took up the fatal document for the third time—reperused it this time with less reflection. Seizing his pen, and thrusting open the recoiling parchment, he wrote—*Napoleon*—and all was over! All over? Nay, not so! The cloud of doom rose in that moment unperceived, and began to overshadow him. He felt, scarce knowing it, a sad regret at the quick departure of the midnight visitor, who, at the eleventh hour, had preached to him repentance. What, if the prophecy should be fulfilled! the prophecy of his fall from that towering height to which arms were pledged to raise him? Was a solemn and a gloomy thought.

The last shades of night were fading, when orders were issued to the army to put itself again in motion. As the soldiers sprang from their brief rest, and cast looks towards the scene of their late warfare, they uttered the most extravagant expressions of delight. The very horrors of that warfare had made every heart more sensible to the quiet loveliness of nature, exhibiting—how truly!—that the fiercest passions cannot entirely efface the heart's tenderest sentiments. Forests, valleys, and gushing streamlets were lit up by the rising sun; a warm southern wind blew sweetly over, and the sky above bore only those light, fleecy clouds that sweep in the higher altitudes. Though the eventful night was long since over, and in the memory of the roving legions, was no more than a recollection, the dark act which ere this had consigned a living being to the grave, still darkened one spirit with an aspect of malignity. The bugle sounded shrill and clear, inspiring a spirit of exultation in every soldier's breast; but without the camp, far away, was one who could never hope again.

An hour after the orders had been given, every piece of artillery, every baggage-wagon, was in motion. The straggling houses on the slope, and the hamlets that dotted the vast surrounding plains, were once more left to their old sweet quiet; and the reassured villagers, now creeping from their hiding-places, felt the joy of the condemned on receiving a sudden reprieve.

During the march now commenced, the officers of Napoleon made various attempts to introduce to his attention the subject of the last night's adventure, little deeming how gladly he would have forgotten it. A severe reproof was the only answer to these vain endeavours, so that all expressions of curiosity were very readily suppressed, under fear of exciting his displeasure.

#### CHAPTER II.

"Thy sword, the sceptre, and that sway,  
Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
Wherewith tenous was life—  
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!"—BYRON.  
"Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—"

Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain.  
If thou had died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise  
To shame the world again—  
But who would soar the solar height  
To set in such a starless night!"

Two months had elapsed from the period in which the incidents recorded in the last chapter transpired; two weary months, replete with events that concerned all Europe, and which were made especially famous by the incessant

marches of the French armies. Through all Europe, and along the people's borders of Asia, flew the tidings that Napoleon, the Lieutenant, the General, the Cohaut, was to receive as his gift—the crown of France. Yet so great had been the slaughter, so many the hearths endangered or bereft, as seriously to check that hilarity which a triumph scarce ever fails to excite in a victorious nation. Through blood Napoleon had marched onward to the goal of his ambition; and the evening of the 2nd of December found him Emperor of France. In spite of the distresses of war, the common people had by this time been in a great measure restored to former comfort; and, sharing in one common and united hope, they enjoyed heartily the day of pomp, the like of which had not been witnessed since the time of Charlemagne. Every public place was crowded with the gay Parisians, while shouts of *Vive Napoleon!* in every direction rent the air. From the suburbs of Paris to the waters of the Seine, snatches of popular songs were constantly mingling in the shouts of the gay revellers. But the day for Paris was this time eventful; the country from every nook poured in her artisans and labourers, to pay homage to the meteor which blazed so brightly. Yes; the lofty pinnacle was won. That day witnessed ambassadors from every city in Europe, bearing tokens of favour and distinction.

As night drew on, the interior of the palace of the Tuilleries became illumined with a splendour which made every stone of that magnificent and ancient pile, and every slate of the high-slanting roof, clear to the shining multitudes who thronged the gardens round. In their midst, breast-high in foliage, and canopied by rustling boughs, rose the white marble forms that Italy had loved; while towards the Elysian Fields, the bright watery columns of a fountain sustained themselves almost as tranquilly. Beneath the central arch, and at the foot of the grand staircase leading to the reception rooms, stern sentinels were stationed; these, however, challenged none. So there went up whoever listed—the young to see something new; the old to revive their faded dreams of royalty, both alike feverish with an undefined expectancy. It seemed as though all the world that night would welcome its oppressor.

Surrounded by his brave marshals—a chief amidst chiefs—Napoleon suffered group after group to gather before him, reading by short and piercing glances the character of each individual, and with a wonderful aptitude suiting his words to the capacities of whomsoever he addressed. Early in the evening he withdrew; yet not till a triumphant shout had risen from the dense mass that still heaved, billow-like, without—a shout taken up and repeated over and over by thousands yet beyond.

Napoleon, satiated with the glories of the day, repaired at an early hour to his own room—not, however, to rest. When midnight came, he was still sitting pensive and alone. He noted not that the illumination was fading away—that activity and merriment were being changed to silence and forgetfulness.

The room he occupied was furnished in a style that, if not suitable to a soldier, or remarkably adapted for the president of a republic, was at least worthy of an emperor. To look on Napoleon himself, his visage was strikingly altered since the midnight interview with the betrothed of his murdered victim; the lines about his mouth were deeper, and constant exposure to unkindly climates had darkened his complexion. His pallid features told not only of months of hardship, but nights of wakefulness. The proportions of his frame, too, were enlarged. These outward changes had been observed by the least observing; but the most shrewd could have detected more than one cause—incessant labours and watching—for so striking a change. The posthumous journals of Napoleon discover the fact, that recollections which had lain torpid under the excitement of successive triumphs, now sprang up within him with severe fidelity. Each particular event in his life seemed, with wonderful distinctness, to stride forward into the present.

He remembered, as it were but yesterday, the joyous season of his youth; the fostering hands which caressed him, the nursery on the floor of which he had once so demurely played. Again he sat within the charmed circle of youthful hearts, and heard merry voices and noisy laughter, or stood hand in hand with loved companions. His mother, too, appeared to rise out of the grave, like one who had not seen corruption, and to pass before him in all the beauty and sanctity of love. The innocent passion, the guileless serenity of those days, seemed revived. Prattling voices, and the voices of the wind, the vision of green fields, and the fragrance of fresh flowers, came over him; and then, suddenly, the whole scene died off, and wretchedness was in their stead.

What, after all, had power and fame brought him? Nothing but inquietude.

In bitterness of heart he started up, and paced the room with hurried steps. As he did this, the very atmosphere seemed to teem with unnatural life. A mist came gradually up, and a thousand living shapes were in it. He saw forms and faces that he knew were amidst the dead, and heard the moans of the dying, and the supplications of the lost. His eye wandered round with a vague gaze, as if following some imaginary form. Amidst those dreadful gazers was the noble victim to his late revenge, the Duke D'Enghien, in the pangs of dissolution. In vain he willed the apparition to be gone; there it was, and would abide—its sad, reproachful look, growing more reproachful still.

Napoleon now resorted to the excitement of stimulants to support his spirits. Approaching a side-table, he filled a goblet with the sparkling fluid, and swallowed its contents. When in the act of replacing the glass, a distant clock tolled out with a piercing distinctness the hour of one. The tones, aided by the lateness of the night, fell mournfully upon his ear, and as the echo ceased, he started, hearing a footstep on the stairs. To his surprise the steps neared his own door. A moment after, one of his body-guards

stepped in. The entire expression of his countenance underwent an instant change, and he completely recovered the stern manner so habitual to him—a manner to which may perhaps be ascribed no small part of the influence he exercised at will over inferior minds.

The man handed to Napoleon a note from the court physician. He snapped the seal asunder, and read as follows:—

"Sire,—I have been called to attend a lady of distinction, who suffers from a lingering illness that must very soon prove fatal. It is her request that your Majesty come to her immediately after this intimation is received.  
"MONTESQUIEU."

Napoleon ordered out his carriage, and a few minutes afterwards he descended the grand stairway, on the steps of which lay scattered a few sleepy guards. The coachman in waiting had already received his directions, and as quickly as Napoleon entered, drove towards the "Pont Royal," and thence along the broad road that runs parallel with the Seine.

There was that in the appearance of the night—the plunging of the moon amidst sombre clouds, the splash of the water of that shallow and untroubled river, and in the fresh breathings of the air destined to feed the life of the morrow—that was grateful to his feelings. Nature is ever refreshful after being shut out from the heart, and her voice is ten thousand times sweeter to the wearied mind than the attuned symphonies of the most gifted minstrels, charm they never so wisely.

Napoleon, nevertheless, could not avoid dwelling on the singular message he had received; that mystery might soon be unravelled. He was able to trace by his eagle glance some connexion between his recent feelings and the object of his present visit. What this distinctly was, he knew not. His surmises brought no satisfactory conclusion. Suddenly his carriage rolled beneath a massive arch, and a side-door opened on the lighted interior of a mansion, the outward appearance of which was one of age and gloom. Napoleon, as he set his feet on the steep and narrow steps, felt for the first time a surprise at the alacrity and readiness with which he had obeyed the summons. Still, he had no misgivings, and passed in. Without making of receiving an inquiry, he was ushered through a long, narrow hall, and up a flight of stairs. "I may advance no farther," said the domestic, pointing expressively to a chamber door. Napoleon, at the page's pause, imagined that he heard the suppressed sounds which usually precede a visit of death to the chambers of the sick; and so softly did he step, and unclose the door pointed out to him, as to enter without apparent notice.

The scene that presented itself was a strange one, and to his mind—not yet relieved from the active terrors of the imagination—an awfully impressive one. On a bed, propped up by cushions, lay the emaciated figure of a young female. The Emperor, almost shrouded in the gloom of curtains, advanced to the bedside. The very first glance was enough to show him that, in the midst of suffering and death, he saw Florence de Rohan, the betrothed of the Duke D'Enghien, from whom he had last parted in the pride of health. There was a fearful history in those sunken temples and wasted features—a change which told Napoleon, in startling accents, what mental suffering had been compressed into that interval of time. He stood with arms folded across his breast, and gazed upon the altered face of that dying girl. The heart-rending appeal on that eventful night, his signing of the death-warrant, and her words at parting—words so fearfully prophetic—all these were traced with indescribable rapidity on his mind.

The hollow eyes of the invalid at length unclosed, and, strange to say, lighted up with a ray of joy as they rested upon the Emperor. This smile might be compared to that which illumines the ocean in the pauses of its storms—sad and unattractive in its sweetness. Presently, the low voice of Florence was heard, and Napoleon bent forward to listen.

"Pardon me, sire! If on the verge of the grave I have so far forgotten the prerogatives of royalty as to sink for a moment the subject in the Emperor. It needs not that I repeat to you what I have suffered since our interview, for I will soon be in a land where the weary are at rest."

This, from one so frail and yet so resigned, served as a crowning stroke to the remorseful feelings of Napoleon, whose sinking head and continued silence told the working at his heart. The sufferer's face was suffused with a more life-like tint as she witnessed Napoleon's relenting manner, and she spoke again with a sudden strength that apparently contradicted the professional knowledge of her medical attendant. As her tears fell softly upon Napoleon's hand, she said—"It is the living, not the dead, who need our grief and ask for sympathy. Support from above has enabled me to meet death with composure, and before I depart from earth, receive my forgiveness. I shall not have lived in vain, if you bear this lesson of ambition's doings to your royal home. It may serve, perhaps, to curb you for the future, and to instruct you that conscience is ever true to her trust. Remorse must visit the heart which yields itself to unrighteous dictates."

As she paused, and leant back child-like on her mother's bosom, a faint but beautiful smile rested on her features, as though of satisfaction at this interview with her destroyer. Her respiration grew fainter and fainter, and her visitor felt the damp, chill hand, relax its hold. Silently turning away, Napoleon left the room.

We have seen how futile was the supplicating anguish of Florence de Rohan on that eventful night, when her devoted affection drove her to the French camp on a vain errand of mercy. She had accompanied her attendant, on leaving his presence, almost without consciousness; but from the moment that she reached her own home, amidst its many comforts, she pined rapidly away, disappearing without whisper of complaint. Yet over her death-bed hovered a glorious and assured hope—the hope of being united to that one spirit that had animated for her every earthly prospect.

It was amidst the festivities that filled up the week of Napoleon's coronation,

that the ancient vault of the De Rohan family, situate in the cemetery of "Père la Chaise," was opened, and from one of the most magnificent mansions in Paris issued a coffin. This was laid upon a plumed hearse, and preceded by a long train of carriages, amidst the emblazoned arms of which could be distinguished those of the French Emperor. Various causes were assigned to account for its presence at the interment of a member of the house of Bourbon; the most general conjecture being, that he had overlooked political animosities in his desire to do honour to so much loveliness and goodness.

It remains but to be added, that the death-bed scene, with whatever had concerned it, never passed from the memory of the Emperor; that by his private confessions, recently disclosed, it served to cloud his most glorious prospects of ambition, and to stir a baneful poison with every political triumph; and when all his brilliant achievements came to nought—himself a prisoner, restlessly pacing the barren summits of St. Helena—it dwelt with the gloom of all his terrible remembrances. Not for any mortal pen is given the task to recount its still torturing signs in the hour of death, or for any mortal mind to anticipate in its full reality the tribunal at which every secret work will be revealed.—

"Days are gone, by many a token  
Long foretold, but slighted yet;  
Now the seventh last seal is broken,  
And the sun in blood hath set."

While from the eye of the reader all record of this story fades away, may not his heart treasure up its simple lesson—a lesson to warn us that human happiness comes neither from splendid talents nor brilliant achievements; that intellect, however exalted, unless sanctified by pure and lofty purposes, does little more than prepare for its possessor a wretched fate.

With every right judgment of events, the mind improves; and it is something to become free from those prejudices which have warped at times the best balanced minds, when such have had occasion to pass judgment on the prominent names delivered up by history from her great treasury of wrecks. Through the same gate—the gate whose portals stand by the grave of all things earthly—have gone the victor and his victims. The gates again close, and we see nothing, hear nothing. On the bright pathway, illumined by the flames of vast cities and the burning torches of unnumbered soldiery, darkness closes, and night is come. Oh! if we would pierce that heavy veil, let us image in the sky of celestial azure a martyr's bright crown—a re-union of those whom mortal love was fit to gladden, but who, called hence, find themselves thrice and inseparably blessed. The love of heaven, continuous and unalloyed, is the oil which hope pours on the flickering flame that glimmers amidst this low terrestrial air—faith pointing to the time when all the lamps of God's kindling shall be lifted up beyond the firmament of stars, and hung amidst the changeless beauty of the heaven of heavens.

## THE LESSON.

BY MARY DENNETT.

"THOMAS, Aunt is ill to-day,  
Be less noisy in your play;  
I have spoken twice before,  
Yet you jump and shout the more.  
Do you think it good to be  
Wayward, void of sympathy;  
Thomas, must I plead in vain,  
Can you riot, causing pain?"

"Sister, cease your foolish talking;  
Do you think I can be walking  
Like a shadow or a mouse,  
Or creeping worm-like through the  
house—  
Or sporting silent as Tom Noddy,  
Dancing free of feet and body?  
Can I help the shaking floors,  
Rattling windows, creaking doors?  
Not I—nor shall I whisper faint,  
Like a spilt or a saint,  
To please my aunt or any one—  
Tell her I must have my fun.  
So Charley, come, let's have a game,  
Don't slink away—I'll bear the blame."

So Thomas spoke, and had his will,  
But soon, lo, he himself is ill;  
Auntie watches by his side,  
(His wit and spirit are his pride,  
Though she'd teach him how to be  
Forbearing with infirmity.)  
"Aunt, my head is aching so,  
And there's such a noise below;

"Tis Charley, beg him to be still,  
Tell him I am sick or ill.  
"Dear," said Auntie, "Charlie knows,  
You need silence and repose,  
Yet refuses to be quiet,  
Will have fun, and sport, and riot."  
"Unfeeling Charley," Thomas said,  
Shed tears, and press'd his throbbing  
head;

At that instant conscience came,  
Said—to you be all the blame;  
You perverted his young heart,  
From a gentler, nobler part.  
"I remember," Thomas cried—  
"Aunt, come sit down by my side,  
When you came to nurse me, say,  
Thought you that the other day,  
When in health and pride I sent  
A message, harsh and arrogant,  
To your sick bed—and, O Aunt,  
Your forgiveness can you grant?"

"Yes, my boy, here Charlie comes,  
To put away his trampets, drums,  
And all his noisy toys—for he  
Only played a part, you see,  
Just to help me, dear, to show,  
Experimentally, we owe  
To every living, sentient thing  
Respect for grief and suffering."

"In other's good we find our own,  
We live not to ourselves alone;  
If we slight another's peace,  
Our own will very quickly cease."

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON TEMPER.—I do not say that the state of the weather will always point out the condition of a man's temper, because there may be counteractions in the state of his health or affairs; but I do say that, whatever may be his peculiar situation in those respects, he will be more or less affected by the secret influence of the condition of the atmosphere and the direction of the wind. Consequently, if we know what will be the probable effect of the weather upon certain temperaments, we must look to that effect, as well as to other peculiar circumstances, in selecting a proper rule to make our advances.—*Correspondent of the New Monthly.*



## CONTRAST; OR, ORDER AND DISORDER.

CAPTAIN Wideopen's house stands in a broad street that runs for a mile in length through the village of Decay. It is an old farm-house one story high, with its gable end to the street. In front of the house is the wood-pile, spread out so as to cover a rood of ground. As you pass by, the barn, cow-house, and yard, with its deep morass of manure in high flavour, salute the eye and nose. The pig-pen, wide open and in full view, is between the house and barn. In a warm day the congregation of vapours is overwhelming. The well, the wash-shed, the wood-shed, all are in full view to the passers-by. The space around the front door is defiled by the pigs, who root and grunt there by day, and by the geese, who roost there by night.

Thus, all the unsightly and unseemly objects are spread out to view, and the scene is embellished by the addition of broken aleighs, sleds, ploughs, waggons, carts, old posts, &c. There lies a shapeless heap of stones; yonder is a gate with one hinge, which will soon be broken for want of care. Here is a pair of bars thrown down; there the stone wall has tumbled over!

Such is the scene presented by the residence of a wealthy, respectable farmer in New England; and I am sorry to say that there are hundreds, nay, thousands, like it in Old England!—ay, in Old England! Not that every village is a Decay, or every farmer a Wideopen. No! some of our villages are delightful, and some of our country people are patterns of good order and neatness. But I am speaking of those who are not so. And if these pages should come into the hands of any person, in Old England or out of it, who is ignorant of the advantages of neatness and order, let me urge upon him, as worthy of immediate attention, the following remarks, drawn from observation and experience:—

1. A man whose house, like Captain Wideopen's, is out-of-doors marked by disorder, confusion, and want of cleanliness, is generally the same in-doors.

2. Where there is confusion and want of neatness, though there may be plenty of bread, butter, milk, cheese, fuel, clothing, and other necessities, there is little comfort, little thrift, little good-nature, little kindness, little religion, little beauty, little peace or happiness.

3. Children brought up in the midst of confusion and want of cleanliness, are likely to be low, vulgar, and vicious in their tastes, and in their character. Let fathers and mothers consider that, if they bring up their children in this way, they are schooling them to be drunkards, profane, mean, base, wicked, and despised; that the schooling of home is the most lasting of all schooling; that the ferule of the schoolmaster cannot efface what the father and mother have taught; that the preacher cannot destroy the die stamped upon the young heart at home by parental example! Look to this, ye fathers and mothers; and if for your own sakes ye are indifferent to neatness and order, for the sake of the young immediately around you be no longer so.

4. There is a certain tendency, in the want of order and neatness, to cause ruin and waste; consequently a man who, like Captain Wideopen, allows things to go on in this way, generally gets poorer and poorer, till at length mortgages, embarrassment, debt, losses, and the law, bring him to poverty.

5. Neatness and good order contribute to health, wealth, and happiness; while opposite habits tend to disease, misery, poverty, vice, and short life.

Let us now turn to another scene. The village of Thrivewell is also a New England village, and is remarkable for its pleasant, cheerful aspect. Every person who rides through it is delighted; and the place has such a reputation, that the land is worth more, and the houses will sell for more, than in almost any other place of the kind you can name. And this arises from the good taste, neatness, and order, which characterise the inhabitants. I will give you a sketch of the house belonging to Captain John Pepperidge; a careful, correct, upright man, who has risen from poverty to ease and competence, by industry, economy, and prudence.

His house stands three or four rods back from the street; the front yard is green, grassy, and decorated with handsome trees. The wood-pile is fenced in; the barn-yard, pig-pen, &c., are also tidily fenced. It is a favourite proverb with Pepperidge, that there should be a place for everything, and that everything should be in its place. This is his great maxim; and he not only observes it himself, but he requires every man, woman, and child about him to observe it also. He says it saves him one hundred pounds a year.

He has other rules, such as a *stitch in time saves nine*; thus, as soon as a stone falls off the wall, he puts it up; when a rail gets out of the fence, he replaces it; when a gate is broken, it is forthwith repaired; if a clapboard is loose, a nail clenches it. Thus, matters are kept tight and tidy. On a wet day, instead of going to the tavern, he spends the time in making little repairs. At odd moments of leisure, he sets out trees and shrubs; thus, year by year beautifying his place, and rendering it not only more comfortable, but also worth more money in case he should ever desire to sell it.

Farmer Pepperidge takes great pleasure, and perhaps a little innocent pride, in his place, though, to say the truth, it is by no means costly. He loves better to spend his time in making it more convenient and pleasant, in setting out trees, improving the grounds, mending the fences, &c., than in going about to talk politics, or gossip upon other people's business, or haunting a tavern bar-room. In short, his home is comfortable, pleasant, delightful. It is neat and orderly, inside and out. And he has made it so; though his wife, having happily caught the influence of his example, contributes her share to the good work. His children are well dressed, well educated, well behaved. Can such a man be a drunkard? Can he be vicious? Can he be wicked? Who has so good a chance of health, wealth, and happiness? Who so likely to be respected by his neighbours? Who so likely to do good by his influence and example? Come, Captain Wideopen, I pray you, and learn a lesson of farmer Pepperidge!

Let us look at the practical effect of Pepperidge's example. Formerly,

the village of Thrivewell was called Uneasy Swamp, and was inhabited by a set of people becoming the name. They were poor, ignorant, idle, and uneasy. They were jealous of all rich people, and considered the unequal distribution of property a dreadful evil. They were equally jealous of the wise, and considered the unequal distribution of knowledge a nuisance to be abated. They were also jealous of the virtuous, and hated nothing so much as a just and honest man. In short, they were half a century ago—where some conceited, but ignorant and ill-minded people are now—willing to level every body and thing to their own standard. If a candidate for office was up, who addressed their prejudices, and coaxed them with promises, though meaning to cheat them, he was the man for them. If he was known to be mean, slippery, and unprincipled, fellow-feeling seemed to render them kind, and the more ardently they espoused his cause. Such was Uneasy Swamp; a place which may have its images still in some parts of the country.

GOODRICH.

## HUMBLE FRIENDS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

KINDNESS to animals shows an amiable disposition, and correct principles. The inferior creation were given for our use, but not for our abuse or cruelty. Many of them add greatly to the comfort of domestic life, and also display qualities deserving of regard. The noble properties of the dog, the horse, and the "half-reasoning elephant," have long been known and praised. But among the lower grades of animals, especially if they receive kind treatment, traits of character are often discovered that surprise or delight us.

Cats, so frequently the objects of neglect or barbarity, are more sagacious than is generally supposed. The mother of four young kittens missed one of her nurslings, and diligently searched the house to find it. Then she commenced calling upon the neighbours, gliding from room to room, and looking under sofas and beds, with a troubled air. At length, she found it in a family in the vicinity, where it had been given by her mistress. Taking it in her mouth, she brought it home and bestowed on it her nursing cares, and maternal caresses for a few weeks, then carried it back to the same neighbour, and left it in the same spot where she found it. It would seem as if she wished to testify her approbation of the home selected for her child, and desired only to nurture it until it should be old enough to fill it properly.

A cat who had repeatedly had her kittens taken from her, and drowned immediately after their birth, went to a barn belonging to the family, quite at a long distance from the house. She so judiciously divided her time, as to obtain her meals at home and attend to her nursery abroad. At length she entered the kitchen, followed by four of her offspring well-grown, all mewing in chorus. Had she foresight enough to conclude that if she could protect them until they reached a more mature age, they would escape the fate of their unfortunate kindred?

A little girl once sat reading with a large, favourite cat in her lap. She was gently stroking it, while it purred loudly, to express its joy. She invited a person who was near, to feel its velvet softness. Reluctant to be interrupted in an industrious occupation that required the use of both hands, the person did not immediately comply, but at length touched the head so abruptly that the cat supposed itself to have been struck. Resenting the indignity, it ceased its song, and continued alternately rolling and closing its eyes, yet secretly watching, until both the busy hands had resumed their employment. Then, stretching forth a broad, black velvet paw, it indicted on the back of one of them a quick stroke, and jumping down, concealed itself beneath the chair of its patron. There seemed in this simple action a nice adaptation of means to ends; a prudent waiting, until the retaliation that was meditated could be conveniently indulged, and a prompt flight from the evil that might ensue.

The race of rats are usually considered remarkable only for voraciousness, or for ingenious and mischievous inventions to obtain the gratification of appetite. A vessel that had been much infested by them, was, when in port, fumigated with brimstone, to expel them. Escaping in great numbers, they were dispatched by people stationed for that purpose. Amid the flying victims, a group was observed to approach slowly, upon the board placed between the vessel and the shore. One of those animals held in his mouth a stick, the extremities of which were held by two others, who carefully led him. It was discovered that he was blind. The executioners suffered them to live! It was not in the heart of man to scorn such an example.

Another of our ships, while in a foreign port, took similar measures to free itself from those troublesome inmates. Amid the throngs that fled from suffocating smoke to slaughtering foes, one was seen moving laboriously, as if overburdened. Climbing over the bodies of his dead companions, he bore upon his back another, so old as to be unable to walk. Like Aeneas, escaping from the flames of Troy, perhaps it was an aged father that he thus carried upon his shoulders. Whether it was filial piety, or respect for age, his noble conduct, as in the previous instance, saved his life and that of his venerable friend.

Sheep are admired for their innocence and meekness, more than for strong demonstrations of character. Yet the owner of a flock was once surprised by seeing one of his feeble people rushing to and fro beneath his window, in great agitation and alarm. Following her to the pasture, where she eagerly led the way, he found a fierce dog tearing the sheep. Having put him to flight, he turned in search of the messenger, and found her in a close thicket, where she had carefully hidden her own little lamb, ere she fled to apprise the master of their danger. This strangely intelligent animal was permitted to live to the utmost limit of longevity allotted to her race.

The instinct of the beaver approaches the bounds of reason. Their dexterity in constructing habitations, and rearing mounds to repel the watery element, surpasses that of all other animals. A gentleman, who resided where they abound, wished to ascertain whether this was inherent, or the effect of imitation. He took, therefore, to his house, an infant beaver, ere its eyes were opened. It was an inmate of his kitchen, where one day, from a leaky pail, a small stream of water oozed out upon the floor. Out ran the little beaver, and collected sticks and clay, with which it built a dam to stop the passage of the tiny brook.

An Indian, going out to shoot beavers, saw a large one felling a lofty tree. Ere he gave the finishing strokes, he ascended a neighbouring hill, throwing his head about, and taking deep draughts of air. The Indian, who steadfastly regarded him, supposed that he was taking an observation of which way the wind blew, as when he made his last effort on the tree, he made use of this knowledge to shelter himself from injury at its fall. He then measured the trunk into equal lengths for the height of the house he was to build, and loading his broad tail with wet clay, made snub at each division. Uttering a peculiar cry, three little beavers appeared at their father's call, and began to gnaw asunder the wood at the places which he had designated.

"When I saw this," said the Indian, "I turned away. Could I harm such a creature? No. He was to me as a brother."

Among the insect tribes, the ant sustains a good character for foresight and industry, having been cited by the wise monarch of Israel, as an example and reproof to the sluggard. Their almost resistless force, in the tropical countries, where they move in bodies, shows the power that the feeble may acquire through unity of effort and design.

When Dr. Franklin was on his embassy in France, soon after the American Revolution, he one morning sat musing over his solitary breakfast, and perceived a legion of large black ants taking possession of the sugar-bowl. His philosophic mind being ever ready for experiments, he caused it to be suspended from the ceiling by a string. They returned. The sweet food was above their reach. It was worth an effort to regain it. One placed himself in a perpendicular position, and another mounted upon his shoulders. Others ascended the same scaffolding, each stretching to his utmost altitude. Down fell the line. Yet it was again, and again renewed. Then the Rabel-builders disappeared. Had they given up the siege? No. They had only changed their mode of attack. Soon they were seen traversing the ceiling, and precipitating themselves upon the coveted spoil, by the string that sustained it. Here was somewhat of the same boldness and perseverance that led Hannibal across the Alps, to pour his soldiers down upon astonished Italy.

Thus the spider that sought so many times to fasten its frail thread, and at length succeeded, gave a profitable lesson to King Robert the Bruce, when he ruminated in discouragement and despair on his failing enterprises.

Parrots are generally considered as senseless repeaters of sounds and words, that convey neither sentiment nor feeling. Now and then, there seems some variation from this rule. A parrot who had been reared with kindness, selected as his prime favourite, the youngest child in the family. By every means in his power he expressed this preference. The little girl was seized with a severe sickness. He missed her in her accustomed haunts, and turning his head quickly from side to side, called loudly for her.

At length, the fair form, stretched in its coffin, met his view. In wild and mournful tones, he continued to utter her name. He was removed far from the room, but the shrill echo of his voice was still heard amid the funeral obsequies, pronouncing with frantic grief, the name of his lost Mary. Ever afterwards, when the sound of the tolling-bell met his ear, the fountains of memory were troubled, and the cry of "Mary! Mary!" mingled with the mournful knell, till it ceased.

Since so many interesting properties are discovered in the inferior creation, where, perhaps, we least expected them, it is well to search for such traits of character as deserve our regard, and consider them as humble friends, that we may better do our duty to them, and please Him who has entrusted them to our protection.

### KEEP YOUR BACK WARM.

About twenty years ago, I read a medical treatise, which stated "that the back is the most vulnerable part of the human system, through which most of the colds enter."

Recollecting that when I took cold suddenly, I noticed that my back was generally cold, I had my waistcoat cushioned along the back, six or eight inches wide, since which time I have not taken cold one-quarter as often as before. Several who have tried the experiment at my suggestion have informed me that in their opinion they have been materially benefited thereby.

The philosophy of it is, that by putting more clothing along the spine than elsewhere, other parts become chilly first, and warn to guard against taking cold, while the increased clothing at the same time prevents such a sudden change of temperature. "Take care" coming from the back is generally too late—the cold has already become seated.

I hold that cold and damp feet cause many colds, more because they induce to chill the back, than because they cool the extremities.

None of all the lower animals the Lord has clothed, has less clothing on the back than upon other parts of the body. To me it looks frightful to see so many delicate persons go with their backs and feet half clothed. But while hosts are cracking up for agricultural societies and bureaus to improve the breed of our domestic animals, the favoured of the people are worshipping the great Moloch of fashion, and sacrificing upon his shrine multitudes of the choicest portions of our race.

## COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

I HAVE never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latest flame; and Colonel Crickley having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him at dark, and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up! This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then, by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening, Mr. Drake the elder was returning home, with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the waggon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Colonel Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road. Involuntarily Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the waggon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Blake!

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered in some confusion—"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X,' and it's a bargain!"

Drake felt at his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"'Bout fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's your X!"

The Colonel pocketed the money, muttering—

"Hanged if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his waggon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!

Blake stared at his rifle with a face black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? 'Fus time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I sware!"

And Blake loaded the piece with great warmth and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your knack o' shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Blake. "I can shoot——"

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Blake was livid.

"Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," sneezed the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Blake produced another ten-dollar bill.

"Here!" he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Blake did crack away—with a deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Blake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth, or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Blake. "The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lie says I can't shoot. Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifteen rods, and kin dew it again. By the Lord-Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet, now, thirty dollars I can bring down your old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted, and the stakes placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens, and making an "X" into the bargain, Blake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even buckskin patch, and beaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and, without any hesitation, he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head.

A minute later, Blake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the waggon. Sam Barston was too much

frightened to laugh. Meanwhile, the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Blake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humour and the mutilated condition of the rifle-stock, hastened to arouse his spirits with a piece of news which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out!" growled the angry old man—"I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down!"

"But, father, it's such a trick!"

"Confound you and your tricks!"

"—Played off on the Colonel!"

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I this afternoon, went out for deer——"

"Hang the deer! come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something, so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter, "By the Lord Harry, Jed, did you shoot the Colonel's horse?"

"I didn't do anything else."

"Oh! oh!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the horse up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Hal ha! Fanny the Colonel going to catch him! ho! ho! ho! wasn't it a joke!"

Old Blake's head fell upon his breast. He felt at his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then, in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead horse half an hour at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment, Sam fell into the gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

## QUARRELS.

"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." A truer maxim than this was never uttered. The outbursts of an angry spirit can be likened to nothing more apposite than the *cruevasse* on some great and mighty river, which breaks down strong boundaries and embankments, lays waste fruitful plantations, and perhaps threatens destruction to entire towns. It is at first but a feeble rill, trickling drop by drop through an unobserved and imperceptible passage; but before the danger has become apparent, the insignificant breach suddenly widens and deepens, the barriers yield before it, and the waters leap through the opening with a force which mocks the power of the human arm, unaided by mechanical appliances.

Many a quarrel which has set whole families and communities by the ears, commenced in an equally small way. Had danger been apprehended in season, it might have been nipped in the bud with perfect ease; but it is now too late. The bud which a child might have crushed has expanded into a poisonous weed, and exhaled its deadly influence, and scattered its noxious seeds around; and many strong arms will it take to eradicate it from the earth. The almost imperceptible spark has fallen upon tinder, and spread hither and thither, and long will it be ere the last smolderings of that fire have gone out. What broken friendships, what desecrated hearth-stones, what malicious revenges, what murderous conflicts have resulted from an angry thought, which a very little self-control might have checked in the beginning, but the consequences of which a life-time of sorrow and repentance cannot obliterate. A few months ago, a boy fourteen years old bought a cigar at a German's refreshment stand in Hoboken. A dispute arising as to whether he had paid for the article, the German became angry and seized the lad by the neck. The latter positively asserted that he had paid for the cigar, and while struggling beneath the gripe of the excited German, a young man interfered in his behalf, a fight ensued, the belligerent spirit spread till it became general, and the great German riot was the result, which is still fresh in the memory of every reader.

How many fierce wars have sprung from a paltry private quarrel, or a hasty fit of anger! History is little else than a record of commotions, quarrels, and wars, commenced in anger, carried on in madness, and too often ending in the ruin of both parties. The myth of the "Kilkenny cats" is not without a sober moral for men of unbridled passions. Sometimes a feud is transmitted from one generation to the next, as though the sons could not get up quarrels fast enough for themselves, without the aid of nest-eggs from their fathers. The "war of the Roses," which originated in a feud between two cousins of royal birth, extended over a period of eighty years, during which time England was almost uninterruptedly overwhelmed with bloodshed and devastation. But perhaps the most remarkable hereditary quarrel of which we have any account, was that which sprang up between the two brothers, Esau and Jacob, and which became a national affair, and was handed down from generation to generation for thousands of years, terminating only in the utter extermination of the Edomites, or descendants of Esau. So great a matter does a little fire sometimes kindle. Who will not say, "Blessed are the peace-makers?"

"Some do first, think afterwards, and repent for ever," says an old maxim, referring to those who yield to the hasty impulses of passion. Let those who are naturally inclined to this way of doing things, beware lest they raise more spirits than they can conjure down. 'Tis the second blow that makes the fray, and by guarding against this, we shall have no difficulty in "keeping the peace."

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

### A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 108).

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE GAUNTLET AND TRIAL.

The morning was cold and disagreeable, with a sharp north wind. It had ceased storming; but heavy, dreary-looking clouds were floating through the icy atmosphere, if we may be allowed such a phrase, and the ground was covered with a thick sheet, making it very slippery. But this was scarcely noted by any but the old scouts, and only by them as it regarded their chances of escaping from immediate death, even as the sailors scrutinize each object on the coast against which he knows his vessel is about to strike. What more especially arrested the attention of all, were the slight preparations made for the prisoners to run the gauntlet. About a dozen or twenty yards from the council-house, and extending down nearly to the bank of the stream, forming two parallel lines of something like a quarter of a mile in length, were arranged the majority of the men, women, and children of Piqua, armed with muskets, tomahawks, knives, and war-clubs. They were indiscriminately mixed as regarded sex, age, and size; but the lines were very straight, the distance between them being about ten feet.

The moment our friends neared the assemblage, accompanied by their savage guard, they were greeted with one universal yell of atrocious delight; and as they passed down the lines, several old squaws and children, with now and then a warrior, came up to them and indignantly rebuked them with foul epithets, pinching them with their fingers, striking them with their hands and fists, and sometimes with the weapons they carried; so that before they reached the other end, most of them were considerably bruised. But here the greatest trial of all awaited some of them; for here were assembled all the female prisoners, to the number of ten, among whom were Mrs. Danforth and Lucy, and the wife of Lieutenant Wilkes.

Of course, it is useless for us to attempt to describe the feelings of the Colonel, the Major, and Lieutenant, as each beheld the being he best loved on earth surrounded by a strong body of savages, who would permit no communication, but who seemed to take a demoniac delight in the more refined mode of torture of exhibiting one to the other, as it might be for the last time; for there was a great uncertainty that either would be able to run the gauntlet successfully, and the chances were greatly against them. Mrs. Danforth, Lucy, and Mrs. Wilkes, were weeping bitterly, and wringing their hands; and tears of sympathy were coursing the cheeks of the others, although there were none among the prisoners of any kin to them.

"This is the severest blow of all," groaned the Colonel. "Better for me had I died on the field of battle."

"Oh! could I see my friends in safety, how willingly would I purchase the boon with my life!" sighed Edward.

At this moment some half a dozen warriors, whom our friends had not before observed, approached the prisoners; and, fixing their eyes upon the Colonel, a few hurried ejaculations passed between them; and then suddenly rushing up to the veteran officer, much to the surprise of all, they peered eagerly into his countenance, and uttered loud, peculiar whoops. Then they commenced dancing around him, shouting in Shawnee—

"The chief that dodged the balls! The chief that dodged the balls!"

The cry was immediately taken up by others, the lines were instantly broken, and in a few moments the prisoners found themselves surrounded by the whole assemblage, all eager to get a sight of one so distinguished; and their whoops and yells of delight made the welkin ring as with the orgies of demons.

At first, it was the belief of the Colonel and the other officers, that they were to be sacrificed on the spot; but a hurried translation of the Shawnee words, made by Miller, re-assured them and solved the mystery. The warriors who last approached the party, and uttered the whoops, had discovered in the Colonel, notwithstanding his disguise, the brave officer who commanded a regiment on St. Clair's ill-fated field of battle, and in him the living target which so many unerring marksmen had failed to touch. The capture of so noted an individual, of course, caused great rejoicing among the savages, mingled with a degree of respect they had not before felt for any of the prisoners, whom, hitherto, they had considered rather in the light of thieving vagabonds than of personages of any greater consequence.

The Indian is a being of great natural superstition; it is a part of his early training, and, when he is brought in contact with a mystery his limited mental attainments will not enable him to solve, he experiences a feeling of awe in some cases amounting to veneration.

This, to a certain degree, was the effect produced on the unlettered minds of the savages, on hearing each warrior of the six declare that the Colonel had been the mark against which they had collectively directed more than fifty bullets, and that all had failed to take him from his saddle, a thing before unknown in their experience. He must, they argued, have been especially protected by *Mishemenetoc*,\* and was, in consequence, rightfully entitled to a degree of respect and consideration never bestowed upon ordinary victims. A hurried consultation among the principal men of the nation decided that the Colonel should, for the present, at least, be exempted from running the gauntlet; and he was immediately escorted back to the council-house by a large party of warriors, who were in turn followed by a great number of women and children.

This diversion in favour of the Colonel was doubtless the means of saving his life, and, it may be, the lives of more than one of his fellow prisoners;

\* The Great God, or Good Spirit.





*"Looking upon her, somehow, seemed to renew his strength, and nerve him for the dreadful task before him; and when, at length, he suddenly bounded forward, it was with such fleetness, that for a time he fairly escaped the blows aimed at him on both sides. But he had not run more than twenty yards, when a stroke on the head from a war-club, in the hands of an old squaw, made him reel."*

for the lines being immediately formed again, of course the number withdrawn reduced the chances against those doomed to the race. Edward was the first selected to make the trial; and, as he prepared to start, he turned his eyes for a moment upon the being he loved, who seemed to implore him with anguished looks to make an effort for his life, if only for her sake. We have said, that when brought upon the ground, he was very weak and exhausted; but looking upon her, somehow, seemed to renew his strength, and nerve him for the dreadful task before him; and when, at length, he suddenly bounded forward, it was with such fleetness, that for a time he fairly escaped the blows aimed at him on both sides. But he had not run more than twenty yards, when a stroke on the head from a war-club, in the hands of an old squaw, made him reel, and he heard Lucy shriek in terror. Again he redoubled his efforts; but the blows now unfortunately fell thick, fast, and heavy, and he was on the point of sinking ere them, when he heard the voice of Miller shouting—

"Break the lines! break the lines, and escape outside!"

This he had before heard, according to the Indian code, was a lawful mode of proceeding, and he determined to take advantage of it. Turning suddenly upon the right line, therefore, where it chanced to be supported by women and children only, he exerted his remaining strength and burst through. He now knew if he could reach the council-house, he would for the time be safe; but this required another almost superhuman effort, for a hundred yells behind assured him he was followed, and the way before him was blocked up by a large crowd, who had forsaken the gauntlet to bar his progress. With no time for thought, but acting rather by instinct or impulse, he bounded away to take a circuit, while the most active of his enemies darted forward to intercept him. By this means his chances of escape were reduced to the very smallest number; and, already looking upon himself as lost, he was on the point of yielding to their mercy, when a guardian Providence again interposed in his favour; for his friends, seeing the lines broken, thought it a favourable moment for themselves to gain the place of refuge, or Indian sanctuary, and instantly set out; and the cry that the prisoners were escaping, drew down the whole assemblage upon the latter, and left Edward's course unobstructed, who, instantly profiting by his good fortune, reached the council-house, but so exhausted that he fell fainting at the door.

As for the others, though in some instances badly bruised, all reached the council-house save one. This was the scout named Hale, who, chancing to slip on the sleety ground, was struck on the head with a tomahawk and instantly killed, much to the regret of his enemies, who mourned the loss of another victim to the stake.

The running of the gauntlet over, the captives were again bound, but with their hands at liberty. They were then offered food, which they eagerly devoured; after which water was given them, and they were informed that their trial would immediately take place.

In the meantime, the party that had been sent out as scouts, returned, and reported that they had fallen upon the trail of three white men, who had escaped from the village the night previous; that this trail they had followed several miles, but finding it led directly toward Fort Jefferson, and the pursued having had several hours the start, they had deemed it advisable to return and state what they had seen. This report was made to Black Hoof just as he was on the point of entering the council-house the second time, to take part in the trial of the captives. On hearing it, he immediately advanced to Miller, and questioned him concerning those who had escaped. The answers of the scout tallying with what he had heard from his own informants, the chief nodded his head, in token of approval, and moving away toward the centre of the council-house, signified to his subordinates that he was now ready to proceed with the grand business of the day.

About fifty persons were present, consisting of chiefs and the most distinguished warriors, whose signal and daring feats in battle had entitled them to take an active part in the councils of the nation. These were all that were allowed to enter the council-house; but a large crowd, composed of inferior warriors, women, and children, surrounded the building, all eager to catch the words of wisdom that were sure to fall from venerated lips.

Black Hoof, making known his readiness to open the trial, the prisoners were all brought forward, Colonel Danforth among the number, and placed in the centre of the building; while the chiefs and warriors proceeded to seat themselves upon the benches ranged around the walls, with all the solemn gravity of judges of civilised countries, deeply impressed with the importance and responsibility of their functions.

For some moments a deep and solemn silence prevailed, during which the eyes of the captors were fixed with savage sternness upon the captives, while here and there a sudden gleam of vindictive malice, which the former could not wholly restrain, warned the latter that all hope of mercy must be abandoned. At length an aged man arose, whose wrinkled features, white scalp-lock, and palsied limbs, proclaimed him bending under the weight of a century, and after looking upon the prisoners for a short time, during which his still keen black eyes seemed to burn with a deep-seated, unconquerable hatred, he slowly turned towards Black Hoof, and raising his right hand, thus delivered himself, in a cracked and tremulous tone:—

"Many, many snows have fallen upon the head of Unemake,\* and it is white with years of wisdom—therefore let my brother's ears be open, that his words may enter. A great many moons before any here beheld the Sun, Unemake was a warrior, on the trail of his red foe. The trail led along the sands of the salt waters of the south, and there were no spreading feet † to

\* Thunder.

† Alluding to the whites turning their toes out when walking—a thing never done by a savage.

come after, and hide it from the eyes of Unemake. When Unemake had taken the scalp of his red enemy, and hung it upon his lodge-pole, he was done—there were no more foes to conquer, and the pipe of peace was smoked, and the deer bounded free in the hunting-grounds of the great Shawnees. The wives and young of Unemake then laughed in their security, and gave thanks to Mishemenetoc for all his blessings.

"Now it is not so," pursued the aged speaker, growing impassioned with his subject, while a heavy scowl deepened the wrinkles of his forehead. "from the rising sun has come the detestable pale-face, who seeks to destroy the red-man, root and branch. Not content with hunting his game, laying waste his fields, and burning his towns, he seeks to kill the rightful owners of the soil, that there may be none to dispute his possessions. Have my brothers forgotten the awful destruction of ten snows gone by, when the Piqua people were made outcasts, without a hut to shelter them, and all by the white blood-hounds? The Great Spirit has ever since been angry with his children for being women, and he demands constant sacrifice to be appeased. When the combined nations of the red-man won the last great victory over his enemy, the Great Spirit looked down and smiled, for he was glad to see that all were not squaws. But he still demands victims, and the Shawnees must offer him all they have. The prisoners must die by torture, that the Great Spirit may continue pleased, and that the bones of murdered friends may rest in peace. So says Unemake, and years give him wisdom."

As the old man ceased speaking, and resumed his seat, there was considerable sensation among his auditory, and many were the nods and grunts of approbation which he received. As soon as perfect silence was restored a young chief, in whose grim countenance were depicted the most fiendish passions, arose, and in a fierce, harsh voice, and with a manner truly ferocious, gave utterance to the following:—

"Brothers, the words of the great Unemake are true. The Great Spirit is angry with his children for being cowards. He demands the blood of the pale-face dogs to appease his wrath. The dogs are here, ready for the sacrifice. Let them die! Wishemuck would have them burned at a slow fire. Wishemuck will be there to make them howl. The women and children of the brave Shawnees shall have a day of rare sport. The old and the young shall laugh to crying at the howls of the coward dogs. Let them die!—let them die! Wishemuck has said."

Several short speeches were now made in quick succession by chiefs and warriors, all similar to those we have recorded. All were for the death of the prisoners—all were for having them die at the stake. At last it came to Black Hoof's turn to give the closing address. The most profound silence now reigned in the house, and every eye was fixed upon him—for such are the marks of deference which the true orator never fails to command whether in the senate of a civilised nation, or in the councils of the untutored savage.

"Slowly, calmly, and with grace and dignity combined, the great chief rose to his feet, and glanced his dark, eagle eye over the assembly. There was no expression on his countenance by which one could tell the thoughts of his soul. Every feeling, whether of mercy or revenge, was so controlled as to leave no outward sign. At length, in his peculiarly distinct and sonorous voice, he broke the impressive silence.

"Brothers," he said, and again his dark eye wandered over all present—over the prisoners as well as those of his own tribe—"brothers, when the Great Spirit made man, he made two races. To one he gave a white skin, and the knowledge of books, with great power of invention; to the other, a red skin, with all the facilities of hunting. The one he placed on the land beyond the great waters—the other on the hunting-grounds between the mighty seas. The Great Spirit knew that the two races were not alike—could not live in harmony together, and thus he divided them. Brothers, a great many hundred snows came and went, and still the two races remained separate, and neither knew aught of the other. At last the pale-face, not content with what the Great Spirit had given him, built him a big canoe, and paddled over the great waters to seek new lands. When he came he was an infant, and the red-man could have killed and scalped him; but he begged so hard to stay a few moons, when he promised to go away peacefully, that the red-man, full of mercy and kindness, bade him remain and eat his hominy."

"Now, mark the result! Brothers, the pale-face spoke with a forked tongue. When the time came for him to go, he went not; but more pale-faces came, and all declared they would stay. The red-man, indignant at their falsity, made war upon them; but still more pale-faces came, and they kept their ground. They brought with them poisoned water, and made beasts of the red-men—made them idiots and madmen—and when they lacked reason the pale-faces took advantage of it, and, by many false devices, got possession of their hunting-grounds. A hundred and fifty snows came and went, and the red-children of the forest had no home beyond the Great Hills, and could no more bathe in the salt waters of the rising sun. But they said to themselves, the land of the setting sun is ours, and we will be content to live in peace."

"Brothers, have the red-men been allowed to smoke the pipe of peace, and bury the hatchet for ever? No!—for the pipe is already broken; the hatchet has been dug up, and is now red. Why is it so? Because the pale-faces have made their trails toward the setting sun, and have sought to trample under foot the red-children of the Great Spirit, who gave them the lands for a possession for ever. The Great Spirit is angry with the pale-faces for seeking what is not their own, and he has made the arms of his red-children strong against them in battle. The lodge-poles of his red-children

are always heavy with the scalps of the pale-faces, and, ere many moons pass over, they shall break with the weight that shall be upon them.

"Brothers, the pale-faces must be exterminated or driven back to father-land! The Indian must have his hunting-grounds, his home, his forests; and the wild beasts must roam unmolested by other hands than those for whom the Great Spirit made them. The red-man and pale-face cannot live together, unless one has the supremacy. Who shall it be? Shall the red-man, who, for hundreds of snows, has walked freely and proudly from the salt waters of the rising sun to the salt waters of the setting sun, and has said boldly, 'These are my hunting-grounds; here will I build my wigwams; there will I plant my corn;—where will I shoot my deer?'—shall he, the favoured child of the Great Spirit, now cringe, and bow, and bend the knee, and peaceably wear the yoke of his white invader? Shall he forget the proud face he owns, the hot war-blood that courses in his veins, the deeds of his fathers, and become a squaw, an infant—ay, worse than these, a servile slave? Shall he sink to that depth of degradation, that the spirits of his fathers, who have gone to the Spirit-land hunting-grounds, shall be forced to bewail him as lost, and thus be rendered unhappy? Brothers, shall all this be?"

Then pausing, and sweeping his auditory with an eagle-glance—an eye of fire, the old chief raised himself to his fullest height, till he fairly seemed to tower aloft like some giant, and stretching his arm upward, and bringing them down with wild vehemence, he thundered forth:—

"Catahecassa says no!—his people say no!—a hundred nations of red-men say no!—the running deer, the stealthy catamount, the leaping panther, the hugging bear, the forests, the rivers, the mountains, the lakes, the winds—all, all, all shout no, no, no!—and last, and best, and greatest, the Great Spirit says no, through the mouths of his prophets!"

As Black Hoof uttered the last words, a fierce, universal yell of delight, from the assembled chiefs and warriors, and also from the listeners without, attested the popularity of his language, and the great power he had of working up the feelings of his people to the highest degree. In fact, the instances were very rare that a grave council, like the present one, had ever been known to be disturbed by such fierce outbursts of applause; and the speaker that could so readily overcome the apparently cold indifference of the Indian, might be set down as possessing natural gifts of the very highest order, and only needed the refinement and enlargement of a proper education, to fit him for the lofty station of a statesman in the civilised world.

Waiting quietly till silence had again been restored, the chief resumed, in a deep, solemn tone:—

"But, brothers, though the Great Spirit is now on the side of his red-children, and is pleased with their success in battle against the pale-face, he desires not the sacrifice of victims at the stake."

"No! the cries wrung from torture are not music in his ears, whether he be white man or red. It is right to slay in battle, and gather scalps; but to burn prisoners is wrong, and unworthy of a brave people. The offences of the captives before me are great, and perhaps death should be their punishment; but let it be a quick and speedy death. Our ends would be answered all the same, for there would be so many foes the less to come against us. Catahecassa would even go still further, and spare the lives of the pale-faces, on condition they would become Indians; for then the red-man would not only weaken the forces of his enemies, but add so much strength to his own. But Catahecassa will not urge this point; for he sees his brothers are set against it, and he will be satisfied with their death without torture. Against torture, in any form, he now utters his solemn protest, and warns his brothers that the Great Spirit will be angry. Brothers, let reason and right have ascendancy over passion and wrong, and great shall be the blessings which Mishemenetoc will shed upon his chosen people. Truth from the heart has passed the lips of Catahecassa, and entered the ears of his brothers—let them retain it and be wise. The great chief of the Piquas has spoken."

The closing remarks of Black Hoof were not without their effect upon his hearers; but still it was plainly to be perceived, even by those of our friends who understood not his language, that what he had just spoken was far from being as popular as what he had uttered previously. But the time had now come for deciding the fate of the prisoners by vote, and accordingly no more speeches were made. The voting was done in this manner. A war-club was passed around the circle, and whoever was in favour of putting the prisoners to death by torture, struck it fiercely on the ground; whoever was opposed to his handing it quietly to his neighbour, the votes for and against being recorded by cutting notches on opposite sides of a stick, which were afterwards counted. Black Hoof passed it in silence, as did some half a dozen others; but the majority decided against the prisoners, and accordingly their doom was sealed.

A short discussion now followed, in regard to the time and place for the execution of the horrible sentence, which was finally settled for the following day, on an open piece of ground just below the southern limits of the village.

The council now broke up, and the hands of the prisoners were bound, and guard set over them. They were informed of the decision by Miller, who added, that unless Providence interposed in their favour, they had not over twenty-four hours to prepare themselves for the last great change of death.

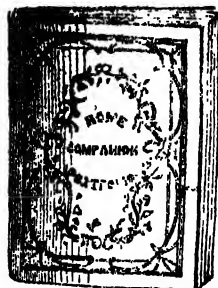
But the night following the doom of the prisoners was one of strange, startling, and thrilling events, which shall be related in the next chapter.

(Continued in No. 14.)

\* In 1782, General Clark, with an army of one thousand men, attacked and destroyed the Piqua towns.

\* Though a great and daring warrior, and for a long time a bitter enemy of the whites, Jack Hoof was ever distinguished for the possession of many noble virtues; and among the rest, that rare attribute in an Indian—humanity towards his enemies, when left to his mercy. He was ever opposed to torturing prisoners, and to polygamy. After the peace of 1795, he became a warm friend of the whites. He lived to the great age of 110 years.

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

## No. VII.—"MARRIAGE IS A LOTTERY."

Is this saying he true, it ought not to be so. "Marriage a lottery!" the holiest bond of life a thing of fortune's wheel, with blanks and prizes; and the blanks counting by thousands, the prizes by units! Oh, fortunate bachelors! if you only knew your own good fortune. Oh, happy old maid! if you would but be content with single blessedness. But, surely, this proverb is a lie—a something; in which the "wisdom of our ancestors" must have been mistaken. Let us dive a little deeper into their sayings, and try if they will not throw a ray of light upon this gloomy prospect. Ay, here we have it; here is something like wisdom. "Happy is the wooing that is not long a doing." Here is a ray of comfort, at all events; it teaches us the way to draw the prizes and avoid the blanks; we will not be long "a doing." But stay; what is this that glares upon us in the very next line?—that makes our flesh creep, "our seated heart knock at our ribs," and, though we had "bent up each corporeal agent to this terrible feat," makes us start back from our resolve. We read and are appalled: "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." Out, mocking fiends! ye cannot both be true. And is the "wisdom of our ancestors" no guide to us in this important matter? Were their sage brains quite bewildered, addled, confused? Could they give us nothing but contradictions? Was it, indeed, a lottery? We remember a grave modern divine, who, when lecturing at a Mechanics' Institute, laid it down that the first two things we were to do when we entered on that holy state, were to insure our life and make our will: a pretty strong symptom that he felt marriage to be a very fatal kind of lottery. Such a prologue to the happiness of the married state very nearly made us forswear it altogether. But we determined to seek further, to take other, and, if possible, better advice. Shakspeare is at our elbow; we turn to him—the great prophet-poet, the best interpreter of humanity—for guidance and instruction. Our paper-knife is thrust between the pages for our first chance in the *sortes Shaksperianæ*; and, lo! it is written—"Your marriage comes by destiny." What, for ever harping on this string! Destiny, chance! We are no better off than we were before. But, then, we observe these words are put in the mouth of a fool—a bitter, gibing fool, who has no reverence for the holy state of matrimony, but seems to think a fear must attach to it because men will not be contented "with being what they are." We will not trust to the fool. And these words are found in a play with the title *All's Well that Ends Well*; and the end is the triumph of love and the recognition of marriage. There is life in it yet. Now for our second venture. Behold:—

"Ah, me! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth:  
But rather it was different in blood;  
Or else misgranted, in respect of years;  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say—Behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion."

Ah, me! still full of impediments, uncertainties! "The course of true love never did run smooth." Not smooth, perhaps, but overcoming obstacles. "True love" does not easily yield either to "difference in

blood," or difference in years; nor stands it much upon the "choice of friends;" nor "war," nor "sickness stays its course, unless the third grim tyrant, "death," steals it away with the last ebbing pulse of life. False, simulated love may be "momentary," "swift as a shadow, short as any dream;" but not so with those who truly love. Is this really "an oddest in destiny?" Are we ever to meet with nothing but fate, chance, destiny, when we seek for love? Once more, and for the last time, let us try the mystic page. What have we here?—

"In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate."

Again, we are mocked with destiny and fate. But here, at any rate, the heavens take part with the true lovers, to the discomfiture of mercenary fathers and scheming mothers. Sweet Anne Page is rescued from her "father's choice," the foolish Master Slender; and from her mother's woman's fancy, the foreign Dr. Caius, to be won and won by her own true choice, the Master Fenton. And thus she did

"—evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious, cursed hours,  
Which forced marriage would have brought on her."

This, our last chance in the mystic volume, seems to throw a glimmer of light on the subject—to give us, as it were, the key to the true explanation of these oracular sentences. For, while we are told that the heavens take an interest in love, and where love is, "do guide the state," we have put, in opposition to this heavenly care, fate, chance, destiny, which operates when "wives are sold,"—when we make merchandise of our affections, and purchase a wife with money, as "money buys lands." Then, indeed, "marriage is a lottery;" it can no longer be said to be "made in heaven;" the Mammon spirit of earthiness is upon it. It is our own Mammon-worship that sets the fickle wheel of fortune rolling,—our own selfish feelings which desecrate the name of love, and turn us over to the dominion of chance. It is the sensual fool who first tells us "marriage comes by destiny." The chief impediments to the "course of true love," are differences in rank and station, the interference of friends, ambition, all springing from the intensely selfish spirit of humanity; and then, most potent of all, comes the money-craving appetite, which sacrifices every true feeling to its own absorbing meanness. And thus, by our own follies and infirmities, we make "a lottery" of that which should be our "bed of smiling peace."

It were a curious speculation to trace the habits and customs which have, from the earliest ages and in all communities, helped to fasten upon us those cold feelings which make marriage something like a gambling transaction. In all barbarous nations, the father of a girl conceived he had a right to some compensation from the husband, for the loss of her services, and as a remuneration for the trouble and expense of bringing her up. In the early history of all nations in their uncivilized state, the custom prevails: the woman is sold for a price. Among the Hebrews and the Arabs the price paid to the father was sometimes very considerable. An ordinary price was five or six camels, and if the bride was very beautiful, or highly connected (rank and station had their influence even in the earliest ages) then fifty sheep, and a mare or foal were added. At the siege of Troy an accomplished lady was valued at four oxen. And when Danaus found he could not get his daughters married, he advertised that he was ready to receive suitors for them without expecting any presents—that is, that he was ready to get rid of them at any price, or at no price. Among the savage tribes of our own days the custom still prevails. The red-man of America still bargains for his wife, and the price varies from four horses down to a bottle of brandy. The Russians do not mince the matter as more civilised nations do, but when a marriage is proposed, the lover accompanied by a friend, goes to the home of the bride, and says to the mother—"Show us your merchandise, we have got money." The ancient Assyrians deserve some credit for the custom they introduced. every year they put all their beauties up to auction, and the prices that were given for these, were applied by a way of portion to those who were not beautiful. Thus, all, of both sorts, got married; the one for their beauty; the others for the money which beauty not their own had gained for them. They made sensuality give a dowry to avarice; but still marriage was a lottery.

Let us come down to more modern times, and I fear we shall see but little improvement taking place. In the days of feudalism, the lords of the creation seemed to have tyrannized pretty severely over the affections of woman, and as far as she was concerned, to have determined that marriage should be even worse than a lottery. In the feudal kingdom of Jerusalem—which was founded by the pious and chivalric knights, the Crusaders, who started upon their warlike pilgrimage to relieve the Holy Land from the oppressions of the infidels—a law prevailed that the lord of the manor might summon any female vassal to accept one out of three suitors whom he should propose for her husband. No respect was paid to the maiden's coyness, or to the widow's affliction; neither aversion to the proffered candidates, nor love to one more favoured, were allowed as legitimate excuses. One, and only one plea, could come from the fair one's mouth who was resolute to hold her estate in single blessedness; it was, that she was past sixty years of age. "After this unwelcome confession," argues a grave and learned lawyer of those days, "the lord could not decently press her into matrimony against her consent." The law of England was not exactly similar to this, although sufficiently barbarous to deserve the execration of all who respect the privileges of woman. It was a lucrative mode of extortion, even down to so far as the days of Charles I., both with the crown and the inferior nobility, to sell their wards in marriage. This most barbarous custom gave to the lord of the manor the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, while under age, whom they could not reject without forfeiting the value of the marriage; that is, without forfeiting as much as any one chose to offer the



guardian for such an alliance. And the larger the property of the ward, the larger was the value of the marriage. Thus, our fair readers will perceive that in those days of chivalry and honour, of knightly feeling, and romantic generosity; when lances were set in the rest to uphold the beauty of an eyebrow, or maintain the perfection of an ankle; when the Queen of Love and Beauty presided over the tournament held in honour of the ladies; in those chivalric times, they were bought and sold like cattle, and men made blanks and prizes of them in the lottery of life.

In the first stages of savage life, men regularly bought their wives from their parents. In the next stage, men paid just the same, but the father did not receive the money; it was applied to increase the dowry of the bride. Then, in our law, if the bride were converted into a widow, she became entitled to one-third of her husband's lands in right of her dower; but the masculine intelligence of modern legislation has found out that this was inconvenient, and has assisted the poor woman with facilities to get rid of her right. Now, in a more advanced stage of civilisation, the husband no longer pays money for his bride; but the bargaining spirit is still preserved, and the wife pays money for the husband. Paley looks upon this alteration with great satisfaction; and, as a masculine moralist, commends it as having "proved of no small advantage to the female sex; for their importance in point of fortune, procures for them, in modern times, that assiduity and respect which are always wanted to compensate for the inferiority of their strength, but which their personal attractions would not always secure." Still, with all the changes of customs, the Mammon-worship goes on; the lottery-wheel is ever in request, and yet we profess to feel astonishment when "marriage vows are false as dicers' oaths."

In this bargaining work, the "father's choice" is not always agreeable to the daughter's affections; where he sees nothing but the wealth, she sees the faults which the wealth hides—

"This is my father's choice.  
O, what a world of vile ill-tormented faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year."

But the "potent piece of imbecility," Master Slender, who owns the three hundred a-year, is not moved towards the lady by her virtues or her beauty; he finds himself drawn to her solely by the "seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and silver," which her grandsire had left her, and the consideration that her father can give her as much more. Is it any wonder that "marriage is a lottery" when it is contracted after this fashion—when the first "motion" of it is propounded on such considerations? The Welsh Parson and the Gloucestershire Justice lay their heads together.

*Evans:* It were a good motion if we leave our pribbles and our prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

*Shallow:* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

*Evans:* Ay, and her father is to make her a better penny.

*Shallow:* I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

*Evans:* Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

And Master Abraham Slender, whose only observation of the damsel had been that she had "brown hair, and speaks small like a woman," when asked if he can "affection the woman?" if he can carry his "good-will to the maid?" "if he can love her?" is only able to hope, that he will "do as it shall become one that would do reason." But when he is asked if he will, "upon good dowry, marry her?" he wakes up a little. "I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason." And then, being further pressed if he "can love the maid?" he arrives at this wise conclusion: "I will marry her, sir, at your request; but, if there be no great love at the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity, will grow more contentment; but, if you say 'marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolvedly." And a dissolute affair would such a marriage have been. The only topics that he can find for her amusement, when an interview is purposely afforded, is how he "bruised his shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence;" and his delight in the sport of bear-baiting. Just as some modern youth, of similar taste, would describe a boxing bout with one of the faucy, and enlarge upon the merits of his horses and dogs, in a sort of canine conversation, for the edification of the lady he would wish to wed. And when he has arrived at the critical period when the question must be put, he has nothing to say for himself. The uncle, indeed, suggests for him what seems to the uncle to be his greatest recommendation, "he will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure." But the would-be bridegroom himself heins, and stammers, and refers to his uncle; until, fairly driven into a corner by Anne's blunt question of "What would you with me?" he has nothing left for it but to blunder out, "Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my uncle have made motions. If it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can. You may ask your father; here he comes." When such is the lover, we cannot wonder that it was not his luck to win the lady, but had tricks played with him, and was fobbed off with "a great lubberly postboy," when he thought he had run away with "sweet Anne Page."

In real life, the lady is not always so fortunate as to escape. We have known daughters sacrificed by mercenary fathers; gentle, affectionate, accomplished women, tied by the Mammon bond to a churl without one idea in common with her, whose whole soul was in his kennel and his stable, but who found favour in the father's eyes by the length of his purse. Verily they had drawn blanks in the lottery of marriage. They were mated, not matched: joined together "as they join wainscot;" and most probably some of them will prove "a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp." But thus it ever will be, as long as we suffer ourselves to be actuated by the

Mammon spirit—the mere sensual and selfish feeling, which profanes the gratification of the eye and the pocket, to that of the judgment and the affections. Our old English satirist, *Deane*, says—

"Whoever loves, if he do not propose  
The right true end of love, he's one that goes  
To sea for nothing but to make him sick."

And that "right true end of love" has been trampled on and despised from the earliest ages down to the present time, until we in vain seek for its spirit in the heavens above, but are driven down to the gnomes and elfs that preside over mines and metals—fit gods to regulate the lottery to which we have sold ourselves. We wilfully embark on a troubled sea, almost with the aim the poet describes. Milton makes Adam reproach Eve with the "innumerable disturbances on earth through female snares;" but he makes him forget that man is not the only sufferer by such disturbances on earth; that he has himself helped to create and perpetuate those causes by which we have made "marriage a lottery;" by which we

"Never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gale'd  
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound!"

## THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.

THERE is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become roused at times. At an assizes held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make tift timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it was possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young oastler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Nay, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yea, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Coffee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"I spunc, zur!" innocently bawled the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

## THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

WITHIN two miles of Cirencester is the source of the Thames—a clear fountain in a little rocky dell, known by the name of Thames Head. This is the little infantine stream, so great a giant when it arrives at full growth. This little well, whence issues the gentle stream, is, in hot seasons, perfectly dry; but the drought that stops the supply at the fountain head, has but slight effect on the course of the stream. It has so many different feeders from various parts of the country, that at Lechlade and Cricklade, it runs on its usual course uninfluenced by the scarcity at the head. There is an amusing story told of a simple Cockney, who on his way from Bristol to London, turned aside to visit the source of the river he was so proud of. It was a warm summer, there had been no rain for three weeks, and the spring was dried up. "Good God!" said he, with an expression of the utmost alarm and sorrow, "what ruin this must cause to London! whatever will the poor people do for water?"—and his busy fancy conjured up a direful picture of a thousand ills consequent upon the stoppage of the stream: no more ships arriving at London laden with the wealth of the world, the bankruptcy of rich merchants, the shutting up of 'Change, the failure of the Bank of England, the anguish of families, and the death of thousands in the agonies of thirst!

The Germans tell a similar story of a traveller who visited the springs of the Danube; and which, as we are upon the subject, may serve as a pendant to the story of our Cockney. The traveller in this case was a Swabian, and whenever the Germans wish to palm off a joke, a Swabian is sure to be the butt. On noticing in what a small stream the water trickled at the source of that great river Danube, he formed the bold resolution of stopping it up. He put his hand across it; and as he fancied the various cities upon its course deprived of water by this deed, he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, "What will they say at Vienna?"—(*The Thames and its Tributaries*.)

## ONWARD!

**CHELSEA NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE.**—According to the late report of Woods and Forests, the Commissioners of Public Works are to advance £120,000 for the new Suspension Bridge and Thames embankment at Chelsea.

**SAVINGS' BANK.**—That the working classes of Sheffield have of late been in a prosperous condition is very clearly shown, according to the *Sheffield Independent*, by the accounts of the Sheffield Savings' Bank for the year ending 20th November, 1851. Notwithstanding the large expenditure of the artisan class in their visits to the Great Exhibition, and the sums invested by them in numerous freehold land societies, building societies, &c., the savings' bank deposits show the large increase over the previous year of £15,669 17s. 8d., the amount of deposits being—in 1850, £54,862 8s. 8d.; and in 1851, £70,032 6s. 4d. The number of depositors in 1850 was 8,346; in 1851, 10,033, showing an increase of 1,687. As contrasted with 1849, the amount of deposits show a still further increase.

**ISTHMIAN OF SUEZ RAILWAY AND CANAL.**—From Alexandria, the line proceeds in a south-eastern direction to Damanhour, passing at short distances from Salamoun, Nadir, Warden, and Kelioub, to Cairo. The proposed route across the Desert, from Cairo to Suez, branches off from the Alexandrian line at Bulah, a few miles north of Cairo, and proceeds nearly parallel with the present Great Hadj route to Suez, on the Red Sea. The route of the proposed ship canal commences in the Mediterranean at the mouth of the Tineh, the entrance to the ancient Pelusiac Canal, and proceeds in a southern direction to Suez, terminating in vestiges of the ancient canal of Senosis or Necho. Mr. Wyld, of Charing Cross, has published a map, in which these routes are traced out.—*Bulldoz.*

**A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.**—The Californian papers contain an account of a new building material, which has recently been discovered near Bernicia, and which, they think, will be extensively used for building purposes in that country. Several houses have already been constructed of it, and the pliability with which it can be worked, the ease with which it can be transported to market, its durability and its power of resistance against fire, will, it is thought, render it hereafter very popular as a material to be used in the construction of houses. It is a kind of sand-stone, and can be wrought into different shapes more easily than oak. By subsequent exposure to the weather, it becomes exceedingly hard, and pieces which have been tested by fire, have been little if at all affected by it. Its colour is light brown, and when properly worked with the hammer, it gives to a building an exceedingly ornamental appearance. Those who have used it say that a house can be built of it more cheaply than of brick.

**RELIEF BOARDS IN SCOTLAND.**—At this very moment an extensive series of operations are being brought to a close in the Scotch Highlands and Islands, partaking, in the most decided manner, of the nature of a great experiment—and a perfect successful one, too—in political economy. It is well known, that the potato famine of 1846, and the subsequent years, extending with distressing severity to the remoter districts of Scotland, that great sufferings were endured by the people of the afflicted regions, that a Central Relief Board was established at Edinburgh, and that an organisation of succour was set on foot. The Central Board was established on the 5th of February, 1847, and it has been in active operation during the five years that have since elapsed. The administration of the Board was divided between two sections—one at Edinburgh and one at Glasgow. The Edinburgh section have just given an account of their proceedings; and it is drawn up with so much modesty, clearness, and force, that the volume in which it appears will meet, it is to be hoped, with a fate somewhat better than that which usually awaits similar publications. We have read no composition lately, that has struck us more forcibly as a happy illustration of the effects produced by knowledge when applied to the ordinary concerns of life. The committee found themselves suddenly called on to provide food and employment for a numerous, rude, and scattered population in a difficult and poor country. To have given promiscuous alms would have introduced a reign of pauperism, work was therefore required in return for relief. But the nature of the country admitted of work of certain kinds only being undertaken. To make roads and harbours on the estates of the landholders without exacting from the landholders some corresponding return, would have been taxing the community for the benefit of a few fortunate private persons. Still, roads and harbours were the great wants of the district. The committee removed the difficulties by combination. Treaties of co-operation were entered into with the landholders—the people were employed on public works—and an efficient labour test was provided. By this means, something like a revolution has been effected in the means of locomotion in the remoter islands. But that was not all. Means were adopted for stimulating the industry of the "crofters," or small farmers, by giving them leases of their holdings in return for a certain amount of capital expended. Further successful efforts have been made to introduce a manufacture of hosiery into the Highlands for the employment of the female part of the peasantry; taking care, however, that the manufacture shall be a natural, not a forced one; that is to say, that it shall depend on the ability of the Highland women to compete successfully in the markets of the world as producers of articles of hosiery. If it is found that they can do this, and are willing to do it, and that is all that can be desired. The Edinburgh section are now resting from their labours. They have covered themselves with honour, and deserve the thanks of the nation for what they have accomplished.—*Edinburgh.*

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## ABSENCE.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;  
And every little absence in an age.

*Dryden's Amphitruon.*

Every moment  
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom  
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,  
Whose nurse had left it.

*Olway's Venice Preserved.*

All flowers will droop in absence of the sun  
That waked their sweets.

*Dryden's Aurencasbe.*

Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no more.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

No happier task these faded eyes pursue;  
To read and weep is all they now can do.

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,  
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

*Pope's Eloisa.*

Unequal task! a passion to resign,  
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine!  
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,  
How often must it love, how often hate,  
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,  
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!

*Pope's Eloisa.*

There's not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee;  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon  
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale  
Of thee.

*Proctor's Miranda.*

Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,  
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot  
If ever it has washed our distant shore.

*Cowper's Task.*

Not to understand a treasure's worth  
Till time has stol'n away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

*Cowper's Task.*

Against diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive virtue abstinence.

*Robert Herrick.*

Hex faery follow'd him through foaming waves  
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers. Faery, too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.

*Cowper's Task.*

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

*Goldsmith's Traveller.*

O, tell him I have sat these three long hours,  
Counting the weary beatings of the clock,  
Which slowly portion'd out the promised time  
That brought him not to bless me with his sight.

*Joanna Baillie's Rayner.*

Yes,  
The limner's art may trace the absent feature,  
And give the eye of distant weeping faith  
To view the form of its idolatry;  
But oh! the scenes 'mid which they met and parted.  
The thoughts—the recollections sweet and bitter,  
Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they loved,  
Who shall restore them?  
Less lovely are the fugitive clouds of eve,  
And not more vanishing.

*Maturin's Bertram.*

Long did his wife,  
Suckling her babe, her only one, look out  
The way he went at parting,—but he came not!

*Rogers's Italy.*



## EXCELSIOR!

I DRY the fear; I still the throbbing heart;  
I whisper peace when loving friends depart;  
I travel where the hardy seamen roam,  
And dwell within the confines of their home.  
I go with warriors to the battle-field,  
Fighting with both sides until one doth yield.  
I ease the couch whereon the dying lie;  
And where the word of Truth is, there am I.  
The tide of stern Adversity may roll;  
I still its waves, and calm the troubled soul.  
I am not light or heat, but I can give  
Great light and warmth, and bid the dying live.  
I'm born of Sorrow, and am the sweetest child,  
That ever on my weeping mother smiled.  
And wouldst thou know a place where I may be,  
Look at the single branch upon the stricken tree.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, REBUSES, &amp;c.

1. A title bestow'd that is not very mean;  
2. The most beautiful arch that ever was seen;  
3. A statue or idol, take next, if you please,  
4. Then a female magician, who conjures for fees;  
5. And a prank, or a story invented, or tale,  
Th' initials will bring you, I think, without fail,  
To a sick'ning sorrow, that makes one look pale.

2.  
Just a couple behead,  
Without exaggeration,  
'Twill give you instead  
A complete generation.  
Behead once again,  
And my rebus is done,  
When you'll find there remains  
But an unit of one.

3.  
My first I have been taught at school,  
To make from many a puzzling rule.  
My second was a virgin fam'd,  
That oft in holy writ is nam'd.  
My whole together rightly brought,  
Will be compendious, brief, and short.

4.  
Of times in the Merchant of Venice I'm named,  
A seaport of Syria in history famed;  
A coat of defence the Queen's champion put on,  
A fish from the depths of the Dee or the Don;  
Some luminous bodies that never display  
Their glorious forms on a bright summer day.  
The initials and finals of these, prithee take,  
Gentle reader, my true appellation to make.

5.  
When this world was form'd by its Maker Divine,  
With its first stage of existence I had mine.  
I'm very abundant all over the earth (1);  
I'm a thing of great beauty, brilliance, and worth (2):  
Of colours various—white (3), blue (4), grey (5), and red (6),  
I lie in the sand of the river's bed (7),  
In the ground and rocks, you will find me there (8);  
And I aid in adorning the wealthy fair (9).  
I'm in the crown of our gracious Queen (10);  
And at her table I'm usually seen (11).  
I am in the cottage and the noble's hall (12); [small (13)].  
And am daily used by both great and low;  
Flowers I hold—common, costly, or rare (14),  
I ought to be treated with very great care.  
I cover a building, well known to fame (15);  
Some people still hold very sacred the same (16). [small (17)];  
I was well known in Greece ages long past  
And some of their work as models still last (18).  
The fine polish of glass is owing to me (19);  
Without me the marble so smooth would be (20).  
In drying cloth I lend my aid (21);  
I'm in the whitest wood that's made (22).  
By artists I have been painted upon (23);  
I bring the money when the work is done (24).  
I am such a costly, beautiful thing (25);  
I'm considered a present fit for a king.  
I deck the hearth (26), the table (27), and the door (28);  
I sparkled on the glove Cœur de Lion wore (29). [make (30)].  
The most elegant statues and figures I And, strange to say, I am often a fake (31).  
But now, gentle reader, I must bid you farewell;  
If you know what I am, my name pray tell.  
This simple enigma is perfectly true;  
And I'm sure I am very well known to you.

6.  
Behold a particle of time,  
And then surtail the same:  
Behold a prognostic good or ill,  
It speedily will name.

7.  
If right defin'd, my whole will be  
What all does that obscurely see.  
Beholded, you will then obtain  
A perfect part of every chain.  
Again behead: 'twill leave behind  
Something most useful to mankind.

8.  
For me men brave the raging seas,  
And treat death as a sport;  
For me they dance, and sing, and play,  
And truth and right distort.  
Take but one letter from my name—  
How great's the change! I vow  
There is not one in all the earth  
Would be what I am now.

9.  
I am a word of six letters; divided in half,  
My second and whole do my first every day;  
My whole is my second, and though you may laugh,  
My second may not be my whole, or it may.

10.  
I come, and I go: the free and the bold;  
No fetters can bind me: no prison can hold;  
I court not man's smile, I fear not his frown,  
For beggar and king are to me all as one.  
I come and I go. The storm is my car,  
The tempest's my courser, to speed me afar.  
O'er sea, and o'er land, through all climes I range;  
I'm steadfast in nothing, unless it be change.  
And life being spent (an end we all have),  
In sure hope to arise, I drop to my grave.  
Try then, ye skillful, my riddle to scan,  
And quickly reveal me, if truly you can.

11.  
In courts of justice I am seen (1),  
And sometimes, too, on meadow green (2);  
On roads, I stop the traveller's way  
At night, and also in the day (3);  
Each honest man must wait till I  
Allow him freely to pass by;  
For which I do him pardon crave,  
My use being mostly 'gainst the knave (4).  
In palace, mansion, pigsty, hut,—  
On iron chest where deeds are put,—  
In jewell'd casket—I am found,  
And in every inn and stove abound (5);  
Musicians, too, hold me in awe (6);  
I'm also quite well known in law (7).  
I'm long and short, and round and square,  
And often seen the worse for wear.  
The convent, madhouse, and the jail,  
My loss would bitterly bewail;  
For here I'm seen in full perfection,  
The friend of order and subjection.

12.  
My first denotes a falsehood or a lie;  
My second with a man of dress dancy;  
My whole the lousy traveller may light  
When shrouded in the darken'd gloom of night.

13.  
In a beautiful garden, 'midst flowers was growing  
My first just unfolded and lovely to view;  
In the day-time 'twas nurs'd by the sun-  
beam then glowing,  
And was fostered at night by a fresh  
bainy dew.  
My second beheld it one day, and unsparring,  
Pluck'd it carelessly, just to adorn the  
gardens.  
(Then left the dear spot where it long dwelt  
unaring).  
For the thought it would bloom and look  
elegant there.  
But, alas! it soon shrivel'd when placed in  
the bower;  
Its sleek silver leaves lost their beautiful  
It sicken'd and wither'd in less than an hour,  
For it mis'd the gay sunbeam and beau-  
tiful dew.  
Why did she not leave it alone in its glory,  
Where for days, e'en for weeks, it might  
sweetly have bloom'd!  
These joined, an herb will reveal, 'tis no  
story—  
An emblem of Constancy—often con-

14.  
I am old as creation,  
Yet young ev'ry day;  
I'm found in each nation,—  
On land and on sea,  
I am made, and I change;  
I am bought, I am sold;  
I cheer, I annoy;  
I am timid, yet bold;  
I drive some before me,  
I allure others on;  
And thus lead to danger  
My dupes, by my fun.  
Without me, your friends  
Were darkness and gloom;  
A welcome I find in  
Each honest man's room.  
My colours are various,  
'Tis very well known,—  
I am white, red, green, blue,  
But not often brown;  
In a word, I am sure,  
By day and by night,  
When found—you will find me,  
Nix heavy, but light.  
Having found out my parts  
So plainly and true,  
To discover my name  
You need not a clue;  
So therefore, young people,  
Set to work with your senses,  
Or some will pronounce you  
Very stupid young dunces.

## NAMES OF TOWNS IN ENGLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. My first is an agricultural instrument,  
My second is an opening,  
My whole is a town in Yorkshire.
2. My first is profit,  
My second is a corporation town,  
My whole is a town in Lincolnshire.
3. My first is a girl,  
My second is a mineral,  
My whole is a town in Kent.
4. My first is a man's name,  
My second is a town,  
A town in Northamptonshire.
5. My first is the enemy of peace,  
My second is a circle,  
My third a weight.  
A town in Lancashire.
6. My first is a covering for the head,  
My second is an indefinite article.  
A town in Lancashire.
7. My first is a ligage,  
My second a harbour.  
A town in Cheshire.
8. My first is a crossing,  
My second a point of the compass.  
A town in Shropshire.
9. My first is a creditor,  
My second is a house for horses,  
My whole is a town in Bedfordshire.
10. My first is a tree,  
My second is a cured leg of pork.  
A town in Rutlandshire.

[The whole answered in No. 14.]

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 189.

PICTORIAL CHARADES.—"SEEK!"—MYSTERY. "PAPA'S COME!"—BAG-DAD.

## ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

1. Soc-rates.—SOCRATES.

1. WRITING, conveys the thoughts to a distance;
2. INK, is the liquid that lends its assistance;
3. DEATH, an event that we cannot escape,  
Unless, when all ends—our departure we take,  
By a change, St. Paul tells us, we're destined to make.
4. O is a circle that's seen in a crowd;
5. W, the letter that's used in a word;  
And these five initials certainly show,  
An object of pity, of sorrow, and woe.—WIDOW.

1. S, within a Cask.
2. X from IX take I.  
Two capital letters will discover the county—Essex.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD:

ONE to-day is worth two to-morrow.

RATHER go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

WE fret against the doubtful; we submit to the inevitable.

THE ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Mis(s)-government.

A MAN who is not ashamed himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition in life.

A HARD life, that of a cobbler—for ever struggling to make both ends meet.

THE labouring man in the present age, if he does but read, has more helps to wisdom than Solomon had.

HENRY IV., of France, used to say, "You can catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than a tun of vinegar."

WHAT is the most proper punishment for quack doctors? They should be confined in the pill-ory.

NEVER purchase love or friendship by gifts; when thus obtained, they are lost as soon as you stop payment.

WHAT's the worst article in the market to speculate in? Do you give it up? Tea, of course. Because it is always sure to go to pot.

IF a man have not correct principles, and if his practice be not in agreement therewith, all the advantages in the world will never make him what he should be.

THERE will come a time when three words, uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit.—Hooker.

A FELLOW stole Lord Chatham's large gouty shoes; his servant, not finding them, began to curse the thief. "Never mind," said his lordship, "all the harm I wish the rogue is that the shoes may fit him."

IN every journey there are some tedious passages, the very remembrance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life, the analogy holds good in this instance also.

FAMILY jars sometimes contain pickles, and sometimes preserves; sometimes plunge the family into a bad pickle, and are never well calculated for preserving harmony.

"HEROINIS" is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,  
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she who means no mischief does it all.

"WARTS on the mind!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah the other day, as she glanced into a library through her dim spectacles. "I have heard of warts on all parts of the human cistern, but never before on the mind. Oh, dear, I should think it would defect the brain."

DESCENT.—Francis I. asked one day of Dutcheat, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman. "Sire," was the prelate's reply, "in the ark of Noah there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I am descended."

"THERE is no truth in men," said a lady in company; "they are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones." "In other words, madam," said a wit, who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are lyres!"

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.—"1535.—Paid 11s. 8d., the expense of bringing an heretic from London; and for one and a half load of wood to burn him, 2s.; for gunpowder, 1d.; a stake and a staple, 8d."—Extracted from the Records of the Corporation of Canterbury.

A QUAKER, who was examined before a court for not using any other language than "thee," "thou," and "friend," was asked by the presiding functionary—"Pray, sir, do you know what we sit here for?" "Yea, verily, do I," said the quaker, "three of ye for two dollars each day, and the fat one in the middle for one thousand dollars a year."

OUR primitive ancestors distinguished themselves, in pride or simplicity, as Brith and Brithon; Brith signifying *stained*, and Brithon a *stained man*. The predilection for colouring their bodies induced the civilised Romans to designate the people who were driven to the Caledonian forests as *Picts*, or a painted people.

A LADY ordered her servant one morning to prepare eggs for her master's breakfast. Nelly: "How long will she boil them?" Lady: "Three minutes." Nelly: "Ay, and how'll she ken about the minutes?" Lady: "You will see by the house clock." Nelly: "Well, noo, mem, that'll no do; did she'll not know that oor clock's twenty minutes afore the toon?"

THE Rev. Dr. Cox, of Brooklyn, America, has recently published a long argument on the question whether the bride should stand on the right or left side of the bridegroom, during the marriage ceremony. He decides that she should take the right, and proves it by elaborate arguments, and copious extracts from the Bible. For instance, when Solomon married an Egyptian princess, "on his right hand ~~she~~ stand the Queen, in gold of Ophir.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK.

LOVE OF DRESS.—The person whose clothes are extremely fine, I am too apt to consider as not being possessed of any superiority of fortune, but resembling those Indians who are found to wear all the gold they have in the world in a bob at the nose.—Goldsmith.

PRECEPTS OF THE SIAMESE.—1. Do not stay animals. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not commit adultery. 4. Do not tell lies, or backbite. 5. Do not drink wine. 6. Do not eat after twelve o'clock. 7. Do not frequent plays or public spectacles, nor listen to music. 8. Do not use perfume, nor wear flowers, or other personal ornaments. 9. Do not sleep or recline upon a couch that is above one cubit high. 10. Do not borrow, nor be in debt.

A BENEFICIAL RULE.—The following fact is mentioned by Dr. W. C. Taylor as having occurred within his knowledge. A gentleman who employed several labourers, made it a rule never to pay any ~~sum~~, however small, without getting a receipt. The shame which those who were unable to write their names felt in setting their marks, though no observation was made on the circumstance, had a perceptible effect in inducing them to seek instruction for their children, and, in more than one instance, for themselves.

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose or calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.

## THE DEVONSHIRE CLIMATE.

THE west wind always brings wet weather;

The east wind wet and cold together.

The south wind surely brings us rain;

The north wind blows it back again.

If the sun in red should set,

The next day surely will be wet;

If the sun should set in grey,

The next will be a rainy day.

THE MOST UNHAPPY.—Cosroes, King of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizier, asked—"What situation of man is most to be deplored?" One of the philosophers maintained that it was old age, accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was to have the body oppressed by infirmities, the mind worn out, and the heart broken by a series of misfortunes. "I know a condition more to be pitied," said the vizier; "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good, and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge."

PROMISERS.—If Performance, the steward, were half as punctual in payment, as Lord Promise, his master, is generous in proffer, what a bounteous world would this be to live in! One of those emigrants from the promised land, was repeating and enforcing again and again his wordy endeavours to persuade a poor man of genius how much he meant to serve him, when the poor wit, who knew too wisely the worth of words, interrupted him by requesting—"Pray, sir, write your promises in chalk round the crown of my hat, or I shall forget them when I brush it to-morrow." The promise was dumb, for he saw that he was understood.

THE PRODUCTION OF VALUABLE MATTER FROM THE MOST WORTHLESS MATERIALS.—Instances of this nature are constantly occurring. The skins used by the goldbeaters are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash—that beautiful yellow crystallized salt which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts, loaded with old tin kettles and iron coal-scuttles, traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course. The less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish, for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them. The remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico printers.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions, and the man to whom this duty is addressed should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his dominion—in making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make it the abode of neatness and good order—a place which brings satisfaction in every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the fond association of comfort and content. Let this be duty, and this sacred spot will surely become the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them, but fill their minds with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity.

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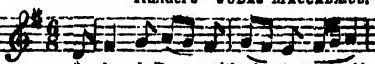
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### Editor's Note-Book.

**I LEARN SOMETHING FROM EVERY MAN WITH WHOM YOU MEET.**—The observation or neglect of this rule will make a wonderful difference in your character long before the time that you are forty years old. All act upon it, more or less, but few do it as a matter of habit and education. Most act upon it as a matter of interest, or of curiosity at the moment. The great difficulty is, we begin too late in life to make everything contribute to increase our stock of practical information. Sir Walter Scott gives us to understand that he never met with any man, but his calling he what it might, even the most stupid fellow that came rubbed down a horse, from which he could not be a few moments' conversation, learn something, which he did not before know, and which was valuable to him. This would account for the fact that he seemed to have an intimate knowledge of everything. When he would stop in the street and note down a word he had dropped among the mouths of two angry men, a word that which he had been looking for months. It is quite as important to go through the world with the ears open, as with the eyes open.

**SPONGE.** W.—This is a marine production, now classed as belonging to the animal kingdom, although this was for a long time doubted.

**PLEAS.** H. M. C.—The greatest security against these invaders of domestic comfort, is that of keeping rooms as free from dust as it is possible.

**GREASE IN CARPETS.** L. D.—This may be removed with spirits of turpentine as well as by fuller's earth, or by soda, or gall, and pipe clay.

**TO DESTROY BEETLES.** H. M.—Since a number, sent for about their haunts, and in a few hours numbers of them will be found dead.

**ORIGIN OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.** D. J.—It seems natural to attribute it to the electric fluid contained in the atmosphere, which at great heights, where the air is rarefied, must become luminous.

**PEARLS.** W. W.—These are calcareous bodies, of the same nature as mother of pearl, only purer, found in the inside of certain shells, particularly a large one called the pearl-oyster.

**COD LIVER OIL.** T. H.—The light brown colored oil is supposed to be the best for pulmonary complaints, it contains the most iodine, and, in addition, phosphorus, which is, perhaps, equally valuable.

**TEA-MAKING.** S. D.—Dr. Kitchener recommends that all the water necessary should be poured off at once, as the second drawing is bad. When much tea is wanted, it is better to have two tea-pots instead of two drawings.

**GILDING OF METALS.** LENA.—Iron is gilt by polishing its surface, and then heating it until it has acquired a blue colour. When this is done, leaf gold is applied slightly burnished down, and exposed to a gentle fire, after which it is burnished again. Copper or brass may be gilt in the same manner.

**SEWING NEEDLES.** EMILY.—The invention of that useful implement, the needle, is unknown; but it is said that those used at present, made of steel, at first called Spanish needles, were introduced in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

**ETIQUETTE.** P. R. A.—We think our correspondents attach too much importance to the rules of etiquette in common. A modest, unobtrusive behaviour is preferable to any studied manners and will generally be found to succeed in society.

**STATURE OF MAN.** J. J.—We do not think that persons engaged in manufactures from an early age, become stunted in their growth. It is well known that Lancashire and Yorkshire furnish the tallest specimens of Englishmen.

**FRIGNON LANGUAGE.** J. T.—We advise our correspondent to persevere in his endeavours to acquire this language, which has been well called "the algebra of tongues," from its being a sort of common medium of communication, current over the greater part of the earth.

**KNOCKING AT DOORS.**—"Peter" complains of the laziness of servants at such houses where he is accustomed to call, who despite of a waking summons, are very slow in answering him. We will recommend the plan of Lord Erskine, who always directed his tiger to knock at the house where he intended to call with a postman's knock, finding that servants always more punctually answered knocks of that kind than any other.

**INDIA-ROUBER.** J. D. G.—This may be dissolved in some of the essential oils, as oil of turpentine, and also in the fat oils, as that of olives and almonds. It may be dissolved by boiling in spirits of turpentine, and putting in small pieces until dissolved, but the solution does not dry perfectly.

**EARLY MENTION OF FORKS.** J. J. W.—This occurs in a curious passage of *Græcorum Crustacea*, a singular book of travels, published in 1611—"The Italian, and also most strangers that are comestant in Italy, do always, at their meals, use a little fork when they cut their meat."

**ETIQUETTE.** F. W. W.—The ancients were very superstitious respecting religion. Many are recorded and mentioned as happening at the same time with important events in history, and so described that they may be recognised by the astronomer, who can calculate with perfect accuracy the time of every eclipse that has happened.

**LABOUR AND RECREATION.**—We are informed that Messrs. Peter Parbury & Co., the machine-makers, of Leeds, have purchased for the use of their workmen, as a means of affording them agreeable recreation, a stock of Save-homes and their instruments, which will form one of the largest and most complete brass bands in that part of the country. The instrument is of the same description as those used by the British Army. Mr. Whiteley, leader of the Brindley Band and of the Leeds troop of Yorkshire Hussars, is appointed leader of the new band. We cannot but fully commend this spirit of harmony between employers and their workmen, especially in presence of the discord that unhappily prevails in other quarters, but which, we trust, will be of transient duration. The goodness of both instruments and the assiduous must procure the necessary effect of mutual cooperation, arising from healthy recreation. Never was a more judicious example of the value of "Ourselves" when the above critical verdict is being sung with a spirit of invention, and Art is being done to its best advantage, in the battle of industry—perpetual and healthy, with its operation, and progress in its result. There is no reaching on the way, only "pushing and true" must point the tanks. The paper should be a little wider.



THE MARCH OF THE DEAF.

**POWASH CHINA CHAI.** S. S. A. E. F.—If the tea be good, these articles of dress are not so bad as they are frequently as may be required, and no imputation of their beauty will be discernible, even when the various shades of green are been employed among the colours in the patterns. In cleaning them make a strong lather of boiling water, suffer it to boil, when cold or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly, dip it immediately in cold hard water in which a little salt has been thrown (to preserve the colours), rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open air; put it on its extreme edge to the line, so that it may not in any part be folded together, the more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM "BLUE-STOCKING."** Y. Y.—Barwell, in his life of Dr. Johnson, relates that about the year 1750, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have a room assembled, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, and could be a natural desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue stocking Clubs*, from the following circumstance—One of the most eminent members was Mr. Stoughton, whose dress was remarkably grave and in accordance it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his acquaintance cut it as a rare treat, and it used to be said, "We are all blue stockings," and thus the name, the club was established.

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM "CHAPEL," APPLIED TO PRINTING.** A Young Printer—There is a Moxon, who published, in 1677, a manual of the various customs used in a printing office, states that a "chapel" or printing-house is, by custom out of mind, called a "chapel," doubtless conferred upon it by the courtesy of some great churchman, who, for the looks of decency that issued from a printing office,

gave it the reverend name of "chapel." Pardon says that "the place of conference among printers is by them called a chapel, because the first work printed in England was executed in a chapel of Westminster Abbey;" and this seems to be the most probable origin of the expression.

**STAMMERING.** Stammer on.—The natural indication for the cure of impeded speech, is to bring under command of the will the associated movements of the lips and tongue with those of the larynx. One method of doing this is by singing the words which are difficult, or reading aloud in a singing manner. The raising of the point of the tongue by two peas placed under it, is often beneficial. The patient should practice himself in reading sentences from which all letters that cannot be pronounced without a vowel should be omitted. He should especially never attempt to speak without filling the chest with a deep breath; and, in reading, take breath frequently—at least, every five or six words.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J. H. W. (coloured paper will perhaps serve the purpose required).—ALPHA (will not his wishes be satisfied later).—G. J. L. (the "Portfolio" of the *Home Companion* can be obtained of any bookseller, and will preserve the work until the volumes are bound).—D. O. J. (in any thanks to our intelligent correspondent, whose suggestions we shall always be happy to receive).—J. WHITE (morning is undoubtedly the best time for study).—A. H. S. (the best cure for head-ache is exercise, both body and mind should also be kept in good subjection).—LAW (water cannot injure them).—M. GNEY (we are unable to decide the question, so much depends upon circumstances).—LAW (Graham's *Domestic Medicine* will probably serve the purpose).—We are not aware of a permanent counteracting power, except it may be the constant admission of fresh air).—H. O. V. (will find his question answered in our last number).—S. O. (white lead forms the basis of oil painting for houses, and when different tints of colour are required, a certain quantity of various pigments are added).—THOMAS (many thanks for your notice).—L. W. (you will find the information in No. 6 of our work).—M. LIVER (very properly the salt larks of which the tusk of the elephant consists, though the name is also given to the tusk of the walrus, and of the hippopotamus).—WILLIAM ASH (mother of pearl is easy to work, and takes a fine polish. As it is easily calcarious, it is easily corroded by acids).—T. D. W. (we are indebted to any opinion on the subject).

**REMARKS.** (We recommend *Watts's Logic*).—ISQUEEN (papers were not noticed into France from Paris by Henry IV).—B. (rattles, extended from the lungs, and stored in a cool, wet dry place, are generally improved by a year's keeping).—CHIRO (the earliest dresses of mankind probably consisted of the skins of animals, and it appears that these were employed as clothing long after the invention of the art of weaving).—C. F. (we cannot answer the question).—SUNSHINE (many thanks).—C. RAM (the colour of a and moderate living are the best indications of health).—X. Y. Z. (we have many reasons for withholding our opinion on the desirability of emigration).—It is too important a question for hasty decision).—L. A. (the colour gives the brightest crimson in wool-dyeing).—B. T. F. (many thanks).—V. A. (the Quadrangle Index to the *Edinburgh Encyclopedia* contains a complete list of receipts in that work, and may be had gratis).—W. S. (there are several kinds of rouge, but they are all composed of one or more of the following:—powdered French chalk).—EMMA (common oil of nutmeg is made of equal parts of best or nutmeg-net and long-hand melted together).—M. J. (essential oils are chiefly obtained by distillation, a few are obtained by expression, a those of the orange, lemon, or bergamot).—QUINTON (the Greek and Latin name of the diamond is *adamas*—invincible, in allusion to its hardness, whence is derived the English adjective adamantine).—E. J. (the use of slaves is familiarly known to the ancients, and was procured in abundance from Egypt).—YOUNG (thank).—CHARLES M. (it is being acquainted with the circumstances of the person alluded to, we cannot offer any opinion).

**REMARKS.** (The best plan for getting children to sleep is by laying them down to rest at stated hours, when, if a bad night, the inclination to sleep is overpowered).—S. B. (many thanks for the suggestion).—M. A. (reading aloud is one of the best exercises that can be taken by any one, particularly if it be done of the chest).





# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 14.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## LIFE'S PROGRESS.

"We bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told."—Psalms.

CHILD! that so securely clingest  
To thy mother's side,  
And thine arm around her flingest,  
Lost some harm be tide!  
Thou who art so archely smiling,  
Void of care thy brow;  
No wrong thought thy soul defiling—  
Child, how old art thou?

And the child looked up with a face of  
glee,  
Which beamed with a smile of ecstasy;  
But his lipping tongue no words expressed,  
As he closer clung to his mother's breast:  
And the guileless glance of that smiling  
eye

Was all the innocent one's reply.  
Boy! that mournfully art creeping  
To thy tasks to-day,  
And to-morrow high art leaping  
On thy joyous way,  
Thou whose every thought is bounded  
By the present now;  
Thy prospects all by hope surrounded,  
Boy, how old art thou?

And the boy answered haughtily,  
And his bosom swelled perceptibly:—  
"Call me not Boy—I am in my teens,  
And long have forgotten my childhood's  
scenes;  
And five brief years will soon be gone,  
Then hail I all hail to twenty one!  
Hurrah! for the day that shall set me  
free,  
When none shall dare to dictate to me!"

Man! that through the crowded city  
Passes in thy prime,  
Doing forth superfluous pity  
To the sons of Time;  
Thou, whose half of life is wasted,  
Undeemed thy vow;  
Religion's waters scarcely tasted—  
Man! how old art thou?

And the man replied abstractedly,  
In a voice that sounded remorsefully:—  
"Oh! ask me not—the days are past,  
That I vainly thought for aye would last!  
The plane that I sown in my early  
years,  
Have brought to me only griefs and  
tears,  
And those whom in youth I did not  
despise,  
Have been lifted up in the nation's eyes,  
Whilst, unimproved, the powerful sway  
Of my forty summer's hatu passed  
away!"

Grey-haired, old! that totterest weakly  
'Cross thy chamber floor,  
Drinking sounds, benign and meekly,  
Soon thou'lt hear no more!  
Thou whom "mere oblivion" shroudeeth,  
Whose last days are now,  
Ere "sans speech" upon thee crowdeth,  
Say, how old art thou?

And the grey-haired man essayed to speak,  
And a tear passed over his withered cheek,  
But there came no sound—he bowed his  
head—  
His age untold, he was with the dead!

## TWO FACES UNDER ONE HOOD.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The land hath bubbles as the water hath,  
And these are of them."

"Who is she?"

"Ay, that is precisely the question which everybody asks, and nobody can answer."

"She is a splendid-looking creature, be she who she may."

"And her manners are as lovely as her person. Come and dine with me to-morrow: I sit directly opposite her at table; so you can have a fair opportunity of gazing at this new star in our dingy firmament."

"Agreed; I am about changing my lodgings, and if I like the company at your house, I may take a room there."

The speakers were two gay and fashionable men: one a student of law, the other a confidential clerk in a large commercial house. They belonged to that class of youths, who, while in reality labouring most industriously for a livelihood, yet take infinite pains to seem idle and useless members of society; fellows who at their outset in life try hard to repress a certain respectability of character, which after a while comes up in spite of them, and makes them very good sort of men in the end. The lady who attracted so much of their attention at that moment, had recently arrived in the city; and, as she wore the weeds of widowhood, her solitary position seemed sufficiently explained. But there was an attractiveness in her appearance and manners which excited a more than usual interest in the stranger's history. She had that peculiar fascination which gentlemen regard as the most exquisite refinement of frank simplicity, but which ladies, better versed in the intricacies of female nature, always recognise as the perfection of art. None but an impulsive, warm-hearted woman, can retain her freshness of feeling and ready responsive sympathy after five-and-twenty; and such a woman never obtains sufficient command over her own sensitiveness to exhibit the perfect adaptability and uniform amiableness of deportment which are characteristics of the skillful fascinator.

Harry Maurice, the young lawyer, failed not to fulfil his appointment with his friend; and at four o'clock on the following day, he found himself the *vis-à-vis* of the bewitching Mrs. Howard, gazing on her loveliness through the somewhat hazy atmosphere of a steaming dinner-table. If he was struck with her appearance when he saw her only stepping from a carriage, he was now completely bewildered by the whole battery of charms which were directed against him. A well-rounded and graceful figure, whose symmetry

was set off by a close-fitting dress of black bombazine; superb arms, gleaming through sleeves of the thinnest crape; a neck of dazzling whiteness, only half concealed beneath the folds of a *fichu à la grand'mère*; features not regularly beautiful, somewhat sharp in outline, but full of expression, and enlivened by the brightest of eyes and pearliest of teeth, were the most obvious of her attractions.

The ordinary civilities of the table, proffered with profound respect by Maurice, and accepted with quiet dignity by the lady, opened the way to conversation. Before the dessert came on, the first barriers to acquaintance had been removed, and, somewhat to his own surprise, Harry Maurice found himself perpetrating bad puns and uttering *gay bon-mots* in the full hearing, and evidently to the genuine amusement, of the lovely widow. When dinner was over, the trio found themselves in the midst of an animated discussion respecting the relative capacity for sentiment in men and women. The subject was too interesting to be speedily dropped, and the party adjourned to a convenient corner of the drawing-room. As usual, the peculiar character of the topic upon which they had fallen led to the unguarded expression of individual opinions, and of course to the development of much implied experience. Nothing could have been better calculated to display Mrs. Howard as one of the most sensitive, as well as sensible of her sex. She had evidently been one of the victims to the false notions of society. A premature marriage, an uncongenial partner, and all the thousand-and-one his attendant upon baffled sentiment, had probably entered largely into the lady's bygone knowledge of life. Not that she deigned to confide any of her personal experience to her new friends, but they possessed active imaginations, and it was easy to make large inferences from small premises.

Midnight sounded ere the young men remembered that something was due to the ordinary forms of society, and that they had been virtually "talking love" for seven hours, to a perfect stranger. The sudden reaction of feeling, the dread lest they had been exposing their peculiar habits of thought to the eye of ridicule, the frightful suspicion that they must have seemed most particularly "fresh" to the lady, struck both the gentlemen at the same moment. They attempted to apologise, but the womanly tact of Mrs. Howard spared them all the discomfort of such an awkward explanation. She reproached herself so sweetly for having suffered her impulsive nature to beguile her with such unwonted confidence—she thanked them so gently for their momentary interest in her "melancholy recollections of blighted feelings"—she so earnestly implored them to forget her indiscreet communications with persons "whose singular congeniality of soul had made her forget that they were strangers," that she succeeded in restoring them to a comfortable sense of their own powers of attraction. Instead of thinking they had acted like men "afflicted with an extraordinary quantity of youngness," they came to the conclusion that Mrs. Howard was one of the most discriminating of her sex, and the tear which swam in her soft eyes as she gave them her hand in parting, added the one irresistible charm to their previous bewilderment.

The acquaintance so auspiciously begun was not allowed to languish. Harry Maurice took lodgings in the same house; and thus, without exposing the fair widow to invidious remark, he was enabled to enjoy her society with less restraint. Unlike most of his sudden fancies, he found his liking for this lady "to grow by what it fed on." She looked so very lovely in her simple white morning dress and pretty French cap, and her manners partook so agreeably of the simplicity and easy negligence of her breakfast attire, that she seemed more charming than ever. Indeed, almost every one in the house took a fancy to her. She won the hearts of the ladies by her unbounded fondness for their children, and her consummate tact in inventing new games for them; while her entire unconsciousness of her own attractions, and apparent indifference to admiration, silenced for a time all incipient jealousy. The gentlemen could not but be pleased with a pretty woman who was so sweet-tempered and so little exciting; while her peculiar talent for putting every one in good humour with themselves—a talent, which in less skillful hands would have been merely an adroit power of flattery—sufficiently accounted for her general influence.

There was only one person who seemed proof against Mrs. Howard's spell. This was an old bank clerk, who for forty years had occupied the same post, and stood at the same desk, encountering no other changes than that of a new ledger for an old one, and hating every innovation in morals and manners with an intensity singularly at variance with his usual quietude, or rather stagnation of feeling. For nearly half his life he had occupied the same apartment, and nothing but a fire or an earthquake would have been sufficient to dislodge him. Many of the transient residents in the house knew him only by the *sobriquet* of "the Captain," and the half-dictatorial, half-whimsical manner in which, with the usual privilege of a humourist, he ordered trifling matters about the house, was probably the origin of the title. When the ladies who presided at the head of the establishment first opened

their house for the reception of boarders, he had taken up his quarters there, and they had all grown old together; so it was not to be wondered at if he had somewhat the manner of a master.

The Captain had looked with an evil eye upon Mrs. Howard from the morning after her arrival, when he had detected her French dressing-maid in the act of peeping into his boots, as they stood outside of the chamber-door. This instance of curiosity, which he could only attribute to an unjustifiable anxiety to be acquainted with the name of the owner of the said boots, was such a flagrant impropriety, besides being such a gross violation of his privilege of privacy, that he could not forgive it. He made a formal complaint of the matter to Mrs. Howard, and earnestly advised her to dismiss so prying a servant. The lady pleaded her attachment to a faithful attendant, who had left her native France for pure love of her, and brought him to forgive a first and venial error. The Captain had no faith in this being a first fault, and as for its veniality, it she had put out an "L," and called it a *venial* affair, it would have better suited his ideas of her. He evidently suspected both the mistress and the maid; and a prejudice in his mind was like a thistle-seed—it might wing its way on gossamer pinions, but once planted, it was sure to produce its crop of thorns.

In vain the lady attempted to conciliate him: in vain she tried to humour his whims, and pat and fondle his hobbies. He was proof against all her allurements; and whenever, by some new or peculiar grace, she won unequalled expressions of admiration from the more susceptible persons around her, a peevish "Fudge!" would resound most emphatically from the Captain's lips.

"Pray, sir, will you be so good as to inform me what you meant by the offensive monosyllable you chose to utter this morning, when I addressed a remark to Mrs. Howard?" said Harry Maurice to him, upon a certain occasion, when the old gentleman had seemed more than usually caustic and observing.

The Captain looked slowly up from his newspaper: "I am old enough, young man, to be allowed to talk to myself, if I please."

"I suppose you meant to imply that I was 'green,' and stood a fair chance of being 'done brown,'" said Harry, mischievously, well knowing his horror of all modern slang.

"I am no judge of colours," said he, drily, "but I can tell a fool from a knave when I see them contrasted. In old times it was the woman's privilege to play the fool, but the order of things is reversed now-a-days." So saying, he drew on his gloves, and walked out with his usual clock-like regularity.

Three months passed away, and Harry Maurice was "foll five fathoms deep" in love with the beautiful stranger. Yet he knew no more of her personal history than on the day when they first met, and the old question of "Who is she?" was often in his mind, though the respect growing out of a genuine attachment checked it ere the words rose to his lips. On more than one occasion he had been favoured with a commission to transact banking business for her. "He had made several deposits in her name, and had drawn out several small sums for her use. He knew, therefore, that she had moneys at command, but of her family and connexions he was perfectly ignorant. He was too much in love, however, to hesitate long on this point. Young, ardent, and possessed of that pseudo-romance, which, like French gilding, so much resembles the real thing that many prefer it, as being cheaper and more durable, he was particularly pleased with the apparent disinterestedness of his affection. Too poor to marry unless he found a bride possessed of fortune, he was now precisely in the situation where alone he could feel himself on the same footing with a wealthy wife. He had an established position in society, his family were among the oldest and most respectable residents of the city, and the offer of his hand under such circumstances to a lone, unfriended stranger, took away all appearance of cupidity from the suitor, while it constituted a claim upon the lady's gratitude as well as affection. With all his assumed self-confidence, Maurice was in reality a very modest fellow, and he had many a secret misgiving as to her opinion of his merits; for he was one of those youths who use puppyishness as a cloak for their diffidence. He wanted to assure himself of her preference before committing himself by a declaration, and to do this required a degree of skill in womancraft that far exceeded his powers.

In the mean time the prejudices of the Captain gained greater strength, and although there was no open war between him and the fair widow, there was perpetual skirmishing between them. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, considering the decided contrast between the two parties. The Captain was prejudiced, dogmatic, and full of old-fashioned notions. A steady adherent of ruffled shirts, well-starched collars, and shaven chins, he regarded with contempt the paltry subterfuges of modern fashion. At five-and-twenty he had formed his habits of thinking and acting, and at sixty he was only the same man grown older. A certain indulgence of temper prevented him from investigating anything new, and he was therefore content to deny all that did not conform to his early notions. He hated fashionable slang, despised a new-modelled costume, scorned modern morality, and ranked the crime of wearing a moustache and imperial next to the seven deadly sins. His standard of female perfection was a certain "lady-love" of his youth, who might have served as a second Harriet Byron to some new Sir Charles Grandison. After a courtship of ten years, during which time he never ventured upon a greater familiarity than than of pressing the tips of her fingers to his lips on a New Year's day, the lady died, and the memory of his early attachment, though something like a rose encased in ice, was still the one flower of his life.

Of course the freedom of modern manners was shocking to him, and in Mrs. Howard he beheld the impersonation of vanity, coquetry, and falsehood. Besides, she interfered with his privileges. She made suggestions about certain arrangements at table; she pointed out improvements in several minor household comforts; she asked for the liver-wing of the chicken, which had

heretofore been his peculiar petquisite, as carver; she played the accordion, and kept an Eolian harp in the window of her room, which unfortunately adjoined his; and, to crown all, she did not hesitate to ask him questions as coolly as if she was totally unconscious of his privileges of privacy. He certainly had a most decided grudge against the lady; and she, though apparently all gentleness and meekness, yet had so adroit a way of saying and doing disagreeable things to the old gentleman, that it was easy to infer a mutual dislike.

The Captain's benevolence had been excited by seeing Harry Maurice on the highroad to being victimised, and he actually took some pains to make the young man see things in their true light.

"Pray, Mr. Maurice, do you spend all your mornings at your office?" said he, one day.

"Certainly, sir."

"Then you differ from most young lawyers," was the gruff reply.

"Perhaps I have better reasons than many others for my close application. While completing my studies, I am enabled to earn a moderate salary by writing for Mr. —, and this is of some consequence to me."

The old man looked inquiringly, and Maurice answered the silent question.

"You know enough of our family, sir, to be aware that my father's income died with him. About a hundred pounds per annum are all that remains for the support of my mother and an invalid sister, who reside in the country. Of course, if I would not encroach upon their small means, I must do something for my own maintenance."

The Captain's look grew more pleasant as he replied, "I do not mean to be guilty of any unpertinent intrusion into your affairs, but it seems to me that you share the weakness of your fellows, by thus working like a slave and spending like a prince."

Maurice laughed. "Perhaps my princely expenditure would scarcely bear so close a scrutiny as my slavish toil. I really work; but it often happens that I only seem to spend."

"I understand you; but you are worthy of better things; you should have courage to throw off the trammels of fashion, and live economically, like a man of sense, until fortune favours you."

The young man was silent for a moment, then, as if to change the subject, asked, "What was your object in inquiring about my morning walks?"

"I merely wanted to know if you ever met Mrs. Howard in the street in the morning."

"Never, sir; but I am so seldom there, that it would be strange if I should encounter an acquaintance among its throngs."

"I am told she goes out every morning at nine o'clock, and does not return until three."

"I suppose she is fond of walking."

"Humph! I rather suspect she has some regular business."

"Quite likely," said Maurice, laughing heartily, "perhaps she is a book-clerk—occupied from nine to three, you say—just banking hours."

The Captain looked sternly in the young man's face, then uttering his emphatic "Fudge!" turned upon his heel, and whistling "A Frog he would a wooing go," sauntered out of the room, thoroughly disgusted with the whole race of modern young men.

The old gentleman's methodical habits of business had won for him the confidence of every one, and as an almost necessary consequence had involved him in the responsibility of several trusteeships. There were sundry old ladies and orphans whose pecuniary affairs he had managed for years with the punctuality of a Dutch clock. Before noon, on the days when their interest monies were due, he always had the satisfaction of paying them into the hands of the owners. It was only for some such purpose that he ever left his post during business hours; but the claims of the widow and the father's came before those of the ledger, and he sometimes stole an hour from his daily duties to attend to these private trusts.

Not long after he had sought to awaken his young friend's suspicions respecting Mrs. Howard, one of these occasions occurred. At noon he found himself seated in a pleasant drawing-room, between an old lady and a young one, both of whom regarded him as the best of men. He had transacted his business and was about taking leave, when he was detained to partake of a lunch; and, while he was thus engaged, the young lady was called out of the room. She was absent about fifteen minutes, and when she returned her eyes were full of tears. A pile of gold lay on the table (the Captain would have thought it angel-dunlike to offer dirty paper to ladies), and taking some from the heap she again vanished. This time she did not quite close the door behind her, and it was evident she was conversing with some claimant upon her charity. Her compassionate tones were distinctly heard in the drawing-room, and when she had ceased speaking, a remarkably soft, clear, liquid voice responded to her kindness. There was something in these sounds which awakened the liveliest interest in the old gentleman. He started, fidgeted in his chair, and at length, fairly mastered by his curiosity, he stole on tiptoe to the door. He saw only a drooping figure, clad in mourning, and veiled from head to foot, who, repeating her thanks to her young benefactress, gathered up a roll of papers from the hall table, and withdrew before he could obtain a glimpse of her face.

"What imposter have you been seeing now?" he asked, as the young lady entered the room, holding in her hand several cheap French engravings.

"No imposter, my dear sir, but a most interesting woman."

"Oh, I dare say she was very interesting, and interested, too, no doubt; but how do you know she was no swindler?"

"Because she shed tears, real tears."

"Humph! I suppose she put her handkerchief to her eyes and snivelled."

"No, indeed; I saw the big drops roll down her cheeks, and I never can doubt such an evidence of genuine sorrow; people can't force tears."

"What story could she tell which was worth so much money?"

"Her husband, who was an importer of French stationery and engravings, has recently died insolvent, leaving her burdened with the support of two children and an infirm mother. His creditors have seized everything, excepting a few miserable prints, by the sale of which she is now endeavouring to maintain herself independently."

"Are the prints worth anything?"

"Not much."

"Then she is living upon charity quite as much as if she begged from door to door; it is only a new method of levying contributions upon people with more money than brains."

"The truth of her statement is easily ascertained. I have promised to visit her, and if I find her what she seems, I shall supply her with employment as a seamstress."

"Will you allow me to accompany you on your visit?"

"Certainly, my dear sir, upon condition that if you find her story true, you will pay the penalty of your mistrust in the shape of a goodly donation."

"Agreed! I'll pay if she turns out to be an object of charity. But that voice of hers—I don't believe there are two such voices in this city."

What notion had now got into the crotchety head of the Captain no one could tell; but he certainly was in wonderful spirits that day at dinner. He was in such good humour that he was even civil to Mrs. Howard, and sent his own bottle of wine to Harry Maurice. He looked a little confounded when Mrs. Howard, taking advantage of his "melting mood," challenged him to a game at backgammon, and it was almost with his old gruffness that he refused her polite invitation. He waited long enough to see her deeply engaged in chess with her young admirer, and then hurried away to fulfil his engagement with the lady who had promised to let him share her errand of mercy.

He was doomed to be disappointed, however. They found the house inhabited by the unfortunate Mrs. Harley; it was a low one-story rear building, in — Street, the entrance to which was through a covered alley leading from the street. It was a neat, comfortable dwelling, and the butcher's shop in front of it screened it entirely from public view. But the person of whom they were in quest was not at home. Her mother and two rosy children, however, seemed to corroborate her story, and as the woman seemed disposed to be rather communicative, the old gentleman fancied he had now got upon a true trail. But an incautious question from him sealed the woman's lips, and he found himself quite astray again. Finding nothing could be gained he hurried away, and, entering his own door, found Mrs. Howard still deeply engaged in her game of chess, though she did not look up with a sweet smile when she saw him.

A few days afterwards his young friend informed him that he had been more successful, having found Mrs. Harley just preparing to go out on her daily round of charity-seeking.

When suspicions are once aroused in the mind of a man like the Captain, it is strange how industriously he puts together the minutest links in the chain of evidence, and how curiously he searches for such links, as if the unmasking of a rogue was really a matter of the highest importance. The Captain began to grow more reserved and uncommunicative than ever. He uttered oracular apothegms and dogmatisms until he became positively disagreeable, and at last, as if to show an utter aberration of mind, he determined to obtain leave of absence for a week. It was a most remarkable week even in his history, and as such excited much speculation. But the old gentleman's lips were closely buttoned; he quietly packed a valise, and set out upon what he called a country excursion.

It was curious to notice how much he was missed in the house. Some missed his kindness; some his quaint humorosity; some his punctuality, by which they set their watches; and Mrs. Howard seemed actually to feel the want of that sarcastic tone which made the *sauce piquante* of her dainty food. Where he actually went no one knew, but in four days he returned, looking more bilious, and acting more crotchety than ever; but with an exhilaration of spirits that showed the marvellous effect of country air.

The day after his return, two men, wrapped in cloaks and wearing slouched hats, entered the butcher's shop in — Street. Giving a nod in passing to the man at the counter, the two proceeded up stairs, and took a seat at one of the back windows. The blinds were carefully drawn down, and they seated themselves as if to note all that passed in the low, one-story building, which opened upon a narrow paved alley directly beneath the window.

"Do you know that we shall have a fearful settlement to make if this turns out to be all humbug?" said the younger man, as they took their station.

"Any satisfaction which you are willing to claim, I am ready to make, in case I am mistaken; but—look there."

As he spoke, a female, wearing a large black cloak and thick veil, entered the opposite house. Instantly, a shout of joy burst from the children, and as the old woman rose to drop the blind at the window, they caught sight of the two merry little ones pulling at the veil and cloak of the mysterious lady.

"Did you see her face," asked the old man.

"No, it was turned away from the window."

"Then have patience for awhile."

Nearly an hour elapsed, and then the door again opened to admit the egress of a person apparently of less stature than the woman who had so recently entered, more drooping in figure, and clad in rusty and shabby mourning.

"One more kiss, mamma, and don't forget the sugar-plums when you come back," cried one of the children.

The woman stooped to give the required kiss, lifting her veil as she did so, and revealing the whole of her countenance. A groan burst from the lips of

one of the watchers, which was answered by a low chuckle from his companion; for both the Captain and Harry Maurice had recognised in the mysterious lady the features of the bewitching Mrs. Howard.

There is little more to tell. The question of "Who is she?" now needed no reply. Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Harley, and some dozen other aliases, were the names of an exceedingly general adventuress, who is yet vividly remembered by the charitable whom she victimised a few years since. She had resided in several large cities, and was drawing a very handsome income from her ingenuity. Her love of pleasure being as great as her taste for money-making, she devised a plan for living two lives at once, and her extreme mobility of feature, and exquisite adaptability, enabled her to carry out her schemes. How far she would have carried the affair with her young lover it is impossible to say, but the probability is that the "love affair" was only an agreeable episode "*pour passer le temps*," and that whatever might have been the gentleman's intentions, the lady was guileless of ulterior views.

The Captain managed the affair his own way. He did not wish to injure the credit of the house, which he designed to call his home for the rest of his life, and therefore Mrs. Howard received a quiet intimation to quit, which she obeyed with her usual unruffled sweetness. Harry Maurice paid a visit to his mother and sister in the country, and on his return found it desirable to change his lodgings. The Captain kept the story to himself for several years, but after Maurice was married, and settled in his domestic habits, he felt himself privileged to use it as a warning to all glib young men, against bowitching widows and mysterious fellow-boarders.

## THE CONSUL'S DAUGHTER.

### A SEA SKETCH.

"LAND O!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"Very well. Lay down."

"That is Cape Blanco, I take it, Mr. Muller," said Captain John Wilson to his mate.

"Yes, sir; from yesterday's observation, we must be well to windward. The *Belle* has not done much since the mid-watch. We'll be late in getting into port, I'm afraid."

"It will take us until nightfall with this breeze, Mr. Muller, and the land-breeze will then be blowing a perfect hurricane. Get up the chains, if you please, and have the anchors on the bows."

"Ay, ay, sir." And the mate went forward.

Such was the dialogue between Captain Wilson and his mate, on board the good ship the *Belle*, then bound to Payta (Peru) with merchandise.

We were sailing pleasantly along, at the rate, possibly, of six miles in the hour. The ship rose and pitched very lazily with the low swell; and as my hammock swung with every motion (I had been confined to it for weeks) I could see the peculiar "golden haziness" which always hangs over the land when you are making an approach from the west in the earlier hours of the morning. There is a very expressive word for the appearance among sailors; but an elderly gentleman's memory may be forgiven some small shortcomings.

Captain Wilson had been in the habit for several days—while I was slowly recovering from a violent fever—of having my hammock swung upon the poop-deck. On the morning of the day which commences my story, the decks were not yet dry from the morning scrubbing, when I climbed wearily on deck, with the assistance of the second mate and Ben the steward, and lay down in my hammock. As we stood in for the land, I could catch occasional glimpses of its outlines; and when we had passed Payta Head, there came deliciously to me an odour of the land. I remember that, in the girl-like weakness of my exhausted energies, the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, as I murmured,—

"Thank God! I shall live to set foot on land!"

As we approached Payta, the fresh land-breeze increased our speed to ten knots; and, just at night-fall, as Captain Wilson had anticipated, we came to anchor. During the last few tacks that we made in beating up nearer the town, the land-breeze had freshened to almost a gale. We were only showing whole top-sails, jib, and main-top gallant-sails; and even with that amount of canvas, there was a clatter of ropes and blocks, and a *stalling* of sails, as the top-sails were clewed up, that rendered it almost impossible to hear the loudest order. The holding-ground at Payta is excellent; and our scope of seventy fathoms on the smaller cable held the *Belle* to her moorings.

We were to remain but four days; and Captain Wilson urged me to remain for the next two months under the care of the physician at the consulate. Accordingly, I was carried ashore the next morning, and placed under the protection of old Pilar, who dignified his doggerly of a house with the title of hotel. He was a Frenchman. He had married a Spanish-American lady some years before; a good-looking woman, with large, liquid eyes, that I had a wonderful fancy for gazing into; to whose care I probably owe it that I was not gathered, years ago, into the sheaves of the Grim Reaper.

The front apartment on the first floor was a bar-room. Old Pilar had several other invalids under his care. Indeed, I believe the consul gave him the preference in that regard, as several men were added to our number during the short period of my sojourn.

He had, also, a little boy, who answered to the name of Whong (Juan), and who so far took a fancy to me as to provide me with many a coveted



delicacy, for the want of which, so far as old Pilar's attentions were concerned, I might have gone to my last home.

Oh, how wearily the weeks dragged their hours away in that Spanish hovel. My sick-couch was an old settle. No one thought of retiring before midnight; for two hours of the morning, and the time from night-fall until midnight, were the only endurable portions of the whole twenty-four hours; and then, as soon as we laid our heads upon our pillows (mine was my monkey-jacket), the fleas carried the war into Africa. Groans and imprecations followed their ravenous onset; and there were few hours of the night in which I could not hear some gruff old sea-dog anathematizing the fleas. As the night waned, however, the enemy drew off their forces; and we slept the sleep of the weary.

We breakfasted at ten. The coffee—bah! let it pass. The principal dish was a huge omelet, consisting of eggs, onions, beef, vegetables—what not? and this, with a very palatable roll of baker's bread, was our bill of fare. We had no water, except such as was brought in casks, on the backs of mules, from some place leagues away. It was warm, muddy, brackish; and, but for a cup of tea with our four o'clock dinner, I must have died of thirst.

During the third week of my sojourn, old Pilar announced to us that we had best "bug up a little," as the consul was about to pay us a visit. We complied with the suggestion, and had but just completed our toilet, when his arrival was announced.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed old Pilar, in the tones of alarm, (his usual Spanish epithets were always exchanged for the native French when he was excited) *de consul 'ave bringe de ladies. Caramba!*"

Even so. Following the consul, and a grey-haired gentleman who accompanied him, were two ladies, one, as I thought, most unmistakably the consul's wife, the other, I conjectured, the old gentleman's daughter. The consul made some general inquiries, as a matter of form; but his aged companion, as well as the ladies, looked from one to another of the invalids, with an expression of genuine kindness that I can never forget. The old gentleman was drawn aside by the consul to look at old Pilar's temple-like bird-cage, which hung in the balcony, while the ladies lingered and questioned us as to our improvement. The younger said nothing. She was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of seventeen, with blue eyes, that peered timidly forth from a mass of curls, that fell from the slight restraint of a rich ribosa; and, as her eye met my own, I silently promised myself that, if human energy could accomplish it, she should be mine. They left us.

It was wonderful how I recovered. I gained new strength every day. I made the necessary inquiries of old Pilar, with the proper degree of caution, and learned that the old gentleman was Mr. Bathurst, the incumbent of the consulate many years before, and, for a long period, a resident of Payta. The young lady, he added, was his daughter; and both were about to embark for the United States.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"In what vessel?"

"In that barque—the *Angelina*," and he pointed to a vessel, at whose peak the French ensign was flying.

"When does she sail?"

"Next Monday."

"Thank you."

"Pas de tout, monsieur!"

It was but a few evenings afterwards that I was passing the residence of the captain of the port; an important dignitary, by the bye, in all the Spanish-American ports. He was holding a fandango. A violin, a clarinet, and a tenor drum, were the instruments used; and these were accompanied by singers in the nasal, minor tones of Spanish music. Of course there was a great deal of noise, to say nothing of the music. The door was open, and several sailors were standing around it, some of them very manifestly intoxicated. I paused a moment, and looked in. And there, dancing with a handsome Peruvian officer, was Miss Bathurst. It was late. The dance ceased. My charmer first left the room, accompanied by her father, who, I thought, seemed to be little pleased with the attentions of the young officer. He had left the door, when his host, the captain of the port, recalled him.

"Amigo mio!"

"Señor?"

Mr. Bathurst turned toward the house; leaving his daughter standing a few paces from the door, and saying to her—

"Stay here a single moment. I won't go in."

He went, accordingly, to the door, and was speaking in a low tone, when suddenly a drunken sailor approached the fair girl, and said—

"I say, sweetie; (hiccup!) shan't I (hic!) see ye home?"

He was in the act of seizing her arm, when I sprang forward, and, dealing him a blow that sent him reeling into the gutter, I turned toward the trembling girl, to assure her of her perfect safety, when I met the alarmed father face to face.

"'S death, sir! what are you doing here?"

"Protecting your daughter from insult, sir," I replied; and, turning on my heel, I sought my lodgings. The old gentleman called the next day at old Pilar's; apologised, thanked me, made proffer of his services "in any way," and ended by saying that it would afford him great pleasure to see me at his residence, but for the fact that he was busily engaged in making the necessary arrangements for sailing, on the following Monday, for the United States. I am afraid I did not receive his civilities with the best grace in the world; for, although he seemed a very benevolent, urbane old gentleman, he gave his shoulders the slightest possible shrug as he left me, as if he would have said—"Queer fellow, that. Can't approach him."

I went, that very day, to the consul, who very kindly waited on the captain

of the *Angelina*, and secured my passage to Valparaiso; where, he said, we should be obliged to procure a passage in some American homeward-bound vessel. The day arrived. I had been half an hour on board, when Mr. Bathurst and his daughter came alongside in the government barge, under the personal escort of the captain of the port. I now discovered that that functionary was a sailor, for he worked the *Angelina* gallantly out of the harbour. At length, he laid the main topsail to the mast, got on board his beautiful barge, and left us.

For many days we sailed, close-hauled, southward and westward. On that coast it never rains, and the air is so dry and clear that a ship seems like a thing of enchantment as she glides quietly along in the sunshine and the deep blue of the Pacific. We were well-nigh three weeks out when we passed Juan Fernandez, and as we were becalmed within three miles of it, it was decided that we should go on shore. So far, there had been little intercourse between the other passengers and myself. The occurrences at Payta caused a feeling of awkwardness that kept me aloof from them. On that day, however, the excitement of a jaunt on classic ground banished all reserve.

It is exceedingly difficult to land at Juan Fernandez. We had a crew, however, that was accustomed to land in the surf, and no danger was apprehended. We reckoned without our host; for, in urging the jolly-boat toward the shore, on the back of an enormous swell, an oar broke; and, in the confusion, she capsized. I was sitting by the side of Miss Bathurst. The wave was receding; and, as I fell, I very fortunately struck the bottom near a sharp spur of a mass of rocks. I grasped the arm of the fair girl, and clutching a point of the rock, I succeeded in getting a safe footing just in time to catch her in my arms and bear her to the shore. As it was, the swell reached my knees as it broke furiously upon the beach. Captain Dubois had not been idle, and with the assistance of his men, he had borne the old gentleman safely to land, and secured the boat and oars. Mr. Bathurst was considerably bruised; and, in our drunken condition, it was desirable to return at once to the ship. The mate had seen our mishap and sent us a boat. By the direction of the captain she lay at a short distance from the shore. A warp was thrown to us; and by her assistance we succeeded in getting safely through the surf. In a few minutes we were again on shipboard.

With a fresh breeze from the south-west we shaped our course for Coquimbo, at which port the *Angelina* was to discharge some two hundred tons of salt. There we were so fortunate as to find the good ship *Chili*, of Boston, Knowles, master, in which we obtained a passage home. I will not dwell upon the incidents of the passage. Enough to say, that we had a pleasant run of one hundred and four days to Cape Cod. It was near nightfall when we passed the cape. The wind being from the south-west, we hugged the southern shore, and two hours later took a pilot. The wind grew light and baffling. We bore away with the intention of going to leeward of "The Graves;" a reef on which I have, since that time, narrowly escaped shipwreck. We were quite near the reef, when suddenly the wind changed to the north-east. I was at that moment on the top-gallant fore-castle, a few moments before I had been conversing in low tones with Julia Bathurst. We spoke of the past. I ventured to say, for all reserve had long since been banished, that I hoped our intimacy was not to end with the voyage.

"Surely not!" was the reply; and she spoke of the obligations she had incurred in the earlier stage of our acquaintance. I know not what I said in reply, for I was in a flutter of excitement, but I have a tolerably distinct recollection that Julia dropped her eyes very suddenly to the deck, the seams of which she seemed to be making the subject of a philosophical investigation, while she picked the whipping from the end of the signal halyards with the very prettiest of all pretty fingers. We were interrupted, and with a light heart I went forward.

As the squall, with which the wind changed, struck the ship, the spunkier men flew fiercely to starboard prostrating Captain Knowles, Mr. Bathurst, and the mate to the deck. All were so much injured that they were incapable of giving any assistance in the management of the ship. The second mate was so much frightened that he stood irresolute. We were going rapidly astern, directly towards the rocks on which the surf was breaking in snow-white sheets, with a deafening roar, and a glance showed me that a moment's delay would be fatal.

"Hard a-port! Down with your helm! Hard down!" I shouted, at the top of my voice; and I sprang to the wheel, and aided the man in shifting it. It saved the ship. She grazed the rock as she made a stern-board. The second mate ordered the men to the braces; the ship was speedily got out of irons; and we bore away for Long Island light. At midnight we anchored.

A flattering letter from the owners of the ship, with the proffer of the berth of first officer on board the *Chili*, for her next voyage, were my reward. I entered at once on my new duties. A conversation with Julia, on the day before we sailed, gave me no grounds for despair. The next voyage, I took the weather side of the quarter-deck; and, on my return, Miss Julia Bathurst very obligingly exchanged her maiden name for that of—bless me, good reader, I had almost made you my father confessor.

NEWSPAPER READERS.—Shepstone, the poet, divides the readers of a newspaper into the following general classes:—"The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts; the tradesman, to the price of bread; the stock-jobber, to the lie of the day; the old maid, to marriages; the prodigal son, to deaths; the monopolist, to the hopes of a wet harvest; and the boarding-school miscreant, to everything that relates to Gretchen Green!"—"No man is ever satisfied," says Bishop Horne, "with another man's reading a newspaper to him; but the moment it is laid down, he takes it up and reads it over again."

# REVIEW.

GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD'S CATECHISMS. No. I.—NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. London: Houston & Spensman.

"GRANDFATHER WHITEHEAD" of *The Family Friend*, has commenced a series of *Catechisms*, that will be found alike acceptable to teachers and pupils. Something of the kind has been long needed. The *Scientific Dialogues*, by Joyce, once a very acceptable work, have gone out of date. These *Catechisms* introduce newly discovered facts in science, and the treatment of the subject is entirely novel.

"Montaigne says remarked, that 'a tutor should not be continually thundering instruction into the ears of his pupil, as if he were pouring it through a funnel; but after having put the lad, like a young horse, on a trot before him, to observe his paces, and see what he is able to perform, should, according to the extent of his capacity, induce him to taste, to distinguish, and to find out things for himself; sometimes opening the way, at other times leaving it for him to open; and by abating or increasing his own pace, accommodate his precepts to the capacity of his pupil.'

Once excited curiosity, then inquiry will follow, and the consequence will be, a desire to gratify that curiosity by acquiring knowledge. The ignorant or uneducated mind requires cultivation quite as much as the unproductive land on the good-side. In these *Catechisms* the pupil is led step by step, by a familiar and easy method, to acquire the requisite knowledge of the subject studied, which is still further elucidated by numerous diagrams and experiments.

The experiments are so contrived, that the apparatus required is of the most simple and inexpensive kind in most instances, and due regard has been paid throughout to simplicity and usefulness, rather than magnificence; the object being to render everything as plain and intelligible as possible, commensurate with the subject."

Introductory narratives are given to fix the attention, and increase the interest of the subject to the learner.

"These narratives are all founded upon facts, or are the actual biographies of eminent scientific men. The lessons have been constructed for weekly tuition, it being desirable that the first five days should be devoted to catechising, and the sixth to recapitulation, examination *à la voce*, or essay writing upon the subjects contained in the week's course of study."

## The first Catechism is founded upon

### THE STORY OF HALLAM, THE WEAVER'S BOY.

"Nearly a century and a half ago, great distress prevailed in a certain district in England, where there were but a few houses, peopled by labourers in the humblest condition of life; and, as the land was unproductive, and marshes, hemmed in by mountains, were to be seen far and wide, the earth did not bring forth sufficient to supply the wants of the people, so that many of them were obliged to leave the home of their childhood, and settle elsewhere. A poor lad, who had only received sufficient education to enable him to read, was removed from school to assist his father in his employment of stuff-weaving. The love of knowledge—the ardent desire of becoming a scholar—had taken possession of the youth, who devoted all his leisure moments, and even a portion of the time which his father required of him, to reading and writing. The father, instead of encouraging his son's fondness for study, forbade him to open a book, behaved with great harshness, and at length drove him from the house, telling him to go and seek his fortune where and how he chose. Weary, and uncertain where to go, he threw himself upon the earth, to reflect upon the course he must take; and, having refreshed himself at an adjoining brook, walked to the neighbouring village, and took up his abode in the house of a tailor's widow, with whose son he had been previously acquainted. He contrived to support himself by industry and frugality, and to add to his stock of knowledge by careful observation and reading. Soon after his arrival, a pedlar, who combined fortune-teller and astrologer with his own trade, came to lodge in the same house; and becoming intimate with Hallam—for such was the boy's name—instructed him in the various branches of knowledge that he was acquainted with, while pursuing his own trade of pedlar and itinerant merchant. From the astrologer-pedlar, he obtained the knowledge of the first principles of Natural Philosophy; and his naturally active and intelligent mind, improved by reading, extracted new and important facts from the incidents of every-day life with which he was surrounded.

The time for the departure of the pedlar arrived, and previous to setting off on his journey, he lent Hallam *Cooker's Arithmetick*, which had bound up with it a treatise on Algebra, and a work upon *Physics and Cosmology*. These he studied so thoroughly, that when the pedlar returned, he was astonished to find his quondam pupil had almost eclipsed his tutor, and forthwith proceeded to draw his horoscope, as he termed it, in order to discover the probable career of this wonderful lad.

Having concluded his observations, the pedlar predicted that in two years Hallam would surpass his tutor, and ultimately rise to be a great man; and the youth promised that, if such came to pass, he would not forget in his prosperity the instruction of the pedlar, and his kindness towards him.

Eighteen years have elapsed, and the prediction has been fulfilled, the lad abandoned his trade of weaver, turned schoolmaster, and married his landlady—the tailor's widow. He has passed through many phases in his journey through life; and notwithstanding the privations and hardships he encountered, has risen to a considerable eminence as a scholar, has been appointed Professor of Mathematics, and elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The few houses that were scattered upon the borders of the wild and desolate district where Hallam's father formerly lived, have increased in number and size; the marshes have been drained, the land tilled, the mountains quarried, and the whole aspect changed from desolation to the busy hum of commercial activity. Jacquard-looms have been erected, mills and factories built, and long lines of streets; so that, from being a village at first, it has grown into a city. He seeks out the aged pedlar, who still instructs the young, and labours for his bread; the old man has almost forgotten his pupil, but tears of joy suffuse his eyes, as the remembrance of other days is recalled. At eve, the two stroll towards the brow of the hill, Hallam supporting his aged tutor, and as they approach a mill on the road-side, they halt, for the pedlar is wearied and wishes to rest himself.

"This spot," said Hallam, "is where I reclined when my father drove me from his house; but how changed the prospect! The mountain's side is now peopled; and where the heath and furze grew around marshy land, the golden-earred corn bends to the breeze. Observe you how green it moves along the road; 'tis mine—aye, and all the factories beyond! So you must now leave off telling, and share them with me; for to your instruction I owe all."

"To mine!" replied the pedlar. "Yes, 'twas through the knowledge obtained from you, that I have risen to my present position. Your prediction ever before me, and with the desire of reaching the highest pinnacle of fame and honour, I worked incessantly; success crowned my efforts; and now, surrounded with wealth and honours, I must not forget the pedlar-astrologer, and his gift book of—*NATURAL PHILOSOPHY*."

Here is one of the lessons founded upon the above narrative.

LESSON V.—*Impenetrability, &c.*—We have learned how bodies may be extended, and how compressed; and have also ascertained that all bodies are porous. Now these facts are all very important, especially when they are associated with other matters which we shall consider hereafter. They are intimately connected with the affairs of every-day life, and are therefore of great consequence. Hallam had become conversant with the laws which regulate them, and was led on step by step until he applied the knowledge he thus acquired to useful purposes. He learned that even solid bodies may be made to expand or contract without diminishing their mass, and he also learned that solid bodies have pores or interstices between their particles. Hallam had, yet to learn more of the principles of Natural Philosophy; so have we.

QUESTIONS.—52. T.—You said that all bodies have pores at intervals between their particles; how do you know this?

P.—It has been discovered by experiment, and I know it by reading. More than two centuries ago it was proved by experiment, at the Academy Del Disegno, in Florence, that gold was porous; the experience was the result of accident, but is established the fact that water may be made to pass through gold.

53. T.—Then you would imply, that because all bodies are compressible, there are interstices between their particles.

P.—Certainly, but the size of the pores varies in different substances. Thus, one substance may contain 10,000 pores in a square inch, and another 100,000 pores in the same space. In the former case, the pores are considerably larger than in the latter.

54. T.—What is the effect of the pores of a body being closer together?

P.—The substance itself is rendered more dense.

55. T.—What do you mean by being dense?

P.—The density of bodies depends upon the proximity of their particles; and therefore, the greater the density of any substance, the less will be the porosity. The density of a body is the relation of its weight to its volume, and therefore indicates its specific gravity, a property we shall consider on another occasion.

56. T.—How can you prove that bodies have pores?

P.—By a very simple experiment. [Experiment 10.] I have here a piece of wood, with a wire fastened to it, and a tumbler of water. I will plunge the wood into the water, and keep it at the bottom of the tumbler by means of the wire (performing the experiment). You see that several bubbles of air are rising to the surface; they have escaped from the pores of the wood, which are being filled with water instead. If there were not any interstices it would be impossible for the air to be in the substance of the wood, because it is contrary to one of the established general laws of Natural Philosophy.

57. T.—Is the knowledge of the porosity of bodies applied to any useful or scientific purposes?

P.—Yes; filtration is based upon, and electrotyping is under obligations to it.

58. T.—Can you adduce any further proofs of the universal porosity of bodies?

P.—Yes; many bodies are capable of compression merely by mechanical force, and this I will explain by a simple experiment. [Experiment 11.] I have here a basin of water, and a piece of cork floating upon the surface; I will take an empty tumbler (which is commonly termed, but actually filled with air) and invert it over the cork, so that the edge shall just be below the water; the air is now confined within the tumbler, and occupies a given space, but if I plunge the tumbler below the surface, and keep it there, it will be found that the water rises to a certain height above the level of the basin, and the deeper that it is plunged the more the cork rises in the tumbler; but as the pressure is removed and the goblet rises, it will be found that the water descends and the cork with it, because the air expands. Thus you will see that air is capable of being compressed—a sufficient proof of its porosity.

59. T.—Why did not the water fill the tumbler when you plunged it below the surface?

P.—Because, as the air was in the tumbler, the water could not occupy the same space at the same time, and, therefore, the experiment also proves the IMPENETRABILITY of the air.

60. T.—What do you mean by impenetrability?

P.—By the impenetrability of bodies is meant, that no two particles of matter can occupy the same identical portion of space at the same moment.

61. T.—How can you prove this?

P.—By experiment. [Experiment 12.] I have here a piece of clay, and a bullet, which I will enclose within the clay. Now it is quite impossible to make another bullet occupy the cavity that contains the first bullet as long as it is there. This you will readily understand, because it is like trying to pour a pint of water into a pint measure already full of water. Again, if I drive a nail into a piece of wood, the effect is only to compress the wood, because it is impossible that the wood and nail can be in the same identical space at the same precise time.

62. T.—Has this knowledge of the impenetrability of bodies been usefully employed?

P.—Yes; the principle of the wedge is founded upon it. In the annexed diagram you will see the explanation of the law; the point of the wedge has been inserted into a block of wood by a blow from a hammer, and has displaced the wood by compression. The substance of the wood is dividing, because it cannot be compressed any more.

63. T.—If you remove the wedge, does the wood resume its former shape, and occupy the space it did before the wedge was driven in?

P.—No; because, unlike the air in the tumbler, it is not elastic, otherwise it would resume its former dimensions.

64. T.—Are not all bodies elastic?

P.—No, lead or iron may be compressed or diminished in size, but they cannot resume their former volume, and therefore we learn that elasticity does not always accompany compressibility.

65. T.—Then am I to understand that elasticity is the power by which a body resumes its figure or volume, after that figure or volume has been altered by the action of any force?

P.—Yes, undoubtedly, after the force that caused the alteration of the figure has ceased to act—not otherwise; and that power is found in solid and fluid bodies.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON LESSON V.—1. How do you know that all bodies have pores between their particles?

2. What is the result of the greater proximity of the pores of bodies?
3. What is meant by the density of bodies?
4. Can you prove the porosity of bodies?
5. Is it possible for two bodies to occupy the same space at the same time?
6. What do you call this natural law of bodies?
7. How can you prove the impenetrability of bodies?
8. Has the knowledge of the impenetrability of bodies been practically applied?
9. Do all bodies possess the property of resuming their former volume after being compressed?
10. What is this property of matter named?

These *Catechisms* will be found to supply excellent "HOME COMPANIONS," and as such we strongly recommend them. The series will be completed in twelve numbers, price twopence each, and will include the whole range of the natural sciences.







## THE ROAST TURKEY

A LADDER FOR THE DISSENTING.

A GENTLEMAN, one of the eastern towns of Massachusetts, had a servant in his employ, who gave him not a little trouble on account of the complaints he made on the subject of his victuals.

As is usual in many families, whatever remained from the table of the dining-room was placed upon that in the kitchen—the inmates of the latter fared in all respects as well as those in the former, with the exception of their being last served.

The gentleman, of whom we speak, took especial pains that there should be no lack of provisions for the supply of all in his house, and was therefore at a loss to understand the grounds of complaint thus made by his servant.

One day, as he was passing through the kitchen, an opportunity presented itself for making some inquiries on the subject. While the other servants were partaking of their dinner with a keen relish, Sam, the disaffected servant, was tasting of it as reluctantly as if poison had been mixed with his food.

"How is it, Sam," said the gentleman, "that you are dissatisfied with your living—you fare the same as I do, and yet you are not contented?"

"I know it," said Sam, who was fresh from the country, "but then I guess you are a little more fonder of corned beef than I be, to make a meal of it so often."

"Corned beef!" said the gentleman, "I am indeed very partial to that dish, and am sorry that it is not equally as agreeable to your taste—but since you are so fastidious, tell me what dish of all others you would prefer, and you shall be entertained with it."

"Why, roast turkey, to be sure," quoth Sam. "I guess I aint seen nothing of that sort this many a day."

"And do you think, Sam, you would be contented to fare on roast turkey every day?"

"I guess, miester, if you'd only try me, you'd think so—nothing I relishes so hugely as roast turkey."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, "to-morrow you shall be gratified—a turkey shall be roasted for your especial benefit—no one but yourself shall partake of it, and you shall eat of no other meat till the turkey is gone."

"By gumption!" exclaimed Sam, "I agree to that willingly."

The next morning the gentleman went into the market and purchased the largest and fattest turkey he could find, and sent it home with directions to be roasted and placed upon a separate table for Sam.

In this he was strictly obeyed—the turkey was stuffed and roasted in the best style, and when Sam made his appearance at the dinner hour, he found it smoking on the table which had been set for his sole occupation.

"By gauley, now! if that ain't curious, thought!" said Sam, drawing up a chair to the table, at the same time sinacking his lips and casting his eyes on the scene before him.

Forthwith he attacked the turkey in his own fashion, cutting a slice here, and a slice there, just as inclination led him, without undertaking the slow and tedious operation of carving it, and having finished his dinner, he stretched himself out with the self-complacent air of an alderman.

The next day, the turkey was again served up as before, upon which, and upon which alone, Sam made his dinner with apparent satisfaction.

The third day, when the gobbler, shaved of his pinions and his exterior, was placed upon the table, Sam was not quite so prompt in commencing operations.

Casting a wistful glance at his fellows, who were regaling themselves to a variety of dishes, Sam offered to exchange with them a portion of his turkey for a slice of beef. But to this proposition, having received instructions how to act in such an event, they all declined acceding, so Sam was forced to make out his meal upon the cold carcass of the turkey.

The fourth day and the fifth came and departed, and found Sam still at work upon his turkey, more than two-thirds of which was now consumed. He was by this time heartily sick of his bargain—pride prevented him from making complaint, while hunger compelled him to eat what had become an object of disgust and loathing. At the end of a week's time, the turkey was reduced to a mere skeleton, and Sam was thanking his stars that he should soon see no more of it, when his master entered the kitchen and found him at his last meal.

"Well, Sam," said he, "I see you've about finished the first turkey—it is high time for me to look out for another."

"What, another!" echoed Sam, "another turkey! you don't think a man can live on nothing but roast turkey, do you?"

"Certainly, I think you can—you cannot find fault with roast turkey—it is a dish of your own choosing."

"I know it—I know it," said Sam; "but who would have thought of turkey to-day, and turkey every day—why, I'd as lief feed on corned beef at that rate, and a little hief."

"But, Sam, you are neither satisfied with living as I do, nor with living as you prefer yourself—neither with corned beef nor with roast turkey—what shall I do in such a case?"

"Oh! anything! I'll feed on cats—roast dogs—anything but roast turkey—I can't go that—don't make me eat another."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, "if you think you can content yourself to fare as I do—to take pot-luck when I take pot-luck and roast turkey when I do, and if you can do so without complaining, I consent that to-morrow you return to your old way of living."

"Oh, yes, I consent to anything," said Sam—"anything but roast turkey."

## THE HOME COMPANION—UNIVERSAL DIAL.

We present to our readers at page 214, a *DIAL*, showing the difference of time in every quarter of the world, calculated with extreme care, and revised by Mr. Bennett, watchmaker, of Chesapeake, by the aid of which, those of our friends who have connections in far-distant lands, will be enabled, by the powerful aid of fancy, to conjecture the various occupations in which those removed from them may be engaged, by the hours marked on the dial, and also contrast them with their own pursuits "at home!" Thus, when "night's sable mantle" veils our own portion of earth, and we may be in our beds dreaming of those endeared to us by ties of friendship or relationship, dwelling beyond the ocean, the objects of our visions are actively engaged in the duties of their several avocations, with the glorious sunshine cheering them on to exertion; and when we, in our European homes, may be gathered round the domestic board, partaking of its social comforts, the "absent ones" in far Australian climes are resting from their labours, and gathering fresh strength in slumber for the duties of the morrow.

The novel and interesting *Dial* now presented to our subscribers, will, we have no doubt, awaken many pleasing associations of thought, to which, as their "Home Companion," we are always desirous to contribute.

The time at any particular place on the surface of the earth, is determined by the position of that place with regard to the sun. If the sun be on the meridian, it is 12 at noon; and all places east will have had their time earlier, and all places west will have their time later than 12. The distance of any place east or west is called its longitude.

The earth turns on its axis from west to east, thus bringing all places eastward opposite to the sun earlier. If we take any place, as Calcutta, it will have noon 5 hours 52 minutes earlier than London; so that when the sun passes the meridian at London, it has passed the meridian at Calcutta 5 hours and 52 minutes; and this is the mean solar time at Calcutta. Mean solar time is to be understood as that time which is measured by the rotation of any point on the earth's surface from the sun to the sun again; and as the sun has moved in the interval by the annual revolution of the earth, it differs from sidereal time, which measures the true rotation of the earth on its axis; namely, any particular place moving by the rotation of the earth from one star to the same star again.

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 201).

## CHAPTER VII.—THE MYSTERIOUS GUIDE.

It was past midnight, and silence once more reigned in the Piqua village. Chief, warrior, woman, and children, all had retired to their several places of repose. We say all; but we must except the sentinels that guarded the town, the guard set over the prisoners, and the prisoners themselves, with whom poignant thought was too busy to permit of sleep, or even rest. The morrow was looked forward to by one party as a day of splendid amusement and savage delight—by the other, as a day of calamity the most terrible.

In one of the largest lodges the female captives were all confined together—an unusual occurrence—and three old hags were placed over them, whose duty it was to sit up and watch all night, to prevent the recurrence of a scene similar to the one we have previously described. The night was cold, but still cloudy and dark, and the female prisoners were huddled together, in one corner, with no other bed than the damp ground, and no other covering than the few pieces of wearing apparel which they had been allowed to retain since being robbed of the balance. The old hags, with warm skins thrown over their shoulders, and wrapped around their persons, were squatted upon the earth, near the only door of the wigwam. Till a late hour they smoked their pipes and talked over the events of the day, and at last became silent, and, if the truth must be told, began to doze, and nod, notwithstanding they had been repeatedly charged to be very watchful. Had there been but one, it is altogether probable she would not have suffered her eyes to close for an instant; but there being three, all felt more confidence, and became more careless, in consequence of each relying upon her companion's vigilance. Suffice it to say that it was hardly an hour past midnight, ere, from nodding and dozing, in a dreamy state, all glided into the utter forgetfulness of a heavy sleep. Even the white females, with all the painful incidents of the past day fresh in their memory—with all the horrors of the coming day staring them in the face, began to doze; for such is our nature, that long fatigue and excitement will cause us to sleep upon the very brink of death—the awful threshold of eternity.

Lucy and her mother had, by the arrangement of the night, been brought together, and left to comfort each other—a circumstance which had not before occurred since their captivity. Entwined in each other's arms, they had mingled their tears, and had both united in a fervent prayer to the great Father of Mercy, that he would deliver them from the hands of the enemy, with the friends they loved, or take them to himself. Weeping, and praying, and striving to console each other with words of hope, which each believed to be fallacious, and which were spoken in whispers too low to reach any ears but their own, they gradually fell into that state which can neither properly be called sleeping nor waking, but which partakes very strongly of both.



"Yes, it was a human being—an Indian—and if not an Indian, it at least had all the appearance of one, even to the habiliments and paint. As this mysterious nocturnal visitant rose to his feet, he moved softly around the lodge, and, at the point where the prisoners were huddled together, began to remove the outside covering, as if to effect another entrance.

At this moment, had you, reader, been standing close beside the lodge without, within a step of the entrance, with your eyes fixed on the ground at your feet, you would doubtless have observed some object, which, owing to the darkness, you would, without closer inspection, have pronounced a log of wood, a stone, a slight elevation of the ground, or anything in short, but what it really was. But had you watched it closely for a few minutes, you would have been undeceived as to its being a collection of inanimate matter; for though you might not have seen or heard it move, you could not have failed to be made aware that its length gradually shortened, as if it were being drawn into the wigwam. Three minutes later, you would have found it had entirely vanished, without being much the wiser as to what it really was.

In another five minutes, had you waited patiently, you might have seen the same object reappear, but much quicker than it had disappeared, and, by its suddenly rising to an erect posture, you would have pronounced it a human being, and made no mistake.

Yes, it was a human being—a man—and if not an Indian, it at least had all the appearance of one, even to the habiliments and paint. As this mysterious nocturnal visitant rose to his feet, he moved softly around the lodge, and, at the point where the prisoners were huddled together, began to remove the outside covering, as if to effect another entrance. In this proceeding he was not long engaged, when, from the dark hut, a single female figure glided to his side, and then another and another, till at last not less than ten surrounded him, all as silent as spectres, and to which, in the manner of making their appearance, without noise, they might be truly likened.

Not a word was spoken—not a whisper breathed—not a respiration, sigh, or sound of any kind was audible, as the liberator of the captives proceeded to close up the orifice he had made in the building. When he had completed this, he drew close to each female, and made signs of silence, by placing his finger upon his lips; and warned them of the danger of discovery, by rapidly going through the motions of taking a scalp. He then glided away in the darkness, apparently without touching the earth, and the ten figures followed, Indian file, in the same silent and stealthy manner.

For something like ten minutes, they carefully threaded their way among the clustering lodges, which could just be discerned in time to be avoided; and then, with a degree of joy amounting almost to wildness, but which they were forced to restrain, the prisoners found themselves on the outskirts of the town, and on the borders of a mighty forest. The guide still continued, with stealthy tread and guarded silence, to pick his way among the trees, as he had done among the huts; and, as well as they could, the captives imitated his movements. It was of course impossible to prevent their feet from causing the dead leaves to rattle; while here and there the sharp snapping of a dry twig made many a heart beat almost audibly with fear.

For several minutes all went well, and the prisoners were just congratulating themselves, mentally, upon having passed all immediate danger, when the guide suddenly stopped, and in the lowest possible whisper, said, "Hist!" so low, indeed, that it had to be repeated half way down the file to make the last one hear it.

It must be confessed that, for females, the captives had so far behaved with the most praiseworthy prudence; and for once ten females' tongues had done sufficient penance to pardon ten hundred gossips, by keeping still at a time when a few inquiries, if only for curiosity sake, would have been a wonderful relief to minds wrought up to the highest degree of mysterious excitement. And now, when all heard the word "hist," the questions, "What is it? what has happened? is there great danger?" were upon every tongue, but fortunately were not spoken.

As soon as the guide had uttered his warning exclamation, he dropped upon his knees, applied his ear to the ground, and listened. Then rising to his feet, he made signs to the one nearest to him not to speak nor stir; and she, in the same silent way, communicated it to the next behind her, and so it went down the line. The guide then strode forward, and a single moment sufficed to lose his figure in the pitchy darkness; but the unavoidable crushing of the dry leaves could be heard some time longer, indicating the course he had taken.

At last all became still, and a short but painful suspense succeeded. Suddenly, all were startled by an Indian exclamation, like the challenge of a sentinel. There was a reply in another voice, and then a conversation in low tones followed. This lasted only a few moments, and was apparently broken off by the treacherous commission of a terrible crime—for a sentence, seemingly only half completed, was ended by a sharp groan; and then was heard a dull sound, as of the fall of some heavy body.

The females now became really terrified, and, no longer able to control their feelings, had just begun to consult one another, in startling whispers, upon what was the best thing to be done under the circumstances, when a voice close to them said—

"Follow!"

It was the voice of their liberator; and though it in a great measure reassured them, yet it was with trembling steps and palpitating hearts they complied with his request. The recollection of that groan, and the fall and silence that succeeded it, made them shudder; for the suspicion that murder had been done seized upon them, and could not be reasoned away. True, it might be it was murder in self defence, to save their own lives, and the life of their conductor; but it was still a fearful thing to think of, even under the exciting circumstances in which they were placed. No questions were asked of their guide, however, and no explanations were made by him, but all continued to move forward silently and stealthily.

At length they came to a small stream, one of the tributaries of the

Miami, which the guide entered, followed in turn by the others. The run was not deep, but rapid, and it was with no little difficulty that the females could maintain a foothold on the slippery stones that formed its bed. The water, too, was so cold as to be painful, and the persons who had previously known but few or no hardships, this walking a rivulet in the late hours of a freezing night, was a trial of a very severe nature. And when we add the fact that the prisoners knew nothing of whether they were going, or for what purpose, we think we can safely say, that they displayed a degree of prudence and firmness that might well place them in the rank of heroines.

True, they believed they were escaping from a barbarous captivity; but the only reason they had for supposing so, were the few sentences in broken English, which the guide had conveyed to one of them, in whispers, during the interval of his entering and coming out of the hut in which they were confined. It so chanced that the first one he addressed was the wife of an officer who had fallen in the battle we described in the opening chapter, and one of the six that sought to escape under the escort of Sergeant Bomb. She was a woman of great firmness, and strong nerve; and when she was suddenly aroused from a kind of dreamy doze, by feeling a strange, cold hand touch hers, she had sufficient presence of mind not to make the least noise.

"Would pale-face escape?" was whispered in her ear.

"Yes," was the eager reply.

"Hist! no noise—squaw wake!" was the rejoinder. "Tell friends so. When pale-face squaw see hole in lodge, him come. If speak, if scream, him lost;" and with this the hand was withdrawn, and, by the slightest movement of the skin at the door of the hut shortly after, she felt certain that the mysterious visitant had made his exit.

She had then proceeded to gently rouse the others, and communicate what she had heard: and had so well succeeded in conveying the information, and impressing upon them the importance of silence, that all escaped, as we have seen, without creating the least alarm; and believing their fate could not be changed for the worse, all had quietly followed their guide, who, so far, had offered no explanation. But to return.

After continuing up the stream for some thirty or forty yards, the guide came out of the water, and held the same course on the land for a similar distance, when he again entered the stream, and facing about, proceeded to retrace his steps, the females still following, but greatly wondering what would be the result of this apparent change of purpose—they not having had experience enough in Indian wiles and cunning to know that the object of their conductor was to break the trail, and, if possible, baffle the parties that were sure to be out in pursuit, as soon as the escape of the captives should become known.

Continuing now down the bed of the stream, the guide passed the place where the whole party had at first entered the water, and, as the creek ran close to the northern extremity of the village, the captives began to entertain fears that he had changed his first generous intentions, and was now leading them back to savage bondage.

"Why do you return, friend?" queried the foremost, in a whisper—the same the guide had first spoken to, and who was the widow of Captain Marvale, slain in battle.

"Tush!—no speak!—lose scalp!" was the warning reply; and again a long silence followed, during which nothing could be heard but the rippling murmur of the stream, as it dashed along its rocky bed, with occasionally a splash, as now and then a foot slipped in the water; and which slips were rendered more frequent, in consequence of the feet being benumbed with cold.

At last the party came opposite the village, and the stream, which thus far had ran swift and shallow, now began to grow still and deep. The guide here came to a halt, and merely whispering, "Squaw no breathe now," he continued to move forward some eight or ten yards, in which distance the water deepened from eight inches to three feet. Approaching the bank farthest from the town, this mysterious individual now unloosed three canoes, and waded back, drawing them after him. These canoes were securely lashed together, side by side, with strips of deer-skin; and in consequence of this, were rendered almost secure against upsetting, even in a rapid and serpentine current.

The mysterious Indian now informed the prisoners, in whispers, and in his own peculiar manner, that they must enter these boats, and in no case allow the slightest exclamation to escape them, no matter what might happen, nor how severely they might be tried by perceptible dangers. Seating four in each of the side-boats, and the remaining two in the centre one, he entered this last himself, and standing erect in the bow, with a long paddle in his hands, made a few vigorous but silent sweeps, and then allowed his singular craft to float quietly down the stream.

For a time all went smoothly, safely, and silently, and the town was almost passed, when the musical sound of running water began to be audible, gradually growing louder, till presently all became aware they were approaching either a cascade or furious rapids. Had there been light sufficient for the purpose, there might have been seen many a pale face and compressed lip in that triple barge, as it slowly but surely floated down towards the rushing waters, whose first low, distant murmurs were now changed to a solemn, heavy roar.

"Hist!" whispered the guide; and his words were uttered with that fearful distinctness which, more than louder tones, impress one with something awful and mysterious; "Hist! Squaw no speak—no move."

Scarcely was the warning given, when a slight shock was felt underneath, and the boats were sent forward with a velocity that showed they had struck the rapid. Now to this side, now to that, were they suddenly shifted by the winding current; dipping here and dipping there, and jerking, and rocking,

and obeying every vibration and impulse of the water, but still floating onward as airy and buoyant as a feather or cork. Swifter and more with now speed the boats, and lower and more loud comes up the roar of the foaming waters from below, giving one the impression of a fearful chaos, down which one is about to plunge and be forever engulphed in a whirling pool.

On, on sped the boats, and every breath is held, and every heart has ceased to beat, in fearful expectation. Now the last dread moment has come. The boats are suddenly lifted, as by giant hands, and flung forward into the boiling, hissing, foaming surge. Round, round, here and there, right and left, up and down they go; and the flailing of the furious element, and its thundering roar, are all that can be seen and heard by their helpless inmates, as, speechless with terror, they cling spasmodically to their frail sides, and to one another, and mentally call on God for mercy. Suddenly a more fearful shock is felt—a downward, lightning plunge is given—and now just at the moment when all hope is lost, and the agonized shriek of despair is about to be uttered, the boats glide off quietly into still water, and the roar of the rapids is heard behind.

"Danger past—squaw brave," spoke the guide, drawing a long breath of relief; and with his single oar, he gave the boats a vigorous shove, which sent them farther from the hissing waters. "Squaw safe," he continued, "if him make no noise;" and still using his paddle gracefully and skillfully on either side, he kept the boats in motion.

Presently a slight grating underneath, and the stoppage of the boats, together with a dark mass of something looming up above them, assured the still trembling captives that they had gained land at last. The guide now bade them remain quietly where they were; and stepping ashore, he made the boats fast, and strode away along the beach, and beside the rocky bluff, that rose almost perpendicularly above him to the height of fifty feet. Suddenly he disappeared into a narrow fissure of the rocks, and was absent some five or ten minutes, when he reappeared, and returned to the females.

"Squaw, now come," he said, in a low, guarded tone; and immediately retracing his steps, he led his wandering followers in between gigantic rocks, where all was total darkness.

The change in the air, and the narrow covered passage, convinced the more experienced of the party that they were entering a cavern; while the others, completely bewildered with their already strange adventures, hardly knew whether the things around them were real, or whether they were being made the sport of some wild, fantastic dream.

At length, after following the guide for a considerable distance, through a winding, zig-zag passage, which apparently had no outlet or termination, Mrs. Mervale, who was still the foremost of the females, came to a halt, and said—

"Mysterious being, be you friend or foe, I will go no farther, till you tell me whither you are leading us."

"Me no traitor," answered the guide, in a tone that showed he felt offended by the suspicion. "Me friend—squaw friend—warrior friend."

"But say, whither are you conducting us?"

"Spouse me ne say?"

"Then you would lead us to suppose you have some sinister intention?"

"What squaw do den?" queried the other.

"Refuse to go," answered Mrs. Mervale, resolutely.

"Squaw no stand there all time, eh?"

"But we would go back."

"Where go? Injun wigwam, eh?"

"Oh! no, not there. Heaven help us; for I perceive we are too impotent to help ourselves, and we must perforce rely upon your mercy."

"Oh! heaven help us, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Danforth. "Alas! what will become of us, and my poor husband! Ah! well I know what will become of him, for to-morrow he will die at the stake!" and the poor woman fell to weeping, and moaning piteously.

"Oh, mother—dear, dear mother—do not say that!" cried Lucy, bursting into tears.

The silence once broken by speech, the poor females, one and all, were in a fair way to give loud vent to their long pent-up griefs, when the guide restored order, by exclaiming:—

"Hist! Injun have big ears—hear great way. Squaw be still, and come, and pale-face warrior no die; if don't, him burn to-morrow."

"Lead on, then! lead on!—oh, for Heaven's sake! lead on, and we will do as you desire," returned Mrs. Danforth, in great agitation.

The guide said no more, and the party again proceeded in silence. A few more turns in the rough passage, and they were agreeably surprised to find themselves entering a large dry cave, in the central part of which was burning a fire, whose ruddy blaze formed a cheerful contrast to the cold dreary night without. Near the fire were several large pitch-pine knots, to serve them both for fuel and light; and the mysterious guide showed them a quantity of hominy also, which had been conveyed hither expressly for their own use, in the event of their being obliged to remain here any length of time.

He then warned them they must in no case leave the cave till his return, even though his absence should extend to a week. Giving them some other advice, unnecessary for us to repeat, he left them to themselves, and rethreaded his way through the narrow passage leading to the water's edge. On reaching the canoes, he cut the thongs that bound them together, and proceeded to secrete two of them in the mouth of the cave. This done, he jumped into the third, and with several strokes of his paddle, sent it floating down the stream. For a moment or two, his dark figure, standing erect in the boat, could be faintly traced in the dim light; and then it blended with the darkness, and was lost in the gloom.

(Continued in No. 12.)



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## THE HOME COMPANION:

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### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. VIII.—“A YOUNG MAN MUST SOW HIS WILD OATS.”

This is very bad farming. We appeal to the most inveterate protectionist, the most distressed farmer that ever lived, the sturdiest stickler for ploughing as our fathers ploughed, and sowing as our fathers sowed, whether it would not be the very worst possible style of farming, for a young farmer to sow wild oats all over his estate—to plant weeds and thistles in every field. Would it not be found that the wild oats would destroy the crop of grain; that the weeds and thistles would overpower the grass, until the whole presented a wide and melancholy ruin, which long years and large capital could scarcely bring again into a profitable state? As in the physical world, so in the moral world; the seeds of vice once sown are difficult to eradicate, and the wilful cultivation of these in the human heart will produce a still wider ruin than the worst weeds which ever mocked the hopes of the husbandman.

The world has got into a very foolish habit of not calling things by their right names; and, generally speaking, the more foul the thing is, the sorer is the appellation which the world applies to it. In the present instance, the wilder the follies in which a young man indulges, the deeper the vices into which he plunges, the more tightly is the mouth screwed up to call it “sowing his wild oats.” A quaint writer asks and answers this question:—“What doth this phrase of sowing wild oats signify? Doth it not amount to this—that man, having lost his primeval innocence, shall take good care that he never regain it? That he doth well, if, after having given all the cream and richness of his life to Belial, he shall haply carry the sour milk thereof to God?” But we are not going to write a homily, however serious may be the aspect which the subject presents. We fear, indeed, that he who “soweth wild oats” will find, to his cost, that “ill weeds grow apace.” There is many a young man just entering the world, who would avoid those actions which give rise to the saying, if it were not for the veil which this very saying throws over their hideousness. But as he hears the lips of beauty apologetically muttering “he is only sowing his wild oats,” when some instance of vile profligacy is told, or some tale of innocence undermined, related, he begins to look upon such actions as the natural and excusable effects of ardent youth; he thinks that he, too, may be pardoned for scattering similar seeds on the highway of life; and is, perhaps, unconscious that the soil in which they will take the firmest and deepest root is his own mind. “*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*”—no man becomes vicious on a sudden. The appetite for vice increases with what it feeds on; like the taste for olives, it may be nauseous at first, but by repetition we come to like it, and at length it becomes a fixed desire of the mind; we have sown the seeds, and unfortunately we must reap the fruits. We need not sow these wild oats, but once having so done, we must take the consequences.

An old French writer has said, that “disgust stands at the door of all bad passions.” It may be so; but it is to be feared that we too often put her behind the door as we enter; and it is only when we would come out that we meet her face to face. We cover up her form with all kinds of disguises; we endeavour to cheat ourselves into the belief that disgust is not her real name, and that it is not the door of vice at which she stands sentinel; and as we pass her by and enter, we console ourselves with the thought that we are only having a bit of a spree! that we are in for a lark! or at any rate, that we “must sow some of our wild oats.” We are confident in ourselves, have great reliance on our own correct principles and right intentions, and delude ourselves into the belief that we are only gaining a little knowledge of the world, and showing ourselves to be youths of spirit. And a most miserable delusion this, is—fostered and encouraged by the wretched fallacy we are

illustrating; and by the pernicious habit of gliding over vile things with colloquial names. We begin, perhaps, by sowing our seeds with a careful hand, scattering a few here and a few there, with long intervals between them; we are not alarmed by any very great expenditure of seed; we hardly fancy that the correct principles on which we rely, are disturbed or shaken by their slight deviations from the strict rule of right; we still keep to the common routine of our duties, while we are imperceptibly being led into temptations that, by degrees, cause us to scatter the seeds more thickly, and with fewer intervals between them. And we go on “sowing the wild oats” until the days of our youth are past, and when a miserable and premature old age draws on, we find that the tillage is not yet complete; it is only when infirmities have rendered it impossible to pursue our former course, that the seed time is over; and the harvest comes upon us at once in the shape of pains and penalties grievous to bear. We forsake not the plough until the power to sow is departed. We forsake not the sin until the sin forsakes us.

How often do we hear it said, both by parents and friends, that it is right for a young man to know the world, and that he will avoid vices all the more for having tasted it, and found what it is like. Bad judges of human nature and of human appetites, are these! If, in order to know the world, a knowledge of its vicious habits be necessary, there is no need to enter into them to acquire that knowledge; they meet us at every corner of the streets, in forms loathsome enough to repel us as if from the blast of contagion. But when we mix ourselves up in the scenes of vice, the heated imagination draws a veil over the loathsomeness; our sensual appetites become excited, and we rush into the practice of those very vices which knowledge was to teach us to avoid. Unfortunately for human nature, the first “sowing of wild oats,” the first steps in vice, are accompanied, too frequently, with pleasurable associations, and are recalled to our recollections under the most flattering aspects. It is as a magical stream, so seducing in its bland and genial influence, that having once ventured in so far as to wet but the soles of our feet, it sweeps us onward to the frightful vortex, where all is lost in ruin and desolation. In pursuit of present pleasure, of momentary gratification, men neglect the strongest evidence of future pain; they daily with that which corrupts body and soul, until, like the silly moth, which, at the instant we write this, is wheeling round the attractive flame of the candle, they sink to the earth in incurable agony. And then we find—

“Thus are our pleasant vices  
Ever made the whips to scourge us through the world.”

These first seeds, once sown, we suffer our memories to play the traitor to our consciences, and by dwelling continually on the pleasurable sensations, and carefully excluding from our thoughts the subsequent pains and penalties, we foster within ourselves the morbid desire to repeat the experiment; just as the intemperate continually dwell on the pleasurable sensations of the incipient stages of intoxication, and dismiss as much as possible from their thoughts the subsequent headache and nausea. And too many, encouraged by the false notion that they “must sow their wild oats,” give way to the ungoverned passions of youth, and pursue the reckless enjoyment of the present moment regardless of all its future consequences. And the habit of indulgence once formed, will go on increasing, in spite of all the delusions that we are only learning to know the world—are only “sowing our wild oats.” One vice will promote another, one excess succeed another, sin engenders sin, and—

“Like a rock thrown on the placid surface  
Of the lake, ’twill form its eddies, round succeeding round,  
Each wider than the last.”

We have had several examples lately, of the “sowing of wild oats,” more particularly among the young men connected with the army. Some most disastrous exposures have been made through the publicity of the courts of law. The newspapers, every now and then, speak of defaulters who have been compelled to sell their commissions, and quit their profession; and rumours are rife as to the squandering, by a young soldier, of an enormous property, connected with a most honourable name, in less time than poor peacocks flay a rooster through his scalp. The fatal propensity to gambling seems most common among the idle military who crowd our metropolis; the excitement of the bottle has been voted vulgar among them, and they turn to another excitement, almost equally pernicious. We remember to have heard of one young nobleman, whose name was more familiar in the police courts than in the senate, that, among the plentiful crop of “wild oats” that he had sowed, he could never be tempted to gamble. It was in vain that the profligates and knaves, by whom he was too often surrounded, sought to prey upon his purse in a different and more extensive manner than he chose; it was in vain they sought the opportunity, when wine had wrought its effects upon his brain, and judgment might have been supposed to have been overcome by its fumes. He had one answer always ready for all their solicitations: “Why should I wish to win your money; I have enough of my own, and I prefer spending mine in a different manner, to losing it at stupid cards and dice. Push round the bottle; let us have a jolly spree.” Whatever inroads upon his health and constitution the prodigal sowing of “wild oats” may have caused; whatever injury he may have done to others by the low and vulgar riots, the profligate scenes of debauchery into which his example dragged them, yet no inroads were made upon his property; that still remains to sweeten the “sour milk of life,” when health will no longer permit the same course to be followed—when time and consideration have, in some degree, deprived him of the taste for these vices, and given him an opportunity, it is to be hoped, to eradicate the foul weeds that were so plentifully sown in his early career. But, among our military men, the curse of gambling seems to be the predominant vice—the favourite mode of “sowing their wild oats.” They do not appear to possess the philosophy of the

nobleman we have met, but instead of it, are filled with a kind of mean desire to have their minds in each other's pockets, and to derive by the weakness and folly of their companions. An old clerk of the French parliament—in the days when France had a parliament—gives us a kind of reason, although not a very complimentary one, for this. He seems to fancy that some of the source in a soldier's brain for his acts of folly. "In *anglais* *les idées* *viennent* *des* *rois*," which we may translate thus, "Reason can scarcely flourish in a soldier." And this old clerk of the middle ages seems to be borne out in his theory by the soldiers of modern times. A story was told of an officer in the last war starting back at a ball took off the head of one in line before him, and scattered the brains in his face; upon being rebuked by his commanding officer for betraying a sign of fear, "What, sir, are you afraid?" "No, sir," was the reply, "I was only astonished that a gentleman possessing such a considerable quantity of brains as those which have just been sung in my face, should have come here to be shot at for a shilling a day." However large, then, may be the quantity of brains which our military men possess, the manner in which they go on "sowing their wild oats," proves, pretty effectually, that they have not learned to use them much better than in the time of the old French parliaments; or than the poor fellow who stood up to be shot at for a shilling a day.

The knowledge of the world which the young soldiers whose names have figured creditably in the papers, have gained, appears simply to have been how to empty each other's pockets. Not a very desirable knowledge. But besides this inducement to sow our "wild oats," there is another which is equally fallacious, continually urged upon us. And this one is as mischievous as it is fallacious; for it casts a shade of ridicule over virtuous conduct, and gives a preference to a wild animal life, over a steady, intellectual one. This inducement consists in branding all those who enter not freely into the vices of the world—who avoid drinking, gaming, and other pernicious excitements, as effeminate men. "I hate an effeminate man; I love a man of spirit," says a fashionable beauty, as she turns away from an amiable and excellent youth, to greet with smiles a gambling dragon. A man seems to be valued only for his athletic and animal qualities, and not for his virtues or his intellect. And when it is those with whom all men wish to stand well who put this false stamp of merit on animal life; when we find it is the female world who seem to attach the idea of courage and spirit to the wild and the profligate; it is not matter of surprise that to win their favour so many young men should plunge into those excesses. But who are truly the men of courage and spirit? Not those who give way to every excess, who are conquered by every temptation; but they who struggle manfully with their own passions, and with the realities of the world. The history of those favourites of the fair sex is to be read in the annals of the stable, the kennel, the tavern, the brothel, the gambling-house, the police-court, and the gaol: the history of the truly courageous and spirited may be found in connexion with the pulpit, the bar, the senate, the literature, and the science of the age, in connexion with all that can elevate and purify and improve our nature. It is those who have sown the fewest "wild oats" who are among the "salt of the earth"; those who have scattered them with a prodigal hand too often sink into its dregs.

Howell Price sowed his "wild oats," and reaped their fruits while yet his days were young. Nature had been kind to him, had given him a handsome exterior, a cheerful temper, a kind and courteous spirit; fortune, also, had been kind, and placed him in a position where steadiness and perseverance must have ensured him success in life. In every society he was a welcome guest; his manners, bearing, and accomplishments fitted him to shine amongst the *élite* of the world. But he had mingled with his refinement strong animal passions, which he sought not to control. He scattered his "wild oats" with a prodigal, and even with a graceful hand, and society pardoned the occasional profligacy he displayed, for the sake of his good looks, his graceful manners, and his cheerful spirit. But, though he was addicted "to sports, to wildness, and much company," he was, nevertheless, the hope and the stay of his widowed mother's home; the guardian and protector of his bright young sister's fortunes. And his home was a happy one, and he was its light and its ornament. All around him seemed prosperous; his business was extensive and profitable; his connexions were numerous and wealthy; the society in which he moved was of the highest and the best description. One of the seeds he had been sowing, was beginning to grow, and in its growth blighted all his fair prospects. Intemperance had struck its root deep in him—was grasping him on every side with its foul tendrils. The choice wines of his aristocratic associates were losing their zest and their flavour to his vitiated palate—they seemed only to whet his appetite for stronger and coarser draughts. The feast in a lordly hall became only the prelude to a night's debauch in some selected tavern, and with that portion of his companions who were also "sowing their wild oats," and the society of those whose lips had frequently praised the grace of his form and the spirit of his bearing, was exchanged for that of those unhappy ones of whom "the world is not the friend, nor the world's law." Poor fellow! he felt himself sinking; and once and again he struggled to shake off the bonds by which he was bound. The chains he had forged for himself were too strong to be easily burst asunder; they were binding him closer and closer to the destructive career. Then some of the best of his associates began to look shy on him, and shake their heads, and talk in tones of pity of his follies and his excesses. And then came neglect of his business, and a corresponding failure of his resources. Still his kind heart was unchanged, and loving faces greeted him at home, though sometimes they were pale with sorrow and with anguish. And then his conduct took another and a darker phase. Hypocrisy had grown upon him; he sought not to avoid his excesses, but to hide them from the knowledge of his friends. In his own town he was extremely cautious and sober, would abstain for days and weeks; but under

pretence of business would leave his home, and disappear for days and weeks; no one knowing his haunts; frequently some low-pothouse in some far place, among ruffians and ignorant clowns; and there would his accomplished and courted gentleman spend days together for the mere gratification of a drunken appetite, until some of his clerks or friends discovered him, and brought him home. Oftentimes worse places than the mere pothouses received him, and here at length he met his fate—a marriage with a woman taken from the stew, sunk into the mire. He did not venture to bring her to his native town; he was not quite case-hardened; some good feelings still remained; he could not so far outrage decency as to introduce the creature he had made his wife to his poor fond mother and his pure-minded sister; he had injured them enough already. His business was dropped, and a small pittance secured to him, but to his home he returned no more. A foreign land hid his shame, and here, with only the woman he had made his partner of his life, did he sink deeper and deeper into the vice that had destroyed him; and, at the age of thirty-five, a premature old man might be seen strolling about with the help of a woman's arm, paralysed and almost blind, until the repetition of the draught that was slaying him lent a momentary strength to his frame, a faint glimmering to his intellect, and here, soon, he died. Verily, he had "sown his wild oats," and had reaped the fruits. He had scattered the seeds with no sparing hand, and the crop had overrun and destroyed all the fair prospects of his life—all that was good, and kind, and holy in his soul. Let us no longer gild over these aberrations from the path of rectitude with apologetic terms, and think of vicious lives as marking a youth of spirit; let us cast aside the dangerous fallacy which teaches "young men must sow their wild oats," and adopt instead the teachings of wisdom, which show that the purest, the best, and the happiest of men are those who have the fewest weeds to eradicate, and who have sown no wild oats.

## "PEACE ON EARTH, AND GOOD WILL AMONG MEN."

BY MARY BENNETT.

Peace!—it is the sweetest measure;  
'Twas by angels sung at first;  
Peace on earth—O heavenly treasure!  
May it in each heart be nursed.

May it dwell in every home,  
Dwell wherever man may be;  
From Old England never roam,  
Bless each English family.

Children, learn the love of peace,  
Learn it wisely, learn it well;  
Then grow and bid all warfares cease,  
Strive the Hymn of Peace to swell.

Sound it in your time of action;  
Sound it over sea and land;  
Shut your eyes to war's attraction,  
Break the sword on every strand.

Shun the peace of coward dullness,  
Sound the peace proclaimed from  
heaven!

Goodwill, in all its lovely fulness,  
Such as by the Saviour given.

All mankind in worthy union,  
Wisdom seeking hour by hour,  
One with God in pure communion,  
That were peace, and joy, and power!

## ABOUT NAPKINS.

RECENTLY the proprietors of a fashionable hotel found it necessary to procure another table servant. After searching in vain for an experienced waiter, they concluded to engage a genteel young Irishman, whose only fault was that he had never before seen the interior of a dining-room to a fashionable hotel. His duty was laid down to him in plain words, and particular pains taken to instruct him in the part he was expected to perform. Patrick—for certainly that was his name—did so well. He was polite as a Parisian dancing-master, and almost as swift in his movements as a locomotive. Everybody was pleased with him.

At length, however, a gentleman requested Pat to bring him a napkin. Now this was an article he had never met with in all his life, and to have his soul from purgatory he could not tell what that gentleman meant. His Irish blood forbid him from displaying his ignorance, and what to do he could not tell. He wandered up and down the hall, closely observing the movements of his fellow-servants, but could here see nothing which came up to his notions of a napkin. Almost in despair, he came to the conclusion, as the best way of getting out of the dilemma, to tell a falsehood. Approaching the gentleman, (who had been already waited upon by another servant) he said—

"Faix, sir, will ye be plazed to take sothun' else; *the napkins be all ate up!*"

"Napkins ate up—you are mistaken, surely."

"'Pon the honour of a gentleman, I be not," replied Patrick in a polite whisper; "the gentlemen all preferred them to the praties, and not a scrap be left for ye."

The gentleman now observed that Patrick was a strange servant, and immediately suspected the truth of the case. The story was soon passed round the table, and "Patrick and the Napkins," followed the wine, as it passed from friend to friend during dinner.

THE SACRIFICY OF THE DOG.—A man named Maubernard, of Nîmes, went a few days ago into his field to cultivate his vines. He did not return at his usual hour in the evening; but after a while his dog appeared, barking mournfully. The animal refused to enter the house, and barked and ran about as if inviting some one to follow. When he perceived that he was followed, he went direct to the field, and there beneath a tree was found his unfortunate master bathed in blood, with several deep wounds in different parts of his person. The man was taken home, and medical assistance was procured, but he died in the course of a few hours. It is not known by whom or for what cause he was murdered.

## ONWARD

**HOUSES UNSUITED FOR HABITATION.**—By a clause in the new City Sewers' Act, now in force, the provisions with respect to houses in a ruinous and dangerous state are extended to any house or building, which, in the opinion of the medical officer of health, is permanently unwholesome and unfit for human habitation.

**OMNIBUS IMPROVEMENTS.**—Some new and elegant omnibuses, splendidly fitted and well horsed, and on the cheap principle, are now running on the various lines of road. The new vehicles have better sitting room, and are much wider between the seats; in a few there are covered life-lines extending along the inside of the roof, for the purpose of passengers steadying themselves, either in seeking a seat, or going to alight, and the ventilation is on a better principle. With respect to fares, a person may travel through nearly the whole of the metropolis, on the north bank of the Thames, at a halfpenny a mile, and in some instances for less.

**PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.**—The aggregate amount of traffic on railways in the United Kingdom, published weekly, from 1st January to 20th December, 1851, inclusive, amounted to £14,207,706; corresponding period of 1850, to £12,513,626; corresponding period of 1849, £10,823,221; and in 1848, £9,858,770. The number of parcels passing in and out of the Euston Square terminus, during the Christmas week, amounted to nearly 40,000. Out of these 40,000 parcels, only two had the addresses lost.—Mr. R. Stephenson is reported to have completed the survey of the Cairo railway. His decision is announced to be, that the plan suggested by the Pacha for carrying the work through the Delta, should be followed out. Instead of the costly bridge work proposed across the two branches of the river, it is probable a pontoon, or floating stage, will be used for carrying the rails. 18,000 labourers, supplied from the respective bordering districts, will be set to work immediately.

**WATER GAS.**—A contract was some time ago entered into with the patentee of the new discovery of "Water Gas" for lighting the streets, shops, and dwelling-houses of Dunkeld. The necessary preparations have now been completed, and on Tuesday evening a preliminary trial was made in presence of the patentee, Dr. Miller, of Manchester, and other gentlemen interested in gas manufacture. There is neither smell nor smoke emitted from the gas, nor during the manufacture, which are two important recommendations. The comparative cheapness of the gas is also an important element in the question, and the more so in a town of limited extent and trade such as this. The principle of the manufacture, is, we believe, of the following nature:—Hydrogen is first extracted in a retort from pure water, and carried in the form of a flue to another retort in which the carbon is formed; and, combined, they are conveyed through a purifier, and thence to the gasometer. It has long been thought that were the principle of the water gas formation carried into that of locomotion by steam, a very valuable improvement might be obtained over the present expensive modes of propulsion by railway and steamer.—*Perth Courier.*

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPH PROGRESS.**—The Commonwealth states that there are, already in the United States and Canada more than 12,000 miles of wire, involving a capital of 3,000,000 dollars. To work these lines costs annually 730 tons of zinc, worth 57,000 dollars; more than a million pounds of nitric acid, worth 117,800 dollars; and 27,000 dollars' worth of mercury, besides a considerable value in sulphuric acid, &c. On the line from Pittsburg to Cincinnati alone, there were transmitted, in the year 1850, 364,559 paid despatches, and the revenue received was 73,278 dollars.—A telegraphic fire alarm has been carried out by the city government of Boston, and is now in successful operation, the telegraph giving the alarm to every engine-house and church bell over the city, as well as to the mayor's and city marshalls' offices.—Lieutenant Sillemus, inventor of the electro-magnetic telegraphic apparatus employed in Germany, has set out for St Petersburg, by desire of the Czar. He is ordered to suspend a line, in the first instance, between the capital and Moscow, and afterwards another, connecting both with Warsaw and Odessa. Other lines will extend to the Caucasus, to the Ural, and the principal sea-ports.

**LAMP-LIGHTING BY ELECTRICITY.**—A correspondent, "W. N.," not aware, apparently, that we long since made the same suggestion, reiterates the idea that street-lamps of towns might be lit simultaneously by the electric current. The wire, as he remarks, in passing along, would of course require to be supported by isolators, where interrupted in passing each burner. In speaking of this idea some years ago, we suggested that, not only the lighting, but the extinction of the jets might be simultaneously effected by the electric current, or at least, by electro-magnetism, one semi-rotation of the magnet shutting off the gas, and another letting it on; and moreover, that a light sweeping apparatus, or slip of brush-work, might be made to rotate, one inside and another out, on the face of lamp-glasses of a globular form, by the continued rotation of the same magnets, so as to clean the lamps, thus altogether dispensing with the heavy expense of lamp lighting and cleaning. The invention of the magnetic telegraph seems to prove these three latter operations, cleaning, and letting on and off the gas, to be possible with even less expense than ever, while the lighting could still be effected by the attachment of a battery, as so clearly instanced by the firing of gunpowder even across the British Channel. We suspect, however, that "the poor lamp-lighter" would rather be excused from the necessity of availing himself of the "ease and benefit," which we and our correspondent have thus in store for him.—*Punch.*

## PLAYING CARDS

[At Page 221 we commence a series of articles on the history of playing-cards, and shall continue them until the whole pack is completed. It will be easy for our readers to put them out and to gum them upon the pages of old books, provided they do not care about the preservation of their libraries. We would prefer, however, and the Companion bound into volumes than cut into scraps. And probably, in time for Christmas next, we shall publish the pack of Humorous Playing-cards in the usual form at a moderate price.]

True origin of playing-cards has never been definitely settled, some claiming the honour for the Spaniards and others for Jacques Greignemour, a painter of Paris; but we may venture to say this much, that the invention, although productive of much evil in itself, was nevertheless indirectly a most valuable one, as it seems to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as evidenced from the earliest specimens of that art at Harlem, and those in the Bodleian library.

For our own part, we feel more inclined, for the following reasons, to favour the opinion that they were invented about the year 1390, by the said Jacques Greignemour, to divert Charles VI., then king of France, who had become melancholic. 1. Because no notice of cards is to be found in any painting, tapestry, sculpture, &c., more ancient than the preceding period, but are found posterior to it. 2. No royal edicts are mentioned prohibiting cards, although a few years before 1390, a most severe one was published, forbidding by name all manner of sports and pastimes except archery, so that the people might be in a condition to oppose the English; and it may be inferred that had cards been known at that period they would have been enumerated with the other games. 3. The ecclesiastical canons prior to 1390, make no mention of cards, but in 1410, we find the clergy are prohibited in indulging in games at cards by a Gallican synod. 4. About thirty years after this, a severe edict was issued against cards in France; and another by Emanuel, Duke of Savoy; which reserved, however, the privilege to ladies, for pins and needles.

The first recorded notice of their being known in England is in 1463, when the card-makers of London made an application to parliament against the importation of playing-cards; and from the 3 Edward IV. c. 4, it appears that both card-playing and making were practised anterior to this, or about fifty years after the era of then supposed invention. The Chinese are also said by Mr. Gough (*Archæologia*, vol. viii.), to have known the use of cards, as evidenced from their paintings, and also from a pack of Chinese cards in his possession, though they used different devices from those usually employed.

The inventor designed, by the figures of the four suits or colours, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By the *coeur*, or hearts, are meant the *gens de chœur*, choir-men, or ecclesiastics; and therefore the Spaniards have chalices, or copas, instead of hearts.

The nobility, or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the aces or points of launces or pikes, which have been denominated spades through ignorance, or a corruption of the Spanish *espadas*, or swords, which they substitute in lieu of pikes.

By diamonds are designed the order of citizens, merchants, and tradesmen; *carreaux*, or squares, stones, tiles, &c. The Spaniards had a coin, *dineros*, which answers to it; and the Dutch call the French word *carreaux*, *stienen*, stones and diamonds, from the form.

The corrupt term of clubs, which is correctly *trèfle*, the trefoil leaf, or clover-grass, alludes to the husbandmen and peasantry. Probably, the term clubs was introduced from the Spaniards having *bastos*, staves or clubs, on their cards.

The four kings are David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles; representing the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne.

The queens are intended to represent Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas; typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom, the qualifications found in each person. Argine is an anagram for Regina, queen by descent.

By the knaves were designed the servants to knights. Knaves originally meant only a servant, and, in a very old translation of the Bible, St. Paul is called the knave of Christ.

Some fancy that the knights themselves were designed by these cards; as Hogier and Labric, two names on the French cards, were famous knights at the time cards were supposed to have been invented.

In 1679, historical cards were published, as we learn from an advertisement of that time issued by a certain Randal Taylor, that there were sold by him a pack of cards for one shilling each pack, containing "A History of all the Popish Plots that have been in England, beginning with those in Queen Elizabeth's time, and ending with the last damnable plot against his Majesty Charles II., with the manner of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murder, &c. All excellently engraved on copper-plates, with very large descriptions under each card. The like not extant." At the top of each were the marks of the suit; and the value of the lord cards, from one to ten, expressed in Roman numerals; while at the foot was a brief explanation of the plot, trial, and punishment of the conspirators.

In *Hearts*, the king was represented with the privy councillors seated at the council-table; Titus Oates standing before them: inscription at the foot: "Dr. Oates discovereth ye Plot to ye King and Council." The ace: the Pope with the three cardinals and a bishop at a table with the devil underneath: The Plot first hatcht at Rome by the Pope and Cardinals, &c."

*Diamonds*: Knaves: "Pickering attempts to kill ye K. in St. James's Park. The ace: The consult at the White Horse Tavern."

*Clubs*: King: "Capn. Bedlow examined by ye secret Committee of the House of Commons." The six: Capn. Berry and Alderman Brooks are offered £500 to cast the plot on the Protestants.

*Spades*: Queen: The club at ye Plow Ale house for the murder of Sir E. B. Godfree.





## ENIGMA.

BORN of Ignorance, I spread  
A gloom wherever mortals tread.  
None e'er saw me,—none e'er will,  
Yet blood I very often spill.  
I have striven with fearful might  
From the world to shut the light.  
Liberty and I are known  
To struggle for the mental throne;  
I have swayed more minds of men  
Than can be told by poet's pen;  
And often shall the aspiring soul  
Feel the sting of my control.  
The battle-field, the gory sea,  
The golden calf, the hoary tree,  
The prison bar, the scorching flame,  
Bear record of my power and shame.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, REBUSES, &amp;c.

1.

When first the countless stars are seen  
To gild the shady sky,  
And throng around the silver queen,  
My first approaches nigh.

My second is a simple thing,  
For which you long may pore;  
Yet, would your eyes behold a king,  
Add but one letter more.

My third, although a gentle power  
That makes the green grass wave,  
And beats the sweets of every flower,  
Can bid the tempest rave.

And when my whole you shall unfold—  
To town and country dear—  
A well-known singer you behold,  
Whose voice we love to hear.

2.

I'm a word of six letters, both handsome  
and plain,  
And to find out my meaning will puzzle  
your brain.  
Take half of my whole, and in Erin you'll  
find—  
A thing very rough to the national mind.  
I cause great amusement, when seen in the  
air—  
But strike with awe, when at funerals  
appear.

Put my four first together, without any  
blarney—  
I'm found very good, in the lakes of Kil-  
buck—  
As a word of endearment, my last half is  
used.

And my whole is a thing very often abused.  
In rough society hindrances, in keeping you  
warm,  
I'm beaten and shaken by many an arm.  
To help you to solve me I'll cheerfully  
lend.

I'm owned by the author of the "Family  
Friend."  
And now, having said thus much to assist  
I will wish you success, and bid you adieu.

3.

"A batter-pudding," cook exclaimed,  
"I'll make for master's dinner,  
He praised the last so very much,  
But said he liked it thinner."

With conscious skill, and honest pride,  
She made her preparation;  
But when she turned to take my first,  
'Twas missing from its station.

She searched it high, she searched it low,  
And much was vexed about it;  
"I cannot make my pudding now!  
Impossible without it!"

The bell now rang, and cook was called,  
She answered in a hurry—  
The man of dough my second gave,  
With—"Pray excuse my hurry."

To tell my whole, you need not be  
Profoundly wise or clever:  
But if you cannot name a bird,  
You'll be a goose for ever.

4.

1. Concealment, long and dark, succeeds  
my birth. [to earth.  
Till the bright sunshine summons me  
2. Thereon my toil ceaselessly I ply—  
Which with the farmer's may be said  
to vie.

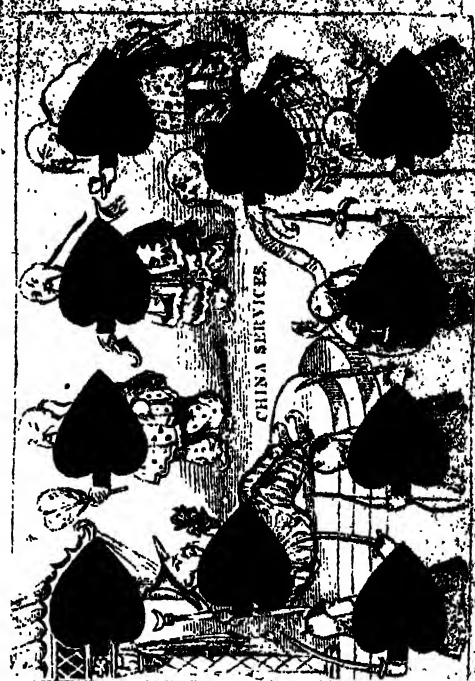
His—to renew the oft exhausted soil;  
But mine—a higher object in my toil.  
His—to procure a plentiful harvest  
home;

3. Mine—to provide for races yet to come.  
4. Of parasites I've many, like the great.  
But they, alas! add nothing to my state  
5. Though humble now, and trod beneath  
your feet.

In ages past I had a fate more meet;  
A sacred emblem, honour'd and revered,  
When time-enduring monuments were  
reared.

7. My sculptured forms the virtuous prize,  
And soon them learnedly with curious  
eyes. [define.  
Tall, then, ingenious youths, and clear  
What sin I now so lowly, once so great.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



## THE TEN OF SPADES.

My first is a guide,  
As the men of-war ride  
In their loftiness down the stream;  
His foot doth sink,  
But his head's on the brink,  
And nods to fair Luna's gleam.

[The whole answered in No. 16.]

My second is my whole—for it springs into  
air,  
And joyously holdeth its gambold there;  
Nor alighteth again till its wings are lost,  
Then a prey for the voracious to the earth 'tis  
tost.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 205.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE—"EXCELSIOR!"—Hops.

## ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

## 1. GRIFF.

1. GRANDEY, Spanish title.
2. RAINBOW, the finest arch.
3. IMAGE, the statue.
4. ECHIDNUS, the magician.
5. FROG, or FABLE, story invented.

## 2. BRACK, RACE, ACE.

## 3. SUN-MARY.—SUMMARY.

4. Jew, Ace, Mail, Lol, stars — JAMES WELLS.

5.

1. ALUMINA, or pure clay, is very abundant in nature.
2. It occurs in a crystalline form, as the Sapphire and Ruby; in a more massive form, as Corundum, or Emery.
3. Pipe-clay.
4. Sapphire.
5. Corundum or Emery.
6. Ruby.
7. The Ruby and Sapphire are found in the sands of rivers, in Ceylon and the East Indies.
8. It is the chief ingredient of all clays, and of most slaty rocks.
9. In brooches, bracelets, &c.
10. One of the Jewels.
11. In plates, china, vases, &c.
12. China ornaments, &c.
13. As tea-cups, plates, &c.
14. The celebrated pagoda at Nankin, which is covered with a coat of china: it has been built upwards of 400 years, and it is still held sacred by the Chinese (16).
15. The Grecians, who were celebrated for their pottery, whence it passed into Etruria.
16. The Etruscan Vases have served for models to the present day, for the elegance of their shape.
17. Emery or Corundum is used in smoothing the finer sorts of glass.
18. It is used by masons in polishing marble.
19. In the shape of alum, or acetate of alumina, is much used as a mordant in dyeing and calico printing.
20. Alum is much used to whiten bread.
21. The portraits of Her Majesty and Prince

Albert, on china, in the late Exhibition.  
24. On the outside of the Forte Monnaie, as a decoration.

25. The Sevres china services are so exceedingly beautiful and expensive, that they are often sent as royal gifts.

26. The Dutch tiles are used for ornamenting fire-places.

27. Table ornaments.

28. China finger plates and handles.

29. When gloves were first introduced, those appropriated to royalty were richly decorated with jewels over the back of the hand.

30. The finest china is much used for figures.

31. When a solution of alum is mixed with a colouring matter, and the alumina then precipitated by an alkali, the hydrate carries with it all the colouring matter, or the greater part of it, and forms what is called a lake. Carmine is a lake of cochineal; and common lake is merely a lake made with madder or logwood.

## 6. Moment.—OMEN.

## 7. BLINK. LINK. JINK.

## 8.—GOLD. OZD.

## 9. CARPET.

My whole is a Carpet.  
The half of my whole is a Car.  
My four first together, Carp.  
My last half is Pet.

## 10. A CLOUD. 11. A BARN.

## 12. FLAMBEAU.

## 13. ROSE-MARY. 14. EIGHT.

## ANSWERS TO NAMES OF TOWNS IN ENGLAND.

1. Harrogate.
2. Gainsborough.
3. Maidstone.
4. Peterborough.
5. Warrington.
6. Wigan.
7. Stockport.
8. Bridgeorth.
9. Dunstable.
10. Oldham.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A MAN'S life, says South, is an appendix to his heart.  
Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

SOUTHWORTH said to a low-spirited friend, "Translate *Tristram Shandy* into Hebrew, and you will be a happy man."

If a straw, says Dryden, can be made the instrument of happiness, he is a wise man who does not despise it.

ROBERT HALL said of family prayer, "It serves as an edge and border, to preserve the web of life from unravelling."

THE same care and toil that raises a dish of peas at Christmas, would give bread to a whole family during six months.

WIT is written in that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination.

SYDNEY SMITH said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article for a review.

HANNAH MORE said to Horace Walpole: "If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody."

"PA, how many legs has a ship?" "A ship has no legs, my child."  
"Why, pa, the paper says that she draws twenty feet, and that she runs before the wind."

A SADDLER at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, desired his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers; and he afterwards acknowledged that two-and-thirty of them paid for it.

A BED is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

"I SAY," said a dandy to an intelligent mechanic, "I've got an idea in my head." "Well," replied the other, "if you don't cherish it with great care, it will die for the want of companions."

ERSKINE puzzled the wits of his acquaintance by inscribing on a tea-chest the words "*Tu doces*." It was some time before they found out that the wit of it lies in the literal translation—"Thou teachest."

"I THOUGHT you told me that Mr. Brown's fever was gone off," said a gentleman. "I did so," said his companion, "but forgot to mention that he went off along with it."

THE observance of hospitality, even towards an enemy, is inculcated by a Hindoo author, with great elegance:—"The sandal, to impart its fragrance even to the axe that hews it."

PORK, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than the most agreeable conversation."

LYING is a hateful and accursed vice. We are not men, nor have other tie upon one another, but our word. If we did but discover the horror and consequences of it, we should pursue it with fire and sword, and more justly than other crimes.

JUVENILE SCENE.—[Two boys as large as pepper-boxes wading in a duck-pond during a heavy shower]. *First Boy*.—I say, Dick, isn't this glorious sport? *Second Boy*.—Yes, capital; and, by the way, Sammy, aren't you glad it rains, so that we can't go to school to-day?

TWO MEN, in dispute, reflected upon each other's veracity. One of them replied, "that he was never whipped but once by his father, and that was for telling the truth." "I believe, then," retorted the other, "the truth was whipped out of you, for you never have spoken it since."

The gloomiest day has gleams of light;  
The darkest wave hath bright thought near it;  
And twinkles through the cloudiest night  
Some solitary star to cheer it.

A boy who was sent to inquire how an old lady, named Wilkins, was in health, asked her servant—"Please, ma'am, missus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is to-day." To which the latter replied—"She is just seventy-four to-day."

AN avaricious person, who kept a very scanty table, dining one Saturday with his son at an ordinary in the city, whispered in his ear—"Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "Oh, yes," retorted the half-starved lad, "but I ha'n't eaten for yesterday and the day before yet, father."

### TEMPERANCE.

The sturdy oak full many a cup  
Doth hold up to the sky,  
To catch the rain, then drinks it up,  
And thus the oak gets high—  
By having water in its cups;  
And so must you and I."

A DECEASED chief-justice in America, once addressed a jury in the following model speech:—"Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible; the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters, that to me it is different which way you give your verdict."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK.

COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie down on them, they roar with the agony they have wilfully inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might we as complain of the thistles which wound his mouth, when he will persist in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

LIFE is beautiful,—its duties  
Cluster round each passing day,  
While their sweet and solemn voices,  
Warn to work, to watch, to pray.  
They alone its blessings forfeit,  
Who by sin their spirits cheat,  
Or to slothful stupor yielding,  
Let the rust their armour eat.

AUTHORS.—Young authors are very sore when their faults are touched, though with ever so tender a finger. I cannot see why. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice, we should not wonder, if having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the lookers on. Authors in general are gluttons in praise—very ostriches in digestion; and nothing comes amiss to their proud stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—"the total grain unsifted,—husks and all." But if you add a morsel or so of thirsty advice, or hint a fault, it is worse to them than the presenting of a barrel of gunpowder with a spark in it would be. Yet indiscriminate praise is the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for merits which are not so surely yours. This is like a man praising a button on your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow of it.

SPITE of all the fools that pride has made,  
'Tis not on man a useless burthen laid;  
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgraced;  
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis placed;  
When right, its view knows none but virtue's bound,  
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.—*Stillinger*.

HABITS.—How happy the majority of mankind are, when they can get an occasion to laugh at one of their fellows, whom they choose to consider a man of particular and punctual habits, as if all their daily actions were not as habitual, though not so well regulated. If a punctualist goes to rest regularly at ten, they laugh at him as a human machine, and then go themselves as habitually to bed at four. If he puts on his coat every morning at six, they laugh at such clockwork regularity, and think, because they shift off the putting on theirs one day till twelve, and another till two, that they do not as daily and habitually wear a coat. What are nearly all the actions of life but habits? Our hunger, our thirst, our sleeping, our waking; our appeasing the first, and enjoying or quitting the others? Habits. Is there anything about us which is not habitual? Does not Spring arrive at his appointed season, and Summer succeed him, and Autumn finish his glorious labours, and Winter prepare the exhausted earth for new travail and production, though still for the same yearly task? Does not the sun precede the moon, and the moon succeed the sun at habitual and fixed periods? Order is, indeed, the harmony of nature; and it is strange that man will not see it, if he cannot hear it.

CHOICE OF A CLERGYMAN.—A Bishop of Ermeland, of the Lithuanian family of Graborsky, is said to have had many singularities, but he frequently showed great penetration. He once had a very good living to dispose of. According to the statutes, three candidates were presented to him, one of whom he was to appoint to the vacant living. The bishop told them, that as spiritual duties were attached to this living, it was necessary that he should have them for some time under his eye, to be acquainted with their character and abilities. The candidates allowed this remark to be just, and for some weeks did their utmost to merit the good opinion of the bishop. At the appointed time they came to the bishop to be examined, who said to them—"You have doubtless carefully applied to your theological studies; I therefore will not touch upon them, but, according to the example of our Saviour, propose to you only some simple questions from common life. What would you do," said he, addressing one of them, "if a beast of burden, heavily laden, were entrusted to you, to conduct it to a certain place at a certain time, and if, when near the end of the journey, it should threaten to sink under the burden?" "I would beat it," answered the candidate, "till it had completed the small distance to the journey's end." "Well, that would be pretty much in the military style," said the bishop. "And you, young man?" said he, addressing the second. "I would hire a second mule, or a cart, and take the burden from the tired beast, in order to arrive at the journey's end at the right time." "Well, and what would become of the poor beast?" "Oh! I would hire a man to lead it after me." "Very well, but for this a full purse is necessary.—And what would you do in this case?" said he to the third candidate. "Why, I would take from the beast as much of the burden as possible, and carry it myself, that we might arrive happily at our destination." "And you shall have the living," cried the bishop, pleased, "for you have felt that it is our duty to lighten the burden of those who are weary and heavily laden, even at the expense of our own convenience. Act in conformity to these sentiments."

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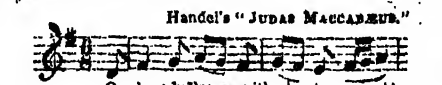
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### Editor's Note-Book.

**CARELESS WRITING.** *Hints to our Correspondents.*—Owing to the illegible manner in which many letters addressed to us are written, we are often compelled to enclose them to the waste-basket, not having time to decipher their contents. We have repeatedly urged the necessity of a clear handwriting and brevity of matter. Important interests may be

sacrificed, and immense enjoyments lost, by not learning to write a distinct and legible hand. Sir Walter Scott, while he represents Francis Osbaldistoun's father as a steady merchant, makes him criticize closely the handwriting of his son's letter, and to complain especially that his 'a's are left without loops, and want, beside, the relative height that ought to distinguish them from 't's. It has been somewhere mentioned of a gentleman, whose will expressed that his property was to be left to a Mr. London or a Mr. London, both residing in the same town, but by no means intimate, and that legal proceedings decided in favour of Mr. London, merely because the testator was once seen to speak to him, and because no such evidence appeared in favour of Mr. London. This case occurred on account of the unintelligible handwriting of the testator, whose 'n's were like 'u's, and whose 'u's were like 'n's. This is only one of the many mistakes in the writing of proper names which have deprived rightful owners and deserving persons of their property; and this is also to be avoided by learning to write well in the first instance, and by always writing carefully afterwards.

**DEY ROT IN CELLARS.** T. B.—This may be prevented by whitewashing yearly, mixing with the wash as much copperas as will give it a clear yellow hue.

**GREEN PAINT.** S. D.—Gastar, mixed with yellow ochre, makes an invisible green paint, very useful for preserving coarse wood work, or other articles whose more ornament is required than far alone.

**FIRST ENGLISH NEWSPAPER.** DELTA.—The first newspaper established in England was entitled the "*English Mercury*," and is dated July 28, 1588, one of which is preserved in the British Museum. The "*Gazette*" was first published at Oxford, Aug. 23d, 1612.

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**ORIGIN OF CHARING CROSS.** E. H.—This originated from the fond epithets bestowed by Edward the First on his beloved Queen, to whom no less than fifteen crosses were erected, and from the prevalence of the French language at that time, *Charing* being nothing more than a corruption of *Chère Reine* (beloved Queen). Of course the Cross gave the name to the spot.

**SPRING WATER.** C. J.—The original source of all spring water is rain, which, falling upon high ground, filters through the soil and the strata of the earth, so long as they are porous, until it is stopped by some impervious substance, as rock or hard clay; it will then find its way along the surface of this bed, until it arrives at some crevice or opening through which it forces its way out at the surface. Rain-water is perfectly wholesome.

**CALICO PRINTING.** NEMO.—This art, by means of blocks, has long been practised in Asia Minor, Turkey, and all over the East. It is said to have commenced in London, in 1676, and was much encouraged and improved in consequence of the Government having prohibited, in 1700, the importation of the cheap and beautiful prints of India, Persia, and China, with the view of protecting the woollen and silk manufactures.

**TO PRESERVE IRON AND STEEL FROM RUST.** X. Y. Z.—Melted caoutchouc, or India-rubber, possesses peculiar advantages in preserving the surface of iron from being acted upon by the atmosphere, arising from its little susceptibility of chemical change when exposed to the air, from its tenacious consistence, and strong adhesion to the surface of iron or steel, besides the facility with which it is removed by a soft brush charged with warm oil of turpentine.

**VARNISH FOR BRASS-WORK.** THOMAS.—To a pint of spirits of wine, put one ounce of turmeric powder, two drachms of best annatto, and two drachms of saffron. Let it stand ten days, shaking the bottle often, and filter through coarse muslin into a clean bottle; add then three ounces of clean seed-lac, and shake the bottle often for fourteen days. The brass, if large, must be first warmed, so as to heat the hand, and the varnish then applied with a brush. This varnish gives the brass the look of desks, &c., a beautiful appearance.

**RAPIDITY OF FREEZING.** H. M.—The extraordinary rapidity with which water is converted into ice has often been mentioned by scientific writers. We can cite an example, even more marvellous than that related by our correspondent. In one of the Polar expeditions, an officer took a bottle of fresh water to the main-top of the vessel, and poured the contents through a cullender, and by the time it reached the roofing of the ship, the drops congealed into irregular spherical pieces of ice. The height of the main-top was not above forty feet; so that, according to the laws of falling bodies, the water must have been frozen in less than two seconds of time.

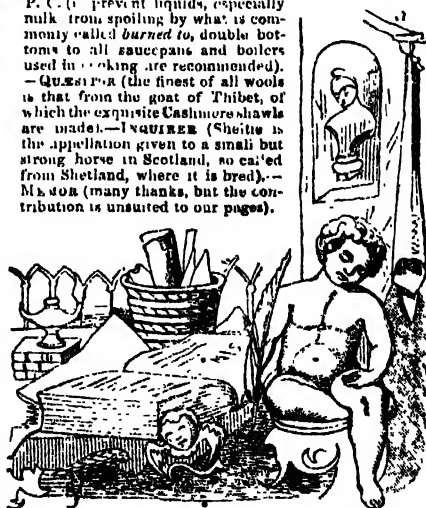
**SELF-DEPENDENCE.**—Every man is the architect of his own fortunes. Fortuitous circumstances may assist some persons on the road to distinction, but it will be generally found that the individuals who have achieved the greatest success in life have been those who have overcome difficulties of no common character by steady resolution. The great and gentle-minded Linnæus, who became the triumphant propagator of a new system of Nature, was in his youth obliged to depend on the charity of his fellow-students for a meal, and mended his shoes with brown paper, because he could not afford to have them sold. Hundreds of similar instances are recorded, to prove how the spirit of man can rise superior to the depressing circumstances that may surround his path. The pursuit of wealth is not productive of happiness, but the attainment of knowledge unlocks all the secret springs of enjoyment. "How much better," exclaims the wisest of men, "is it to get wisdom than gold, and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!" The man who has overburdened himself with riches, to the detriment of his mental culture, is at as great a loss to adjust his mind to the beautiful truths of science and learning, as the jolly subject of our illustration finds it difficult to reconcile his obesity with the narrow couch presented for his repose. So true is the old adage, that



"AS WE MAKE OUR BED, SO WE MUST LIE ON IT!"  
Landlady. This is the room, sir.  
Old Gentleman. And is that the bed?

**A SIMPLE BAROMETER.** J. J.—Many plans have been devised for barometres, but the following appears to us both simple and effective:—Take a common phial bottle, and cut off the rim and part of the neck. This may be done by a piece of string, or rather whipcord, twisted round it, and pulled strongly in a sawing position by two persons, one of whom holds the bottle firmly in his left hand. Heated in a few minutes by the friction of the string, and then dropped suddenly into cold water, this will easily come off. Let the phial be now nearly filled with common pump water, and, applying the finger to its mouth, turn it quickly upside down: on removing the finger, it will be found that only a few drops will escape. Without cork or stopper of any kind, the water will be retained within the bottle by the pressure of the external air, the weight of air without the phial being so much greater than that of the small quantity within it. Now let a piece of tape be tied round the middle of the bottle, to which the two ends of a string may be attached, so as to form a loop to hang on a nail. Let it be thus suspended, in a perpendicular manner, with the mouth downwards, and this is the barometer. When the weather is fair, and inclined to remain so, the water will be level with the section of the neck, or rather elevated above it, and forming a concave surface. When disposed to be wet, a drop will appear at the mouth, which will enlarge until it falls, and then another drop, while the humidity of the atmosphere continues.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—O. P. Z. L. (having property in land or houses constitutes security).—**PERCHASER** (time may easily be divided into certain hours for intellectual improvement, and a due regard to the healthy condition of the body, by exercise).—R. S. C. (we still adhere to our first opinion, which is obviously correct).—**PARROT** (we thank our correspondent for his suggestions).—A. H. (a moderate use of powdered charcoal, frequently rinsing the mouth, and a due regard to temperance and diet, will preserve the teeth).—S. U. Z. A. (the word *apophant* was originally used to denote an informer against those who stole figs, or exported them contrary to law. Hence in time it came to signify a tale-bearer, or informer in general; thence, a flatterer, deceiver, or parasite).—T. P. (in these days of cheap postage, every one ought to prepay their letters).—W. S. (not suitable).—C. B. K. R. (to make a curry powder take two pounds coriander seeds, one ounce and a half cummin seeds, an ounce and a half fenugreek seed, two ounces turmeric, four ounces chillies, and six drachms of cinnamon. The coriander, cummin, fenugreek, and chillies must be pounded separately, put into the frying-pan, and gently heated over the fire for a few minutes, stirring the whole time. The rest ought to be all separately pounded, their husks removed, and the powder passed through muslin. The whole then to be mixed, well pounded together, and again passed through muslin).—T. B. (many thanks).—**THOMAS** (the word alkali comes from a herb called by the Egyptians, *kali*—by us, glasswort).—MARION (Mrs. Copley recommends that a slate should hang in the kitchen or in some convenient place, on which should be entered every penny expended in the course of the day; this is a check against mistakes and omissions).—E. H. G. (*boiling* is the operation by far the best suited for the dyspeptic, the convalescent, and the sick).—H. P. (cannaries require green food, as chickweed in spring, lettuce and radish leaves in summer, endive, water-cress, and slices of sweet apple in winter).—M. S. (Joan is a mixture of clay, siliceous sand, and carbonate of lime).—LEMO (thick curtains closely drawn around the bed are very injurious, because they intercept a current of pure air).—MAXWELL (to improve the growth and softening of the nails, an ointment can be prepared from the yolk of a hard egg and two ounces of fine white wax, incorporated together in a small pot over the fire, and adding a little of the oil of sweet almonds, to reduce them to the consistence of an ointment).—N. P. (no fair can be held in England without a grant from the crown).—T. C. H. (many thanks for the suggestion).—MEMPHIS (Birmingham is the oldest city of manufacture in Europe).—MARTIN (contrabition declined).—BETA (keeping the feet warm is the best preservative against headache).—M. M. C. (the principal ingredient in cleaning kid gloves is spirits of turpentine).—T. B. (the subject is not suited to our pages).—A. J. (we shall consider the matter).—T. O. C. (our correspondent is too late in the field).—J. H. (apply to any publisher of medical works).—F. EXOCH (we shall always be happy to hear from our correspondent).—G. (thank).—M. COLAM (must state his request more clearly).—J. T. H. (cold rain water frequently applied is an excellent remedy).—J. K. (our correspondent had better apply to a surgeon. We do not profess to give medical advice).—S. B. (*gull* is a bird in an animal, like we termed hile. It contains a good deal of soda, hence its use in removing grease from clothes, &c.).—B. (the colours of horses are laid much stress on by many persons, and long experience has shown that certain tints are usually accompanied by certain qualities of person or disposition).—CAROLINE (milk boiled with sugar will keep some time).—CHIRO (tea was wholly unknown to the Greeks and Romans, as likewise to our ancestors previously to the middle of the seventeenth century).—M. M. (salt has the property of causing dough to take up more water than it otherwise would, and thus increases the weight of the bread, but as this increase is mere water, the bread gains nothing in nutritious quality).—P. C. (to prevent liquids, especially milk, from spoiling by what is commonly called *burned to*, double bottoms to all saucepans and boilers used in cooking are recommended).—QUERINA (the finest of all wools is that from the goat of Thibet, of which the exquisite Cashmere shawls are made).—INQUIRER (Sheila is the appellation given to a small but strong horse in Scotland, so called from Shetland, where it is bred).—M. S. (many thanks, but the contribution is unsuited to our pages).



# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 15.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## GIVING AIMS IN SECRET.

In every dwelling on this stricken earth,  
Abides a suffering soul;  
On all the winds that circle us, goes forth  
The cry of human dole.  
"Ye have the poor always," the Lord hath  
said,  
And those to whom was given  
Much, that there might be much required,  
He bade  
His almoners be—the stewards of his  
Heaven!

But let Heaven's work in secrecy be done,  
And with a willing hand,  
As drops the silent dew, as shines the sun,  
As lovely flowers expand,  
Unseen, unmarked, the influence combine  
That brighten Nature's face.  
Oh, build thou like the Architect Divine,  
And let not pride the deep foundation place!

If thou art rich, give of thy plenteous  
store,  
If poor, thy mute bestow;  
But on thy deeds of mercy shut the door,  
That none the good may know,  
Save him who tenderly on us looks down,  
And hears the mourner's sigh,  
And with the sunshine of his smile doth  
crown  
The flower of heavenly root—sweet Charity!

The canopy of earthly pomp shuts out  
That ray of heavenly love;  
Soundeth the multitude's applauding shout  
The "still, small voice" above;  
Doth the world hail with praise thy hon-  
oured name?  
Fremble! thy work is marred;  
Thou that hast, seeking, won the meed of  
fame,  
And in that glory gained thy sole reward!

But them, whom men heed not, or heed to  
scorn,  
Friend of the poor and lone,  
Thy humble task still wrought, thy burden  
borne

With patience all unknown,  
Thy Father sees in secret, plant nor prayer  
Hath passed his pity by,  
And all the self demands thou dost bear,  
Are in a jewell'd crown laid up for thee  
on high.

O, Sun! without thy life bestowing beam  
Love's bud grows cold and dyes;  
O, Fount! if check'd from Thee, the living  
stream,  
The land a desert lies!

Let but Thy presence on our spirits shine,  
Its image will appear  
As in the faithful glass an image clear,  
And answer to that look of charity divine.

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.\*

### CHAPTER I.

"Splendour in heaven, and horror on the main,  
Sunshine and storm at once—a troublous day."—*Dante the Poet*

ALL readers of English history must be able to recal to mind, with especial distinctness, that period in its annals when the unfortunate Charles I. drew upon himself the odium and mistrust of parliament, and London witnessed the unprecedented scene of the trial of a king for treason before a court chosen from amongst his subjects. It will be recollected that opposing religious interests operated with those of a merely political nature, in leading many of the enemies of Charles to push their aversion to his measures to this extreme. His unwise prohibition of the puritan emigration to the American colonies was not the least of these creating causes; and might be cited by such as are fond of tracing retributive justice in human affairs, as one of those instances in which men are permitted by their forwardness to pass upon themselves the sentence of their own destruction. Since, but for that prohibition, the most powerful opponent of Charles, and the mighty instrument of his ruin, would have embarked for New England, and that country would have become the theatre of Cromwell's actions and renown—supposing that the elements of that remarkable character must have won elsewhere something of the same name he has left behind him—a name to live alike in the condemnation and commendation of mankind.

To the period alluded to, the beginning of this tale reverts. The trial of the king had been in progress several days. Of more than a hundred and thirty judges appointed by the Commons, about seventy sat in constant attendance. Chief in rank and importance among these was General Lisle—a man whom we should not confound either with the mad enthusiasts of that day, or with those dissembling hypocrites who used their religion only as a stepping-stone to power, or the cloak to conceal a guilty and treasonable ambition, since his opposition to Charles was actuated solely by the purest principles of patriotism and religion. He was, at the time of the trial, in his sixtieth year; and his constant attendance and unwavering firmness of purpose—the evident results of preconceived principle—during the whole

\* As the above story is not mere fiction, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that its groundwork has been sought elsewhere than in the writer's fancy. The main plot of the legendary portion is taken from Malby's *Tales of the Puritans*; but for the incidents and language, the writer claims entire originality. As many minds have been allured by the stormy grandeur of the fate of the regicide, it is not surprising that several persons have attempted partially to depict it. It will be seen that the authoress has sought to blend with the sterner features of her story, those more delicate shades of feeling and sentiment, which no crime and no misfortune can prevent from mingling with human lot.

sitting of that strange tribunal, were not without great effect in leaving a continued resolution the otherwise faltering minds of many of the younger judges. For it cannot be doubted that compunctious feelings must have had moments of ascendancy in the hearts of a number of those with whom rested the event of this questionable trial. This was evinced in some by their occasional absence; in others, who nevertheless felt deeply, by a nervous tremor at the appearance of the prisoner, and subsequent abstraction of attention from the scene, as testifying a desire to assume as small a share as possible of the deep responsibility belonging to the occasion.

Of the latter class was William Heath, the son of a puritan divine in Sussex. At the opening of the war, he had repaired to the army, and risen by his gallantry and merit to the rank of general. Though still young, he had been afterward conspicuous in parliament, and was one of those who took up accusations against the eleven members. Yet although he was friendly to the king's deposition, he had at first positively refused to sit when appointed one of a court called to make inquisition for his blood. And he had at length only consented to assume the place assigned him there, as it was notoriously believed, through the influence of Lisle, to whose daughter he was betrothed, and his nuptials with whom were to be celebrated on the night on which this narrative opens.

His handsome countenance, as he sat in the court through the whole day preceding, though it contrasted with the pallor which had marked it during those previous, in wearing upon it the anxious flush of the expectant bridegroom, yet bore the same harassed air which had been seen upon it since the commencement of the trial, and which even the blissful hopes he was about to realize could not suffice to dissipate. It was only when he turned his eyes upon Lisle, unflinching in his dignified composure, that he seemed momentarily able to yield himself up to the unalloyed anticipation of happiness. So true is it, that a conscience ill at ease with itself has the power to mar the bliss of heaven.

The count had adjourned, the prisoner had been remanded to the care of Lisle, in whose house he had been kept in strict and harsh confinement ever since his landing in London, during those hours not occupied with his trial, and but one more day remained to decide the doom of the unhappy Charles Stuart.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. In an apartment, far remote from that chamber of Lisle's spacious but sombre-looking dwelling, which held the person of the royal prisoner, were assembled the wedding guests. As much festivity and ornament had been called to grace the occasion as was consistent with Lisle's puritanic views; yet the whole seemed by far too little to celebrate the marriage of the lovely divinity for whom it was prepared. The apartment was in the Elizabethan style of architecture, but devoid of those ornaments of luxurious taste, which, in the reign of Charles I., graced the houses of the opulent and distinguished of the Church of England. A quaint stiffness reigned throughout the furniture and other arrangements. Rows of high-backed chairs, interrupted here and there with a book-case, table, or other heavy piece of mahogany, stood in primi regularly against the wall; tall candlesticks, containing taller caudles, cast their blue light from the mantel-piece; and a large Bible, laid open upon the table, was calculated to infuse devotional or religious sentiments into those youthful feelings belonging to the occasion. No branches of mistle or holly hung around the room, remained as suggestive of the recent Christmas; no superb and glittering chandelier shed its soft flood of light upon the assembly; no damask drapery or luxurious sofas gave an air of elegance and comfort to the spacious dreariness of the apartment; no music was prepared for the enlivenment of the evening; nor were any profane amusements that night to invoke the judgments of heaven upon the approaching ceremony.

The company consisted of more than two hundred guests, gentlemen and ladies, all staunch puritans, and opposers of the king. The countenances of many of the male portion of these were recognisable as the same which had, for the last few days, appeared as the arraigners at the trial so speedily about to be terminated; and a certain peculiar expression, common to each, betokening a mind preoccupied by one deeply engrossing topic, might have enabled an uninformed observer readily to select them from the rest. Yet there were others present, to whom the affair alluded to was not less momentous, and with whom rested fully as much of the responsibility of its now almost certainly dark result.

One of these latter, conspicuously seated near to Lisle, was the mighty mover of the political revolution of the day, and the chief instrument in procuring the king's unhappy position—the aspiring, though still religious, Cromwell. The descriptions of history have made the personal appearance of this remarkable man so familiar to posterity, that it is superfluous here to draw any picture of his coarse and strongly-made form, and severely harsh,





"Would that you had spared me, beloved one, the pain of hearing you ask aught that I cannot and dare not grant. My word of honour to your father is pledged to perform the very act which you implore me to leave undone. It was the condition which sealed my happiness in calling you wife this night. When I would have shrunk from the responsibility of taking an active part in the trial, and resigned my place to an older and more experienced statesman than myself, Henry Lisle, in disgust at what he conceived the indecision and irresolution of my character, would have robbed me of that dear hope which has even now been realised. I was forced to promise your father, Alice, that I would not only accept my place as one of the judges, but that I would be present throughout the trial, and shrink from no act which my position as a member of the court imposed on me—even to the signing of the warrant for Charles Stuart's death. Is there nothing else, involving less than my honour, that you would have me grant you? If there is, ask it, sweet one, and I will move heaven and earth to accomplish it."

"These are idle words of gallantry, William, unworthy the confidence which should exist between us. A wife need have no hope to a husband, unless in a case which involves his own best interests. As a child I could have had thee remain away from the court to-morrow, and I have sought to use our united influence to detain my father here. But it seems he has set his heart upon the matter, even more than I had deemed it proper for him to do. Let his retaliative justice for this particular act fall not heavily on the heads of all of us. If this cause, as ye both believe, he has, can ye not be persuaded that he will avenge himself on the king without human agency. If there be no hope for Charles Stuart? He is in this hour, even now, as we have contrived for his escape?"

"That were impossible, dearest, guarded as he is, with all hands. If it would abate his hauteur, and plead his cause in the eloquent manner he knows how to assume, there might yet, perhaps, exist a possibility for his escape. But this lies only in the chance of escape."

At that moment supper was announced, and Alice and Henry joined with the rest of the company to the refectory.

## CHAPTER II.

"Think, my darling, how  
Prepossessing words are such."

—J. H. ROSS.

THE large hall, where in 1534 Henry had held the first of eleven, after the marriage service, of the late king, and some fifteen or twenty minutes had elapsed since the departure of the guests when the reader is introduced to a small apartment in a corner and on the eastern side. It was as comfortable as any room in the whole apartment, but it did not vary in its long distance from any adjoining room, and it was situated entirely in the eastern rooms, common in large buildings at that period, and seen to be suitable in its arrangements for an apartment from the waste lands and galleries which led to it. Some heavy proportions had been made for the permanent accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, and a fire had been in the grate, which had been long unused, and a wide polished floor in one corner.

Seated before a table in this chamber, was a person of about thirty years of age. He was dressed in plain black velvet, and wore a black hood, which was thrown back, glittered a star belonging to the Order of the Garter.

His face was oval and handsome, the features being regular, not a historian line that his full brown eyes seemed rather dull, he sat in thought, and a peculiar expression of exceeding melancholy rested upon his countenance. This look of melancholy was not reflective, the marks of any strong ruling passion or principle, nor much indication of individuality of character. Yet, withal, it might not have escaped observation, that in the whole aspect there was not wanting a certain air of cold resolution, almost at variance with the mildness of the brow. This person was of the middle height, strongly made, and showing in his entire appearance a dignity denoting the highest birth.

Before him, on the table, lay the miniature of a lovely child, and a large Book of Common Prayer open beside it. He sat gazing upon the picture, until a tear ran slowly down his cheek. It was that of a blooming boy, the bright free shaded by clustered ringlets, and the whole countenance beaming with youthful hope and beauty.

"Sweet child," he audibly said, "may you ascend the throne of the Stuarts under better auspices than I have done! Heaven in its mercy grant that you may never suffer the fate of your wretched father! Oh if, at least, such hope of trial ever come upon you, may you not know what it is to be thus alone in your affliction, and separated from all you love on earth—shut out from the sweet sympathies of wife, children, and home, while your rank and dignity as king of England is trampled upon, and you are imprisoned and tried by your own people!"

His softened mood seemed suddenly to give place to more angry feelings, as, rising up, and the dullness of his eyes brightening to a keen flash, he exclaimed:—

"Let this court continue the mockery of its sitting; let it arraign me day by day, as a traitor, tyrant, and murderer! Am I not Charles Stuart, heir to a mighty line of sovereigns, and shall I stoop to acknowledge its authority, rather than resign myself to whatever fate its villany may impose on me? Mocks already my doom could hardly be aggravated: you matted floor—those wooden chairs—those grated windows—this narrow room—surely a prison were no worse. Yet, perchance—but it cannot—no, it cannot be, that the base Cromwell will dare incite them to shed my blood."

At this moment the door opened, and Alice Heath entered the apartment. "Who is it intrudes upon me at this most noble hour?" angrily

exclaimed the king, turning round, and seeing his fair visitor, who approached him, and dropped upon her knee.

"Spare your displeasure, sire!" she said, in the most soothing voice; "I am General Lisle's daughter, but I come to you as a subject and a friend."

"Rise, maiden," said the king, "and talk not of being subject to an imprisoned and belied monarch. Charles Stuart is hardly now a sovereign in name!"

"Nevertheless, I would perform my duty by acknowledging him as such," replied Alice, taking his hand, and then rising. "But it is not merely to admit his title that I come to him at this hour of the night. I come to beg him to sacrifice his pride as the owner of that same dignity, and stoop to plead his cause for the saving of his life. Know, my liege, that to-morrow, unless you consent to relax your pettiness or refusal to plead your cause, the court signs the warrant for your execution. I am ignorant whether or not you be all that my father and your enemies believe; but if you be, you are then the less fit to meet death."

"Death! And his it come to this!" exclaimed Charles, setting his teeth, and rapidly passing the room in some moments, without replying to his ready visitor, or even heeding her presence.

At length he ventured to reappear.

"I have told you of what I think your hope of averting this awful sentence, my lord. I pray you to forbear, upon this night. A little sacrifice of pride—the mere intercession of a humble vassal—"

"Sacrifice of pride! intercession of humble words!—then knowest not, maiden, when you speak, Charles Stuart cannot stoop so far, even though it be to save his life. Spurns of my royal ancestors!" added he, "spare me from a weakness which would make you blush to own me as your dependent!" And he covered his face with his hands.

"He is pained to a sublimity, to own the feeling for his king. I comprehend your unhappy case, my liege," said Alice, taking his passive hand, while the tears were falling fast.

A few moments' silence passed, which Alice interrupted.

"Can I not induce you?" said she, at length, "to value the precious boon of your life, which he has shewn public which we were speaking? Think, my king, how sweet is certainty, and all its precious ties of pleasure and affection, and she pointed to the miniature on the table. "How awful is a violent death, and how lonely, and dark, and mysterious the tomb! Cannot this consideration of all those things move your purpose?"

"I think you, sweet maiden, for your noble intention, and may God reward you for your words, and wishes of goodness," replied Charles, much touched by her tone of deep interest. "But my resolution is fixed."

"Can you suggest nothing, then, yourself, my liege, less displeasing to you?" "Have you no private friend whose influence I might not this night use in your behalf?"

"No, it cannot be," replied the king, after pausing a moment upon the words. "Charles Stuart is deserted on all hands, and it is the Lord's will that he should be. I begin to look upon it already with resignation. Yet, the best consolation came upon me this stroke of a thunderbolt. Private consolation I have long desired, but a public execution I had never dreamed of. Nevertheless, be it so. I shall meet death like a man and a king."

"Then farewell, since my visit is futile, and the Almighty be your support and comfort in your added affliction," said Alice, as again kissing his hand, and calling it with tears, she withdrew.

Left alone, the king remained for some time in deep thought. All anger and weakness appeared to have passed from his mind, and the remarkable expression of melancholy which we have before described, deepened on his face to a degree never seen except upon a martyr. Not less heightened, however, was his coldly resolute and likewise previously alluded to; so that, evidently and, it might likewise have been seen that Charles Stuart was also determined unto death.

What were his reflections in view of the announcement he had just received from the lips of Alice Heath, and which he saw no means of averting, short of sacrificing the dignity with which his rank as sovereign in England invested him in, we did not attempt to conjecture. None who have not been in his situation, can form anything like an adequate conception of the state of mind; and it were a sacrifice to attempt to invade the sanctity of the human soul in such an hour of agony.

While of his cogitations were, they were of limited duration; for, after a few minutes for a considerable time, Charles pushed back his chair, and falling upon his knees before the table, he drew the Book of Prayer towards him, and, clasping his hands upon it, read aloud:—

"The day of thy servant's calamity is at hand, and he is accounted as one of them that go down to the pit. Blessed Lord, remember thy mercies; give him, we beseech thee, patience in this his time of adversity, and support under the terror that encompass him; set before his eyes the things which he hath done in the body, which have justly provoked thee to anger; and, so much as his continuance appeareth to be short among us, quicken him, so much the more by thy grace and Holy Spirit; that he, being converted and reconciled unto thee before thy judgments have cut him off from the earth, may at the hour of his death depart in peace, and be received into thine everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Rising, he slowly disrobed, and throwing himself upon the bed, soon sunk into a placid slumber. Strange! that sleep of the prisoner at the prospect of death. The excitement of suspense—the palpitation of hope not altogether dead—these banish rest; but when the feverish perturbation caused by expectation departs, and the mind has no king, to feed upon but one dark and fearful certainty, it turns to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

(Continued on Page 241)

## MRS. KIRKHAM'S BOARDER.

## CHAPTER I.

"Boy, you will break my heart."

"Mother, you would break not only my heart, but my spirit also, yet if I can help it, you shall do neither."

"No impertinence, Edward! Again I command you to take this note to your teacher," and as Mrs. Kirkham spoke, she bent down, and with flashing eyes and knitted brow looked hard in her son's face.

Edward Kirkham did not reply, and for a few moments both were silent. The little porch, upon which mother and son stood, was shaded and entwined with the creeping wild-rose and scarlet trumpet-flower; the bees hummed merrily amongst the fragrant blossoms, and from the spreading branches of the tall trees near, the morning song of joyous birds floated forth. Mingled with these sweet sounds, came the silvery gurgle of "Blue Stream," which passed through the village, flowed down the fair meadows, and widened as it entered the deep wood. As these melodies of nature broke the strange silence, Edward Kirkham's heart seemed touched. The fierce scowl fled from his face, and turning away from his mother's steady gaze with suffused eyes, he murmured:—

"Please don't ask me to take that note, mother; I cannot do it."

"I don't ask you—I command you to do it. Ned, will you obey me?" Mrs. Kirkham spoke harshly, sternly, as one who expected rebellion, and she seemed not surprised when the answer came—

"In all things reasonable, I will obey you—in this matter, never!" Young Kirkham folded his arms as he spoke, and turned full upon his mother a gaze of defiance.

"And do you look that way upon your widowed mother? you whom I have carried in my arms, my firstborn, my only boy!" The widow's lip quivered, but she did not weep. Again Edward Kirkham seemed moved; again he spoke in the language of entreaty:—

"Mother! I love you," he pleaded; "I will do anything for you, but I cannot go back to school with that note."

"Your boyish whims shall not interfere with your obedience to me. Ned, take the note and I forgive you—disobey me, and you cross not my threshold again." Mrs. Kirkham set her teeth firmly together as she spoke these bitter words; her fierce temper was fully up, but the same spirit lived in her son.

"Very well, I'll drown myself in 'Blue Stream,' ere I carry that cringing note to your school-house. Mother, you have no respect for your son, but he has some for himself," and turning away, Edward Kirkham was about to descend the steps, when his mother laid her hand upon his arm.

"Boy! you have a fearful temper," she muttered; "but your threat shall not frighten me from my duty. My command still rests upon you."

"Does it?" carelessly returned the boy, springing down into the road.

"Take your books," called Mrs. Kirkham from the porch, flinging the school-satchel after her son; "and don't come home until you have obeyed me;" then going in, she closed the house door with a violent bang.

For a moment Edward Kirkham stood irresolute, and then a sudden thought flashed through his mind, he picked up the satchel, and his slender, boyish figure soon disappeared among the trees. Two little girls sat upon the top rail of an old moss-grown fence, near the entrance of the woods. They were evidently expecting some one; they had lingered there a long time, that bright June morning, and their school-books were idly scattered about. When Edward Kirkham approached, they raised a shout of joy.

"I told you, Mabel, he would come," said the younger of the girls, springing to his side; then looking up in his face, she artlessly inquired:—

"What ails you, Ned? What does make you look so sad?"

"Not much, Allie dear—never mind just now; but here, take care of my satchel while I tell Mabel something, down by the spring yonder."

"And not me, too?" asked Allie, looking reproachfully at her brother.

"It is nothing that you would care about hearing—nothing funny, that I am going to tell Mabel, and we won't be gone long;" and with this promise and a bunch of wild flowers, the little girl was satisfied.

"I will tell you, Mabel," said Edward Kirkham, as he walked away with his cousin, "as you are two years older than Allie, and not so childish; besides, I know that you will always love me."

"To be sure I will, dear Ned," returned Mabel Lynn, pressing close to her cousin's side.

"I believe you, Mabel darling; you know I am nearly sixteen (and the boy proudly raised his head); well, this very morning, mother ordered me to take a mean, cringing note of apology to Master Jones; an apology for an offence I never was guilty of; it would have been a disgrace to me to have offered it. I told mother this, but she believed me in the wrong, and urged, until at last she looked and talked more like a fiend than a woman."

"Ned! Ned!"

"Hear me, Mabel! she ordered me from her house, and I shall not darken her doors again. I stopped to tell you this, and bid little Allie and yourself good bye."

"Where are you going? Ned? Are you never coming back again?" gasped Mabel, eagerly clutching her cousin's arm.

"Don't ask me where I am going—don't ask me when I am coming back; I can't tell you, Mabel darling; but promise always to love and remember me?"

"Always! always!" returned the affrighted little girl; and then sobbing choked her voice, and burying her face in her sun-bonnet, she cried passion-

ately. When at last she checked her grief, her cousin reminded her of Allie: he bade her dry her eyes, and they returned to the fence. In vain did Mabel Lynn implore her cousin to tell her where he had so madly resolved to go—in vain did she try to soften his boyish wrath against his mother. Edward Kirkham was firm, and ere they reached Allie, she had ceased to plead.

"Good bye, my sweet Allie!" said Edward, fondly kissing his little sister; and then, turning to Mabel Lynn, he kissed her trembling lip, and pulling his cap over his eyes, to hide the tears, he turned away.

"Ned, why do you bid us good bye? Ain't you coming home for dinner?" asked Allie in surprise.

"No, darling, no!" and Edward hurried toward the woods. Allie Kirkham looked after her brother in mute amazement, and for a moment seemed lost in thought; but directly a bright butterfly sprang up before her, and the gay-hearted little girl forgot Ned's "queer behaviour," in her merry chase. Mabel Lynn was sad and silent all that morning; she said nothing to Allie of Edward's strange determination, although it sorely troubled her heart. Edward Kirkham did not come home to dinner, and when evening shades darkened the village, he was still absent. Mrs. Kirkham grew uneasy; the little girls, frightened; and when a second day had nearly worn away, and Edward came not, she began to think it was something more than "one of Ned's mad freaks." Ere a third day fled by, the villagers went forth to seek Edward Kirkham. Mrs. Kirkham's passion had now gone, and her heart seemed wrung almost to anguish. Not until the close of the fourth day did any light break upon the disappearance of Edward Kirkham. A mournful clue was then furnished to the mystery. The jacket of Edward Kirkham was found floating upon the waters of "Blue Stream," and on the bank near by lay his handkerchief and school-satchel—his footprints were traced in the soft earth, close down to the stream's edge. "Blue Stream" was dragged, but the body of the poor boy could not be found; there was little doubt but that it had been carried far down, and lost in a wider expanse of water. Mrs. Kirkham now fearfully realised the truth of her son's threat, and for weeks was like one bereft of sense. Suddenly she regained her stern, calm composure, and after listening with whitened cheek to Mabel Lynn's tale, forbade that her son's name should ever be mentioned to her again. The villagers respected her grief, and Edward Kirkham was remembered by them only in silence, or in tearful whispers at their own firesides. Mrs. Kirkham felt that she had provoked that storm of passion in which her proud, yet noble-hearted boy, had rushed into eternity, and with this conviction she was miserable. Mabel Lynn and Allie often spoke to each other of Edward, and as months flew by, their pale sad faces told how truly they yet mourned for "Poor Ned!"

## CHAPTER II.

SEVENTEEN years had fled by since Mrs. Kirkham's fearful bereavement—seventeen long years. Mingled webs of mercies and chastenings, joys and sorrows, had passed over the village. It had changed; its houses were more numerous, and a spirit of life and activity had sprang up in its very midst, which seventeen years before slumbered. There was a change in the inhabitants, an absence of well-known familiar faces, a presence of new and strange ones. In her old home, Mrs. Kirkham still lived. Her step had grown heavy, and her eye dim. Silver threads glistened from beneath her widow's cap. The weight of years was beginning to press hardly on Mrs. Kirkham, though her spirit had lost none of its energy. Time and bitter grief had softened her fierce asperity of temper, and Mary Kirkham, sorely chastened, deeply sorrowing, was a subdued and altered woman. Allie Kirkham—the gay little Allie of seventeen years before—was a widow. Childless and alone, her mirthful spirit saddened, Allie Dale returned to her mother's house, poorer than when she left it. Mabel (still Mabel Lynn) lived with her aunt. Her brow was smooth and fair as in earlier years, yet her large black eyes had a mournful gaze, and her cheek was very pale. Many wondered that the gentle and lovely Mabel Lynn had passed thirty years of her life, unsought, unwon; yet Mabel was calmly cheerful, and repined not at her lonely lot. To her aunt's heart she was very dear. Allie and Mabel were Mrs. Kirkham's treasures—all the old lady had.

Mrs. Kirkham grew poor. She had never been wealthy; but now her little fortune seemed fleeing fast away. Unless help came soon, the homestead must pass into stranger hands, and this Mrs. Kirkham shrank from. Mabel and Allie bent over their needles from morn till eve, but their labours seemed in vain. Prospects darkened—money lessened. As a last resort, Mrs. Kirkham decided to take a boarder—a gentleman boarder—and for his use she would appropriate her best bed-chamber, a pretty room over the neat little parlour. With the aid of her old domestic, she could manage household affairs, and her niece and daughter might still pursue their sewing. Allie and Mabel approved of this, and the next week the following notice appeared in the local paper:—"A pleasant room and boarding for one gentleman; to be had on reasonable terms. Apply at Mrs. Kirkham's." No one responded to this advertisement, and for the fourth and last time, it filled a corner in the *Weekly Express*. This time it was successful.

A stranger, whom the stage had brought to the village a half-hour before, carelessly picked up the paper. Sylvester Trehan, for so he had booked his name, read this notice twice, walked the room some dozen times, and then, having apparently arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, desired to be shown the way to Mrs. Kirkham's. During a walk of some minutes, Mr. Trehan asked many questions of his little guide, concerning the Kirkham family, expressing his determination, if he liked them, to remain some weeks. I don't know, reader, what pleased Sylvester Trehan so much at the cottage; but this I do know, that after gazing round the pretty chamber, with its old-fashioned red and green carpet, long white window-curtains, and neatly made

hed with snowy *Mauveilles* quilt, and after a brief conversation with Mrs. Kirkham, he engaged to be her boarder for several months, at least until autumn.

Sylvester Trelan was a tall man. His figure was good, his eyes dark blue and piercing, his features regular, and when he smiled, he looked pleasant. But he was not handsome; his complexion was deeply tanned, and he wore his dark brown hair in thick clustering masses over his brow, which, added to his habitually stern expression of countenance, rendered him rather unprepossessing in appearance. Sylvester Trelan had travelled much; his home had been in foreign countries: and therefore, when he chose, his conversation became singularly interesting and pleasing. He was wealthy, and paid generously, and Mrs. Kirkham was well satisfied with her boarder.

Allie and Mabel did not like him. At times his manners were strangely abrupt; and ere Sylvester Trelan had been two weeks in her house Mrs. Kirkham adopted their sentiments: her feelings suddenly underwent a sudden and violent change toward him.

"I heard something in the village to-day, which interested me exceedingly," said Mr. Trelan to Mabel Lynn, as he sat with her one evening upon the porch.

"Indeed! what was it?" listlessly asked Mabel.

"An old tale to you, I presume; I refer to the drowning of Mrs. Kirkham's son, years ago."

A deep flush spread over Mabel Lynn's face, and her voice quivered as she spoke:—

"An 'old tale,' indeed, and one full of misery. Don't talk to me of Ned, Mr. Trelan; you don't know what heart-rending memories your remark has awakened."

"I am surprised, Miss Lynn; you talk as if you loved this Kirkham."

"Loved him! Yes; child as I was, I loved him dearly, sir; he was my cousin—my brother. Oh, Ned! Ned!" and Mabel Lynn wept bitterly.

Mr. Trelan looked troubled, earnest, and perplexed. "Pardon me; I knew not this subject was so painful to you."

"You might have known," quickly returned Mabel; then, checking herself, she added, "promise never to mention this subject in this house again, especially to my aunt; we never speak to her of Ned." Ere Trelan could reply, they were summoned to tea.

As Mrs. Kirkham took her seat at the tea-tray, Mr. Trelan fixed his large blue eyes intently upon her. "Madam," he said, in a low thrilling tone, which caused Allie Dale to start, and Mabel to look imploringly upon him—"Madam, I heard to-day, for the first time, of your son being drowned near this village, many years ago."

A quick contraction of the mouth, a deadly pallor of the cheek, and otherwise Mrs. Kirkham was calm.

"Talk not to me of Edward Kirkham," she said, hoarsely; "he went to the bar of his God, a wretched suicide."

"And pray, Mrs. Kirkham, why did he commit suicide? had he just cause for it?—was he unhappy?" coolly asked Trelan.

Mrs. Kirkham's hand trembled violently, and she put down the coffee-pot. Allie Dale burst into tears, and Mabel leaned back in her chair, and covered her eyes. Notwithstanding this, and the horror-stricken looks of the old servant, who stood as if petrified, Trelan calmly repeated the question:—"Had he cause?"

"Oh, misery! yes; but who are you that you dare speak to me of Ned?" Mrs. Kirkham rose from the table with a sudden shudder, and Allie followed her. Sylvester Trelan's confused apology was lost upon Mabel; she seemed scarcely to hear it. Shortly after, when he took his hat and left the house, Mabel sought her aunt. That night, the first time for seventeen years, Mrs. Kirkham spoke to Allie and Mabel of Ned.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a stormy eve: fleeting clouds darkened the face of heaven, and wailing winds and dashing rain sounded mournfully together. Mrs. Kirkham sat alone in her parlour. The small lamp threw its rays full upon her face; it was pale, sad, and anxious. For a long while she was silent; and then, the mother's heart throbbing wildly within her, she moaned forth her long pent-up grief.

"Oh, Ned, my precious, lost boy, would that my tongue had been palsied, ere it spoke those bitter words! Oh, miserable child, and yet more miserable mother!" Tears burst forth, and Mrs. Kirkham laid her head upon the table.

"Did you address me, madam?" asked Sylvester Trelan, stepping from the deep window recess, where he had been standing unobserved.

"Address you? No! I knew not that you were in the room," returned Mrs. Kirkham, hastily subduing her grief, and rising from her chair.

"You appeared to be mourning for your—"

"Don't mention his name to me again," violently interrupted Mrs. Kirkham, her whole frame trembling with emotion.

Sylvester Trelan covered his face with his hands, and muttered—"It is well." When he looked up he was alone.

"It is cruel, unaccountable, his behaviour," said Mabel Lynn, as she listened with flushed cheek, some minutes after to her aunt's incoherent tale. "Why this man seeks thus to torture you, I know not."

"Mother!" exclaimed the impetuous Allie Dale, fondly kissing Mrs. Kirkham's faded lips, "mother! Sylvester Trelan shall stay here no longer. Let me this very night bid him seek other lodgings; it matters not if we are poor, better so than have your feelings crushed."

"Allie! stay a moment. Our poverty does matter much; we cannot so hastily cut from us the means of support; but daughter, I promise you, if

Sylvester Trelan mentions my boy to me again, he leaves this house for ever."

"I am satisfied," murmured Allie.

Another evening was stealing over the village; not a dim, misty, weeping one, as that of yesterday, but radiant with golden light, balmy, and fair. Allie Dale sat upon the porch step; nature was joyous, but she was not; and, whilst the birds sang, she sighed.

"You are sad this evening, Mrs. Dale, and wherefore?"

Allie turned, and saw Sylvester Trelan. A shiver of dislike crossed her, and she answered proudly:—

"You need not ask, Mr. Trelan. Permit me to inquire why you have twice cruelly wounded the heart of my mother?—twice, and not two weeks have flown since you entered our family. Why have you done this?"

"For my own satisfaction," hurriedly returned Mr. Trelan.

"Is your heart of adamant? You know what agony to my mother is the mention of Ned; even Mabel and myself have never dared to advert to him, by word, or look, for years; and yet you, a stranger, coolly delight in her misery."

"Not so—not so; I have an object in view," said Sylvester Trelan, with strange emphasis.

Allie Dale did not reply. Again she sighed, and again her companion inquired the reason of her grief.

"I will tell you," she answered, suddenly, "although you have no feeling. To leave mother, Mabel, and myself from bitter poverty, I have partly consented to wed one I can never love; and now, a path of wretchedness lies before me."

"Be comforted, Allie—Mrs. Dale! In that path you shall never walk—I will save you, so help me Heaven!"

Allie looked up through her tears at Sylvester Trelan; but he turned away from her earnest gaze, and left her alone.

An hour later, Sylvester Trelan entered the parlour where sat Mrs. Kirkham, Allie, and Mabel. A chill silence followed his entrance. It was broken at last by Trelan.

"Mrs. Kirkham, I wish not to torture you; but I implore you, tell me, do you yet love your son?" As Sylvester Trelan paused, his frame shook with violent emotion.

"In mercy, speak not his name again to me!" gasped Mrs. Kirkham.

"In mercy, answer my question, and I pledge my sacred honour that I cease to trouble you."

"Man! tormentor! you have pitilessly torn my bleeding heart since you came to this house; now leave it, and take my answer. I love my dead boy with a mad, passionate, undying love!" Mrs. Kirkham almost screamed these words out, and then clasping her hands tightly together, she pressed them on her brow.

"I have probed your heart out to heal. Oh, mother! mother! I have ever loved you, I have pined for you; mother, behold your son!" And with a convulsive sob, the young man threw himself on his knees before Mrs. Kirkham.

"My son!" exclaimed the bewildered mother, looking wildly on Trelan.

"Alas! no; my poor boy was drowned!"

"Mother, he was not; I tell you, I am your son! I am Edward Kirkham! In a moment of fierce anger I vowed to be dead to you, and left my clothes and satchel on the bank, that you might think I had perished beneath the waters. Oh, mother, forgive me!" As Edward Kirkham spoke, he swept back the masses of dark hair from his brow, and his high, bold forehead was uncovered. A deep red scar glowed upon it. As Mrs. Kirkham's eye fell on this, she uttered a scream of joy.

"You are my Ned! That scar was on your brow in childhood. I know you now. Oh, child, for seventeen long years parted from your mother, you are mine again! My God! I thank thee!" And Mrs. Kirkham's arms were wound around her son's neck with a wild, long, and rapturous endearment.

Allie and Mabel knelt by Edward Kirkham, and when his mother's head was on his shoulder, and their soft kisses fell upon his cheek and lip, the weary wanderer of seventeen years acknowledged with a grateful heart that God had richly blessed him.

"I have gathered wealth; I have brought home gold, mother; it is yours! you are poor no longer. Sweet sister! darling Allie! you shall never walk in the wretched path of which you told me one hour ago."

Allie Dale looked fondly in her brother's face as she spoke: "I said many harsh and unkind things to you one hour ago. My precious Ned, can you forgive them?"

"Think not of them. Mother," and Edward turned to Mrs. Kirkham, "forgive my strange conduct since I came to your house. I know my questions seemed cruel, but I felt such a wild yearning to hear from your own lips whether you had forgiven and loved me yet, or had cast me off for ever. Had your heart seemed closed against me, I would have left you, unknowing that other than Sylvester Trelan had crossed your threshold."

"Forgive me. O Ned! I have been fearfully punished for my bitter words to you that dreadful morning. My heart has borne a load of misery ever since, my precious boy."

Mrs. Kirkham's arms were around Edward again, and mother and son felt that, in that earnest, holy embrace, both were forgiven, and the shadows of the past for ever effaced. Mrs. Kirkham chided herself as one blind of heart, for not knowing her son; but, as Mabel and Allie declared, there was little wonder she had failed to do so.

Seventeen years work deep changes, and in the bronzed muscular man of thirty-three, none could have traced the fair slender boy of sixteen. The dark tinge had rested too long on Edward Kirkham's cheek to lightly pass



away; but, as he passed back the rich masses of hair from his brow, and suffered bright heartsome smiles to light up his countenance, Mabel and Allie declared he was their "handsome Ned" again.

Burning with boyish rage against his mother, young Kirkham went to sea a few days after his flight from the village. For years he never wished to return; but as he advanced in life, a wild desire sprang up to revisit his home, and share with his mother, Allie, and Mabel, the fortune he had gained. When Edward Kirkham came to the village, and ere he had time to inquire for his friends, the notice in the paper met his eye. As he read, a strange fancy struck him: it deepened into as strange a plan. Reader, this plan, and the sequel thereto, you already know.

"Mabel! sweet Mabel! Lynn! for whom have you kept that free heart so long? You were the idol of my boyish days, you are the idol of my proud manhood. Darling Mabel! will you give me your priceless heart?" To this earnest question of Edward Kirkham's, I know that Mabel answered "Yes."

Some weeks after, there was a wedding in the "old Lowestead," and Edward Kirkham took to his true and noble heart the fair Mabel Lynn. Allie Dale ever smiles when she speaks of Sylvester Trehan, and her mother declares it to be a blessed day upon which he crossed her threshold. "There was no small excitement and joy in the village, when it was known that the long-lost Ned Kirkham had come back; and down to the present time the villagers regard "Mrs. Kirkham's Boarder" with wonder and interest.

## BEAUTY.

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes can trace it 'midst familiar things." Mrs. Hemans.

BEAUTY is a principle, either in nature or art, that gratifies the senses, and leaves upon the mind the impression of a certain grace and proportionate fitness of parts. There is, throughout the material universe, a congruity in all the workings of nature, that gives to our observations a peculiar interest; and that, too, in proportion to the vigour of our investigations.

We may admire a rock, because it is one of the features that gives beauty and variety to the landscape; we may have our wonder and interest excited, as we reflect that it may be "as ancient as the sun," and we pause in contemplation of that Power, whose care has imbued it with principles that defy the changes of time, and the war of the elements.

But a new impetus is given to our curiosity, and fresh ardour to our inquiries to learn more of nature, when we perceive that which at a distance appeared to be a homogeneous mass of stone, is bound together by an aggregation of particles, each differing from the other, in hue, consistency, and composition, yet all together forming a grand whole.

Take also the wing of a butterfly—the eye is delighted with the variety and brilliancy of the hues that are depicted on it;—and yet how many, as the bright insect flutters across their pathway, stop to think of the exquisite skill displayed in the construction of that wing? That which to the eye of the attentive observer appears like a soft down, is attentively examined by the aid of a microscope, will prove to be an infinity of delicately constructed feathers.

Flowers, too, the wild wood flowers that greet us by thousands in our daily walks, are teeming with beauty. "They have tales of the joyous woods to tell" by the couch of suffering, and they bear the message of hope to the desponding. "Flowers! ye form the bridal chaplet, and ye go down to the grave with the coffined ones."

At a ball given at Nottingham, in honour of Lord Howe's victory, on the 1st of June, 1794, amidst the glare of diamonds, pearls, and plumes, there was one lady whose head-dress consisted of a simple wreath formed from a branch of natural oak. On the following morning after breakfast, the Countess Howe, in presence of the company, planted three of the acorns taken from the wreath; they germinated, and at this day, form three handsome trees. While thus evincing her taste, the lady could not have found a more efficient method of perpetuating her memory.

The idea of beauty is universal; wherever there are hearts and minds that can be influenced by external causes; wherever there are ears that hear with delight the varied minstrelsy of nature, or eyes that can behold with pleasure the pictures from a master's hand—that are continually free to the view—that can read with interest the volume ever open to the student of nature, beauty has there an empire; and in this perception of the beautiful, not only is the natural taste gratified, but it bestows a graceful refinement upon its votary; it ennobles the intellect, and lends a heightened lustre to the moral qualities.

No less beneficial are its effects upon nations. Look at Italy and Greece. "Their glorious day is o'er." The orators whose eloquence could move a nation, are heard to speak no more; the hand that could give life to marble is palsied by death; and the hand "who struck with magic art the lyre," long ago sang his last song. But are they forgotten? no! their laurels are yet as green, as on the day when accorded amidst the applause of the multitude.

The sun of political power is gone down amid clouds of gloom, yet—

"Pilgrim's pensive, but unwearied throng,  
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song."

For art has there reared to herself a monument, that still commands the admiration of the civilised world, and has erected a shrine at which genius still delights to pay homage.

## DOSING A TRAVELLER.

It was in one of the extensive hostels which are to be "tied up to" in most of the large towns in the interior of New York, that the following scene actually occurred, as can be proved by a host of witnesses who have heard the landlord tell the story!

The hotel referred to was, on the occasion of which we are speaking, rather full, and the nephew of the landlord lay sick in one of the rooms on the third floor. It was to receive medicine during the night from the hands of a person who had been procured to watch with him. The landlord had instructed the watcher to administer a potion of some little physic to the patient at twelve o'clock: the dose to be repeated at certain hours of the night.

"He is rather teetly," said the landlord, "and you had better keep out of his room until you go up to give him his medicine."

"Oh, for that matter," replied the watcher, who was a novice in the vocation, "I prefer to sit here," and he eyed a sofa which was in the apartment, in a suspicious manner.

"Well," said the landlord, "you won't forget the number of his room?"

"No, sir."

"And tell him he must take his medicine without making such a confounded fuss as he made with the last dose. Tell him that I say he must take it—it's good for him."

"Yes, sir."

"Good night."

"Good night."

Boniface retired, and the watcher deposited himself on the sofa, from which he was roused by his own snoring at a quarter before one. In dismay and confusion he seized the potion and hurried up stairs.

The sick man was lodged in No. 52, but the nurse in his haste mistook No. 53 for it, and entering the latter, he saw a person lying in the bed, face upward, with his mouth wide open, resplending with that peculiar gurgle in the throat which indicates strong lungs and a pleuritic habit.

"Ah!" mentally exclaimed the astute watcher, "he makes a fuss about taking his medicine, does he? I'm blowed, though, if he don't take one dose quietly—before he wakes up, in fact!"

The idea of giving a potion of bitter physic to a comolent patient was sufficiently ridiculous; but when we consider that the watcher had entered the wrong room and was about to administer it to the wrong man, the affair becomes still more ludicrous.

Our friend the watcher acted promptly, and having filled the bowl of a large spoon with the nauseating mixture, he forced it down the throat of the sleeping traveller, who happened to be a healthy Irishman that had never tasted physic before in his life. The Irishman struggled and bit the spoon severely, but the watcher plunged it deeper in his throat, saying, as he did so—

"Oh, but you must take it—the landlord says you must."

The nasty dose went down, but when Patrick recovered his breath and began to pour forth his objurgations in his own peculiar rhetoric, the watcher discovered that he had committed an egregious blunder, and seizing his light, fled from the room.

The astonished and enraged traveller sprang from his bed, and was soon heard rushing about in search of the landlord, swearing vengeance against him and all connected with his house. On he came, tearing through the passages, banging the doors, and roaring like a bull.

"Oo-oo-oh! It's kilt I am, be dad, any how. Au-ugh! I'm chawked with pison! Divil a bit is a farrum in the wisthern country wher I buy now—for I am a dyed man! The pison is ating me up just. Och! it's enough to make a dog throw his father in the fire! Landlord! landlord! Imd to o-o-o-r-r-r!"

Pat had, by this time, descended to the floor on which the landlord's apartment was situated, and the worthy host, hearing the hillaullio, opened his door and asked what was the matter.

"Ah! is it there ye are? Come out for a bating—or let me come till ye! A poorty house yere kaping, to send a ere man into an honest thraveller's room to pison the innocent in his slape! Ugh! the bitter, nasty pison!—Come out here, an' I'll lather ye like blazes!"

"What's the matter, my good friend?" inquired Boniface.

"Ow! the matter is it!—when I was waked from my awate slape, and a big, dirty blaggard stood fornint me, rammin a big *lu aule* down me trote full ov pison; 'An', sez he, 'ye must take it—the landlord sez so:—and now, what's the matter, sez you! An' that's one ov yer thricks on thravellers! Come out here an' I'll ba-ate ye—I'll bra-ake ivery bone in yer body! I'll tache ye to pison a decent thraveller that's goin' to buy land in the wisthern country!'"

The Irishman here became entangled in the meshes of a wooden settee which stood in his way; and, at the same time, the landlord's wife seized her worthy lord—although a "hoat" in himself, she was not willing to risk him in a rough and tumble fight in the dark—and having plucked him back into her sleeping apartment, she locked the door, and bolted it securely.

The prospective purchaser of "wisthern lands" having extricated his legs and arms from those of the settee, still thirsted for the landlord's blood,

"Bring me till the murtherin' ould villian—let me come at him!"

At this juncture, however, Mick, the ostler, made his appearance with a lantern, which he held up to the physic-smear'd face of the enraged traveller, with a polite request that he would "hold" his tongue. But Mick was at last compelled to give his fellow-countrymen a good beating, which had the effect to restore him to good humour; and when he found that he was not poisoned, after all, he retired once more to his bed, to dream of the "farrum" which he was going to buy in the "wisthern country."

## MOUNT ETNA

This is the largest and most extraordinary volcanic mountain in the world. It is 10,874 feet high—that of Vesuvius is only 8,979—and measures 180 miles in circumference at the base, and its various regions has three separate zones or climates. Over its sides are scattered no fewer than seventy-seven cities, towns, and villages, occupied by about 115,000 people. To ascend from Catania, is a journey of twenty-four miles. This journey is one of great fatigue, and very few travellers are disposed to undertake it. This mountain produces all the necessities and luxuries of life. The first region is the most fertile, and affords corn, oil, wine, silks, spices, and delicious fruits. The second yields beautiful forests and flocks of game, besides tar, cork, and honey; and the third snow and ice—while its caverns are stored with marbles and mineral productions, such as cinnabar, mercury, sulphur, alum, nitre, and vitriol. Its timber keeps the Sicilians warm in winter, and its ice cool in summer. The sale of snow and ice collected from its cone averages ten thousand dollars per annum.

The *castagna di cento cavalli*, or the chestnut tree of a hundred horse—so called because it is supposed to be capable of sheltering one hundred horses beneath the canopy of its boughs—is situated in one of the spacious fields of the lower circle. The dense forests are occupied by wild beasts, and the loftier heights by that bird of liberty, the eagle—

*The bird that lives  
Her scending plumes in the sun's first gush;  
Drinks his meridian blaze and sun-set flush;  
Worships her idol in his fiercest hour;  
Bathes her full bosom in his hottest shower;  
Rides with the thunder in his blazing march;  
And bears his lightning for yon boundless arch.*

The rays of the rising sun strike the top of the mountain seven or eight minutes before they shine on Catania; at this time, the shadow of the mountain extends over the whole island, and even into the sea. The view from the summit of Etna baffles description. At this elevation the diameter of the horizon commanded by the human eye is estimated at 800 miles, which is equal to a surface of 2,600 miles. It is wonderful that the Empress Adonia and the philosopher Plato were willing to undergo the toil of mounting to this altitude to enjoy the gratification of such a prospect.

A French traveller, speaking of the effect of the rising sun from the height of Etna, says that it is as if the universe had been observed suddenly springing from the night of non-existence. The coasts of Africa and Naples, and all the intervening islands, are under the range of observation. The incynholi of the mountain is seen entire, and the whole island of Sicily, with its rivers, cities, and hamlets in full relief, including the fertile fields of Etna, and the honeyed hills of Hybla. In the spring, when the trees begin to flower, the island appears as if powdered with blossoms. From such a height the people in the vales below seem but as grasshoppers.

But Etna is not always passive. It is subject to eruptions and earthquakes, and when they take place the land and sea become troubled, and the inhabitants are in despair. When such a mountain does speak, it speaks with power. In a calamity of this nature, God is man's only refuge. Of the earthquakes, one of the most remarkable described in history is that which happened in 1693. Its motion was perceived in Germany, France, and England, but Sicily was the chief sufferer. It extended to a circumference of 2,000 leagues, and no fewer than fifty-four cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catania, in particular, was completely overthrown. The sea suddenly began to roar, Mount Etna to send forth great spires of flame, and soon after a shock ensued, with a noise as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged. The birds flew about astonished, the sea was drunken, the beasts ran howling from the hills, and, although the shock did not continue above three minutes, above sixty thousand of the inhabitants of Sicily perished in the ruins. When it was over, Catania could not be found.

**SLAVERY THE MOTHER OF DECAY.**—When we read Gibbon's eloquent and magnificent description of the Roman empire, under the mild sceptre of the Antonines; an empire comprehending the entire civilised world of that day—full of flourishing cities, guarded at its frontiers by those unconquered legions out of whose camps new cities sprang up—intersected in every direction by great and almost indestructible military roads, whilst its commercial navy united all the coasts of the Mediterranean, and from the Red Sea visited India—internally connected by a regular coast in the service of the Government—covered with the monuments which, even in their ruins, continue to excite the amazement of posterity, and with schools for science and art, not only in Rome and Italy, but in Spain, Gaul, Greece, Africa, and Asia Minor—whose teachers were paid by the state, and encouraged, rewarded, and valued to such a degree, that Marcus Aurelius seems rather to have wished to be a scholastic philosopher than an emperor;—when this picture rises up in our imagination, and we bear in mind the wonderful development of the Roman law, and of all forms, judicial and administrative, it is difficult to conceive that we contemplate a merely protracted decline—material prosperity, which is, nevertheless, partial and fallacious—mechanism with only external moving power—an artificial formation without life—and a general unhealthiness of mind which the upper classes sustain with stoic indifference, whilst the masses sink deeper and deeper in degradation. Yet so it was, and why? The majority in the ancient world were slaves.—Geyer's Essays.

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

## A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 217).

## CHAPTER VIII.—THE ESCAPE AND ALARM.

Four Indian braves, selected for their keen watchfulness and tried courage, were set as guard over the prisoners doomed to die on the morrow. They were armed with knives, tomahawks, and muskets; and were so placed, that the slightest movement of either of the captives could be seen. But this last precaution seemed unnecessary; for the latter were so tightly and securely bound, that to move at all was next to an impossibility. They were all placed separately in a row, and every man was bound hand and foot, with a strong ligament around his neck, and attached to a stake near his head. Two torches stuck in the ground, on either side, cast a ruddy gleam over their dark figures, and showed the aworthy, painted, and repulsive person of the guard standing over them with that untiring vigilance for which the Indian is so remarkable.

It was perhaps two hours from the release of the female captives, as recorded in the foregoing chapter, that a noise outside of the council-house drew the attention of the guard to that quarter. As the noise continued near the entrance, one of the young warriors levelled his musket, and challenged in his native tongue. At the same moment, the skin was pushed rudely aside, and Posetha staggered into the council-house, holding in one hand a small canteen, which he seemed in vain trying to get to his lips, with a drunken gravity truly ludicrous. The Indian that had pointed his musket at the intruder, now elevated the muzzle, and indulged in a silent laugh—a proceeding in which his companions also joined.

Posetha, apparently not aware where he was, but winking violently from the effects of the light on his eyes, continued to stagger forward, still trying to bring the canteen to his lips, but from the unsteadiness of hand and body, not being able to succeed in his purpose. At length he came to a sudden halt—that is to say, a drunken man's halt—and balancing himself as best he could, stared curiously upon the guard, whom he now seemingly beheld for the first time.

"What are you doing here?" he said, in Shawnee, accompanying his remarks with the usual number of hiccups, and flourishing his canteen with the comical gestures of an intoxicated man endeavouring to appear very wise and dignified. "I say what are you doing here, all drunk as beasts? Go home, and get sober, and take a sensible friend's advice, and don't ever taste liquor again."

Again the guard laughed, and one of them said, "What are you doing here, Posetha? What have you got in that canteen?"

"Poison!" answered the other, fumbling about his dress for a place to hide it, as if afraid it would be taken from him. "Yes, poison," he repeated, beginning to stagger back, as if with the intention of making his escape. "Yes, yes, it wouldn't be good for you, it would make you sick, and so Posetha will take care of it."

"Let us try if it will make us sick," laughed the young Indian, approaching the drunken man, and extending his hand as if to seize it.

"No, no, no!" returned Posetha, with drunken eagerness, fumbling more than ever under his scanty garments, and retreating all the time toward the door. "No, no, no!" he repeated, dropping the canteen on the ground, and, apparently unconscious of it, continuing his retreat with quickened, but still unsteady steps. "It isn't good for ye; its poison, it would kill ye." And as the last words were uttered, he made a sudden lurch toward the doorway, missed it, and fell sprawling on the earth, where he lay as if stunned.

The Indians laughed heartily as they passed the canteen round, each taking some three or four large draughts, and smacking their lips with true relish. This emptied the flask, which was now cast toward Posetha, with good-humoured derision, and the guard resumed their places near the prisoners.

Then it was, reader, had you been near enough for the purpose, you might have seen, in the dark eyes of Posetha, as he still lay extended where he fell, a gleam of intelligence, of malicious triumph, such as the eyes of no really drunken man could by any possibility send forth. And the meaning of this peculiar look was soon apparent; for after the lapse of a few minutes, the heads of the guard, in spite of their efforts to the contrary, began to nod and droop; and in the course of five minutes more, they themselves dropped down in their places, unconscious of everything around them.

The moment Posetha witnessed this, he sprang to his feet, and gliding forward with the stealthy tread of that feline animal from which, and for this reason, he had received his appellation, he approached the prostrate warriors, and bending down, examined each closely, and then carefully withdrew their arms. All this, or as much of it as their peculiar positions would allow, was witnessed by the prisoners, with emotions of hope and joy impossible for us to describe, but with a cautious silence that spoke volumes in favour of their great presence of mind. The hope of liberty, and the fear of failure, caused the blood to alternate between the head and heart, and they, in consequence, experienced an acute sense of suffocation.

The instant Posetha satisfied himself the guard were safe, and deprived of all their weapons, he drew his knife, and with a rapidity that threatened injury to the captives, severed the thongs that bound them. "Brother," he now whispered, in Shawnee, to Harry Miller, "tell your friends to be silent,



"The moment the animal felt a weight upon his back, he made a clean spring from the earth, which nearly overthrew his rider, and, finding himself free at last, darted away like a meteor, bearing directly for the village, in spite of the Colonel's efforts to change his course."

and speedy, and follow me. If they speak or make the least noise, all will be lost. I will go before and lead the way; but the moment I halt, let all sink to the earth, and remain so until they hear my signal."

"Thou art worthy to be my brother, Christopher," returned Harry, brushing a tear from his eye; "and it seems just as if Heaven discovered you to me for the providential preservation of our lives."

He then hurriedly informed the others what Posetha had said, and urged an immediate departure. The force of his words were felt; but, unfortunately, it was impossible to comply with his request, owing to a want of circulation of blood in their limbs, particularly their legs, from being so long and tightly corded. By quick and vigorous rubbings, however, mingled with the desperation of men straining every nerve for life, our friends soon had the satisfaction of finding themselves able to stand, and even walk. The arms of the guard were then distributed among them; and extinguishing the torches, the whole party followed Posetha through the door of the council-house, and in the course of ten minutes our friends had the satisfaction of seeing the last hut left behind them.

It may seem a little surprising to the reader, that two parties should thus have been enabled to leave the town in the dead hours of night, without any disturbance from the dogs; but when we inform him, that all the canine animals which had escaped the deadly drug of Carnele, had been poisoned by Posetha in like manner, there will, we trust, no longer be any mystery.

A little distance from the village, the party came to a large enclosure full of horses. Posetha now informed our friends, through his brother, that they were about to engage in a bold and hazardous adventure, which, if successful, would place them in safety, but that there was great danger in creating an alarm, in which case it was impossible to tell what would be the result, though in all probability it would either be death or captivity, and that the fate of himself, as a traitor to the Indians, would be even worse than their own, if, indeed, such a thing were possible.

"Well," replied the Colonel, firmly, "it may be death—I cannot say—but as for myself, I will never again be taken alive by these inhuman redskins. Oh! my wife and child! my wife and child! if they were only free—if I could only know they were in safety—it now seems to me I could endure any fate; but alas! alas! I fear it is useless to hope. But can we not make another effort to save them?" he added, eagerly. "What say you, my brave comrades?"

"We can, we must," returned Edward; "at least I for one will go, and either liberate them, or die in the attempt."

"Ay, ay, we may as well die now as any time," put in Wilkes. "Come, Posetha must know something of their whereabouts—let us consult him."

"Yes, yes, a good idea," chimed in Edward. "But where is he?" he asked, looking around, and addressing his brother, who stood near.

"He's scouting round the enclosure, to find out if there's any Indian sentinels about; and, if so, where they're posted," answered the other.

"Well, if I might just open my jaws agin, arter havin' on 'em shut for sich a long time by them thar red-niggers, as don't know a B from a buzzard," put in Carnele, who really spoke for the first time since his capture, "I might jest say to you hot-headed gentlemen, that if you think o' going back into these here bloodhounds' den, to hunt for women, this night, with any hope o' gittin' them away, you're ayther downright mad, or thunderin' sight bigger fools nor ever old John tuk ye for, that's all."

"Well, then, what do you advise, Carnele?" inquired the Colonel. "You must recollect that the friends we have in captivity are even dearer to us than our own lives; and hence, we would willingly lay down our lives to save them. You, of course, have no such urgent reasons for again putting yourself in jeopardy; and, therefore, I cannot blame you, if you refuse to return on such a hopeless adventure; but as for myself I am resolved, come what may, I will not go hence without them."

"Nor I," said Edward.

"Nor I," echoed Wilkes.

"Now, ef you think what I said, was said because o' my being afeard to go back with you," rejoined the old scout, "then I've jest got to tell you, that eff you know a heap more'n I do, thar's one thing you don't know, and that's John Carnele, and nothin' else. No, Colonel Danforth, thar's not a man, boy, red-nigger or black, that you could skeer up atween daylight and snadown, that 'ud risk more'n I would, ef I thought as how any good 'ud come on't; but what's the use o' your gittin' killed outright, or captur'd and burnt at the stake, just to show yourself manly like? Eh! tell me that? D'ye think your wife and child 'ud be any the better for't, eh?"

"We run our risks, of course," replied the Colonel, "and if Providence will that we die in the bold attempt, we shall at least have the consolation of knowing we have done our duty, as soldiers and men."

"Yes, that may be powerful consolint' to you; but do ye think it 'ud be so to the women? that's the question."

"But it is possible we might succeed," interrupted Edward. "We run a great risk, of course; but we are not certain of failure; and we are certain, that unless the trial be made, those we love will remain in captivity worse than death. There is an old saying, That if one waits to have all objections first removed, he will never enter upon any great undertaking."

"Well, ef you're determined on goin'," replied Carnele, "here's what'll go along; for nobody never knowed John Carnele desert a friend in need; but I'll tell ye one thing, and that's as true as that we've been in the red-nigger's hands; and that is, ef we go, we'll never come back; and so we might as well say our prayers, look to heaven, and bid good bye to airth."

"But why are ye so positive on this point?" asked Wilkes. "It seems you forget we have once made the trial already."

"No, it's you that forgit—or ef you remember it, it don't seem to do ye much good. You won't say you succeeded that time, I reckon."



"But we might, only for my imprudence," put in Edward. "Had I followed your directions, friend Carnele, as I should have done, doubtless our friends and ourselves would now be in safety, beyond the reach of savages."

"I don't know 'bout it, Major—I don't know 'bout it; we mought, and then agin we moughtn't; but I know we had a better chance then nor we'll ever hev agin, leastwise for the present. Now ef it was men—old Injen hunters—we was goin' to get out o' difficulty, 'thar mought be some chance; for with thar experience in such affairs, they'd know enough to hold thar tongues at the right time; and when once they was free, they'd add so much strength to our party, instead o' weakening it like women would. And, besides, thar's no use in thinkin' as how a feller and a gal as loves one and tother, is ever agoin' to keep their mouths shut when they once git together. The thing ain't in reason, kase it's agin natur, and thar's the upshot of the hull matter. Now ef I was agoin' to advise, I'd say, jest let us git away safely ourselves this time, and then wait for a favourable time for makin' a new trial; and then I'd hev nobody go 'cept old experienced hunters; and then the women wouldn't hev nothin' to scream about. You see, Cunnel, we knows whar they is now, and thar's half the battle."

"There is something reasonable in what you say, I'll allow," replied Colonel Danforth; "but still it seems cruel and cowardly to desert them in the manner you counsel. At least, before I decide either way, I will consult Posetha, and take his advice."

"And here he comes," rejoined Miller. "With your permission, I'll speak to him by himself."

The foregoing conversation, though not exactly carried on in whispers, was spoken in tones too low and guarded to be audible half a dozen paces from where the party stood, within which distance it was well known there were no unwelcome listeners. The return of Posetha put an end to the discussion, and all stood in silence awaiting the result of the interview between the two brothers. Suddenly, Henry Miller made an exclamation in Shawnee, and threw his arms round Posetha's neck. All were, of course, surprised at this singular proceeding at such a time, and every one was curious to know what it meant. They were not long kept in ignorance; for hurriedly rejoicing the party, and dashing the tears from his eyes, Henry exclaimed, in English—

"God bless my noble brother, Christopher! He has this night, alone, and unaided, set your friends at liberty, and conducted them to a place of safety."

"Heavens! what is this I hear?" said the Colonel, in a low, agitated voice.

"Our ears must deceive us!" gasped Edward, not daring to believe what he had heard.

"It cannot be possible!" put in Wilkes.

"It is true," said Miller. "Here's my brother: question him. Come forward, Christopher, and tell us what feats you've performed to-night."

The white Indian slowly advanced to the group, and said in his own peculiar way:

"Posetha no lie—no forked tongue got. Pale-face wife, pale-face dove, pale-face daughter, safe."

"Where? where?" demanded Edward, the Colonel, and Wilkes, in the same breath.

"No tell now—spoil all. Come with Posetha, and him show soon—hi-me-by—sometime."

"Can this be true?" pursued the still doubting Colonel—doubting through fear, yet believing through hope.

"Oh, I could clasp you to my heart for the words you have spoken, Posetha!" said Edward, rapturously. "May the Great Spirit bless you for this, my friend!" and seizing the hand of the other, he pressed it to his heart, and thought of Lucy as a being whom he might yet so clasp in safety and freedom.

Nor were Wilkes and the Colonel behind in testifying their gratitude to the author of their present happiness. Each grasped a hand of the noble fellow, and the eyes of both were dimmed with tears, as they invoked the blessings of Heaven upon his head.

"In this, my friends," said the Colonel, solemnly and feelingly, "do we all behold the hand of a mysterious Providence; for by saving the life of Posetha we have saved our own; our friends have been set at liberty, and to one of our party has been restored a long-lost brother. And more than this, do we not behold the doom of the Indian, when out of the three only one was spared, and that one a white man? Yes, a doom is upon the red-man; and in spite of all his struggles, all his victories, a few more years will see him driven far beyond his present hunting-grounds, and the all-conquering white man will take his place. These forests will then be felled, these fields be turned up by the ploughshare; villages, unlike this behind us, will spring up, and the quiet hum of civilisation will be everywhere heard; and if we live to the appointed age of man, we shall see it. Woe to the Indian, woe! But come, this is no place for moralising. Posetha, let us away. Yet stay. First tell me how it is possible you can have placed the females in safety, in so short a time? Suppose, for instance, an alarm be given—and there is no knowing how soon that may be—may they not be discovered and retaken before we can get to their assistance?"

"Posetha speak no lie, and him say no. Injen cunning, but he no look for him in Haunted Cave."

"Haunted Cave; and where is that, pray tell us?"

"Bi-me-by tell—not now. Come, horses waiting."

"But, surely, you will conduct us to them at once?" queried the Colonel.

"Best let him take his own course," interposed Miller, who feared too much pressing on the subject might irritate his brother, whose sulky disposition, when angered, he well remembered from a boy. "Best let him take

his own course, Colonel, and you may be certain he will act discreetly. If he tells you the women are safe, you may depend upon't they are. The Haunted Cave I think I remember; and there was also a few old Indians in the village I knew; but I saw they didn't recollect me, and so I didn't care to renew the acquaintance—though it might have saved my life at the expense of my liberty. But come! if I was to give advice, I'd say the quicker we're off the better; and so 'spose we set about catching these wags. Have you bridle-ropes, brother?"

"We got all him," answered the other. "We catch loss, not to make noise—pale-face ride him, eh?"

"Yes, you had better catch them yourself, and lead them out here, one at a time; for too many venturing into the enclosure might frighten them."

Posetha at once opened the gate and entered the yard, wherein were confined more than a hundred high-mettled steeds. From one of the pickets near the gateway he took down a dozen halters, which he had previously placed there for the very purpose he was now about to use them, and catching the nearest horse, he threw one over his head, and led him forth. There was a fire in the eye of the proud animal, as he arched his neck, snamped his teeth, and pawed the earth, that seemed to bespeak safety from Indian pursuit, provided the rider could manage him without saddle, and with no other guide than the halter, which was all he would have to depend upon. Handing the leading rein to the Colonel, Posetha went back for another animal; and but a short time elapsed ere each of the party had a beast ready for mounting. Posetha then caught one for himself, and announced that all was ready for the start.

"Had we not better let the rest loose?" said Colonel Danforth.

"For what reason?" asked Miller.

"Why, if an alarm should be given before we are far on the way, would not the savages at once resort here for horses to pursue us? And would they not be more baffled on finding them gone?"

"There's something in that—eh, brother?" returned Miller, appealing to Posetha.

"Me tink much danger let loss loose," replied the guide.

"But I think there is more to let them remain," pursued the Colonel; "and so, men, we will turn them out—that is, if Posetha does not object."

"When chief command, warrior obey," replied Posetha, rather coldly.

"I mean no offence, my friend," said the Colonel; "but what I have suggested I think is best; and so, men, throw wide the gate, and let the fiery animals have their liberty."

His command was obeyed; and a minute later the snorting, whinnying, prancing, and running of the half-tamed beasts, created a noise that bade fair to alarm the town. The Colonel saw his error, but it was now too late for remedy. At once he gave the orders to mount and away; but this was much easier said than done; for the haltered steeds, seeing their companions loose, became impatient to join them in their frolic, and they reared, and plunged, and pulled upon their reins, and for a time were wholly unmanageable.

Suddenly, a shrill whoop came borne upon the still air, making the hearts of our friends sink with fear. This was immediately succeeded by the discharge of a musket, and then by a succession of whoops, in different parts of the village, showing that the alarm had spread.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

"GRACIOUS heavens!" cried the Colonel, "mount, mount, and away, or we are lost!" and with desperate exertion, as he spoke, he vaulted upon the back of the rearing, plunging, and half-mad steed, which he had only kept within reach by the halter.

The moment the animal felt a weight upon his back he made a clean spring from the earth, which nearly threw his rider, and finding himself free at last, darted away like a meteor, bearing directly for the village, in spite of the Colonel's efforts to change his course. Already the first two or three hats on the outskirts of the town were passed, with a velocity that left the Colonel no time for other reflection than that he was being borne with lightning speed into the very hands of his enemies, whose yells and screeches of fury made a horrible din in his ears; and his stout heart quailed as it had never done before, when another horseman, riding even faster than himself, brushed against him, and the next moment he found himself clinging to the mane of his charger, without even so much as a halter in his hands, and speeding away in a direction that quickly placed the town, with its pandemoniac orgies, in his rear. Conscious that his horse was guided by the rider alongside of him, it was not until the last hut of the town had been left at least two hundred yards behind, that the bewildered Colonel thought of ascertaining whether he was in the hands of a friend or foe. Then, to his surprise and shame—shame for his own imprudence and bad management—he beheld Posetha, sitting erect on his rushing horse, holding the reins of both halters in his hands, and apparently as calm as if merely riding out for pleasure. With the hot blood mounting to his very temples, at the thought of his own inferiority in such a trying scene, to that of one who had only the barbarous training of savages—he, too, who had commanded a regiment in battle, and won honour and renown for his skill and bravery—the Colonel would have stammered out an apology for his rashness, and expressed his gratitude in the warmest terms for this second preservation of his life, and also his admiration of the bold heroism of his companion, only that his deep emotions choked his utterance, and kept him silent; and, in despair of saying anything, he looked behind to see what had become of his friends. To his great delight, he beheld the dusky figures of one after another following close in the lead of Posetha; and, with a feeling of security, even though he might soon be pursued by a host, he again turned his attention before him to note the chances of escape.

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No. IX.—“IT IS ONLY A WHITE LIE.”

“TRUTH,” it is said, “lies at the bottom of a well.” And it is to be feared that the well is so exceedingly deep that scarcely any one has yet reached to the bottom. For we find scarcely any one that does not, more or less, indulge their fancy in matters that have but little relation to truth. We have heard it said, indeed, that the world would be a very dull and stupid world, if everybody confined themselves to strict truth; that all the fine play of the fancy, all the working of the imagination would disappear; that our poets would have had no existence, our dramatists would have been unknown—even Shakspeare himself would have been a dead letter, &c.

“Small model of the barren earth,  
That serves as paste and cover for our bones,”

and would have left no sign by which he might be recognised in the present age. This, however, is not correct reasoning; for it is exactly in proportion to their regard for the everlasting truths of nature and humanity, that they are recognised as true poets; the garb in which they choose to dress their productions may be fiction, but it must contain great and high truths, or it will not survive an instant. Homer and Milton were blind, but not blind guides to truth; their inward spirit was sharp-sighted to discover truth, and place it before the world in undying light. Shakspeare has more of truth in his pages than in many a history which the world deems veracious. And so with all other writers; it is their apprehension of truth, and adherence to its standard, that makes their works valuable; and when they depart from this standard, they sink into mere scribblers, without fame or reputation. We cannot, therefore, find an excuse for a departure from truth by reference to the poets; by the supposition that if we did not indulge ourselves in flights of imagination without regard to truth, everything in this life would be flat, stale, and unprofitable. Again, in the wildest fictions of the poets, where the form has the most extravagant departure from apparent truth, the intention is often to convey a great truth under this disguise; we need not refer to the Divine parables, for these must occur readily to every mind; or to the talking birds and animals of *Æsop* and other fabulists; in all these cases, the main object is to enforce some wholesome truth, and the great characteristic of falsehood—the intention to deceive—is wanting.

In the common intercourse of the world, however, we find ourselves beset on every side by falsities—by false appearances, false statements, false professions, false friends,—every grade and hue of deceit and dishonesty. And we believe it is more from carelessness of truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world. This carelessness of truth is too often fostered and encouraged by the excuses which we find for ourselves and make for others in any deviation from the truth, by calling it “a white lie.” We seem to imagine that when a lie has not the blackness of malignity attached to it, that it becomes clothed in a garment of purity, and is not only excusable, but harmless. But no one can habitually violate truth in small matters—in “white lies,” without so acquiring the habit that it will extend to great things also. Dr. Johnson correctly says, “All truth is not of equal importance; but if little violations be allowed, every violation will, in time, be thought little.” So far, indeed, did Dr. Johnson carry his love of truth so strongly did he dislike the common “white lies” which have become almost conventionalities in society, that he would not allow his servant to say he was not at home when he really was. “A servant’s strict regard for truth,” said he, “must be weakened by the practice. A philosopher may know that it is only a form of denial, but few servants are such nice distin-

guishers. If I accustom a servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he may tell many lies for himself?” The great moralist was thus particular as to the commonest lie of convenience, which most people hardly class as a lie at all, but merely consider as a polite mode of giving people to understand that you are too much engaged to see company. One of our philosophers of the last century, went so far as to say that there was no harm in anything on earth but in a lie, and that if a man murdered his father, it was nothing but a particular mode of telling a lie, and saying that he was not his father. We fear this century is but little amended from the last in the article of truth-telling; although it is to be hoped there are but few men here that particular mode of telling a lie which Dr. Wollaston speaks of. Some, indeed, deny their fathers without exactly murdering them. A young spark whom we once had some slight acquaintance with, who was ostensibly pursuing his legal studies in London as an attorney’s clerk, and living in rather gay style, used frequently to talk largely of his steward in the country; one day, a grave, respectable-looking old gentleman arrived at his lodgings, whom we were all told was the steward we had heard so much of; this might have passed off, but, unfortunately for the success of the “white lie,” a visitor of one of his companions happened to come from the same town as this veracious youth, and recognised in the steward—his father, a very respectable, well-to-do-in-the-world tanner; whom this sprig of gentility in the shape of a lawyer’s clerk was ashamed to own as his parent. This is one of the “white lies” of vanity, perhaps one of the most fertile sources of a departure from truth. The common excuse for these “white lies” is, that they do nobody any harm. Indeed! When the young lawyer’s clerk found himself covered with ridicule, and generally despised by his associates, for the false shame which led him to deny his father, and the lie that he told to hide the relationship, we think he found that he had done himself some harm. And thus it is ever with these lies without malignity—these “white lies,” they may not do others harm, but they recoil upon the person telling them; and their most serious words obtain no belief. Confidence is shaken between man and man, the very bonds of society are ruptured. For, as Dr. Johnson says, “without truth there must be a dissolution of society. As it is, there is so little truth that we are afraid to trust to our ears; but how should we be, if falsehood were multiplied ten times? Society is held together by communication and information; and I remember this remark of Sir Thomas Browne:—‘Do the devils lie? No, for then hell could not subsist!’”

These lies of vanity are very despicable, although so very common; and some of the practical lies of this kind are as ridiculous as they are despicable. The desire to cut a figure—to make a dash among people who neither know nor care anything about you, leads some silly fools into the most ludicrous extravagance of pretence and livery. We remember a couple of young students, in London, who had their bread to get by their profession, so completely inoculated by the silly vanity of appearing to be great and wealthy men, that they denied themselves many necessities, and all amusements, in order to hire a couple of horses to ride in the park on Sundays; and they were not content to ride there quietly as a couple of gentlemen, but they must, forsooth, have their servant in livery behind them. This, however, was beyond their means, until the ingenuity of their vanity hit upon this plan:—Being about the same size, they got a flaring green and gold suit of livery made that fitted them both; and on alternate weeks one of them enacted the servant, and the other the master; and thus, in grand state, they paraded up and down Rotten Row, on their swarving backs, much to the delectation of their inordinate vanity. We doubt if any one present ever wasted a thought on them; but the snobbish spirit of humbug was strong within them, and they willingly submitted to don the servile garb one week, that the next they might ride in the full consciousness of having a livery following them. At length some of their acquaintances discovered the affair, and from that time for the rest of their lives, they were known by the sobriquet of the “green-antlers,” in allusion to their being livery. In after years we remember seeing the very same green and gold on the back of an errand boy, in the employ of one of the “greenfinches.”

Sometimes, these lies of vanity are productive of very disastrous consequences to those near and dear to the tellers of them. We remember a little tale, by Mrs. Opie, which illustrates in a most painful manner the evils that may arise from these “white lies” of vanity. She describes a wealthy merchant of strict principles and high honesty, who, by a sudden revolution in trade, was entirely ruined. He had lived surrounded by all the luxuries which his wealth entitled him to enjoy; and, in spite of his high character, not without some of the calamities which malevolence too frequently indulges in towards those he envies. In the season of his misfortunes he at once gave up to his creditors all that he possessed—his plate, furniture, carriages, horses—everything was surrendered, and he retired to a small village in Wales to live cheaply on the very small settlement which had been made on his wife. The calamities which his wealth and style of living caused, had set some of his creditors against him; but in the days of his poverty these calumnies gradually died away, and even the creditors who had been most opposed to him, were beginning to relent, and had agreed to sign his certificate, so that he might again enter into business, and accept the offer made him by an old friend to join him in a partnership. This merchant had an only daughter, who had been brought up by a doting grandmother, by whom the seeds of vanity had been fostered in the young girl’s mind. Unfortunately for the poor merchant, it chanced that the daughter was returning home from a visit in the same stage-coach with some of the most suspicious of her father’s creditors, who were coming down to form a judgment for themselves, before they signed the certificate. Like all vain and silly people, the young lady began to give herself great airs, and show herself off as a person of great dignity;—talked of her own maid—her boudoir, her father’s conservatory,

her grandmother's carriage, all the things which in the days of her wealth she had enjoyed, as if she was still in the possession of them. The creditors discovered that she was the daughter of the bankrupt merchant, whose certificate they had been about to sign, in the belief that he had acted honestly; but finding his daughter such a very fine lady, boasting so loudly of the luxuries she enjoyed, and even on being taxed with being the daughter of the bankrupt, maintaining that although her father had been unfortunate, they were very well off now, with such a pretty residence, such a sweet garden, and such a charming hothouse, they thought they had sufficient evidence to prove the bankrupt was nothing other than a swindling scoundrel. All their former suspicions were renewed and confirmed, for it was easier to suppose the bankrupt was still the rascal they had always thought him, than that a young girl should have told so many falsehoods at the mere impulse of vanity. In a very short time the father was made to feel the effects of the "white lies" of the daughter. Instead of having his certificate signed, and a remittance forwarded him from the gentleman who had been about to take him into partnership, to enable him to take his family to town, he was told that all connexion between them was for ever at an end; that the business was given away to a worthy man, but that he stood in the position of a fraudulent bankrupt whose certificate should never now be signed. This communication wound up thus:—"Should you wonder what has occasioned this change in my feelings and proceedings, I am at liberty to inform you, that your daughter travelled in a stage-coach, a few days ago, with your two principal creditors; and, I am desirous to add, that children and fools speak truth." This proverb, we fear is no more true at all times than many of those we have been illustrating. At all events it was not true in that instance; the "white lies" of the daughter had completely ruined the father—ruined his prospects, his character, and his good name. And it was not until after long suffering and sickness on the part of the father, and the deserved humiliation of the daughter, by the forced confessions of her falsehoods, that the evils occasioned by these "white lies" were removed, and the father restored to his good name and his position in society. And the tale winds up with this moral, supposed to be addressed by the repentant daughter in after life to her own children, after telling them her own story as a warning against the evils of lying:—"Not that retributive justice in this world, like that which attended mine, may always follow your falsehoods, or those of others; but because all lying is contrary to the moral law of God; and that the liar, as Scripture tells us, is not only liable to punishment and disgrace here, but will be the object of certain and more awful punishment in the world to come."

Dr. Johnson, in one of the numbers of his *Rambler*, gives a very strong picture of the difficulties attendant on speaking the strict truth. "There are, indeed," he says, "in the present corruptions of mankind, many inducements to forsake truth; the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance or credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications to be obtained by craft and delusion; that very few of those who are much entangled in life have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity. In order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependant by interest, and the friend by tenderness. Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them." In the practical affairs of every-day life, we continually find some or other of these inducements pressing upon us, and leading us into the meanness of falsehood, although we ourselves are fully aware of the meanness, condemn it most thoroughly, and are ashamed of it when we reflect. Even Dr. Johnson himself, great lover as he was of truth, is not always free from one of the influences which militate against its use. In a conversation with Goldsmith, recorded by Boswell—in which Goldsmith, as is commonly the case, had the best of the argument, although Boswell can never fancy such a thing possible—Johnson admits the influence of fear as a legitimate excuse, if not exactly for telling a lie, at least for the suppression of truth. The argument arose upon the question whether a foreigner who had written a History of England up to a certain period, should continue it down to the then present times. Goldsmith contended that he ought. Johnson—"No, sir, he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told." Goldsmith—"It may perhaps be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner, who comes among us without prejudice, may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely." Johnson—"Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be." Goldsmith—"Sir, he wants only to tell his history, and to tell truth; one an honest, the other a laudable motive." Johnson—"Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he should write so as he may live by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner who attaches himself to a political party in this country, is in the worst state that can be imagined: he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest." Boswell—"Or principle." Goldsmith—"There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell the truth with safety." Johnson—"Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But, besides, a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him, than one truth which he does not wish should be told." Goldsmith—"For my part, I'd tell truth and shame

the devil." Johnson—"Yes, sir; but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws." Goldsmith—"His claws can do you no harm, when you have the shield of Truth."

When a man like Dr. Johnson is restrained from speaking the truth through fear of consequences, we need not be surprised to find that weaker minds go farther, and invent "white lies" to cover any accident that may have befallen, or to curry favour with those whom it is their interest to please. And from this want of moral courage arise the lies of flattery, and the lies of fear, which are so current in society, and are carried to such ridiculous excess. When a poor, shivering boy, who has been sweeping the crossing, humbly asks for a halfpenny, how many are there among us who say—"I have no coppers," when he may almost hear them jingling in our pocket as we pass? The fear of being thought shabby by the poor boy, induces us to utter the "white lie;" and from small things this fear proceeds to greater, until, at length, we become not only thoroughly indifferent to the truth, but enamoured of the lie for the lie's sake, and are almost as proud of our skill as Captain Absolute's Fag in the *Rivals*. "Captain Absolute—"Well, sir, and what did you say?" Fag—"Oh, I lied, sir. I forgot the precise lie; but you may depend on't he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what has brought us to Bath, in order that we may lie a little consistently. Sir Anthony's servants were curious, sir, very curious, indeed." Captain Absolute—"You have said nothing to them?" Fag—"Oh, not a word, sir—not a word! Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—"Captain Absolute—"Sdeath! you rascal! you have not trusted him?" Fag—"Oh, no, sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity! He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, sir—devilish sly! My master, (said I), honest Thomas, (you know, sir, one says honest to one's inferiors,) is come to Bath to recruit—yes, sir, I said to recruit; and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, sir, is nothing to him, or to any one else." Captain Absolute—"Well; recruit will do—let it be so." Fag—"Oh, sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas that your honour had already enlisted five disbanded chaffmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers. Captain Absolute—"You blockhead!—never say more than is necessary." Fag—"I beg your pardon, sir—I beg pardon—but, with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it. Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge endorsement as well as the bill." Captain Absolute—"Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security." We fear neither Captain Absolute, nor his servant, Fag, had ever studied Aristotle, or they would have learned that all a man can gain by uttering falsehood is not to be believed when he shall speak truth. But, common as is the habit of "white lying" to all of us—for, alas! there are but few indeed who are exempt from what Godwin calls the "pigeonian lie"—yet, to be charged with having done it is one of the most heinous affronts that can be offered. Montaigne gives us a reason for our horror of such an odious charge, which should be deeply fixed in our hearts—"If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God, and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man."

## THE FRUIT TREE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

ANNA was beautiful and vain,  
Self admiration was her bane;  
To work or read she had no will,  
She sought no good, she feared no ill;  
Flattery closed her ears to truth,  
And folly marred her early youth;  
Abroad, 'twas all her aim to see  
The dresses of the company;  
A home, the glass was her delight—  
To gaze on eyes so dark and bright,  
And crimson cheeks, and curls that deck,  
With jetty droop, her lustrous neck;  
And so, with self-adoring smiles,  
To praise little artful wiles;  
With silly dreams then turn aside,  
And ransack all her wardrobe's pride.

The trees might bud, the flowers might  
blow,  
The birds of Spring might come and  
go—  
Of nature little did she know—  
But once it chanced, she stood before  
A fruit tree clothed with blossoms o'er,  
Fragrant and gay, and fair of hue;  
Enchanted, Anna stood to view:

'Twas like a bridal Queen of May—  
So white, so pure, so fresh, so gay.  
A few days after, Anna came;  
Surely the tree was not the same!  
The fragrance gone, the fair tints fled,  
And all the beautiful blossoms dead.  
'This is a swift and sad decay,'  
She said, and ponder'd all the day;  
And then she noted how the flowers,  
Resplendent in the garden bowers,  
Faded away, swiftly and sure,  
And nought of summer might endure:  
The green leaves fell that grazed the trees,  
Rough winds displaced the summer breeze,  
The splendid moths soon passed away,  
The butterflies soon ceased to play  
Over the flower-beds joyously:  
Ceased cricket, grasshopper, and bee;  
And sickness came to her, and pain—  
And passed—and left her no more vain.  
She ceased to trust in charms that die  
Fast as the swallow's wings can fly;  
She learned to read, to think, to pray,  
And walk in heavenly Wisdom's way:  
Seeking the beauties that will last  
When youth, and life, and earth, are past!

WOMEN, brought up in ignorance of comfort, of course are careless about the means of providing for it. They are heedless how they marry, and, when married, never think of the duties of their situation. I recollect a young woman, the wife of a labourer in the country, once applying to me respecting some alleged harsh treatment on the part of a shopkeeper, to whom she owed money. On investigating the case, I found that she regularly spent three shillings a week in sweet things, and that she held herself entitled to pass the first year after her marriage in complete idleness; a privilege I discovered, by no means seldom claimed. Of course the habits of the first year would become, in a great measure, the habits of after life, and the indulgence in sweet things would most likely be transferred in time to things less harmless.—*The Original.*



## ONWARD

**NEW PILE-DRIVING MACHINE.**—The first introduction of this machine in London took place lately. The works under the superintendence of Mr. Randel, the engineer, are at the West India Docks, and a pile of 25 feet in length was driven into the ground in the short space of eight minutes, which by the old process would have taken three hours. The engine is capable of making from 60 to 70 strokes a minute.

**ROYAL PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART.**—The plan of the building, which was designed, and is being carried out by Messrs. Finden & Lewis, comprehends a grand central hall, 97-feet diameter, domed over, for the exhibition of machinery, manufactures, works of art, &c., and for exhibitions of various descriptions. There will be a lecture-room, laboratory, &c. All the buildings are designed in the Saracenic style, after models and details, chiefly from the existing remains of Cairo. The contour of the dome is taken from a daguerreotype of a dome at Cairo. It will be formed of glass and iron, on the ridge and furrow principle. The façade will be formed in cement.—*Builder.*

**COTTAGES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—The style of cottage so well known from the specimen exhibited by Prince Albert in Hyde Park during the Exhibition, has already come into actual use. A row of twelve, built exactly after the "model," has been erected on a plot of ground, near the Shadwell Station of the Blackwall Railway—which every one acquainted with London knows to be an extremely poor and wretched district. Some of the lowest hovels in the metropolis were removed to make way for the new abodes. If the experiment succeeds—that is, if the poor should be found to prefer these new cottages to their old dwellings—several more of the same kind are to be erected in the same street.—*Builder.*

**PROPOSED MIDLAND OBSERVATORY AT NOTTINGHAM.**—An influential meeting has been held at Nottingham, to take into consideration a proposal made by Mr. Lawson, for the erection of a midland observatory at Nottingham. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle presided. Resolutions were adopted to the effect that an observatory in the centre of England, would be calculated to promote the interests of science; that the munificent offer of Mr. Lawson of his valuable collection of astronomical instruments, and a gift of 100 guineas, presented considerable inducements to secure such an institution; and that a provisional subscription should be at once entered into.

**NEW CAR INDICATOR.**—Mr. William Grayson, of Henley, Oxfordshire, watchmaker, has submitted to the Commissioners of Police, at Scotland-yard, one of his new patent distance indicators, for cabs and carriages. The machine itself is about the size of a small chronometer, having a dial numbered in the same way as far as ten, each division or figure on the hour circle representing ten miles, with minute marks to note the number of odd miles, and the complete revolution of the index marking one hundred, the greatest number of miles any cab is likely to travel in one day. The dial is set in the side of the vehicle, on a perpendicular line with the axle-bar, upon which is an eccentric boss made of wood, covered with leather, and acting on an iron arm, bent, and communicating with a ratchet wheel and pinion, which gives motion to the indicator and sets it going.

**THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—The Submarine Telegraph Company have completed the laying down of wires, from their office at East Cliff to their future premises in Clarence-place, close to the telegraph office of the South Eastern Railway, so that in future, not more than half a minute will be lost in conveying messages from one office to the other. Eight wires, covered with gutta-percha, and enclosed in a wooden tube lying ten inches below the surface of the ground, have been provided by the company to meet any contingencies that may arise. It is stated that a new additional cable with four wires is in course of manufacture, and nearly completed, for the purpose of being laid down from coast to coast. Should, therefore, any accident occur to the cable at present in use, the regular transmission of communications between England and France will not be interrupted.

**HUSSEY'S PATENT REAPER.**—"That corn may be cut by machinery is now an ascertained fact, and while we are indebted to Mr. Crosskill, of Beverley, for first introducing Hussey's celebrated Champion Reaper into the northern counties, we are glad to find that our Yorkshire farmers are already adopting it, with a spirit which bids fair to bring it into common use next harvest. Mr. Charles Ingle, of Cridding Stubbs, was present when the first Hussey's Reaper, made by Crosskill, was publicly tried last harvest near Driffield, and was so satisfied with its success, that he lately ordered one from Beverley. Mr. Crosskill offered to arrange for his traveller, Mr. T. W. Naylor, (late of Doncaster), to personally attend the first starting of the Reaper, and have a public trial on a field of stubble. The trial took place at Mr. Ingle's farm lately. In some parts of the field the stubble was nearly rotten, and also much trodden down by the crowd of visitors present; but fearless of the bad season and the effect of the late frosts, Mr. Naylor started the Reaper, across ridge and furrow, and fully proved its superior cutting propensities, notwithstanding so many unfavourable circumstances. The trial was witnessed by many of the principal practical farmers in the neighbourhood of Pontefract, who expressed their full approbation of its efficiency, in a certificate to Mr. Naylor; and several enterprising gentlemen, well known in this locality, have given orders to Mr. Crosskill for reaping-machines. Doubtless, many more will adopt this most valuable invention; and the plan of testing one Reaper in every parish, at this season of the year upon stubble or winter tares is deserving of consideration, as it may enable many to decide to cut by the machine before next harvest."—*Doncaster Gazette.*

## STATISTICS.

## WHAT STATISTICS TEACH AS TO EDUCATION.

## A HINT TO WORKMEN.

"WE translate the following judicious remarks from a German contemporary: 'It seems not to be yet quite understood, far less practised, by parents of the humbler classes of society, that by giving instruction to their offspring, they not only place a capital at their disposal, available for their whole lives, but endow them with a *charm*, which will protect them against evil of all sorts. If we classify the wages of the working classes into three categories, say in the proportion of one, two, three, viz., the weekly wages of seven, fifteen, or thirty, and so on, francs (or shillings), the first (least) category is earned by people who can, generally speaking, neither read nor write. It is not, that we intend to say, that a person thus deficient may not be (by way of exception) still very good, intelligent—nay, wise; but it seems that these conventional abilities entail on their owners a certain ability for better managing the conventionalities of present social life, &c. Thus, reading and writing, acquired in early youth, lead to the acquirement of a higher sort of occupation, trade, or otherwise; because there can be no doubt that the proportions of general intellect are the same as those of wages. So, the journeyman or labourer, the bricklayer and stonemason—in fine, the overseer and clerk, have wages in the proportion of one, two, three; while also their mental acquirements are surely bearing the same ratio. By parents enjoining, and in some cases forcing upon their children the thorough acquisition of reading and writing, they exclude them, as it were, from the first (the meanest) category, and place them at least, in the second. It is an avowed statistical fact, as it is surely a curious psychological problem, that amongst 1,000 journeymen and labourers, there is not one who can read and write well. The social remedy in this case is obvious: if parents do not wish their children to belong to (remain in) the meanest category of wages, they must push them out of the meanest category of abilities. The charming influence of reading and writing is yet to be adverted to. If the grand total of all transgressors of the law in Germany, France, and England be taken into account, of 1,000 such, upwards of 400 cannot read; 400 can somewhat read; 100 can somewhat read and write; while there are only 50 who can read and write; and only 50 of the more or less educated classes of society. This, surely, is a very striking and telling proportion, informing parents that instruction, as it is a guarantee for higher wages—viz., a guarantee of a human worthy material life—is also, at the same time, a preventive against the consequences of ignorance—brutality, sensuality, meanness, selfishness, untrustworthiness, dishonesty, &c. But, as man has 'not to live on bread alone,' the arts also claim their share in the beneficent (*Beglückung*) of man; the arts, placed now in most countries of Europe within the reach of the poorest. Persons practising any of the branches of art (either professionally or for amusement) are amongst the rarest cases of law-transgressors; while the statistics of the English penal colonies prove that never yet any musician has been convicted and sent thither. How things ultimately will be managed, when all men will be more or less educated, lies beyond the limits of statistical science, being one of retrospective, not prospective, facts. Still, it every one does his duty now, any after-time—being only the sequel of the present—can also be but a cheering one.'"—*Builder.*

**STATISTICS OF LONDON.**—London stands upon 620 acres. The fixed property in houses located on this small spot is estimated at forty millions sterling; and the value of the moveable property in the city is considered to be worth one hundred millions sterling.

**LEGAL STATISTICS.**—It appears from returns to parliament, that in 1849 there were 23,734 writs issued by the Court of Queen's Bench, 16,083 by the Common Pleas, and 40,043 by the Exchequer. These are stated to be on *merito* process; while in the County Courts in the same year there were 335,191 plaints entered.

**EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.**—The *New York Herald*, in its summary of the year, says,—"The increase of the influx of emigrants to this port, for the last year, is very remarkable. The grand total is 289,601; of which there are from Ireland, 163,256; Germany, 69,883; and England, 28,553. The increase over the emigration for the year 1850 is 76,906, or at the rate of 6,400 per month! The entire emigration to this country, during the year that has now expired, is certainly half a million."

**THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.**—The Austrian monarchy covers an extent of 12,104 square miles, containing 35,295,957 souls, inhabiting 713 towns, 2,468 boroughs, and 64,208 villages. The clergy is composed of 65,555 individuals, and the church revenue, without including Hungary, Transylvania, and the military frontier, exceeds 7,000,000 of francs. Austria exceeds all other states in the number of primary schools, in which more than 4,000,000 of pupils are educated at an expense of 4,000,000 of florins.

**TOBACCO.**—Mr. Robert Ellis, surgeon, the principal editor of the official Catalogue of the Exhibition, has the following remarks:—"The total quantity of tobacco retained for home consumption, in 1848, amounted to nearly 17,000,000lbs. North America alone produces annually upwards of 200,000,000lbs. The combustion of this mass of vegetable material would yield about 340,000,000lbs. of carbonic acid gas; so that the yearly produce of carbonic acid gas from tobacco-smoking alone cannot be less than 1,000,000,000lbs.—a large contribution to the annual demand for this gas made upon the atmosphere for the vegetation of the world."



## ENIGMA.

Look up, thou soul, by sin oppress'd  
And let my light compose thy breast!  
I drive the clouds of unbelief away,  
And open the portals to eternal day.  
Religion is not my adopted name,  
I am the base, Religion is the frame.  
When on the bed of death the sufferer lies,  
I am the light that opens his closed eyes.  
And ever blessed are the lamented dead,  
O'er whom my all-sustaining wings were spread.  
Death flies away whenever I draw near,  
Loses his sting, excites no more the tear  
I break the sceptre of Time, and thus defy  
The power of man's most potent enemy  
God looks thence down, and from his heavenly throne,  
Blesseth the work of just where I am known.

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, REBUSES, &amp;c.

1.  
From a long ago, yet made to-day,  
I supply'd while others sleep,  
What few would ever give away,  
Or any wish to keep.

2.  
Before a circle I appear  
Twice twenty four, and five in rear;  
One fifth of eight subjoin, and then  
You'll quickly find what conquers men.

3.  
Emblem of innocence and youth,  
Too soon I drop and fade;  
Pure and unspotted as the truth,  
Though of two falsehoods made,  
No legs I have; yet go and stand,  
And when I stand I lie.

4.  
We are little airy creatures;  
Each have different forms and features.  
One of us in glass is set,  
Another you will find in jet;  
A third, less bright, is set in tin;  
The fourth, a shining box within;  
And the fifth, if you pursue,  
It will never fly from you.

5.  
*Answer of a Lady to a Gentleman, who  
made Proposals of Marriage to her.*  
One thing, kind sir, of you I crave,  
Which you yourself can never have,  
Nor ever had in time that's past,  
Nor ever can while time doth last;  
Yet if you love me, as you say,  
Pray give it me—I'm sure you may.

6.  
When we our story would begin,  
We first must trace our origin;  
A weary task, then, sure is mine,  
Who trace it from both sides the line;  
And true it is, I owe my birth  
To animals, as well as earth.

My being to such thoughts, once  
A vital heat and nobler glow,  
I've been a free, I've been a ram;  
Insects have made me what I am.  
Though straight, we'd form'd, and never  
sick.

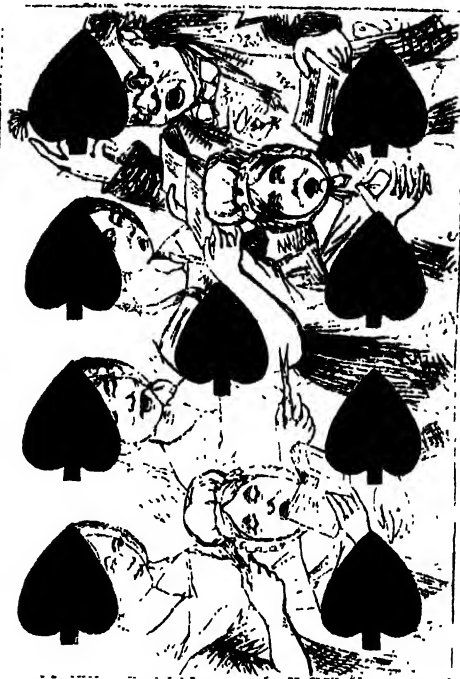
I cannot stand with out a tale,  
Pleasing and useful to one's tale,  
I to another give advice,  
I'm born for a domestic use,  
Yet often witness great abuse,  
I villains serve to aid their flight;  
The good to bring their deeds to light.  
In others, luxury is dreaded;  
But I please most when most light-headed.

7.  
By something form'd, I nothing am;  
Yet everything that you can name.  
In no place have I ever been,  
Yet everywhere I may be seen.  
In all things false, yet always true,  
I'm still the same, but ever new.  
Lately, late's perfect form I wear,  
Can show a nose, eye, tongue, or ear;  
Yet neither smell, see, taste, nor hear.  
Swiftly I move, and enter where  
Not even a chink can let in air.  
Like thought, I'm in a moment gone;  
Nor can I ever be alone.

8.  
All things on earth I imitate,  
Faster than nature can create.  
Sometimes imperial robes I wear,  
Anon, in beggar's rags appear;  
A giant now, and straight an elf,  
I'm every one, but ne'er myself;  
Ne'er sad, I'm now; ne'er glad, rejoice;  
I move my lips, but want a voice.  
I ne'er was born, or e'er can die;  
Then, pry the, tell me what am I?

9.  
If you expect from me my birth,  
I'm near as old as mother earth;  
But 'tis as well, you must allow,  
To say that I am living now.  
And that must every mortal find  
Who dealings has with humankind.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE NINE OF SPADES—A CHARITY RAZZ.

The greatest rascal owes to me  
Show of respectability.  
I'm often on a lover's lips;  
And save a statesman when he trips.  
All would-be patriots owe to me  
Alone their popularity.  
If any one my feature traces,  
He'll surely find me with two eyes.  
The one is black, the other white;  
This to deceive, that to delight.  
To serve the great is most my pride;  
For then I show a fair outside.  
Butke always finds me at his back;  
But then, indeed, my face is black.  
The poets love me to their heart—  
With them I play a topmost part.  
Assist the orators in diction,  
Yet prove that all they say is fiction.  
And last though all join to abuse me,  
You'll scarce find one ashamed to use me.

10.  
Pretends, when in a changing mood,  
Could take whatever form he would;  
So poets say; but I deny  
He ever chang'd so oft as I.  
There's scarce an object that you've seen  
But I myself at times have been.  
No king, from first to latest hour,  
Could ever boast a greater power;  
For let their strength be what it would,  
By me they did or harm or good.  
First, should I what I've been rehearse,  
I could comprehend the universe.  
I've been a spaniel, been a hero,  
I've been a pod; I've been a Nero;  
I've been a lion, and a dove,  
And sent on embassies of love.  
Armed are ruled by my command;  
And I can make them, too, disband.

No bigger than your finger's end,  
The strongest I to prison send;  
And by authority of me  
The wretch from dungeon is set free.  
Without my aid, this I may boast,  
King Charles his head had never lost.  
Though all is true that I have said,  
I'm very oft a cypher made.

11.  
Never sleeping, still awake;  
Pleasing most, when most I speak,  
The delight of old and young,  
Though I speak without a tongue.  
Nought but one thing can confound me,  
Many voices joining round me,  
Then I fret, and roar, and gabble,  
Like the labourers of Babel.  
Now I am a dog or cow;  
I can bark, or I can low;  
I can blent, or I can sing,  
Like the warblers of the spring.  
Let the love sick bard complain,  
And I mourn the cruel pain;  
Let the happy swain rejoice,  
And I join my helping voice.  
Both are welcome, grief or joy,  
I with either sport and toy.  
Though a female, I am stout;  
Drums and trumpets bring me out;  
Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,  
Join in all the din of battle.  
Jove, with all his loudest thunder,  
When I'm vexed can't keep me under.  
Yet, so tender is my ear,  
That the lowest voice I fear.  
Much I dread the courtier's fate  
When his merits out of date;  
For I hate a silent death;  
And a whisper is my death.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 221.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE—HICORY.

## ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

1. NIGHT-IN-GALL. 2. CAR-CARP-PET (Carpet). 3. A SPOON-BILL.

## 4. THE SCARABÆUS BEETLE.

- Which remains a considerable period under ground in the larvæ and pupæ state, and emerges to the surface, as the perfect insect, in the spring of the year.
- Is continually employed in collecting small masses of animal manure, which it forms into vases, and deposits in the earth, not as fertilizers,
- But as a nidus for its eggs.
- Is much infested with parasitic animalcules, of which it cannot divest itself.
- Now crushed as a disgusting insect.
- But was venerated by the Egyptians, who built the Pyramids.
- Its image is frequently found in unrolling mummies, and is treasured in the cabinets of the curious.

D. BUCKNER.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

We should use a *flower* as the bee does a flower.

HUMAN existence *lives* upon trifles—what is beauty without soap?

THAT charity is *not* which takes from independence its proper pride, from mendacity its salutary *mask*.

EVERY one is at least in one thing, against his will, *original*—in his manner of sneezing!

THE DOUBLE ADVANTAGE.—Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

WOMAN'S silence, although it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

SINCE Time is *not* a person we can overtake when he is *past*, let us honour him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing—*Go, the*.

NOTHING makes one so indifferent to the pin and mosquito thrusts of life, as the consciousness of growing better.

THE saying "that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to medicine, kicks, and advice.

WISDOM is an *dream* that has no shore; its prospect is not terminated by an horizon; its centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

CHATEAUBRIAND says, "In new colonies, the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern."

TAKE pleasure in your business, and it will become your recreation. Hope for the best, think for the worst, and bear whatever happens.

LET every one protect himself from a sullen, egotistical spirit, for there can be none worse.

THE triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the number of saved, not of the slain.

THERE exists in human nature a disposition to murmur at the disappointments and calamities incident to it, rather than to acknowledge with gratitude the blessings by which they are more than counterbalanced.

"MISTER, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't want to hire nobody to do nothin' for sombody nohow, you don't, do you?" "Yes, I guess not."

POURPOUS fools may be compared to alembics, for in their sloveness of speech, and dullness of apprehension, they give you, drop by drop, an extract of the simples they contain.

OF all actions of a man's life, says Selden, his marriage does *least* concern other people; yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.

THE Bank of England uses in its accounts no less than 60 folio ledgers, filled up completely every day! 28,000 bank-notes throwing off daily, and all so registered, that the abstraction of a single note is followed by immediate detection.

"Boy, what is your father doing to-day?" "Well, I s'pose he's fadin'. I hern him tell mother, yesterday, to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could—*and* do it right off, too—for he'd got everything ready to fall up to nothing, 'ceptin' that."

"If thy neighbour should sin," old Christoval said,

"Never, never unmerciful be;

For remember it is by the mercy of God,

Thou art not as wicked as he!"

A CLOSE RUB.—"See there!" exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet-hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you. You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright!"

## A SLIPPERY MORAL.

How often in this troubled world

Of sorrow and of sin,

Short-sighted man will buy his skates

Just as the thaw sets in.

A WISE DISTINCTION.—When the Earl of B— was brought before Lord Loughborough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the chancellor asked him—"How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your lordship mean," said B—, "a live sheep or a dead one?" "Is it not the same thing?" answered the chancellor. "No, my lord," said Lord B—, "there is much difference; a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders."

WAGTAILS AND WAGSTAFFS.—Naturalists have traced some points of resemblance between these singular birds. First, the flames are not unlike; secondly, they both evince a great partiality for perching for an instant at the water's edge, and then flying off again, without, however, wetting their feathers, or even damping them, as they are naturally aquatic birds; but the most remarkable point of similarity consists in this, that whereas wagtails cannot often be secured with salt, wagstuffs, on the other hand, are as seldom to be caught with chaff.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

REWARDS OF FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or laboured to make a friend happy.

A MAN'S CHOICE THINGS.—This was addressed by Catwag the wise to his father, Gwynlliw Vllwr:—His house should be free from wet; his farm compact; his land pleasant; his wife gentle; his food wholesome; his drink small; his fire bright; his clothes comfortable; his neighbourhood peaceful; his servant diligent; his maid handy; his son sincere; his daughter accomplished; his friend faithful; his companion without deceit; his horse quiet; his hound swift; his hawk full of avidity; his oxen strong; his cows of one colour; his sheep of kindly breed; his swine long; his household moral; his home orderly; his bard learned; his lord powerful; his king just; his God merciful.

## EXCELLENCIES OF A MANLY CHARACTER.

Truisms delivered by Catwag to Taliesin.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. To be wise in his disputes.          | 9. To be a hermit in his retreat.              |
| 2. To be a lamb in his home.            | 10. To be a legislator in his country.         |
| 3. To be brave in battle and conflict.  | 11. To be conscientious in his actions.        |
| 4. To be discreet in public.            | 12. To be happy in his life.                   |
| 5. To be a lion in his chair.           | 13. To be diligent in his calling.             |
| 6. To be a technician in his household. | 14. To be just in his dealing.                 |
| 7. To be a council in his nation.       | 15. That whatever he doeth be the will of God. |
| 8. To be an arbitrator in his vicinity. |  |

TRUTH OF LIFE. Life hath something more for its object than the mere heaping together of gold. We live, but it should be to promote the well-being of others—to enrich the mind with knowledge—to lead wavering footsteps to the shrine of wisdom. We live, not for selfishness, but to shield and protect, to cherish virtue, and to stem the impetuous torrent of human degradation; for unity of action, and unceasing honesty and truth; it is by these means, and these alone, that we can arrive at perfection. Teach every man that he has a great duty to perform, and life has some charm for him; it is no longer wearisome, dull, and monotonous, then a brighter world opens before him, replete with loveliness. Great is the pleasure to those whose life is a purpose to spread happiness and truth amongst mankind.

## ENGLISH PROVERBS ON WEATHER.

If red the sun begins his race,  
Expect that rain will fall apace.  
The evening red, and the morning grey,  
Are sure signs of a fine day.  
If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way,  
No rain, be sure, disturbs the summer day.  
In the waning of the moon,  
A cloudy morn'—fair afternoon.  
When clouds appear like rocks and towers,  
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

## OBSERVATION ON THE WEATHER.

Dew.—If the dew lies plentifully on the grass after a fair day, it is a sign of another. If not, and there is no wind, rain must follow. A red evening portends fine weather; but if it spread too far upwards from the horizon in the evening, and especially morning, it foretells wind or rain, or both. When the sky, in rainy weather, is tinged with sea-green, the rain will increase; if with deep blue, it will be showery.

Clouds.—Against much rain, the clouds grow bigger, and increase very fast, especially before thunder. When the clouds are formed like fleeces, but dense in the middle and bright towards the edges, with the sky bright, they are signs of a frost, with hail, snow, or rain. If clouds breed high in air, in thin white trains like locks of wool, they portend wind, and probably rain. When a general cloudiness covers the sky, and small black fragments of clouds fly underneath, they are a sure sign of rain, and probably it will be lasting. Two currents of clouds always portend rain, and, in summer, thunder.

Heavenly Bodies.—A haziness in the air, which fades the sun's light, and makes the orb appear whitish, or ill-defined—or at night, if the moon and stars grow dim and a ring encircles the former, rain will follow. "If the sun's rays appear like Moses' horns—if white at sitting, or shorn of his rays, or goes down into a bank of clouds in the horizon, bad weather is to be expected. If the moon looks pale and dim, we expect rain; if red, wind; and if of her natural colour, with a clear sky, fair weather. If the moon is rainy throughout, it will clear at the change, and, perhaps, the rain return a few days after. If fair throughout, and rain at the change, the fair weather will probably return on the fourth or fifth day.



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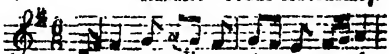
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Had the essayist lived to the present day, when the printing press sends forth library after library, until their very names are legion, he would have found it necessary to modify his self congratulation, and to chronicle a few additional exceptions. It is a known fact, that more than half of the books now published which escape the tumbler and the buttman are never read at all; for the greater portion of that large section of the community who do read books, are too overworked to have much leisure for reading recreation beyond that bestowed on the Englishman's necessity—the newspaper, and of the little time that remains, it is idle to expect that it should be spent in poring over treatises on popular science, dull translated histories, dreary voyages, and travels, or dry standard authorities—in short, those books which, as Charles Lamb says, "no gentleman's library should be without."

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUTH.**—A young man, (says Sir R. Kane,) wanting to sell spectacles in London, petitions the Corporation to allow him to open a little shop, without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the Corporation refuse him there. He makes acquaintance with some members of the University, who find him very intelligent, and permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking sundials and re-making all the machines he can come at. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and learns those languages, to read those books. The University people wonder at him, and are fond of dropping into his room in the evenings, to tell him what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the University collection wants repairing, and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is constructed; and the giant mind of Watt stands out before the world—the author of the industrial supremacy of this country, the herald of a new force in civilisation. But was Watt educated? Where was he educated? At his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used lathes and levers.

**PLATE-GLASS.** Working-Man.—The manufacture of plate-glass first began in Lancashire, in 1773.

**INSTITUTE FOR TEA.** W.—In 1832 a patent was granted to a tea-dealer, "for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant for producing a healthy beverage by infusion." The British plant in question is the hawthorn.

**BANK OF ENGLAND.** Critic.—The Bank of England was established in 1694. It was projected by William Paterson, a Scotchman, and its chief objects were to supply the deficiency of money and the necessities of Government.

**RESTAURANT.** B. H.—This name is derived from the French *restaurant*, (to recruit or fortify), no had meaning in connexion with eating-houses, if prudently taken in its literal sense.

**THOMAS GUY.** Medicus.—This philanthropic individual, the founder of the hospital that bears his name in Southwark, and other charities, was a bookseller of London. He amassed a fortune of nearly half a million, chiefly by the sale of Bibles; and died in 1721.

**WOOD ENGRAVING.** W. V. C.—The first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of the "Actions of Alexander," by the two Cunios, executed in the year 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six.

**EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.** W. S.—This nobleman was celebrated for his polished manners and wit. The *Letters to His Son*, to which our correspondent refers, though reprehensible for selfishness and moral laxity, as a popular code of ethics contain useful precepts for the improvement of the mind, temper, and behaviour.

**INDIA-RUBBER.** C.—This is formed from the juice of two plants growing in the Indies, the *Jahopa Elastica* and the *Rexia Caoutchou*, which the natives by means of moulds form into various shapes. To dry it, they expose it to the fumes of resinous wood, the black smoke of which gives it the dark colour which is generally observed in it.

**SILVER CHURCH BELL AT ROVEN.** C. R. J.—Our correspondent is wrong in supposing that this, or any other silver church bells, contained a large portion of silver. In the case of the bell at Rouen, it was carefully analysed after three sines, and found to consist of a mixture of copper, brass, zinc, and iron. Popular belief has ascribed to it the virtues of silver.

**INCREASE OF GOLD.** Inquirer.—There cannot be a doubt that the influx of this precious metal will sensibly affect the social condition of the masses, but probably not so quickly as "Inquirer" supposes. In 1550, the rich robes of France were discovered, but it was twenty years after before any very striking effect was produced on prices in England.

**BARNSTON STONE.** D. H.—The inquiry of our correspondent is somewhat ambiguous, but we think he alludes to a stone found in the northern parts of Finland, which serves the inhabitants instead of a bar-

meter. This stone, which they call *Ilmakivi*, turns black or blackish grey, when it is going to rain; but on the approach of fine weather, it is covered with white spots. Probably it is a fossil mixed with clay, and consisting of rock-salt, ammoniac, or saltpetre, which, according to the greater, or less degree of dampness of the atmosphere, attracts it or otherwise. In the latter case, the salt appears, which forms the white spots.

**PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES IN THE METROPOLIS.**—The committee for promoting the establishment and prosperity of these institutions have just made their report for 1851. The document states, the committee, in accordance with the resolution under which they were appointed in 1844, are actively promoting the establishment of these institutions in all parts of the country, as well as abroad, by the distribution of plans and practical information relating to their construction and management. An account of the bathing and washing at the establishments in London, which are conducted under, or in accordance with, the Acts 9 and 10 Vic., cap. 74, and 10 and 11 Vic., cap. 61, and a few out of the many similar establishments in the country, shows that for the year ended Christmas, 1851, there were at the Model, Whitechapel, 136,310 bathers, and 43,462 washers; at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, 213,485 bathers, and 50,200 washers; at St. Marylebone, 173,157 bathers, and 24,718 washers; at St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster (opened 12th May), 83,405 bathers, and 13,189 washers; and at Greenwich (opened 2nd September), there were 20,885 bathers, and 682 washers; making a total of 647,242 bathers, who paid £20,111 8s. 6d., and 132,251 washers, who paid £1,498 19s. 2d. This return does not include the bathing and washing at the establishment in George Street, Euston Square, which is not conducted under the Public Baths and Wash-houses Acts. There are also returns given of several establishments in the provinces.—It is with much pleasure we lay this statement before our readers, confident, as we are, that all the social virtues will be promoted by a due attention to cleanliness; and the happiness of the masses cannot but be secured by wise and judicious



SANATORY MEASURES.

**TO MAKE YEAST.**—An intelligent correspondent has forwarded us the following receipt, for the use of persons who are in the habit of making domestic bread, cake, &c.:—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of the yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

**TO FIX AND VARNISH DRAWINGS.** X. X.—To fix pencil or chalk drawings, they should be washed in water in which a small quantity of isinglass has been dissolved. Any colourless glue will be available. Skimmed milk is also used for the same purpose by some, but isinglass is preferable. To varnish the same drawings, after having fixed and thoroughly dried them, pass over them a coat of spa, or colourless varnish; and when perfectly dry, a second. These two will be sufficient.

**STILTON CHEESE.** M. C. F.—The secret of making Stilton cheese was for some time confined to the family of the original inventors, who were under an engagement to sell all they could make to the famous Cooper Thornhill, of Stilton; and being thus to be obtained of him alone, it received the appellation of Stilton cheese, when it ought to have been named *Wichote* cheese, being first made in that small village, on the eastern side of Leicestershire, about thirty miles from Stilton.

**TO BRONZE PLASTER CASTS.** R. C.—A brownish grey bronze may be easily obtained by adding to a solution in water of palm-oil soap, a mixture of sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper in solution. This furnishes a brownish-green precipitate, the colour of which may be modified at pleasure by the addition of a greater or less quantity of one or the other of these salts. The precipitate, after being washed and dried, is re-dissolved in a silicic acid essence, or a mixture of good *varnish* of linseed oil and wax; and with the solution the figures, having been previously heated, are coated; and, drying, they will be found to possess the colours mentioned above.

**CONTEMPORATIONS.** B. C. C.—CROALL (our correspondent is perfectly right in his opinion) "Cromwell's" "does suppose to be written by Alexander Selkirk," mostly convey the sentiment that might be supposed to anticipate the heart of an individual cast on a desert island. ALMA (our correspondent is registered at a printing office, by the district registrars appointed for that purpose.—The postal communication with France is uninterrupted).—T. (will receive attention).—J. C. (the custom alluded to is a worn-out supposition to which no reason can be assigned).—E. L. (declined with thanks).—B. U. S. (common rum alone is required).—WALTER M. (Hume's *History of England* contains some admirable delineations of character. Miss Strickland's *Queen of England*).—T. K. R. (we are unable to comply with the request of our correspondent. Nature is the best master).—J. P. (camphire is probably alluded to. This can easily be procured).—G. A. S. (Bachelor, in its primitive sense, means a man who has not been married; and in all its various senses it seems to include the idea of youth and immaturity, except when it has the word *old* prefixed).—ROSE-LEAF (we are such indifferent adepts in penmanship, that we cannot undertake with a safe conscience to criticise the handwriting of other persons).—M. D. ISAACS (thanks).—J. A. MARKE (almond soap has been tried with success).—J. CRISPIN (many thanks).—SHELEMIAN (thank for the suggestions).—J. TAYLOR (our correspondent will find the information he requires in any *Encyclopaedia* or *Gazetteer*; we have not space for the insertion).—E. T. S. (the expressions mentioned are mere cant phrases without even the recommendation of wit or reason).—H. R. M. (we are unable to answer the inquiry).—B. R. (the origin of the custom probably arose from the practice of giving alms at this particular season).—W. E. L. (thanks). We do not remember reading of the incident alluded to).—H. B. (the terms to which our correspondent refers, probably had their origin in the fact that the first printing-office in our country was established in a chapel).—T. J. S. (thanks).—T. H. (in 1779, Herachell measured a spot in the sun, fifty thousand miles in diameter).—SAXSON (you are decidedly wrong in your conclusions. Particles of blood are considered to be two million times greater than particles of water).—INQUIRER (the royal labyrinth of Egypt has been described by Herodotus. Within a walled enclosure were twelve palaces—not fifteen, as "Inquirer" supposes—each containing three thousand halls, twelve of very great beauty, half above and half under ground).—T. C. C. (London Bridge is by far the most superb bridge in the world).—YOUNG H. (close carriages began to be used by persons of the highest quality in the fourteenth and fifteenth century).—C. H. (Bramante, in 1513, designed and began the erection of St. Peter's at Rome).—STERN (there are three methods of acquiring knowledge: exercising the memory, reading books of utility, and answering, by original exercise, questions upon books).—EXTRA (the whole book trade in Germany centres at Leipzig, and all writing and publications have reference to its Easter Fair, for there and then the whole trade is supplied by an agent).—M. H. F. (poetry and science rarely join in fellowship. Sir Isaac Newton used to say that poetry was ingenious nonsense; but there are some striking exceptions to this opinion).—H. A. (we purposely avoid giving receipts for making fireworks on account of the accidents that too often occur to thoughtless young persons).—EMMA (novel reading is decidedly pernicious, and we strongly recommend the employment of leisure time to be devoted to strengthening the mind with wholesome and useful studies).—HOUSEKEEPER (to clean knives, use mutton fat made hot, and put on a leather or buff board, with emery, not dust, that being too sharp, well rubbed in with an old brush; this will give the knife as good a polish and edge as any razor).—P. PARLEY (the range of buildings situated near to Temple Bar, are thus called, because they were anciently the abode of the Knights Templars).—M. D. C. (the Kensal Green Cemetery was consecrated in November 1832).—VORTEX (the motto of the Royal Humane Society in England is *Latuit scintilla forsan*).—A. A. (all sparks may lurk unseen).—E. F. S. (half farthings were first coined in the reign of Victoria, 1848).—BENJAMIN (to find the golden number or year of the lunar cycle, add one to the date and divide by nineteen, then the quotient is the number of cycles since Christ, and the remainder is the Golden Number).



Printed by WILLIAM KOLBETON, 92, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 16.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.)

BREHOLD her busy with her linen,  
Yon ancient dame with silver hair;  
The blakest of the washerwomen,  
Though six and seventy years are there!  
So she has followed, year by year,  
The honest toll at which you find her,  
Filling with diligence the sphere  
Of useful labour God assigned her.

In her young days (for she is human).  
She loved and hoped, and wedded too;  
Well has she known the lot of woman,  
Seen cares and sorrows not a few.  
Her dear sick man she sought to save,  
(Three children faithfully she bore him),  
Nor did she bury in the grave  
Her faith and hope, when earth closed  
O'er him.

The precious charge, now laid upon her,  
With cheerful energy she bore:  
She trained them up in fear and honour,  
Virtue and prudence all her store.  
At length, to seek their livelihood,  
They took her blessing and departed:  
A lone old woman now she stood,  
Yet cheerful, hopeful, and stout-hearted.

She spar'd, and scrap'd, and sav'd each  
penny,  
And spun by night the flax she bought,  
And of fine six-thread yards full many  
At last she to the weaver brought.  
He wove her linen white as snow;  
Her needle and her scissors plying,  
A spotless burial-dress she so  
Prepared against her day of dying.

Her dress—her burial dress—with pleasure  
And sacred pride she lays away:  
It is her first and last—her treasure—  
The fruit of many a toilsome day.  
She puts it on, God's word to hear,  
When Sabbath bells sound holy warning,  
Then lays it up again, to wear  
The night before the eternal morning.

And would that I, when night shall find me,  
Might read in life's last sinking sun,  
That I had wrought the work assigned me,  
As this good dame her task has done;  
That I had learned life's joy to drink  
In such a full and even measure,  
And could upon my grave-cloth think,  
At last, with such a heart-felt pleasure.

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER III.

"With my own power my majesty they wound;  
In the king's name, the king himself's uncrowned;  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond."

CHARLES STUART'S MAJESTY IN MISERY.

ALL London was in a ferment. The excited populace filled every street and alley of the vast city. The report that sentence of death was that day to be passed upon Charles Stuart, rung on every tongue, and the popular feeling ran mainly in favour of his condemnation. All business was suspended; and, from an early hour, crowds were wending their way to Westminster Hall, where the trial was about to be brought to a close.

That specimen of perfect architecture—which modern art is not ashamed to take as a model, but vainly seeks to imitate—had been fitted up with great regard to the smallest details for this most remarkable occasion. This had been done in order to invest the ceremony of the trial with all the pomp and dignity becoming the delegates of a great nation sitting in judgment upon their monarch, and trying him for a breach of the trust committed to his care—the weal and peace of the people. Benches, covered with blue velvet, were arranged at the upper end for the accommodation of the judges. A splendid chair, to correspond with the benches, was placed for the use of the firm and subtle Bradshaw, who had the honour or disgrace, according as it may be deemed, of presiding over the court. He was seated before a table covered with crimson drapery, his fine countenance betokening that decision for which he was remarkable, attired in costly dress, and supported on either hand by his assessors.

The galleries were filled to suffocation with spectators, and the main body of the building was thronged with a vast concourse of people, while a regiment of armed soldiery was in attendance, with pieces loaded and ready for use, in case any tumult should arise. The puritan party, now no longer timid or wavering, took no pains to conceal their sense of coming victory; and even Cromwell, usually so guarded in every outward observance, took his seat without the bar with a look of conscious triumph. A profound stillness prevailed as the judges entered. Fifty-nine only, out of the one hundred and thirty-three, had been able to summon sufficient resolution to be present. With sad and solemn, though severe and determined countenances, these severally seated themselves, apparently filled, almost to a sense of oppression, with the responsibility devolved on them, but seeming not the less resolved to act according to their determination, previously agreed upon. Among these were Lisle and Heath, the latter of whom was, perhaps, the only commissioner whose countenance wanted something of the resolute bearing we have described. They had scarcely taken their seats when the rumbling noise of an approaching vehicle was distinctly heard. The previous silence, if possible, deepened; and for some moments the

multitude, as if moved by one impulse, almost ceased to breathe. Not an air stirred, and scarce a pulse beat, as the regal prisoner entered. He cast a look of blended pride and sorrow upon the judges as he walked up to the bar, surrounded by a guard. But he made no token of acknowledgment or reverence, nor did he remove his velvet cap, as he took the seat prepared for him.

The names of the judges were called over. Bradshaw then arose, and in a silvery and ringing tone, which made his declamation peculiarly impressive, while a shade of deepening pallor was perceptible on his countenance, addressed the prisoner in the following words:—

"Charles Stuart, King of England, it is now the fourth time that you have been arraigned before this tribunal. On each occasion you have persisted in contumacious authority, and denying its validity—breaking in upon its proceedings with frivolous and impertinent interruptions—frequently turning your back upon the judges—nay, sometimes even laughing outright at the awful charges which have been preferred against you. Since its last convention, witnesses have appeared to prove conclusively that you took up arms against the troops commissioned by the parliament. Once again, therefore, you are called upon, in the name of your country and your God, to plead guilty or not guilty of tyranny, treason, and murder."

No change whatever took place in the king's countenance at hearing these words. When they had ceased he slowly rose, his head still covered, and made answer:—

"I acknowledge not the authority of this court. Were I to do so, it were to betray the sacred and inviolable trust confided to me in the care of the liberties of the British people. Your delegation, to be legal, should have come alike from the individual voice of the meanest and most ignorant boor of this realm, as from the high and cultivated hypocrites who have empowered you. Should I ratify such an authority—in the eyes of the law not better founded than that of pirates and murderers—I should indeed be the traitor ye would brand me. Nay, let me rather die a martyr to the constitution. But before ye proceed to pronounce the judgment ye threaten, I demand, by all those rights of inheritance which invest me as a monarch, with a majesty and power second only to the Omnipotent, to be heard before a convention of both Houses of Parliament; and whether or not ye refuse me, I adjure ye, the so called judges of this court, as ye each hope to be arraigned at an unlawful or incompetent bar at the final judgment, to pause and reflect, before ye take upon ye the high-handed responsibility of passing sentence upon your king."

He resumed his seat, and after a few moments' intense quiet, William Heath arose, and suggested that the court would do well to adjourn for a brief season, for the purpose of taking into consideration the request of the prisoner.

The expediency of this suggestion was acceded to, and they withdrew, and remained for some fifteen or twenty minutes in conference.

On their return, after a few moments' consultation with some of the older judges, Lisle among the rest, Bradshaw, taking a parchment from the table, turned to the king with these words:—

"Charles Stuart, you have in your request to be heard before parliament, as well as in other language, addressed by you some moments since to this honourable court, given a fresh denial of its jurisdiction, and an added proof of your contempt. It has already, by such contumacy on your part, been too long delayed, and must now proceed to pass judgment against you. You have been proven a traitor to England, in waging war against her parliament; and in refusing to plead in your own behalf, or endeavouring to invalidate such proof, justice has no alternative but to demand your death. The following warrant has therefore been agreed upon by your judges, who will presently affix their signatures thereunto:—'We, the Commissioners appointed by the Commons to sit in trial on Charles Stuart, King of England, arraigned as a traitor, tyrant, and murderer, having found these charges amply substantiated, do, for the glory of God and the liberties of the British people, hereby adjudge him to death.'"

He ceased; the members of the court had risen during the reading of the warrant, to testify their concurrence, and the fatal document was now circulated among them, to receive their various signatures. It was observed to be written in the handwriting of Cromwell.

Throughout the remarks of Bradshaw, Charles had remained with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but while the warrant was being read, he raised them, and cast them upon Cromwell, who was standing without the bar. Brief as was this glance, it seemed to convey some momentous truth, for Cromwell became at first scarlet, and then pale as death. Instantly, however, he turned away, and began coolly to unfold the plaits of a white cambric handkerchief, and appeared only occupied with that object.

As soon as the warrant had been passed round to receive the signatures, and Bradshaw had resumed his seat, Charles arose, and with more of dignity



than contempt in the act, he turned his back upon the judge—as though his pride would prevent their observing whatever effect their sentence had upon him.

The proceedings closed; and under a strong escort, and amid the shouts of the populace, the noble prisoner was conducted out of the hall. As he proceeded, various outrages were put upon him. With a kingly majesty, superior to insult, he received these indignities as though he deemed them unworthy to excite any emotion within him, save what his sorrowful eye indicated, that of pity for the offenders. Some few, in the midst of the general odium, endeavoured to evince their continued allegiance. But their faint prayer of "God save the king!" was drowned in the swelling cries of "Down with the traitor!" "Vengeance on the tyrant!" "Away with the murderer!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Will nothing move him?"—THE TWO FOSCARI.

At a late hour on the following night, two persons were winding their way to the palace of Whitehall. One was an individual of the male sex, in whom might have been seen, even through the gloom, a polished and dignified bearing, which, together with his dress—though of the puritanic order—declared him a gentleman of more than ordinary rank. His companion was a delicate woman, evidently like himself of the most genteel class, but attired in the simplest and plainest walking costume of the times. She leaned on his arm with much appearance of womanly trust, although there was an air of self-confidence in her step, suggesting the idea of one capable of acting alone on occasion of emergency, and a striking yet perfectly feminine dignity presiding over her whole aspect.

"I have counselled your visiting him at this late hour," said the gentleman, "because, as the only hope lies in striking terror into his conscience, the purpose may be best answered in the solitude and silence of a season like this. Conscience is a coward in the daylight, but darkness and night generally give her courage to assert her power."

"True, William," replied Alice Heath, (for she it was, and her companion, as the reader is aware by this time, was her husband,) "true—but, alas! I fear for the success of my visit; the individual of whom we are speaking deceives himself no less than others, and therefore to him she is a coward at all times. Hast thou not read what my poor dead grandfather's old acquaintance has written, about a man's 'making such a sum of his conscience as to believe his own lies!'"

"I have not forgotten the passage, my Alice, and, ever correct in your judgment, you have penetrated rightly into the singular character we are alluding to. I wot it were hard for himself to say how far he has been actuated by pure, and how far by ambitious motives, in the hand he has had in the sentence of the king. Nevertheless, you would believe his conscience to be not altogether dead, had you seen him tremble and grow pale yesterday in the court, during the reading of the warrant, (which, by the way, he had worded and written with his own hands,) when Charles Stuart raised his eyes and looked upon him as if to imply that he knew him for the instigator, and no unselfish one either, of his doom. The emotion he then testified was what led me to hope he may yet be operated upon to prevent the fatal judgment from taking effect. It is true, Charles is a traitor, and I cannot regret that, in being arraigned and tried, an example has been made of him. But having from the first anticipated this result, except for your father, Alice, I would have had no part in the matter, being entirely opposed to the shedding of his blood. All ends which his death can accomplish, have already been answered; and I devoutly pray that the effort your gentle heart is now about to make for the saving of his life, may be blessed in procuring that merciful result."

At this moment they paused before the magnificent structure known as the palace of Whitehall, and applied for admission. Vacated some time since by the king, it was now occupied by his rival in power, the aspiring Cromwell; and although the hour was so late, the vast pile was still illuminated. Having gained speedily access to the main building, the visitors were admitted by a servant in the gorgeous livery of the fallen monarch. Heath requested to be shown to an anteroom, while Alice solicited to be conducted without previous announcement to the presence of her master. After a moment's hesitation on the part of the servant, which, however, was quickly overcome by her persuasive manner, he conducted her through various spacious halls, and up numerous flights of stairs, till pausing suddenly before the door of a chamber, he knocked gently. As they waited for an answer, the accents of prayer were distinctly audible. They were desired to enter; the servant threw open the door, simply announcing a lady. Alice entered, and found herself alone with Cromwell.

The apartment was an anteroom attached to the spacious bed-chamber formerly belonging to the king. It was luxuriously furnished with all the appliances of ease and elegance suitable to a royal withdrawing-room. Tables and chairs of rosewood, richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, were arranged in order around the room; magnificent vases of porcelain decorated the mantel-piece; statues from the chisel of Michel Angelo stood in the niches; and pictures in gorgeous frames hung about the walls.

There, near a table, on which burned a single-shaded lamp, standing upright in the attitude of prayer, from which he had just been interrupted, stood the occupant. For an instant, as she lingered near the door, and looked upon his figure, which bore so strongly the impress of power, and felt that on his word hung the fate of him for whom she had come to plead, she already feared for the success of her mission, and would fain almost have retraced her visit. But remembering the accents of prayer she had heard while waiting without, she considered that her purposed appeal was to the

conscience of one whom she had just surprised, as it were, in the presence of his Maker, and took courage to advance.

"May I pray thee to approach and be seated, madam, and unfold the object of this visit?" said Cromwell, in a thick, rapid utterance, the result of his surprise, as he waved his visitor to a chair. "At that distance, and by this light, I can hardly distinguish the features of the lady who so inopportunistically and unceremoniously honours me with her presence."

Immediately advancing, she threw back her hood, and offering him her hand, said, "It is Alice Heath, the daughter of your friend, General Lisle."

Cromwell's rugged countenance expressed the utmost surprise, as he awkwardly strove to assume a courtesy foreign to his manner, and exchange his first ungracious greeting for something of a more cordial welcome.

With exceeding tact, Alice hastened to relieve his embarrassment, by falling back into the chair he had offered, and at once declaring the purpose of her visit.

"General Cromwell," she began, in a voice sweetly distinct, "you stand high in the eyes of man, not only as a patriot, but a strict and conscientious servant of the Most High. As such, you have been the main instrument in procuring the doom hanging in awful expectation over the head of him who once tenanted, in the same splendour that now surrounds yourself, the building in which I find you. Methinks his vacation of these princely premises, and your succession thereunto, render you scarcely capable of being a disinterested advocate for his death, since by it you become successor to all the pomp and power formerly his. Have you asked yourself the question whether no motives of self-aggrandisement have tainted this deed of patriotism, or sullied this act of religion?"

"Your language is unwarrantable and unbecoming, madam," said Cromwell, deadly pale, and trembling violently; "it is written—"

"Excuse me," said Alice, interrupting him; "you think it uncourteous, and even impertinent, that I should intrude upon you with a question such as I but now addressed to you. But, General Cromwell, a human life is at stake, and that the life of no ordinary being, but the descendant of a race of kings. Nay, hear me out, sir, I beg of you. Charles Stuart is about to die an awful and a violent death; your voice has condemned him—your voice can yet save him. If it be your country's weal that you desire, that object has been already sufficiently answered by the example of his trial; or, if it is to further the cause of the Lord of Hosts that you place yourself at the head of Britain in his place, be assured that he who would assert his power by surrounding himself with a pomp like this, is no delegate of One who commissioned Moses to lead His people through the wilderness, a sharer in the common lot, and a houseless wanderer like themselves. Bethink you, therefore, what must be the doom of him who—for the sake of ambition and pride, in order that he might, for the brief space of his life, enjoy luxury and power, under the borrowed name, too, of that God who views the act with horror and detestation—stains his hands with parricidal blood. Yes, General Cromwell, for thy own soul's, if not for mercy's sake, I entreat thee, in whom alone lies the power, to cause Charles Stuart's sentence to be remitted."

As she waxed warm in her enthusiasm, Alice Heath had risen and drawn close to Cromwell, who was still standing, as on her entrance; and in her entreaty, she had even laid her hand on his arm. His colour and pallor had increased every moment while she spoke, and though at first he would have interrupted her, he seemed very greatly at a loss, and little disposed to reply.

After a few moments' hesitation, during which Alice looked in his face with the deepest anxiety, and awaited his answer, he said, "Go to, young woman, you presume to interfere between a judge raised up for the redemption of England, and a traitor king, whom the Lord hath permitted to be condemned to the axe. As my soul liveth, and as He liveth, who will one day make me a ruler in Israel, thou hast more than the vanity of thy sex, in hoping, by thy foolish speech, to move me to lift up my hand against the decree of the Almighty. Truly—"

"Nay, General Cromwell," said Alice, interrupting him, as soon as she perceived he was about to enter into one of his lengthy and pointed harangues, "nay, you evade the matter both with me and with the conscience whose workings I have for the last few moments beheld in the disorder of your frame. Have its pleadings—for to them I look, and not to any eloquence of mine own—been of no avail? Will it please you to do aught for the king?"

"Young lady," replied Cromwell, hursting into tears, which he was occasionally wont to do, "a man like me, who is called to perform great acts in Israel, had need to be immovable to feelings of human charities. Think you not it is painful to our mortal sympathies to be called upon to execute the righteous judgments of Heaven, while we are yet in the body? And think you that when we must remove some prime tyrant, that the instruments of his removal can at all times view their part in his punishment with unshaken nerves? Must they not, even at times, doubt the inspiration under which they have felt and acted? Must they not occasionally question the origin of that strong impulse which appears the inward answer to prayer for direction under heavenly difficulties, and in their disturbed apprehensions, confuse even the responses of truth with the strong delusions of Satan? Would that the Lord would harden my heart even as he hardened that of—"

"Stop, sir," said Alice, again interrupting him ere his softened mood should have passed away, "utter not such a sacrilegious wish. Why are the kindly sympathies which you describe implanted in your bosom, unless it be to prevent your ambition from stifling your humanity? The rather encourage them, and save Charles Stuart. Let your mind dwell upon the many traits of nobleness in his character, which might be mentioned with enthusiasm, ay, with sorrow, too, that they should be thus sacrificed."

"The Most High, young woman, will have no fainters in spirit in His

service—none who turn back from Mount Gilead for fear of the Amalekites. To be brief—it waxes late; to discuss this topic longer is but to distress us both. Charles Stuart must die—the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.”

As he spoke, he bowed with a determined but respectful reverence, and when he lifted up his head, the expression of his features told Alice that the doom of the king was irrevocably fixed.

“I see there is no hope,” said she, with a deep sigh, as Cromwell spoke these words in a tone of decision which left her no further encouragement, and with a brevity so unusual to him. Nor was his hint to close the interview lost upon her. “No hope!” she repeated, drawing back. “I leave you, then, inexorable man of Iron, and may you not thus plead in vain for mercy at the bar of God.”

So saying, she turned and rejoined her husband, who remained in waiting for her; they returned together to Lisle’s house.

## CHAPTER V.

“I speak to time and to eternity,  
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.  
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but  
Reek up to heaven! ye skies, which will receive it!  
Thou sun! whose abinest on these things; and Thou  
Who kindest and who quenchest suns! Attest  
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?  
I perish, but not unavenged!  
How his hair streams  
On the wind like foam upon the wave;  
Now—now—he kneels—and now they form a circle  
Round him, and all is hidden; but I see  
The lifted sword in air.—Ah! hark! it falls!”

Two Foscars.

THE thirtieth of January, memorable in history, rose gloomy and dark, as though the heavens would express their sympathy with the tragedy about to be enacted.

Three days had only been allowed the condemned prisoner between his sentence and his execution. This interval, during the day, he had spent chiefly in reading and prayer. On each night he had slept long and soundly, although the noise of the workmen employed in framing his scaffold, and making other preparations for his execution, distinctly reached his ears.

On the morning of the fatal day, he appeared, attired in his customary suit of black, arranged with more than wonted neatness. His collar, edged with deep lace, and set carefully around his neck, was spotless in colour, and accurate in every fold, while his pensive countenance exhibited no evidence of emotion or excitement.

Bishop Juxon assisted him at his devotions, and paid the last melancholy duties to the king. After this, he was permitted to see such of his family as were still in England. These consisted only of his two younger children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester.

Notwithstanding the tender years of the young Elizabeth, she seemed fully to appreciate her father’s unhappy situation, and her young heart seemed well nigh bursting.

“Weep not for this, dear child,” said Charles, kissing her tenderly; “he but goeth where thou mayest one day meet him again.”

She threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud. He pressed her to his bosom and soothed her gently; but seemed, for the first time since his interview with Alice Heath, on the night previous to his sentence, half unmanned. “It is God, my love, who hath called thy poor parent hence, and we must submit to His will in all things. Bear my love to your mother, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her and our precious children.”

Separating himself from her with a great effort, and then pressing the boy to his heart, he motioned to the attendants to remove them, lest the trial of this interview might, at the last, unnerve his well-sustained resolution and courage.

The muffled bells now announced, with mournful distinctness, that the fatal moment was approaching. Presently, the guard came to lead him out. He was conducted by a private gallery and staircase into the court below, and thence conveyed in a sedan chair to the scaffold, followed by the shouts and cries of the crowd.

About the time that these sounds were dying away from the neighbourhood of Lisle’s house, William Heath hastily entered the library, and taking pen and paper, wrote the following brief letter:—

“My dear Alice,—I cannot but rejoice that, after finding, as we believed, all hope for Charles Stuart at an end—your visit to Cromwell having been unsuccessful—I removed you to a distance, until the tragical scene should, as we thought, be ended. The tumult and noise which fill the city, together with the consciousness of the cause creating it, would have been too much for your nerves, unstrung as they have been of late, by the feeling you have expended for the unhappy king. There is yet, though, I delight to say, and you will delight to hear, a single hope remaining for him, even while the bells now ring for his execution. Lord Fairfax, who though, like myself, friendly to his deposition, still shudders at the thoughts of shedding his blood, will, with his own regiment, make an attempt to rescue him from the scaffold. There is, in fact, scarce any reason to doubt the success of this measure; and this evening, Alice, we will rejoice together that the only cloud to dim the last bright days of our union has been removed, as I shall rejoin you at as early an hour as the distance will permit.

“I write this hastily, and send it by a speedy messenger, in order to relieve, by its agreeable tidings, the sorrowful state of mind in which I left you a few hours since. I am, my own Alice, your most affectionate husband,  
“WILLIAM HEATH.”

The street before Whitehall was the place prepared for the execution. This arrangement had been made, in order to render the triumph of popular justice over royal power more conspicuous, by headdressing the king in sight of his own palace. All the surrounding windows and galleries were filled with spectators, and the vast crowd below were kept back by soldiery encircling the scaffold. Charles mounted it with a steady step, and the same dignified resolution of mind which he had all along so admirably maintained. Uncovering his head, he looked composedly around him and said, in a clear unflinching voice, though only sufficiently loud to be heard by those near him, owing to the buzz of the crowd:—

“People of England, your king dies innocent. He is sentenced for having taken up arms against parliament. Parliament had first enlisted forces against him, and his sole object—as God is his judge, before whom he is so soon to appear—was to preserve, as was his bounden duty, inviolate for himself and his successors, that authority transmitted to him by royal inheritance. Yet, although innocent toward you, and in that view undeserving of death, in the eyes of the Omnipotent his other sins merit his coming doom; in especial, having once suffered an innocent sentence of death to be executed against another, it is but meet that he should now die thus unjustly himself. May God lay not his death in like manner to your charge, and grant that, in allegiance to my son, England’s lawful sovereign at my decease, you may speedily be restored to the ways of peace.”

Lord Fairfax, with his regiment, prepared for the rescue of Charles, was proceeding toward the place of execution by a by-street, at the same time that the king was being conducted thither. “On his way he was passed by Cromwell, who then, for the first time, became aware of his purpose.

Much disturbed in mind at the discovery of a project so likely to thwart his own ambitious views, just ripe for fulfilment, the latter walked on for some moments in deep reflection. Presently quickening his pace, he turned a corner, and stepped, without knocking, into a house near by. His manner was that of a person perfectly at home in the premises; which, indeed, was the case, for James Harrison, the tenant, was one of his subservients, chosen by him in consequence of his austere piety and great influence with his set, of whom it will be recollected that Fairfax was one. Cromwell found him in prayer, notwithstanding all the tumult of the day.

“I have sought thee, Harrison,” he said, “to beseech thee to engage in prayer with Lord Fairfax, who is now on his way to rescue this Saul from the hands of the Philistines. He should first crave the Lord’s will in regard to his errand. Wilt thou not seek him and remind him of this?”

“I will e’en do thy bidding, thou servant of the Most High,” said Harrison, rising and accompanying him to the door. “Where shall I find Fairfax?”

“Thou wilt overtake him by turning speedily to the right,” replied the other, parting from him.

“One of his lengthy supplications at the throne of grace,” said Cromwell to himself, as he walked on, “will detain Fairfax until this son of Belial is destroyed.”

Meanwhile, upon the scaffold, Charles, after delivering his address, was preparing himself for the block with perfect composure.

“There is but one stage more, sire,” said Juxon, with the deepest sympathy of look and manner. “There is but one stage more. Though turbulent, it is a very short one; yet it will carry you a long distance—from earth to heaven.”

“I go,” replied the king, “from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no downfall can transpire.”

So saying, he laid his head upon the block, and the headsman, standing near, in a visor, at one blow struck it from his body. Another man, in a corresponding disguise, catching it, and holding it up, exclaimed, “Behold the head of a traitor!”

At this moment, Lord Fairfax and his regiment came up. His humane purpose, so artfully defeated, becoming known, with the strange perversity of mankind, now that its benefits were too late to reach the king, an instant revulsion in the feelings of the populace took place; and the noise of quarrels—of reproaches and self-accusations rent the air, until the tumult grew terrific.

But the reverberation of no thunder-clap could have reawaked the dis-severed corpse of the dead monarch. Charles Stuart, the accomplished scholar and elegant poet—Charles Stuart, the husband, father, friend—Charles Stuart, the descendant of a long line of sovereigns, and legitimate king of the most potent nation upon earth—was no more; and a human life was blotted from existence! That life, what was it? Singular and mysterious essence—capable of exquisite pleasure, and intense pain—held by such a precarious tenure, yet valued beyond all price—the gift of God, and destroyed by man—a moment passed here, and now gone for ever—tell us, metaphysician, what was it, for we cannot answer the question?

(Continued at Page 247.)

GARDEN ALLOTMENTS FOR WORKING MEN.—The glebe-lands belonging to the vicarage of Ormskirk, situate below the church, and extending from the Green Lane to the Southport Road, are now marked out into garden allotments of half a rood each, statute measure, which the Rev. W. E. Rawstorne, vicar of the parish, purposes letting to deserving working men, at 13s. per annum each, free of all rates and taxes. The following prizes are intended to be given to the tenants yearly:—For the best cultivated allotment, 15s.; second best, 7s.; for the best garden produce, prizes to the amount of £1.

# MR. VANITY'S EXPLOITS, ARISING OUT OF A VALENTINE.



MR. VANITY having been at a ball, takes his coffee, and receives his Valentine in bed.



He is filled with delight, and is satisfied that Miss Julia Spriggs, whom he met at the ball, was the writer. In his excitement he overthrows the breakfast things,



To the infinite amusement of two suspicious looking characters, who, unknown to him, are peeping through the keyhole.



THE VALENTINE WHICH MR. V. RECEIVED.



It being already half past twelve at noon, he naturally concludes that the lady means half-past nine in the evening, so he smokes and reflects.



Getting up, he discovers that he has lost his Valentine, and can find it nowhere.



The Valentine being at length discovered to have stuck to him by the wafer, he commences his toilette.



He sets off for Miss Spriggs', and the two suspicious characters laugh heartily at his departure.



At Miss Spriggs' there happens to be an evening party, and the whole company is astonished at the entrance of MR. VANITY, hitherto a stranger to the house.



He immediately commences most obtrusive attentions to Miss Spriggs, which she is quite at a loss to understand.



And the gentlemen of the company hold a consultation with her, which ends in—



MR. VANITY being bundled into the street, with the loss of his hat, and certain injuries to his head!



## VALENTINE'S DAY.

**SAINT VALENTINE!**—all we know of this personage is, that he was a priest at Rome, where he was martyred about A.D. 270, and had, in consequence, the honour of being assigned a niche in the record of saints, his post being the 14th of February.

The origin of this custom has been sought for in the Lupercalia of the Romans, and with much apparent reason, as will be evident when we come to inquire into the old mode of celebrating Valentine's Day, which, as we shall presently see, had but little in common with the modern habit of sending silly letters by the penny post. In ancient Rome a festival was held about the middle of February, called the *Lupercalia*, in honour of Pan and Juno; whence the latter obtained the epithet of *Februata Februalla*, and *Februlla*. Upon this occasion the names of young women were put, amidst a variety of ceremonies, into a box, from which they were drawn by the men at chance directed; and so rooted had this, like many other customs, become amongst the people, that the pastors of the early Christian church found themselves unable to eradicate it. They, therefore, instead of entering into a fruitless struggle, adopted their usual policy on such occasions, and since they could not remove what they held to be an unsightly nuisance, they endeavoured, as a skillful architect would do, to convert it into an ornament. Thus they substituted other names for those of women, a change that would not seem to have been generally, or for any long time, popular, since we read that at a very remote period the custom prevailed of the young men drawing the names of the girls, and that the practice of adopting mates by chance-lots soon grew reciprocal between the sexes. In fact, Pan and Juno vacated their seats in favour of Saint Valentine, but the Christian bishop could not escape having much of the heathen ritual fastened upon him. We must not, however, imagine that Valentine's Day, any more than Epiphany or Candlemas, was celebrated with one uniform mode of observance; the customs attendant upon it varied considerably according to the place and period. In many parts of England, and more particularly in London, the person of the opposite sex who was first met in a morning, not being an inmate of the house, was taken to be the Valentine, a usage that is noticed by the poet Gay:—

"I early rose just at the break of day  
Before the sun had chased the stars away;  
A field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do)  
The first I spied, and the first swain we see  
In spite of fortune our true love shall be."

That the lasses went out to seek for their makes, or mates—i. e. Valentines, is also shown in poor Ophelia's broken snatches of a song:—

"Good morrow? 'tis St Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window  
To be your Valentine."

Herrick has the following in his *Hesperides*, p. 172:—

"TO HIS VALENTINE, ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"Oft have I heard both youth and virgins say,  
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day:  
But by their flight I never can divine  
When I shall couple with my Valentine."

In Dudley Lord North's *Forest of Varieties*, fol. 1645, p. 61, in a letter to his brother, he says—"A lady of wit and qualitie, who you well knew, would never put herself to the chance of a Valentine, saying that shee would never couple herself but by choyce. The custome and charge of Valentines is not ill left, with many other such costly and idle customes, which by a tacit generall consent wee lay down as obsolete."

We find the following curious species of divination in the *Connoisseur*, as practised on Valentine's day or eve. "Last Friday was Valentine Day, and the night before I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said, we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water: and the first that rose up was to be our Valentine. Would you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, tells us, that in February young persons draw Valentines, and from thence collect their future fortune in the nuptial state.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his *Vicar of Wakefield*, describing the manners of some rustics, tells us, they sent true love-knots on Valentine morning.

Herrick, in his *Hesperides*, p. 61, speaking of a bride, says—

"She must no more a-maying:  
Or by Rose-buds divine,  
Who'll be her Valentine."

Misson, in his *Travels in England*, says:—"On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's Day, a time when all living nature inclines to couple, the young folks in England, and Scotland too, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival that tends to the same end. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of

the girls upon a young man which she calls her's. By this means each has two Valentines: but the man strikes sister to the Valentine that is fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different countries, and according to the freedom or severity of Madam Valentine. There is another kind of Valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in this street or elsewhere on that day."

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1676, that facetious observer of our old customs tells us opposite to St. Valentine's day, in February—

"Now Andrew, Anthony,  
ny, and William,  
For Valentines draw  
Puss, Kate, Jillian."

## A HAT STORY.

ABOUT nineteen years ago, a fine looking old gentleman, from Northern Virginia, entered a store in Nashville, Tennessee. The store was kept by a bluff honest old trader, who knew a great deal more about the quality of the liquor sold at the back end of the counter than he did about the fineness of the fabrics at the other; nevertheless, between the two extremities of that shelf, he contrived to make both ends comfortably meet the necessities of the case. The old Virginian cast his eye around the shelves, and finally remarked—"Well, neighbour, you, I see, hev got hats."

"A slight sprinkle," was the answer; and then followed the query, "Whar are you from?"

"Old Virginia," was the response.

"Right smart old State," replied the Tennessean, "but getting rather too old to keep her har on."

"What do you mean?" inquired the Virginian.

"Well, just what I say, uncle, it can't keep her har on; for instance, now, I should think you hev been a right healthy child of the Old Dominion, but she has shed you at last, and like Samson of old, that's jest the way she is losin' all the best har off her venerable head."

The old Virginian looked around the store, rather bothered with the liberty this Tennessean was taking with his mother State, and finally remarked:—

"I came here to talk about hats, stranger, and r t har."

"Well, well, uncle, don't get wrathy now; I was only venturing a political opinion about population in general, and on that head we won't quarrel; but before we look at the hats, as they are intimately connected with heads, s'pose we take a mito of bald face."

The proposition was agreed to—the liquor was imbibed, and next followed the hats. The merchant tossed down four or five wool hats of various sizes, and invited the old gentleman to select one which would fit him. He looked at them, examined the sizes, said they would do, and requested the storekeeper to hand him down a few more.

"Thar's all the sizes I've got," said he, "but here's a few more, ef you think you'd like 'em better," and so saying, he tossed down three more.

"Them's all right," said the old Virginian, turning them around; and the stout old storekeeper, blowing with exertion, descended from his perch, where he was straddling from shelf to counter. As soon as he reached the floor, the old Virginian remarked that he had not got enough yet.

"Oh, you want 'em for your niggers," says the storekeeper; "well, why didn't you say so when I was up;" and he again proceeded to perch himself up, like a mercurial Colossus. When he had blowed himself into his former position, the old man quietly remarked:—

"Why, stranger, I warn't talking anything about niggers." The shot is, the old man was rather enjoying the extra trouble he had put the Tennessean to.

"Well, what do you want with so many hats?" inquired the latter.

"I want 'em for my sons," said the old man.

The storekeeper began to count those on the counter—"Eight," said he, "a pretty big spread of boys already, I'll swear; but here goes," and he added one and then another, and yet a fourth, and he picked off a fifth, and finally, seeing that the old man stood immovable, earnestly counting the hats, he tossed down three more, and was about to descend himself, when the old man told him to hold on and throw down a few more.

"Oh, come, uncle," said he, "you are joking;" but to please him, he threw down twenty.

"That's jest one too many," said the old man, with much gravity.

"What!—you don't mean to say you have nineteen sons?"

"Yes, I do mean to say so," was the old man's answer.

"And whar, in the name of the State of Tennessee, are they?"

"Well, they are in Tennessee," said the man, "right yer, in this city—up at the hotel."

"Stranger," said the storekeeper, his incredulity making him sputter and stutter as he said it, "if you ken show me your nineteen boys, thar's the hats."

"Hold on, then," said the old man, and off he started. In about ten minutes, down street he came, heading a line of nineteen boys, marching single file, each bearing a good gun, and followed by their venerable mother. They entered the merchant's store, and ranged along the counter; the storekeeper run his eye along the line with astonishment.

"And you say," he inquired, "that these boys are all yours?"

"Yes, I do," was the reply.

"Well, that's abundant proof, any how," said the storekeeper. "Old friend," he added "I ain't got a word to say; just take my hats."

## AUNT PATTY'S SCRAP-BAG.

BY CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was a rainy day, a real, old-fashioned, orthodox rainy day. It rained the first thing in the morning, it rained harder and harder at midday. The afternoon was drawing to a close, and still the rain came down in steady and persevering drops, every drop falling in a decided and obstinate way, as if conscious, though it might be ever so unwelcome, no one had a right to oppose its coming. A rainy day in midsummer is a glorious thing. The grass looks up so green and grateful under the life-giving moisture; the flowers send forth such a delicious aroma; the tall forest-trees bend down their branches so gracefully in salutation to the messengers of heaven. There is beauty, grace, and glory in a midsummer rain, and the spirit of man becomes gay and buoyant under its influence.

Little Estelle stood looking out at the window, with her nose pressed against a pane of glass, wishing it would clear up, it was so pretty to see the sun break out just as he was setting. The prospect abroad was not very inviting. It was a patch of mud and a patch of snow, the dirtiest mixture in nature's olio. A little boy went crawling by, sinking at every step almost to his knees; then a carriage slowly and majestically came plashing along, its wheels buried in mud, the horses labouring and straining, and every now and then shaking the slime indignantly from their fetlocks, and probably thinking none but amphibious animals should be abroad in such weather.

"Oh! it is such an ugly, ugly day!" said Estelle, "I do wish it were over."

"You should not find fault with the weather," replied Emma; "mother says it is wicked, for God sends us what weather seemeth good to him. For my part, I have had a very happy day reading and sewing."

"And I, too," said Bessy; "but I begin to be tired now, and I wish I could see some of those beautiful crimson clouds, tinged with gold, that wait upon sunset."

"Bessy has such a romantic mode of expression," cried Edmund, laughing, and laying down his book; "I think she will make a poet one of these days. Even now, I see upon her lips 'a prophetess's fire.'"

Bessy's blue eyes peeped at her brother through her golden curls, and something in them seemed to say, "that is not such a ridiculous prophecy as you imagine."

"This is a dreadful day for a traveller," said Mrs. Worth, with a sigh, and the children all thought of their father, exposed to the inclemency of the atmosphere, and they echoed their mother's sigh. They all looked very sad, till the entrance of another member of the family turned their thoughts into a new channel. This was no other than Estelle's kitten, which had been perambulating in the mire and rain, till she looked the most forlorn object in the world. Her sides were hollow and dripping, and her tail clung to her back in a most abject manner. There was a simultaneous exclamation at her dishevelled appearance, but Miss Kitty walked on as demurely as if nothing particular had happened to her, and jumping on her little mistress's shoulder, curled her wet tail round her ears, and began to mew and purr, opening and shutting her green eyes between every purr. Much as Estelle loved her favourite, she was not at all pleased at her present proximity, and called out energetically for deliverance. All laughed long and heartily at the muddy streaks on her white neck, and the muddy tracks on her white apron, and she looked as if she had not made up her mind whether to laugh or cry, when a fresh burst of laughter produced a complete reaction, and a sudden shower of tears fell precipitately on Aunt Patty's lap.

"Take care, Estelle," said Edmund, "Aunt Patty has got on her thunder and lightning calico. She does not like to have it rained on."

Aunt Patty had a favourite gown, the ground-work of which was a deep brown, with zig-zag streaks of scarlet darting over it. Estelle called it thunder and lightning, and certainly it was a very appropriate similitude for a child. It always was designated by that name, and Edmund declared that whenever Aunt Patty wore that dress, it was sure to bring a storm. She was now solicited by many voices to bring out one of her scrap-bags for their amusement. And she, never wearied of recalling the bright images of her youthful fancy, or the impressions of later years, produced a gigantic satchel, and undrawing the strings, Estelle's little hand was plunged in, and grasping a piece by chance, smiles played like sunbeams on her tears, when she found it was a relic of old Parson Broomfield's robe. It consisted of broad shaded stripes, of an iron-grey colour, a very sober and ministerial-looking calico.

"Ah!" said Aunt Patty—the chords of memory awakened to music at the sight—"I remember the time when I first saw Parson Broomfield wear that robe. I was a little girl then, and my mother used to send me on errands here and there, in a little carriage, made purposely for me on account of my lameness. A boy used to draw me, in the same way that they do infants, and everybody stopped and said something to the poor lame girl. I was going by the parsonage one warm summer morning, and the parson was sitting reading under a large elm tree, that grew directly in front of his door. He had a bench put all round the trunk, so that weary travellers could stop and rest under its shade. He was a blessed man, Parson Broomfield—of such great piety, that some thought if they could touch the hem of his garment they would have a passport to heaven. I always think of him when I read that beautiful verse in Job:—'The young men saw him, and trembled; the aged arose and stood up.' Well, there he sat, that warm summer morning, in his new striped robe, turned back from his neck, and turned carelessly over one knee, to keep it from sweeping on the grass. He had on black satin lasting pantaloons, and a black velvet waistcoat, that made his shirt collar look as

white as snow. He lifted his eyes when he heard the wheels of my carriage rolling along, and made a sort of motion for me to stop. 'Good morning little Patty,' said he, 'I hope you are very well this beautiful morning.' We always thought it an honour to get a word from his lips, and I felt as if I could walk without a crutch the whole day. He was very kind to little children, though he looked so grand and holy in the pulpit, you would think he was an angel of light, just come down there from the skies."

"Did he preach in that calico frock?" asked Emma, anxious for the dignity of the ministerial office.

"Oh! no, child—all in solemn black, except his white linen bands. He always looked like a saint on Sunday, walking in the church so slow and stately, yet bowing on the right and left, to the old, white-headed men, that waited for him as for the consolation of Israel. Oh! he was a blessed man, and he is in glory now. Here," added she, taking a piece of spotless linen from a white folded paper, "is a remnant of the good man's shroud. I saw him when he was laid out, with his hands folded upon his breast, and his Bible resting above them."

"Don't they have any bibles in heaven?" asked little Estelle, shrinking from contact with the funeral sample.

"No, child; they will read there without books, and see without eyes, and know everything without learning. But they put his bible on his heart, because he loved it so in life, and it seemed to be company for him in the dark coffin and lonely grave."

The children looked serious, and Emma's wistful eyes, lifted towards heaven, seemed to long for that region of glorious intuition, whither the beloved pastor of Aunt Patty's youth was gone. Then the youngest begged her to tell them something more lively, as talking about death, the coffin, and the grave, made them melancholy such a rainy day.

"Here," said Bessy, "is a beautiful pink and white muslin. The figure is a half open rosebud, with a delicate cluster of leaves. Who had a dress like this, Aunt Patty?"

"That was the dress your mother wore the first time she saw your father," answered the chronicle, with a significant smile. Bessy clasped her hands with delight, and they all gathered close, to gaze upon an object associated with such an interesting event.

"Didn't she look sweet?" said Bessy, looking admiringly at her handsome and now blushing mother.

"Yes! her cheeks were the colour of her dress, and that day she had a wreath of roses in her hair; for Emma's father loved flowers, and made her ornament herself with them to please his eye. It was about sunset. It had been very sultry, and the roads were so dusty we could scarcely see after a horse or a carriage passed by. Emma was in the front yard watering some plants, when a gentleman on horseback rode slowly along, as if he tried to make as little dust as possible. He rode by the house at first, then turning back, he came right up to the gate, and, lifting up his hat, bowed down to the saddle. He was a tall, dark-complexioned young man, who sat nobly on his horse, just as if he belonged to it. Emma, your mother that is, set down her watering-pot, and made a sort of courtesy, a little frightened at a stranger coming so close to her, before she knew anything about it. 'May I trouble you for a glass of water?' said he, with another bow. 'I have travelled long, and am oppressed with thirst.' Emma courtesied again, and blushed too, I dare say, and away she went for a glass of water, which she brought him with her own hands. Your grandfather had come to the door by this time, and he said he never saw a man so long drinking a glass of water in his life. As I told you before, it had been a terribly sultry day, and there were large thunder pillars leaning down black in the west—a sure sign there was going to be a heavy shower. Your grandfather came out, and being an hospitable man, he asked the stranger to stop and rest till the rain that was coming was over. He didn't wait to be asked twice, but jumped from his horse and walked in, making a bow at the door, and waiting for your mother to walk in first. Well, sure enough, it did rain in a short time, with thunder, and lightning; and the wind blew as if the house would come down; and the strange gentleman sat down close to Emma, and tried to keep her from being frightened, for she looked as pale as death; and when the lightning flashed bright, she covered up her face with her hands. It kept on thundering and raining till bed-time, when your grandfather offered him a bed, and told him he must stay till morning. Everybody was taken with him, for he talked like a book, and looked as if he knew more than all the books in the world. He told his name, and all about himself—that he was a young lawyer just commencing business in a town near by (the very town we are now living in); that he had been on a journey, and was on his way home, which he had expected to reach that night. He seemed to hate to go away so, the next morning, that your grandfather asked him to come and see him again—and he took him at his word, and came back the very next week. This time he didn't hide from anybody what he came for, for he courted your mother in good earnest, and never left her, or gave her any peace, till she had promised to be his wife, which I believe she was very willing to do, from the first night she saw him."

"Nay, Aunt Patty," said Mrs. Worth, "I must correct you in some of your items; your imagination is a little too vivid."

Edmund went behind his mother's chair, and putting his hands playfully over her ears, begged Aunt Patty to go on, and give her imagination full scope.

"And show us the wedding-dress, and tell us all about it," said Bessy. It is much better to hear of mother's wedding than Parson Broomfield's funeral."

"But that's the way, darling—a funeral and a wedding, a birth and a death, all mixed up, the world over. We must take things as they come, and be thankful for all. Do you see this white sprigged satin, and this bit of white lace? The wedding-dress was made of the satin, and trimmed round

the neck and sleeves with the lace, and the money it cost would have clothed a poor family for a long time. But your grandfather said he had but one daughter, and she should be well fitted out, if it cost him all he had in the world. And, moreover, he had a son-in-law, whom he would not exchange for any other man in the universe. When Emma, your mother that is, was dressed in her bridal finery, with white blossoms in her hair, which hung in ringlets down her rosy cheeks, you might search the country round for a prettier and fairer bride—and your father looked like a prince. Parson Broomfield said they were the handsomest couple he ever married—and, bless his soul, they were the last. He was taken sick a week after the wedding, and never lifted his head afterwards. It is a blessed thing Emma was married when she was, for I wouldn't want to be married by any other minister in the world than Parson Broomfield."

"Where's your husband, Aunt Patty?" said Estelle, suddenly.

Edmund and Bessy laughed outright. Emma only smiled—she feared Aunt Patty's feelings might be wounded.

"I never had any, child," replied she, after taking a large pinch of snuff.

"What's the reason?" persevered Estelle.

"Hush, Estelle," said her mother, "little girls must not ask so many questions."

"I'll tell you the reason," cried Aunt Patty, "for I'm never ashamed to speak the truth. No one ever thought of marrying me, for I was a lame, helpless, and homely girl, without a farthing of money to make folks think me pretty, whether I was or not. I never dreamed of having sweethearts, but was thankful for friends, who were willing to bear with my infirmities, and provide for my comfort. I don't care if they do call me an old maid. I'm satisfied with the place Providence has assigned me, knowing it is a thousand times better than I deserve. The tree that stands alone by the wayside offers shelter and shade to the weary traveller. It was not created in vain, though no blossom nor fruit may hang upon its boughs. It gets its portion of the sunshine and dew, and the little birds come and nestle in its branches."

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

### A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 233).

THE course taken by the guide lay over an undulating country, partially cleared, and in some places very stony; and the line of flight, if not deviated from, would strike the Miami about half a mile above the village, at a point where the hill, forming the eastern bank of the river, sloped down into the water, and made an easy ford. As they neared this place, a succession of Indian yells, apparently from a party at no great distance, led our friends to believe themselves hotly pursued by mounted savages, who had anticipated their purpose, and, coming directly up the bank of the river from the town, were striving to cut them off, or engage them in a deadly conflict. And their supposition was correct; for a dozen or twenty of the horses left loose by the Colonel's order had been caught, and now bore as many hostile riders, all armed, and ferociously eager to overtake the fugitives. A resistance, under the present circumstances, was not to be thought of by the latter; for, setting aside numbers, they had not a single musket between them—those taken from the guard having been thrown away, as so many incumbrances, at the place of mounting; and, knowing flight alone could save them, they lashed their fiery steeds into a perfect fury, and sped on with fearful velocity.

As Posetha and the Colonel gained the height of the sloping bank, they espied a number of dark, moving objects away to their left; and it scarcely needed the furious yells which came borne to their ears, to inform them that these moving bodies were so many mounted and ferocious enemies. Down the bank they plunged, and the next moment the cold water, splashing in their faces and over their persons, told them that their gallant steeds were struggling across the ford; and plunge, plunge behind them, assured them also that their friends were close in the rear.

A brief and vigorous floundering in the watery element, which occasionally dashes over horse and rider, and the foremost fugitives have gained the opposite bank, up which they urge their panting and smoking beasts. Another, and another, and still another, and another follow; and as the last one touches the dry earth, and disappears into the undergrowth, which here comes down to the water, the loud yells and splashes behind warn him of the close proximity of enemies, and that he has still desperate efforts to make to render his escape possible. Up the acclivity press the van, the centre, and rear, to use military terms; and soon the height is gained, and the foremost find themselves upon a small, level opening, over which they still urge their horses with the speed of fear and desperation. They have scarcely gone fifty yards, and the hindermost of the fugitives is just emerging from the thick copse-fringing the plain, when suddenly, as if they had touched enchanted ground, a horseman breaks through the covert in every quarter, and bears down toward the centre; and a loud clear voice shouts in English—

"Are you friends or foes?"

"Thank God, we are saved!" cried the Colonel, in an ecstacy of joy, which may better be imagined than described; and bidding Posetha check the fiery horses they rode, he again shouted, "We are friends, and American soldiers; but our enemies pursue us, and if you turn to the rear, you will find work to do."

He was answered by a cheer and loud congratulations; and at the same moment the blast of a trumpet went echoing through the surrounding forest and when the Indians burst through the copse into the opening, to the number of between fifteen and twenty, their yells of ferocious delight were suddenly changed to shrieks of terror, dismay, and agony. When, all unexpectedly, they found themselves confronted with a body of horsemen, who, instead of flying from them, greeted them with yells as appalling to their hearts as ever theirs had been to their intended victims, at the same time pouring in upon them a murderous fire, and charging with the whole line. Down went some four or five horses; twice the number of riders fell to rise no more, while of those that turned to fly, only some three or four escaped without injury. Wild were the yells of terror of those who had so late been pursuers, but who were now in turn pursued, as they rushed down the bank of the river, and sought to avoid their foes, who, with yells as far resounding as their own, pressed close upon their heels, and slew without mercy all who were so unfortunate as to be overtaken.

Maddened with the desire for blood and vengeance, and smarting under the disgrace which the defeat of St. Clair had so recently brought upon them, the soldiers, once let loose upon the flying foe, could not be restrained by the trumpet blast of their commander; but giving free rein to their worst passions, as well as to their steeds, they dashed pell-mell across the ford, up the opposite slope, and down along the stream toward the town, vowing to wash out the stain of ignominy that was upon them in the life-blood of their enemies.

But the Indians were prepared to receive them; for a party of mounted savages, who had been following in the rear of those closest in pursuit of our friends, and who had just reached the ford as the affray began on the opposite side, had hurriedly returned to the village, and reported that a large body of whites had killed their friends, and were fast coming down upon the town. Great was the alarm and confusion this intelligence created; and amidst the universal and appalling cry of "The Shamashoes! the Shamashoes!" the women and children were hurried off in one direction, while the warriors, headed by the renowned Black Hoof, formed an ambuscade in another just above the village, at a point where it was most likely the attack would be made.

In this ambuscade the foremost of the daring soldiers ran, and themselves paid for their temerity; but the hot valour of those behind suddenly cooling at this unlooked-for reception, they were wise enough to show the enemies the tails of their horses, and make the heels of the latter save them. Fast as they had ridden toward the town, they now rode as fast away from it; and it was not until the Miami rolled between them and their half-naked foes, that they began to feel their safety regained, and their courage revived.

The loud blast of a trumpet now summoned them around their commander Major Moultrie, who, with most of his officers, and a prudent few, had not been rash enough to follow them; and in the presence of Colonel Danforth and his party, he gave them such a severe reprimand for their disobedience and fool-hardiness, that the most forgetful one among them remembered it to the day of his death.

"And now, Colonel Danforth," said the gallant Major, turning with military deference toward the veteran officer, "with the hope that the Indians and myself together, have succeeded in beating a little hard sense into heads where it so recently was sadly wanting, I tender you my command, as my superior in ability as well as rank."

"I thank you kindly, Major Moultrie," replied the Colonel; "and am happy in saying, that the ability you deprecate in my favour, more than equalizes the trifling distinction our commissions makes; and therefore I shall beg leave to decline your flattering offer, assuring you, at the same time, it will afford me pleasure to join your ranks as a volunteer, at least until my wife and daughter be placed in safety."

"Yes, yes, the poor prisoners! we must set about their release immediately. You say they are confined in a cave near the town?"

"So says Posetha, here; and that he alone succeeded in getting them there some two or three hours since, where, unless accidentally discovered, they will remain in safety."

"I do not know," returned the Major, shaking his head; "no retreat in this quarter can be long safe from the prying eyes of savages. I will just run over my men, and ascertain how many poor fellows are missing; and then the Indian here shall guide us to the rescue; but woo to him if he plays false!"

It may now be proper to explain, how it chanced that our friends had the good fortune to be reinforced by such a body of soldiers. It will be recollected that at the time of the former being taken prisoners, Sergeant Bomb and two scouts made their escape, and, we hardly need add, made the best of their way to Fort Jefferson, which they reached on the following day, in a state of complete exhaustion. Here they found Major Moultrie with a detachment of cavalry, on his way to the scene of St. Clair's recent disaster; and, on informing him what had taken place—how Colonel Danforth, and several other officers, were supposed to be prisoners, he decided at once on going to their rescue. As soon as his men and horses were sufficiently rested, he set off, with one of the garrison to act as a guide—the scouts and Bomb being too much fatigued with their recent exertions to think of returning. Night fell ere half his journey was accomplished; but still he determined to hold on, in the hope that by reaching the Piquet settlement before daylight, he could effect his purpose by a *coup de main*, without his numbers being known. Fortunately for our friends, he reached the opening where we first discovered him, just as the alarm was sounded in the village; and not knowing what it meant, he waited to see. The yells of the pursuing





*Knowing his doom would be death, in its most terrible form, if taken prisoner again, Edward, with not a single hope beyond that of provoking, by his daring, a speedy terminus to his life, still lashed his horse furiously forward, reckless of the blows aimed at his person on all sides, and actually rode down several of his opposers."*

Indians were every moment heard more distinctly as they drew nearer; and a few of the party conjectured that the prisoners had by some means got away, and were making their escape. This the Major could hardly believe possible; but whether true or not, he knew his best plan would be to conceal his men and await the result. He soon heard them crossing the ford below, and rightly conjectured they would pass through the opening. The rest is known to the reader.

After counting his men, the Major said, in a feeling tone—

"Alas! there are six of my soldiers missing, and I fear the worst has befallen them. Oh, that they had heeded my orders! Men," he continued, sternly, addressing the whole company, "you see what a calamity your rashness has brought upon us! Henceforth, you must obey me; the first that disobeys I will bring him before a court-martial. Come, we must be on the move, or morning will break ere our purpose be accomplished."

As the cavalcade was about setting forward, under the guidance of Posetha, Colonel Danforth exclaimed—

"But where is Edward? where is Major Allen?"

"Where was he, sure enough? It was now for the first time discovered, owing to the excitement and confusion which had prevailed, that he was missing; and further anxious inquiry elicited the startling truth, that he had not been seen since his friends crossed the ford. The agony of the Colonel at this revelation was terrible; and fairly wringing his hands, he exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"Oh, my poor boy! my Edward! Alas, he is lost! In the moment of triumph, I am again plunged in despair. Oh God! be merciful, and restore me my friends!" and bowing his head in his hands, he gave vent to his grief in choking sobs.

A search was now instituted on both sides of the ford; but no traces of the missing one were found; and after half an hour spent in this manner, Major Moultrie recalled his men, and declared if the females were to be set at liberty before daylight, there was not a moment to lose. The cavalcade was accordingly put in motion, and moved slowly down the western bank of the river, or that opposite the Indian town, the Colonel riding alongside the Major in gloomy silence. Even the hope of soon recovering his wife and daughter was hardly sufficient to compensate him for the loss of one whom he looked upon as a son, and for whom he felt all the warm affection of a father. He thought, too, what would be poor Lucy's feelings, when she should hear the sad news; and his grief redoubled at the prospect of her sorrow.

When nearly down to the town opposite, Posetha pointed across the river, and said the captives were there. He then requested the Major to keep his forces where they were, and he would go alone and return with the females. At first Moultrie seemed inclined to object to this arrangement; but on being assured by all the late captives that he need have no fears of the fidelity of

Posetha, he gave his assent; and the latter, immediately plunging into the river, which here ran deep, disappeared on his important mission.

Half an hour of anxious, and, to a few, agonizing suspense passed, and then the faithful Posetha made his appearance. But alas! he came alone, to report that the females were gone, and that it was his belief the Indians had discovered their retreat and retaken them.

"Oh God!" groaned the Colonel, "this is too much—too much! My wife, my daughter! my Edward!" and he wept, as brave soldiers sometimes weep.

"By the ashes of my father," cried Moultrie, indignantly, "I will have vengeance on these red blood-hounds, and they shall restore the captives unharmed, or their town shall be a heap of smoking ruins! To horse, men, to horse! and be prepared to do your duty as soldiers!"

#### CHAPTER X.—PERILS OF OUR HERO.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Edward Allen succeeded in mounting his beast at the enclosure; and when he had done so, he found he had no control over him whatever. All his friends were now in advance of him; and, fortunately, the fiery animal took the same course as the rest, otherwise he might have been borne into the heart of the village, in spite of any efforts on his part to ride in a contrary direction.

On dashed the swift-footed animal across the little stream before-mentioned, up a small hill on the opposite side, down into a deep dingle, through a small patch of wood, through a dense copse, over a rough, stony opening; and still Edward maintained an erect position on his back, grasping the long mane tightly in one hand, and the single rein of the halter in the other. So far, all had gone well; and, although the hindmost of the party, he was near enough to the next in advance to occasionally catch a glimpse of rider and horse in the dim light.

Suddenly his courser gave a snort, and springing to the right, threw Edward from his back, who, on letting go his hold from the mane, had the forethought to grasp the halter with both hands; and by this means, although swung to a considerable distance, alighted on his feet without injury. The impatient animal, once clear of his rider, now sought to be free from all encumbrance; and in his efforts to get away, he dragged Edward several yards, through bushes and over stones, which tore his clothes and skin, and bruised him not a little. But with the tenacity of a drowning man to a rope, he clung to the halter rein, and at last had the good fortune, and his beast again approachable; though it was some time after this before he was able to remount him. But when this was finally effected, he found, to his horror, by the yells of the savages, that a party had already got between him and his friends, to follow whom now would be to rush on certain destruction.

What was to be done? Set off in what direction he might, the result was almost certain to be the same—death, or, what was even more to be dreaded, captivity. Oh! it was an agonizing reflection, that just at the moment,

when his heart was bounding with hope and joy at the thought of his liberation—the liberation of her he loved—of the happiness for both there would be in another meeting—that just at such a moment, we say, an overpowering calamity should suddenly come upon him, to plunge him again in the lowest depths of despair. He shuddered at the thought, and grew sick at heart, and beads of cold perspiration, wrung forth by mental anguish, stood upon his pallid features.

"But while there is life there is hope," he reasoned; and again urging his beast forward, he sought not to guide him, but offering up a short prayer for deliverance, consigned himself to the care of an ever-watchful and over-ruling Providence.

The horse, finding himself at liberty to choose his own course, no longer followed the one he had been pursuing, but turning more to the left, bore straight down toward the Miami, and soon gained its bank, at a point about half way between the village and the ford crossed by the friends of Edward.

The party of Indians closest in pursuit of the fugitives, had already passed this place; and their shouts of fury, and demoniac yells, gradually growing less and less distinct, relieved our hero of any apprehension concerning them; but, unfortunately for him, there was still another party coming from the town, whose wild, discordant speeches, together with the loud clatter of horses' hoofs, and the sporting of the animals, put him in mortal fear; for although he could not see them, owing to an intervening ridge, he knew they were close upon him, and that his chances of escape were now reduced to the very smallest number; more especially as his steed, eager to join his companions, instantly wheeled, and plunged forward up the acclivity, thus bearing him directly into the hands of his foes. In vain Edward tried to check him or change his course—he was completely unmanageable, beyond all control—and reckless of what might be the consequences, since he now believed himself irrevocably doomed, he leaped from his back, and was thrown violently upon the rough ground, and rendered almost senseless by the shock. The next moment the riderless steed, still rushing forward, came in fearful collision with the foremost one of the approaching party, and both horses went down as if struck by a cannon ball, crushing in their fall the leg of the Indian leader, who uttered one loud yell of agony, and called upon his friends for help.

Great was the confusion this accident occasioned; and several of the savages instantly stopped their horses, and springing to the ground, ran forward to ascertain what had happened. But as soon as the truth was known, the majority remounted and rode on, so eager were they to overtake the fugitives. Some three or four, however, remained to assist their injured companion; and getting him from under one animal, they carefully placed him on the back of another. Then one of them mounting behind to return with him to the village, rode slowly away in that direction, while the others prepared to continue their course up the river.

All this was witnessed by our hero, who, not more than six paces distant, still remained on the ground exactly as he had fallen, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should be discovered; and he was already congratulating himself upon his fortunate, but very narrow escape, when a loud ejaculation, as if the speaker had suddenly made some new and important discovery, caused a thrill of terror to run through his whole system.

And Edward had good reason to tremble at that ejaculation, although uttered in a tongue unknown to him; for an important discovery had been made, and one which would have transpired much sooner, had the savages been as observing as usual, or less eager to set forward. The presence of the horse ridden by Edward at such a place, did not excite suspicion, for it was well known that all had been let loose, and were running about in every direction; but when, by the merest accident, the truth was disclosed that on this beast was a halter, the idea suddenly flashed across the mind of the savage, that the animal must have had a rider; and whether that man was a white man or a red, was a very important matter. The discovery, in consequence, was instantly made known to his companions by the ejaculation already referred to, and a hurried consultation was the result. Whether the savages really believed the horse had borne a white rider, who was now secreted at no great distance, or whether they acted rather from that long and cautious habit which makes the most apparently trivial things of grave importance, certain it is, that no sooner had they finished their brief colloquy, than all set about beating around in the bushes in every direction.

Scarcely had three minutes elapsed after this search began, ere one of the party approached so close to Edward, that he felt certain exposure must follow; and, resolved to make one more desperate effort for his life, he firmly grasped the hilt of his knife—one of the weapons given him by Posetha, and which he still retained—and springing suddenly to his feet, buried it to the hilt in the breast of the astonished savage, who, in the very act of uttering a cry of surprise, quickly changed it to a shriek of agony, and sunk down at his feet. There was no time to be lost now; and leaping over the prostrate body, Edward made for the nearest horse.

He reached the animal a few feet in advance of the other savages, who, hearing the cry of their companion, at once divining the cause, bounded after him, making the woods ring with their yells of fury. Catching the halter-rein in his hand, Edward vaulted upon the back of the beast, and struck him a smart blow with the end of the rope. With a fearful plunge forward, away rushed the furious quadruped, and in less time than it takes us to tell it, some twenty yards intervened between our hero and his pursuers.

But short space had Edward for congratulation; for the next moment, as it were, the agile savages were themselves mounted and thundering after him, uttering the most terrible war-whoops, and appalling yells. And as if fortune, too, had determined to see how long she could toss him about between life and death, the horse of Edward now shaped his course toward the village; and, in spite of all he could do to turn him aside, the wilful

beast still held on, bearing him with frightful velocity right into the very hands of his enemies, who, afoot and on horse, were swarming about in every direction, like bees when their hive is improperly disturbed. On dashed Edward, lashing his horse—since he could not control him—into ungovernable fury; and on came his blood-thirsty pursuers, still yelling as wildly as ever, but unable to gain upon him a single foot.

"Oh!" thought Edward, as he glanced behind him, "if I could but manage my beast as the savages do theirs, I might even yet escape."

But for some reason he could not do this; and the horse that was ever guided by a mere word, or the shake of the halter-rein, when ridden by an Indian who understood him, and whom he understood, was now too headstrong to obey anything but his own will. In consequence of this, Edward was borne right in among the yelling and howling crew, who had come out of their town, on the northern side, to gather early news concerning the pursuit; and suddenly their discordant and meaningless yells were changed to the universal cry of "The Shemanoes! the Shemanoes!" while more than a hundred warriors sprang forward to intercept him.

Knowing his doom would be death in its most terrible form if taken prisoner again, Edward, with not a single hope beyond that of provoking, by his daring, a speedy terminus to his life, still lashed his horse furiously forward, reckless of the blows aimed at his person on all sides, and actually rode down several of his opposers.

But this triumph over numbers was necessarily of short duration; and the grasping of the halter by a tremendous savage, who instantly raised his hatchet for the purpose of hurling it at the head of our hero, seemed likely to put an end to all further strife. But here again capricious fortune changed in favour of Edward; for the horse, mistaking the intention of the Indian, and thinking the blow meant for him, reared and wheeled so suddenly, as to loose the hold of the warrior just as the tomahawk was sped on its bloody mission, which thereby missed its aim by a bare inch. By this sudden turn of the horse, his head was brought in the direction of the Miami, distant not more than eight or ten rods; and the thought suddenly occurred to Edward of making his last desperate effort for speedy death, or speedy liberation, by forcing the maddened beast to leap the steep cliff which overhung the dark waters rolling slowly and quietly along some fifty feet below. For this purpose he gave him several rapid blows with the halter end, and the next moment the verge of the bank was reached; but the animal recoiled with a snort of terror, and at the same instant a bullet pierced his brain, and he fell dead in his tracks. As he went down, Edward gathered all his remaining strength, placed his hands upon the neck of the sinking beast, and vaulted clean over his head. For a single instant he remained suspended above the cliff; the report of a dozen rifles was heard; a dozen balls went whizzing through the air, as many tomahawk blades were seen faintly flashing in the dim light; and then down, down went our hero, and a single, sullen splash was all that was heard, as the cold, dark waters opened to receive him, and then closed over his head.

Rushing to the brink of the cliff, several of the savages now threw themselves flat upon the earth, and placing their ears over the edge of the precipice, listened for any sound that would indicate human life below. But no such sound was heard; all was as still as the grave, save the solemn roar of the rapids of the little stream that entered the Miami a short distance further down, over which, as we have shown in a previous chapter, our former friends passed in safety, though at the peril of their lives.

Springing to their feet, the Indians uttered loud yells of disappointment at the second loss of one they had counted on so surely as a victim at the stake; and then another short silence followed, during which several prepared to descend to the water, at points both above and below the steep cliff where Edward went down, in order to make sure that he might not escape alive, not one among the bravest caring to try the venturesome leap after him.

But their plan of search was frustrated by an unlooked-for event; for suddenly the yells of alarm and dismay, uttered by their companions, who had gone up the river in pursuit of the fugitives, came borne upon the still air with startling distinctness, causing many a heart, lately so courageous, to quake with fear. Soon they could distinguish the distant clatter of horses' hoofs, and the terrible words, "The Shemanoes! The Shemanoes!" shouted in loud tones of terror, but still made faint by the intervening distance.

But faint or strong, the words themselves were appalling to the savages, who rightly conjectured that a large body of whites were approaching; and the scene of consternation and confusion that ensued baffles description. The escape of the captives was no longer thought of by the Indians, but their own safety now became a matter of the most momentous importance. Amid the wildest cries, in every tone—from that of the pining infant to the cracked voice of the hoary-headed veteran—the women and children, with the moveable household articles, were hurried out of the village on the southern and eastern sides; while the chiefs and braves, grasping their weapons, prepared to make a bold defence on the two opposite extremes.

Nor did the arrival of the party that had sounded the alarm, in any degree lessen the general consternation by the exaggerated report, that the party before them had all been cut off, by running into the terrible ambuscade of more than a thousand whites, who were coming down in all their force to again plunder and destroy their town. Still, with the renowned Black Horse, and other noted chiefs at their head, the savages bravely resolved on holding their village against all odds, or dying like heroes, in the defence of their homes, their wives, and children.

But, as the reader already knows, no such tremendous body of whites was reported, approached the town at all; and the few half-mad soldiers who did get the nearest to it, paid the penalty of their disobedience and rashness with their lives, as recorded in the chapter preceding.

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. X.—"IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND!"

We doubt if the ladies are aware how much they have to do with giving currency to this proverb—nay, more, in giving the only form of truth to that which, in all other cases, is a fallacy. It is emphatically a husband's groan. In the first place, he often finds it literally true, that when he has consented to a small expenditure, and has been seduced into one of those regular traps for unwary husbands, a milliner's shop, what with such a love of a riband! such an elegant piece of lace! such a delightful bonnet! such a charming cap! and the thousand-and-one other temptations which no lady can resist, his contemplated penny is soon swelled into a pound, and as he watches the gradual tenebrecation of his purse, the adage is groined out in bitterness of spirit. In the next place, he finds it too often metaphorically true; as thus: Unless wives are greatly belied, there is a gentle tone of oburgation common to them all, which at certain seasons—that have been fully illustrated in the voracious history of Mrs. Caudle—they are accustomed to indulge in. The tone, of course, is always gentle, but the measure of rebuke is not always in proportion to the magnitude of the offence. Accidental circumstances have delayed the unfortunate husband half an hour behind his time; the gentle oburgation is murmured forth in a continuous current that seems to know no ebb, until it is lost in soporiferous inarticulation. Another time he returns under more questionable circumstances; still the murmured oburgation is the same, and ceases only from the same cause; and the good man begins to fancy that there is not much difference between an accidental delay of half-an-hour, and a premeditated escapade of two or three hours that he has been solacing himself with brandy-and-water, and the very next time he falls in the way of temptation, and his hour overtakes him unawares, he coolly reseats himself for a longer period, fancying that, as he is "in for the penny," he may as well make it the "pound," since the penny rings quite as strongly and as long in his ears. Sometimes, indeed, the penny rings so loud that the poor husband is quite cowed with the sound, and sacrifices all his comforts to avoid even the penny, and is not always successful then. We do, however, remember one case in which the husband accidentally stopped the ringing of the penny for ever, and became afterwards a free man! We record it for its very rarity.

Frank Matthews—not the imitable representative of King Henpeck the Hundredth, at the Lyceum, but a respectable tradesman in a small country town—was blessed with one of those amiable wives who are so fond of their husband's company that, if he was invited out to a party, she insisted that he must return at a given hour. She was, perhaps, rather liberal in her allowance, for on those rare occasions of a Christmas party, she allowed him until twelve o'clock. But, punctually at that hour, he must return home. No excuses were admitted—no ignorance of the time could be pleaded—no delays of the supper would satisfy her. There was no such thing as an impossibility to break up the party—home he must come. And so great was his dread of even the "penny," if he were not exact to his hour, that he never had pluck enough to make it "a pound." It happened one dark January night, that he, with some others of his acquaintances, were invited to spend the evening with an old friend, who resided about a mile from the town. "Mind you are at home precisely at twelve," were the last words he heard as he left his house; and the sound haunted him for the remainder of the evening. Four by honours and the odd trick could not drive it out of his head. At the end of every rubber, his watch was in his hand, and anxious were the inquiries that he made about the time of supper. At length, supper arrived, and ere it was well over the watch pointed at half-past eleven.

Not Cinderella when the clock struck at the hall, and she left her slipper behind her, could have fled faster. Only one short half-hour to cross the dreary common that lay between him and his residence in the town. The rain fell in torrents—it was in vain he sought a companion—no one was inclined to leave the hospitable table and shivering fare, to face the cold rain. Alone he started, amidst some jeering at his forced obedience. The rest of the party consoled themselves with the good things around them, laughed at the increasing storm of wind and rain, and congratulated themselves on their comfortable position, as the sharp sleet beat against the windows. Twelve o'clock was past, and one, and two; still there was no diminution of the rain. About half-past two, a kind of melancholy sound was heard in the passage, and the door opening, the rueful face of poor Frank Matthews was seen peering in; he was drenched to the skin, and covered with mud. We have said he had a wild common to cross; immediately outside the gate of the entertainer's grounds this common commenced and extended about half the distance to the town. In the best of times there was no very distinct tract over it, and it was full of hollows and gullies, in which the water lay two or three feet deep. Poor Matthews had not gone far from the gate on his homeward journey, when he found the darkness and the rain had completely bewildered him, and he entirely lost the direction he had intended to keep. For upwards of two mortal hours had he wandered up and down that bleak, exposed common—now plashing through the water, now slipping into one of the gullies, until cold, benumbed, and exhausted, he at length found himself at the place from whence he had started, and recognised, with great joy, the gate to his friend's premises. "For God's sake, give me some brandy," was his first exclamation, as he stood before the company with trembling limbs and chattering teeth. He was soon made as comfortable as dry clothes, a roaring fire, a hospitable host and jovial company could make a man who had, notwithstanding these creature comforts, the strong dread of what he must undergo on his return home. He felt, that for once in his life he was "in for the pound;" and longer and more rueful grew his face with every passing moment. It was not until some time after four, that the weather cleared sufficiently to induce the party to start from their comfortable quarters; dark and dreary was the wintry morning, but by keeping close together, the whole party contrived safely to cross the common with only such mishaps as are not uncommon to parties that have been making a night of it. Poor Matthews at length reached his home, and "the pound" was paid him in full. He never had any very distinct recollection of what passed; he only knew that the torrent of words had something more than a murmuring sound, that it was mixed with hysterical gaspings and sobs: it was in vain that he attempted to edge in the history of his misfortune, that he spoke of drownings in quarry pits, and duckings in gullies; still, the hysterical torrent rushed on more severe and bitter than the pitiless pelting of the storm which he had endured on the wild common. Even his very virtues were turned against him, and it was made an aggravation of his offence, that he who had always been so obedient, should now, on a sudden, have cast off all restraint; and the "hysterical passion" increased, as she recounted the horrible fancies that occurred in her mind when he who was always so punctual did not return. At length the usual causes brought the murmurings of the lady to an end; the sobs decreased, the words fell like the last droppings of the storm, and the last farthing "of the pound" was paid as she sank to sleep. The next morning poor Matthews had an opportunity of telling his own pitiful tale of justification; and when we saw him, he shrugged his shoulders at the thought of all he had gone through in the night—the storm without, and the storm within. But a gleam of satisfaction played over his face as he said, "It was not such an unlucky affair, after all, for my wife has made me promise never again to leave our friend's house before all the rest of the party." It was marvellous how frequent his visits were to the house over the dreary common, and the untold hours of the night at which he returned; and the liberty he had obtained for one house was soon extended to others, until he became known as the last man to propose the breaking up of a party.

To return to our subject: "In for a penny, in for a pound." If this saying has originated in the causes to which we will not further allude, it has extended pretty extensively beyond merely female influence; and another name has been given to it which is not so well adapted to feminine propensities. "In for a penny, in for a pound," if peculiarly fitted to their mercantile transactions, is not altogether misplaced when applied to some of their other actions. There is a gentle persuasiveness about it that suits the female character. The first step, too, is so very simple: "in for a penny!" it is so modest in its demand that they can hardly imagine the second part of the proposition—the "in for a pound"—is so often fraught with fatal consequences. A little innocent flirtation is often with them the representative of "in for a penny;" and this step, once taken, she finds that it does not end with the "penny," but goes on until she is "in for the pound." She has "stopped to folly" when she went "in for the penny;" and when she found, too late, "that men betray," she was "in for the pound." Beware, then, of getting "in for the penny;" and be on your guard against the reckless fallacy that if you are "in for the penny," you may as well be "in for the pound;" there is another old adage, which is a safer guide for the young and the unwary—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

The other name that has been given to the thought represented by our fallacy, is rather coarser in expression—"It is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." This is a bold, coarse, masculine expression; not so much used as a seductive appeal to the unwary, as in a kind of defiant sneer; wilfully and scornfully setting at naught all laws, human and divine. I have committed a crime; if I am to be punished for it, I may as well commit a greater. A kind of thief's reckoning, who, learned in the mysteries of the Newgate Calendar, knows that in all probability his career will be a short



one; and therefore determinately sets to work to accomplish as much crime as possible within a given period; and imagines that the more heinous the crime the greater the hero. And the world at large seems to think that not only is it "as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," but even better; for it too often shows a sympathy with great crimes which is withheld from those of lesser magnitude—it seems to have a reverence for the great, bold, daring villain, while it holds the dabbler in small villainies as a sort of pitiful sneak. A begging-letter imposter, with his manifold party cheats, is sent to gaol amidst the contempt of all; but a fortunate knave who has invented some large scheme of cheatery by which thousands are ruined while he has filled his pockets, is fêted and courted, sits in the high places of the synagogue, and is almost deified by his snobbish worshippers. But the fallacy of the proverb consists in this; that when a man meditates some deeper plunge into vice or crime, and hardens himself with this adage, he is not certain that he will be hanged for the first offence—he may escape the contemplated punishment for the first offence, if he do not aggravate the crime by persistence in wrong or by accumulating heavier charges against himself. Let us take, for instance, one of the commonest cases in which the adage is used. A party are sitting down enjoying the pleasures of the table; a young man rises to retire, observing that he has already taken too much wine: his companions instantly assail him with this adage—"Sit down, man; take another glass! 'it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;' 'in for a penny, in for a pound.'" And the poor youth yields to their solicitations, his judgment becomes shaky, his reason weakened, and before he again rises he has a whole flock of "sheep" to answer for. Now, if he had risen with only "the lamb" upon his conscience, when his judgment was still sufficiently sane to tell him he had already taken too much wine, the probability is that instead of being "hanged for the lamb," instead of being blamed for his excess, he would have been praised for his self-command, a habit of self-control would be created; and, for the future, he would have fewer "lamb" to account for—be seldom "in for the penny." But, when once he has yielded to the "sheep" and "pound" argument, his punishment is certain; his own conscience upbraids him until repetition drowns its voice; his reputation is tainted, and if he persist he falls into the fatal vortex which sweeps so many to destruction.

Again, let us take the case of a tradesman who begins to feel his circumstances embarrassed. He has honest principles, is anxious to do that which is right—to be just and straightforward towards his creditors. He examines his affairs, and finds that he can pay about sixteen shillings in the pound. He consults a friend as to the propriety of at once declaring himself insolvent, and giving up his effects to his creditors. His friend is more worldly-wise than honest. The scruples of the honest tradesman are laughed at—he is pooh-poohed for his simplicity; and is encouraged to go on with a losing trade, in the hope that better days may come; or, at the worst, that it is "as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb"—"in for a penny, in for a pound." He acts upon his friend's advice; his principles are shaken; he closes his eyes to the injustice he is guilty of in living entirely on credit, without the means of repaying his creditors. Opinionous to which he had before been a stranger begin to dawn in his mind; the shifts to which he is driven engender fraud; he no longer thinks of giving up all to satisfy his creditors, but how he can contrive to secure the largest possible portion of the property still in his hands, not his own, and convert it to his own use. At length the crash comes; he is a bankrupt—not one of those entitled to the lenient consideration of the court, and the mercy of his creditors, but a fraudulent bankrupt, whose certificate is refused, who is allowed no protection, but is committed to a prison in expiation of his fraud. If, in the first instance, he had obeyed the dictates of an honest conscience; if, when he found he was "in for a penny," he had paid three farthings of it, he would have preserved his good name, would have maintained the respect of his creditors, and have again commenced life, with pity, indeed, for his misfortunes, and with that full degree of credit which honesty secures. But, led away by the reckless improvidence of these false proverbs, he has brought upon himself a deserved punishment; when, if he had been content to lie down with the "lamb," he would have been at peace.

These proverbs are, indeed, the mere offspring of recklessness. Some men are so peculiarly constituted, that this recklessness is interwoven with every part of their nature—not only are their acts reckless, but their very thoughts also. We have known a man brought to ruin, wholly and solely because he would pay his creditors five-and-forty shillings in the pound. This may seem strange; but it is perfectly true. He was a person of large fortune, of elegant tastes, and expensive habits. But, like Mr. Bagshaw in the farce—who would not pay his tailor's bill, although he had the money in his pocket, but chose to spend it in a gold watch for the future Mrs. Bagshaw—so this gentleman would never pay a single debt until compelled to do so by legal process. Not a butcher ever sold him a lamb, but the lawyer's bill made it a sheep; not a baker supplied him with a penny loaf, but the lawyer helped to make it a pound. There was no end to his extravagance in every way. His credit was good, because he was known to possess large property entirely at his own control, not tied up with settlements and entails; and the tradesmen, at length, who supplied his demands, scarcely ever troubled him with sending in a bill, but when the ordinary time for payment arrived, placed it in the hands of a lawyer to recover, when it went hard if the costs did not at the very least equal the debt. He had two passions—extravagance and litigation. He almost seemed to indulge in the one as the means of promoting the other. He was not deficient in generosity. He often made the handsomest, and sometimes the most useful, presents of his own free will, even to those who, at the time, were his creditors; but he would not pay the debts he owed them, though they were his most intimate friends, until he was compelled. His own lawyer was no better served than other people.

When he could no longer do without his money, he knew that the time of his employment was over. He had made as much out of him as could be got; his bill was a goodly sized volume which must be settled; and his action commenced. The last profits were the costs for recovering his own bill! This man had few vicious habits; he neither gamed, drank, or indulged in those other excesses which so often bring ruin upon families. It was sheer extravagance. He never was "in for a penny," but he was certain to be "in for a pound," and as certainly did the lawyers make the one pound two. His property was so large that it took many years to run through it, even in this reckless manner; but, at length, it had dwindled all away, and at this moment, out of all his princely fortune, he has only a miserable pittance of some sixty pounds a year remaining. He carried out the adage to its third form, which is in such vogue with our transatlantic brethren—he "went the whole hog," and has reduced his family to live with him in a sty.

## THE GIPSEY BOY.

BY MARY BENNETT.

WHERE the heath is overspread with its  
Bright summer bloom,  
And the hollows lie hush'd in repose all  
The day,  
The gipsy-boy sits among heather and  
bloom,  
While the doxy beside him doth feed  
as he may.

The tent is at hand, and the fire on the  
sward,  
And the kettle hung over it merrily boils;  
And the gipsy-boy sits, looking out as a  
guard,  
For his tribe are carousing on honest  
folks' spoils.

As he lazily stretches his form on the  
grass,  
He snuffs with enjoyment the scents on  
the breeze;  
And he watches the birds and the insects  
that pass  
Through the slow waving boughs of a  
group of old trees.

As a heathen he revels in Nature's delights,  
With no feeling but sense, no thought of  
a God;  
He sees not the Spirit Divine in the sights  
That send the quick glow through his  
wild gipsy blood.

No hand had e'er pointed his way to the  
truth;  
But hark! there are voices just round by  
that tree;  
Stealthily—warily—listens the youth;  
Strangers are near; and he creeps where  
they be.

They come with no terrors, their looks are  
benign,  
They gaze on the flowers and the lofty  
blue sky,  
They speak with calm tones that sound  
almost divine,  
And he thrills, as he listens, though  
knowing not why:—

"How plain is it seen that in beauty and  
joy  
God delights, and made man in his image  
to share  
The rapture celestial that hath no alloy,  
Which is breathed from creation all day  
and fair.

"O Father beneficent! we must adore thee  
For all the vast stores of delight that  
thou hast given;  
Nature is only the mantle cast o'er thee,  
Thyself we shall see, in the glory of  
heaven."

Thus they talk'd;—then the silence of feel-  
ings devout  
Hung round the poor gipsy-boy there  
like a spell;  
Not a word would he lose, although what  
'twas about,  
His reason, untutored, had fail'd him to  
tell.

His dark rolling eye glistened soft as he  
strangers,  
As if some new feeling caught fire in his  
breast;  
But then he remembered his tribe and  
their dangers,  
And stole back to the duty he understood  
best.

But some of those words he could never  
forget!  
Through long years—in the tent, in the  
field, in the fall—  
As a youth, as a man, as a felon—thou  
flour'd round him like wings  
seem'd never to fail.

And at last a good teacher, who told'd for  
the poor,  
To help and to save, brought him know-  
ledge and light:—  
His wandering feet now would wander no  
more,  
And the end of the gipsy was peaceful  
and bright!

SERPENT-CATCHING NEAR THE GASELI.—Pursued by several men, the  
serpent immediately plunged into the water, out of which it then boldly  
raised its head, and confronted an Arab, who had jumped in after it, armed  
with a *hamsie*. With extraordinary skill and daring the Arab approached  
it, his club uplifted, and struck it over the head, so that the serpent  
fell down stunned and writhing mightily; whereupon another Arab came up  
with a cord. The club-bearer, without further ceremony, gripped the reptile  
by the throat, just below the head, the noose was made fast, and the pair  
of them dragged their prize on shore. There it lay for a moment motionless,  
and we contemplated the terribly beautiful creature, which was more than  
eleven feet long, and half a foot in diameter. But when they began to drag  
it away, by which the skin would of course be completely spoiled, orders  
were given to carry it to camp. A jacket was tied over its head, and three  
men set to work to get it on their shoulders, but the serpent made such  
violent convulsive movements that all three fell to the ground with it, and the  
same thing occurred again when several others had gone to their assistance.  
I accompanied them into camp, drove a big nail into the foremost great beam  
of our hut, and had the monster suspended from it. He hung down quite  
limp, as did also several other snakes, which were still alive, and which our  
servants had suspended inside our hut, intending to skin them the next  
morning, as it was now nearly dark. In the night I felt a most uncomfort-  
able sensation. One of the snakes, which was hung up at the head of my  
bed, had smeared his cold tail over my face. But I sprang to my feet in  
alarm, and thought I had been struck over the skin with a club, when the  
serpent, now in the death agony, gave me a wipe with its tail through the  
door, in front of which our servants were squatted, telling each other  
stories. Soon afterwards we caught another, as thick, but only nine feet  
long, and with a short tail.—*Werner's Campaign in Taka.*

## REVIEW.

THE FAMILY FRIEND. (First Series of Four Volumes.) London: Houlston & Stoneman, Paternoster Row.

The *Family Friend* commenced upon the 1st of January, 1849, and its remarkable history may be thus stated. It started as a monthly publication, price twopence, but, after the first year, it was published upon the first and fifteenth of each month, by the urgent wish of its subscribers. And from January 1849 to December 1851, it circulated of the first four volumes collectively, seventy-five thousand bound copies, at half-a-crown each, in addition to two millions five hundred thousand of the fortnightly numbers. This success is unprecedented; and we are led to inquire—What caused this periodical to have become at once a National favourite? In search of a solution to this query, so interesting to us as speculators in the field of popular literature, we have looked carefully through the pages of *The Friend*, and find that, in addition to an abundance of readable matter in the attractive forms of Tales, Essays, and Poems, it supplies a perfect encyclopedia of Domestic Economy, abounding in Useful Advice and Receipts upon all matters likely to interest the Artist, the Housewife, the Needle-artist, and the Mechanic. And in the fourth volume, the whole of these matters are indexed in one alphabetical arrangement, comprising about three thousand five hundred references to the contents of the first four volumes.

The first volume contains a Perfect System of Marine Botany, and the only one in which English names have been given to all the interesting marine plants found upon our shores. It also contains ample instructions for the Modelling of Waxen Flowers. The second volume includes a complete system of Carving and Cookery; Papers upon the Wild Flowers and Insects peculiar to each month, &c. The third volume has some excellent papers upon Etiquette; and useful Gardening directions, written in a fresh style, by a really practical man. The fourth volume contains complete instructions for Modelling in Leather, which may be practised as a household occupation, supplying neat ornaments at little cost. Each of the volumes contains numerous designs in Fancy Needlework, by Mrs. Warren, and first-rate Problems and Games in Chess, by Herr Harwitz, the celebrated blindfold player.

As an instance of the practical matters which abound in these volumes, we quote a few "Useful Receipts." Most of them appear to be contributed to the *Friend* by persons who have tried them:—

**Cure for Corns.**—Place the feet for half an hour, two or three nights successively, in a pretty strong solution of common soda. The alkali dissolves the hardened cuticle, and the corn falls out spontaneously, leaving a small excavation, which soon fills up. [Certain].—E. J.

**To Promote the Growth of the Hair.**—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg. If the hair be rubbed every night with this, and the proportion be very gradually increased, it will answer every purpose of increasing the growth of the hair. [I have tried this, and recommended it to others, with the best effect].—E. J.

**To Take Oil and Grease out of Boards, Marble, &c.**—Make a paste with fuller's earth and hot water; cover the spots therewith, let it dry on, and the next day scour it off with soft or yellow soap. Or—Make a paste with soft soap, fuller's earth, and a little pearlash, and use it as above.

**To Remove Ink Stains.**—Procure a two ounce phial, put into it a penny-worth of oxalic acid, and fill it up with warm water; place on the stain a piece of white linen rag; shake the above solution, and then pour a few drops of it on the linen rag stretched on the stain; it should remove it entirely, but very frequently when logwood has been used in manufacturing the ink, a reddish stain still remains; to remove it, procure a solution of the chloride of lime, and apply it in the same manner as directed for the oxalic acid. [I can guarantee this, after many trials].—W. J. G.

**Shampoo the Head.**—I send you, for the benefit of your numerous readers, a simple and effectual remedy for scurf in the head—one which I have used, and know to be good.—Take a pint of water drop a lump of quicklime (fresh), the size of a walnut; let it stand all night, then pour the water off from sediment or deposit, add a quarter-pint of best vinegar, and wash the head with the mixture. It is perfectly harmless; only the roots of the hair need be wetted.—L. L. L.

**Black Silk, Satins, Coloured Woollen Dresses, &c.**—Quarter of a pound of soft soap, quarter of a pound of honey, the white of an egg, and a wine-glassful of gin; mix well together, and the article to be secured with a rather hard brush thoroughly, afterwards wash it in cold water, leave to drain, and iron whilst quite damp.—Mrs. J. D. R. remarks that she believes this receipt has never been made public; she finds it an excellent one, having used it for a length of time, and recommends it to her friends with perfect confidence.

**Excellent Dentifrice.**—I have used the following dentifrice for seven or eight years uninterruptedly, and can confidently recommend it as excellent and economical:—Procure a lump of whiting, and scrape off as much, in fine powder, as will fill a pint pot. Take two ounces of camphor, moisten it with a few drops of brandy or spirits of wine, and rub it into a powder. Mix this with the whiting, and add to it half an ounce of powdered starch. Put the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cork down. A small portion of this may be emptied into a box every few days for use. By keeping it corked down it will be as fragrant at the end of a year as when made. If too strong of the camphor, it will be easy to add a little more whiting.—T. K.

The *Friend* appears to have a large staff of *Friends*, who are continually pouring these household treasures into its pages. And it is obvious that matters thus tested and recommended, must be superior to the theoretical receipts too often collected in the book form, for the mere sake of swelling out a volume.

The subjoined humorous illustration of St. Valentine's Day, is reproduced from the *Family Friend*, to show that while the most vigilant care is exercised to sustain the high moral tone of that work, a sprinkling of innocent amusement is not forgotten, and the reader's attention, while he is searching for useful and instructive information, is enlivened by occasional sallies of cheerful anecdote, carefully selected for family entertainment.

A striking feature in the pages of the *Family Friend* is the "Pastime," comprising Enigmas, Charades, and Games, of an original and interesting character, collected from the contributions of various correspondents, with a view to combine improvement and recreation. While praising the judicious efforts of the conductors of the *Family Friend* in this respect, the editor of the *Bradford Observer* has made the following excellent observations thereupon:—

"When none but really good enigmas and conundrums are proposed or accepted, we are inclined to think them by no means unworthy instruments in the education of the people. They are to the million what the severer studies of mathematics and logic are to the laborious student. To trace hidden resemblances, to explore secret qualities, to detect, as with the glance of an eagle, points of contact and of divergence, to familiarize the mind with the attributes, history, and topography of natural objects, to concentrate the thinking faculty, to distinguish between real coincidences and mere verbal or literal similitudes—to do all this, and much more, is necessary to every citizen who would properly solve the mysteries of the Sphinx; and he who is master of such an art, has intellectual powers of which he need not be ashamed. It is impossible, however, to avoid trembling for the honour of the Enigma, and the fame of the Conundrum. Itinerant wizards and perambulating conjurers have brought this description of mental athleticism into sad disrepute. The most horrible, yea, even barbarous, playing upon words, has been rewarded with honorary distinctions, and more substantial prizes. Individuals have received gold or silver watches for puns so ineffectually wretched, that we really cannot write them down. In some quarters, however, most commendable efforts are being put forth to remedy the abuse complained of. It will serve as an illustration of our meaning if we here announce that the indefatigable conductors of the *Family Friend* intend to offer prizes of one hundred and seventy-five guineas, for the three best solutions of enigmas! This is quite an unprecedented step, and will go far towards elevating the study of enigmas to the rank of a science."

As a proof of the care bestowed upon this department of the *Family Friend*, which has enlisted a large number of assistants, both young and old, we may quote the "Gentlemen's Prize Enigma," inserted in the number of the *Family Friend* for the first of January last, and for the best correct solution of which, five prizes of ten guineas, and ten prizes of five guineas, will be given. This, however, is only one, out of three prize competitions of the *Family Friend*, for the united solutions of which the large amount of One Hundred and Seventy-five Guineas will be awarded.

## DOMESTIC MANNERS &amp; CUSTOMS OF ENGLAND 1851 -- No 2.



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

## GENTLEMEN'S PRIZE ENIGMA.

"I sprang from the Great Profound; and now I range [constant change] The universe—always the same, through Seen or unseen, I everywhere abound. In the meek flower the regal robe is found. And in the robe the flower which decks the ground! [nor tree, Gaze on the barren rock, with neither moss And, to its lifeless mass, a living mortal see: Thus do I dwell in you, and you in me! O my light wings! I bear the massive stone; I drink the gold that decks the kingly throne; [I'm known. In gay south and snow-clad north alike The balance used my wondrous parts to weigh, O woe no form; and yet it will betray The path where I an unknown course may stray]

Liken my form unto a beauteous maid— Her garments round her figure softly flowing: Upon her breast rich gems of beauty laid, And in her heart life's warmth and impulse glowing: Her bright eyes lustre stealing through the veil, [her:— That like a dreamy shadow falleth o'er Her breath the incense of the passing gale, That fills with joy the worshippers before her— And in this picture you may plainly see A poet's true imaginings of me! To man-to-spirit—I am close allied, A meek, submissive, but a jealous bride,—

For none may set my Heaven-born rights aside! My veins a subtle element contain; It dwells in every cell, or pore, or vein,— It breaketh down, and buildeth up again. My whole is wonderful, my parts are wondrous, too; And, though my teachings are for ever true, [make two. I sometimes hold that one and one do not And I have offspring wandering far and wide, Beyond the earth or dwelling in its tide— They scatter blessings o'er the world on every side. One is a painter of such wondrous skill, She can with joy your raptured bosom fill, Or horribly by scenes of terror and of ill. One frowns or smiles with majesty or grace— Is swifter than the fleetest in a race. One holds her mother in her loving arms: Another wins the list'ner by her charms. Another doth with busy fingers bind Trifles in wreaths to gratify the mind. [will, These are my children, call them what you will, Sex or no sex—they are my children still! Pursue me, Reader, in my wondrous ways! Behold me when the sun sheds forth her rays; [shines; Or when the moon in silent splendour Or where the rainbow casts its prism-lime. Within the earth, or on the teeming sod, Seek out my wonders, for they point to God!"



INIGMA

1. Murderer of the innocent  
Arly my nystagmoun  
The stut arm by me as off the  
By the tollst heart has been  
See there the has before the  
bkins i her madden flight, the daded  
And whist her cry of agony y  
Alth oughy usome; ot know I an noar  
When storn a sweet, oer the taming  
Then is the hour of my victory  
For bolder than t. el exit of man must be  
The heart wlo portals never pe to me

When man lies trembl on the bed of death,  
Yelling t. oth as; ritw ths breath  
Mark the feet lines that i s t r looks lefice  
And in th o lines you may my features tr ce

INIGMAS, CHARADIS, RIBUSES &c

1. Pray lady a wron seonin wit deligt  
Say what s i s i l l e yet never out of sight

2. A word there is five syllables contains,  
Take one away no syllable remains

3. A word of one syllable easy and short  
Read backwards and forwards the same  
It expresses the sentiments warm from the  
heart,  
And to beauty lays principal claim

4. Long before Adam one there lived,  
And liveth still as is believed  
Whose name reversed here you'll see;  
Ladies, pray say who this may be

5. Three fourths of a cross and a circle  
complete,  
Two semicircles and a perpendicular meet,  
A triangle standing on two feet,  
Two semicircles and circle complete

6. In a garden was laid  
A beautiful maid,  
As fair as the flow'rs in the morn,  
The first hour of her life  
She was made a wife,  
And she died before she was born

7. When you and I together meet,  
We make up six, in house or street,  
When I and you do meet, once more,  
Alas! poor we, can make but four  
And last, when you from I are gone,  
I make but solitary one.

8. A word of three syllables seek till you find,  
That has in it the twenty four letters cur  
bin d

9. Yonder lives a shoemaker, who works  
with ut leatler  
And strange! employe. all the four el-  
ments together,  
Of fire he makes use, of water, earth, and  
air  
And for every customer makes a double

10. I'm most conspicuous, though I'm bound  
to hide  
I'm still of use, when I'm laid aside  
I aid the viewer, yet obstruct the sight,  
And 'love the day, though set aga nst the  
light  
From Italy I take my name and birth;  
And now my offspring's spread o'er all the  
earth  
Though different forms I take I'm mostly  
seen,  
True to one colour nature's favourite green

11. Begotten and born, and dying with noise,  
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys  
Like the fictions of poets concerning the  
wind,  
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.  
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,  
But all I delight in is pieces of lead,  
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,  
Why then I make pieces of iron go down  
One property more I would have you re-  
mark,  
No lady was ever more fond of a spark!  
Whenever I get one my soul's all on fire,  
I roar out my joy, and in transports expire.

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE EIGHT OF SPADES - "OLD MORTALITY"

12. A ruling tyrant of the earth,  
To vilest slaves I owe my birth;  
How is the greatest monarch blest  
When in my gaudy liveried dress!  
No haughty nymph has power to run  
From me, my advent' shun  
Stabbed to the heart, condemn'd to shame,  
My constancy is still the same  
The favorite messenger of Jove  
And I am banish'd consulting strove  
To make me glorious to the light  
Of mortals and the gods delight  
Soon would this illustrious flame expire  
If I refuse to lend them fire

13. Brethren of a wondrous kind  
All of us in one you'll find  
Yet am I as all no two I  
Knows not a tithe of the other  
We in frequent councils are  
And our marks of things declare  
We're to us unknown, I eler  
Sets and takes them in the dark  
He's the register of all  
In our ken, both great and small  
By us forms his laws and rules;  
He's our master, we his tools;  
Yet we can with greatest ease,  
Turn and wind him as we please

One of us alone can sleep,  
Yet the rest no watch will keep;  
But the moment that he closes,  
Every brother else reposes  
If wine's brought, or victuals drest,  
One enjoys them for the rest  
Pierces us all with wounding steel,  
One for all of us will feel  
Though ten thousand cannons roar  
Add to them ten thousand more  
Yet but one of us is found  
Who regards the dreadful sound  
If scents are grateful to the smell,  
That's but one of us can tell

14. I'm double, I'm single, I'm good and  
bad  
As my followers abundantly prove;  
By a trick it is known I am oft to be had,  
But am gain'd with more pleasure by love  
What strange ways may appear, I can give to the  
face  
At one moment both smiles and chagrin  
And the next to mankind I bring shame and  
disgrace,  
Without honour I never am seen

15. Through I, alas! a prisoner be,  
My trade is prisoner to set free,  
No slave I is lord a command o'er  
With more insinuating ways,  
My get us piercing sharp and bright,  
What is the men of wit delight,  
The clergy keep me for their ease,  
And turn a wind me as they please  
A new and wondrous art I show  
Of rasing spirits from below  
In seal some, and some in wide  
I hey se walk round yet never frigh  
A preter chemist none than I,  
Who from materials hard and dry,  
Have thought men to extract with skill  
More precious juice than from a still  
Although I'm often out of case,  
I'm not ashamed to show my face:  
Though at the tables of the great,  
I near the sideboard take my seat;  
Yet the plain squite, when dinner's done,  
Is never pleas'd till I make one  
He kindly bids me near him stand,  
And often takes me by the hand.  
I twice a day a hunting go,  
Nor ever fail to seize my foe;  
And when I have him by the poll,  
I drag him upwards from his sole;  
Though some are of such stubborn kind,  
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind,  
I hourly wait some fatal end;  
For I can break but scorn to bend

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 257

PICTORIAL CHARADE - FAITH

INIGMAS AND RIBUSES

1. RED  
2. LOVE  
3. LILY

4. THE VOWELS  
5. HUSBAND  
6. A CANDLE  
10. Echo.

7. A SHADOW  
8. A FASHION  
9. A SEAL.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

"Did you ever see a race, Bobby?" "Yes, I have seen the candles run!"

Misery in God, and misery in man, are relatives; and happy is that person who hath them well married and matched together.

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

Show me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads death; and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty.—*Sterne*.

Prudent men lock up their motives, letting familiars have a key to their hearts, as to their garden.—*Shenstone*.

When some one said to Horne Tooke, "The law is open to every one," he replied, "So is the London Tavern."

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed were these:—"Here goes an unprofitable servant!"

"MARR, may I go a fishing?" "Yes, sonney, but don't go near the water; and recollect, if you are drowned, I shall skin you as sure as you are alive!"

VOLTAIRE's definition of a physician is—"An unfortunate gentleman, expected every day to perform a miracle—namely, to reconcile health with intemperance."

A wag says that Barnum has recently enriched his museum with a lock of hair from the head steamboat navigation; also, a blush from the face of the earth, and ten yards from the equinoctial line.

One of our exchanges says—"Goose-eggs as large as hailstones fell recently in a shower at Danbury, Connecticut." It may reasonably be supposed a flock of wild geese was flying over about that time.

When the rich miser Elwes, who left about a million of money to be divided between his two sons, was advised to give them some education, his answer was—"Putting things into people's heads, is taking money out of their pockets."

BAND rivals, who true wit and merit hate,  
Caballing still against it with the great,  
Maliciously aspire to gain renown,  
By standing up, and pulling others down.—*Dryden*.

A CERTAIN Blue Beard of this latitude, overcome by his sensibilities, knelt at the grave of his fourth spouse. "What shall we do with him?" asked a perplexed friend of his. "Let him alone," cried a wagging bystander, "he'll soon revive!"

"MR. JENKINS, as you always come in late, have you any objections to his gentleman occupying your bed until the stage goes out?" "Not in the least. I will be infinitely obliged to you if you will put him there, so that the bed-bugs can have their supper before I come."

An American in London was boasting the other day of the immensity of his country, and mentioned, among other wonders, that he himself had seen a mile long! "Pray what kind of cane was it?" asked the company, incredulously. "A hurrycane," replied Jonathan, at the same time ejecting a very decided streak upon the stove.

AND, oh! 'bove all things else (this truth remember!)  
Let gentle thoughts beget sweet human deeds!  
Good are they who believe, and fast, and pray;  
But best of all is he who th' hungry feeds,  
And from the deadly blast of wild December  
Shelters the orphan lone, the poor man old and grey!

SOME editor says that the destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest blips. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the *Chicago Advertiser* says—"Yes, that is the fact. Suppose a 'little miff' had taken place between Adam and Eve!—What then?"

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "ROUNDHEAD."—The puritans, in the time of Charles the First, literally applying the text, "Ye know that it is a shame for men to have long hair," cut theirs short. It is said that the queen once seeing Pym, a celebrated patriot, thus cropped, inquired who that roundheaded man was. From this incident the distinction became general, and the party were called roundheads.

THE gloomiest soul is not all gloom;  
The saddest heart is not all sadness;  
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom  
There shines some lingering ray of gladness.  
Despair is never quite despair;  
Nor life, nor death, the picture closes;  
And round the shadowy brow of care  
Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

COOLNESS.—The following orders, conveying great comfort to the souls of the passengers who heard them, were given by the captain of an American steam-boat, when she was about to engage in a race with another steam-boat:—"Row in that, and tell the engineer to shut down the safety-valves. Give her gas. Gentlemen who haven't crept up to the captain's deck and settled, will please to retire to the ladies' cabin till we pass that point or bust. Fire up! Let her rip!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE FIRST OMNIBUS.—The honour of having invented the omnibus is due to M. Baudry, a native of Nantes. The first omnibus that ever ran made its appearance in the streets of that city in the year 1825; and in the short space of time that has since intervened, the manufacture of that most convenient of popular vehicles has extended to all parts of the world. Even in the sandy environs of Cairo, you are whisked to your hotel in an Oriental omnibus.

EQUINE GASTRONOMY.—I mentioned to M. Denault that, in England, omnibus horses are almost invariably fed on a mixture of chopped hay, chopped straw, and corn. He replied he was of opinion that, according to the common principles of gastronomy, horses, like man, prefer a variety of dishes.—"They enjoy their hay; gain strength and sustenance from their corn; et puis apres, monsieur, ils mangent de la paille," shrugging up his shoulders and showing me the palms of both hands. "And after that, sir, they eat straw to amuse themselves; it occupies them; it distracts their attention; it prevents them from fighting."—(Sir F. Head's *Faggot of French Sticks*.)

LET the scholar and divine  
Tell us how to pray aright;  
Let the truths of Gospel shine  
With their precious hallowed light:  
But the prayer a mother taught  
Is to me a matchless one;  
Eloquent and spirit-fraught  
Are the words—"Thy will be done."

WORK, WORK.—I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously in some useful labour. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man. Aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the man who so far forgets his duty to himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God—who so far forgets the great blessings of life, as to allow his energies to stagnate in activity and uselessness, had better die; for, says the Holy Writ, "He that will work not, neither shall he eat." An idler is a cumberer of the ground; a weariness and curse to himself, as well as to those around him. *Beneath human beings to work!* Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of immortality stands ready to seal his works with her ineffaceable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by her side. *Beneath human beings to work!* What but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your own salvation," says the inspired apostle to the Gentiles.

LUONAPARTE'S COSTLY COUTURE.—The extravagance of the Emperor Napoleon, on state occasions, when attired in the full-dress uniform of a French general, will be seen from the following estimate, drawn from official sources:—

Velvet embroidered suit, full dress uniform .....	£126	0	0
Half-boots, gold embroidery .....	6	0	0
Military hat, finest beaver .....	1	10	0
Diamond button, for hat, weight 277 carats .....	232,000	0	0
Sabre, the blade of best Damascus manufacture ...	10	0	0
Sabre hilt, crocodile, solid gold, weight twenty-seven ounces .....	108	0	0
Diamond, called the Regent, in mouth of the crocodile .....	126,000	0	0
Diamonds, set as eyes in the crocodile .....	1,500	0	0
Epaulets, formed of the finest brilliants .....	30,000	0	0

Total cost..... £397,741 10 0

Thus, on analysing the above, it will appear the clothing, hat, and boots, including the gold embroidery, was only £133 10s., leaving, on the score of ornament, the enormous plus of £397,608.

"A QUAKER friend," says Franklin, "having kindly informed me that I was generally thought proud; that my pride showed itself frequently in conversation; that I was not content with being in the right, when discussing any point, but was overbearing and rather insolent, of which he convinced me by mentioning several instances, I determined to endeavour to cure myself of this vice of folly. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I soon found the advantage of this change in my manners; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions, procured them a readier reception and less contradiction. I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes, and join with me. And this mode, which I at first put on with some violence to natural inclination, became at length easy and habitual to me. To this habit (after my character of integrity,) I think it principally owing, that I had early so much weight with my fellow-citizens." In reality, there is, perhaps, no one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride. Well and truly has it been said of Franklin, "He possessed a perfect mastery over the faculties of his understanding and over his passions. Having this power always at command, and never being turned aside, either by vanity or selfishness, he was enabled to pursue his objects with a directness and constancy that rarely failed to insure success."

## YOUR NATIVITY, WITH A COR-

rect Judgment relating to the various Events of Life—Marriage, with a description of your future Partner, &c. Send the time of birth, male or female, enclosing One Shilling & 6d. Stamp, addressed to J. HULME, care of R. Hutchings, High Street, Dudley.

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Dress: How to Adorn the Person.

The Dance: How to Perform in a Ball-Room.

The Party: How to Arrange and Preside.

The Visitor: How to Receive and Pay Visits.

Courtesy: How to Win and Lose.

The Wedding: How to Accomplish.

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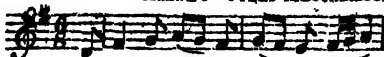
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Handel's "Judas Maccabæus."



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View from Richmond Hill. Richmond Bridge. Windsor Forest. View near Harrow-on-the-Hill. Balmora Castle. Cruick Abbey. Royal Exchange, London. Flowers—three Bouquets. Flowers—one group. "Shall I succeed"—the Coquette. Winter Scene. Rock Quarry. River Scene. Holland. Abberville. Cadiz Idria. Godolot. Windsor Castle. Flowers—ten Bouquets. Lover's Seat, Hastings. The Dripping Well, Hastings. Ben Nevis. The Tarentella Dance. Indian Settlement. British Guiana. Prince of Wales landing at Dabona. Welsh Drovers. Tintern Abbey. Netley Abbey. Bala Lake, North Wales. View of the River Camel. Brighthelm Castle. Stolzenfels, on the Rhine. Watermill on the Wye. Llangollen. Warwick Castle. Lake Como. River Tivy.

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The Great Exhibition, Exterior View. The Great Exhibition, Interior View. Flora. Arctic Expedition in search of Sir J. Franklin. Windsor Castle. Osborne House. Isle of Wight.—The whole are mounted on card-board or drawing-paper, and some have a rich gold border.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**WATCH OVER YOUR TEMPER.**—There is much said about the natural disposition and temper of men; and the fact that any one has a temper which is unhappy and unpleasant, is both accounted and apologized for, by saying that his temper is "naturally" unpleasant. It is a comfortable feeling to lay as much blame upon Nature as we can; but the difficulty is, that the

action—to use a law term—will not lie. No one has a temper naturally so good that it does not need attention and cultivation; and no one has a temper so bad, but that, by proper culture, it may become pleasant. You need not be discouraged in your attempts to correct a quick, an irritable, and a bad temper, even though, at first, unsuccessful. Success on this point will certainly follow exertion. It is one mark of a great, as well as a good man, to have a command over the temper. Sir Walter Raleigh was challenged by a hot-headed young man; and, because he coolly refused to fight, the young man proceeded to spit in his face, in public. Sir Walter took his handkerchief, and, calmly wiping his face, merely made this reply:—"Young man, if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can this injury from my face, I would this moment take away your life."

**LOSS OF HAIR.** F.—Premature loss of hair is indicative of some derangement of the bodily system, by which the ordinary functions of the skin are in a defective state.

**MOON.** Inquirer.—This term is derived from the Saxon *mona*, the moon. The name originally signified the time of one revolution of the moon, a lunation.

**SILVER MINES.** T. S.—Europe has some silver mines; but the metal has hitherto been found in greatest abundance in South America.

**TEXTILE.** O.—This is an epithet given to whatever is woven or capable of being woven. Textile fabrics signify stuffs of every description, no matter what the materials may be of which they are composed.

**WHISPERING GALLERY IN SAINT PAUL'S.** Young.—The echo alluded to by our correspondent arises from the construction of the gallery being of a parabolic or elliptical form.

**RASOR STRIPS.** S. C. W.—The reddish material with which one side of razor strips are covered, is a preparation called *crocus martis*, an oxide of iron made into a paste with hog's lard or spermaceti ointment; the other side of the strip is covered with fine black-lead and lard.

**FANS.** R.—This is a very ancient apparatus, having been used by the ladies of Egypt and India, as well as those of modern times, for cooling the face by agitating the air. They were originally made of feathers bound together like the tail of a peacock when spread out.

**FOR SORRY EYES.** T. R. C.—Incorporate thoroughly, in a glass mortar or vessel, one part of strong citrine ointment with three parts of spermaceti ointment. Use the mixture night and morning, by placing a piece of the size of a pea in the corner of the eye affected.

**TO Mend CHINA.** W.—Mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of egg, and white lead, and with it anoint the edges of the articles to be mended; press them together, and when hard and dry, scrape off as much as sticks about the joint. The juice of garlic is another good cement, and leaves no mark where it has been used.

**IMPROVISATORI.** E. G.—These are persons who compose and recite verses extemporaneously. Improvisatori are common in Italy and Spain; and although their verses are generally within the range of mediocrity, the readiness with which they are produced never fails to excite astonishment in people of less flexible intellect and colder fancy.

**RIVER OF VINEGAR.** B. S. H.—This river is in South America, near Poyayan, and it is called, in the language of the country, *Rio Vinagre*. It takes its source in a very elevated chain of mountains, and after a subterranean progress of many miles, it reappears, and forms a magnificent cascade upwards of three hundred feet in height. When a person stands beneath this point, he is speedily driven away by a very fine shower of acid water which irritates the eyes.

**BURNING GLASSES.** E. S.—The statement that Archimedes burnt the ships of the Romans at the siege of Syracuse by the aid of burning-glasses, has enlisted many valiant men to prove that the account is neither false nor absurd. Among others, Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, communicated to the Academy of Science at

Paris, in 1747, the results of his experiments with burning-glasses. He set objects on fire at the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, and wrote a dissertation on the subject.

**CORPULENCY.** M. F. J.—With proper regard to diet and abundant exercise in the open air, the unpleasant consequences of an accumulation of fat may be avoided. Dr. Radcliffe recommends that the mouth should be kept shut, and the eyes open; or, in other words, that corpulent persons should eat little food, and that the quantity of sleep should be diminished. These precautions may be followed with discretion, but it may be dangerous to carry them too far.

**INVESTMENTS.** We have frequent applications from correspondents for information respecting the eligibility and security of investments in societies, which, suddenly called into existence, have vegetated without our knowledge. For many obvious reasons we withhold our opinion on such matters; and recommend every person embarking in monetary speculations, to examine for himself the merits and prudence of such undertakings. "A Friend," who describes himself as being in that enviable condition of having "whereof and to spare," inquires how he can dispose of his money to the best advantage. The true value of this medium of exchange consists in the rational application of it. Economy becomes a vice in the miser; whilst, on the other extreme, extravagance becomes a vice in the spendthrift. The golden mean lies between these extremes. By applying available gains for the procurement of rational comforts and enjoyments, and for advancement in moral and intellectual culture, we fulfil the highest destinies of our nature. The true application of wealth is to the obtaining and diffusing the real enjoyments of life. Investment in the funds may secure unflinching interest, but the main question is, how that interest is to be applied to obtain the highest possible degree of happiness. Those who look to wealth only as to a means of sensual enjoyment, sometimes find that there is more than one kind of



GOVERNMENT SECURITY.

**POLYGLOT.** Memphis.—This is derived from three Greek words signifying "books in several languages." The application of the word is restricted to the Bible. The idea of a Polyglot Scriptures seems to have been first conceived in the third century by Origen, who spent many years in forming the Old Testament into such a work.

**FIRE AND WATERPROOF CEMENT.** A. M. C.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick-lime through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistency of thick paste. With this cement, broken vessels and cracks of all kinds can be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

**ECHOS.** Lena.—One of the most remarkable echos of the character alluded to by our correspondent, is that described by Sir John Herschel, as produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai Straits in Wales. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at the distance of 576 feet; and, in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds.

**RULES FOR READING.** E. J. J.—Several correspondents have addressed us on this subject; our reply will therefore be of general application, for we quote the words of the celebrated Lavater on this important matter. He says—"Read the best books which wise and sensible persons advise, and study them with reflection and examination;—that is, ask yourselves 'Do I understand what I read? Do I benefit by it? Do I become wiser and better thereby?' Read with the firm determination to make use of all you read; do not, by reading, neglect a more immediate or more important duty; do not read with a view of making a display of your reading; do not

read too much at a time. Reflect on what you have read, and let it be a nourishment of the heart and soul, moderately enjoyed, and well digested."

**RICE-FLOUR CEMENT.**—A correspondent has favoured us with the following receipt:—"An excellent cement may be made from rice-flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made at the expense of plaster of clay, models, busts, &c. relieves, &c. may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish, and very durable."

**NEEDLEWORK.** L.—Surely our correspondent must be a bachelor of the most hopeless character, when he complains of the time absorbed in this useful occupation by ladies generally. In common with all the female sex, he is too much indebted to this graceful accomplishment, so essential to our comfort, to grudge the labour bestowed upon it by our fair countrywomen, whose good sense leads them to prefer industrious occupation to habits of flirtation and folly. "I have seen many females in England," writes a German prince, "who thought themselves highly accomplished because they could spoil a yard of canvass with some wretched attempt at a portrait or a landscape, or set the teeth of an audience on edge by the miserable execution of a composition of Haydn or Mozart; but have never thought them sufficiently accomplished to become good wives. I have seen others quickly at work with their needles, on plain or fancy needlework, looking like angels of benevolence, as their taper fingers laboured over an embroidered handkerchief for a father or a brother, or on the frucks and gowns for the children of a poor peasant. These are the women for wives, for they are generally housewives."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—B. (capital, means the representation of property).—W. S. F. (many thanks, but the contribution is declined).—M. S. (we are averse to any political discussion).—E. (the original of Magna Charta is preserved in the British Museum. Originals of Magna Charta (or contemporaneous copies of it) are in various public institutions throughout the country).—L. G. (a foot, or fess, was a grant of land to a vassal, on conditions to the lord, as for military service, &c. This service for land was the feudal system).—MEXON (the Chevalier Bayard was killed in 1524).—QUAKY (there can be no question that the wool of sheep deteriorates as the carcass of the animal is increased).—MEMO (Chinese chronology is founded on their observation of eclipses 4700 years ago).—MECHANIC (the spinning-jenny was invented by Hargrave, in 1776).—W. S. S. (griffins and hyppogriffs are now believed to have been poetical creations of the ancients, though so gravely described by many authors).—STUDENT (the Black Sea is believed formerly to have been united with the Caspian, and also to have extended its bounds to the north and west).—J. JAMES (the idea of our correspondent is not so novel as he supposes. M. Kempeleon, an Hungarian, some years ago, made a speaking machine: it consisted of a reed or glottis, or air chest with valves, bellows for lungs, a mouth, jaws, and nostrils. It pronounced most letters perfectly).—MARY (crickets may be destroyed by putting snuff into the holes and cracks from whence they come).—E. E. H. (to soften the hands, wash them with sand-soap, and rub them afterwards with rose-cream or almond cream).—ELIZA M. (all young persons residing in the country should understand dress-making).—M. H. (ink may be extracted from linen by stretching the part over a cup of boiling water, and rubbing on it with the finger some oxalic acid or salt of lemon. Then wash the place immediately in soap suds, and rinse it in cold water).—ETA (raw onions sliced, and set on plates about a newly painted room, are said to take away the smell of paint).—MARA (tables may be polished with cold-drawn linseed oil, rubbed on for a long time with a soft brush).—O. P. G. (mortmain means such a state of possession as makes it unalienable, whence it is said to lie in a dead hand).—HANDING (the manufacture of porcelain has been carried on in China since 422).—CIVIS (there are ninety-one city companies, twelve of which are the chief, and are styled "the Honourable").





# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 17.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE LION AND THE EAGLE.

A FABLE. (FROM THE SPANISH OF YRIARTE.)

As once, perplex'd with cares of state,  
The lion and the eagle sat  
In earnest consultation—  
For like the autocrats of men,  
They held a congress now and then,  
To put down innovation—

Among their topics of complaint,  
Enough to vex a brute or saint,  
The eagle grumbled sadly,  
That—though the bulk of them were bad—  
Of all the subjects that he had,  
The bat behaved most badly.

"This thing," he cried, "this nondescript,  
Whom nature in mistake equip'd,  
A mouse with wings of leather,  
Climbs to my skyey palace oft,  
And passes for a bird aloft,  
Although without a feather.

"But quickly, if a quarrel rise,  
Away the renegade flies,  
And dropping earthward, mutters  
That he's a real quadruped,  
And better born and better bred  
Than any bird that flutters.

"In short, the wretch in turn attacks  
Both bird and beast behind their backs,  
And even dares to slander  
At times our royal selves, alas!  
And says that you are half an ass,  
And I am quite a gander."

"What! half an ass!" the lion cried,  
"My majesty thus vilified!  
The bat—by all that's regal—  
No more shall tread the earth, I swear."  
Nor shall it ever mount in air  
Again," replied the eagle.

And thus from earth and air outlaw'd,  
(For both the monarchs are abroad  
By day in their dominions),  
The bat is forced to shun the light,  
And only dares to ply by night  
His solitary pinions.

So merchant authors—they who range  
Between Parnassus and the 'Change,  
Sole denizens of neither—  
Who seek to play a double game,  
To grub for gold and fly at fame,  
Are seldom bless'd with either."

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

### CHAPTER VI.

"Patience and sorrow strove  
Which should express their goodwill."—SHAKESPEARE.

We pass over that brief period in history during which the new form of government established by Cromwell flourished, and the usurper and his successor, under the title of Protector of the Commonwealth, enjoyed a larger share of power than had previously been attached to the regal dignity. It will be remembered, that the deficiency of the latter in those qualities requisite to his responsible position, soon led him formally to resign the Protectorship, and his abdication speedily paved the way for the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. Unfortunately for the chief characters of our tale, one of the first and most natural aims of the new king on his accession, was to seek the conviction and punishment of the court who had so presumptuously, although, in many instances, so conscientiously, passed that sentence against his father, which we have seen reluctantly carried into execution.

Many of these had fled at the first rumour of the Restoration, in anticipation of the worst, so that, on the command of Charles, only twenty-seven persons—judges and accomplices inclusive—could be arrested. These had now been incarcerated three weeks awaiting their trial, which was deferred, from time to time, in the hope that more of the regicides might yet be brought to justice.

Among those thus imprisoned, were Henry Lisle and William Heath, whose fates are interwoven with this narrative.

Leaving this needful preface to what is to follow, let us again visit Lisle's mansion—the same which witnessed the marriage of his daughter. Several years have elapsed since that event; and after the mournful impression caused by the death of the ill-fated king had been obliterated from her mind—for time has the power speedily to heal all wounds not absolutely inflicted upon the affections—till within the last few weeks, the life of Alice Heath had flowed in as smooth a current as any who had beheld her on her wedding-night could, in their most extravagant wishes, have desired. In their untroubled union, her husband had heretofore forestalled the wife's privilege to minister and prove devotion—a privilege which, however, when the needful moment demanded it, no woman better than Alice was formed for exerting. Trouble had not yet darkened the young brow of either; nor pain, nor sorrow, not the first ungratified wish, come nigh their dwelling. Under the same roof with her pious and austere, but still affectionate father, the daughter had been torn from no stronger tie, in linking herself to another by a still nearer and indissoluble bond. There had been nothing to desire, and nothing to regret. The life of herself and husband had been as near a type as may

be of the perfect happiness we picture in heaven; save that with them it was now exchanged for sorrow, more difficult to bear from the bitter contrast.

It is an afternoon in September. Alice, not materially changed since we last saw her—except that the interval has given, if anything, more of interest and character to her features—is in her own room, busily engaged in arranging articles in a travelling-trunk. Her countenance is sad, with a sadness of a more engrossing and heartfelt kind than that which touched her with a mournful shadow, when she grieved for the fate of Charles Stuart—for there is an incalculable difference between the sorrow that is expended between a mere object of human sympathy, and that which is elicited by the distress and danger of those we love. And the sadness of Alice was now connected with those dearer to her than life itself. No tear, however, dimmed her eye, nor shade of despair sat upon her brow. Feeling that the emergency of the occasion called upon her to act not only for herself, but for others, the bravery of true womanly resolution in affliction—resolution which, had she alone been concerned, she might, perhaps, never have evinced, but which, for the sake of others, she had at once summoned to her aid—was distinguishable in her whole deportment, as well as in her every movement.

As she was engaged with great seeming interest in the task we have described—the articles alluded to consisting of the clothing suitable for a female child of tender age—the little creature for whose use it was designed was sitting at her feet, tired of play, and wondering, probably, why she was employed in this unusual manner. Alice frequently paused in her occupation, to cast a look upon the child—not the mere hasty glance with which a mother is wont to satisfy herself that her darling, is for a moment out of mischief or danger—but a long, devouring gaze, as though the refreshing sight were about to be removed for ever from her eyes, and she would fain ere the fatal moment arrived, stamp its image indelibly on her memory. Who shall say what thoughts, what prayers, were then stirring in her bosom?

The little object of this solicitude had scarcely told her fifth year; and the soft ringlets which descended half-way down the shoulders, the delicate bloom, the large, deep blue eyes, and flexible features; made such an ideal of childish beauty as artists love to paint, or sculptors to model.

When Alice had finished her employment she took the little girl in her arms, and pressed her to her heart, with a feeling, as it would seem, almost of agony. The child, though at first alarmed at the unusual vehemence of her caresses, presently, as if prompted by nature, smiled in reply to them. But the artless prattler had no power to rouse her from some purpose on which her thoughts appeared deeply as well as painfully intent. Putting the little creature aside again, she drew near to her writing-desk, and seating herself before it, penned the following letter:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND.—It is now some weeks since the imprisonment of my husband and father, who are still awaiting their trial. The active part which the latter is known to have taken in the punishment of the late unhappy king, precludes all hope of their pardon. But I have matured a plan for their escape, which I am only waiting a fitting moment to put into execution. When this is effected, we will take refuge in your American colonies. I have the promise of influential friends there, to assist in secreting us until it shall be safe to dwell among you publicly—for this country can never again be our home.

"In the mean time, as some friends are about embarking, after a struggle with myself I have concluded to send my little daughter in advance of us, lest she might prove an incumbrance in the way of effecting the escape alluded to, inasmuch as she has already been a great hindrance to detain me at home many hours from the dear prisoners—to both of whom my presence is so needful, especially to my husband, who is extremely ill in his confinement.

"I need not say that I feel all a mother's anxiety in parting with my child. But I have confidence that you, my friend, will faithfully supply my place for as long a time as may be necessary. It has occurred to me that it would be well to let the impression go abroad among you, that my daughter is the young relative whom you were to receive by the same vessel, and of whose recent death you will be apprised. This may shield her in some measure from the misfortunes of her family; and I would be glad, therefore, if you would humour the innocent deception even with all of your household, until such time as we may reclaim her. With a firm reliance on my Heavenly Father, I commit my precious infant to His protection.

"ALICE HEATH."

She had just concluded when a servant appeared at the door. "Some ladies and a gentleman, madam," said he, "have called, and are waiting in the drawing-room. They came in a travelling-carriage, and are equipped as if for a long journey."

"Remove this trunk into the hall," replied Alice, "and then say to the visitors that I will see them presently. They have already come to see me."

my darling," added she, to herself. "I scarce thought that the hour had yet arrived."

As she spoke, she set about attiring the child with great tenderness, seemingly prolonging the act unconsciously to herself.

"Now, the Lord in Heaven keep thee, precious one!" she exclaimed, as at length, the motherly act terminated; and imprinting on her face a kiss of the most ardent affection, though without giving way to the weakness of a single tear, she bade her from the chamber.

We leave the reader to imagine the last parting moments between that mother and her child. She who had framed the separation as an act of duty, was not one to shrink at the last moment, or betray any faintness of spirit. With a noble, heroic heart, she yielded up the young and helpless treasure of her affections to the guardianship of others, and turned to expend her capacities of watchfulness and care upon another object. How well she performed this labour of love, notwithstanding the trial she had just experienced—how far she succeeded in dismissing the recollection of it from her mind sufficiently to enable her to sustain the weight of the responsibilities still devolving upon her, we shall now have an opportunity to determine.

Within another half hour, Alice entered the cell of a prison. It was one of those constructed for malefactors of the deepest caste, being partially under the ground, and partaking of the nature of a dungeon. The mighty stones of the wall were green and damp; and, together with the cold clay floor, were sufficient of themselves to suggest speedy illness, and perhaps death, to the occupant. Its only furniture consisted of a single wooden stool, a pallet of straw, and a rude table.

On the pallet alluded to lay a man in the prime of life, his eyes closed in sleep, and the wan hue of death upon his countenance. One pallid hand, delicate and small as a woman's, rested upon the coarse coverlet, while the other was placed beneath his head, from which streamed forth a profusion of waving hair, now matted and dull, instead of glossy and bright, as it had been in recent days.

When Alice first entered, the sleeper was breathing somewhat disturbedly; but as she approached and bent over him, and raising the hand which lay upon the quilt, pressed it to her lips, his rest suddenly seemed to grow calm, and a faint smile settled upon his mouth.

"Thank God!" whispered she to herself, as she replaced the hand as quietly as she had raised it; "my prayer is heard—the fever has left him, and he is fast recovering."

Seating herself on the wooden stool by his side, she remained watching him with looks of the most devoted interest and affection. In about half an hour he heaved a deep sigh, and, opening his eyes, looked around to the spot where she was sitting.

"You are a guardian angel, dear Alice," said he; "even in my dreams I am conscious of your presence."

"Saying the little time that I must steal from you to bestow upon my poor father, I shall now be ever present with you," answered Alice. "I have placed our little one in safe keeping, and henceforth, while you remain here, I shall have no other care but yourself."

"Methinks I have already been too much your sole care, even to the neglect of your own health. Yet, except that sad look of sympathy, you seem not the worse for the tending me, else I might, indeed, reproach myself for this illness."

"Well might William Heath say she had nursed him with unselfish care, for never had it fallen to the lot of sick man to be tended with such untiring devotion. For weeks she had watched his every movement and look—anticipated his every wish—smoothed his pillow—held the cup to his parched lips—soothed him with gentle and sympathizing words when in pain—cheered him when despondent—and seized only the intervals when he slept to perform her other duties as a mother and a daughter. It is no wonder, therefore, that it appeared to him that she had never been absent from his side.

Gently repelling his insinuation that she had been too regardless of herself, she turned the conversation to a topic which she was conscious would interest and cheer him.

"Continue to make all speed with this recovery, which has thus far progressed so finely," she said, "for the opportunity for your escape from this gloomy place is only waiting until your strength is sufficiently recruited to embrace it."

"That prospect it is alone," replied the invalid, "held up before me so constantly as it has been during my illness, which has had the power to prevent my sinking joyfully into the grave from the miserable bed, rather than recover to die a more vigorous and unnatural death."

"It waits alone for your recovery, dearest," repeated his wife; "and once in the wild woods of America, you will be as unconfined and free as her own mountain air, till the very remembrance of this dungeon will have passed away."

"Sweet comforter," he said, taking her hand and pressing it gratefully, "thou wouldst beguile my thoughts thither, even before my footsteps are able to follow them."

"Thank me for nothing," said Alice; "I am but selfish in all. The rather return thanks to the Lord for all His mercies."

"True, He is the fountain of goodness, and His greatest of all blessings to me, Alice, is bestowed in thyself."

"I fear thou art conversing too much," said Alice, after a moment's pause; "and I would not that a reply should retard this projected escape a single day. Therefore I will give thee a cordial, and thou must endeavour to rest again."

So saying, she administered a soothing potion, and, seating herself by his side, she watched him until he fell into a peaceful slumber. Then, stealing

so noiselessly away from his pallet that her footsteps were inaudible, she gently approached the door, and gazed along a gallery—for it was now dark—until she reached another door. It communicated with a cell similar in all respects to that we have described.

Within this, before a table, sat the figure of a solitary man. He was elderly, but seemed more bent by some recent sorrow than by the actual weight of years; yet his brow was somewhat wrinkled, and his locks in many places much silvered with grey. But his countenance was remarkable, for it evinced a grandeur and dignity of soul even through its trouble. Beside him, upon the table, burned a solitary candle, whose long wick shed a blue and flickering light upon the page of a bible, open before him.

Unlatching the door, Alice paused, for the clear and deep voice of the inmate fell upon her ear: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for he maketh sore and bindeth up—he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

Advancing, Alice threw her arms affectionately round the neck of the person we have described, and interrupted the reading, which, even more than her occasional visits, was his chief stay and solace in his imprisonment.

"Thou wilt rejoice with me, my father, that William is recovering. All that is needful now is for him to gather strength sufficient to quit this place. I trust that ere six weeks have elapsed we shall be on our way to America."

"Forget not Him, my child, to whom thy thanks are due for thy husband's prospect of recovery. Remember the Lord is in the midst of His mercies."

"I do, my father, and we will return praises together ere I leave you."

"Saidst thou, Alice," asked the old man, after a short silence, "that before six weeks have passed away, we may be freed from this prison-house?"

"Yes, even so; and I have this day sent my infant in advance of us."

"The Lord hath indeed been gracious to us, my daughter. Let us arise at once, and give thanks to His holy name."

At these words they arose together, after the manner of their sect, and in an earnest, pathetic tone, the voice of the aged puritan ascended to heaven. No palace halls, or brilliant ball-rooms, or garden walks, or trellised bowers, have ever shown so interesting a pair—no festive scenes, gorgeous revels, or glittering orgies, ever rose upon so beautiful an hour as did the captive's cell in that season of prayer.

## CHAPTER VII.

"A lovely child she was, of looks serene,  
And motion which on things indifferent shed  
The grace and gentleness from whence they came."  
SHELLEY.

A strong gap in this narrative places the present action of our story in America. It is needless here to narrate the first settlement of the New England colonies. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers has been immortalised both in prose and verse, until it has become as familiar to each American as any household word. We will not, therefore, ask the reader's detention at the perusal of a twice-told tale. It is likewise known that that landing was but the herald of a succession of emigrations, and the establishment of numerous colonies. Owing to the talent and liberal education, not less than the enterprise of the early settlers, this wilderness was not long, in spite of repeated obstacles, ere it grew up into flourishing villages and towns, and some of them fairer than had ever graced the stalwart ground of Old England.

We introduce the reader into one of those villages, situated some twenty miles distant from New Haven. It might somewhat surprise him when we say, were it not for the frequent instances of the rapid growth of cities in the western wilds, which we would remind him have sprung up within his own recollection, that the latter place was, even at the period to which we refer, a flourishing and important town. Yet, notwithstanding the superior size and consequence of New Haven, the village of L— was the place in which the governor of the colony chose to reside.

Had the course of our narrative not led us thither, we could have selected no better sample than L— of the truth of what we have asserted regarding the existence of neat and attractive villages in New England at that early day. It was situated on the high road, in a small valley, through which wound down certain rocky falls a clear rivulet that afforded excellent opportunities of fishing to such of the inhabitants as were fond of that recreation. These, however, were few; for then, as now, the people of Connecticut possessed much of the same busy spirit which is one of their distinguishing characteristics. The glassy brook alluded to served yet another purpose during the season when the sportive inhabitants of the watery elements had disappeared. In the winter time, when thickly frozen over, it formed, out of their school hours, the grand resort of the children of the village for the purpose of skating and sliding. There, at those times, on a clear bracing day, such as no other country but New England ever shows in perfection, might always be seen a crowd of these happy beings of both sexes, and of various ages, all collected together, some to partake, and others merely to observe, the amusements mentioned.

Upon a certain day, the neighbourhood of the brook was thronged even to a greater extent than usual, owing to the exceeding brightness of the weather, which had led some of the tenderest mothers to withhold their customary mandate enjoining immediate return from school, lest the beloved object of the command might suffer from playing in the cold. Among those who had thus had their ordinary restrictions removed, was a little girl, whose extreme loveliness must have attracted the attention of any observer. Her features were not merely beautiful, but there was a charm in her countenance

more attractive still—that purity and mildness which our fancy attributes to angels. There was a bewitching grace, moreover, in her attitude, that might have furnished delighted employment to the painter and sculptor, had there been any time or inclination among the colonists to bestow upon the cultivation of the arts.

This child was seemingly about five years old. She was standing, with a number of other little ones of her own age, looking on with great apparent delight—now at the larger boys who were skating dexterously, and describing many a circle and angle, unknown in mathematics, upon the smooth surface of the brook, and then at a number of girls merrily chasing each other upon a slide at one side.

As one of the large boys spoken of passed her, he said, "Come, Jessy, I will give you a ride upon the ice;" and, taking her in his arms, he was soon again gliding rapidly along.

"Take care!" shouted a noble-looking youth, whose glowing complexion and sparkling eye shone with the excitement of the exercise. "Take care, the ice is slightly cracked there, and it will scarcely bear the double weight."

It was too late. Ere the words were well spoken, the ice gave way, and the boy who bore the fair burden sunk beneath the congealed element.

One loud shriek from the mingled voices of the young spectators announced the frightful accident.

With the speed of lightning, the youth who had uttered the words of warning darted forward, and plunging under the ice, disappeared from view.

Great consternation prevailed for some moments. Many of the children gave way to loud cries; others quietly wept; while a few of the older and more considerate ran toward their homes, in order to summon assistance.

In less time than it has taken to represent the state of feeling which prevailed during his absence, Frank Stanley rose to the surface, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of the young creature he had saved. Recovering his position on the ice, he speedily regained the shore, and overcome with his exertion, laid her gently on the ground.

The heart in his bosom was frozen with cold, but a quickening thrill passed through it, boy as he was, as he gazed upon those sweetly composed features. Her hair was dripping, and her long wet tresses lay upon her cheek as quietly as upon that of a dead child.

As his companions came up bearing the other sufferer, Frank Stanley hastily snatched off his own saturated coat, and spread it over her senseless body, ere he again, with recovered strength, raised her in his arms.

The alarmed villagers by this time came flocking to the spot, amongst whom was the governor of the settlement, whose venerable and striking countenance manifested peculiar anxiety.

"My niece is safe, Governor H—," said Frank Stanley, pressing forward, and exposing his fair burden. "She is merely insensible from fright."

"Thank God that she is saved!" exclaimed the Governor, receiving her in his arms. "But whose rash act was it," continued he, looking sternly around among the boys, "that exposed my Jessy to such peril?"

Something like a flush of indignation passed over the countenance of young Stanley, as he replied, "It was an accident, sir, which might have happened in the hands of more experienced persons than ourselves."

"Thou hast been in danger thyself, Frank, hast thou not?" asked the Governor, his stern mood giving way immediately at the sight of the youth's dripping clothes. "And is there no one else more dangerously injured?" inquired he, casting an anxious, scrutinizing glance among the collected group.

"Frederick, here, is wet too; but not otherwise the worse for the accident."

"Let him and Frank, then, immediately return to their homes, and don dry garments; and I must look to my little girl here, that she do not suffer for this."

So saying, the Governor turned and departed, pressing the little lifeless one more closely in his arms.

His disappearance was the signal for the dispersion of the group; the young members of which turned toward their homes, much sobered in spirits from the accident here related.

Following Governor H— to his home, we will leave him for a moment, and pause to describe that rustic dwelling. It was situated at some little distance from the main village, and was of larger size than most of the cottages there. On each side of a graceful portico stretched piazzas, covered in summer with roses and woodbine, while the neat enclosure in front, surrounded by its white paling, bloomed richly with American plants and shrubbery. At this season, however, the roses were dead, and the shrubbery lifeless; and the frozen ground of the well-kept walk rung under the tread of the stout governor, as he flung open the gate and rapidly approached the house.

At the door, awaiting Governor H.'s arrival, with great anxiety depicted on their faces, stood two female figures—the one a genteel matron, somewhat advanced in years, and the other a young lady of less than twenty summers.

"Relieve yourselves of your apprehensions," said the Governor, in a loud voice, as soon as he came within speaking distance—"She had merely fainted from fright, and seems to be even now gradually recovering."

"The Lord be praised!" exclaimed the ladies, advancing to the steps of the portico to meet him.

They entered the house together. In a moment the fainting child was laid upon a couch, and being quickly attired in dry clothing, restoratives were actively applied. The older female chafed her small, chilled palms in her own, while the younger hastened to administer a warm drink to her frozen lips.

After a short time she unlosed her eyes, smiled faintly, and throwing her

dimpled arms around the neck of the young lady who bent over her, burst into tears. "My dear sister," she said faintly, "I dreamed that I had gone to heaven, where I heard sweet music, and saw little children like myself, with golden crowns upon their heads, and beautiful lyres in their hands."

"God has not called thee there yet. He has kindly spared thee to us a little longer," said the young person to whom she spoke, stooping down and kissing her tenderly, while she, in like manner, relieved herself by a flood of tears.

"The Almighty is very merciful," said the matron, wiping her eyes, while something like a moisture hung upon the lashes of the Governor's gleaming orbs, and dimmed their usual keenness.

"I am not ill, uncle, aunt, Lucy, and we need none of us cry," said the child, with the fickleness of an April day, and the elasticity of her years, instantly changing her tears for smiles. "See! I am able to get up," she added, disentangling herself from the embrace of her whom she had called her sister, and sitting upon the side of the couch.

At that moment a shadow without attracted her attention. "There is Mr. Elmore, Lucy!" she exclaimed, with childish glee.

The young lady had barely time to wipe away the traces of her recent emotion, when a tall figure crossed the portico, and entered the room without ceremony. The new comer was a young man in the bloom of youth. As he entered he lifted his hat, and a quantity of fair brown hair fell partially over a commanding forehead.

The governor and his wife advanced and greeted him cordially, while the blush that mantled on the cheek of Lucy Ellet, as she half rose and extended her hand to him, told that a sentiment warmer than mere friendship existed between them.

"Where is the young heroine of this accident, which, I hear, had a wail-nigh proved fatal?" asked the stranger, after he had exchanged congratulations with the rest.

The little Jessy, who had at first shrunk away with the bashfulness of childhood, here timidly advanced. The stranger smiled, stroked her soft ringlets, kissed her fair brow, and she nestled herself in his breast.

The whole party drawing near the fire, an interesting specimen was now exhibited of those social and endearing habits of the early settlers, peculiar to their intercourse.

The simple room and furniture were eloquent of the poverty of home. Not decorated by any appendages of mere show, whatever could contribute to sterling comfort was exhibited in every nook and corner of the good-sized apartment. The broad, inviting couch on which the rescued child had lain, was placed opposite the chimney. Two great arm-chairs, covered with chintz, and garnished with rockers—the seats belonging to the heads of the family—filled a space on either side of the hearth, within which burned a huge turf fire, that threw its kindly warmth to the remotest walls. Coiled on a thick rug before the fire lay a large Angola cat. A mastiff dog had so far overcome his natural antipathy to her race, as to keep her company on the other side; while the loud breathings of both evinced the depth of their slumbers.

While the party were agreeably engaged in conversation, they were suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

"Who can that be?" said the Governor. "Will you ask who knocks, Mr. Elmore?"

The latter rose and unlatched the door, when two figures crossed the threshold.

"Pray pardon us," said one of the new comers, in a courteous voice, "but having business of importance with the Governor, we have ventured to intrude"—and he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity.

The speaker was not handsome, but there was a certain elegance in his air, and intelligence in his countenance, that were agreeable. He was clad in a velvet travelling-dress, and possessed an address greatly superior to any of the villagers; at the same time that his height was calculated to inspire that admiration which the appearance of great strength in his sex always inspires.

His companion was totally different in all outward respects.

"Walk in, gentlemen, and approach the fire," said Governor H., rising, and eyeing the strangers with a keen and rather dissatisfied glance.

In drawing near, the younger gallant cast an unexpressed look of admiration upon Lucy Ellet, that caused her to bend down her sparkling eyes, which had previously been fixed on himself and his companion, with an arch expression of penetrating curiosity.

(Continued at Page 273.)

A LETTER TO ROYALTY.—The following is a literal copy of a letter sent by Adam Bryden, a farmer, residing at Howick, to George IV. There was some delay in the delivery, but it reached the royal hand:—"Dear Sir,—I went thirty miles yesterday on foot to pay your taxes; and, after all, the bodies would not take them, saying that I was too late, and that now they must be recovered by regular course of law. I thought if you were like me, money would never come wrong to you, although it were a few days too late; so I enclose you £27 in notes and half-guineas, which is the amount of what they charge me for the last half-year, and fourpence-halfpenny over: you must send me a receipt when the coach comes back, else they will not believe that I have paid you. Direct to the care of Mr. Andrew Wilson, Wharfedale, in Howick. I remain, dear Sir, your very humble servant, Adam Bryden. August 6, 1825.—P.S. This way of taxing farmers will never do; you will see the upshot. To His Majesty, George Rex, London."



## SAND.

BY RICHARD MANSON.

WHAT is sand? We fancy we hear many a visitor at our watering-places exclaiming—"Why, it's a nasty, brown-looking stuff, that blows into your ears, eyes, nose, and mouth; insinuates itself into your pockets and food; and contrives to make you, in one way or the other, extremely uncomfortable!"

Now, let us examine and see what sand really is; and, if we can, derive some information from it. The sand of the sea-shore consists of small particles of the well-known mineral quartz, necessarily mixed with bits of shells, wood, &c.

Quartz occurs crystallised in the form of rock-crystal, which is a compound of the two elements, silicon and oxygen—called silica; hence quartz or rock-crystal, silica, and sand, are synonymous; and thus we find, that every atom of the numberless grains of sand on our shores, is composed of one atom of silicon and three of oxygen. Such is the chemistry of sand.

But whence does all the sand come?

Along our coasts, the shore is in many places composed of sandstone rocks, on which the sea beats; and the rock, being disintegrated and worn down, is carried into the sea in the form of sand; and this simple process forms the manufactory of the immense quantities of sand which line our coasts.

On the coast of one county alone—Cheshire—it is stated that the sea has encroached no less than half a mile on the sandstone cliffs within the last century; and the grotesque rocks, known to the Liverpoolians as the "Red Noses," afford, in their hollow caves and tunnelled sides, good evidence of the power of the ocean wave.

On the coast, sand is presented to us under two well-known aspects—as sand-hills or sea-beach. Now, a sand-hill is nothing more than sand out of reach of the ocean, and under the influence of wind and heat. The heat of the sun rapidly vapourises the water which holds the grains of sand together, and leaves it ready for the action of the wind; which, accordingly, blows about the loose sand from place to place, first forming it into hillocks, and then excavating it into hollows—sometimes blowing it back to the sea, at others causing it to encroach inland.

The changes effected by wind-blown sands are sometimes very considerable; farms, houses, fields, and even churches have been covered by its accumulated heaps. Sir Charles Lyell mentions a district in the north of Cornwall, once cultivated and inhabited, where "the drifted sands now form hills, several hundred feet above the level of the sea." In Ireland, again, on the coast of Sligo, a sand inundation has destroyed seven hundred acres of once fertile land, and overwhelmed a whole village; and the writer well remembers a spot on the Lancashire coast, near Farnby, where nought but sand was to be seen, being pointed out to him as the site of a once well-cultivated and prosperous farm.

A sand shore, again, is sand within reach of the ocean; the constant flow of which binds together the unsettled particles, and, when the tide retreats, forms a beautifully smooth walk, as firm as any made by the hand of man.

Who has not walked with delight on such a promenade, with the healthy breeze to invigorate him, and the ever varying scene around to amuse him? or, if he be a student of nature, with the beautiful corallines, the curious shells, or the active bird, to instruct him? Nor is this all; the attentive and well-trained eye often sees in some of, perhaps, the most despised objects of creation, a key to open the lock of some scientific mystery. The mark left by a wave on the sandy beach may appear too trivial for notice; it is left by the travelling waters, it will be obliterated, perhaps, ere to-morrow; and yet, in its fugacious markings can be traced a connexion between the sands we walk upon and those sands—now sandstones—which once formed the shores of ancient seas, long ere the creation of man. On many a sandstone block, fresh from the quarry, have we seen ripple-marks as distinct and as well-defined as those to be seen every day on our shores. Hard as is the sandstone rock, yet it was once a sandy shore, on which the surges of an antehominal ocean beat, and where antehominal creatures trod as we now tread, left their footprints as we leave ours; and though, in the generality of cases, these have been obliterated, yet some have remained; and we can speculate—nay, more than speculate—on the form, size, and structure of gigantic reptiles, which, but for their fossilized footprints, would have been almost unknown to us.

We have frequently seen and examined these strange relics of still stranger monsters. Fancy the impress of a large man's hand, somewhat uncouth in detail, with the thumb much turned out, and you have a good idea of a fossil footprint of a labyrinthodon, as found in German and English new red sandstone quarries. Imagine a frog as big as a rhinoceros, with a head like an alligator, slowly moving over the sandy shore, and leaving the impress of its hand-like feet on the beach, and you have before you one of the inhabitants of our world, thousands upon thousands of years before man, or any existing animals were created.

But we have said enough. Knowledge can be extracted from a stone; science from a leaf; instruction from a ripple-mark; and, "from the barren sands of the sea-shore, enjoyment of the purest character,"—enjoyment arising from being able to apply one page of Nature's great volume to elucidate another, and to be able to read from both when combined, that great lesson of humility—that lesson of practical insight into the wisdom of God's works, that teaches us to reverence, love, and adore the great Ruler of all, as the source of all good, and as the fount whence we derive our greatest blessings.

## LIVING LIKE A LADY.

MR. HAMILTON BURGESS was a man of limited means, but having married a beautiful and amiable woman, he resolved to spare no expense in surrounding her with comforts, and in supporting her, as she said, "like a lady."

"My dear Amry," said Mrs. Burgess to her indulgent husband, about a year after their marriage—"My dear Ammy," (this was the name she called him by at home,) "you are too kind to me, altogether. You are unwilling that I should work, or do anything towards our support, when I actually think that a little exertion on my part would not only serve to lighten your expenses, but be quite as good for my health and spirits as the occupations to which my time is now devoted."

"Oh, you industrious little bee!" exclaimed Mr. Burgess; "you have great notions of making yourself useful, I declare! But, Lizzy, I shall never consent to your propositions. I did not marry you to make you my slave. When you gave me this dear hand, I resolved that it should never be soiled and made rough by labour—and it never shall, so long as I am able to attend to my business."

Mrs. Burgess would not have done anything to displease her husband for the world, and she accordingly allowed him to have his way without offering further remonstrance.

But Hamilton's business was dull, and it required the greatest exertion on his part, and the severest application, to raise sufficient money to meet the daily expenses of his family.

"My affairs will be in a better state next year," he said to himself, "and I must manage to struggle through this dull season some way or other. I will venture to run in debt a little, I think; for any way is preferable to reducing our household expenditure, which is by no means extravagant. At all events, Lizzy must not know what my circumstances are, for she would insist upon a change in our style of living, and revive the subject of doing something towards our support."

Mr. Burgess then ventured to run in debt a little. He did not attempt to reduce the expenses of his housekeeping; he never gave his wife a hint respecting the true state of his business matters, but insisted upon her accepting, as usual, a liberal allowance of funds to meet her private expenses.

Lizzie seemed quite happy in her ignorance of her husband's circumstances; never spoke again of assisting to support the establishment, but seemed to devote herself to the pursuit of quiet pleasures, and to procuring Hamilton's happiness. But Mr. Burgess' circumstances, instead of improving, grew continually worse. His venture of "running in debt a little," resulted in running in debt a great deal. Thus the second year of his married life passed, and the dark shadows of disappointed hope, and the traces of corroding care, began to change the aspect of his brow.

One day a friend said to Hamilton—

"I am surprised at your conduct! Here you are, making a slave of yourself, while your wife is playing the lady. She is not to blame; it is you. She would gladly do something for her own support, if you would permit her; and it would be better for her and for you. Remember the admirable lines—

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Hamilton, reddening.

"I mean that, generally speaking, young wives of an ardent temperament, when left to themselves, with nothing but their pleasures to occupy their minds, are apt to forget their husbands, and find enjoyment in such society as he might not altogether approve."

"Sir, you do not know my wife," exclaimed Hamilton. "She, thank Heaven! is not one of those."

"I hope not," was the quiet reply.

Although Hamilton Burgess had not a jealous nature, and would never have entertained unjust suspicions of his wife, these words of his friend set him to thinking. He remembered that Lizzie was always happy, however he might be oppressed with cares; and now he wondered how it was that she could be so unmindful of everything except pleasure, while he was so constantly harassed. The consistent Mr. Hamilton Burgess undoubtedly forgot that he had taken the utmost pains to conceal his circumstances from his wife.

It was in this state of mind that Mr. Burgess one day left his business and went home unexpectedly. It was at an hour when Lizzie least thought of seeing him, and on this occasion she appeared considerably embarrassed; nor did Mr. Burgess fail to observe that she was very tardy in making her appearance in the sitting-room.

On another occasion, Mr. Burgess returned home under similar circumstances, and going directly to his wife's room, found, to his astonishment, that he could not gain admittance. After some delay, however, during which Hamilton heard footsteps hurrying to and fro within, and whispering, Mrs. Burgess opened the door, and blushing very red, attempted to apologise for not admitting him before.

"Who was with you?" demanded Hamilton.

"With me?" cried Lizzie, much confused.

"Yes, madam. I heard whispering, and I am sure somebody just passed through that side door."

"Oh, that was nobody but Margaret!" exclaimed Mrs. Burgess hastily.

Hamilton could ill conceal his vexation, but he did not intimate to his wife that he suspected her of equivocation, nor did she see fit to attempt a full explanation of the matter.

Nothing was said of this incident afterwards; but for many weeks it occupied Hamilton's mind. All this time he was harassed with cares of

business, and his brow became more darkly shadowed in gloom, and his perplexities thickened. At last the crisis came! Mr. Burgess saw the utter impossibility of longer continuing his almost profitless trade, under heavy expenses which not only absorbed his small capital, but actually plunged him into debt. But one honest course was left for him to pursue, and he resolved to close up his affairs, and sell off what stock he had to pay his debts.

It was at this time that Mr. Burgess saw in its true light the error of which he had been guilty, in opposing his wife's desire to economise, and devote a portion of her time to useful occupation.

"Had I allowed her to lighten our expenses in this way," thought he, "I might not have been driven to such extremities. And what has been the result of my folly? Why, I have kept her ignorant of our poverty until the very last, and now the sudden intelligence that we are beggars will well nigh kill her!"

Satisfied of the danger, if not the impossibility, of keeping the secret longer from his wife, Mr. Burgess went home one day, resolved to break the intelligence to her without hesitation. Entering the house with his latch-key, he went directly to Lizzie's room, which he entered unceremoniously. To his surprise, he found on the table a gentleman's cap, of that peculiar fashion which he had seen worn by the dandies about town. Anxious for an explanation, he looked around for his wife; but Lizzie was not in the room. Then hearing voices in another part of the house, he left the room by a different door from that by which he had entered, and hastened to the parlour, where he expected to find Mrs. Burgess in company with the owner of that cap. To his surprise, he found the parlour vacant, and meeting Margaret in a moment after, he impatiently demanded to know where his wife was.

"She is in her room, sir," said the domestic.

Without saying a word, Hamilton again hastened to Lizzie's room, where he found her reading a magazine with affected indifference!

"Madam," cried he, angrily, "what does this mean? Here I have been chasing you all over the house, without being able to catch you. What company have you just dismissed?"

"What company?" asked Lizzie.

"Yes, madam, what company?"

"Do not speak so angrily, dear Ammy. Why are you so impatient?"

"Because I wish to know what gentleman has been favouring you with such a confidential visit!"

Hamilton remembered other occasions when, on his coming home unexpectedly, his wife had shown signs of embarrassment; and, added to this, her present equivocation rendered him violently jealous. She appeared to shrink from him in fear, and became alternately red and pale, as she answered—

"There has been no gentleman here to see me."

"No one?"

"No one, dear Ammy!"

Mr. Burgess was on the point of demanding to know who was the owner of the cap which he had seen on his wife's table, and which had now mysteriously disappeared; but emotion checked him, and he paced the floor in silence.

"This is too much!" he muttered at length, in the bitterness of his heart. "I could endure poverty, without uttering a complaint for myself; I could endure anything but this!"

"Why, Ammy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Burgess, in alarm.

"Nothing; only we are beggars!" answered Hamilton, abruptly.

"Have you been unfortunate?" calmly asked his wife, affectionately taking his arm.

"Yes; the most unfortunate of men! I am ruined—we are beggars—but—"

"Dear Ammy, you must not let this cast you down. Business failures frequently happen, but they ought never to destroy domestic happiness. Come, how bad off are we? Are we really beggars?"

"My creditors will take everything," answered Hamilton, gloomily.

"They will not take us from each other," said Lizzie.

Mr. Burgess looked at his young wife with a bitter smile.

"Are you such a deceiver?" he muttered through his teeth. "Can you talk thus when you have just dismissed a lover?"

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Burgess, a glow of indignation lighting her fair face.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't deny what I say!" replied Hamilton. "You were having an interview with a gentleman when I came in."

Lizzie trembled with indignation.

"I saw his cap on the table!"

Lizzie laughed outright. "Come here!" she said, leading her husband away.

Hamilton followed her, and she went to a bureau, unlocked a deep drawer, and opening it, called her husband's attention to its contents.

It was half full of caps!

Hamilton looked at Lizzie in perplexity. Lizzie looked at Hamilton, and smiled.

"I suppose that you will now declare that there are twenty gentlemen in the house," said Mrs. Burgess.

"Lizzie!" cried her husband, clasping her hands, "I am already ashamed of my suspicions. I ask your forgiveness. But explain this matter to me; I am dying in perplexity."

"Well," replied Lizzie, archly, "I made those caps."

"You?"

"Certainly; that is, I and Margaret. I kept my work a secret from you, because you were opposed to my exerting myself, and although you have come near surprising me more than once, I have carried on my treasonable designs pretty successfully until to-day."

"But, dear Lizzie, how could you?"

"I can answer that question. I saw pretty clearly into your business affairs, and knew that we could not live in this style long. So I thought I would disobey you. My cousin George, the hat manufacturer, seconded my designs, and privately sent me caps to make, nearly a year ago."

Hamilton opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Surprising, isn't it? But this is not all. You insisted on my keeping Margaret, when I might as well have done the housework myself; I thought I would make her useful, and made her help me with the caps. Besides, you were not satisfied if I neglected to use all the spending money you allowed me, and I pretended to use that, just to please you. Now, before you could me for my disobedience, witness the results of my industry and economy."

Lizzie opened her desk, and displayed to Hamilton's bewildered sight a pile of gold which filled him with greater astonishment than anything else.

"Of course," continued Lizzie, without allowing him to speak, "this little sum wouldn't make anybody rich, but I hope it will convince you that a wife's economy and industry are not to be despised."

"Lizzie! dear Lizzie!"

"Oh! this is nothing—only a sample of what I can do. Come, now, acknowledge your error, and say that I may have my own way in future."

Hamilton replied by clasping his wife in his arms.

"There, say nothing more about it," she continued. "Don't think of your misfortunes, but remember that we can be happy even if we both have to work hard. Poverty cannot crush us; and I hope I have already convinced you that work will not make me lose attraction in your sight."

The young husband's heart overflowed with gratitude and joy.

"How have I misunderstood you, dear Lizzie!" he exclaimed. "You are worth more to me than southern riches; and now that I know poverty cannot crush you, my mind is at ease. Lizzie, I am so happy!"

"And I may have my way?"

"Yes, always."

"Remember this!" cried Mrs. Burgess, archly. With a lighter heart than he had felt for many months before, Hamilton went about the settlement of his business affairs, while Lizzie devoted herself to perfecting a new system of housekeeping.

When Mr. Burgess came home at night, he was surprised at the wonderful change which had taken place during his absence.

"Don't you," said his wife, regarding him with a smile; "you said I might have my own way."

"True—but what have you done?"

"I have been making arrangements to let half the house to Mr. Smith's family, who will move in next week. They are pleasant people, and as we have twice as much room as we actually needed, I thought it best to take them. Then, again, we didn't need so much furniture, and if you like, you can sell Mr. Smith some of what we have, at a fair price."

Mr. Burgess neither frowned, nor looked displeased, nor did he ever afterwards oppose his wife's designs. He soon found his expenses so reduced, that with the fruits of his wife's industry added to his own, they were able to live quite comfortably and happily; and, although he soon became engaged in more profitable business, he never again urged her to indulge in the folly of "living like a lady."

## THE EVILS OF WAR.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"From whence come wars and fightings?"—JAMES IV. 1.

You will perhaps say, they have been from the beginning. The history of every nation tells of the shedding of blood. In the Bible and other sacred records of man, we read of "wars and fightings," ever since he was placed upon the earth.

Yet there have been always some to lament that the creatures whom God has made should thus destroy each other. They have felt that human life was short enough, without its being made still shorter by violence. Among the most warlike nations, there have been wise and reflecting minds, who felt that war was an evil, and deplored it as a judgment.

Rome was one of the most warlike nations of the ancient world. Yet three of her best emperors gave their testimony against war, and were most reluctant to engage in it. Adrian truly loved peace, and endeavoured to promote it. He saw that war was a foe to those arts and sciences which cause nations to prosper. Titus Antoninus Pius tried to live in peace with every one. He did all in his power to prevent war, and said he would "rather save the life of one citizen, than destroy a thousand enemies." Marcus Aurelius considered war both as a disgrace and a calamity. When he was forced into it, his heart revolted.

Yet these were heathen emperors. They had never received the gospel, which breathes "peace and good-will to man." The law of Moses did not forbid war: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was the maxim of the Jewish people. But the law of Jesus Christ is a law of peace. "I say unto you, that you resist not evil," were the words not only of his lips, but of his example. His command to his disciples was, "See that ye love one another."

The spirit of war, therefore, was not condemned by the Jewish law, or by the ethics of the heathen. But it is contrary to the spirit of the gospel.

Have you ever seriously considered the evil and sorrow of war? how it destroys the lives of multitudes, and makes bitter mourning in families and

nations? You are sorry when you see a friend suffering pain, or a lame man with a broken bone, or even a child with a cut finger. But after a battle, what gashes and gaping wounds are seen, while the ground is red with the flowing blood, and the dying in their agony are trampled under the feet of horses, or covered with heaps of dead bodies!

Think, too, of the poverty and distress that come upon many families, who have lost the friend whose labour provided them with bread; upon the mourning of grey-headed parents from whose feeble limbs the prop is taken away; upon the anguish of wives for their slaughtered husbands; and the weeping of children, because their dear fathers must return to them no more.

All these evils, and many which there is not room to mention, come from a single battle! But in one war, there are often many battles. Towns are sometimes burned, and the aged and helpless destroyed. The mother and her innocent babes perish in the flames of their own beloved homes!

It is very sad to think of the cruelty and bad passions which war produces. Men, who have no cause to dislike each other, meet as deadly foes. They raise weapons of destruction, and exult to hear the groans of death. Rulers who make war, should remember the suffering and sin which it occasions, and how much more noble it is to save life than to destroy it.

Howard visited the prisons of Europe, and relieved the miseries of those who had no helper, and died with their blessings on his head. Buonaparte caused multitudes to be slain; and multitudes to mourn; and died like a chained lion upon a desolate island. Is not the fame of Howard better than that of Buonaparte?

The religious sect of Friends, or Quakers, as they are frequently called, never go to war. The beautiful state of Pennsylvania was originally settled by them. William Penn, its founder, would not permit any discord with the Indians, its original inhabitants. He obtained the land of them by fair purchase, and set the example of treating them with justice and courtesy.

In most of the other colonies there had been fearful wars with the savages. In ambush and massacre, the blood of the new-comers had been shed; and they had retaliated on the sons of the forest with terrible vengeance. Older States looked upon this proffer of peace as a dangerous experiment. They said, "These Quakers have put their heads under the tomahawk." But, on the contrary, no drop of their blood was ever shed by the Indians in Pennsylvania. They gathered around William Penn with reverence and love. Rude warriors as they were, they admired his peaceful spirit. He explained his views to them with cordiality, and they listened to his words.

"We will not fight with you," he said, "nor shed your blood. If a quarrel arise, six of our people, and six of your own, shall meet together and judge what is right, and settle the matter accordingly."

Subdued by his spirit of kindness and truth, they promised to live in peace with him and his posterity "so long as the sun and moon shall endure."

On his departure for England, among the friends who gathered around the ship to bid him farewell, were groups of Indians with mournful brows, the women holding up their little ones, that they might have one more sight of the great and good man, whom they called their father. Was not this more acceptable to heaven than the din of strife, and the false glory of the conqueror?

So earnest was William Penn to convince his fellow-men that it was both their duty and privilege to live in peace, that he travelled into foreign countries for that purpose, using his eloquence and knowledge of various languages with considerable success. Peter the Great, when studying the arts of civilisation in England, was much interested by visits from this teacher of peace, who conversed fluently with him in German. The young czar listened with great attention and courtesy, while he unfolded his system. He then earnestly requested that it might be expressed for him in a few words, and William Penn wrote—

"Men must be holy, or they cannot be happy—they should be few in words, peaceable in life, suffer wrongs, love enemies, and deny themselves; without which, faith is false—worship, formality, and religion hypocrisy."

The future emperor of the Russians, though not a convert to the doctrine of the Quakers, regarded it with so much respect, that he repeatedly attended their meetings, evincing deep and interested attention. To his mind, the theory of peace seemed beautiful, yet he considered it impossible that wars could be prevented. He did not believe that contending nations could be made to settle their differences without an appeal to arms, or that their anger might be soothed by the mediation of a friendly people, as a good man makes peace between offended neighbours. It did not occur to him that a Christian ruler might meditate with the soothing policy of the patriarch Abraham to his wrathful kinsman—

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen, for we be brethren."

**POPULAR EDUCATION.**—The general desire for education and the general diffusion of it, is working, and partially has worked, a great change in the habits of the mass of the people. And though it has been our lot to witness some of the inconveniences necessarily arising from a transition state, where gross ignorance has been superseded by a somewhat too rapid communication of instruction, dazzling the mind, perhaps, rather than enlightening it, yet every day removes something of this evil. Presumption and self-sufficiency are corrected down by the acquirement of useful knowledge, and men's minds become less arrogant in proportion as they become better informed. There cannot be a doubt, therefore, but that any evils which may have arisen from opening the flood-gates of education, if I may so say, will quickly flow away, and that a clear and copious stream will succeed, fertilising the heretofore barren intellect with its wholesome and perennial waters.—*Bishop Butler's Charge.*

## VALUE OF GOOD WIVES.

We are not about to write a homily on the duty of our wives; our sex have more frequently done this than pointed out the duty of husbands—duties which, we fear, are fully as often neglected as those of the wife. We commenced this article to remind men that they have no friend so entirely true to their interest as the wife. It is, therefore, more safe at all times, to advise and counsel with our best friend, in preference to those who are less interested in our welfare. A distinguished man once said that he never prospered in any enterprise where he had acted against the advice of his wife. Misfortunes, or the result of bad speculations, always beat on him most heavily. Her interests are inseparably identified with his own. The ready perception and timid caution of woman, make her, especially to the impulsive and adventurous, peculiarly qualified to check the rash and impetuous act. Many a man whose fortunes are broken, would have been in a happy and prosperous condition, had he listened to the better counsels of the now afflicted partner of his troubles. A true-hearted wife is also our best friend in adversity, even when imprudence, incapacity, or even folly, or perhaps our vices, have brought it upon us. Instead of reproaching him, she clings to and encourages him; her words of comfort and good cheer revive his hopes and his courage, and he is often able to retrieve his fortunes. At worst, with such a friend, he holds up his head, and grapples manfully the difficulties of his lot. His position in society may be more or less reversed; and those who flattered and looked up to him, may now pass him by coldly. A heartless world leaves him to his fate, or he may even be sneered at and frowned upon by those whom he once considered too mean and unworthy to be admitted to his society. However cold and heartless these, he is sure he has one dear friend; one bosom, one heart is true to him; that friend is the wife. After the toils of the day, after perhaps being buffeted off by those who were his sunshine friends, how reviving to his sinking spirits to mingle his soul with the dear one who has clung to him in weal and woe. What a cordial are her words of comfort, when all without is dark. In this hour of darkness, surely, she is to him God's messenger of mercy. While the true-hearted wife is all this and more to her husband, do we do well in all important matters not to consult so interested and faithful a friend? We repeat what we before said—the wife is our own safest and best adviser. The family is a little state; let those at the head of this little state mature all their plans by mutual, kindly, and wise counsels, and there will be fewer wrecks of the hopes of individuals and of families. Husbands, you will lose nothing, but gain much, by trusting more to that dearest and best of all earthly friends, the person whom you have selected from all the world to be your life-long companion. Sir Walter Scott, and the great Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, at a late period of their lives, ascribed their success in the world principally to their wives. Were the truth known, theirs is the history of thousands.

## THE PIONEER'S DAUGHTER:

### A TALE OF INDIAN CAPTIVITY.

(Continued from Page 340.)

#### CHAPTER XI.—THE STRANGE MEETING.

ALTHOUGH the living target at which a dozen muskets were discharged, and as many hatchets thrown, Edward providentially escaped them all—though more than one of them rent his clothes—and he went down his long leap, feet foremost, uninjured, and suddenly found himself buried far below the placid surface of the dark-rolling Miami. Being an excellent swimmer, and having great presence of mind, he soon rose to the air, and kept perfectly quiet, floating along on the slow-moving current, well knowing that any sound indicating an attempt to escape, would be heard by his enemies above, and bring down a hundred of them, all fierce and eager for his capture; while he had a faint hope, if they heard nothing, they would believe he had perished, and give over all thoughts of search. He heard their yells of disappointment at his loss, and his heart began to beat quick again with renewed hope. There was still a chance of escape where a few minutes before he had looked for none; and from himself his thoughts now reverted to his friends; and his anxiety for their safety gradually increased, as he recalled the numbers that had gone in pursuit of them, till it amounted to a degree so intense as to be really painful. And even should they escape, how was he to join them again? and how were Lucy and her companions to be found and delivered from the haunted cave, as Posetha termed it, but of the whereabouts of which he had no knowledge? And to return without Lucy amounted to nothing in his view; for it was to rescue her he had perilled his life; and not to succeed, was to render that life valueless.

"Ah!" he sighed, mentally, as all these thoughts rapidly floated through his brain, "since I can accomplish nothing, may I not as well die where I am, and put an end to this feverish, unquiet existence, so full of vexations, disappointment, and heart-rending woe?"

But though Edward reasoned thus with himself, nature gave no sanction to the false logic; but still urged him to live on, and hope on, by causing a cold shudder to pass through his frame at the very thought of approaching the confines of that great and mysterious Beyond, by his own act, and with all his senses in full and active play; and when, in floating down the stream, he heard the cries of the Indians suddenly changed to those of terror and



disarm—as some great calamity had befallen them, and at the same moment felt his hand touch the trunk of a drift-tree, one end of which was embedded in the sands of the shore—it must be confessed he grasped it with a firmness, and listened with an eagerness, that ill-befitted one who, tired of life, was about to throw off his mortal coil and pass the drear portals of eternity.

The fact is, the feelings of our hero, by the uniting of these two events, experienced a wonderful change; and he was not as eager to live as at any moment of his eventful existence. Chilled to the very bone with his rather long immersion in the water, considering the season of the year, and in consequence hardly able to use his limbs, he now made vigorous efforts to reach the shore, by dragging himself along the trunk of the prostrate tree. He at length succeeded; but, on touching land, found it almost impossible for him to stand; and when the thought flashed across his mind, that his only chance of avoiding his enemies would be by swimming the river, his heart sunk, and for a time hope again gave way to despair. But the excitement still continuing among the Indians, the idea occurred to him that he might take advantage of it, and, by keeping along the high bank, soon reach an easy ford. But then, again, it was possible that what he had taken to be an alarm was only a universal wail for the loss of some distinguished warrior or chief, whom his friends, the fugitives, had slain in a close engagement; and if such proved to be the case, was it not likely his trail would be discovered when the morning should break, and that, weak and faint, he would fall an easy prey to his bloodthirsty foe, from whom he could never hope to make a third escape?

But notwithstanding all objections to the course he intended to pursue, one thing was certain, that to remain where he was would not better his condition; and so he set off up the stream, keeping along the edge of the water. A few steps brought him to the base of the cliff from which he had made his leap; but finding it too precipitous to admit of a foot-hold, he was forced to return. He now attempted to go down the stream; but some twenty yards below where he first emerged from the water, he again found his progress checked, and this time by the rapids already more than once referred to. The bank here was steep, but not precipitous, down which the water dashed with foam and fury, and with a much heavier body than usual, owing to the recent rains; for the streamlet was very fluctuating, and in some seasons of the year exhibited a dry bed.

To think of crossing this at the point where Edward now was, was wholly out of the question; for no foot, however sure, could stand a single instant in such a current; to ascend the steep bank to where a crossing could be made, was, for our hero, a proceeding even more rash and dangerous, as he would thus be certain to expose himself to his enemies; and to remain inactive, with the hope of freedom before him, was, in his view, little short of madness. Thus hemmed in as he was on every side, there was no alternative; and his only means of escape was to bethink himself once more to the water, and either swim around the rapids and come out below them, or across the river to the shore he was so anxious to reach.

For several reasons Edward decided on the latter course, and again consigning himself to the care of that watchful Providence which had so far befriended him in his moments of greatest peril, he dropped quietly into the river at the foot of the rapids, and was quickly borne out upon its bosom some eight or ten yards, until the rushing force of the smaller stream was lost in the stillness of the greater. Then nerving himself for the tedious task, Edward struck boldly out for the opposite shore; but what was his surprise, when he had gone some ten or twelve yards further, to see a bold cliff rising high above him, and almost at the same moment feel his hands touch land! As he crawled out upon the narrow beach dividing the base of the steep cliff from the water, his first impression was that his head had, somehow become turned in swimming, and that he had actually swam back to the bank whence he started; but a little reflection and observation put him right in this particular, and he then came to the rightful conclusion, that he had touched upon a small island. This proved a source of much gratification to him, as it would form a resting-point on his short voyage, and enable him to gain the western bank with greater safety and ease. But, that he might be ready to set forth again, ere too chilled and benumbed by the cold, he began to move along the bank in search of the point projecting farthest westward, so as to save as much swimming as possible.

He had not gone many steps, keeping close under the cliff, when his foot striking a stone, caused him to stumble toward the rack. He threw out his hands to prevent his head from striking, but to his surprise they touched nothing, and the next moment he found himself prostrated within a deep and narrow fissure. Feeling carefully around in the dark as he attempted to rise, that he might make no fatal mistake—as, for all he knew to the contrary, there might be a yawning chasm on one side or the other—his hand encountered something smooth and soft, in what appeared to be a small recess to the right; and judge of his surprise and delight, on examining it with the sense of touch, to find it a regularly constructed canoe of the largest class!

"Surely," thought Edward, as he drew it forth from its hiding-place, "surely Providence favours me in all my adversity; and to God will I give thanks for this unlooked-for means of deliverance!"

He knelt upon the stony ground, and although his lips did not move, and no sound was heard, yet his heart went up to the great Giver of mercies an acceptable prayer of fervent thanks.

As Edward finished his silent orison, there came to his ear a low, faint, almost inaudible sound, like the sound of a distant human voice, or far-off running water. He listened, and still the faint murmur continued; and under the impression that he would be forced to the latter cause, he was about to turn away for the purpose of embarking in his canoe, when the sound ceased, and while he was still listening, began again.

"Surely," thought he, "if it were water, as I supposed, there would be no cessation. No! it must be made by a human tongue—ay, more than one, for it varies, and is not monotonous. Ha! it stops again, and is now again renewed."

A sudden idea now flashed through the brain of Edward, and springing to his feet, he mentally exclaimed, "Oh! if only my surmises prove correct!" and he disappeared into the dark opening of the rocks.

Slowly and cautiously he threaded his way along the narrow, winding, zig-zag passage, and at length arrived at its farther terminus, or where it entered the cavern. For the last few yards, a faint, soft, lurid light shone into the dark passage, and enabled him to pick his way with greater ease; and as he turned the last sharp angle, the bright light of a blazing fire flashed full in his face, and revealed to him ten female figures seated around it, and among the rest, the very being of his heart's devotion. Fixing his eyes upon her, for a few moments Edward stood and gazed, as one who beholds a something more than earthly, while his heart beat wildly, and he feared to move, lest a single motion should disrupt the enchanting vision, and prove the images before him to be but the airy creations of a floating phantasmagoria of the mind. "But," he reasoned, "it is impossible that the senses of seeing and hearing should both be so deceived at the same time; for loud wallings at their hard fate, from many of the females, smote upon his ear; and the words, 'Oh, my poor father!—and—Edward!' uttered in guiltless innocence, and with strong feeling of anguish, by the being he loved, broke the spell which a fleet light had thrown around him; and unable to be a quiet and unobserved spectator any longer, he bounded forward, exclaiming—

"Edward, at least, is free, and God has sent him to your deliverance!"

All started to their feet at this unexpected apparition, and screams of joy resounded through the cave.

As for Lucy, she was unable to speak; and as Edward, singling her out, rushed forward, caught her in his arms, and wildly pressed her to his beating heart, inexpressible happiness made her senses reel, and she fainted in his embrace.

Great was the scene of confusion and excitement which followed, and a thousand questions were asked that never had an answer, or at least that were not answered then. Among others, Mrs. Danforth and Mrs. Wilkes were urgent to know what had become of their respective partners; and the first words of Lucy, as she revived, were—

"Oh! Edward, it is like a dream to behold you here." Then hurriedly looking around, "But my father—my dear, dear father! I do not see him—where is he?—what has befallen him?—is he free?—is he safe? Oh! speak, Edward, speak!"

"Alas!" sighed Edward, pressing his lips reverently and affectionately upon the noble brow of the lovely questioner, and gazing fondly but sadly upon the liquid orbs upturned to him: "Alas! my dearest Lucy, I cannot answer. You see me here alone by accident, after passing through a hundred perils, where hope became extinct, and life seemed forfeited; and he hurriedly related what had transpired.

During his recital, Lucy clung to him with a nervous grasp; and her lustrous, dark eyes looked into his—sometimes in anguish, sometimes in terror—while her lips, half apart, made her seem as if every word he uttered was about to draw forth some exclamation of pity, surprise, pain, sorrow, or fear.

But she spoke but once, and that when he described his wonderful escape over the cliff. Then she closed her eyes, a cold shudder passed through her delicate frame, and she cried—

"Oh! how fearful! how terrible!" and she clung to him still more nervously, as if she fancied he was even then making the awful descent.

As Edward told his tale, the scene was one worthy the pencil of a great artist. Ereft in the centre he stood, with the gentle Lucy half-reclining in his arms and on his breast, gazing up intently in his countenance, with the expression we have described on her own sweet features; while, completely surrounding them, were grouped the nine other females—every eye fixed upon the speaker, every face as pale as death, and varying with the feelings which the thrilling narrative of our hero excited—over which the fire burning near, threw a lurid, flickering light, penetrating far into the gloomy recesses of the cavern, and throwing strange, fantastic, dancing shadows upon the ground, upon the walls, and upon the ceiling.

"Come," said Edward, as soon as he had finished, "we have no time to spare. For all I know, the savages may be even now on the search for us. Daylight may put a hundred upon our trail, and morning must be near. Come! there is a boat without, and I can take a part of you away at once, and then return for the others."

"We came here in three boats, lashed together side by side," said Mrs. Mervale, who now took it upon herself, as before, to act as leader to the females; "and it is hardly probable, since our guide left any, that he took away more than one. Did you make any search for another, Major Allen?"

"I did not, but will now do so, and doubt not we shall find your surmises correct. Come, let us all hasten to the mouth of this cavern, and, if possible, take our departure before we are discovered. Heaven grant there may be another boat!" and taking Lucy's arm, and breathing in her ear a few words of love and hope, Edward led the way through the narrow, tortuous passage to the open air.

A brief search proved the correctness of Mrs. Mervale's conjectures, and another large canoe was found and drawn from its hiding-place. Both being placed in the water, and the females seated in them, another unexpected difficulty now arose. There was no paddle; for Pesseth had taken away with him the only one wherewith he had guided and propelled the



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boats hither. This threw a heavy damper on the spirits that had already begun to feel comparatively buoyant; but as there was nothing to be done but to make the best of their circumstances, the boats were pushed from the shore, and allowed to float down the current, with no other guide and propelling power than the hands of the respective parties.

Fortunately, the bend of the river was such as to drift them towards the western shore; but the stream ran so slow, that the best part of an hour was consumed ere the canoes touched land—which they finally did at the first projecting point in the river above the fall, where Edward and Carnele had crossed only the night previous, on their way to the Indian town. What strange events had happened since then!—events of such vast importance, that none who had participated in them would ever forget them to the latest day of their existence; and as Edward reflected on them, he shuddered, and wondered if the next twenty-four hours would be as full of perils to himself and her he loved.

The Indian town, late the theatre of such wild excitement, alarm, and confusion, was now as quiet as if no human being were in it; and in this stillness, under the circumstances, was something terribly ominous, like the oppressive calm which precedes the awful tempest.

But though Edward trembled for the safety of the beings so singularly placed under his charge, he made not his fears known, but whispered words of comfort and hope in their ears. As the canoes touched the shore, he bade his companions not to speak nor move, while he went in search of something wherewith to guide and steady the boats over the fall in the river below.

But scarcely had he advanced a dozen paces on land, when the heavy tramping of a large body of horse caused him to hurriedly retrace his steps, and, drawing the canoes behind a dense cluster of bushes, he whispered, "Be still as death, or all is lost! Our foes are upon us; God send us deliverance!"

And every listener in her heart prayed "Amen!"

#### CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUSION.

In breathless suspense the whole party awaited the coming of those whom they believed to be foes, and every tramp of the approaching steeds made their hearts quake with fear. On, on they came, nearer and more near, and still no word was spoken, no loud Indian yell uttered. At last they came fully abreast of where the females were concealed, in the canoes, behind the tangled brushwood that fringed the water's edge; and then it was that each of the latter nervously grasped her nearest companion, and, trembling with terror, compressed her lips, and held her breath. On went the horsemen, with a thundering tread, beating down the bushes, crushing the leaves, and snapping the dry sticks in their path; and as the last one passed the line

which left the frightened females above him on the river, there was an unspeakable and heartfelt rejoicing in the hearts of the former, such as a rapid change from death to life, as it were, can only give.

Suddenly, the most powerful emotions of joy which the human system is capable of supporting in a state of consciousness and sanity, were awakened in the breast of each of our friends, by the following colloquy in English, between a superior and an inferior.

"Are we not near the ford you told us about, Carnele?"

"Yes, Major; it's right down here, just a little bit furdur. I know it well; for me and Major Allen—poor fellow! God bless him!—crossed it last night, on our way to this infernal red-nigger town, which we're going to agin; but I hope now to hev a little better luck nor we had that time."

Edward waited to hear no more; but bounding through the bushes, too excited to be prudent, he fairly shouted:—

"Ho! friends, ho! this way! this way!—here are those that need your aid!"

"Ha! it is my own lost Edward that speaks!" cried a well known voice—a voice that made more than one of the poor fugitives' hearts beat wildly—and the next moment a single horseman rushed out from the main body, and drawing rein close by the side of Edward, leaped from his steed and embraced him.

"Colonel Danforth, my more than friend—my father!" sobbed the latter, "you are safe!"

"Yes, my poor boy, safe—safe for the present—and by God's blessing so are you, although I had long since given you up as lost to me for ever. But my wife? my daughter?"

"Here! here!" fairly shrieked two female voices.

Instantly the Colonel sprang away from Edward; there was a great rustle among the bushes, and then, with loud cries, a husband and wife, a father and daughter, fell upon each other's neck, and bedewed the ground with tears of such joyful anguish as neither had ever shed before. For a long time no words were spoken, and only choking sobs could be heard, as each pressed the other to his or her heart in a fond embrace.

Meantime, Lieutenant Wilkes had found the dear partner of his bosom; and a scene similar to that in which Colonel Danforth, his wife, and Lucy were the actors, was taking place but a few feet distant; while the other females, who had no friends to congratulate them on their providential escape, stood by, shedding tears of sympathy and grief; and the soldiers, with the gallant Moultrie at their head, drew around in silence, and with an inward joy that made many an eye, even among them, unwontedly dim with the dew of the heart.

At length words began to take place of sobs and sighs; a hundred rapid questions were asked on both sides, and hurried explanations were being made, when the warning voice of the Major put a check to all.

"My friends," he said, "I'm sorry to intrude my cold remarks upon you at such a time; but I fear you overlook the close proximity of the Indians, and that a surprise might even now prove fatal to our safety."

"Right! right!" cried Colonel Danforth, with an energetic start, "and I thank you, Major Moultrie, for reminding us of our danger and duty. We have all too sadly experienced the results of carelessness, to neglect all due precautions now. Come, come, one and all, let us be on the move, and trust that the kind Providence which has so wonderfully preserved us through trials and perils, and brought us once more safely together, will yet permit us to say, what we now leave unsaid in a place where no lurking savages may interrupt us with the war-cries of death."

Moultrie now ordered several of his men to dismount, and with a grace and gallantry becoming a well-versed officer, tendered the ladies their places, which the latter were not slow to accept with many thanks. They were placed in double file, with the Colonel and Lieutenant next to their respective partners on the right, and Edward close by the side of Lucy on the left. The cavalry then formed a hollow square, covering them on every side; and the remainder, who had no horses, were thrown out as scouts, among whom were Posetha, Miller, Wade, and Carnele. The gallant Major then took his station at the head of the van, and the order was given to march. Again the heavy tramp of more than a hundred steeds was heard; but save this, nothing broke the oppressive stillness. Thought, with all, was active, but no one gave it utterance.

When morning broke, our friends had the satisfaction of knowing, that not less than six or eight miles lay between them and the Indian town, and that so far there had been discovered no indications of a pursuit. With a feeling of security, their spirits began to regain their wonted buoyancy; but feeling themselves still in danger, they feared to let hope have too great an ascendancy, and, therefore, remained grave and watchful, thinking much and saying little.

Coming to a commanding position, just above a little run, the Major ordered a halt, giving as a reason, that unless the poor beasts that bore them had rest and food, they would be unable to accomplish the fatiguing journey to Fort Jefferson. Accordingly all dismounted, fires were kindled, a strong guard set around the camp, and the horses were fed on water thickened with meal, which each one carried in sacks strapped behind the saddle. The soldiers also had a good supply of dried venison, which was cheerfully divided among the guests, and this, with corn-meal and water mixed in their canteens, made a very hearty and healthy, if not palatable, repast.

After a quiet rest of about three hours, the march was resumed in the same order as before; and ere the sun sunk behind the western hills, the whole party ascended an eminence, and, with indescribable feelings of delight, beheld below them, some quarter of a mile distant, the heavy log-roof and wooden stockade of Fort Jefferson.

"Halt!" cried the Major. "Attention the battalion. We will give them a military salute. Make ready—fire!" and the last word was drowned in a roar of musketry.

Instantly from forty to fifty heads appeared above the ramparts of the fortress; and then suddenly a bright flash was seen, a volume of smoke rushed forth, and the loud boom of a heavy piece of ordnance went echoing through the deep forest, startling many a wild beast from his lair. This was followed by another, and then by a round of small arms; and then the gate was thrown open, and the shrill notes of the martial fife, and the sharp rolling accompaniment of the kettle-drum, gave the returned captives and their escort a military welcome.

As Major Moultrie and his command passed within the palisades, they found the garrison drawn up into two lines to receive them; and as soon as military formalities could be dispensed with, the whole party received the warmest congratulations on their safe return. A dozen rushed forward to grasp the hands of Colonel Danforth and Major Allen, and among these were Sergeant Bomb, and the two scouts who had brought the intelligence to Major Moultrie of their captivity. While the Colonel was busy in answering the many eager inquiries put to him, a hand was laid familiarly on his shoulder, and on turning round, he beheld the veritable Dr. McAllister, standing quietly by his side.

"Umph!" said the eccentric disciple of the anatomical art—"I am proud to see you, Colonel Danforth—hope you're well, sir—thought you past my aid—did, 'pon honour! Wife and daughter back, I see. Umph! you are very fortunate, Colonel—ah! very."

"Why, how is it I find you here, my worthy doctor," returned the Colonel, good-humouredly. "Really, now, from the last specimen I had of your bravery, I thought you would be the last man to venture into the Indian country again."

"Ah! Colonel, you underrate my scientific feelings. Science, sir, with me, is a passion, to which eating is nothing. I could go without my breakfast, at any time, to amputate a leg; and as the gallant Moultrie here—may he die under surgical care!"

"Heaven forefend!" laughed the Major, who, standing near, overheard the remark—"Heaven forefend, doctor, if you are to have anything to do in the matter!"

"As the Major here," pursued the doctor, unmindful of the interruption, "was about visiting the ground of St. Clair's recent exploits, I thought I would accompany him, in the hope of finding a subject."

"Why, then, did you not follow him to Piqua, where you would have been sure of a victim?" quizzed the Colonel.

"Umph! the truth is, Colonel, I had a patient here, sir—Sergeant Bomb, sir."

"The truth is," interrupted Moultrie, ironically, "the renowned Doctor McAllister, great as are his scientific acquirements, has a heart in him about the size of a humming-bird's eye, and he fears to risk such a delicate morsel

near the jaws of such noted cannibals as the Shawnees. The worthy doctor is prodigiously brave, but excessively prudent; and would rather amputate a limb any time, than lose his head."

"Indeed I would," rejoined the doctor; "and it would give me great pleasure to exhibit my scientific attainments on the persons of either of your gentlemen. Umph! as you say, Major Moultrie, I am brave."

"There, there," said the Major, waving his hand with an air of authority—"that will do, doctor—that will do. As you have done nothing the last twenty-four hours but mope about a well-garrisoned fortress, we, who have been through the most trying perils, are not disposed to make you the hero of the day. You will retire to your quarters, and when wanted you will be sent for."

The doctor slunk away, not a little crest-fallen at this public reproof; and many a titter he heard as he passed the soldiers, showing in what small estimation they held a man of science, when unaccompanied with the virtue of manly courage.

At Fort Jefferson the rescued prisoners and soldiers remained over night, and on the following day the former set out for Cincinnati, accompanied by a strong escort, kindly furnished them by Major Moultrie, who, with the rest of his command, set off for St. Clair's battle-field. The parting between the old scouts and Colonel Danforth's party was a very affecting one, and it is not too much to say that tears were shed on both sides. As for Posetha, not content with shaking his hand warmly, and invoking Heaven's blessings on his head for his noble conduct in rescuing them from a hopeless captivity, the females, one and all, even to Lucy, embraced him with a degree of affection he had never seen shown him before. The simple-minded white savage for a time stood this test of feeling with a stoicism that showed how severe was the school in which he had been so long trained; but at last nature triumphed over artificial restraint, and large tears coursed their way down his cheeks. For a while he seemed to give way to feelings which, in his view, were unmanly; and then, suddenly drawing himself up with assumed hauteur and coldness, he hastily passed his hands across his eyes and stalked away, to give vent to his newly awakened emotions where no human eye could behold him.

We may as well remark here, as we shall not touch upon the subject again, that Posetha never afterwards returned to the Indians, but continued with his brother, true to his own race. A short time afterwards, he and Harry became two of that little but intrepid band of scouts and Indian spies, who, under the renowned General Wayne, made themselves so famous for their exploits; and so signal were the services they rendered the American army, that their names and feats of daring have been handed down in traditions.

As for Carnele and the others, we have no authentic information of what became of them; but an old hunter, a great many years afterward, was found dead, sitting over what had once been an underground fire; and, from the description given of his person, we are led to believe that the gallant scout perished with old age, while engaged in his favourite pursuits.

Notwithstanding Sergeant Bomb's protestation that he would never go against the Indians again, he continued in the army, in the same company with Lieutenant Wilkes; and both officers gallantly fought through the Indian war, under old "Mad Anthony," (as General Wayne was popularly termed,) to the treaty of peace, in 1795.

As for Colonel Danforth, although strongly inclined to take command of another regiment, his family prevailed upon him to relinquish the glories and dangers of the field in favour of the comforts and happiness of domestic life. And whenever Edward dared to breathe a word of war, his mouth was instantly closed by a soft, white hand; and while two bright eyes looked coquetishly into his, two pouting lips would sweetly murmur, "Now could you be so cruel as to desert the wife that fondly loves you?" and then, pressing the fair speaker affectionately to his heart, Edward would always conclude by saying "No," most emphatically; and the decision would ever be sealed with the mutual kiss of unchangeable affection.

Almost sixty years have passed away since the date of our story, and great are the changes which time has wrought in that portion of the West where the events transpired, of which we have given a faithful chronicle. Cities, towns, and villages now occupy the place of the Indian's hunting-grounds, and savages and wild beasts roam there no more. What few red-men still survive, have their homes far toward the setting sun; but the greater portion of them have joined their fathers in the Spirit-land. The invincible pale-face has conquered, for his star is in the ascendant; and it will doubtless be many centuries ere it reaches the zenith of its glory, and begins to decline. Ere then, reader, you and I, what mortal there is of us, shall be long resolved back to the elements from which we were formed. Happily so; for woe to them that see the fall of this mighty nation. Their doom will be that of the red-man—utter annihilation.

Colonel Danforth and his wife have long since paid the debt of nature, but Edward and Lucy still survive. For many years they were residents of Cincinnati, but finally removed to a beautiful location farther west, which now bears the appropriate appellation of Allenville—being laid out, and at one time owned, by the hero of our story. In this village is an elegant mansion, and in this mansion reside a venerable couple, surrounded by their children and grand-children. Should you, as a stranger, claim hospitality there, you will be received with a cordial welcome that would at once assure you of being among friends; and ten to one you would not be allowed to depart till you had heard, from the lips of a white-haired, noble-looking old man, the story of his remarkable adventures in attempting to rescue from Indian captivity a certain beautiful young lady, whom, with a pleasant smile, and mysterious shake of the head, without once hinting she is now his wife, he ever denominates the "Pioneer's Daughter."



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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. XI.—"AN INNOCENT FLIRTATION."

A FEW weeks ago, we inserted a short tale, showing some of the evils that may arise from what is so commonly and generally called "a little innocent flirtation." In that case, it was the gentleman who was the sufferer. When his fair one had indulged her "innocent flirtation" sufficiently long, she broke off from him, and gave her hand to another. The former lover wanders round the church to witness the ceremony, plays many mad pranks, and rambles about the country for some time as a lunatic, until, at length, he recovers his wits, and settles down as a pious clergyman. We have no great sympathy for him—at least, no further than what one extends to a very weak brother. Alfred Tennyson, however, tells us a sad story of a high born coquette, whose delight it was to break a man's heart for pastime, and, in one instance, at least, succeeded:—

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

You put strange memories in my head;  
Not since your branching times have blown,  
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead,  
Oh, your sweet eyes, your low replies—  
A great enchantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat,  
Which you had hardly cared to see."

Madness and suicide are not very agreeable terminations to these indulgences in a little "innocent flirtation," and, it is to be hoped, are not very common ones. Men's heads may sometimes be weak and easily turned, but in general their hearts are tough, and not readily broken by fickle fair ones; and occasionally it will be found that they can engage with a flirt on equal terms, with equal heartiness, and come out of the contest unscathed themselves, while their fair opponent, if not damaged in heart, has suffered considerably in the opinion of the world.

It has sometimes been said, that the sole aim and object of woman's life is marriage. If this be true, we doubt very much if the way to attain that end be through innocent flirtations.

"If love can sigh  
For one alone,  
Well pleas'd am I  
To be that one."

"But should I see  
Love giv'n to rove  
To two or three,  
Then—good by, love."

And this feeling, so pithily expressed by the poet, is very common in human nature—certainly so in masculine nature, whatever it may be in feminine. Men do not approve of these very light wanderers, who go wavering about from hand to hand—hearts, indeed, have little to do with the affair—and they are apt to select for the companion of their life, those who have given the fewest indications of this wandering spirit. Dean Swift tells us that "the reason why so few marriages are happy is, that young ladies spend their time in making nets, not cages;" and these "innocent flirtations" are the materials of which the nets are made—weak and flimsy, and broken through on the slightest struggle.

"Young Clee, bent on catching loves,  
Such nets had learned to frame,  
That none, in all our woods and groves,  
E'er caught so much small game.  
But gentle Sue, less giv'n to roam,  
While Clee's nets were taking  
Such lots of loves, sat still at home,  
One little love-cage making."

"Much Clee laugh'd at Susan's task;  
But mark how things went on—  
These light caught loves, ere you could  
ask  
Their name and age, were gone!

"So weak, poor Clee's nets were wove,  
That, though she charmed into them  
New game each hour, the youngest love  
Was able to break through them."

"Meanwhile young Sue, whose cage was wrought  
Of bare too strong to sever,  
One love, with golden pincurs, caught,  
And caged him there for ever,  
Instructing, thereby, all coquettes,  
What was their looks and ages,  
That, though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,  
'Tis wiser to make cages."

Let us see how a young lady, who was eminent for her skill in making nets, fared with her "innocent flirtations." Lucy Chalmers was a gay, young, and pretty girl, with a considerable fortune, living in the midst of the best society, and surrounded with every luxury. She was engaged to be married to a spirited young naval officer, of good standing in his profession, of good family and expectations, sufficiently good-looking to satisfy the most fastidious, and of a temper and disposition with which few could find fault. Henry Meredith was one whom any young lady might be proud to have in her net, and if she were wise, would try to construe her cage so strong that he would never escape. But Lucy Chalmers, although professing the truest attachment to her young sailor, was not satisfied without seeing others in her net as well. The first quarrel of the lovers was occasioned by one of her "innocent flirtations;" she had cast her nets around a son of Mars, as well as round a son of Neptune, and played off the red-coat against the blue with great assiduity, until the blue turned green with jealousy, and was on the point of slipping his cable. The red-coat, however, was removed from the district just in time to prevent an open rupture; and then the lady reverted to her older love with renewed vigour, parried his reproaches for some time by protestations of unceasing love for him; and then assumed the air of one injured by his suspicions, frowned upon him, accused him of seeking to break off their engagement, charged him with flirting with others, and heaped up such a load of improbable accusations that he knew not where to turn. And when he professed forgiveness for the past, she rated him soundly, told him he had never believed her faithful, or he could never have forgiven her; that if she had thought him guilty of such faithlessness as that of which he accused her, she would never have pardoned him; he who could pardon such faults could only have a mean spirit, and would be certain to commit them himself; and she poured out such a torrent of eloquent indignation that he was obliged to give way, ask pardon for the very offences that had been committed against himself, and humble himself before the indignant asserter of woman's rights. Soon after the termination of this quarrel the young officer was compelled to go to sea; and many were the vows of eternal constancy on his part; and loud and strong were the protestations of undying love on the part of the lady. He had not long been gone, when a young lawyer arrived in the neighbourhood over whom she cast her nets; he was a sighing swain, who wrote "such pretty verses" that her passion for him assumed a very sentimental mode; the young sailor was forgotten, although she still continued to correspond with him; and we know not how far she might have gone with the lawyer, had not a young Oxonian, brilliant in waistcoats, the brother of her intimate friend and confidant, arrived for the long vacation. The nets thrown over the lawyer were withdrawn, and cast over the Oxonian. Another "innocent flirtation" was commenced; the pair became inseparable. Every shady nook and dell in the district was witness to their murmured vows; and many a rustic swain and village lass observed them in their haunts, and rustic tongues were not silent as to what was observed. The "innocent flirtation" had produced some rumours that deprived it of the "innocent," and the youth's father compelled them to give up their intercourse. These rumours reached her sailor's ears, who again remonstrated, and again were his remonstrances treated with scorn and ridicule. He must be wild or mad to be jealous of a boy, the relative of her dearest friend; but she forgave him his suspicions and his jealousy—they proved he had some sparks of love for her. She only tried to mould the boy—give him some air and style; but he was merely awkward and bookish; she could make nothing of him, and had not seen him for ages. But while she was thus writing to her absent lover, her nets were round another—a gay young man of fashion, come to shoot and sport; but finding more attractive game in our poor Lucy's eyes, fell readily into her net, and suffered its meshes to entwine him just as tight as she pleased. For weeks and months they met as lovers only meet; the world around her supposed that her sailor love was cast off, and that she had succeeded in winning the gay man of fashion; but the time for his departure for other scenes arrived, and he broke through her nets without the slightest difficulty. He went away unscathed and heart whole; but she, in trying to conquer, had been vanquished herself. Her disappointment at finding her nets so easily broken, and, it is to be hoped, some slight feelings of compunction for her conduct, laid her upon a sick bed. Again the sailor heard of her proceedings and her illness; again did he remonstrate. This time she could not deny the charge, and so she tried to cover it over with a lie. She told her lover that she had always disliked the gay man of fashion; that he had been forced upon her by her father, who insisted on her receiving his addresses; that she had done so for a time, but at length had given him his dismissal; and her illness was the consequence of the sufferings she had undergone in being compelled to endure his attentions. Unfortunately for her, the lie was soon discovered. Her "innocent flirtations" had sapped the roots of his love; her moral baseness entirely eradicated all remains of it. He was ordered on a distant voyage before he could reply to her last—indeed, before he was aware of her untruth. Absence accounted to her for his silence. Notwithstanding her former failures, the nets were again cast; and this time the false fire burned within her with a fury no reason could restrain. Her new lover was not one of your sighing swains, but a bold, ardent, and passionate man, as little given to constancy as the lady herself: she became furiously jealous of him; fainting in a public room at seeing him attentive to another; gave way to every impulse of her mind; declared her love before all who were assembled; and exposed herself so thoroughly, that he himself left her at once, without remark or apology. Still she wrote fond letters to her absent sailor, and wondered at receiving no reply. Scarcely was she recovered from her last attack, before another temptation fell in her way. A young and handsome curate seemed a fitting object for a lady's net: it was speedily cast; and for a time bound him securely. The curate deserted his holy books and pastoral cares, for long summer rambles and moonlight walks.

Again was the sailor forgotten—nay, all her former loves were forgotten also; she lived but in the present: the soft and gentle promises of the soft and gentle curate were all in all to her. But the proceedings of the young lady had been so notorious, that a father's watchful eye was now always upon her; she had been so unscrupulous and incorrect, that a father might well be excused the fear that her principles were not strong enough to restrain her. He had no great respect for the ambitious curate, who in some other matters was not thought to have maintained the proper dignity of a churchman; besides he was poor as well as base; and he contrived to have the curate removed to another curacy in a distant diocese. And again the lady found her nets were broken through. Still she heard not from her sailor. And now she began to be alarmed at his silence; but, at length the news arrived that his ship was ordered home. Hope again sprang up in her breast; he had not written because he was coming home: it was not because he was offended. She had good hope that she had cleared away the suspicions that had arisen in his mind from her "innocent flirtations" with the lawyer, the Oxonian, and the man of fashion. She had also good hope that he had not heard of her subsequent "flirtations," when uncontrolled passion led to the public avowal of her love for an unworthy object, or when she turned the brains of the poor curate; but still a fear hung over her lest some kind and intimate friend should have enlightened him on these matters; and, with providential forethought, she set about preparing her defence, if she should be so charged. She was well aware that it was no use to deny the facts in either instance—they were too public; but what could she say to explain the furious love she manifested for the one, or the sentimental fondness she had displayed for the other; nothing but woman's wit could help her here, nothing could sustain her but the belief that her skill and cunning might be of more avail than her forfeited truth. One hope she had: she knew that Henry Meredith was a man of sense, and she was aware

"That men of sense in love,  
Dupes more complete than fools and blockheads prove:  
For all the knowledge, lent them as a guide,  
Goes off entirely to the lady's side.  
Whereas the blockhead rather sees the more,  
And gains perception that he lack'd before,  
His honest passion blinds the man of sense,  
While want of feeling is the fool's defence."

She had some hopes, then, of being able to dupe her lover once more. She could tell him she was fever'd—she was mad—she was not accountable for her actions, under the pressure of disease—anything that could excuse her for her wickedness and folly. And as for the curate, she could take high religious grounds; when the world accused her of flirting, she was only endeavouring to gain religious instruction; to settle some doubts that had arisen in her mind; to place her religious faith on a sure foundation. And while she thus planned her defence at the expense of truth and honesty, strong hopes rose in her mind that she should be able to bring him to her feet, and bind him faster than ever in her nets. But while she was preparing her defence, and anticipating the security of her conquest—now, indeed, more than ever necessary to her, from the failure of all her "innocent flirtations"—she was thrown at once into the very depths of despair. The Portsmouth paper was brought in, and there was an account of the arrival of her lover's ship; and amongst the passengers she brought was Captain Henry Meredith, promoted for his gallant conduct in the Indian seas, with his bride, the daughter of Admiral Gardiner, whom he had married at the Cape. The next morning brought her a letter that ought to have been received many months before: it had been wandering round the world, transferred from ship to ship, and at length reached its destination. It told her that her falsehood respecting her father having forced the man of fashion on her was known; that neither that, nor her faithlessness, could be forgiven; that he set her free from all engagements, as he himself must be held free, for he could never wed a heartless coquette. The blow was struck: all her nets had been broken, and for the remainder of her life she settled down into a sour old maid, for ever railing at the fickleness of man.

"Oh! Cupid's bow  
Is not to blame,  
For half the woe  
Which bears his name;  
Another child  
Assumes his form—  
He's just as wild,  
And just as warm.  
He copies each  
Seductive wile—  
His gentle speech,  
His winning smile;  
With subtle flame  
He tips his darts,  
And takes his aim  
At female hearts.  
His wings we view  
As amply plumed,  
His blindness, too,  
Is well assumed,  
That nymph is wise  
Who cautious moves—  
Flirtation's eyes  
Oft mimic Love's."

"When first he glides  
To woman's feet,  
Flirtation hides  
His worst deceit.  
His eyes are shut,  
His wings conceal'd,  
And nothing but  
His smiles reveal'd.  
The nymph awhile  
But half approves,  
Yet thinks the snail  
Is really Love's.  
She feels for one  
Who never feels;  
Whose heart is stone  
While hearts he steals;  
And when he wins,  
Ah, fickle swain!  
He soon begins  
The game again.  
And, while he sighs,  
Her sadness proves,  
Flirtation's eyes  
Have mimick'd Love's."

Ah! dear ladies, beware the mimicry of love. In man, it is never innocent; and in you, it is always dangerous—much more dangerous to yourselves than to those on whom you cast your nets. Besides, what pleasure can profit can there be in making an impression on every trifler's fancy—we cannot say heart, for they have none—or in listening to every flatterer's pious? Wherever there is flattery, there is a fool in the case. If the flatterer is discovered, it falls to his share; if he be not, to her's whom he deludes. We have no very great respect for those who stoop to every prize. A picture is often so drawn

that its eyes are fixed on those of every one who looks at it; the lady whose eyes, like the picture, are turned to all, is as heartless as the picture.

"Some looks there are so holy,  
They seem but given, they seem but given,  
As shining banners solely  
To light to heaven, to light to heaven;  
While some—Oh! ne'er believe them—  
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,  
Would lead us (God forgive them!)  
The other way, the other way."

"Innocent flirtations," we fear, often lead "the other way." They seem, indeed, but too commonly a return to the old Egyptian mode of worship, when divine honours were paid to asses. There is a great mistake in supposing that the influence of women is extended in this way; every "innocent flirtation" that is indulged in has a tendency to deteriorate the feminine character. Lord Byron, no mean judge of female character, no inexperienced hand in female wiles, thus writes of these innocent flirtations:—

"Your cold coquette, who can't say 'No,'  
And won't say 'Yes,' and keeps you on-and-offing  
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow—  
Then sees your heart week'd, with an inward scolding.  
This works a world of sentimental woe,  
And sends new Wretches yearly to their coffin;  
But yet, is merely innocent flirtation—  
Not quite adultery, but adultery."

Sentimental Wretches are not quite so common as they have been, but cold coquettes, we fear, will have a longer reign—the longer, because of the "adulteration" which every "innocent flirtation" effects on the female mind. If the suicidal Wretches were very common, we should have had the analytical coroner, Mr. Wakley, examining into these "adulterations," as he has done into the pepper, coffee, and other abominations. But men are flirtation-proof, now-a-days; they pretty well understand the value of a coquette, and, instead of cutting their throats, "cut their sticks."

## THE FATHERLAND.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?  
Is it where he by chance is born?  
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn  
In such scant borders to be spanned?  
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be—  
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,  
Where God is God and man is man?  
Doth he not claim a broader span  
For the soul's love of home than this?  
Oh, yes! his fatherland must be—  
As the blue heaven, wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear  
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyve,  
Where'er a human spirit strives  
After a life more true and fair,  
There is the true man's birth-place grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,  
Where'er one man may help another—  
Thank God for such a birthright, brother—  
That spot of earth is thine and mine!  
There is the true man's birth-place grand,  
His is a world-wide fatherland!

## DON'T BET.

AMASA MAY was cured of betting! How? Keep quiet, and I'll tell you. Not a thousand miles from Jamaica Plain lived Lem Seaver, Bob Emmons, and Amasa May. Lem was fond of shooting—could shoot well, and was rather proud of it. It happened on a bright October day that he had been hunting the cover on the Newton side of the pond, and came out by the old barn where Bob Emmons was at work. After a little talk, Lem left his gun and fixings standing outside, and went into the barn to look at the cattle, and finally passed through to get a draft of cider at the house. While he was gone, Bob, who was always at the bottom of all the mischief done in the vicinity, dropped an extra charge of shot into each barrel of the gun, and stood by waiting for fun. Presently Amasa came up the road with a new hat on; the half-formed plan that floated in the brain of Bob was instantly completed and put into action, as follows:—

Hailing Amasa—"Come, quick," says he, "let's have some fun with Lem. We'll draw out his shot, and bet he can't hit your hat."

"Capital good idea!" replied Amasa. "Lem thinks he can shoot; we'll open his eyes! hey!"

Bob carefully drew out all the shot he had just put in, and put the gun back where he found it. Just then Lem came back.

"Hallo, Lem!" says Amasa, "what are you totting that gun about for?"

"Oh, it's a way I have," replied Lem; "sometimes I get a chance to shoot, and then I almost always hit."

"Bet you can't hit my hat—six rods," exclaimed Amasa—"bet an oyster supper for the boys to-night!"

"Done," says Lem, "set it up!"

Amasa put his hat on a post, and measured the six rods, almost bursting with suppressed laughter at the imaginary idea of Lem's looks when he should find that he couldn't hit a hat at six rods; Bob, also chuckling at the prospect of the success of his plan. And Lem, pleased with the idea of winning the bet. He brought the gun up to his face to fire.

"Double your bet, and give it both barrels," says Amasa.

"Aye! aye!" replied Lem; and he let drive, right and left.

Before the smoke rolled away, Amasa jumped forward, with a shout and a laugh, to show Lem that he couldn't hit a hat in broad daylight. But where was it? Bits of fur, here and there, and a miserable dilapidated wreath of a hat, that looked as if all the woodcocks in Norfolk county had shot their bills through it, was the sight to greet his eyes. The sudden and instantaneous change of his countenance told Bob who had lost the wager.

And that was the way Amasa was cured of betting.—*American Paper.*

## ONWARD!

**A NEW PATENT MATERIAL.**—The Earl of Dundonald has obtained a patent for "improvements" in sewers, drains, &c., and for making columns and vases. The substance patented is bitumen of various kinds, according to circumstances. The pipes are to be cast with one side flat. The patentee proposes to use it for concrete, also for foundations under water.

**IMPROVEMENT OF DWELLINGS.**—A society called The Windsor Royal Society for Encouraging and Providing better Domestic Accommodation for the Industrial Classes, has been set on foot at a meeting held lately in the Town Hall, Windsor. The society is to have a capital of £6,000 in 600 shares of £10 each, and will be under the patronage of her Majesty and Prince Albert. The Prince intends, as he cannot participate in any profits, to purchase shares to the amount of £200 and present them to the society.

**SUPPLEMENTAL CHARTER TO QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.**—The Birmingham papers announce that the Royal assent has been given to the supplemental charter to Queen's College, in that town. The new provisions enable the College to grant diplomas and confer the rank of Civil Engineers; and they improve the composition of the Council by adding to it certain members from some of the organised local bodies, such as the Architectural Society and the Law Society. This new midland institution is taking many of the forms proper to the age in which it grows.

**PROPOSED GREAT EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.**—The committee on the petition asking that Edward Riddle may be permitted to erect on Madison-square, New York, a building of iron and glass, 600 feet long and 200 wide, for an industrial exhibition of all nations, have reported favourably to the City board of aldermen, and a resolution, granting him the sole occupation of the square for two years, has been passed. The occupiers of the land are to enclose it with an iron fence, to cost not less than 6,000 dollars, and they all agree that the admission price to the enclosure shall at no time exceed fifty cents.

**"STEAM SUPERSEDED."**—The Swedish Chargé d'Affaires in North America, says the *Edinburgh Post*, has officially announced to his government that Captain Ericsson, the distinguished Swedish engineer, has at last succeeded in solving the problem of the calorific engine. He has already constructed two, the one of 100 horse power, and the other of 10. The large one is charged with air in 1 minute and 45 seconds, consumes scarcely any fuel, is proof against any possibility of accident, and requires only one man to attend it. The air is drawn in and expelled again deprived of its warmth, which remains in the "regenerator." The next time Captain Ericsson visits England, he intends doing so in a calorific steamer.

**THE PORTABLE GAS KITCHEN.**—This novel little invention is included amongst a number of other applications of gas heat, in the patent of Mr. Hoggitt, of 10, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, where it may be seen in daily operation. The radiant heat of the gas being taken from above, and the joints, poultry, chops, &c., placed below the burner, all contact with the vapour is avoided, whilst the ascending heat is used for frying, baking, boiling, &c. A single burner is quite sufficient for all these purposes, and this, at an expense of less than three farthings per hour. The viands thus prepared are effectively done in much less time than ordinary. The apparatus may likewise be converted into a stove for warming. It is certainly altogether an ingenious, complete, economical, and it may be added, a most cleanly affair, and not the least singular circumstance to us is, that such manifest advantages as those of cooking by the radiant heat of gas from above, should have been so long overlooked.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—In a month or two there will be an unbroken range of telegraphic communication from London to the Land's End. The wires have been completed on the Great Western Railway, from Paddington to Slough, and are being carried to the palace at Windsor. In another week they will be finished up to Reading, and some hundreds of men are now employed in running them on between Reading, Bristol, and Exeter, where they will unite with those already in existence between Exeter and Plymouth. In St. George's Hospital an electric telegraph has been laid down, for the purpose of communication between the medical officers, students, and attendants. It is also intended to establish the telegraph in connexion with this line over the whole of South Wales. Measures, it is said, are in progress, for establishing the submarine telegraphic cable, between Dublin and Holyhead. Mr. Jacob Brett has had an interview, it is reported, with the Lord-Lieutenant on the subject. The Glasgow Exchange Directors offered the Electric Telegraph Company 400l. per annum (or 300l. with accommodation for the Company in the Exchange-buildings, equal in value to 100l.) for intelligence, on condition that similar news should not be supplied to any other public subscription-room in Glasgow at less than 300l. per annum. The Telegraph Company were ready to accept of the sum of 400l. for their news, but they declined to accede to the other part of the arrangement. The directors next made an offer of 200l. per annum for the news, saving the Company unfettered as to others. This offer was also declined. Matters, however, were subsequently arranged, and the electric news will now be supplied to the Exchange. The *Boston Chronotype* has the following allusion to Morse and his telegraph:—

"The steady call of lightning (say the Fates),  
Is own'd in the United States:  
'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse:  
'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse."

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## ABSENTEES.

We yet retain  
Some small pretence; we justly boast  
At least superior jockeyship, and claim  
The honours of the turf as all our own.  
Go, then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,  
And show the shame ye might conceal at home  
In foreign eyes!—be groons, and win the plate,  
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown.—*Comper's Task*.

## ABSTINENCE.

His life is parallel'd  
E'en with the stroke and line of his great justice;  
He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself, which he spurs on his pow'r  
To qualify in others.—*Shakspeare's Measure for Measure*.

Yet in abstinence in things we must profess,  
Which nature fraud'd for need, not for excess.  
*Brown's Pastorals*.

## ACCIDENT.

If we consider accident,  
And how repugnant unto sense  
It pays desert with bad event,  
We shall disparage Providence.

*Sir William Dawncourt's Cruel Brother.*

As the unthought-on accident is guilty  
Of what we wildly do, so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies  
Of every wind that blows.—*Shakspeare's Winter's Tale*.

## ACCLAMATIONS.

It is a note  
Of upstart greatness to observe and watch  
For those poor trifles, which the noble mind  
Neglects and scorns.—*Johnson's Sardanapalus*.  
His speech was answered with a general noise  
Of acclamation; doubtless signs of joys  
Which soldiers uttered as they forward went,  
The sure forerunner of a fair event.—*Sir John Beaumont*.

## ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

She is of the best blood, yet betters it  
With all the graces of an excellent spirit:  
Mild as the infant rose, and innocent  
As when Heav'n lent her to us. Her mind as well  
As face, is yet a paradise untainted  
With blemishes, or the spreading weeds of vice.  
*Robert Baron's Mirza*.  
Accomplishments were native to her mind,  
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,  
And winning grace her every act refined,  
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell.—*Mrs. Hale*.

## ACCUSATION.

Give me good proofs of what you have alleged:  
'Tis not enough to say—in such a bush  
There lies a thief—in such a cave a beast;  
But you must show him to me ere I shoot,  
Else I may kill one of my straggling sheep:  
I'm fond of no man's person but his virtue.  
*Crown's First Part of Henry VI*.  
None have accused thee; 'tis thy conscience cries,  
The witness in the soul that never dies;  
Its accusation, like the moaning wind  
Of wintry midnight, moves thy startled mind.  
Oh! may it melt thy hardened heart, and bring  
From out thy frozen soul the life of spring.—*Mrs. Hale*.

## ACTION.

Away, then; work with boldness and with speed,  
On greatest actions greatest dangers feed.  
*Marlowe's Lust of Dominion*.  
For good and well must in our actions meet;  
Wicked is not much worse than indiscreet.—*Dr. Donne*.  
Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays;  
Who deserves well needs not another's praise.  
*Heath's Clarestella*.  
Of every noble action, the intent  
Is to give worth reward—vice punishment.  
*Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain*.





### ENIGMA.

Without me the world had never been  
Other than forest wild, or ocean green.  
I map the earth with lines all fair to see,  
Remove the mountain, and transplant the tree.  
Egypt's vast pyramids of me were born,  
Without me Greece were of her temples shorn.  
By me the palace rear'd which shelters kings;  
By me the cot wherein the loving maiden sings.  
By me the ship is steer'd across the sea,  
By me the battle fought triumphantly.  
By me the seed is sown, the harvest glean'd,  
And stubborn soil from barrenness redeem'd.  
With hands, without, my functions are fulfill'd,  
Wherever web is spun, or land is till'd.

Bird, and beast, fish, reptile, all devote  
Themselves to me, in town or clime remote.  
What am I, then? Surely, I'm known to you;  
Your friend—oldest, and best, and ever true.

### MENTAL RECREATIONS.

1.

To tell the Number a Person has fixed upon, without asking him any Questions.

The person having chosen any number in his mind from 1 to 15, bid him add 1 to it, and triple the amount. Then—

1. If it be an even number, let him take the half of it, and triple that half, but if it be an odd number, he must add 1 to it, and then halve it, and triple that half.

2. In like manner let him take the half of this number, if it be even, or the half of the next greater, if it be odd, and triple that half.

3. Again, bid him take the half of this last number if even, or of the next greater if odd, and the half of that half in the same way; and by observing at what steps he is obliged to add 1 in the halving, the following table will show the number thought on:—

1—0—0	4—8
2—0—0	13—5
3—0—0	3—11
1—2—0	2—10
1—3—0	8—0
1—2—3	6—14
2—3—0	1—9
0—0—0	15—7

Thus, if he be obliged to add 1 only at the first step or halving, either 4 or 8 was the number thought on; if there were a necessity to add 1, both at the first and second steps, either 2 or 10 was the number thought on, &c.

And, which of the two numbers is the true one may always be known from the last step of the operation; for if 1 must be added before the last half can

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SEVEN OF SPADES.—"A CAVALIER MANNER."

be taken, the number is in the second column, or otherwise in the first, as will appear from the following examples:—

Suppose the number chosen to be	9
To which if we add	1
The sum is	10
Then the triple of that number is	30
1. The half of which is	15
The triple of 15 is	45
2. And the half of that is	23
The triple of 23 is	69
3. The half of that is	35
And the half of that is	18*

From which it appears that it was necessary to add 1 both at the second and third steps or halvings; and therefore, by the table, the number thought on is either 1 or 9.

And as the last number was obliged to be augmented by 1 before the half could be taken, it follows also, by the above rule, that the number must be in the second column; and, consequently, it is 9. Again—

Suppose the number thought on be	6
To which if we add	1
The sum is	7
Then the triple of that number is	21
1. The half of which is	11
The triple of 11 is	33
2. And the half of that is	17
The triple of 17 is	51
3. The half of that is	26
And the half of that half is	13

From which it appears that it was necessary to add 1 at all the steps or halvings; 1, 2, 3, therefore, by the table, the number thought on is either 6 or 14.

And as the last number required no augmentation before its half could be taken, it follows also, by the above rule, that the number must be in the first column; and, consequently, it is six.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

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PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—FEAR.

#### ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

- |                      |                     |                      |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. THE LETTER I.     | 6. EVE.             | 11. CANNON.          |
| 2. MONSIEUR L'AMANT. | 7. VI.—IV.—J.       | 12. GOLD.            |
| 3. EYE.              | 8. ASPHALT.         | 13. THE SENSE.       |
| 4. THE DEVIL.        | 9. A BLACKBERRY.    | 14. A GAME OF WHIST. |
| 5. TO-B-A-COO.       | 10. VENETIAN BLIND. | 15. CONSCIENCE.      |

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

The California play-bills have the following:—"The galleries are reserved for respectable colored individuals, at half-a-dollar."

We see, daily, a great portion of the human race living in the world, thinking only of gratifying passion and vanity; their souls so laden with the weight of earth, that they cannot raise them to any spiritual object.

Mr. Addison once bet that he could make the worst pun that ever was made, and immediately went up to a man carrying a hare in his hand, and said to him, "Is that your hair or a wig?"

THE ALBANY KNICKERBOCKER says—"The weather has been 'all hot.' We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away she hung her kettle out of the window to get tea ready."

To jump from a railroad train while going thirty miles an hour, is bad for the hat. Some folks say it is bad for the head also, but that is not so - for people with heads are never such fools as to undertake the feat.

UNFORGIVING COWARDS.—Forgiveness is the most refined and generous point of virtue that human nature can attain to. Cowards have done good and kind actions; but a coward never forgave; it is not in his nature.

ONE of the worst things to fatten on is envy. In our opinion, it is as difficult for a grudging man to raise a double chin, as it is for a bankrupt to raise a loan. Plumpness comes not from roast beef, but from a good heart and a cheerful disposition.

BUONAPARTE'S house, at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn—the room he died in is a stable—and where the Imperial corpse lay in state, may be found a machine for grinding corn. Buonaparte often remarked, that, "from the sublime to the ridiculous there was but a step."

DR. HUTCHINGS, who collected above £3,000 for repairing a church in Derby, was so indefatigable, that once, when "the waits" fiddled at his door for a Christmas-box, he invited them to enter his house, treated them to ale, and over-persuaded them to subscribe a guinea.

PEOPLE seek for what they call wit, on all subjects and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—Pope.

As there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and fops, so it is harder to make a man wise, than to make him honest; for the will is only to be reclaimed in one, but the understanding is to be informed in the other.—Dryden.

A FELLOW applied to an optician in Fleet Street for a pair of spectacles, and after having tried several, said he could not read with them. "Could you ever read?" inquired the optician. "No," said the fellow; "if I could, you think me so great an ass as to wish to wear glasses!"

A GENTLEMAN, while attending an examination of a school, where every question was answered with the greatest promptness, put some questions to the pupils which were not exactly the same as found in the book. After numerous ready answers to their teacher on the subject of geography, he asked one of the pupils where Turkey was. She answered, rather hesitatingly, "In the yard, with the other poultry."

A LITTLE boy, nine or ten years of age, was called as a witness at a late trial at Cambridge. After the oath was administered, the chief-justice, with a view of ascertaining whether the boy was sensible of the nature and importance of an oath, addressed him:—"Little boy, do you know what you have been doing?" "Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I have been keeping pigs for Mr. Bannard."

SENSIBLE LADIES.—The young ladies of Drameriscotte, in the State of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting, we find the following:—"That we will receive the attentions of no 'so-styled' young gentlemen, who has not learned some business or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood. For it is apprehended that after the bird is caught, it may starve in the cage. That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured his wife will come to want, and his children will go barefoot."

"FRENCH SPOKEN HERE."—It is said that a country tradesman took back with him, on his return from an Exhibition trip, a card, bearing the words "Ici on parle Française," which he duly displayed in his shop window, after the fashion of his metropolitan brethren. A wag, having wagered on the success of his movement, entered the shop one day, and requested that he might be permitted to inspect the "Ici on parle Française," when the good man blandly informed him, that "for the great demand for them in London he had not been able to get a parcel down, but expected some fine ones in a few days."

INDEPENDENT VOTING.—"Make way for a hinddependent voter," said a man at a recent election in New Orleans. "Why, my good man," said the clerk, "it's not an hour since you deposited your vote at this very poll." "I know it, I know it," says the independent voter, "but that 'ere was the dimmoeratic ticket; this 'ere is the whig." "But if you strive to vote twice I shall have you arrested." "You will, will you?" shouted the son of the sovereign people; "then I says if I'm denied the right of voting for the whigs, after gain' the whole ticket for the dimmoerates, there aint no universal suffrage, that's all. It's a darned one-sided business, take it all round."—New Orleans Delta.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

DON'T BE IN A HURRY!—No, reader, don't be in a hurry! A fortune was never made in a hurry; reputation was never gained in a hurry; a battle was never won in a hurry! They were all accomplished by going to work systematically, but coolly. Work diligently, but don't get excited. True, some men have rashly blundered into wealth and notoriety, but they have also blundered out of them as unceremoniously. We would not have a man pass through the world at a snail's pace,—that would be incompatible with this lightning age; but we would see him "make haste slowly," be his pursuit what it may. Fire at game on the wing, or without taking deliberate aim, and, ten chances to one, you miss it. Some men are always in a hurry, and never accomplish anything. They never pass time to attend to political, social, or religious duties. They pass through the world in a hurry, and die—and are forgotten in a hurry.

AGREEABLE MANNERS.—The true art of being agreeable, is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them, than to bring entertainment to them. A man thus disposed, perhaps, may have not much learning, nor any wit; but if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behaviour, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence, where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then, you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him; this disposition is not merely the gift of nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.—Spectator.

A TIGER FRIGHTENED BY A MOUSE.—Captain Basil Hall, in his *Fragment of Voyages and Travels*, gives the following anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta:—"But what annoyed him far more than our poking him up with a stick, or tantalising him with skins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider, than this magnificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. Our mischievous plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into a corner, and stood trembling and roaring in such an ecstasy of fear that we were always obliged to desist, in pity to the poor brute. Sometimes we insisted on his passing over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, we could not get him to move; till at length, I believe by the help of a quib, we obliged him to start; but, instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or of making a *déroué* to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage."

## THE TRUE OBJECT OF WEALTH.

WHAT is success to the merchant? We can readily say what it is not.

1. It is not merely to accumulate a fixed sum, as the ultimatum of his wishes.
2. It is not to gain the control of the market.
3. It is not to hold the rod of power over banking and other corporations, and a host of clerks, sub-clerks, and other subordinates.
4. It is not to lay up immense wealth to leave to thankless heirs.
5. It is not to ride—like Whittington, Lord Mayor of London—in a magnificent coach, with servants in livery, before and behind.
6. It is not to live in a noble mansion, furnished according to the expensive taste of the most fashionable upholsterer.
7. It is not to hoard gold to gloat over with insane idolatry, as a thing too good to use.
8. It is not to accumulate and to hold on to a vast amount of property with selfish enjoyment, with an iron grasp which death alone can relax, and then to bequeath it to benevolent and religious purposes.
9. It is not to become a slave to carking care, at the expense of body and mind, heart and soul—wearing out the body, starving the mind, palsyng the heart, and ruining the soul.

1. Mercantile success does, to be sure, involve the fact of gaining money—hundreds or thousands of pounds.
2. It is a glorious instrument of power, when used to promote the welfare of dependent hundreds of beings.
3. Success secures the approbation of the world; for, as the wise man says, "men will praise thee when thou doest well for thyself."
4. Success enables the merchant to possess all the means and appliances for his own comfort and that of his family.
5. It gives him the opportunity to gratify his taste,—whether it be for books, pictures, statues, or houses—flowers, music, gardening, farming; and happy is it for him, if he possess taste to be gratified.
6. Success accures to him the blessedness of giving—the sweet indulgence of alleviating human suffering.
7. It furnishes him with the means of encouraging and promoting art, science, literature, morality, and religion.
8. It secures rest from turmoil and anxiety at the close of life, and leisure to look forward into eternity.

**YOUR NATIVITY, WITH A COR-**  
rect Judgment relating to the various Events  
of Life—Marriage, with a Description of your Future Pros-  
perity. Send the Name of Birth, state male or female, and  
enclose One Shilling & a Stamp, addressed to J. HAZEL, Esq.,  
care of Mr. Hatchings, High Street, Dudley.

**VENTILATING BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
This new and valuable discovery gives instant ease and  
comfort to the wearer, prevents corns from throbbing, the  
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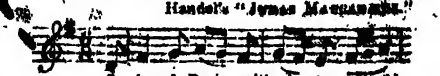
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the public that he could read anything which he called a  
book, but intimated that there were things in that shape  
which he could not allow to be such. "In this catalogue,"  
says he, "of books which are no books—bills of lading—  
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Draught-boards bound and lettered on the back, Scientific  
Treatises, Almanacks, Statutes at large, the works of  
Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Boissier, Soame Jenyns, and  
generally all those volumes which no gentleman's library  
should be without." With these exceptions, I can read  
almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic,  
so unexceeding.

Had the essayist lived to the present day, when the  
printing-press sends forth library after library, until their  
very names are legion, he would have found it necessary  
to modify his self-congratulation, and to chronicle a few  
additional exceptions. It is a known fact, that more than  
half of the books now published which escape the trunk-  
maker and the butterman are never read at all; for the  
greater portion of that large section of the community who  
do read books, are too overworked to have much leisure  
for reading recreation beyond that bestowed on the  
Englishman's necessity—his newspaper; and of the little  
time that remains, it is idle to expect that it should be spent  
in poring over treatises on popular sciences, still less on  
histories, dreary voyages and travels, or dry standard au-  
thors—in short, those books which, as Charles Lamb says,  
"no gentleman's library should be without."

If we are to believe the Chancellor of the Exchequer,  
who recently described to a gaping audience at the Halifax  
Mechanics' Institute the contents of one of the railway-  
book-stalls that engaged his attention, even those great  
patrons of cheap literature, the railway travellers, are but  
indifferently catered for—for the Chancellor seems to have  
stumbled upon a volume of Thucydides and a Treatise on  
Logarithms, side by side with shilling Novels, of the usual  
soporific character.

It is true, that Dr. Johnson, on his Tour to the Hebrides,  
bought a "Cocker's Arithmetic" to beguile the tedium of the  
journey, and when Boswell expressed surprise at his  
choice, the sage silenced him with the ready reply: "Why,  
sir, if you are to have but one book with you upon a  
journey, it should be a book of science. When you have  
read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it  
can do no more for you, but a book of science is inex-  
haustible." In the belief, however, that most people are  
not Dr. Johnsons, and that they require a somewhat lighter  
literary fare to suit their mental digestion, it is proposed  
to publish, at the lowest possible price, a series of  
**READABLE BOOKS**, the distinguishing features of  
which will be a certain vivacity of style or subject, suitable  
alike to the family circle, and the solitary student—to the  
idler suffering from ennui, and the man weary with work,  
to the sedentary stayer at home, and the more respectable  
traveller on river, road, and rail.

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HENRY VISELLE, Gough Square, Fleet Street.





## Editor's Note-Book.

**RESPECT DUE TO WIVES.**—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has any sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride, and she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not upbraid your wife in the presence of a third person; the sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknowledging her fault. Do not entertain your wife with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

**FOLK-SCIENCE.** X. X.—This is an epithet denoting or comprehending many arts.

**WINDOW.** Curiosity.—There seems to be little doubt that the original meaning of this word was, like the Welsh term *wynt dor*, a passage for the wind. In fact, it is still provincially denominated *window* in Lancashire.

**TO MAKE EAU DE COLOGNE.** Martha E.—Take half an ounce of oil of sweet marjoram, half an ounce of oil of thyme, half an ounce of essence of violets, half an ounce of essence of carnations, six drops of oil of cinnamon. Mix all these articles together in a clean bottle, shake it well, and cork tightly. It improves by keeping.

**SILK-WORMS.** Y.—The silk-worm originated in the southern part of the Chinese empire, where written documents are said to exist, proving that those insects were raised there 2700 years before the Christian era. From thence they passed into Persia, India, and various parts of Asia, and subsequently to the Isle of Cos. In the sixth century, they appear to have arrived at Constantinople, where the Emperor Justinian made them an object of utility, and they were successively cultivated in Greece, Asia, Spain, Italy, and France.

**SODA-WATER.** Thomas H.—The so-called soda-water usually sold in London, contains but little or any soda, being nothing more than common water mechanically saturated with fixed air, which on being disengaged and rarefied in the stomach, so distends the organ as to interrupt or diminish the action of the digestive powers. When prepared in the best manner, soda-water contains a small quantity of carbonate of soda, which has a tendency to correct acidity in the stomach.

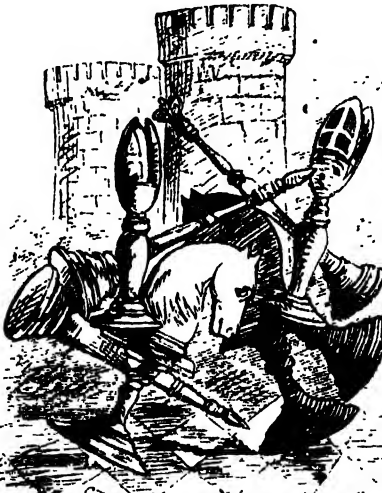
**FUEL.** C. L.—The most ancient fuel was undoubtedly wood. It appears that most countries before they were peopled, were, in a great part, covered with forests, as we see in America at present. In ancient times, wood was universally used in England for fuel, as it is still on a great part of the continent of Europe. The destruction of our forests by various causes, began to be felt as a serious evil about three centuries ago, when, fortunately, the introduction of coal more than compensated for their loss.

**CHESS.** Old Father Chaucer, so wise in other respects, must surely have forgotten himself, when he wrote—

"How of late this other night,  
Upon my bed I sat upright,  
And bade one reach me a booke,  
A romance, and it was to be  
To rede, and drive the night away;  
For methought it better play,  
Than either at chess or tables,  
And in this booke were written fables."

Why what book of idle stories could offer so many interesting materials of thought, as a well-fought battle of chess, where every inch of ground is contested with untiring valour, and the victor achieves, after a hard struggle, a bloodless triumph? But in answer to several inquiries of our correspondents respecting this noble game—the delight of our ancestors for centuries past—we would refer them to the chess games and problems, edited by the celebrated Herr Harwitz, and published in the *Family Friend*, a fortnightly magazine. As an instance of the extraordinary talent of this gentleman, we may quote an account of his blindfold playing in Manchester, abstracted from the *Manchester Guardian*.—The match came off in the new library-room of the Athenæum. Mr. Charles A. Du Val presided, and before commencing, announced the mode of play. Herr Harwitz sat on a platform at one end of the long room, with a small

table before him, at such a distance that he could not possibly see the boards. At the end of the room were the two boards for his four opponents. Board No. 1 being close to the chairman's right, and Board No. 2 to his left. Mr. Duval said that Mr. Harwitz would move first in each game, and would himself announce his moves, first on Board No. 1, and next (immediately afterwards), on Board No. 2. He (the chairman) would, in like manner, announce the moves of Herr Harwitz's opponents. About forty gentlemen were present, most of whom repeated the moves on chess-boards before them. The strictest silence was enjoined, and the scene was a singular one. Forty gentlemen chiefly engaged in moving pieces from time to time on the boards before them, trying alternatives, and studying every move with the most intense interest; while far removed from noise and boards, at Herr Harwitz, who is of small stature, his head resting on his hand, smoking a cigar, his eyes shut, or looking on vacancy; in which, instead of Macbeth's air-drawn dagger, he saw distinctly—but "with his mind's eye, Horatio"—two imaginary chess-boards, with their 128 squares, 16 pieces, and 16 pawns, and all the peculiarities which every move produced in the relative positions of himself, and his four adversaries. It will be seen from what we have stated, that both games were played simultaneously, and the "spectators of the fight" usually had two boards before them, on which to copy the moves. On Board No. 1, at the 22nd move, Herr Harwitz announced "Checkmate in four moves," and almost immediately afterwards asked, "May I retract this move? I can do it in three moves." His opponents at once admitted that he could, and resigned at 10.10 p.m., the game having occupied two hours and a quarter. Herr Harwitz's victory on this Board was rewarded with a hearty round of plaudits. The game on Board No. 2 was protracted till a quarter to one on Sunday morning, and the Manchester players ultimately succeeded in making it a drawn game. The result was deemed a success for Herr Harwitz, and he was again loudly applauded at the close of the



"CHESS TOURNAMENT."

**FRENCH POLISH FOR ROOTS AND SHORS.** W. B.—Mix together two pints of the best vinegar and one pint of soft-water; stir into it a quarter of a pound of glue, broken up, half a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of an ounce of finely powdered indigo, a quarter of an ounce of the best soft soap, and a quarter of an ounce of singlass. Put the mixture over the fire, and let it boil for ten minutes, or more. Then strain the liquid, and bottle and cork it. When cold, it is fit for use. The polish should be applied with a clean sponge.

**ROSARY OF HENRY VIII.** B. G.—We believe that this curious relic is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. Upon the four sides of each bead are four circles, within which are carved groups; each taken from a different chapter of the Bible. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty of the workmanship of this rosary. Every figure is perfect, in consequence of the extreme minuteness of their size; and the whole is from the design of that great master, Holbein, who has painted Henry in these identical beads.

**NERVES.** W. W.—Among the general mass of nerves, there exist a certain number, each distinct in the office it performs, and each adapted to a curious and beautiful apparatus. These are the nerves connected with the organs of the senses, consisting of sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch. Each of these nerves produces on the brain a peculiar sensation, obtained through the medium of the mechanical apparatus to which it is attached. But neither of the nerves of the senses can perform the duty of any other of them.

**TINCTURE FOR THE TEETH.** M.—Take of Florentine iris root eight ounces, bruised eleven ounces, ambergris one scruple. Bruise the root, and put the whole ingredients into a glass bottle, with a quart of rectified spirits of wine. Cork close, and agitate it once a day for a fortnight, keeping it in a warm place. About a tea-spoonful is sufficient at a time; in this a soft tooth-brush should be dipped, and then worked into a lather,

in the teeth and gums. It cleanses the teeth, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Apply the tincture to the mouth, and before retiring to rest.

**OPTICAL RAT-TRAP.** M. C. N.—The invention alluded to by our correspondent was by Mr. Stevens, an American. In this trap, a mirror is so arranged that the rat which looks at the bait, shall see his own image reflected in such a position as will lead him to believe that a second rat is trying to get before him in seizing the bait; and when the first rat has been caught, his image will be reflected by a mirror, so that the next rat who shall look at the bait shall see two rats apparently striving to seize it, thus deceiving him upon the turning-table, which yields to his weight, and precipitates him into the body of the trap.

**TO EXTRACT GREASE-SPOTS FROM BOOKS OR PAPER.** M. B.—Gently warm the greased or spotted part of the book or paper, and then press upon it pieces of blotting-paper, one after another, so as to absorb as much of the grease as possible. Have ready some fine clear essential oil of turpentine heated almost to a boiling state, warm the greased leaf a little, and then, with a soft, clean brush, wet with the heated turpentine both sides of the spotted part. By repeating this application, the grease will be extracted. Lastly, with another brush, dipped in rectified spirits of wine, go over the place, and the grease will no longer appear, neither will the paper be discoloured.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—R. Bowden (our correspondent has chosen too melancholy a subject for his muse).—L. Z. (we do not pretend to offer medical advice).—ROMER (apply to a bookseller).—J. O. (declined with thanks).—J. HUSTON (the verses are good, but not suited to our pages). Poetry, like every other branch of literature, should have some purpose. Lines, expressive of mere personal feeling, can have no interest for the multitude).—CONSTANTINUS MAXIMUS (apply to a hairdresser; the information required does not come within our province).—H. B. A. (order from any bookseller "Directions for Making a Will").—FREDERICKA (apply to a music publisher).—J. CHIEF (our correspondent must be mistaken. India-rubber has not, we believe, been applied to the purpose he mentions).—W. ARKINS (the subject is of too painful and recent occurrence to please our readers).—G. B. C. C. (we do not know the person referred to by our correspondent).—EXQUIRER (Gog and Magog are the names of two warriors mentioned in Scripture).—MARIA (to take out wax, hold a very hot iron over, but not on, the spot until the wax melts. Then scrape it off. Lay a sheet of clean blotting-paper over the place, and press it with a cooler iron, until the wax has disappeared).—C. M. W. (almond soap is recommended).—R. P. (we shall be glad to receive the papers).—MIAMI (thanks).—CONSTANTINUS SUBSCRIBER (an act of courtesy is always good manners).—A. MOULT (the rules alluded to have been established by custom).—G. KEESTON (declined with thanks).—E. OVENUS (we hope our fair correspondent will reflect before committing such rash resolutions to print).—M. S. (*crescendo* is an Italian word, signifying increase of the volume of sound from soft to loud).—MEXA (singlass glue may be made by dissolving beaten singlass in water by boiling, and having strained it through a coarse linen cloth, evaporating it again to such a consistence, that, being cold, the glue will be perfectly hard and dry).—MASON (corns may be avoided by wearing easy shoes; frequently bathing the feet in lukewarm water, with a little salt or potash dissolved in it).—P. (Grease may be extracted from leather by applying the white of an egg, and then drying it in the sun).—F. M. S. (should send his address).—M. COLAM (the arrangements will depend upon the agreement made at the time of apprenticeship).—A BOOKSELLER (many thanks for the suggestions so kindly offered to our notice).—J. F. H. (an excellent work on Chess has lately been published by Mr. Rohn, in his Standard Series).—A. G. E. (thanks).—T. H. COLLINS (thanks).—B. H. (we cannot entertain the proposition for obvious reasons).—EXTRA (the Mutiny of the Bounty occurred on the 28th of April, 1789).—MASTERS (many thanks, but the suggestion offered will not suit our pages).—INGENIOSA (Pythagoras was the inventor of the Multiplication Table).—M. (The popular stories of the great value of Queen Anne's farthings are fabulous, although some few of particular dates have been purchased by mistaken persons at high prices).



# HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 18.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE PLEASURES OF READING.

Sour follow pleasure in the chase  
Others in building towers;  
I show in the smile of beauty's face  
And those in tinted flowers  
But give to me a pleasant book,  
That a fit for mental food,  
I seek earthly joys I'll calmly brook  
For undisturbed reading

I envy not the man of wealth,  
The titled or the rover  
Who wields the vital lamp of health  
And this I they live in clover  
I come in some sequestered grove  
From vanity receding  
With one inspiring volume—  
I'll slace find in reading

The classic page of these all vie  
Or with of ancient story  
With turret honey all my life  
And raise my soul to glory  
I tell the gains of Rome and Greece—  
And every age success in  
Prize most than any Golden fleece  
The sweet delight of reading

Like bee I range the fragrant  
Its nectared sweets I'll gather  
And find a balm for all my ills  
A recipe for sorrow

The worthies of the olden time  
Heroes and sages bleeding  
I'mbalm'd in the page sublimed  
Rueful in while reading

Poet and traveller and sage  
Deep prophet saint and divil  
With richer pictures fill the page  
Than fill the vale of Clwyd  
I glance my thoughts from that to this  
No other pasture needing  
Books are the pastures of the bl  
When truth is sought in reading

The soul by reading grows more  
Though tinge of melancholy  
May cast a shadow on the mind  
Is not the shade of folly  
In glances of the future  
Which I find in gleams  
And when I lay the volume down  
Prize myself my reading

I tell the gains of Rome and Greece—  
And every age success in  
Prize most than any Golden fleece  
The sweet delight of reading  
I tell the gains of Rome and Greece—  
And every age success in  
Prize most than any Golden fleece  
The sweet delight of reading

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

It was not surprising that the attention of the stranger had been attracted by the appearance of this young lady for, like the little Jessy, she was endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions. Yet it must be admitted that the styles of their beauty were of an exactly opposite cast. One of those singular freaks of nature which sometimes creates children of the same parents in the most dissimilar mould, seemed to have operated in their case to produce two sisters as unlike in every particular relating to outward appearance as possible.

While the young countenance of Jessy was of the tenderest and softest Madonnen cast, her sister's face was precisely the opposite. Lucy's complexion, indeed, was of the darkest hue ever seen in maidens of English birth, yet mingled withal by so rich a shade of colour, that for many it might have possessed a greater charm than the fairness of a blonde. Her countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate, and the quick black eye, with its beautifully pencilled brow seemed to preface the arch remark to which the rosy and half-smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

"We have ridden far," said the younger stranger, breaking the silence which ensued when they had taken seats, and turning his eye again on Lucy as though he hoped to elicit a reply to his remark.

He was not disappointed. "May I ask," said she, "what distance you have come?"

"We left Massachusetts a couple of days ago," he replied, "and have been at hard riding ever since."

"You spoke of business, gentlemen," remarked the Governor, rather impatiently; "will you be so good as to proceed with the object of your visit?"

"I address Governor H, I presume, sir?" said the ill-looking stranger, speaking for the first time.

He signified assent.

"Our business is official and private," continued the speaker, in a voice harsh and unpleasant, looking around uneasily at the spectators.

"All affairs with me are conducted in the presence of my family," said the Governor, dryly.

"It is imperative, sir, that we see you alone," urged the other, in a dictatorial tone.

"Will you look whether there is a good fire in your little sanctum," said her uncle to Lucy, giving her at the same time a significant glance, and having referred in his remark to a small room adjoining, where Lucy not unfrequently resided, surrounded by numbers of the village children—with

whom she was a general favourite—to dress their dolls, cover their dolls, and perform other similar acts. Here, too, she retired for the purpose of reading, writing, and other occasions of privacy. More than all, it was the spot sacred to an hour's conversation with Mr. Elmore, apart from the rest of the family, during his visits.

The little Jessy anticipated Lucy just as she was rising, and opened the door leading to the room spoken of.

"The fire burns brightly, uncle," said the child.

"Will you walk in here with me, gentlemen?" said the Governor.

The two strangers rose and Governor H held the door until they had preceded him into the room. Going in last, he threw another expressive glance at Lucy, and followed them, leaving the door ajar.

Lucy, with the quickness of her character, read in her uncle's look that he wished her to overhear the conversation about to take place between himself and his visitors. Moving her chair, therefore, near the half-open door, while her lover was engaged in speaking with her aunt, and playing at the same time with the soft curls of the fair Jessy, who was leaning on his knee, she applied herself to listen.

"Your names first, gentlemen, you have not yet introduced yourselves," said her uncle's voice.

Mr. Dale, replied the pleasing tones of the young stranger who had spoken on their first entrance, "and Mr. Brooks."

"Be seated then, Messrs. Dale and Brooks," observed the Governor, and have the kindness to proceed in unfolding the nature of your errand."

"I am the bearer of these documents for you," said the harsh voice of him who had been introduced as Mr. Brooks.

Lucy here heard the rattling of paper as though the Governor were unfolding a letter. He proceeded to read aloud.—

"The bearers, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, having been empowered by his Majesty in the enclosed warrant, to seize the persons of the escaped regicides, Lisle and Heath, you are hereby desired, not only to permit said Brooks and Dale to make thorough search throughout your colony, but likewise to furnish them with every facility for that purpose; it being currently believed that the said regicides are secreted in New Haven."

*By Order of the Governor of the Massachusetts Colony.*

There was now a rattling as if occasioned by the unfolding of paper. The Governor continued—

"Whereas, Henry Lisle and William Heath, of the city of London, having been confined under charge of treason and rebellion, have made their escape, and whereas it is believed they have fled to our possessions in America, we do hereby authorize and appoint our true and loyal subjects, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, to make diligent search throughout all the New England colonies for the said traitors or rebels. Moreover, we do hereby command our subjects the governors and deputy governors of said colonies, to aid and abet, by all possible means, their capture and imprisonment, and we do hereby denounce as rebels any who may secret or harbour said Lisle and Heath, in the accomplishing of this our royal mandate."

Lucy heard her uncle clear his throat after he had ceased reading, and there was a moment's pause.

"It will be impossible," said he, at length, "Messrs. Brooks and Dale, for me to act officially in this matter, until I have convened the magistrates of the colony."

"I see no necessity for anything of the kind," said Mr. Brooks, in an irritated tone.

"Nevertheless, there exists a very great necessity," answered the Governor, decidedly, "so much so that, as I have said, it will be utterly out of the question for me to proceed independently in relation to the affair."

How soon then, can this convocation be summoned?"

"Not, certainly, before twenty-four hours from this time," replied the Governor, or perhaps a day later. You are aware that the meeting will have to take place in New Haven, which is twenty miles distant."

"We might easily proceed there at once, and reach the place in time to call a convention, and settle the affair to-night," urged Mr. Brooks.

"I am a slow man, and cannot bring myself to be in a hurry. One might make no possible difference, and to-morrow I will call a meeting of the magistrates."

Lucy here arose, and approached a door leading to the outer piazza. Her lover's eye followed her graceful figure with a feeling of pride as she crossed the room. She turned at the door, and seeking his eye as she closed it, gave him a signal to follow her.

In some surprise, he instantly obeyed.

"Henry," she said earnestly, and in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might chance to be near; "Henry, I have overheard what has passed between my uncle and his visitors. The latter are persons commissioned by

King Charles to apprehend the escaped prisoners who have taken refuge in New Haven. They wish to obtain authority for their arrest and re-imprisonment, as well as for making a stricter search throughout the colony, and will probably obtain this to-morrow. What do you think can be done in this emergency?"

"I scarce know what to say, dear Lucy," said he, as he took her hand involuntarily, and seemed to be reflecting deeply on her words.

"Could not you," resumed Lucy, "return at once to New Haven, and apprise the exiles of their danger?"

"Excellent! I will set out at once."

"I have thought of a plan of security for them likewise," continued Lucy, and she drew nearer, and whispered a word in his ear.

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed her lover, delightedly. "Why, Lucy, I believe you are inspired by the Almighty for the exigencies of this moment. But I must depart without delay."

"Yes," said Lucy, "there is not a moment to be lost; and I will contrive to detain the officers until you are too far on your way for them to overtake you, in case they should design proceeding to New Haven to-night."

He pressed her hand affectionately to his lips, and was gone.

Lucy returned into the room she had left, just at the moment that her uncle and the strangers re-entered.

"Your visitors, uncle, will probably remain and take some refreshment," said she, as she perceived they were about to depart, and giving him at the same time an arch look to second her invitation. "Tea will be ready in a short time, gentlemen," she added, fixing her eyes on the younger stranger with such a coquettish urgency as to make her appeal irresistible.

"Take seats, gentlemen," said the Governor, in a more cordial tone than he had yet assumed.

"I thank you," said Mr. Brooks, "but we will——"

"We will remain," interrupted Mr. Dale, giving a wink to his companion, and turning toward the fire.

Mr. Brooks had no alternative but to follow his example; and the Governor and his wife held him in conversation, while Lucy exerted all her powers of entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Dale. The little Jessy, more wearied than usual in consequence of her late adventure, fell asleep upon the couch, and did not awake until tea was over, and the visitors had departed.

True to his promise, early on the following morning Governor H. set out for New Haven, and convened the magistrates of the colony. After a short consultation, the determination was arrived at, that the exiled regicides not having violated any of the laws by which the community was governed, were not subject to arrest under their order. But to that part of the mandate authorising a search to be made, and prohibiting secretion of the offenders, they paid loyal respect, and the sanctity of every house was resigned and exposed to the inquisition of the officers. Their search, however, was unsuccessful, and they set out the next morning on their return to Massachusetts.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Which sloping hills around enclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,  
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers  
Its tide a far-famed river pours,  
By Nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculum of rural ease."—WATSON.

The gentle breath of spring-time was now stirring in L——. The trees had begun to blossom, the flowers to bud, and the tender grass to spring up beneath the tread. Birds were returning from exile, and fishes were re-peopleing the village rivulet. Nature, in short, was assuming her most attractive and becoming dress—that attire which many a worshipper has celebrated in songs, such as not the gaudiest birth night garb of any other queen has ever elicited. After these, it is not we who dare venture to become her laureate on the occasion referred to, when she outshone herself in that gentle season, in the balminess of her breath and the brightness of her sky, as well as in all those other particulars which are dependent upon these. Those who have lived the longest may recall every return of spring within their recollection, and select the fairest of the fair, but it will still refuse comparison with the spring of which we speak.

The pretty English custom of children celebrating the first of May, by an excursion into the country, had been preserved among the colonists. On that day, from every village and town a flock of these happy beings, dressed with uncommon attention, and provided with baskets, might be seen merrily departing on one of those pic-nic rambles. Every excursion of this kind was not merely an event in the future, but an epoch in the past. The recollection of each successive May-day, treasured up throughout the following year, never became so swallowed up in that which came after it, that it did not preserve in its own associations and incidents a separate place in the memory.

But an occurrence transpired on the May-day of which we are about to speak, for the little villagers of L—— calculated to fix it indelibly on their remembrance. The morning rose serene and clear as if a pleasure excursion had been intended. A large party of children set out from their homes on the day alluded to. This was composed, with very few exceptions and additions, of the same group which had been collected the previous winter about the frozen brook, on the day of the accident to the niece of the Governor.

The utmost harmony and good conduct prevailed among the youthful corps, which was directed by the sage and skilful Lucy Ellet, who, in order to preserve order on all festive occasions, lent the young people her decorous example, and the experience of her superior years. The young processions made a beautiful appearance as it wound along the verdant banks of the village rivulet, and was lost among the neighbouring hills.

The spot selected as the place of rendezvous was an unbragous wood in a green valley, surrounded by various rocky hills of considerable height, rising in some places one above another with great regularity, the highest apparently touching the horizon, and the progressive ascent seeming like a ladder of approach to the sky. The cavities and breaches of these hills were numerous, serving as excellent retreats for the children in their game of hide-and-seek, as well as for the retirement of separate groups apart from each other. This pleasant vicinity had, therefore, for years been the stated resort on May-day occasions; even in winter it was a sheltered and sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth, bringing forth all her wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their wealth of blossoms around it, and the thick branches interweaving their leaves to intercept the sun, it was a peculiarly appropriate place for the purpose in question. The situation had been first discovered, and its aptitude for the purpose which it served pointed out, by Lucy Ellet, ever interested, since she had emerged from her own childhood, in considering the happiness and pleasure of the little community.

On the day in question, it was therefore remarked as somewhat strange, that that young lady strove to exert her influence in prevailing on the party to turn another way, expending much eloquence in extolling the superior advantages of a spot of ground situated in an opposite direction. The former prejudice in favour of the other prevailed, and the assemblage repaired thither as usual. The morning was occupied in crowning and doing honour to the lovely little Jessy Ellet, who had been unanimously chosen, according to a custom prevalent, the Queen of the May. At noon, dinner was served upon the grass from the contents of the various baskets, and the afternoon passed in the customary sports.

It had been noticed by such of the children as were old enough to be in any wise observant, that Lucy Ellet, so far from busying herself as usual to devise rambles among the hills, and promote diversity of amusement, would have used her persuasions to detain the young people the whole day in the grove. Her amiable disposition, however, prevented her from employing positive authority in restraining their footsteps, and she had been obliged, however regretfully, to behold them wander abroad at their pleasure.

When the members of the scattered assemblage were re-collecting around her, late in the afternoon, previous to their return home, she anxiously scanned their several countenances as they appeared, as if to detect whether any individual had made an unusual or curious discovery. She seemed satisfied, at length, that this was not the case; and evinced extreme satisfaction when, a little before sunset, the party set out on their return to L——.

They had not proceeded far, however, ere it was discovered that the young May-queen was missing from the party. In great alarm, they retraced their steps, expecting to find her taken asleep under the trees where they had dined. But on arriving at the spot, she was nowhere to be seen. Her name was next loudly called, but there was no reply. Apprehension now seized every member of the young party, who dispersed in various directions in search of the lost child.

Frank Stanley, the youth who, it will be remembered, had once been her preserver from a watery grave, evinced especial uneasiness at her singular absence, and was, perhaps, her sister excepted, whose anxiety amounted almost to frenzy, the most active in his endeavours to discover her. Separating himself entirely from the rest, he climbed among the rocky hills, and searched in every nook and cavity, at the same time shouting her name until his voice was drowned in the surrounding echoes.

At length he had given up his search in despair, and was in the act of descending, when he heard a soft call from behind him. He turned, and on a higher hill than any of the young villagers had ever been known to climb, stretched out upon its side in calmness sleeping, lay the fair object of his search. On the rock above her, round which the dew of evening had gathered the thickest, he beheld standing, apparently to keep watch upon the child's slumbers, a full-grown female figure. He had scarcely time to note this, ere she had vanished from his view so suddenly and mysteriously, that he could hardly distinguish whether he had been subjected to a mere illusion of the senses, or whether he had actually seen the figure we have described. Yet he could not otherwise account for the voice he had heard, except by ascribing it to the same form, for the child was evidently in too deep a sleep to have uttered any sound. Doubtful what to believe in regard to this phantom-image, and in that perplexed state natural to one not willing to believe that his sight had deceived him, ere he yielded himself up to the joy of recovering Jessy Ellet, whom he loved with the depth and sentiment of more mature age, he hastily climbed to the spot where it had appeared. There was no trace, however, of the vision to be seen. It had melted again into that air from which it had seemed embodied. Immediately descending again, he lifted the slumbering child, whom he had found at last, and imprinting a kiss upon her face, proceeded to bear her down the hill.

On reaching the valley, he found the rest of the party collected in the grove, after an unsuccessful search, in great anxiety awaiting his return.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Night wanes—the vapours round the mountain curl  
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.  
Mau has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little but his last."—BYRON'S LARA.

THE adventure of young Stanley, recorded in the last chapter, made a strong impression on his mind. The more he reflected on what he had beheld, the more he became convinced that it was no mere conjuration of his fancy. Nothing, in his feelings at the moment, absorbed as they were with thoughts of the little truant he had been seeking, could have suggested to his imagi-



noticed the image which stood before him. That it was an embodiment of some kind he scarcely thought, though he could not believe either that it was human, when he remembered the sudden and mysterious manner of its disappearance.

Frank Stanley was by nature neither timorous nor credulous; but he would have been an actual prodigy, if, living in New England in the end of the seventeenth century, he had possessed a philosophy which did not exist there until much later. Those, therefore, who will recall to mind the superstitious feelings at that time prevalent among the early settlers, will not be surprised that our youthful hero should have closed his reflections with the conviction that he had beheld a supernatural visitant.

This idea became agony to the sensitive mind of the boy, whose heart had outstripped, in a great measure, his years, and was fixed with sentiments of strong attachment upon the little girl.

Thoughts of the kind described had disturbed Stanley's mind during the whole night succeeding his adventure, and caused him the first sleepless pillow he had ever known. He rose earlier than usual the next day. Feeling languid from want of his customary rest, he walked out to recover his freshness in the morning air. Even to those who, like Stanley, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. He bent his steps involuntarily toward the place of the previous day's innocent revel.

When Stanley had reached the borders of the grove in which the party had dined, he cast his eyes upward on the hills where he had climbed in search of Jessy Ellet. Curiously suggested to him to ascend again to the spot where he had beheld the strange apparition. He proceeded, therefore, to remount the hills, in hopes that he might again behold the shadowy spirit. When he arrived beneath the well-remembered rock, he raised his eyes, more in the expectation of being disappointed in the object of his search, than with any actual idea of meeting a return of his former vision.

It was consequently with the astonishment of one utterly unprepared, that he beheld, standing upon the rocky elevation, the same figure which had filled his waking dreams throughout the night. The sudden sight took from him, for the instant, both speech and motion. Internal and indefinite feelings restrained the youth from accosting her as he had thought to have done. These are easily explained, on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk at the last moment from an encounter with a being of a different nature.

As the boy gazed, spell-bound, he observed that this being was not alone. Ere long, however, he became aware that near her, in the middle of the rock, where the footing was more secure, stood another form. Fixing his bewildered gaze steadily upon this second object, in order to scan it as carefully as he had done the other, he became convinced that it was a familiar figure. For a moment his memory failed him, and he could not recall that round and coquettish form, with its garb of rich pink, nor that face, with its sparkling eyes of jet, and its raven braids. His doubt, however, lasted but for an instant. It was Lucy Ellet whom he beheld! She perceived his proximity before her companion; for, turning to the phantom form, she pointed to him just as he himself was about to speak. Ere his words were uttered, the misty figure had vanished from her side, and she remained upon the rock alone.

Awe-struck, the youth turned to depart. "Both the sisters, then," thought he, "are in league with this spirit-messenger of darkness. Alas! each so fair in their different styles, so idolized in the village, one of whom, too, I have treasured up the childish image in my heart, and mixed it with all my young dreams of the future!" He perceived, moreover, that such an association as he had witnessed with the emissaries of evil, might not only be a soil upon the virtue of Lucy and Jessy Ellet, but a lasting disgrace to their names, should the knowledge of it come to the ears of the pious community. Congratulating himself that he alone was privy to the unhappy circumstance, he was wending his way down the declivity, when his meditations were interrupted by the gay voice of Lucy Ellet behind him.

"Out on your vaunted politeness, Master Frank, to trudge down hill in front of a lady, and never turn to offer her your arm."

"Excuse me, Miss Lucy," replied Stanley, stopping, and much embarrassed, "methought you would not desire to be troubled with my company."

"I honour your delicacy, Frank," resumed Lucy, taking his arm, as they walked on. "You saw me but now in circumstances which you rightly judge I intended to be secret, and would not mortify me by forcing me to meet you just at the moment of my detection."

After an instant's pause, she continued. "I will let you into the secret, Frank, for there may one day be need to employ your services; and I am sure I may rely on your judgment and discretion not to divulge what I shall unfold. Your occasional assistance is the only return I demand for my confidence. You stranger lady is —"

"Hold, Miss Ellet; I cannot consent to obtain any knowledge of your secret under the condition that I am to become a party in the sinful affair. I will not unite in league with any daughter of the clouds, or spirit of darkness."

"Then you deem her whom you saw beside me on the rock one of those visionary beings you mention?" asked Lucy, looking at him steadily to learn if he was in earnest, and an arch smile curling on her mouth, and sparkling in her eyes, when she perceived he had spoken seriously.

"What else can I think of one who hath scarce the weight of a feather, is transparent as a cloud, and dissolves in a moment into air?"

Lucy Ellet here laughed outright. But instantly checking herself, and looking grave, she spoke in a mysterious tone. "I have, indeed, a strange association in your story, Lucy, of the mist. And you positively decline to introduce it to me?"

"I do not think then, wouldst thou seek to destroy others as well as

thyself, Miss Ellet. Is it through thine influence that thy sister has made acquaintance with the evil spirit?"

"Oh, thou fearest for her, dost thou?" said Lucy, mischievously, seizing the opportunity of turning the conversation. "Thou wouldst have her free herself from sin in order that she may be doing when thou art a man, eh, Frank? Nay, you need not blush, though you see I read your heart."

Stanley's thoughts were now completely diverted from the first topic of conversation; and talking on in different subjects, Lucy Ellet and himself entered the village.

(Continued on Page 200.)

## WORDS TO WORKMEN.

No sensible person of the working (or any other) classes will envy the higher ranks the enjoyment of luxuries—champagne and the like; things which the best men of all ages have been without, many by even premeditation, and are aware of the deleterious effects of stimulants, &c. Neither can we begrudge the higher ranks their exemption from toil and labour—an exemption only gratuitous and exceptional, for who eats his bread more in the sweat of his brow than the wealthy or noble sportsman?—the traveller for science or art's sake in distant climes?—the over-worked and sipping statesman and financier? Or shall we envy them their spacious dwellings, knowing that Goethe (though not poor) mostly lived in one room, in which there was no sofa, and reposed in a small iron-framed bedstead? Or shall we envy them the slakeness and tidiness of their occupation, which they often perform without "wetting their feet?" This preference also will, on closer examination, be found illusory, considering, for instance, the disreputable occupation of medical men, work so ominous, both physically and morally, that we will not dwell on it any further.

What working men may really envy the higher ranks for is, then, the quiet and orderly way in which they (mostly!) perform their work; the quiet and comfort, in fine, they enjoy after that work is done. Both, we say, are at the command of the working men of the present time, if they chose to think, to reflect, and to act judiciously and prudently—essential attributes, after all, of humanity; and any one, in fact, who does not possess them, places himself forcibly out of that pale he still wills or means to reach. First, then, every person ought really to possess that qualification (profession) he eventually professes to be capable of. Do you wish to obtain the reward (wages) of skilled men? Be such, and then the world will belong to the courageous. We do not speak of that dogged courage of the battle-field, but that energy of life and exertion to which, after all, we repeat, the world belongs. If you possess the external rewards of the higher ranks of society; take them at once—by acquiring the internal stamina and impulses. Act judiciously, prudently, and with skill, and you will surely be raised, because it is a curious observation, that men (mostly) soon cease to do that work they perfectly and eminently are able to perform, and rise to that which is above it. Of course, this has its limits, the centripetal force controls the expansive one, and wisely ordained it is.

But let us reflect on the quiet and comfort the higher classes enjoy in their leisure hours at home; and so can the thinking human-like workman. It is not the range of rooms we may occupy which makes man happy, but the comfort of that one or two he actually uses and dwells in. That regularity, tidiness, systematicity which a sensible man displays in his work, he mostly transfers and conveys home. Clever men of all ranks have done wonders also in this respect. When the chemist Scheele had become famous all over the world, and visitors were anxious to see his laboratory, where he had made such great discoveries, he led them to a few shelves and cupboards of his room, a few furnaces placed outside the windows, when and wherewith all these grand things had been accomplished—all orderly, all tending and arranged for one purpose and end. The dwellings of the industrious classes have, of late, become matter of states' attention in most parts of Europe. If working men will have respect for their places of abode, they will not hire any human-unworthy habitation. Surely architects and landlords will soon become aware and alive to that; and so also may be the internal arrangement of their dwellings—"the luxury of order, cleanliness, tidiness," &c. To conclude, the man who will prosper in life, must make himself capable of being prosperous.—Builder.

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—When the University of St. Andrews said her honours, a certain minister, who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable and more useful if he possessed what the Germans called the "doctor's hat," put fifteen pounds in his purse, and went to St. Andrews to purchase for himself a degree. His man-servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was formally admitted to his long-desired honour. On his return "the Doctor" sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows:—"Noo, Saunders, ye'll ay be sure to ca' me the Doctor; and gin nobody speers at ye about me, ye'll ay be sure to say the Doctor's in the study, or the Doctor's engaged, or the Doctor will see you in a crack!" "That a' depends," was the reply, "whether ye ca' me the Doctor tho." The Reverend Doctor started. "Ay, its just so," continued the other, "for when I fand that it cost sae little, I o'en got a diploma myself. Sae, ye'll jast be good enough to say, 'Doctor, put on some coal!' or, 'Doctor, bring the whisky and hot water;' and gin onybody speers about me, ye'll be sure to say, 'the Doctor's in the stable,' or 'the Doctor's in the garden,' or 'the Doctor's digging potatoes,' as it may be."—The nature of the ceremony is admirable. We commend it to those who love to receive and confer titles.

## THE PLAGUE OF BEGGARS.\*

SAY we not well, "the plague of beggars?" "Good lady," "Kind gentleman," whether on foot, on horseback, or in carriage—say we not well, "the plague of beggars?" What greater nuisance can be conceived than to have one's footsteps tracked, one's path beset, one's door besieged, by these ubiquitous masqueraders! We take a solitary walk, occupied by our own thoughts. At every crossing an impudent urchin trails a dirty broom before us, and would fain levy upon us a tax, which we resist, on the ground that the sweeping of streets and crossings ought not to be the work of beggars, but of honest labourers, fairly paid for work fairly done. In the short intervals we must encounter the whining interruption of the sturdy Irishman who is always starving, or of that wretched girl, who takes God's name in vain more times a-day than the most profane of profane swearers. Before our walk is half finished we have run the gauntlet of almost every form of pretended distress, and borne, as best we may, the fretting interruptions of every variety of ragged and dirty falsehood. We enter a pastry-cook's for a modest luncheon of biskuit or bun, a whole family of ragged vagabonds are watching every mouthful we eat; firm in our resolve not to encourage these things, but forced to witness with mingled sorrow and anger the misplaced liberality of men, unjust to labour, who have not like ourselves learned the true philosophy of mendicancy. We order out our carriage and go a-shopping. The footman cannot dismount before there is a beggar at the door, with a lying story of distress, or some false pretence of work for sale. Or, we are at home writing in our study; in comes a woman with a petition, and a man, who pretends to be a distressed member of one's own profession; and no sooner are these despatched with an accustomed negative, than that accursed hurdy-gurdy, imported for the express purpose of driving literary men mad, puts our teeth on edge, our amiable temper out of tune, and all our best and brightest thoughts to flight. This is a sad state of things; but there is no help for it. We are a beggar-loving and beggar-making people; and we must bear our just punishment. But we will not submit to our fate without a murmur and a protest. Perchance it may be our good fortune to gain a few converts to what we consider to be true humanity—an absolute repudiation of beggars; perhaps we may contribute something to the growth of that wholesome feeling which points to the encouragement of honest industry as the first duty of a good citizen, and indiscriminate alms-giving as a folly and a crime.

In this strong protest against mendicancy, we shall accomplish more than we anticipate if we obtain a few converts. We know that we are about to teach doctrines unpalatable to easy, good-natured, thoughtless people; and, unfortunately, that large class who suffer most by beggars (the honest labouring people of this country) are not to be reached by any arguments of ours. But the truth will ere long descend to them, after it shall have been received and acted on by the more educated and thoughtful classes. Here and there we perceive cheering indications of the dawning of a better era. Not long since we were gratified to see in the subscription list of a public charity the encouraging entry—"Rescued from the beggars!" It was the sum of half a sovereign saved from the gin-palace, to be expended in the hospital. We hope to see this good example extensively followed. A mere fraction of the money squandered in our streets in creating and sustaining a squalid army of mendicants, would suffice to support all the hospitals and dispensaries in the metropolis. What the sum thus wasted may be, we know not; but it is confidently estimated at one million two hundred thousand a year. Judging by the number of beggars, it cannot but be very considerable; and if the accounts we have of the jolly life these wretches lead, the costly food they contrive to purchase, and the money some few of them are known to save be true, it is not a few hundreds of thousands that will support them in their guilty effluence and filthy luxury. Those who know them best can bear witness, that they deny themselves nothing but that which too many of our well-paid labouring population forego without a murmur, while they squander their earnings on spirituous liquors and costly food—we mean tidy apparel, and the means of decency and cleanliness. Unhappily, the main difference between the two classes is, that the beggar has as good an excuse for rags as the actor has for his stage-dress—it is in harmony with the character he assumes; while the labouring man has no defence and no explanation to offer but a brutal and depraved taste. We are truly sorry that, in taking up the holy cause of labour against idleness, we are forced to admit, that in some of their habits the beggar and the labourer bear too close a resemblance to each other. Perhaps, if the matter were closely scrutinised, we should be found as guilty of encouraging the bad habits of the labourer, as we are of creating and fostering his idle and worthless competitor. The same blind ignorance which has substituted for the utmost encouragement of labour the treacherous practice of indiscriminate alms-giving, has distracted public attention from that great reform which would supply the labouring population with the means of decency and comfort, to endless discussions about the possible improvement of that plausible piece of palliative legislation—the English Poor-law, and that marvellous production of the wisdom of our ancestors, the principle (?) of local self-government.

At the present moment, when so much is being said about the burdens of compulsory taxation, we confess that it appears to us well worth while to look to this large voluntary tax levied in our streets, with a view to its curtailment. A few hundred thousands saved here would employ many a labourer, and not

starve a single beggar. There would be no great harm done if for every two visits to the gin-palace a honest man made but one, and were forced to substitute a "blooker" of meat, with its cheap accompaniment of bread and vegetables (a common meal with the honest workman), for poultry and ramp-steaks.

We have spoken of a philosophy of mendicancy—for sloth has its philosophy as well as labour—and begging is as amenable to theory as the production and distribution of wealth. The principle which governs and explains it is the universally operating principle of supply and demand. Superficial observers measure the poverty of a nation by the number of its beggars; and hasty travellers are eloquent on the unequal distribution of wealth, on the strength of the number of miserable objects they encounter in the streets. This is a great and dangerous fallacy, and must be corrected. Let us look a little beneath the surface, and scan the matter closely.

The first principle which we would enunciate is this:—Mendicancy, as a general rule, is not the effect, but the cause of poverty; and the poverty which it occasions is not felt by the beggars themselves, but among the industrious classes, who are robbed of employment by this unprincipled competition. We will explain ourselves by an extreme case. It is our habit in the middle of the day, wherever we may happen to be, to invest a penny in a biscuit or cake, to stay the cravings of hunger; and it has often occurred to us as we have consumed this product of industry—with a ragged professional or two bowing and curtsying at the door—whether we ought not rather to have forgone this modest meal in favour of the squalid objects outside. But whenever this impulse of good-nature has come across us, we have repelled it as a suggestion of the "father of lies," and the patron of beggars. We have called common sense and right feeling to our aid, and these have whispered conclusive arguments for that which, without such support, might have seemed an act of unprincipled self-indulgence. "Remember," they have seemed to say, "by what you are now doing you are supporting labour—the labour of the farmer, the miller, the planter, the sugar-refiner, the ship-owner, the merchant, sundry wholesale dealers, and the pastry-cook. That biscuit or cake is an embodiment, in minute quantities and proportions, of the labour of all these honest citizens. Those creatures at the door have repudiated labour, and have embraced—deliberately embraced—the trade of which idleness and falsehood are the staples. Eat, then, in peace, and with a quiet conscience. Eat, though a whole army of beggars were besieging the doors and windows. Better even to lay the foundation of a fit of indigestion, than to do the unchristian deed of supporting those who fly in the face of the solemn declaration of Scripture, which makes labour the condition of subsistence." "But, perhaps," good-nature is ready to suggest, "these creatures are in want?" Perhaps, indeed! But we need not pursue any further our imaginary colloquy. The result is, that our slender repast finished, we thread the little crowd of beggars with a quiet conscience, and a firm persuasion that we have rescued, for the nonce, a small coin of the realm from the pollution of the gin-palace. The same sort of reasoning applies to other cases. However harsh or unkind our refusal may appear to the individual, it is founded on a principle which it would be hard to gainsay, that it is our duty to help the honest labourer in preference to the dishonest idler. We are bound to discourage the profession of the mendicant to the utmost; for does it not stand to reason that money, in each several stage of its circulation, can only contribute to the support of one person? What is gained by the beggar is lost by the labourer; and though we cannot trace it through every stage of its circulation, we may be assured that there are those at the lowest round of the ladder of labour and trade who are reduced to want by its misapplication. It is a well-known fact that a larger proportion of the beggar's income is spent in the gin-palace, and in extravagant indulgence, than that of the labouring class in general; so that the money now given to beggars, if allowed to take what may be called its natural and proper course, would support a great number of persons in greater decency and comfort. It is in this way that mendicancy becomes the cause of poverty.

The next principle we would affirm is this:—Mendicancy is a compound consequence of meanness and good-nature; and not, as some would have it, a result and index of poverty. By good-nature, it is necessary to premise, we do not mean kindness, but that weakness of character which cannot stand the shock of a petition; that greatest of all misfortunes which displays itself in the inability to utter the important monosyllable No!

But England, though not cursed with the meanness of Ireland, is by no means free from that twin cause of mendicancy, good-nature. John Bull is remarkable for a profuse, reckless, and ostentatious expenditure. He is never satisfied unless he is spoiling people with douceurs, Christmas-boxes, and alms. The most express prohibition cannot keep him from his old practices, as the railway officials well know. Nay, he is so wedded to the vulgar habit, that he often pays the most inadequate wages, apparently for the express purpose of parading his presents of soup and ovals, warm blankets and flannel petticoats, and prizes of money and necessities, to labourers grown old in the service of hard taskmasters. Thus it happens that England's good nature and Ireland's meanness conspire to people this industrious and wealthy country with a swarm of beggars. The one creates, and the other contributes largely to supply the demand.

This brings us back to the leading principle of the philosophy of mendicancy. We affirm that the number of beggars in a country has little or nothing to do with its wealth or poverty, but with the demand which the habits of the nation create. A people that is habitually thoughtless and profuse, dropping pence into hands held out in the streets, and rewarding the most trifling services—always best repaid by courteous thanks—with vulgar coin, creates a demand for beggars which cannot fail of being supplied. So great is this demand in England, that our own domestic supply, with the cheerful and ready aid of Scotland and Ireland, are altogether unequal to the

\* This Essay was originally published in Fraser's Magazine for April 1848. It is reprinted with the permission of the proprietor of that Journal, and with the corrections of its author, in the hope of advancing the benevolent object with which it was written.

changelings of the market. We are obliged to send to Savoy, Bavaria, India, and even to China, for recruits. In spite of our hygienic fanatics about a redundant population, we do not hesitate to adopt a course of action which inevitably brings thousands and tens of thousands of worthless vagabonds into direct competition with our own honest and industrious labourers. Such another folly on so large a scale the whole world cannot parallel. No other nation, past or present, has shown so eager a desire to people its territory with the genus beggar.

For our own parts, we are firm believers in the economic doctrine of supply and demand, and we are confident of the justice of its application to this particular commodity. A nation which indulges in profuse and careless habits of expenditure, is as sure of a population of sycophants and beggars as a household of servants, a merchant of clerks, a shopkeeper of apprentices, an army of soldiers, or a legislature of senators. You may enact the most stringent laws, and spur the police into restless activity, but if the people create the demand, the supply will follow, and the beggar will defy all your precautions as the slave dealer does the blockade of the African coast. So well is the English character understood by those who live by its defects, that the beggar follows us even in our travels. We ourselves—we who should be ashamed of such a weakness now—had once an opportunity of verifying this statement in France. It happened that on two occasions, at the interval of about eighteen months, we travelled from Paris to Boulogne, and stopped for a few minutes at a village on the road of which we have now forgotten the name. An Englishwoman, in an agony of supplication, and with her cheeks wet with tears, rushed to the window of the diligence, and inquired whether there was any Englishman inside. We owned the soft impeachment, when with an earnestness of manner which would have done honour to an accomplished actress she stated that her husband, a week before had broken his leg, and was now lying dangerously ill in the village. Of course it was impossible to verify her statement, but we confess to our shame that we received it without hesitation and dropped into her hand a five-franc piece. At the same town eighteen months afterwards the same woman with the self same story appeared at the window with the old inquiry. We threw ourselves forward with a sudden impulse of surprise the trickstress recognised us and fled in confusion. If this woman was alive in 1848 we only hope that our dear neighbours under the wim impulse of their new doctrine of fraternity gave to this competitor with native idleness and fraud the same practical illustration of the meaning of the word which they exhibited to the railroad labourers and factory operatives when they expelled them from their dwellings at the point of the bayonet without allowing them to take their property or receive their arrears of wages.

We give this case, not merely as an illustration of our doctrine of supply and demand but as a proof of the artistic talent which mendicancy presumes into its service. In its rudest form this talent embodies itself in the picturesque arrangement of filthy rags, the display, in cold weather, of the bared shoulder or naked foot, and in some instances by a studied nakedness of attire. Its higher flights are the broken arm or leg, the eye struck with blindness, the epileptic fit. These are the practical implications of that rotund of leet. At home it is the beggar lying in posture the decayed professional man, the victim of the victim of shipwreck or fire. Or if we create a demand for it by home visitations of the poor it is still found equal to the occasion. The drunken wife of a policeman becomes a pious widow in distress, a perfect mistress of the cant phrases of any form of religious belief, and a miracle of pious resignation.

We have saved the trouble of illustrating the principles we have put forward by examples for scarcely a day passes that the police reports do not contain some instance of successful fraud, supplying the demand of which we have spoken, and if any good natured reader feel disposed to doubt the truth of the principle which we profess—that mendicancy is not the effect of poverty but simply the consequence of a demand created by thoughtless habits of expenditure—we beseech him or her to make diligent inquiries of those who have taken pains to examine carefully into the cases of street, house, and home legions, whether the cases of actual distress (if any such they have found) bear such a proportion to the instances of barefaced fraud as would justify any reasonable Christian man in bestowing money for their relief.

We know that there are many men and women, of very tender consciences and very susceptible feelings who believe it to be their duty to bestow alms upon miserable objects in the street, on the mere chance, slender as they admit it to be, that those objects may be in danger of starvation. We respect these feelings, but we have no sympathy with them. In the worst possible case, the chance of its being a deserving object, or a real object of charity, is too slender to justify the bestowing of alms, and surely, with a poor law framed to meet all cases of real distress, we are guilty of no cruelty when we refer the beggar to that national provision. In the absence of a poor law, however, we ourselves should still deny relief to every form of mendicancy with a quiet conscience, because we sincerely believe that real distress never wears this shape, but is to be found shrinking from the light of day in the misery to which we have condemned it by spending, in the creation of beggars and paupers, that money which, properly employed, is a part of the nation's labour fund.

But, while we denounce all giving to beggars as a folly and a crime, let us not be so far misunderstood as to be supposed to dissuade from alms giving. So far from undervaluing or discountenancing that Christian duty and privilege, we would enforce it with all the arguments of which we are master. But, in the name of common sense, let it be an alms giving worthy of reasonable beings—an alms giving which insists upon a thorough knowledge of its object, and which cannot act as a premium for the production, on a large scale, of the semblance of that which it aims at relieving. Let it insist upon guarantees—such as the personal knowledge, by some party

known to ourselves, of all the alleged circumstances, or the equally satisfactory safeguard of a state of things not admitting of being assumed or imputed—such as sickness duly tested within the walls of a hospital or dispensary, or, again, in the case of the able-bodied, work actually performed for money given.

If any reader, convinced by our arguments, determines to turn a deaf ear to mendicancy in all its forms, but shrinks from the thought of appropriating to self-indulgence the sums hitherto bestowed in what appeared to be charity, we would hold forth the example of the subscriber to a hospital already referred to, who reckoned up the small sums that had been before considered in this way, and presented them to the charity as "rescued from the beggars." Or, if he would prefer some preventive form of charity to this safety of all palliatives, let him aid the good work of building houses for the labouring class, in lieu of the staves in which they are now condemned to live, or become a subscriber to the ragged-schools, or promote, in some way or other, the great physical preventive—wholesome dwellings, or the great moral preventive—good schools. But as he is a Christian, taking his principles of action from the Word of God, but his modes of action from actual experience of things as they are, let him eschew all forms of indiscriminate alms giving; let him lend his help to clear the streets of beggars, and to drive into the workhouse all who will not labour, or are in any way disqualified from earning a living. If, contrary to our expectation, the burden of the poor-law should thus become intolerable, then let him listen to what we shall have hereafter to say upon that ingenious contrivance for creating paupers, and lend his help for the approaching destruction of that last remnant of Anglo-Saxon serfdom.

At present however, let us suppose the poor-law system to continue, and the workhouse to be ready to receive all whom our improved habits shall have thrown for the first time into distress. Is there, under these circumstances, good reason for believing that the poor-rates would be increased? We think not, and that for several reasons, some of which we will briefly specify.

In the first place, the mendicant population is one which lives recklessly from hand to mouth, very rarely saving money, and inhabiting, from choice rather than necessity, the worst parts of the worst districts of our towns. What honest men and women spend in more decent shelter and clothing, they squander in spirituous liquors, and other luxuries. Inhabiting, as they do, such fever factories as Church Lane St. Giles', and living there in squalor and overcrowding they are unusually liable to disease, and in their sickness have no resort but the workhouse. So that, in this way, they are as it is a heavy burden on the poor laws. In the second place, it is confidently asserted by well-informed persons that the average receipts of mendicant families are very much higher than those of a large proportion of the labouring class, so that the money now bestowed upon beggars would suffice to lodge, feed, clothe, and contribute to the rescue from the workhouse a greater number of industrious citizens. In the third place, it is notorious that beggars and thieves are in many cases, convertible terms. No one can be surprised that it should be so, for the man, woman, or child, whose life is a lie is not likely to observe the eighth commandment. Depend upon it that the poor law beggar is unconsciously the friend of thieves. The same vice which would strike at the root of mendicancy would render property more secure for the classes dangerous, which form the staple of mobs in times of public excitement, and practice every form of petty depredation in times of quiet, are the legitimate offspring of indiscriminate alms giving.

But we are prepared for the objection that, after all, no great harm is done by dropping pence into the streets, or otherwise contributing to the support of beggars, and that we have at least the satisfaction of thinking that we may have saved a human being or two from starvation. Upon both these points we are ready to join issue. We believe that in a thousand ways the possible harm is done by giving to beggars. The single coin we slip into the outstretched hand may be a mere trifle, but the aggregate expenditure in this way is a gigantic evil. Moreover, the real character of our alms is altered by the money value involved in it. The widow's mite given to a beggar instead of being dropped into God's treasury, or devoted to some use which God could approve, would have been a crime equally with the larger offerings of the scribe and the pharisee. The principle is the same whatever the amount, and the crime consists in supporting idleness in its unprincipled competition with industry.

Then as to the chance of preventing starvation in one out of several cases of indiscriminate alms giving. Here, too, we join issue with the good natured patron of beggars. We are utterly incredulous as to the alleged danger of starvation in England. We do not mean to deny that, in the course of a year of difficulty, a score or so of persons in England die of starvation; but we confidently affirm that, so far from their being of the beggar class, they belong more generally to that industrious part of the community truly deserving of commiseration, whom our patronage of beggars, our unjust system of poor-laws, our habit of contracting debts, and our general bad management of our pecuniary resources, individual and national, have brought to ruin. Examine into the cases reported on the authority of coroners' juries as deaths from starvation, and you will find that, in the majority of instances, they have occurred in the persons of respectable members of society, overtaken by misfortune, averse to apply for relief to the workhouse, to the support of which, as rate-payers, they have for years contributed out of their hard earnings, and thrown out of employment, may be, by that very diversion of money from the hands of industry into the pockets of beggars and paupers of which we are complaining. Many of these belong to that struggling class of petty tradesmen dealing in the wholesome necessities of life, who have to pay for the support of paupers with the one hand, while the money which should flow into their empty coffers through the



unbroken channel of honest industry, is diverted by the friends of mendicancy to the support of the internal splendours of the gin-palace, or the subtle temptations of the public-house. This diversion of the wasted alms of the friends of beggars from the necessities of life to the health, life, and soul-destroying luxuries of the public-house, is legibly written on that squalid haunt of beggars to which public attention has already been more than once directed—"Church Lane, St. Giles." The public-house there stands forward a striking contrast to the miserable chandler's shop at the corner, showing how decided the preference of the beggar for the showy luxuries over the modest necessities of life. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that out of the score or so of cases of starvation occurring in the year in England, a small fraction, or even the entire number, were beggars from whom the public had withheld their accustomed alms; even then we should have, in justice, to set off against these deaths the far more awful fatalities to which the abuse of spirituous liquors leads, added to the complicated evils occasioned by withdrawing such large sums of money from industry to idleness. In one word, from a review of the whole subject of mendicancy in all its bearings, we are convinced that every act of indiscriminate alms-giving is an injustice to labour, an outrage on common sense, and a crime.

We will now venture to suggest the remedies for this crying evil, and essay to point out the means by which this diseased member of society may be separated from the body politic, whose health it undermines, and whose vigour it saps.

1. Let every man and woman who has hitherto patronised beggars, withhold all assistance from the whole race, whenever and wherever they encounter them, under whatsoever form or pretence, whether selling trifling articles of manufacture in the streets, or from door to door, or standing with broom in hand at the crossings of our thoroughfares. Let them turn a deaf ear to every tale, refuse to read every petition, and adhere rigidly to the rule of requiring *personal knowledge* in all cases of individual charity.

2. Let a liberal estimate be made of the money heretofore squandered, and let it be devoted to some work of true charity, preventive or palliative, giving the preference to the former in the shape of wholesome houses for the poor, and schools for the training of their children; or, if the latter be preferred, selecting charities which admit of least abuse, such as hospitals.

3. Let the parochial authorities be urged to substitute for the street-sweeper, nine-tenths beggar and one-tenth labourer as he is, honest workmen, fairly paid for keeping entire streets clean instead of crossings merely, and selecting for that duty such of the existing sweepers as may be willing to exchange their present ambiguous employments for the new and more honourable occupations.

4. Let every traveller make it a point of conscience to observe the regulations of the railroads with regard to *douceurs*, and do all in his power to encourage the hotel-keepers to substitute fixed charges for attendance, for the present degrading system of discretionary payments.

5. Let the government be urged to protect honest industry against dishonest idleness, by flogging every man or boy convicted of begging, and every male parent whose child of tender years is found in the streets so employed; and let the police be instructed to bring before the magistrate every person of either sex found giving money in the street, that the same fine which is now levied on the drunkard may be imposed upon the silly people who indulge in this unwholesome luxury.

If our last suggestion be deemed unpalatable or difficult to bring into practical operation, then we would fall back on the first four items of advice, and conjure all really charitable persons, all who hate idleness and love industry, all who prefer the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the tailor, the shoemaker, the poor seamstress and laundress, to the keeper of the gin-palace and public-house, all who are ashamed of streets deformed by walking rags, and impatient of lives of idleness and tales of falsehood, to do what in them lies to restore to honest industry the funds of which it has been so cruelly deprived, and to drive into the workhouse all whom the pressure of want cannot reclaim from these disgraceful courses. When they have done this, when industry again enjoys those rights of which individual thoughtlessness has deprived it, we shall have something to say on that more systematic plunder of the industrious classes which passes by the name of Poor-laws, and some suggestions to offer as to the proper substitutes for that gigantic system of national folly and injustice which embodies itself in workhouses. In the mean time, let all good citizens employ themselves to stay the **PLAQUE OF BEGGARS**.

A MAN who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life. What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him in the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always talks in a camp, and in storming towns, making ledgers, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is kept up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention any of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very nobly; but if you go out of the Gazette, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid, pedantic character, and equally ridiculous. — *Spectator*.

## THE GOLD SOVEREIGN.

OR, HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—A STORY FOR YOUNG.

THE story of the gold sovereign, related to me by Judge N—, a gentleman of wealth and influence, in the western world, is well worth repeating—not for artificial interest, which it does not contain, but for the admirable lesson it conveys to young persons commencing life.

I regret that I am unable to reproduce the spirit and humour with which the inimitable judge graced his simple story, but I will do my best to remember his own words.

"When I was only eight years old," said Judge N—, "my father and my mother being poor, with half a dozen children better than myself, to take care of, I was given to a farmer, in the town of F—, who designed making a ploughboy of me, and keeping me in his service until I was of age.

"Well, I had not a very gay time in Deacon Webb's service; for although he was an honest deacon, and a tolerably kind man in his family, he believed in making boys work, and understood how to avoid spoiling them by indulgence.

"So I had plenty of work to do, and an abundant lack of indulgences to enjoy. It was consequently a great treat for me to get the enormous sum of one or two pennies into my possession, by any sort of good fortune—a circumstance of such rare occurrence, that at the aged eleven I had learned to regard money as a blessing bestowed by Providence only on a favoured few.

"Well, I had lived with Deacon Webb three years, before I knew the colour of any coin except vile copper. By an accident, I learned the colour of gold. That is the story I am going to tell you.

"One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village store, on some errand; and on returning home, just at about dusk, my attention was attracted by a little brown package, lying on the road side.

"I picked it up to examine its contents, without the least suspicion of the treasure within. Indeed, it was so light, and the volume of brown paper appeared so large, that I undoubtedly suspected I was the victim of an April fool, although it was the month of June. I tore open the folds of the paper, however; and disconcerting nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

"I looked at it in astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering—too bright and too small for a penny. I felt it—I squeezed it in my fingers—I spelled out the inscriptions—then something whispered me that it was a gold coin of incalculable value, and that if I did not wish to lose it, I had better pocket it as soon as possible.

"Trembling with excitement, I put the coin in my pocket. But it would not stay there. Every two minutes, I had to take it out and look at it. But, when I met anybody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Somehow, I felt a guilty dread of finding an owner to the coin. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I comforted myself with the sophistry, that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying, 'Who's lost?'

"I went home with the gold in my pocket. I would not have had the deacon's folks know what I had found, for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my vast and incalculable treasure! This was not all. It seemed to me that my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

"These troubles kept me awake half the night; and projects for securing my treasure, by a safe investment, the other half. On the following morning, I was feverish and nervous. When Deacon Webb, at the breakfast-table said—

"William!"

"I started and trembled, thinking the next words would be—

"Where is that piece of gold you have found, and wickedly concealed to keep it from the rightful owner?"

"But he only said—

"I want you to go to Mr. Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow."

"I felt immensely relieved! I left the house, and got out of sight as soon as possible. Then, once more I took the coin out of my pocket, and feasted on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the sovereign. Would I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same amount originally from the owner's pocket? Was not he defrauded the same?

"But then I said to myself—

"Why, if I don't know who the loser is, how can I give him his money? It is only because I am afraid Deacon Webb will take it away from me, that I conceal it; that's all. I would not steal gold; and, if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him. I apologised thus to myself all the way to Mr. Baldwin's house. But, after all it wouldn't do. The gold was like a heavy stone, bound to my heart. It was a sort of unhappy charm, which gave an evil spirit power to torment me. And I could not help thinking that I was not half so well pleased with my immense riches, as I had been with a rusty copper, which I had found some weeks before. Nobody claimed the penny, although I kept my good fortune so secret, and I had been happy as a king—or, as a king is commonly supposed to be."

"Mr. Baldwin was not at home; and I returned to the deacon's house. I saw Mr. Wardley's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable; and I thought he had come to take me to jail."

So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time, reason began to prevail over cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The deacon looked angrily at me.

"Now, thought I, feeling faint, he's going to accuse me of finding the gold. But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet—I had expected something so much more terrible.

"I worked all day with the gold in my pocket. I wonder Deacon Webb did not suspect something. I stopped, so often, to see if the gold was really there—for much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was miserably wretched a hundred times I had not found the gold. I felt that it would be a relief to lay it down on the road-side; again I wrapped it in brown paper, lest as I had found it, I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

"At night I was sent again to Mr. Baldwin's, and having found him, obtained his promise to work at Deacon Webb's on the following day.

"It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not mine. I got home, and went trembling to bed.

"Mr. Baldwin came early to breakfast with me. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and beside making good wages for his labour, he often got presents of meat and flour from those who employed him.

"Well, at the breakfast-table, after Deacon Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, so that he might eat and get to work as soon as possible, something was said about the 'news.'

"I suppose you have heard about my misfortune," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Your misfortune?"

"Yes!"

"Why, what has happened to you?" asked the deacon.

"I thought everybody had heard of it," replied Baldwin. "You see, the other night, when Mr. Woody paid me, he gave me a gold piece."

"I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks. All eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, however, so my trouble was not observed.

"A sovereign," said Baldwin. "The first one I ever had in my life; and it seemed to me that if I should put it in my pocket, like a mere common coin, I should lose it. So, like a goose, I wrapped it in a piece of paper, and stowed it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin, in taking out my handkerchief; and the paper would prevent its making any noise as it fell. I discovered my loss when I got home, and went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up."

"Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?" asked the deacon.

"I felt like sinking through the floor.

"I don't know," replied the poor man, shaking his head sadly. "He's welcome to it, whoever he is; and I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though God knows I want my honest earnings."

"This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of poverty and shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said—

"Is this yours, Mr. Baldwin?"

"My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a more courageous tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment; and the deacon demanded where and when I had found the gold.

"I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I expected the deacon would whip me to death. But he patted my head, and said more kindly than was his wont—

"Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest boy, although you were near falling into temptation. Always be honest, my son; and if you do not grow rich, you will be happy, with a clear conscience."

"But I cried still—for joy! I laughed, too—the deacon had so touched my heart. Of what a load was I relieved! I felt then that honesty was the best policy.

"As for Baldwin, he declared that I should have half the money, for finding it; but I wished to keep clear of the troublesome stuff, for a time, and I did—I would not touch his offer; and I never regretted it, boy as I was.

"Well, I was the deacon's favourite after this. He was very kind to me, and trusted me in everything. I was careful not to deceive him; I preserved the strictest candour and good faith; and that has made me what I am. When he died, he left me a considerable sum, with which I came here, and bought new lands, which are now worth a great many sovereigns. But this has nothing to do with my story. That is told; and all I have to add is, I have never regretted clearing my conscience of poor Job Baldwin's sovereigns."

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH.**—Since the introduction of artificial teeth, which has enabled many to continue the mastication of solid food to a period of life at which they otherwise must have swallowed it whole, longevity is on the increase. Whether the dentist is really to claim this fact as the triumph of his art, or whether it is due to a generally improved system of hygiene, we will not discuss; but as mastication is so absolutely necessary, even to the strong and healthy, we may fairly suppose that some years are added to the lives of those who are thus enabled to save distress to the other digestive organs, when by age they have naturally lost some of their power.

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

THREE of my readers who were acquainted with the town of C— some forty years since, will be able to call to mind the Old Market, together with the broken brick pavement, the small wooden buildings, and the coppers which then distinguished that portion of the town.

They will probably also remember a very little street running parallel with the said market, and within sight and sound thereof, down towards the river.

The necessity for this passage, so narrow that it would only allow a single cart to traverse it, and so near to wider thoroughfares running in the same direction, has ever been a doubtful matter; and the reasons for allowing it are lost with the good folks who planned this once so important portion of the town, and who have long since passed away.

At one corner of this lane, there once stood a low wooden building, of a dark brown colour; it had four windows on — street, and two doors, all of them near the ground, the former covered with dust and cobwebs, which had been collecting there for more than twenty years, nothing but the rains of heaven having washed them for at least that period. Around the doors could always be seen two or three weather-beaten boxes, upon one of which reposed something in the shape of a paint cask; between the windows lay a row of tar barrels, some whole and some partly emptied; while contiguous to them and resting against the front of the building, was an enormous anchor, with one fluke partly buried in the ground, affording a conspicuous lounge, on which some half-score of idlers could, in a hot summer's afternoon, enjoy their fill of laughter and sunshine.

On entering the building, the eye immediately wandered over a confused mass of articles that lay hither and thither—coils of rope, bunched black shining chains, barrels somewhat resembling those at the door, kegs of various sizes, pulleys, large iron rings, spades, tin canisters, and sea-lanterns; some of these were to be seen, and some a stranger might stumble over, for it was never very light. But they are not to be mentioned as samples of what lay back, stowed away in the recesses of this long building. All that a ship might need, from a ball of tow-yarn to a best bowen-anchor, could there be had.

On the left hand of the entrance stood a partition, with two sliding lights, and a glass door opening into the sanctum of the wealthy ship chandlery, Messrs. G. & A. Hunt.

These gentlemen were brothers; they had begun the world together poor, and had tugged their way through the briars and thorns of business well on towards the top of the hill, enjoying a fine run of trade, with a shop full of goods, and no notes out, and with no account in any bank.

The elder had married, early in life, a lady who knew well, and almost too well, how to use her earnings. Children were not added to their stock of earthly good things, so that their property accumulated to their hearts' content.

The younger brother, although much the most comely of the two, had contented himself as a bachelor, and, as an exception against the conventional state, was much the most liberal—the elder Mr. Hunt being looked upon, and I fear with some reason, as rather a close man. You would not have thought so, however, as you entered his office, and saw him sitting in his arm-chair before the little grate fire; his full round face would turn up to you so pleasantly, and he would bid you such a hearty good morning, you might have taken him for a personification of benevolence. But let him know that you wanted a little aid, no matter how trifling, for poor Christians, or poor heathens, or any cause whatever, and a mighty change was at once visible. The spectacles would be taken down from the forehead, and put in their proper place before the eyes, the smile would fly away like a flash, the poker would be used very briskly in stirring up the fire, and there would be suddenly so many orders issued to the clerk, and so many things to be put up, and such hints about people being prudent, and about charity at home, that very likely you would wish that you had said nothing about the matter, and watch for an opening to make a decent retreat.

At the time when my story commences some little changes were in agitation, more especially to suit the wishes of the younger Mr. Hunt, who was somewhat anxious, now that they had acquired an independence, to be relieved from the drudgery of business. His desire was, that a young man who had been with them some years, a nephew, and bearing their name, should be taken in as a partner, and that a clerk of suitable abilities be procured to take the place of him who was to be elevated.

The elder Mr. Hunt disliked changes of any kind, and especially such as would involve expense, but being strongly attached to his brother, and finding that his heart was set upon the matter, he had finally yielded, and Rudolph Hunt, for that was the name of the young man, was duly published as a partner of the concern; he had also so far agreed to the second requisition, that an advertisement appeared in the *Gazette*, informing the public that the firm of G. & A. Hunt wanted a person competent to take charge of a set of books, and willing to make himself generally useful in any department of their business.

Many applications immediately followed this announcement, for the town was just then suffering under one of those terrible revulsions in trade which occasionally falls upon the business community, and throws a gloom over every mercantile interest; when merchants stand listlessly at their desks, or lounge in their office chairs, thinking over bad speculations, and awaiting heavy payments ahead. Sad, indeed, at such a time, is the fate of those who are dismissed because there is no work for them to do behind the counter or at



"The appearance of the young man did, indeed, warrant the idea which the elder Mr. Hunt had received—that he was a delicate kind of a person," for his countenance was pale, except a slight flush which suffused it on the moment of entering; and there was a softness to his complexion, bordering upon effeminacy, but which was happily relieved by his raven hair and keen black eye."

the desk, are obliged to look for new situations in the only employment to which they have been trained, and by which they can earn their bread. No wonder, then, that a crowd of applicants should at once have been aroused, when an opportunity was thus made known for an engagement with a firm long established, and beyond the chances and changes of trade.

But there seemed to be some objection, especially in the mind of the elder partner, to all who had hitherto applied, until it appeared a very doubtful case whether any addition would, after all, be made to the numerical force of the establishment.

A few days, however, after the advertisement appeared, a young man called, whose gentlemanly address and apparent ability to fill the situation, so satisfied the younger brother and the junior partner, that, as the elder Mr. Hunt was absent, they had, upon their own responsibility, requested him to call again at nine o'clock the next morning.

The next morning had arrived, and it wanted but a few minutes to the appointed hour. The two brothers were seated, each in an arm-chair, before the little grate fire.

There was a similarity in the features of the two, for both had full, round faces, and small, twinkling eyes; but to an acute observer, the expressions were very unlike. In the younger could clearly be seen the open, manly, generous spirit, combining with a shrewd and somewhat waggish propensity. In the other, care and close calculation were plainly legible.

"Well, brother, what shall we conclude about this young man? it is almost nine o'clock," and the younger Mr. Hunt, as he said this, laid down the morning paper upon his knee, and looked inquiringly at his brother, with an arch smile trembling at the corners of his mouth.

"I don't know, I'm sure, what to do about it; there are not any of the young men now a days that seem to be good for anything; they think more of their watch chains and fine coats than they do of work."

As Mr. Gerardus, or as he was sometimes called, Mr. Georgie Hunt said this, he pulled down his spectacles and took up the poker, striking with rather a jerky air some stray cinders that had fallen too far upon the hearth.

Showing pretty well for whom this hint was intended, the younger Mr. Hunt turned a smiling eye over towards the desk where the junior partner was busy with his books; Rudolph did love watch chains and fine coats; he smiled in answer to the look of his uncle, and kept on with his work.

"I'm afraid it is too true, what you say, brother; but we can't make them old men. The world has changed since our young days. Watches don't cost so much as they once did, nor coats either. But what we can't cure we must put up with."

"Yes, I suppose so"—with a heavy sigh.

"We want a young man; you and I are getting along in life; we don't care to work as we once did, and nephew can't be out-door man and in-door clerk too—is not that clear, brother?"

"Why, I suppose it must be so; but I should judge from what you say of the youngster, that he is a delicate kind of a person, not fit to work."

"Oh! by no means, brother; you mistake, you mistake; you don't understand. He is, to be sure, very gentlemanly in his manners. You don't object to that?"

"Oh, no!"

"I said that he appeared like one who had been well brought up—educated."

"Well, well, well; just as you and Rudolph like. If we must have him, we must; that's all."

"Not at all; no must about it, brother. I want you to be satisfied, especially as he is to be in your family. But here he comes."

The appearance of the young man did, indeed, warrant the idea which the elder Mr. Hunt had received—"that he was a delicate kind of a person," for his countenance was pale, except a slight flush, which suffused it on the moment of entering; and there was a softness to his complexion, bordering upon effeminacy, but which was happily relieved by his raven hair and keen black eye.

He was evidently under strong excitement; for when the elder Mr. Hunt questioned him, in his scrutinizing way, as to his knowledge of business, and his ability to keep accounts, and his willingness to do whatever he was called upon to do about the warehouse, he answered promptly and to the point; but there was a tremor in his voice, and his countenance assumed a more pallid hue; it was evident that the situation was one of great moment to him.

Mr. Georgie Hunt was allowed to do all the questioning, and he clearly manifested more complacency towards the applicant than for any other that had appeared before him; he was either pleased with his answers, or affected by the expressions of sadness which was a marked feature of his countenance.

"Well, so far, so good—and now to whom did you say that you referred?"

The young man hesitated; he did not appear to understand the question. "My brother means—to whom do you refer as to your—as to your habits of business?—as to your character and so on?—with whom have you lived? Being strangers to one another, you know that some such thing is usual."

"Oh, certainly, sir; certainly—you are correct. But I shall have a difficulty here that I did not anticipate. I have been in my father's office for the last three years, and my father, even if you thought proper to receive his testimonial, is too unwilling to give it."

Again the colour mantled his cheek, and the tremor of his voice was more manifest.

A sudden change, too, had come over the mind of the elder Mr. Hunt, for he turned towards the fire, and again commenced operations with the poker.

The younger brother observing this, and well knowing what the sign meant, gave up at once all hope that any engagement would be entered into just then. He felt, however, very unwilling thus to part with the young man. He was more interested in him than at the first interview—there was a manifest



and frankness in his whole demeanour, which, limited with his modest and pleasant manners; won each moment upon the really tender feelings of the younger Mr. Hunt.

Rudolph was also an interested listener; and, when he saw the signs of non-committalism on the part of his senior uncle, beckoned the former to his desk.

"Right, right, well—well, perhaps we'd better—And then, turning towards the young man—

"My nephew suggested that perhaps you had better leave your address, and we may send you word in a few days."

"Certainly, sir," and stepping to the desk, with great rapidity and neatness, he wrote his own name and that of his father, with the number and street where he resided.

"Had you not better, Mr. Edwards," said Rudolph, as he looked at the paper which the young man handed to him, "put down the number of your father's office, or place of business?"

"My father, sir, has no office at present; he gave it up nearly two months since, and for that reason I am seeking a situation; he resided at No. —, George Street.

## CHAPTER II.

It was a stormy night in the city; fitful gusts of wind roared through the narrow streets, and the heavy rain poured down in torrents. The poor crumpled together in their wretched tenements, huddled together like sheep within their pens; and the rich laughed gaily in their lighted halls, or rolled in their sumptuous carriages to the ball-room, the theatre, or the splendid party.

Death waits not for storm or sunshine. Within a dwelling in one of the upper streets, respectable in appearance, and furnished with such conveniences as distinguish the habitations of those who rank among the higher classes of society, a man of middle age lay on his last bed, momentarily awaiting the final summons. All that the most skilful medical attendance—all that love, warm as the glow that fires an angel's bosom, could do, had been done; by day and night for many long weeks, had ministering spirits, such as a devoted wife and loving children are, done all within their power to ward off the blow. But there he lay, his raven hair smoothed off from his noble brow, his dark eyes lighted with unnatural brightness, and contrasting strongly with the pallid hue which marked him as an expectant of the dread messenger.

Beside him stood a youth of eighteen, fresh with health, but with every feature softened into a look of tenderest love.

"Would that I could die for thee, oh my father," was plainly written on his fine countenance; his hand was within that of the dying man, and the bright eye of the father was fixed upon him, as though thoughts, too many and too overpowering, were agonizing to let their fullness out.

"My dear boy, it is almost over!" The tones were soft and trembling, and, as they fell upon the ear of the youth, the tears dropped freely; but he answered not.

"It has been a weary course—a toil for nothing, James—but you know it all; I have tried hard to resist the torrent that has been pressing against me."

"Dear father, let these thoughts of the past go. You have done your best." A hectic flush tinged the cheek of the sufferer, as though the soft tones of that boy had started the life-blood anew.

"Yes, James, you are right, I have done with the past now. But the future!—not mine. I have no fears for myself; I am going to rest; but those dear ones—your mother—your sisters—and yourself! I leave you nothing—not even one friend to aid you."

The drops were gathering on his marble brow, and releasing his hand from his father's grasp, the youth gently wiped them away.

"Dear father, try to think that God will be with us, as he has ever been."

"Yes, yes, yes,—God—my Father—Oh, yes—I will trust!"

The wind roared by, and the heavy rain poured its floods against the closed windows. Again the youth pressed his father's hand.

"But I can do no more. I leave you, my dear boy, my last, my best blessing. You have comforted my dark hours. You have denied yourself all youthful enjoyments for my sake—you have been a most devoted son. God bless you—God be your —"

The strong yearnings of the parent could not find vent in words. The effort already made was too much for his exhausted frame, and his short and troubled breathing warned the youth that its work was nearly ended.

Around that bed, in mute and helpless agony, were soon clustered the dear ones of his heart. His eye rested a moment with eloquent intensity on each of his children, bidding the long farewell; and then on her who had been his first and only love, the partner of his life's journey and treasurer of his warm affections, he fixed his last, long look, until its brightness faded away beneath the film of death.

It is broad daylight. The sun is shining brightly, and the busy throng jostle each other in the crowded street, as they are hurrying on their life's errand.

In the same chamber lies a corpse, prepared with becoming care for its long resting-place. Beside the pale tenement of clay stands the same youth. His hands are folded, and his eyes fixed mournfully on those cold, stiff features. Past scenes of his young life are flitting through his mind in quick succession. He remembers that parent when the sun shone brightly over him, and he remembers, too, when dark clouds gathered thick and poured their storms upon him, how his own young heart had agonised in

sympathy for the sorrow which that parent had endured, until his whole power of his mind was enlisted in the single effort of soothing his distressed feelings.

That troubled heart is now at rest. No words of consolation meet its needs; no faithful faithfulness; no eye of watchful love. The sacred Lord is severed, and the impenetrable veil has dropped its heavy folds around that pale, cold corpse.

But those years which fall so silently and so unheeded, and yet within that crowded mart, how many souls are daily passing the stand beside a father's corpse. Death walks his round among the rich and poor, and lays his icy hand alike on the weary sufferer, and the pampered devotee of pleasure.

Death heeds not ties of love, nor frantic widows' tears, nor the wail of helpless orphans; but round and round he reads his solemn way. No place, no time, no circumstance of being turns his step aside. The palace gate unlocks at his approach, and amid its splendid trappings on he strides, and lays his victim on a gilded couch. And into the low, lonely hut of destitution, amid crumbling ruins, and where pale want sits brooding, he steals along, and the poor sufferer, on his bed of straw, quivers and is still.

It was no common tale, I said, which should reveal the secrets of that youthful heart. True filial love is a passion not so generally possessed as many think. In the hour of childhood, and before cold and foreign influences have affected the free and pure play of the heart, we all know with what assurance of protection, with what confidence in his wisdom, justice, power, and love, the little one looks up to him whom he calls father. But as the wayward passions increase in strength, as they often meet the stern and just rebuke, feelings of restraint and fear arise, and throw their icy shill upon that holy tie. And oft the world comes in—that heartless creation, which knows no sacredness in love, and sees no beauty in the homely bonds of life—that selfish, heartless, poisoning world; throws its deadly shadow on the fresh, young heart; and while the outward show is still preserved, because dependence binds him within the circle of parental power, a coldness steals in the heart's first yearnings, all that was heaven-born is sacrificed, and confidence, all that threw around the sacred person and sacred name of father a halo more than earthly, has departed.

But this youth had never known one cold or selfish thought, connected with that fond parent, over whose lifeless body his tears are falling; and reproaches agonise his heart as he gazes upon those marble features; his young life has been one devoted day of truest filial love, and now he weeps, that he can do no more.

John Edwards succeeded his father in the possession of an estate in a distant county. The property had been handed down from father to son for some generations, but each succeeding inheritor found a new accumulation of debt, with an additional number of acres to be classed as old field, and of little value. They had, however, clung to the spot—encumbered as it was, partly because the revenue from it was still great, and enabled the possessor to live in respectable style, and partly because of some feelings, which were common to all, and among the best we have—a fondness for the spot which has been the home of our ancestors, and which is entwined in our memories with our happy childhood years. There was, perhaps, not one of all who had called this home, whose attachment to it was so strong, and whose appreciation of its natural beauties and its ancestral charms was more true and quickening; and yet there was not one less fitted to cope with the difficulties with which it was trammelled. For fifteen years he struggled with them, until, disgusted with the protracted trial, he yielded to circumstances; he could not control, sold the estate, and with the remnant of his fortune removed to the town of C—, and commenced a mercantile life. But he was not fitted, either by nature or training, for the new station in which he had placed himself. He was not a money-making man. He could not so bind the fine feelings of his sensitive mind, as to get them interested in making a bargain. Neither could he sympathise with the multitude in their scramble for the treasures of the earth; his mind shrunk away from the bustling throng, and kept close communion with itself; dark thoughts often troubled it; dark clouds were continually about him; bright rays seldom cheered his path, and when they did, it was but an April sunshine with its following shadow.

Within the domestic circle his spirit delighted to repose; to his lovely wife, his charming daughters, and his devoted son, he was all that they could ask. Around them were entwined all the sympathies of his soul, and on their pure love he rested; and could he but have retired with them to some calm retreat, free from distracting care, life would have been to him a summer's journey.

But thus it could not be; he was in the deep waters, and must struggle on, although in vain. It would be no pleasant task, either to my readers or myself, to picture out to them the dark scene of a declining fortune, or to open to their view the trying, soul-sickening experience of him who is called to witness the rapid strides of coming poverty. A few years he battled with the foe; his spirit broke beneath the stern encounter, and he sank to his long rest.

(Continued in No. 19.)

**CHINESE ETIQUETTE.**—When a Chinese emperor dies, the intelligence is announced by despatches to the several provinces, written with blue ink in mourning colour. All persons of rank are required to take the same black ornaments from their caps, with the ball or button of rank; all subjects of China, without exception, are called upon to forbear from shaving their heads for one hundred days, within which period none may marry, play on musical instruments, or perform any sacrifice.

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. XII.—“A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.”

THIS saying, like many others we have illustrated, is true only in part; or rather, accepting it in its general form as true, as giving the advantage to certainty over uncertainty, to the present over the future, we apply it often to cases where it is no longer true, but becomes the mere excuse for improvidence. In its literal form, we can well understand that with a cockney sportsman, or even with one of those country gentlemen who shoot for the day, a “bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” A poor Spitalfields weaver, too, may be excused if he take a delight in having a “bird in the hand” to gratify him in his hours of labour with its song; we forgive the imprisonment, for the sake of the care and affection with which the poor prisoner is treated, for the kindness which strives to tame its wild wing down to the limits of a dingy room; and by providing for all its wants, and guarding it from every harm, endeavours to compensate for the loss of freedom. And when kindness has made it familiar, and it picks the crumbs from its keeper's hand, or perched upon his shoulders as he works, rewards him with its song—

“When, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.”

we can well fancy that the poor weaver is prouder and fonder of the “bird in the hand” than of all the florid songsters who flit about from spray to spray, and whose only feelings towards the tyrant man are fear and distrust. But to the true lover of nature, whose days are not confined to the smoky atmosphere of cities, nor spent in one unvaried round of monotonous labour, the free warbling of the wild bird, as it carols upwards to the sky, and its free motions as it wings its airy flight, are far more interesting than any caged and imprisoned song. Those who really love the “birds in the bush,” and treat them with the same consideration as the “birds in the hand,” will find their fear and distrust of man vanish, and the free denizens of the air will respond as freely to the call of their benefactor as the longest dweller in a cage. On the south coast of Cornwall, not far from Falmouth, there is a lovely little valley, called Tregedna, well worthy a visit from any tourist for its own beauty, and still more worthy of a visit, not only from every naturalist, but from every lover of nature, to witness what kindness and humanity have done for the wild birds that dwell in that happy valley. We hardly think we are taking too great a liberty in naming Mr. Joshua Fox, the proprietor of that lovely spot, and speaking of the care he has bestowed on the “birds in the bush,” and the manner in which they reward him for his care. Here no truant school-boy is ever suffered to roam, curiously prying at the nests of birds; here no gun is ever heard—no snares or birdlime ever ensnare them; but man is become known to every feathered inhabitant as their friend and benefactor. And here, amid the delicious shrubberies—where many a rare plant, that in other parts of England is only to be found in hot-houses and conservatories, flourishes out of doors and unprotected in this genial climate, where roses in multitudes seem ever in bloom—the “birds in the bush” are numerous, and as familiar with man as the Spitalfields weaver's pet. Strangers, if they are wandering alone in those grounds, will not perceive much difference from the birds of other districts; they have not learned to regard all men as their friends. But if the owner be present with them, the birds know they have nothing to fear. No sooner is his well-known step heard on the gravel, or his signal whistle sounded through the groves, than from all quarters they may be seen flocking in, alighting on his head and shoulders, picking the crumbs out of his mouth, regaling him with their

songs and antics, and at a word from him, displaying the same familiarity towards the stranger present, repeating upon them without the slightest timidity or fear, without the slightest shadow of misdoubt. He has inspired them with the full confidence that in his presence no harm can befall them; and these “birds in the bush” are ready for the time to become “birds in the hand,” knowing that their liberty is safe, and that they are only taken in hand to be caressed and fed. We confess, that in this instance these “birds in the bush” would be of more value to us than the most accomplished goldfinch that was ever trained to draw water from a well, or all the little learned canaries who fire cannons and feign themselves dead. Their natural songs in their own happy groves are sweeter than the finest Italian bravura that piping bullfinch was ever taught; their joyous gambols in the free air more attractive than any balancing and posture-making to which “birds in the hand” have been drilled.

But what has all this talk about birds to do with the proverb? and how does this prove the proverb to be fallacious? When we speak of the fallacy contained in a proverb, we refer to the use that is made of a certain form of words, that may be literally true in themselves, but are, nevertheless, totally false in their application; and on thousands of occasions it will be found that, although “a bird in the hand” may be “worth two in the bush,” yet the very persons who are urging this proverb on you, as a reason why you should do this or that thing, so urge it for the very purpose of entrapping you into something that is contrary to your interest; or, at least, so far contrary to your interest, that for some minute present advantage you are induced to give up some large prospective benefit. It is the text from which wealth preaches to necessity; and poor necessity is often compelled to admit, with bitterness of heart, that to him a trifling present advantage is of more value than a larger one in prospect. But when necessity and improvidence go hand in hand, then, indeed, the proverb is brought to bear in full force, and the most outrageous sacrifices of distant advantages are made for the sake of present convenience. When Milton sold the *Paradise Lost* for five pounds—when, in a later age, Goldsmith got sixty pounds for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, to enable him to pay his landlady—we may suppose that to them “a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush”; but the improvidence of the bargain gave the fortunate purchasers many more than “two” birds for their profits. It has been too often, indeed, the fate of literary talent to be compelled to set more value on the “bird in the hand” than on those which were still “in the bush”: to have waited for their full advantage would have been to starve. It is true that Goldsmith was a wonderful mixture of talent and improvidence, with an excess of both—that in his necessity he had no sooner received the loan of a guinea, than he expended a portion of it in a bottle of Madeira; but if one in a greater state of necessity had come in his way, he would have given him the guinea, and gone without the Madeira. The immediate pleasure was to him the “bird in the hand,” and the pleasure of relieving a fellow-creature was greater than any other kind of gratification. Poor Goldsmith! with all thy faults and errors, thy vanity and simplicity, there was a kind, feeling heart within, that more than atoned for them all. To him neither “birds in the hand” nor “birds in the bush” were of any value of themselves—bright faces and cheerful songs were the delight of his life. If the “bird in the hand” brought them, well and good; if not, he hoped for them from the “bird in the bush.”

The great fallacy of this proverb is shown in the improvident bargains into which men are frequently led through a reliance on it. It is the fruitful parent of bonds and bills, promissory notes, and post obits; it takes up its abode at the sign of the three golden balls, and finds a home in the usurer's den. It is the constant companion of the young spendthrift, and excites false hope: “those who seek to become suddenly rich, without the aid of patient labour. How many a man is there whose after life has been embittered by grasping at “the bird in the hand,” and neglecting those “in the bush.” Let us take, for instance, a young collegian, whose parents probably have been exercising a rigid economy to enable him to receive the advantages of a good education. He enters the walls of his *alma mater* with an allowance sufficient, and but barely sufficient, to maintain his position. Tradesmen bring upon him, press their goods upon him, tempt him to purchase beyond his present means. They are thinking upon the “two birds in the bush”; he finds the proffered credit only too easy a way of having “a bird in the hand”; he is delighted with its brilliant plumage—whether its feathers represent fashionable coats, gorgeous waistcoats, or well-cut trousers. Sometimes the “bird in hand” assumes the shape of a horse, which gallops cheerily after the hounds; sometimes it is clothed in the sober brown of a cigar, and vanishes in smoke; and then it shows itself again in perfumery, and mingles with the fumes of the cigar: anon, it comes in jewellery and trinkets—be-chained, be-ringed, be-studded; and sometimes, literally, in the shape of birds—when turkey, grouse, and woodcock swell the tavern bill; sometimes, mantling in purple, it assumes the name of port wine, or, decked in amber, passes for sherry; but has, in reality, as little affinity to wine as that which Dr. Johnson maintained was drunk by the people of Scotland before the union—only with precisely the contrary effect. Boswell says: “We had wine before the union.” Johnson: “No, sir; you had some weak stuff, the refuse of France, which would not make you drunk.” But Boswell stands up stoutly for the drunkenness of his fellow-countrymen, and assures the great doctor that “there was a great deal of drunkenness.” Johnson: “No, sir; there were people who died of dropsies, which they contracted in trying to get drunk.” Unfortunately for the collegians, the “bird in hand”—there, when it assumes the name of wine, is a potent fiery mixture, which never knew the wine-presses of France, and has only a slight intercourse with the grapes of Spain, but is peculiarly adapted to turn young brains in the shortest amount of time; and they go on swallowing the pernicious fluid under the delusion that they are acquiring a fine taste.

in wine. In all these shapes and forms in which the "bird in the hand" appears, presenting the advantage of the bird in the hand to make it seem worth more than "two in the bush." But when the day of reckoning arrives, the fallacy is as plain as the villainy of Don John was to the consequential Dugberry. "The burglary as ever was committed." The "bird in the hand" has withered away to a dry skeleton; like the apple on the Dead Sea shore, dust and ashes are all that remain. Sorrow and repentance are its followers—sorrow for time mispent, which, but for the "bird in hand," might have been usefully employed; repentance, which comes too late, that ever he should have been fooled into the belief that "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush." For now "the birds in the bush" are made to pay for all the follies that the "bird in the hand" had caused to be committed. Whatever be his calling in after life, the debts incurred for the "bird in hand" stand like a spectre in his way, paralysing all his future efforts. Suppose him appointed to a curacy, with the miserable stipend our church appropriates to its working-clergy—a stipend, at the best of times, so small that it is wonderful how they manage to maintain the appearance of gentlemen. And from this stipend—his "bird in the bush"—must be deducted a certain portion to pay for the departed "bird in the hand." For years we see him dragging on a miserable existence, obliged to deny himself comforts—nay, necessities; and if it should happen that, at a future time, some small patrimonial property should fall to his share, it is often swallowed up in payment of these debts which, by one arrangement or another, by lawyers' bills and usurious charges, have been going on increasing, until, perhaps, it has taken more than ten of the "birds in the bush" to pay for the one "bird in hand," even taking it at the mere money value. But if we take into the account all the deprivations he has sustained, all the wretchedness and inconvenience he has suffered, all the duties he has been prevented from fulfilling—the crushed affections, the wearied spirit, the bruised heart with which he has dragged on his burdened life—then we shall well understand how dearly he has paid for the immediate pleasure derived from the "bird in hand." Many are the clergymen who have been hampered for life by the embarrassments caused by listening to this seductive phrase; some, even when they have come into a handsome property, have not been able to clear off these incumbrances in their life-time, but have left them, or, rather, the consequences of them, as a burden to their children, who suffer for the "bird" that was never in their own hand.

Let us now take another form in which the fallacy of the saying is palpable, and where knavery uses it to cheat simplicity. A young man has great expectations. An uncle has died and left a will that gives, or is intended to give, considerable property to this young man, after the decease of the uncle's widow, but has made only a slight provision for him during her life-time. Old women, on whom young heirs are dependent, are proverbially long lived, and this one seems peculiarly tough. The "birds in the bush" are very tempting, but they are out of his reach. It is not long before a money-lending lawyer whispers in his ear that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Advances are made to him from time to time; the facility of obtaining these leads to increased expenditure on his part; his wants multiply as the means of gratifying them are multiplied; larger and more frequent advances are required. He is in the toils. The "bird in the hand" is the decoy duck which is to bring the "birds in the bush" into the snares of the crafty fowler. Then begins the long train of securities, with the accompaniment of long lawyers' bills—commission, insurances of life, and interest, soon amount to double the capital advanced—there is no usury in the case, the lawyer is much too clever for that—but by one means or another, a handsome profit is derived from every transaction, which stands in the place of usury. Personal securities of every kind are carried to the utmost limit that the ingenuity of the lawyer can stretch them. A new device is then started: an irregularity is discovered in the uncle's will, a portion of the property is supposed to be of right the nephew's at the present moment; counsel are fe'd, their opinions taken, and a good cause of litigation shown. The whole machinery of the law is put in force; the poor old woman, who had lived too long, is vexed and tormented with ejections, with bills and answers, denunciations and rejoinders, trials and hearings—and the law courts decide the question one way, and the equity courts another—and nobody takes anything by the motion but the lawyers. The "bird in the hand" has flown away; the "birds in the bush" are more distant than ever. The nephew has gained nothing but the anger of the aunt—her savings are destined now to flow into another channel—every means are used by her to make the freehold less valuable to him when he shall come into possession. The nephew is plunged into the deepest distress—his own little income is mortgaged to the lawyer—his present embarrassments are overwhelming—his future prospects dark and gloomy. Again the lawyer steps in with his "bird in the hand," offers to release him from his debts, to set him up as a free man, and give him a couple of thousand pounds in hand, upon receiving a conveyance of his reversionary interest in his uncle's property. The bait is tempting, the conveyance signed, the two thousand pounds paid over with rather a swinging deduction for the lawyer's bill on the transaction, and the "birds in the bush" are become the property of the lawyer when he can catch them. The business was scarcely concluded, ere the aunt, as if to do the most spiteful thing she could to her nephew, died: she had lived long enough to drive him to sell his patrimony for a mess of pottage; and died exactly in time for him, while starving in his garret, to see the lawyer enjoying those very "birds in the bush," which he had sold for the "bird in the hand."

One more point of view in which to place the mischief arising from this saying, and we have done. Of all the evils that beset the nation in a public sense, one of the most fearful is the frightful corruption which the "bird in

other things are sacrificed to it. Of what avail is it to talk to the burgesses of St. Albans, of political principles, or prospective benefits to themselves, or to the country at large? They have always some busy Edwards to whom, in their ear, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"—always some active knave to lead them into "Sovereign alley." The "bird in the hand" comes in the shape of five pounds, and for this petty bribe, country independence, and truth are sacrificed, and with these, for ever lost, the opportunity of securing another golden goose. The burgesses of St. Albans have "cooked their goose"—have eaten their "bird in the hand," and now look with wistful eyes at the "birds in the bush," which they have lost. If once this principle is admitted as the guide of the elector's conscience, it can only be overmastered by supplying him with some stronger inducement, that gratifies his cupidity. "What are you going to give me?" said the knavish butler of a rich and silly gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of a borough town, and for which he had a vote. "Nothing," was the agent's reply. "Then I shall vote on the other side; I know I can get twenty pounds there." The agent knew his man—knew that it would be useless to talk to him of principle or honour, or political feeling, so he appealed to his cupidity in another form. "Stop," said he, "you know your master is on our side." "Yes, yes; but I shall vote where I can get most money." "Well," said the agent, "which would be most to your advantage—to take twenty pounds from the other side, and lose your situation, or vote on our side, live on with your master, and cheat him as you do now?" He paused a moment in deep consideration. "There is some truth in what you say," was his reply; "I shall vote on your side." The "birds in the bush" seemed so much more valuable than "the bird in the hand," that for once they carried the day.

## THE JEALOUS CHILD.

BY MARY BENNETT.

"WHEN our trees were budding, mother,  
When I had no little brother,  
You loved me, and only me—  
Sang me songs so pleasantly,  
In your arms I often lay;  
You would dance with me and play,  
When I had no little brother.

"Now, you love him more than me,  
Sing to him so pleasantly.  
Hush him in your arms all night,  
Dress him fair at morning light;  
Pick pretty flowers to twine about him,  
Say—'We could not live without him!'  
But I want no little brother."

Starts the quick, resentful tear,  
Brooding, sullen thoughts appear,  
Clouding o'er the open brow  
"Hark! my child—I'll read you how

Jealous Cain, in ancient time,  
Envied—hated—fell to crime—  
Heart and knee your little brother!

"He crows and leaps to see you sigh,  
He loves to meet your smiling eye,  
Will you not give him love for love?  
Will you unkind and thankless prove  
To God, who gave, your life to cheer  
A playmate and companion, dear,  
A friend for future years—your brother!

"I love you both, and you will find  
Him precious, if you're good and kind.  
A gift to bless you, when I'm gone—  
When you might else be left alone—  
Then guide him gently in those ways  
Where truth and knowledge shed  
rays,  
And be a true and noble brother."

## A COURT SCENE IN ARKANSAS.

JUDGE Q—, who is a man possessed of the usual quantum of judicial dignity, and never suffers it to be run over without a word of explanation from the offender, was administering justice in the town of —. The court was proceeding rapidly in the despatch of the public business with an unusual degree of quietude, except the steady peals of the full-toned and eloquent voice of Colonel W—, the zealous state's attorney, when, all at once, out in the street, hard by the court-house, a loud voice was heard making a horrid use of the queen's English, and threatening great abuse of the human form divine, in this wise:—

"Jist hit me if you dare with that stick, and I wish I may be chewed up if I don't knock the death groans out of your ribs!"

This attracted the judge's attention, and caused the speaker to halt.

"Mr. Sheriff, bring that belligerent into court," said the judge.

The sheriff obeyed, and brought in by the sleeve a liberal specimen of nature's works in the shape of a man about six feet four inches in his shoes, not a bad face, but indicative of an inordinate passion for fat beef and "bust-head."

"Is that the man raising that disturbance out doors?" said the judge.

"Well, I 'spose I is, if you call speaking in yearnest raising a fuss," replied the offender.

The judge commenced one of his moral lectures, for which he is so remarkable, strongly animadverting upon the great criminality of swearing, fighting, &c. &c., when the offender, with great earnestness spread over his countenance, something like a mixture of a laugh and a cry, interrupted him, and said—

"Stop, judge, and let me tell you the rale circumstance of it. I warn't the digressor. He, drawed on me a stick full two feet over, and made circumlocutory motions about my head, and I jist congealed myself on my dignity, and suspended myself on my rights—that's all."

This speech broke the thread of the judge's remarks, and for several minutes, with his under lip between his teeth, he turned over the leaves of his docket. "At length he said—

"Let the gentleman retire for this time."

As the hero of this sketch passed out of the door, he was heard to say—



ONWARD!

**STEAM-ENGINE IMPROVEMENTS.**—Mr. J. Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, has just patented some improvements in steam-boilers or generators, which consist in the arrangement of two boilers, and to end, with an intermediate space or gas-chamber, two of the sides of which are formed by the ends of the two boilers, while the other sides are constructed or lined with brick or some other slow conductor of heat. Mr. Hick claims the arrangement of two or more steam-boilers or generators with a gas-chamber formed or lined, and situated as described, for effecting a more perfect combustion of the products of the fuel.—*Builder*.

**STEAM BETWEEN AFRICA AND EUROPE.**—The contract for the monthly mail line of steam-packets to and from England and the western coast of Africa, has been taken up by Mr. Macgregor Laird. The contract is for nine years, at an average annual cost of £21,000. The vessels are to be iron-built and screw-propelled, of about 700 tons. The length of the whole voyage out and home is about nine thousand miles, the time to be occupied between fifty and sixty days. They will touch at Madeira, Teneriffe, Goree, the Gambia river, Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, Lago, Calabar, Fernando Po, and five or six other intermediate points on the African coast. When this line of steamers is firmly established, we expect that the influence of regular commercial intercourse between Africa and Europe will do more than all efforts hitherto for the suppression of the slave-trade, and the civilisation of the country.—*Literary Gazette*.

**ACCOMMODATION FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—Prince Albert's Society for Providing Better Domestic Accommodation for the Working Classes of Windsor, has been fairly launched in the shape of a Joint-stock Building Company, and has been provisionally registered. The amount of donations already received is very considerable, including £50 from Lieutenant-General Murray, £50 from the Right Hon. H. Labouchere, M.P., £25 from Major-General Reid, M.P., a handsome sum from the Dean and Canons of St. George's Chapel, and the same from the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. By a resolution of the provisional committee, it has been decided that the donations are to be applied towards paying the expenses of incorporation, and the balance to go towards a fund for erecting public baths and wash-houses. The interest payable on the share capital is to be limited to five per cent., and the surplus carried to the baths and wash-house fund.

**THE STEREOSCOPE AND THE DAGUERRETYPE.**—The late Great Exhibition has brought into public notice one of the most surprising of modern scientific discoveries. As far back as 1838, Professor Wheatstone announced a remarkable discovery in binocular vision, (sight with two eyes); which had the effect of deceiving the senses so completely, (that mere drawings, seen under peculiar circumstances, were converted into solid and projecting bodies. Since then the ingenious discovery has been modified and much improved by Sir David Brewster. This, however, had not the effect of bringing the wonders of the discovery prominently before public notice; and it was not until it had received the publicity of the Exhibition, and the assistance of a talented photographer in adapting his art to the discovery, that the nature and value of the Stereoscope became at all understood, at least beyond the circle of a few scientific societies. No language can convey an adequate idea of the wonderful discovery. It may be observed, however, that the Stereoscope somewhat resembles, in appearance, a double opera-glass. Two pictures of a person or group of persons taken at slightly different angles, (so as to correspond as near as possible with the different angles of the eyes), are required to produce the illusion of solidity. The two upper glasses of the Stereoscope, which we place to the eyes, form a sort of squint; and it is well known that under such circumstances two objects are seen as three, by the same rule that one is seen as two. So with the Stereoscope; the two pictures of the one object are converted into three; only one, however, is seen, and that (by the reflected images of the two falling at the same time upon either eye) as a perfect solid projecting body, or series of distinct bodies, according to the subjects introduced in the picture. Imagine a family group of five or six persons so represented, each one, to the sight, is separated from the other with the perfect roundness and fulness of nature. Length, breadth, thickness, and distance from each other are each distinctly visible; and if the group be taken from the middle of the room, so is it found through the Stereoscope, each figure standing alone, forward and detached from the wall or ground-work of the picture. The space behind is clearly seen, and if one of the persons represented be holding forward a book or other article, it is not seen flat as in a picture, but round and forward as in a model, so that the eye can easily mark the distance of the body from the book, and vice versa. To produce this astonishing illusion through the Stereoscope, it is necessary that the utmost accuracy and delicacy of touch should be observed in the two pictures to be viewed. They must be taken also at the exact angles, so that their reflected images may fall on either eye, consequently daguerreotype pictures are peculiarly adapted for the instrument. Daguerreotype pictures are necessarily exact in every respect; being a work of nature it cannot possibly err; and hence it is, that the astonishing discoveries of Wheatstone and Brewster remained in comparative abeyance until M. Claudet came forward and applied his beautiful productions to the instrument. Let any family, at the present time sit for Stereoscopic Daguerreotype pictures in a group or singly, (for the discovery is now being extensively applied to portraiture); and their great great grandsons' children may as easily see them in youth, life, expression, and almost movement, as their own immediate circle of acquaintances.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

ACTIVITY.

Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent.—*Shakespeare's Anthony and Cleopatra*.  
If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly.—*Shakespeare's Macbeth*.

Wise men ne'er sit and wait their turn,  
But cheerily seek how to redress their harm.  
*Shakespeare's Henry VI.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fixed sky  
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.  
*Shakespeare's All's Well*.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'at decrees,  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.—*Shakespeare's All's Well*.  
Due entrance he disdain'd, and in contempt,  
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet.—*Milton's Paradise Lost*.

How slow the time  
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant  
It forms, would execute a great design!—*Thomson*.

The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought  
Start into instant action, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!  
*Hannah More's Daniel*.

My days, though few, have passed below  
In much of joy, though more of woe;  
Yet still, in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scap'd the weariness of life.—*Byron's Giaour*.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time.—*Longfellow*.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.—*Longfellow*.  
Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be work'd to death.—*O. W. Holmes*.

ADVERSITY.

By adversity are wrought  
The greatest works of admiration,  
And all the fair examples of renown,  
Out of distress and misery are grown.  
*Daniel, on the Earl of Southampton*.

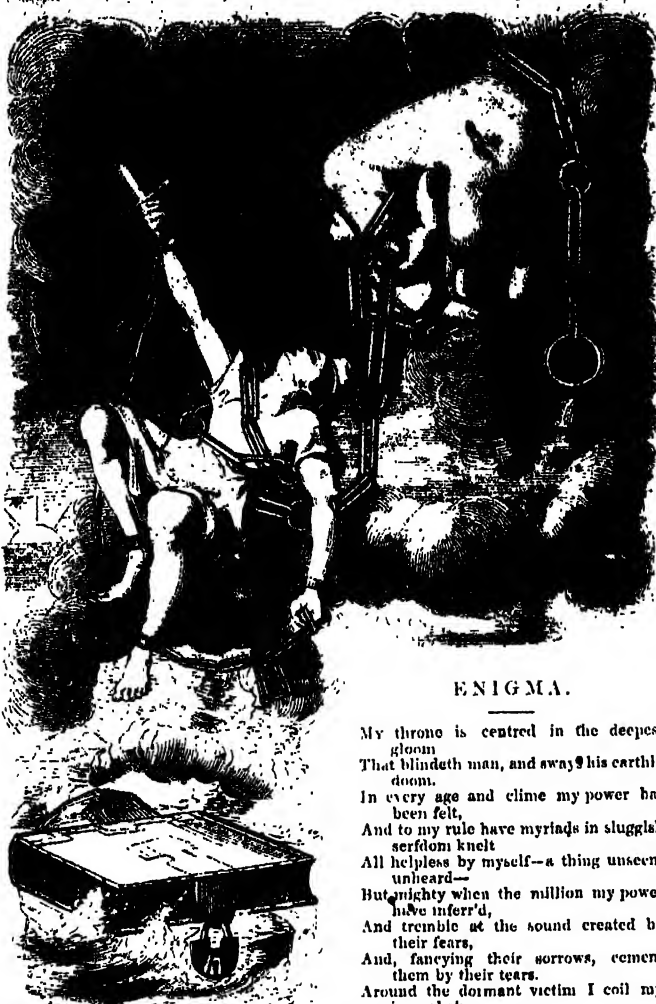
Perfumes, the more they're chaf'd, the more they render  
Their pleasant scents; and so affliction  
Expresseth virtue fully whether true  
Or else adulterate.—*John Webster*.

Like a ball that bounds  
According to the force with which 'twas thrown,  
So in affliction's violence, he that's wise,  
The more he's cast down, will the higher rise.  
*Nab's Microcosmos*.

Though affliction, at the first, doth vex  
Most virtuous natures, from the sense that 'tis  
Unjustly laid; yet, when the amazement which  
That new pain brings is worn away, they then  
Embrace oppression straight, with such  
Obedient cheerfulness, as if it came  
From heaven, not man.—*Sir William Davenant's Fair Favourite*.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.  
*Shakespeare's As You Like It*.

Such a house broke  
So noble a master fallen! all gone! and not  
One friend to take his fortune by the urn,  
And go along with him.—*Shakespeare's Timon*.



ENIGMA.

My throne is centred in the deepest gloom  
That blindeth man, and away his earthly doom.  
In every age and clime my power has been felt,  
And to my rule have myriads in sluggish servitude knelt  
All helpless by myself—a thing unseen,  
unheard—  
But mighty when the million my power have inferred,  
And tremble at the sound created by their fears,  
And, fancying their sorrows, cement them by their tears.  
Around the dormant victim I coil my iron chain,

Until he wakes to struggle against his wrong and pain;  
But, all securely bound, I break his flashing blade,  
And bind him by the fetters by his own labour made  
I look the book, and seal the stores of knowledge from the mind,  
And flatter on the misery and blindness of mankind

ENIGMAS.

1.  
THERE was a man of Adam's race,  
Who had a certain dwelling-place,  
'Twas so complete and covered o'er—  
No man since dwelt there or before—  
Neither of wood or stone was made,  
Nor in the fabric brick was laid.  
'Twas so contrived and put together,  
As him to screen from wind and weather  
'Twas not in heav'n, or earth, or hell—  
Then tell me where this man did dwell.

2.  
A word that's oft used and entail'd on mankind,  
Not one e'er escapes it, the rich, lame, or blind;  
It will quench a high fever, and put out a flame,  
To warriors and poets will give their due fame;  
'Tis odd, yet 'tis even, and yet it is neither,  
Exposed to all winds, and in all kinds of weather.

3.  
Read Exodus, you'll plainly see,  
What wonders have been wrought by me;  
When to a holy mortal's hand,  
More power I had than sorcerer's wand.  
Kitty Goldsmen well knew my worth,  
As in his writings he set forth.  
To moderns, too, my use is known,  
Much good I've done to them, they'll own.  
When I'm applied to, I never fail,  
My language is ever the same.  
And when I'm asked, I clear the wall,  
And show all that's in the hall.  
I'm not a man, nor yet a woman,  
I'm not a thing, nor yet a woman,  
I'm not a man, nor yet a woman,  
I'm not a thing, nor yet a woman.

4.  
Kitty, a fair but frozen maid,  
Kindled a flame I yet deplore,  
The hoodwink'd boy I call to aid—  
Though of his near approach afraid—  
So fatal to my suit before.  
At length, propitious to my pray'r,  
The little urchin willing came  
From earth, I saw him mount in air,  
And soon he cured, with dextrous care,  
The bitter relics of my flame  
Say, by what title, or what name,  
I shall this busy youth address:  
Cupid and he are not the same,  
Though both can raise or quench a flame;  
I'm sure 'twill please you if you guess.

5.  
Dress'd in the gayest form I oft appear,  
To please the fancy of the blooming fair,  
Whom I to church, the ball, and play attend,  
Their lovely eyes from folly to defend  
Gay youths oft wish that they like me could slip  
The balmy nectar of a fair one's lip;  
But I, still watchful of my lovely charge,  
Prevent her eyes from roving out at large.  
Surely such services, at least, might claim  
That from oblivion they should snatch my name.  
Alas! a different fate attends their slave!  
When worn with age, though still with honour brave,  
I'm cast neglected by, perhaps in scorn,  
To the hot flames my tender limbs are borne.  
Can cruel acts like these become the fair,  
To those who guard them with a mother's care?

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE FIVE OF CLUBS.—"A PAS-DE-DEUX."

6.  
Ye riddling bards, explore my name,  
And to the ladies show it;  
For they by me acquire much fame,  
And therefore ought, to know it.  
My form's round, oval, long, or square—  
As different are my prices;  
And I am always near the fair,  
When first the charmer rises.  
To church and playhouse I attend,  
In a snug place secure;  
When beaux or belles I there befriended,  
I'm found in miniature  
Me, the old maid who wants a spouse,  
Oft views with great regard.  
I'm found in almost every house,  
And often broke, though hard.

7.  
Ye who have genius! tell my name—  
Twin-born into the world I came;  
I generally am found in pairs,  
Which male as well as female bears:  
If single, without fault in it I lure,  
My name denominates a creature.  
I, first of all, defend my parents  
From noisy mob and their adherents.  
But when I boldly fight and wound,  
I'm destitute of voice and sound.  
Oh, as my parents I survive,  
I wondrous use from them derive;  
I then am plainly heard from far,  
Loud as an instrument of war,  
Oft am I plac'd in public station  
Of general negotiation.  
With me all letters circulate  
In city, country, church, or state.  
To my persuasions numbers yield,  
And at my summons take the field;  
When, cherched by me, they best sustain  
The toil and danger of the plain.  
This done, I silent service give,  
And troops fatigu'd, through me revive;  
When I refreshment kind impart,  
And with long draughts regale the heart.  
When sinking Phoebus yields to night,  
And stars dimly but feeble light—  
Then I twinkling a borrow'd ray,  
And kindle darkness into day.  
Sometimes I cover the foundation  
Of all the learning in the nation.  
Now, to conclude, fair ladies, ye  
Contribute towards producing me.

8.  
There is a certain natural substance,  
Neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral,  
Exists upon the surface of the earth,  
Two feet to six; it is neither male nor female,  
But between both. It is mentioned in the Old Testament,  
Strongly recommended in the New.

9.  
Let it be known, I beseech celestial powers,  
Though oft I fix my residence on earth,  
In Paradise I once was known to dwell,  
Ere the first pair by disobedience fell.  
But when the horrors of their guilt I knew,  
From the sad spot precipitate I flew:  
Once by a virtuous prince I was possess'd,  
And he'd the sovereign of his breast.  
But now, alas! at courts I'm seldom seen,  
My direct foes usurp that sinful ground.  
Like Noah's dove, I range the world's vast space,  
Alike perplex'd to find a resting-place.  
My sex is feminine, or poets feign,  
I wear a placid and engaging mien.  
I'm gentle, mild, benevolent, sincere,  
And where I dwell diffusive of peace.  
All vice I hate, and malice I despise,  
And ne'er am found but with the good and wise.  
Take one hint more, that may my name disclose—  
I heighten joys, and soften human woes.

10.  
Fair ladies must own  
That to them I am known,  
Though some of them don't always know me;  
'Tis an easy mistake  
For the misses to make,  
Who, perforce, know me not when they find me.  
But for you, grown-up folks,  
'Tis a truth and no joke,  
And a shame you neglect such a good friend,  
I'm part of your creed—  
Nay, your prayers indeed—  
And the Scripture is nothing without me.  
So useful though thought,  
Yet up oft set at naught,  
'Tis no wonder I'm laid on the shelf,  
But in searching take care,  
For you mayn't be aware,  
That my help is just double myself.

[The whole answered in No. 10.]







**ANCIENT AND MODERN ART.** W. S. L.—Our intelligent correspondent has sent some excellent remarks on the comparative magnitude of works of art in former ages and at present. Space will only permit us to extract one quotation, which proves the colossal industry of the age we live in. "A comparison of the London and Birmingham Railway, with one of the largest works of the ancients, the Great Pyramid of Egypt, shows the pre-eminence of modern labour. Thus the work expended on the Great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting 15, 33 million cubic feet of stone one foot high; and required 20,000 men (or, according to Herodotus, 100,000) twenty years to execute it; whereas the labour expended in the construction of the Birmingham Railway, is equivalent to 25,000 million cubic feet of stone raised one foot, and has been executed by about 20,000 men in four and a half years."

**THE EVILS OF VAGRANCY.** At page 376, in the present number of the *Home Companion*, will be found an admirable essay on that hydra-headed grievance the "Pique of Beggars," a subject fraught with the most important consequences, and which we cannot too strongly impress upon the minds of our readers. From remote records of history, various measures have been adopted to restrain vagrancy. In the fourteenth and two following centuries, severe enactments were made, but without producing any permanent effect; and in later times, the attention of the legislature has been directed in many ways to suppress the growing vice, which haunts our daily paths in every painful and distressing form. It is a matter of astonishment to most persons, that while we have so many societies and charitable institutions, the object of which is the abolition of mendicancy, such great numbers of the begging fraternity are still left to prey upon the purses of the public. But the truth is, that the multitude generally are credulous, and more generous than thoughtful. While they aid with one hand to build up the means of defence against begging imposition, they secretly encourage with the other the vagrant, in his idle habits and notorious occupation. Much real misery no doubt exists in our crowded thoroughfares, but the knowledge of this sad fact should stimulate our employ of judicious remedies for the prevention of begging, by assisting those who, through trials and difficulties, are industriously

Castilian spring at a draught—accompany their poetic incubations with a desire to be paid for their exertions. To this latter class of contributors we would relate the following anecdote, which will prove that in all ages a proper reward has been exacted in this respect:—An avowed plagiarist, in the form of prose, composed with pleasing metaphors, was addressed to the Editor, who would pay for it on condition that the author would not write. If such an avowed plagiarist was paid for in this way, we suspect the authors would be no inconsiderable gainers; but the public would soon be overwhelmed with *Assy books*. A poet, however, who knew the Caliph's custom, composed a few verses in his praise, and had them engraved on a stone of immense weight. With this he loaded a camel, and made his appearance before the Caliph, but the latter changed his system of self-defence on this occasion, and would only pay for the value of the stone.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—W. GARRISON (the Dahlias was discovered in Mexico, by Humboldt, in 1789).—M. J. (an Odometer is a way measurer, an instrument or machine by which the steps of a person who walks, or the revolutions made by the wheels of a carriage can be counted).—MERTON (hackney coaches are said to have originated in France, about the year 1680).—H. L. S. (thanks).—NEMO (the manuscript sent is not suited to our pages).—WILLIAM JAM (who purposely abstain from giving any advice on emigration. It is a subject of too much importance to be treated in a few words. Our correspondent will appreciate these prudential motives).—JUVENILE (Writings on the *Improvement of the Mind*, is a work that cannot be too often consulted. Todd's *Student's Guide* will also be found extremely useful).—MARIA M. (many absurd notions prevail respecting eunuchs. An easy, unaffected behaviour, and obliging disposition should be cultivated).—MIRA (the commencement of the British Museum was the purchase, in 1753, of the collection of Sir Hans Sloane).—LOXOMACHOS (soubriquet is a French word, meaning a nickname).—J. I. G. (why bookellers call them elves the trade has been explained by their having much commercial intercourse with each other, and thus acquiring a habit of turning themselves, in contradistinction to the public).—ARCHIBALD (the first circulating library established in London was in 1740, undertaken by a bookseller named Wright).—A. Z. (the tomb of Shakspeare in the church of Stratford church, was the work of Gerard Johnson, a celebrated sculptor).—CLIO (deduced, with thanks).—H. (this paper is too long for insertion).—C. E. I. (synod is a meeting or assembly of ecclesiastics to consult on matters of religion).—GROKOLAKA (the poems of L. E. L. or Miss Landon, although of a melancholy character, may be read with much profit. The earliest compositions of this lady were *Poetical Sketches*, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*).—J. ROBERTSON (will find his suggestions adopted).—W. PANDER (accepted with thanks).—T. (thanks).—H. A. J. P. (will find his wishes gratified).—C. W. (we greatly disapprove of flogging in schools. There are many other ways of correcting children with much better effect. We may probably enlarge upon this subject when space permits).—W. LYLES (the subject is too melancholy).—ROBIN HOOD (the best way to cure sickness from smoking, is to abandon the use of tobacco).—THOMAS K. (the smallest measures are the hair's breadth, of which fifty eight are an inch).—G. (we had no copper coins until 1610).—WILLIE (hammering renders metals more dense, and heating in fire restores them).—CHARLES (Galileo, the founder of mechanical philosophy, was born at Pisa, in 1564).—W. WORKER (many thanks, but the papers are declined).—CURIOUS (the Pyramids of Egypt have been opened, but without particular discovery).—YOUNG (the tides are connected with the moon, since they follow the moon's southing. In time, however, they may be specially obstructed and delayed. Twice in every rotation the sea rises and falls from four or ten, to forty or sixty feet).—JULIA M. (the odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil).—D. (Hoffman has said that it should be a universal medicine in nature, it is water, for by its assistance all disorders are alleviated and cured, and the body preserved sound. Our correspondent must have been greatly misinformed, when he gravely alludes to the ill effects of water on the system).

## Editor's Note-Book.

**BE AN EARLY RISER.**—Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and of course, get about your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, "that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not have overtaken his business at night." Dean Swift says, "that he never knew any man more to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning." Bulfinch gives us the history of his writing in a few words. "In my youth, I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his servant) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he would make me get up at six. Next morning he did not fail to wake me and to torment me, but he only received abuse. The next day after, he did the same with no better success; and I was obliged to confess, at noon, that I had lost my time. I told him that he did not know how to manage his business; he ought to think of my promise, and not mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence—I hid him beyond—I stormed—but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply; and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my works."

**TO STAIN OAK A MAHOGANY COLOUR.** R. R.—Boil together Walnut-wood and Roman alum.

**ESPOSITO ENO-VINO.** Herbert.—This is an Italian word, signifying half painted, as it is a particular manner of engraving in imitation of Indian ink.

**STATIONERY.** Query.—This term given to all the materials employed in the art of writing, is derived from the business of book-sellers having been anciently carried on in stalls or stations.

**RESERVING OF BIRDS, &c.** J. Y.—A small wooden basin, containing tallow, placed in each case, has been found to be more effectual than either camphor or Russia leather.

**LOCKS.** G. W. C.—The most ancient lock, of whose form and construction there is any certain knowledge, is the Egyptian, which has been in use upwards of four thousand years.

**TO GLAZE OR VARNISH DRAWINGS.** Sunson.—One ounce of Canada balsam, two ounces of oil of turpentine, well dissolved. The drawing should be previously washed over with a solution of saffron.

**TO GILD STEEL.** Japan.—Immerse the steel in a solution of nitro-muriate of gold, which will leave a coat of gold upon the steel, which must be immersed in water the moment it is gilt. The adhesion and appearance of the gold are considerably improved by the use of the burnisher.

**MUSICAL NOTES.** Juliana.—The first six are said to have been invented by Gaius Aretin, a Benedictine monk of Arezzo, A.D. 1025. The notes at present used were perfected in 1338. Counterpoint was brought to perfection by Palestrina, about 1515. The Italian style of composition was introduced into England about 1610.

**DISGUISE.** Jane R.—Among relations and intimate friends, visits of more ceremony are unnecessary. It is, however, needful to call at suitable times, and to visit staying too long if your friend is engaged. The courtesy of society must always be maintained, even in the domestic circle, or among the nearest friends.

**WOOD STAINING.** Thomas F.—A decoction of walnut or hognoy bark, with a small quantity of alum in it, to give permanency to the colour, will make an excellent dye-wood of a white colour receives, from the application of this liquid, a beautiful yellow tinge, which is not liable to fade. It is particularly adapted for furniture made of maple.

**TO MAKE RED STAINING-WAX.** M. J.—Take of shell-lac, well powdered, two parts; of resin and vermilion, powdered, each one part; mix them well together, and melt them over a gentle fire, and when the ingredients seem thoroughly incorporated, work the wax into sticks. Here shell-lac cannot be procured, seed-lac may be substituted for it.



SCRIBING A LIVING.

**JOHN BULL.** W. C. H.—The origin of this term is thus explained in Mrs. Markham's *History of England*. She says, "I am told this name came to be traced beyond Queen Anne's time, when an ingenious satire, entitled the *History of John Bull*, was written by the celebrated Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift. The object of this satire was to throw ridicule on the politics of the Spanish succession. John Bull is the Englishman, the frog is the Dutchman, and Charles II. of Spain, and Louis XIV., are called Land Stout and Louis Baboon."

**FLEXIBLE IVORY.** S. M. H.—A process for rendering ivory flexible has been practised at Paris. It was found that when bones are subjected to the action of hydrochloric acid, the phosphate of lime, which forms one of their component parts, is extracted, and thus bones retain their original form, and acquire great flexibility. After giving the pieces of ivory the required form and polish, they are steeped in acid, partially diluted with water, and become supple, flexible, elastic, and of a slightly yellowish colour. In the course of drying, the ivory becomes hard and inflexible again; but its flexibility can be at once restored by wetting it, either by surrounding it with a piece of wet linen, or by placing sponge in the cavities of the pieces.

**POETRY BY WEIGHT.**—The increasing number of our poetical contributors renders it impossible to comply with the oft-repeated request to notice the receipt of their compositions. The majority of these poems relate to matters of individual interest merely, which will explain the reason why they are rejected. Other, betray marks of great carelessness, with a vein of too poetic feeling, which proves that better might be attempted. A few timid plagiarists to Parnassus, modestly request us to aid their halting feet; and others—bold-hearted rhymesters, who appear ready to swallow the



Printed by WILLIAM ELLIOTT, at the Crown Office, London, and published for the Proprietor, by JOHN BENNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 19.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1852

[Price One Penny]

## THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;  
And he inherits soft white hands  
And tender flesh that fears the cold.  
Nor darest to wear a garment old  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits acres  
The bunk may break the factory burn  
A breath may burst his bubble shares  
And soft white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn  
A heritage it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits warts  
His stomach craves for dainty fare  
With sated heart he hears the jangle  
Of toiling hands with brown arms bare  
And wearies in his easy chair  
A heritage it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy cart  
A handy frame a hardier spirit  
King of two hands he does his part  
In every useful toil and art  
A heritage it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble thing  
A rank adjudged by toil won merit  
Content that from employment springs

A heart that in his labour sings;  
A heritage it seems to me  
A king might wish to hold in fee

What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
A patience learned of being poor  
Courage if sorrow come to bear it  
A folk-wisdom feeling that is sure  
I think the outcast leaves his door  
A heritage it seems to me  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son there is a toil  
That with all others level stands  
I argue fairly hath never a ill  
But only sits in soft white hands —  
Oh! the test or p from thy land  
A heritage it seems to me  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

O poor man's son scorn not thy state  
Thou art a worse wear than an ill  
I argue being rich is a great  
I argue the toil to shun  
And makes rest fragrant and benign  
A heritage it seems to me  
Worth a life to hold in fee.

Both levels are six feet high  
Are equal in the earth at last  
Both children of the same great God  
Prove title to your fellowship vast  
By record of a well-aided past  
A heritage it seems to me  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST

### CHAPTER I

The sun was slowly sinking to the west  
Pavilioned with a thousand glorious dyes  
The turtle doves were winging to the nest  
Along the mountain's soft declivities — CROLY

Young Stanley's congratulations, that he alone knew of the communion held by Lucy Ellet and her sister with the mysterious creature whom he had seen, were not destined to be of long duration. The Lady of the Rock became an object of universal dread. The rumour, moreover, speedily grew rife that the object of her visitations was to hold unholy intercourse with the young slaves of the Governor of the colony. These, therefore, from having been the idols of all classes in the place, became subjects of curiosity and vague apprehension.

Recollecting that the wiles of this same adversary practised upon the mother of our race had become the means of expelling her from the bowers of Paradise, and bringing "death into the world and all our woe," it is not surprising that Lucy and Jossey Ellet were now regarded with suspicion on all hands. The society of the sisters became as much avoided as it had been previously sought after. Closer observation, however, caused the chief blame to rest upon Lucy, who was seen daily, at sunrise and sunset, wending her way to this haunted spot.

It was some weeks after Stanley's first sight of the phantom lady, that twilight overtook him on an evening ramble. He had carefully, since the time we last described, avoided bending his steps toward that vicinity, in any of his rambles. Accordingly, on this evening, he had turned off at the outskirts of the village, at a place where another road met that leading to the fearful spot. Having been occupied with reflections of a deeper cast than are common to youth, he had remained until the slow departing sunset reminded him to hasten home. On approaching the place where the two roads met, he was startled by the sight of a light figure emerging from the main path. The figure of the phantom lady of the Rock instantly suggested itself to the mind of the youth. A few moments had just risen behind the dim embodiment, and she was seen to pass the spot where he stood. The last beams of the setting sun were shining but beyond the distant hills, and nothing but the soft twilight of that evening shrouded the scene.

Stanley endeavored to make the spectral shape—it turned—a pair of dark eyes shined from beneath a white hood, and the clear tones of Lucy Ellet sounded in his ears.

"Well met, Master Frank Stanley," she said; "you have come at last, as have all our villagers."

"After what I have been witness to, Miss Lucy," he began, "I believe me, Frank, the interview you beheld between myself and the Lady of the Rock was pure as the intercourse above."

"I beseech you, Lucy Ellet," exclaimed the youth, earnestly, "and heeding her words 'for your own soul's sake, for your young sister's sake, cease these suspicious visits to yonder mysterious spot.'"

"Oblige me then, in relieving me of my duty toward that unhappy creature by assuming the task hitherto performed by myself, and I will go thence no more."

I would do aught but perjure my own soul, to have thee and thy sister reinstated in the opinion of our little community, to say nothing of saving both from 'future destruction.' Yet," continued he, "if I also must have frequent converse with that visionary form I dare not—"

Out on thee, Frank, interrupted the young lady, "I had thought thee a brave youth afraid of nothing but sin."

And is it not sin to hold constant speech with a spirit-messenger of Satan? inquired the boy.

"I will request thee to have no speech of her; I would merely desire you to bear morning and evening a little basket, resembling this, (and she drew one from beneath her shawl,) place it on the rock—wait until the phantom lady appears, to remove it and replace it with another—then return to the village. Do this to oblige me, Frank, and save me the necessity of doing otherwise by under of continuing the visits so execrated. More candidly, I cannot put in you at present, but will you not have faith that I would instigate you to the performance of an act that was otherwise than noble?"

"Lucy Ellet," said Stanley, looking on her steadily, "there is that in your manner and your words which show me that you are actuated by some generous principle in this singular affair. What this mystery may be, time must prove. I will do your errand."

"The Lord reward you," replied Miss Ellet. "The basket, then, shall be placed under the huge willow tree at the end of your father's orchard, and we may not seem to have any connexion in regard to it. You must always replace in the same spot the one you will receive at the rock; and I will cause it to be removed and replenished in time to have it there again, ready for your next visit. But here we are, within the village," added Lucy, "and had better not be seen together lest it might excite suspicion. You will find a circuitous path to the rock in yonder direction," she continued, pointing to the left, "and had better use it in your excursions, that you may be less likely to escape notice. So saying, and without giving the youth time to reply Lucy parted from Stanley, and soon after turned into her uncle's house."

The boy continued on his way with an undesirable sentiment of apprehension in his bosom. Some instinct had prompted him, notwithstanding all his preconceived notions of horror at the abandonment of the young Ellets to the power of the Lady of the Rock, to accede to Lucy's proposal that he should supply her place in her daily visits to that mysterious being; and so far from feeling any reproaches of conscience in remembering that he had given his promise to that effect, he rather enjoyed all the elation of spirit experienced by one who generously sacrifices himself to suspicion for a noble cause. Something in Lucy Ellet's manner convinced him that feelings of the same kind had actuated her conduct in this strange affair, and he thought of her now, more with admiration than reproach. "Yet what," said he to himself, "startled at the change which half an hour had wrought in his views, "if this approbation of myself and Miss Ellet be only a suggestion of the arch-tempter to place me in his power?" But, no, the idea was dismissed as a mockery, as incompatible with his feelings of satisfaction in what he had pledged himself to undertake.

Stanley rose at sunrise on the following morning, for the purpose of commencing the fulfilment of his promise. Seeking the willow-tree in the garden, he found the little basket prepared for him, and assuming the charge of it, set out upon his walk. He speedily turned into the winding path indicated by Lucy Ellet, and pursued his way. The morning beams were just breaking, and their light gladdened upon the dewy grass beneath his feet, and caused it to sparkle as though his tread were upon myriads of diamonds. The waking birds were chanting their matin lays, and the insects humming in every brake and dingle.

But the balmy morning, and the day it presaged, were alike lost on the hero, whose mind was filled with reflections concerning his singular mission. He walked on, wrapped in thought, till he approached the foot of the hill where the path ended, despite his conclusions of the previous evening, and with a doubtful feeling regarding his errand. He was about to descend the shadowy path, when he had twice beheld upon that fateful summit what fearful wraiths might be not weave around him by thus doing her will.



He ascended a short distance, and turned to look behind him. A scene of more complete solitude, having all its peculiarities heightened by the serenity of the weather, the quiet composure of the atmosphere, and the perfect stillness of the elements, could hardly be imagined. He could descry nothing of the scenes he had left, save the valley beneath him, and the spire of the village church in the distance. Should he return home, or proceed? He remembered his promise to Miss Ellet, and again applied himself to continue his ascent. He drew near the ominous spot—climbed a few steps higher—touched the rock, and placed the basket upon its base.

Slowly and gradually appeared the form of the Lady of the Rock. It was not without something like alarm that Stanley beheld this mysterious being standing close beside him. She had been about to speak, but seeing the boy, cast her beautiful azure eyes on him with a look of surprise, exchanged the basket for another, and, with a pensive smile, disappeared from his view.

Had all the spells he had dreaded in his approach to the spot been concentrated in that look and smile, the change in the feelings of young Stanley could not have been more instantaneous. Surprise succeeded to his former superstitious sentiments of awe, for he had discovered that the Lady of the Rock was no vague embodiment as he had deemed, but a gentle shape of human flesh and blood. Where or how she had vanished, however, was still a mystery; but he was so overpowered with a sense of his discovery, that he turned to descend without attempting to make any investigation, and reached the village to encounter a day of great agitation.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Through solid curls of smoke, the bursting fire  
Glimb in tall pyramids above the spires,  
Concentrating all the winds, whose faces, driven  
With equal rage from every point of heaven,  
Whirl into conflict, round the scathing point  
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar."

BARTON.

SEVERAL topics of excitement began at this time to prevail in the village of L—, in addition to that connected with the haunted rock. One was the projected marriage with Lucy Ellet very shortly to Mr. Elmore, to whom she had been for some time betrothed; another, the reappearance of Messrs. Brooks and Dale in the village, where they took up their abode for a short period; and a third, the threatened incursion of some of the neighbouring Indian tribes.

To guard against this last evil, the inhabitants were obliged to appear at all times armed, and prepared for repelling hostilities. A fast was likewise appointed by the Governor of the colony, and public worship held daily, to offer up prayer to avert the impending danger. At such times, a guard of men, with muskets ready for immediate use, was stationed without the building to repulse any attack of the savages, and give the word of warning to those engaged within. In this way, as the situation of the village was in itself strong, owing to the hills that surrounded it, the inhabitants trusted that they were fully prepared to resist any sudden attack.

Things were in this state when, on a certain day, the morning beams had shone on the unpretending spire of L— for five or six hours, and the people had assembled in the building beneath as usual. The lengthy prayer with which the puritans were wont to commence their exercises had concluded, and just as every voice was attuned to the melody of a pious psalm, a loud and unusual noise was heard.

The worshippers of that humble meeting house paused to listen, with faces filled with boding expectation. It was the terrific yell of the approaching Indians. This was speedily followed by the appointed signal from the soldiery stationed without; and at the instant that the report of the musketry rang in the air, the congregation started from their seats in terror. Each man rushed for his arms, and crowding to the doors and windows, found the building completely surrounded by savages. The females, remaining in the interior, shrieked in the extremity of their alarm.

The scene that followed is not easily described. A fearful struggle ensued. Heaven, too, at that moment, added its terrors to the scene. A furious thunder-storm arose, and amidst the most vivid flashes of lightning, and awful reverberations, the rain began to descend in torrents. The villagers now yielded themselves completely to terror, and, abandoning the conflict, prostrated themselves on their knees, and resorted to prayer. The Indians took fresh courage from this circumstance, and commenced firing the meeting-house. For a little time the rain prevented their efforts from taking effect, but the fire was finally triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the consuming building, while huge flakes of burning materials went driving on the wind, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over the neighbourhood. The rain, however, prevented the progress of devastation further. But the shouts of the Indians resounded far and wide, as they turned to continue their work of destruction, by setting fire to the other dwellings in the village.

At this crisis, the villagers, as if animated by a sudden and simultaneous impulse, arose from their knees, and betook themselves again to the defensive. Previously, in their resistance, wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts had been blended in such a manner as completely to destroy anything like unity of action. But now, in concert, and disposed according to the best military arrangements, they advanced a second time upon their invader.

The Indians, in confidence of their approaching triumph, had uttered the whoop of success, which called their warriors from the adjoining vicinity to behold the approaching scene. In surprise, therefore, notwithstanding this addition to their forces, they found themselves resisted with a power and skill, such as they had never before witnessed. But their previous success

had given new spirit to an enemy already sufficiently audacious; and continuing their war-cries with redoubled ferocity, they pursued the attack. The combat raged for about half an hour; when the Indians were utterly defeated, and betook themselves to flight.

At that moment the clouds of heaven suddenly opened, shedding the blessed light of the returning sun upon the village; and it might have been seen that the recent victory had been obtained through the means of a stranger, who had appeared and aroused the people from their panic of fear, assumed the command, arranged and ordered them in the best military manner, and thus enabled them to repel and rout the Indians, and save the village. This person was a man of dignified and majestic bearing, and with an interesting beauty and pallor of countenance.

The parting clouds had scarcely permitted the gleams of renewed sunshine to fall upon the rescued spot, and the inhabitants began to realise their safety, and look around to return thanks to the skillful and unknown commander to whom the rescue was due, ere it was discovered that he had mysteriously vanished. Awe and amazement filled the minds of the spectators, for they were utterly unable to account for the singular arrival and sudden disappearance of this remarkable person. After many unsatisfactory conjectures, the only conclusion they could arrive at was, that the Lord had sent an angel to their deliverance.

It was on the evening of the day on which this attack took place, that Frank Stanley was proceeding on his second errand to the rock. As he walked on, he pondered deeply upon the discovery he had that morning made. The recent scene of excitement in the village had banished the thoughts of it throughout the day from his mind. But now his curiosity recurred to the subject with all the strength with which that feeling fixes upon a mystery but partially solved. The stranger who had so singularly appeared during the conflict with the Indians, and put them to flight, seemed somehow associated in the boy's mind with the Lady of the Rock; and he could no more join with the villagers in believing the one an angel of the Lord, than he could now in supposing the other an evil spirit.

The more perplexed the more he reflected, Stanley one moment resolved, at all hazards, to penetrate the singular mystery—to overcome on his present errand the internal and undefinable feelings which would restrain him from accosting the lady, and offering her any further assistance in his power, and discovering the place of her retreat. Yet, to press himself on her confidence might be impertinence, and as she had in the morning disappeared without noticing his presence, it was evident that she did not mean voluntarily to make him her confidant; and probably she was involved in no difficulties where he might be useful. The next instant, therefore, he resolved to suppress all desire to penetrate the secret, dismiss his disquieting and fruitless conjectures, and, without attempting to invade the manner and place of the sudden disappearance of the fair, but living vision, await the period when time should throw light upon the subject.

He was thus divided in his own determinations when he reached the woods at the foot of the hill where his purposed visit lay. At that moment he became startled from his reflections by the rustling of leaves. Remembering the assault from the Indians in the morning, the youth paused, and leaned forward to listen. Silence, however, seemed restored to the disturbed foliage, and the boy pursued his course, supposing the noise he had heard simply to have been occasioned by a sudden gust of wind. But he had not proceeded many steps when the sound was distinctly perceptible of approaching voices, speaking in the deep tones of the savages. He turned, and ere many minutes elapsed, the forms of three Indians were visible; perceiving at once his danger, and determined to make one bold effort for his life, he bounded off with the swiftness of a deer. There was but one breathless moment; the Indians raised the cry of alarm, and pursued him.

Stanley knew too well the nature of the struggle in which he was engaged to lose one of the precious moments. Accordingly, he kept his way up the acclivity, which, though neither very high nor very steep, was yet sufficiently toilsome to one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive; and ere he had gained the summit of the second hill, he fell prostrate upon the ground. He rose, and proceeded again for a few moments at his former swift pace. By degrees this slackened—the Indians were within a few yards of him. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket—but he knew it could only destroy one of his enemies, and there would still remain two to contend with. Generously, therefore, he refrained from using it, and preparing to resign himself into their hands, yielded himself up a prisoner with a dignity that was remarkable for his years.

Dragging him to a glen which intervened between the two hills, they bound him tightly, and then turned, apparently to make some consultations respecting the prisoner's fate. The prospect of death is terrible at every period of life; but to sit, like young Stanley, in horrid uncertainty in regard to the mode in which life was to be extinguished, was a situation to break the boldest spirit; and the unhappy captive could not restrain the tears, which flowed from his eyes. This agony of mind continued until the feelings of the youth arose almost to a state of frenzy. He started up, and struggled violently to become freed from his bonds, that it almost seemed that they should have burst by the force of his strength, as did the withes of Samson. But the cords were of too firm a texture, and after an unavailing struggle, the boy fell back exhausted.

The Indians were evidently now preparing some torture which would put the sufferer to severe bodily anguish. As Stanley lay and looked on, overcome with his late violent exertions, the scene again passed him. At this instant he became aware of an interruption to the preparations of the savages, and had just time to recognise the mysterious stranger of the morning, to whom the preservation of his native village was due, and beheld him fall upon the enemy, when he became insensible.

## CHAPTER XII.

"I would not change  
My exiled, persecuted husband,  
Depressed but not distressed, overwhelmed  
Alive or dead, for prince or paladin  
In story or in fable, with a world  
To back his suit."—Two Foscari.

When young Stanley first returned to consciousness, he found himself in a place whose shaded artificial light seemed very grateful to his eyes, aching as they were in sympathy with his throbbing brain. Without arousing himself sufficiently to consider the nature of his situation, further than to know that his limbs were free, and that he was lying upon a comfortable bed, he fell into a heavy and unnatural slumber. During this lethargy, which lasted many hours, the sudden starts, the perspiration which stood upon his brow, the distortions of his countenance, and the manner in which he flung about his limbs, showed that, in his dreams, he was again encountering the terrors from which he had escaped. This lasted for several hours, but at length fatigue prevailed over nervous excitation, and he relapsed into a soft, untroubled repose.

After some time, he stirred and awoke. On looking round, he found himself in a place surrounded by walls of stone, with an opening on one side blocked by a piece of rock, and leaving a single crevice through which a faint ray of daylight fell. The floor and ceiling of earth showed that it was under ground; yet it contained various articles of rude furniture; and the moss bed on which he lay was soft and pliable under his weight. The brands of a fading fire had been carefully raked together in one corner, and were burning with a feeble and wavering flame, which cast faint, flickering shadows upon the dark walls.

Continuing his inspection more closely, the boy saw the figure of an aged man, seated upon a stone, bending over the pages of a large Bible which lay open upon his knee. His brow had a care-worn and anxious expression, yet withal an air of calm resignation inexpressibly sublime. His locks were almost completely white, though his dark and intelligent eye still retained much of the fire of early youth, while the hale cheek and undaunted presence indicated patience and content in the greatest suffering that can befall humanity.

Stanley neither spoke nor moved, but remained with his eyes riveted on the attractive countenance before him with a species of holy awe. As he gazed, the old man arose, knelt, and poured out the aspirations of a pure spirit, in fervent petitions, to that Power whose support he evidently needed.

While he was yet praying, a manly form entered at the opening of the cavern. The stranger wore a military cloak. He stood in the shadow until the aged man had ceased and risen, then dropped his cloak, and approached the latter; and Stanley knew him for the mysterious deliverer of the village, and the person whom he had seen, when he lay bound by the Indians, to fall upon them, and effect, he felt certain, the preservation he had experienced.

Overcome with surprise, the boy still remained immovable, and the old man addressed the stranger—

"Has she not yet arrived? the sun is high—it must be noon-day."

"It is reason enough for her detention," replied the other, in a half-impatient voice, the tones of which were deep and clear, "that I have gone forth to meet her. All objects that I seek elude my pursuit: there is a curse upon my every pathway."

"Give not way to repinings, my son; turn thine eyes upon the blessings that remain to thee, which far exceed the deserts of the best of men."

"Talk not to me of blessings, my father," replied the other. "If there crawls upon the earth a living being deserving of pity, I am that man. He who is immured in a living grave like this," he continued, after a moment's pause, "may well wish for one yet more calm and sequestered. Let us go forth, and challenge the death that awaits us. Hunted by blood-hounds, our fate is doomed. Rather, then, let it come at once than hold us longer in this state of misery."

"William," said the old man, "wouldst thou rashly cast away the boon of life that God has given thee? Canst thou be fated to death simply because the word of a vindictive king has gone forth against thee? And," he added, while a tear dimmed his eye, "would you leave Alice and your child? William," pursued the aged man, "you forbade me but now to tell you of blessings. But, surely, thou art strangely unthankful for thine—even for the inalienable blessing that thou hast in that noble-minded woman. Hath she not accompanied us hither, and cheered and sustained us with her angel presence?"

"My father, drive me not to frenzy," exclaimed the other. "You have struck the chord which another touch would break. It is the sight of her, dearer to me than life itself—immured in this ghastly hiding-place, and day by day, growing thin and waxing pale, and smiling in the midst of misery—that is more than I can bear. And it is I who have brought this evil upon her. Never were the bright prospects of opening life more cruelly dashed. And can she, frail as she is, much longer sustain the effort by which she has met this stroke of fortune? Will not the reaction, when it comes, be too terrible to be borne? Oh God, the thought of her is agony!" and he covered his face with his hands.

A female form entered. She advanced into the cave, and, throwing off a cloak and hood, Stanley recognised the mysterious Lady of the Rock. For a second she regarded the features of the two without speaking. "My dearest William," said she, as she drew close to him she laid her hand in a sympathetic manner on his arm, "why do you yield thus to grief?"

As if her touch and voice were magic, the unhappy exile raised his head to meet her glance. "I grieve for you, my Alice," he replied, after gazing on

her anxiously for some moments, and throwing his arms round her passionately, "to see you bereft of all the appliances of comfort, and to behold your noble spirit display its courage in unflinching submission and generous efforts to support the hearts of others. How cruel hath the decree of fate seemd to you, so pure, so gentle, so lovely, should be visited thus heavily!" Unable to endure his own thoughts, he broke abruptly away from her, and paced heavily up and down the cave.

"My dear husband," she said, approaching him, and looking in his face, "do not think of my lot. Remember, it would have been but too happy if it could have alleviated the bitterness of yours, or softened one sorrow of my father's heart. Come hither, my parents, I have words of encouragement for you both. There is reason to trust that our troubles will be but short-lived. Our friends have great confidence in the effect of a personal appeal from me to Charles II. Nay, look not thus distressed, my father: it is for your sake that I leave those who are dearer to me than life itself. I will present myself at the throne of the king, and petition him for your pardon; and Heaven grant that if we meet again on earth, it may be in circumstances of peace and safety."

"Alice, thou shalt not leave us!" exclaimed Henry. "Death were far preferable to life in this gloomy cavern, unshared by your presence. I will go forth and yield myself up to my pursuers, if thou talkest again of thine absence."

"Nay, William, I shall not leave you in this place. The marriage of Lord Ellet will shortly take place, and Mr. Ellet has kindly offered you both an asylum in his house until my return, or for the remainder of your lives, should it be necessary. The remote and secluded nature of the spot will withdraw you from the intrusions of importunate curiosity."

At that instant the voices of men were heard without the cavern, and a fearful suspicion dawned suddenly on the minds of all present.

"Oh God!" exclaimed young Stanley, starting from his couch, "your pursuers are seeking you; keep a profound silence, or your voices will betray you."

"Let them find us," said Heathclond. "I am weary of eluding them and am glad my hour is arrived."

"William, dear William, be silent!" whispered the lady, bending toward him with a look of unspeakable terror, as a deep flush mantled the cheek that a moment before was so pale.

"Alice, I tell you it is useless——"

"Hush, love, for my sake—for your child's sake," urged the lady in his ear as her countenance became agonized.

The voices without now grew so audible that words could be distinguished. The old man clasped his hands in resignation, and his half-parted lips murmured, "The Lord's will be done!"

Alice threw one arm around the neck of her husband, with a gesture of unutterable love, as though she would shield him, and placed the other hand on his mouth, while she trembled in every limb.

"The entrance of their asylum is well hidden," said one of the voices. "It will be a day's work to discover it."

"Let us spend the day at it, then," replied the other speaker, in a gruff and harsher tone. "We will not give up the search until we find it."

And they seemed approaching the mouth of the cavern. A moment of intense and breathless anxiety to the inmates elapsed. Their discovery seemed inevitable. In a few minutes, however, those outside passed on, and after a short time their voices grew fainter and fainter, until they were lost in the distance.

(Continued in No. 20.)

PLAYFULNESS OF ANIMALS.—"Erid, who has bestowed great attention to the habits of the crustacea, says that he has seen the *Cancer menas* play with little round stones and empty shells, as cats do with a cork or small ball. Dogs, particularly young ones, are carried away with the impulse, rolling over, and chasing each other in circles, seizing and shaking objects as if in anger, and enticing even their masters to join in their games. Horses, in freedom, gallop hither and thither, snort and paw the air, advance to their groom, stop suddenly short, and again dash off, at speed. A horse belonging to one of the large brewing establishments in London, at which a great number of pigs were kept, used frequently to scatter the grains on the ground with his mouth, and as soon as a pig came within his reach, he would seize it without injury and plunge it into the water-trough. The hare will gambol round in circles, tumble over, and fly here and there. Brehn witnessed one which played the most singular antics with twelve others, coursing round them, feigning death, and again springing up, seemed to illustrate the old saying of 'Mad as a March hare.' The same thing occurs with rabbits, and many others of the rodentia; and on warm days fish may be seen gambolling about in shoal water. Carp, in early morning, while the mist still hangs on the water, wallow in the shallows, exposing their broad backs above the surface. Whales, as described by Scoresby, are extremely frolicsome, and in their play leap twenty feet out of the water. Small birds chase each other about in play, but perhaps the conduct of the crane and trumpeter (*pelephas crepitans*) is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws comical antics. The American call it the mad bird, on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throws little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, or pretends to avoid them as if afraid. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, chase after each other, and cleave the surface of the water with outstretched necks and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around."—Thompson.



## THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THERE is no inquiry more interesting, and at the same time more instructive, than that which traces the progress of a great mind from its feeble beginnings to the period when it fills the world with its renown. Mankind are naturally curious to become acquainted with its early hopes and aspirations, and to learn what peculiar features distinguished it from other minds—and hence the charm thrown around autobiography. This charm is greatly enhanced when its pages are unsullied by that display of personal vanity, so difficult altogether to repress, and yet so injurious to the memory of its author when indulged in. It is this apparent truthfulness and absence of personal display which invest the lives of Gibbon and Hume with their remarkable fascination; and the want of these characteristics mars Rousseau's *Confessions* and Byron's *Letters*, even more than the immoralities they so unblushingly display.

Franklin fortunately left behind him an unfinished work of this class, containing a sketch of his early years, which, for perspicuity and unaffected simplicity, has no superior and but few equals. From this we learn that he was born in Boston, on the 6th day of January, 1706. His father, Josiah Franklin, emigrated to America about 1682, from the small village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England, where the family occupied a freehold for upwards of three centuries, of about thirty acres. "This small estate," continues the autobiography, "would not have sufficed for their maintenance without the business of a smith, which had continued in the family down to my uncle's time, the eldest being always brought up to that employment, a custom which he and my father followed with regard to their eldest sons. When I searched the register at Ecton, I found an account of their marriages and burials from the year 1555 only, as the registers kept did not commence previous thereto; I, however, learnt from it, that I was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back. My grandfather Thomas, who was born in 1598, lived at Ecton till he was too old to continue his business, when he retired to Banbury, in Oxfordshire, to the house of his son John, with whom my father served an apprenticeship. There my uncle died and lies buried. His eldest son, Thomas, lived in the house at Ecton, and left it with the land to his only daughter, who sold it to Mr. Isted, lord of the manor there."

His grandfather had four sons, viz: Thomas, John, Benjamin, and Josiah. Thomas, the elder, was bred a smith; John, a dyer, probably of wool; Benjamin, a silk dyer; and Josiah, the father of the philosopher, after serving an apprenticeship with his elder brother John, became a tallow-chandler, which business he prosecuted in Boston, America, until his decease, obtaining from it a frugal but honest support, and the means of rearing humbly, but respectably, a large and worthy family of children.

The father of Benjamin Franklin married quite young, and brought with him to America a family consisting of his wife and three children. He emigrated in company with a number of religious dissenters, to whose faith he was attached; but it does not appear that he was driven by religious zeal, like many of his sect, to seek an asylum in a new country from the persecutions he had experienced in his native land. Of his father, Franklin says, that "he had an excellent constitution, was of middle stature, well set, and very strong; he could draw prettily, (which from the specimens in a note-book kept by Franklin we conclude he could not,) was a little skilled in music; his voice was sonorous and agreeable, so that when he played on his

violin and sung withal, as he was accustomed to do after the business of the day was over, it was extremely agreeable to hear him. He had some knowledge of mechanics, but his great excellence was his sound understanding and solid judgment."

"At his table he liked to have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbour to converse with, and always took care to start some ingenious or useful topic for discourse, which might improve the minds of his children."

Benjamin was the youngest son by a second wife, whose name was Abiah Folger, the daughter of Peter Folger, one of the earliest settlers in New England, and the author of a pamphlet on some controversial subject. Franklin was one of a very numerous family. His father had seven children by his first wife and ten by his second, of whom Benjamin remembers to have seen thirteen seated together at his father's table.

His elder brothers were all apprenticed to different trades, but Benjamin was sent to a grammar school, preparatory to an education for the pulpit, towards which his uncle proposed to contribute by leaving him a short-hand volume of the sermons of different clergymen taken by himself.

The increasing wants of his large family induced his father, in less than a year from the commencement of his studies, to alter his plan concerning his son and remove him from school, in order to make his services useful in contributing to the general maintenance of the family. He was, accordingly, at ten years of age made the errand-boy of his father's tallow-chandlery, and in this capacity was employed in carrying candles and soap to the houses of customers residing in Boston, besides performing various other offices connected with the trade, as cutting the wicks for candles, and filling the moulds with tallow.

"I disliked," says he, "the trade; and had a strong inclination to go to sea, but my father declared against it; but residing near the water, I was much in it and on it; I learnt to swim well, and to manage boats, and when embarked with other boys I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted.

"There was a salt-marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which at high water we used to stand to fish for minnows; by much tramping we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets;—sometimes two or three to a stone, till we had brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones which formed our wharf; inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our fathers; and though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me, that *that which was not truly honest, could not be truly useful.*"

Franklin was from his earliest years passionately fond of books, and devoured with avidity whatever species of reading came to his hand. His father's library was, unfortunately, but scantily stocked, and consisted chiefly of works on the religious controversies of the day, which he read, from the bare yearning for this pastime, and probably with but little profit to himself. There were a few books in this small collection of a different character, to which Franklin has attributed some of the peculiar characteristics of his subsequent life. Among these were Plutarch's *Lives*, and Dr. Mather's *Essay on the Means of Doing Good*. This latter book was quite a favourite with him, and he imagined it had a material influence in fashioning his train of thinking, and modifying the principal events of his future life. Every individual is certainly the best judge of those causes which affect his own mind; but we cannot avoid the conclusion that Franklin owed much more to the intuitive gifts of his intellect, than to any of the chance circumstances alluded to by him. It does appear to us, that the associations of his early boyhood were eminently unfavourable to the development of the philosophic reasonings which distinguished him in after life, and were even at this early age perceptible in the course of his reading, as well as his youthful actions.

His invincible repugnance to his occupation, and his desire to follow the sea, increased rather than diminished, and his father deemed it prudent, after the trial of one or two other kinds of business, to apprentice him to that of printing under his brother James, who had just returned from London with a press and types to establish himself in Boston. Franklin still retained his fondness for the sea, and declined for some time to enter into the contract. His objections were at last overcome by the persuasions of his parent, and he signed the indenture, which bound him as an apprentice to his brother, when but twelve years of age.

The new occupation he had selected, or rather which had been selected for him, provided him with the means of obtaining a more ready access to books than he had hitherto enjoyed. His acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers, frequently obtained for him the loan of some small volume, which he was careful to return clean and at the appointed time. To what profit he turned this advantage may be judged from his own language. "Often," he remarks, "I sat up in my chamber the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening to be returned in the morning, lest it should be found missing." What the character of this reading was, he has not told us, but from the fact that he soon after appeared as the author of some very poor verses, we are inclined to the opinion that it was rather entertaining than substantial.

The manner in which he was led to correct his style in prose writing is,



not only worthy of note as illustrative of the development of his mental powers under such serious obstacles, but likewise as furnishing a lesson of perseverance, worthy of imitation by those who aim to overcome early disadvantages by careful and continued attention. He appears to have had a companion named John Collins, with whom he was fond of engaging in disputation, and to whom he gave the credit of possessing a style more fluent and pleasing than his own. On one occasion their dispute was interrupted before terminated, and was afterwards continued by a series of papers on both sides. These papers fell into the hands of his father, who, tallow-chandler though he was, certainly possessed strong natural sense. He at once perceived the strong points and the errors in his son's composition, and without entering into the subject in dispute, took occasion to talk to him about his manner of writing; observing that though he had the advantage of his antagonist in correct spelling and punctuation, (which he attributed to the printing-house), he fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and perspicuity, of which he convinced him by several instances. Franklin saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to his manner of writing, and determined to endeavour to improve in style.

"About this time," he remarks, "I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. I had never before seen any of them; I bought it, and read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With that view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiments in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and without looking at the book tried to complete the papers again."

In this manner he devoted each leisure hour torn from the laborious duties of his trade, to the improvement of his style, and the attainment of those elementary branches of education, now within the reach of almost every child, however humble, in every part of the civilised world.

The advantage derived from these exercises is thus with great modesty related by himself. "By comparing my work with the original, I discovered my faults and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy that in particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the merit or the language, and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious."

One great merit consequent upon the perusal of Addison's writings, and works of a kindred character, was the abandonment of a disputatious manner which had infused itself into his conversation and writings, and which he mainly attributed to the reading of the works on polemic divinity, found in his father's library. After the opportunities afforded by many years of observation, he pronounces it "a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company, by the contradictions that are necessary to bring it into practice;" and adds, "persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it." Having arrived at some proficiency in his style, he felt a great desire to ascertain its effects upon the public, and with this view, wrote an article in a disguised hand for his brother's newspaper, which was submitted to the inspection of several gentlemen who contributed to it, and pronounced worthy of insertion.

"Hearing," says Franklin, "their conversation, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper, if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing; and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it had met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose that I was rather lucky in my judges, and they were not really so very good as I then believed them to be.

"Encouraged, however, by this attempt, I wrote and sent in the same way to the press several other pieces that were equally approved; and I kept my secret till all my fund of sense for such performances was exhausted, and then discovered it, when I began to be considered with a little more attention by my brother's acquaintances."

This discovery of his talents as a journal writer, exercised a very important influence over the immediate, and perhaps ultimate destiny of Franklin. The consideration he received at the hands of his brother's friends, had a tendency to upturn the strict relations his brother sought to maintain between them as master and indentured apprentice. Whilst the master, on his part, manifested a peevishness and authority ill becoming a near relative and employer, Franklin, beyond doubt, arrogated somewhat more to himself than he was justly entitled to claim, by reason of the possession of his imagined superior mental qualifications. This led to frequent altercations, the infliction of occasional punishments, and the final determination of the apprentice to leave his master's employ—which his brother, by cancelling his indentures, in order to enable him to appear as the conductor of the newspaper carried on by himself, but which the Government had taken umbrage at, and ordered him to discontinue—enabled him to accomplish. Franklin, with that candour which characterises his entire personal narration, confesses that he was not justified in this step, and styles it in true printer's phrase, "the first error" of his life.

(Continued in No. 20.)

The Ganges and Burmipootee, issuing from nearly opposite sides of the same ridge of mountains, direct their courses towards opposite quarters, though they are more than 1,200 miles asunder; and afterwards meet in one point near the sea, after each has performed a winding course of 2,000 miles.

## STRETCHING THE LONG BOW.

THAT was a good story told of an occurrence which took place in a stage-coach one morning many years ago. A young, conceited fellow, who had been monopolising almost all the conversation of the company, consisting of sixteen passengers, had been narrating the wonderful exploits he had performed, the prodigies of valour of which he had been the hero, and the wonderful escapes of which he had been the subject. At last he related one adventure in which he was the principal actor, which was so perfectly astounding, that a low whistle of incredulity was a simultaneous demonstration on the part of the passengers. An old gentleman, with a solemn visage, and an ivory-headed cane, sitting in the back corner of the coach, here observed:—

"That last adventure of yours, my young friend, is a very extraordinary one—very extraordinary. One could hardly believe it without having seen it. I didn't see it; but I can relate a circumstance which happened in my family, and in which I was for a time deeply interested, which is almost as remarkable, and I believe quite as true. Will you hear it?"

"Certainly," said our braggadocio; "I should be very glad to hear it."

"Give it to us! give it to us!" echoed the whole company, getting an inkling, from the solemn phiz of the old gentleman, that something rich was in the wind.

"Well, sir," continued the narrator, "the circumstance to which I alluded is this: My father had three children. He had an only brother, who had also three children. My grandfather had left to my father and my uncle a large estate, in the executorship of which a quarrel broke out, which grew more and more bitter, until at length the aid of the law was invoked, and many years of violent litigation ensued, during all which time the costs of the proceedings were gradually eating up the estate. My father and uncle saw this, and though bitter enemies, they had too much sense to bite each his own nose off. They were chivalrous and brave men, almost as much so, probably, as yourself, sir," (addressing the daring young gentleman aforesaid), "and they determined to 'fight it out among themselves,' as the saying is, and thus keep the money in the family. Well, sir, my father made this proposition to my uncle; to wit: that the three sons of each, in the order of their ages, should settle the disputed question on the field of honour; the majority of the survivors to decide the affirmative. It was readily acceded to. My eldest brother went out on the appointed day, and at the first fire he fell dead upon the turf. My next eldest brother took his station at once, and at the second fire, shot my next eldest cousin through the lungs, and he never drew a whole breath afterward."

Here the old gentleman's emotion was so great that he paused a moment, as if to collect himself. Presently he proceeded:

"It now became my turn to take the stand; and upon me rested the hopes of my family. I can truly say, that it was not fear that made my hand tremble, and my pistol to waver; it was the deep sense of responsibility that rested upon me. We took our places; a simultaneous discharge was a moment afterwards heard, and—and—"

Here the narrator put his handkerchief to his face, and seemed to shake with irrepressible agitation.

"Well, sir," exclaimed our young Munchausen, who had listened to the narrative with almost breathless attention, "well, sir—well?—what was the result? How did it end?"

"I was shot dead the first fire!" replied the old gentleman; the property passed into the hands of my uncle and his family, and my surviving brother has been as poor as a rat ever since!"

An uproarious laugh, that fairly shook the coach, told "Braggadocio" that he had been slightly "taken in and done for" after a manner entirely his own.

This anecdote will not be lost upon bored listeners to those who shoot with the long bow; or, in other words, stretch a fact until they have made it as long as they want it. We have somewhere heard of a man at a dinner-party who was determined not to be outdone in this but too common species of archery. Some one present had been engaged in attracting the attention of the company to an account of a pike that he had caught the day before that weighed nineteen pounds.

"Pooh!" exclaimed a gentleman sitting near him, "that is nothing to the one I caught last week, which weighed twenty-six pounds."

"Confound it!" whispered the first fisherman to his neighbour, "I wish I could catch my pike again; I'd add ten pounds to him, directly!"

PICKLES AND THEIR ADULTERATIONS.—Are not the gherkins, cabbages, beans, &c., which we see in the bottles what they appear to be? And are other vegetables than those commonly known to us mixed with the ordinary kinds? To these questions we thus reply:—"Gherkins," on close examination, often turn out to be but shriveled or sliced cucumbers; the "young tender beans," to be old and tough; the "cauliflowers" to have run to seed; and the "red cabbages" to be nothing more than white cabbages, turned into red by colouring matter, as a dyer would change the colour of a dress. Further, that amongst the vegetables not unfrequently employed for the purpose of pickle-making, are some which do not enter into the calculation of the epicure, as vegetable marrow—which, when cut in pieces, forms a very respectable imitation of cucumber—and sliced turnips, the identification of which would be apt to puzzle even a botanist, as well as certainly all those who are uninitiated in the secrets of a pickle manufactory.—*Lancet*.

## PLEASURES OF TROPICAL LIFE.

**THE PLAGUES OF BRAZIL.**—Let the reader imagine himself roused from a comfortable slumber and blissful dreams, in the middle of the night, by a cold shuddering sensation as if an icicle, large as his arm, and long as a walking-stick, had been suddenly thrust down into the bosom of his shirt next his bare skin; he leaps from the bed, and down falls, like a dead eel, a venomous snake of the most deadly venom, who has quietly taken up his lodgings, not only in the bed, but actually within his shirt, without so much as saying, "by your leave."

Or only think of flinging yourself down in the cool inviting shade of an orange grove for an hour's nap, and after tossing uneasily about for thirty minutes, dreaming by snatches, perhaps, that you are shut up in a box along with four thousand full-grown lobsters, all with unplugged claws ready for war, you spring to your feet, and find the skin of your neck and face covered with little hard round protuberances like small peas, which you know to be the *bela rouge*; each one of which has driven his tiny screw, hard as tempered steel, deep into the skin: where, unless it is soon removed by the point of a friendly knife, it will lay the foundation of a loathsome ulcer. All your whole body, under your clothes, is swarming with ticks, worms, and bugs; your hair is alive with flies and insects, waging war upon each other for the sovereignty of the newly-discovered territory. On your cheek is fastened a great dusky vampire bat, with wings like Raphael's demons; at your nose hangs pendant a hideous-looking nondescript, armed with so many claws, pincers, horns and spears, that he seems a perfect amalgamation of the cricket, land-crab, locust and tarantula; two of his barbed spears he has fastened into your upper lip in order to steady himself, while he thrusts a long slender feeler up your nostril in search of a new route to your stomach. A dozen great overgrown black beetles are clinging to your fingers, and helping themselves to a "bite" at your expense; while a huge old scorpion, with a shell as hard as a land tortoise, is thrashing about inside of your boot leg, and stinging you a half-dozen times in as many seconds.

Take all these horrors, and add as many more to them as you can conjure up, and you will have some faint idea of what you will be doomed to undergo during an out-door nap of a single half-hour in the tropics.

Nor is your in-door life exempt from the million plagues that infest these regions. Besides the slimy snakes that crawl into bed with you, lizards, vipers, asps, and giant old cockroaches that seem to have been growing since the flood, dart, flip, and skip about the room, and conceal themselves in every chink and cranny around the walls. Fleas swarm in such countless myriads that if they were once unanimous in their efforts, they might lug you off in spite of your utmost struggles. You sit down to dine, and in a moment your soup is black with flies,—covered completely over from side to side, so compact that others pass across on their bodies, as one crosses the Douro from Villa Nova to Oporto, on the bridge of boats: and then after you have skimmed off the black mass, if you have still any appetite for the fly-seasoned soup, the moment you open your mouth to imbibe the first spoonful, in goes along with it a dozen of the greedy insects, lodging along the roof of your mouth, and on your palate, where they hang, struggling and kicking, till the next spoonful washes them down into your stomach. As Sydney Smith very justly remarks, "you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies."

After dinner the coffee is brought in, and you see a caterpillar, with fifty eyes, five hundred legs, and hairy, porcupine-quills all along his back, floating in your cup, coiled up like a Christmas wreath. You open the sugar bowl, and the beautiful white sugar is all astir with millions of small red ants, burrowing to its very lowest depths. A great flat bug, such as you have never seen before, with fifteen pair of legs, and ten wings, has cast himself down into the soft butter, and spread himself all over the surface, as though he laid claim to the whole plate.

Queer looking black things, half bugs and half worms, all head and no body, are industriously digging holes in the fresh loaf not an hour from the baker's: long-bodied grey flies are busily engaged founding a colony of their kind in the cheese, where they are depositing their eggs in clusters—in short, the whole insect world appear to have invited themselves to dine with you, and each particular one seems busy helping himself.

You wish to take a bath, and plunge into a pure crystal pool or a beautiful running stream; an amphibious thing, all head and horns, bursts up out of the sand at your feet, and rasps through between your bare legs, tearing off the skin as if a mad cat had been dragged over you by the tail. The next moment, a huge cayman, or a ravenous jaguar, darts out from a tangled growth of submarine plants, and makes a dive at you with open jaws. You leap out of the water to escape the monster, and in an instant your naked body is covered with a cloud of venomous gnats that rise from the sand, biting as they light, and blistering as they bite: by the time you are dressed, you feel as if your whole body had been scourged with nettles.

Everything in the insect or reptile kingdom of Brazil, bites, stings, poisons, or wounds in some way; and all seem to be more inimical to man here, than in any other portion of the habitable globe.

With a knowledge that through life he must battle with such plagues as these—worse ten thousand times than those that fell upon the land of Egypt, for the very reason that they are perpetual—what Englishman would exchange his home, nestled down among the old hills where first he looked out upon God's glorious sun-light, albeit that home is subjected at times to the dreariness of autumn rains, the biting frosts of winter, or the rude blustering March winds, for the luxuriant groves, the spice-laden breezes, the natural gardens of gorgeous flowers blooming in eternal summer, or the fruitful vale

## THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

**DR. KANE**, who was attached to the American Exploring Expedition, is delivering a course of lectures on this interesting subject at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. From a brief report of the first two lectures, we extract the following:—

"The topic is full of interest. For the first time we were made aware of the geographical importance of the Arctic ocean—an ocean whose area exceeds four and a half millions of square miles, and whose tributary rivers drain a larger country than the Indus, the Ganges, the Mississippi, and the Orinoco combined."

"In discussing the much vexed question of the *cut bow* of these Arctic expeditions, Mr. Kane, after citing in detail their valuable contributions to general science, observed, that the cod-fishery of Newfoundland grew out of the voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert; the north-west passage of Davis opened the whale-fishery of West Greenland; and Probiher pioneered Hudson to that great bay, which now margins the most lucrative fur company of the age."

"Sir John Franklin was last seen in Baffin's Bay, in July, 1846, moored to an iceberg, and awaiting an opening to the west. By a strange coincidence, the American expedition was imprisoned for two successive seasons at the same spot. The next traces of his onward progress were the sad memorials of his first winter encampment, at the mouth of Wellington Channel, a large *iflet* opening towards the north. And here Dr. Kane, after describing the scene which he was among the first to visit, expressed his conviction that the missing vessels had proceeded in the early summer of 1846 up this inlet to the north. This seems to us extremely probable. The American expedition, in fact, drifted helplessly in this very direction. They attained a latitude (75° 26' north) never before attained on this meridian by keel of Christian ship, and there saw the dark water sky that indicated the *Polyni*, or open sea, advocated by Lieut. Maury. It was this painful and helpless drift to the north that urged upon Dr. Kane and his comrades the conviction of Franklin having preceded them upon this very passage."

Franklin was ordered by the British Admiralty to proceed through Lancaster Sound for some three hundred and fifty miles, to a cape called Walker; thence he was to steer to the southward and westward towards Behring's Straits. Failing to accomplish this, he was ordered to attempt a passage to the north by Wellington Channel. Dr. Kane, by a series of practical arguments, which seem to us almost conclusive, shows that this was the passage which he adopted; and we see, although a few of the English officers differed with him in opinion, that the recent publications of the British press fully sustain this view. The position of Sir John Franklin's first winter quarters, at the very south of this channel, is conclusive as to the fact of that judicious commander having contemplated its future navigation. It was the alternative enjoined by his "orders;" and the lecturer detailed in many facts to show that it was a *feasible alternative*. Dr. Kane, in investigating the natural laws which regulate the ice-drift, showed that the eastern side of this channel is earlier and more frequently open than the western; and the peculiar position of Sir John Franklin enabled him to see and take advantage of the *very first of these early openings*.

Add to this the singular and perplexing fact that Franklin left no written record of his intentions; and it really seems as if the ice had suddenly opened to the north, and that Sir John, with his daring and energetic promptitude, had pushed into this new water without delaying to give to the world behind him a notice of his course. Certain it is, that the deserted encampment bears marks of hasty departure, forcing us to the conclusion, that Sir John Franklin has six years ago reached the region north of this ice-bound inlet, and has since been unable to return.

Can he have survived?—This question was then taken up by Dr. Kane in a manner that surprised us. We were unprepared for the resources which that region evidently possesses for the support of human life. Narwhal, white whales and seal—the latter in extreme abundance—crowd the waters of Wellington Channel; indeed, it was described as a region "*teeming with animal life*." The migrations of the eider duck, the Brent goose, and the auk—a bird about the size of our teal—were absolutely wonderful. The fatty envelope of these marine animals, known as blubber, supplies light and heat; their furs warm and well-adapted clothing; their flesh wholesome and anti-scorbutic food; while the snow hut, or igloo of the Esquimaux, furnishes a dry and comfortable housing. In a word, Dr. Kane announced that, "*after a careful comparison of all the natural resources of this region*," he was convinced that food, fuel, and clothing—the three great contributors to human existence—were here in superabundant plenty.

In answer to the supposition of the entire destruction of the vessels and crews of Sir John Franklin by shipwreck, or the attacks of the ice, Dr. Kane said that wind-storms were rare, and that the simultaneous destruction of both vessels was hard to realise; but even supposing that winds should have foundered the ships, or that the ice should have crushed them, that *same ice* would serve, in either case, as a means of escape. In 1852, more than one thousand whalers were cast out shelterless upon the ice in Baffin's Bay; yet only seven perished.

The interesting question of an open sea around the Pole was then taken up. After citing the theoretical arguments in favour of such a body of water, which we cannot here review, Dr. Kane announced that the American expedition, under Lieutenant De Haven, had actually seen from their most northern point that unmistakable sign—the dark cloud known as the "*dark*"

seemed to have a great respect, confirmed this "sky" by the water itself.

Such an open sea has been vaguely called Polynya, a term from the Russian, which implies an open space. Do not think that, in a literal sense, such a sea exists in regions where the mean temperature is so far below the point of congelation. He fully advocated, however, the existence of a comparatively iceless sea, in which the drift never agglutinates.

It is in this region, not far to the north and west of the point which the American expedition reached, that he supposes Sir John Franklin and his companions to be immured; surrounded by seal, and the resources before described, but unable to leave their halting-ground and cross the frigid "Sahara" which intervenes between them and the world from which they are shut out.

## ENTERTAINING BOOKS.

THE age in which we live abounds with entertaining books. Stories of every description, some of them containing good moral lessons, are exceedingly numerous. Those of the better class furnish food for fancy and feeling.

Fiction has its peculiar attractions, and so has truth. Imagination can scarcely devise more striking events, more striking characters, or more romantic results, than occur on the pages of history. The entertainment derived from true books is the most valuable, because it is the most worthy of being remembered. The mind rests upon it with satisfaction. It accords with its native tastes. The child, as soon as it can speak, says, "Please to tell me a true story." Those who are most familiar with unfolding infancy, agree, that incidents simplified from the Scriptures, delight it, though they may frequently be repeated.

So, from the great storehouse of history, the young may entertain and enrich themselves at the same time. By extending their acquaintance through past ages and distant nations, the powers of thought expand themselves, an acquaintance with illustrious characters is formed, and knowledge gained which will be profitable through life, both for reflection and conversation.

Some have objected, that a wide range of history may give the young mind a premature introduction to the vices and follies that disgrace mankind. Yet thus to study them on the map of man, and to form a correct opinion of good and evil, and to deepen the love of virtue, and the hatred of vice, by the force of selected examples, might prepare the young better to understand character, and resist temptation in the actual struggle of life. The entertainments of history may be as safe as those of fiction, and more salutary. If they sometimes reveal the whirlpools of ambition, or the abysses of cruelty, they change the scene, and present the quiet waters of peace fertilizing the valleys, and the pure rose of virtue blooming in the wilderness. Examples of true greatness, generosity, and piety, if less frequent than those of an opposite nature, borrow force from contrast, and may therefore make a deeper impression, and thereby awaken a stronger desire of imitation.

The entertainments of history aid in acquiring a knowledge of human nature. We there see what man has been from the beginning, and what motives or temptations have moved him to good or to evil. Great care should be taken to form a correct judgment, and to measure by a true standard of excellence those whom the world has called illustrious.

Especially should opinions be cautiously formed of those whose fame rests only upon military exploits. Though the pride, cruelty, and revenge that stain many of those now applauded as heroes, are in a measure palliated because they were heathen, still we are bound to judge of right and wrong as Christians. When we think of the misery, mourning, and death that marked their course upon the earth, we cannot but wonder by what rule of equity "one murderer should make a villain, and many, a hero!"

To purchase a single conquest, how many eyes have wept, how many bosoms been pierced, how many hearts broken! If victories, and triumphs, and trophies dazzle the eye, look at their dark reverse; torrents of blood flowing, widows and orphans plunged in despair, throngs of unprepared souls driven into the presence of their Maker.

The patriotism that dates danger for the preservation of liberty, the firmness that repels the encroachments of tyranny, the courage that protects those whose lives are entrusted to its care, differ from the ambition that is willing to build its glory on contention, suffering, and death. This spirit is at war with His precepts, at whose birth the harps of angels breathed the song of "Peace on earth, and good-will to men."

History may be read by the young with a resolution of transcribing into their own character whatever it exhibits that is "just, lovely, and of good report." Thus will its pages not only afford rational entertainment, but be subservient to usefulness and piety in this life, and to the happiness of that which is to come.

**LIVE FOR SOMETHING.**—"Thousands of men," says Chalmers, "breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more—Why? they do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished; their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue."

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from Page 231.)

JAMES had been fully acquainted with all his father's trials, and his sympathies were strongly excited. He was his constant companion through all the hours of business, encouraging by his cheerful smile and pleasant words whenever a favourable prospect was presented; and, through all adverse and untoward changes, still holding up before him that hope of better times which his fond father would have believed in if he could.

No youthful recreation had any charm for him, if he saw the shade of sorrow on his father's brow. Blessed youth! What son that mourns a father dead, but envies those rich tears which bathe thine eyes, and fall so silently before that sacred dust? It might not shame an angel's brow thus to let out the fulness of a heart like thine; and if the fond spirit that lives no more within that tenement of clay, looks from his hidden resting-place upon his noble boy, and reads his thoughts, it will almost make that better state more blissful, to know the true, fond, living love, that burns within thy bosom.

The funeral solemnities are over; there has been no lack of followers, to the narrow house—the world has done its part in the funeral payment. Many questions have been asked and answered as to the peculiarities of him whom they were following to the grave, and as to the circumstances in which he had left his family. Acquaintances have called and expressed their sympathy with the bereaved family, and then it was left alone. The world is filled with cold and unfeeling. Perhaps it is—at least it would not be surprising if, to those who call it hard names, it should present rather a severe aspect; but we ought to keep in mind that the world, as we call it, is made up of little circles in which each man lives, and moves, and concentrates its interest. That the world did not feel for this little family, was simply because the world knew nothing of it, and therefore it was left alone.

A few days after the funeral solemnities, persons of various descriptions were going in and out of the house, and the sharp stroke of the auctioneer's little hammer and his lively voice could be heard, mingled at times with the merry laugh which his smart repartee had excited; and then carts were driving up to the door in quick succession, bearing off loads of household goods, dear to those who lately owned them by all that was sacred in associations of parental and conjugal love, but only to be prized hereafter for the cheapness at which they had been purchased.

Throughout the day the scene continued, and the last load was then wheeled away until the shades of evening drew on. Strangers' feet then ceased to profane the spoiled home, and the little family close the door, and elude around the fireside where they had so often gathered.

It is a great mistake, which many are apt to indulge, that those who have enjoyed an elevated station in society, are disqualified to bear reverses of fortune; that those who have walked proudly on the summit level, cannot descend the lowest depths of life, and bear the ills of poverty, without proportionate distress. This is not so. The mind that has long cherished independent feelings—that has been refined by intercourse with polished circles—that has been accustomed to the homage of the many, and mingled with the nobler ones of earth as equals, still maintains its dignity and self-respect, when far, far down, it walks the humble, narrow path. The cottage, the menial employment, the pitying, sneering world cannot bend its towering crest, nor tear from it that proud support—its own self-respect.

Mrs. Edwards had been well aware that the circumstances of her husband were such as held out to her the certainty of a great and sad change. Pain would she have urged him to descend at once, to relinquish the struggle with opposing fortune, and be poor that he might be happy. But she knew well how sensibly alive he was to anything that concerned her standing in the world. He had taken her from its highest station, and there he wished to retain her; and when she knew the worst—when poverty, in all its cold and forbidding aspect, was full in view, she shrank not from its presence, but, with a calm and steady look, prepared to meet its stern realities.

She was still in the prime of life, and her beauty fresh upon her. The two lovely plants, her daughters, were but images of her former self. Mary, the eldest, was just fifteen, and Julia, nearly two years younger. Trained in an atmosphere of love, their beautiful features were but creases of their warm and noble hearts.

"It has been a trying day to you, mother; but it is all over now."

"Yes, my son; but it was a necessary sacrifice. Your father cannot now be remembered by any one as his debtor."

"That is a happy thought, dear mother," said Mary, her bright eyes kindling with emotion, as it looked full upon the sad, yet beautiful countenance of her parent: "if we have no friends, we can exult in the thought that we are no man's debtor."

"It has, indeed, been a trial, which once I could not have supposed it possible to bear—I mean what we have gone through this day. To hear strangers jesting over sacred relics of our family, to see rude hands carrying off what, to us, is associated with our tenderest feelings—oh! it has agitated me strangely; one thought alone has enabled me to bear it."

"You mean dear father's last wish."

"Yes, Mary; the idea of leaving the world with a blot upon his name. You know that his views on that subject were peculiar—but they were noble and just. He considered a debt uncancelled, a moral taint."

"I made him a solemn promise, mother, that everything should be paid to the last farthing."

"But, James, my dear son! how did you know that it could be accomplished?"





"This may be set down as one of Mr. Fightbody's unlucky days; there were unexpected hindrances continually coming up, but he had finally overcome all obstacles, and was ready for a start."—See Chap. iv.

"Why, mother, I pledged my strength, my life, for that one object, and the support of my mother and sisters; and sooner shall my arm wither than that pledge be unfulfilled. Your generosity in thus sacrificing all that was so valuable to you as the property of your ancestors, has relieved me from one part of this promise, and I have nothing now to do but labour for your support."

"God be your helper, James! and may you reap a rich reward for your past faithfulness to your dear father! His last prayer will, I trust, prove a rich legacy to you; but I cannot think of allowing you to spend your energies merely struggling to support us. You will find it hard enough, my dear boy, to make your own way in the world, without means and without friends."

James arose without replying to what his mother had said, and walked about the room, evidently under deep excitement; his lovely sisters watched him a moment, their bright eyes glistening with the tears that told how quickening was the sympathy that burned within.

"Brother, dear brother!" And each was clinging to an arm, and looking into his anxious countenance with expressions of the warmest love. "Don't, dear brother; don't, James——" And Mary wiped away in the gentlest manner the tear that was starting from its hiding-place. "We shall be able to help more than you think for; we have already thought about what we can do."

"My dear sisters, if you do not wish to distress me, you will cease at once." And leading them to the seats they had left, he placed himself beside her whose tones of love had ever been sweet music to his ear; and gently taking the hand with which she was concealing her strong emotions—

"Mother, I have one request to make of you. If you value my peace of mind, if you have any regard for my feelings as a son and a brother, you will never again, nor permit my sisters ever again, to speak in this way—never until it shall be proved that my efforts are hopeless. Let me fulfil what would have been my father's wish; at least let me try first."

There was a knock at the street door, and James rose immediately; it was a well-known single rap, and by the token a friend, although one in humble life.

There was a cordial grasping of hands, but neither spoke; silently the visitor followed James through the hall, to the room where the little family had scolded.

"Oh, Mr. Upjohn!" and Mrs. Edwards arose quickly and welcomed him with much feeling. He was not, indeed, an emissary from the gay and fashionable world; he was a plain-looking man, and plainly dressed; but had he been in princely garments, and his rank of high degree, he could not have been treated with more consideration. A seat was at once placed for him in their circle by the fire, but it was not until strongly urged by each member of the little family that he consented to take the place assigned him. He was one of those fine specimens of human nature that we sometimes meet

with, where a rough exterior conceals a warm and generous heart. He had a ready hand to help a neighbour in an hour of trial. They had experienced his timely aid in many ways during the scene of sickness through which they had just passed; and through all the painful close thereof he had done everything to relieve their sad hearts from care and unpleasant duty. He seemed to be gifted with the tact of discerning just where he could be most useful. Thus had he bound himself to the hearts of this family, by such ties as can never be destroyed while they retain the remembrance of him for whom those deeds of love were enacted.

As yet the visitor had not spoken; he seemed to feel that he was on sacred ground; that he was connected in their minds with all that was tender and heart-rending in the scenes of the few past days.

"You are truly welcome, Mr. Upjohn; we feel rather sad this evening after the events of the day, and were just now talking about our plans for the future."

He turned towards Mrs. Edwards as she addressed him, and answered in trembling tones—

"It is hard, madam; it must be very hard. It makes my heart sad to see the great change. But to you, madam, who have always had plenty to do with, it must be severe indeed. It makes my heart ache to think of it."

"God orders our change, you know, Mr. Upjohn. We must therefore submit patiently to whatever His will appoints."

There was no reply to this remark, unless a slight clearing of the throat, and a change of position and the smoothing down of his hair, which already lay as though it had been arranged with more than common care, might be taken as such. Mr. Upjohn could not, with all his heart, assent to the proposition; but he did not like to object to it.

"I am very glad that you have called this evening, sir, for I have no one to advise with, and just now we are much in doubt what course to pursue. Perhaps, my son, you have mentioned to Mr. Upjohn some of your plans."

"I have, mother; but Mr. Upjohn thinks that you will not be pleased with the country."

"I will tell you, madam; my first thought was, when Master James mentioned the matter to me, as he had been telling some of his troubles and how things are not just as you wish them, my first thought was that you, madam, and these two young ladies would not be used to the ways of the country. The country is more pleasant, no doubt, than this great Babel of brick and mortar, and country folks are clever enough in their way; but a body must know how to take 'em—and seeing that yourself and these young ladies have never been used to the rough and tumble of life, you might find it not so agreeable."

"But, Mr. Upjohn, it will not answer for us now to be particular as to where we live and how we fare; we are poor now, sir, very poor. And all we seek is a shelter, and——"

James looked at his mother with an expression of deep sorrow.

"I do not wish to pain your feelings, my dear son, and will not say what

I was intending to. But poverty, James, is no disgrace, since we have reduced ourselves to feel its pinchings, that we might be honest."

"It is not that, mother; I care not for poverty; the shame attached to it does not trouble me. But when you talk of the pinchings of poverty, you shall not feel them, nor my sisters either. Let me only get you a home in some retired place; I know that I can do more than you imagine. If nothing more, I can work as a day-labourer. Only gratify me in this one wish—to take the care of you on myself. You shall not want, you need not fear it; you must not talk about it."

The energy with which he spoke at once silenced the little company; his mother and sisters gazed at him with intense interest, but each with different feelings. The latter with an expression of strong admiration beaming from their glistening eyes; the former with all the softness of a mother's love and joy in witnessing this exhibition of his noble feelings, mingled with the painful thought that he knew but little of the stern realities of life's fearful struggle. Not willing to damp his filial ardour, she instantly changed the tenor of her remarks.

"Do you know of any place, Mr. Upjohn, not far from the town, some retired village, that would be desirable as a residence for us?"

"I do know of a place, madam, that of all others, it seems to me, would be desirable for one in your situation. Not so much on account of the people; they are well enough, good sort of folks, and will no doubt treat you with much kindness. Country people are kind-hearted to strangers, I will say that of them; that is, if they don't hold their heads too high. But I was thinking that it would suit you, madam, and the young ladies, on account of the blessed minister they've got. There is many of that craft (asking your pardon, madam,) that ain't no better than they ought to be; but Mr. Wharton is a prince among 'em; he's a true Christian, and a true gentleman, every inch of him; and his lady, if anything, is a little better than he is. She is a jewel of a woman, that Mrs. Wharton. They are none of your common, every-day folks. They seem to know what the world is made of, for they have seen a great deal of it; and while they would never stoop their heads for the proudest of the land, for they have been bred among the highest folks, yet the poorman is always welcome at their fireside. God bless them, they are a noble pair!"

"Is it far from the town?" asked Mrs. Edwards and her daughters almost in the same breath, for they had become much interested.

"Not very far, madam; a day's travel, not over thirty miles."

The mother and sisters now turned an inquiring look at James, who was also listening to Mr. Upjohn with much interest. He immediately noted down such directions as were necessary to lead him to the spot; and then their kind-hearted visitor, after inquiring in what way he could be of any service to them now, and receiving again and again the outpouring of their grateful hearts for all that he had already done, and the assurance that they would call upon him when they needed, bade them a good night, and James accompanied him to the door.

"You won't forget to call when you come to town, Master James, and let me know how they all fare. I feel much concern for your blessed mother and those dear girls."

And the old man let go the hand which James had given him at parting, and wiped away a tear more precious, in an angel's eye, than the costliest jewel that ever decked a monarch's brow.

### CHAPTER III.

It was a dark, chilly, November day; the clouds were flying fast across the murky sky, and strong gusts of wind, at times, swept along from the north-east, bending the tall poplars, and stretching out the more slender branches of the sturdy oak, and causing the forest to send forth a murmuring sound, as though spirits of evil were disturbing their lonely retreats.

A youthful traveller, dressed in rather light attire, such as would be more suitable for the streets of a city than for exposure to such a tempest in an open country, was just emerging from a small wood through which the highway led; and, as he did so, a country village of no great size, but of rather a pleasant aspect, opened before him. The spire of a well-conditioned country church first appeared, shooting up in pure white, and towering above the maples and willows which gracefully concealed, for the most part, the building itself; and on either side of the street, at intervals, for some distance, could be seen respectable dwellings, many of which were superior to the average of country habitations.

The day was drawing to a close, and it was with no little self-gratulation that the youth found himself so near the termination of his ride. He was on horseback, and, as large drops of rain began to accompany the gusts of wind, he spurred up his beast into a canter, casting his eye upon each tenement as he passed, in search of the tavern sign which he knew must be somewhere at hand.

Upon a large elm, whose giant branches hung far over the highway, creaking on its rusty hinges as it swayed backwards and forwards at the sport of the winds, he soon espied this token of shelter and welcome. His horse committed to the stable-boy, and himself warmed and refreshed at the crackling, open fire, he stepped to the bar, and inquired of the landlord, who was engaged in serving refreshments to some thirsty customers, "Whether he could direct him to the residence of the minister of the place, the Rev. Mr. Wharton?"

"The parsonage is next door, sir," pointing at the same time through an end window; "it is that stone building you see close by."

The young man bowed his thanks, and immediately walked to the window and surveyed the premises. He would scarcely have needed to make the

inquiry, if he had not been so intent upon that one object as he rode through the village—the signboard. The building bore upon its aspect, in all its parts and accompaniments, such marks of sacredness and peace, that, had its name been engraven on its front, it could not well have been more readily distinguished.

It was a stone building, as the landlord had said, but stuccoed with a dark cement that gave it an appearance of great age; while the perfect order of the wood-work about it showed that it had been well guarded against the ravages of time by judicious attention. It was two stories, with a small back building, and a wing on one side in front, which no one could mistake for anything else than the kitchen of the establishment. The house was set back sufficiently from the street to secure it against the dust of the traveller and to afford a neat yard, in which shrubs were plentifully scattered; and two borders, lining the paved walk from the front door to the gate, gave tokens of summer flowers and sweet perfume. A partition fence, the same with that which fronted the highway, separated this enclosure from the kitchen yard, so that nothing unsightly met the eye in front of the main building. Large trees encircled it, and their deep shadows added much to the sombre aspect it presented, at the same time foretelling cool and refreshing shade from summer's mid-day sun.

The young man surveyed the premises awhile, and then leaving the tavern, walked directly to the parsonage.

A neatly dressed domestic opened the door at his summons, and ushered him at once into the sitting-room and the presence of the reverend gentleman and his lady. The former immediately arose from his seat before the fire, and bowing very gracefully, added his pleasant smile to that of his partner, who had already greeted the stranger. The young man had been affected by the external appearance of the house, and was prepared to judge favourably of persons and things within doors; he was not disappointed.

If there is a station in society involving responsibilities the most delicate and interesting—responsibilities that embrace in their hold on human sympathy all interests, both for this world and the next, it is the station of one who has for many years been the pastor of a country parish; and if there is an object of true moral beauty, combining in itself the sublime and the pleasing, it is the daily course of such a faithful servant of the Most High. Now dropping a word of counsel into the ear of some wayward youth; now soothing the irritated feelings of some neighbour who has called to tell his tale of injuries, real or imaginary; now binding in bonds of holy union those who wish to cast their lot in life together; now at the sick-bed, bending with melting heart over one long known and loved, and feeding the flickering spirit with a few crumbs of angel's food; now wiping away the tears that cannot be repressed, because a widow and her little ones have deposited in the narrow house their love and their stay; and then, as the shadows of evening gather round, retiring to his little sanctuary, there to bear before his Father, his Master, his God, the cares, the pains, the sicknesses, the difficulties, the varied interests of those who had received his attention through the busy scenes of the day. Such scenes and duties, fully entered into, cannot fail to affect even the personal bearing of an individual, and to throw around many deficiencies in the outer man a sweet halo; much more, when a commanding form, a benevolent and manly countenance, peculiar neatness in dress, and accomplished manners, add their mite to the holy influence.

As Mr. Wharton bowed to the young stranger, he might have been well taken as the personification of his office; there was such a calm, easy, dignified manner, that was in perfect keeping with his appearance. His stature a little above the common height, well proportioned, almost robust, and yet without any approach to grossness; his face full, and warmly furrowed by age; his forehead fair and smooth, and the thin powdered locks that but faintly covered his foretop, falling carelessly upon its edge. His features open and manly; and although of a serious cast, yet apparently ready for a smile. From the crown of his head to the buckle that glistened on his polished shoe, there was a perfect harmony of dress and bearing.

If the young man was struck with the appearance of the reverend gentleman into whose presence he had been ushered, equally so was the latter with the gentlemanly address and pleasant countenance of the youth: he was somewhat excited, and the colour that mantled his cheeks just then could hardly be said to be natural; his dark hair, almost a raven black, offered a strong contrast to the high, pale forehead from which it was thrown carelessly back, and his keen black eye had an expression of sadness, not usual at the light-hearted age of eighteen. The very easy and benevolent manner in which he was received, at once removed the embarrassment manifest on his entrance.

"I address the Rev. Mr. Wharton, I presume, sir." Mr. Wharton bowed low. "If you will excuse the liberty of a perfect stranger, I wish to make a trifling inquiry; I am in search for a house in some country village, as a place of residence for my mother and two sisters, and although there is no one here with whom we are acquainted, yet from what I have learned of the place, I think my mother will be satisfied with it. I have, therefore, taken the strange liberty of making an application to you. Is there a probability, sir, that I could procure a place?"

Mr. Wharton did not reply immediately, but turning his eye from the young man, it met that of his lady, who at once put down her needle-work.

"If the white cottage was only good enough, Mr. Wharton?"

He shook his head. "It would hardly answer, my dear, for a family that had been accustomed to town life."

"If the house, sir, is only at such a convenient distance from the place of worship, so that my mother could walk there, we should not be particular about other things, for it is from motives of economy that we are about to change our residence."

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FALLACIES.

No. XIII.—“A RARE SPREE! WHAT A LARK! SUCH FUN!”

THE world we live in would be a very queer place if it were all “diab oolour,” if it were unenlivened by a single spot of green. Suppose us all walking about with faces as long as it is now becoming the fashion to wear our beards—what a miserable mixture of melancholy morbidities should we represent. And we are not quite certain but that these long beards have a tendency to produce long faces; there is a degree of asceticism in the practice, a reminiscence of Sinton Stylites stuck on the top of his pillar; a casting off, as it were, of the refinements of civilisation; ignoring the razor manufacture, and condemning Mr. Mechi to the occupation of turning over his own manure heaps. Through the mass of hair that covers the face, we should never see a smile. It may suit the grave Turk, who, in his stationary life, clings to the usages of the past, with whom gravity of deportment clouds in the place of wisdom; but that it should have been adopted by the meteoric Frenchman, and copied by the imitative Englishman, argues the want of something higher and better in the mental conformation. The Frenchman cherishes his beard as a badge of liberty. We heard a Frenchman boasting the other day of the superiority which France enjoyed over England in the matter of liberty:—“In France,” he said, “we may wear our beards in what shape we like; but in England, if a man with a moustache were to seek a situation in any mercantile office he would be rejected. You have no such liberty in England as we have in France.” Very true, my good sir; but we know not how soon the Prince President may choose to issue an edict regulating the shape of beards, and placing policemen at the corner of every street, with scissors and razor in hand to clip all hirsute monsters into the proper regulation cut, after the fashion of the great autocrat of the north. That would be a rare spree, we take it, for the police. Here in England, notwithstanding some of our youths appear “bearded like a pard,” we have no great faith in the liberty of the beard: we look to some more tangible and useful effect of liberty, and somehow or other, we have contrived to preserve it without planting whole forests of trees of Liberty, and decorating them with red caps; and we really can venture to walk about with clean shaved faces, without feeling ourselves thereby enslaved.

Sterne says, if we remember rightly, that when a sensible man writes a chapter about noses, we may be certain he has some meaning in it. So have we, when we write about beards. It is not the mere suffering the growth of hair to flow on unchecked of which we complain, but the false and mistaken ideas which can invest the barbarian excrescences with the lofty thoughts appertaining to liberty and freedom. Whenever men combine base and low thoughts, with that which in itself is intrinsically noble and great, the base and low overrun and destroy all that is lofty and noble, eat into it as a canker, and render it as difficult to preserve, as the French have found it to keep their freedom. They rejoice in their beards, and have lost their liberty. But we also invest some things with thoughts and ideas which do not

naturally belong to them, fix our affections on the low and base, give a greater importance to these than to higher objects, and mistake low sensual pleasures for true enjoyment. There is a mocking spirit abroad in the world, which derides and scoffs at all noble things, turns them inside out, strips them of all that is lovely and attractive, and would assume that no mirth, hilarity, or cheerfulness can exist in connexion with any thing that is estimable and good. This spirit has even invented a new language to suit its purpose, and the three phrases we have placed at the head of our article, stand in the place of the genial mirth, the frank hilarity, and the bright cheerfulness, in which our ancestors rejoiced. It is in vain we search our dictionaries for the terms, they are words almost unknown to etymology; the oldest of them, *fun*, is dismissed by Johnson as a low cant phrase; neither the word itself, nor its derivatives, are to be found in Shakspeare, though he so well understood how to excite our mirth, how to deal with the comical and the ludicrous in every shape. *Spree*, is of still more modern date, and is, we believe, of Scottish origin; the only trace we find of it is in Jamieson; and the only authorities quoted are from the Scotch provincial dialect. And as for *lark*, that still remains embedded in the alms of slang.

These three mystical words exercise an immense, and a pernicious influence over the rising generation. They have not only become idioms in our language, but, unfortunately, fixed ideas in too many minds. “Let me write the ballads, and I care not who makes the laws,” says an old writer, confident of the power which the constant repetition of familiar sounds would exercise over the majority of men. “Let me invent phrases,” says another, “and a fig for all the preachers of morality and virtue, of the good and the beautiful; their lessons will all be thrown away before the powerful influence of these phrases.” There is more virtue in a name than poets dream of. A rose by any other name might smell as sweet; but give to any vile action a high sounding appellation, and the villainous is often lost in the title. A young man in fashionable life plunders his friend at cards; he calls it “play,” and feels no disgrace in the transaction; he shoots another in a duel, and the world terms it honourable satisfaction; and he walks about in all the dignity of a man who has maintained his honour; he seduces another man’s wife, and christens it gallantry. Oh! there is much virtue in a name! The force of association is very powerful; and if we continually represent certain actions to our mind in a pleasurable form, however questionable those actions may be, we shall learn to connect them with pleasurable thoughts, and it will not be long before all our sources of enjoyment will be confined to those very actions. It is every day’s experience, that the expressions which we have used as the title to this article, give currency to the most mischievous practices with many young men: they have learned to look upon the grossest debauchery as “a rare spree;” upon daring outrages as “a jolly lark;” upon tedious pranks as “such fun!” Not one single act will bear reflection or examination—not one, if it were called by its proper name, but they would shrink from with disgust. Unfortunately, names have been attached to them which convey pleasurable associations, and they seem to think that they should be depriving themselves of all mirth and gaiety if they did not rush into those excesses, which these “low cant phrases” seem to dignify. If the fabulist of old, who told us the fable of the boys pelting stones at the frogs, had lived in these our days, he would have added another sentence to the speech of the frog, that what is sport to the boys was death to the frogs, and have shown them that it brought death to the boys also, in the guise of sport; for the very weight of the stones would at last inevitably drag them into the pond, and bury them in the mud.

It was but the other day we met a young acquaintance looking very rueful, with a swollen lip and black eye, and sundry other marks about his person, not very reputable or respectable. He had been in for a “rare spree,” as he called it, the night before. It appears that it was the habit for a party of the young men of the public office to which he belonged, occasionally to sup together, and enjoy a cheerful glass; there was no very strict limitation as to the number of glasses, and somehow the wine, instead of increasing their wit and wisdom, seems to have produced a strong disposition for brawling. On this occasion another body of young men from another office, between whom and the first party there was some old feud, assembled at the same house on the same night in the determination to enjoy a “rare spree.” The parties were in different parts of the same room, and as the evening, or rather the night wore on, certain expressions were heard proceeding from one table offensive to the other; then they began to talk at each other, soon to talk to each other in anything but a tone of mirth and gaiety. Then some expressions elicited an extra amount of anger, and they no longer confine themselves to talking; the tables are upset, and amidst the crashing of glass and earthenware, the parties rush in to personal conflict. The police are called in to quell the disturbance and clear the house; some are there and then taken into custody; others escape for a time but with their blood heated ready to see an enemy in every passenger; and most of them were in the hands of the police for subsequent assaults. One, who succeeded in reaching his own lodging, could see nothing but a foe in his poor landlady who opened the door to him, and no sooner did she present herself to his inflamed eyes than she was saluted with a knock-down blow, and he was handed over to the police for his cowardly attack on a woman. The next morning but few were able to appear at their place of business;—some were sore with their bruises, some were ashamed to show their scratched and blackened visages, some were in the hands of justice—and yet this was talked of as “a rare spree!” The disgrace, the humiliation, was sought to be gilded over by applying to it this eulogistic term: by it they keep out of sight all that is calculated to shock and disgust, and dress up their low and vulgar row in borrowed plumes which do not belong to it, but which serve to tempt themselves and others into a repetition of the offence. They suffer their thoughts to dwell on the progress



they displayed, on the wine-inspired courage with which they attacked their opponent, on the fortitude with which they endured his blows, and altogether ignore the disgrace of being engaged in such a row.

What is commonly called "a lark," is something very different from the bright bird, whose name it bears, as it goes soaring up to the sky with its joyous song: it is a night bird, mocking with rude accents the enlivening strains. It is a miserable parody on true joyousness, springing from wild animal spirits from which the restraint of reason has been withdrawn. Combining frequently the ludicrous with the savage, as in some of the early atrocities of the first French revolution, Sir Lytton Bulwer, in one of his novels, gives us a specimen of what was considered "a lark" by some young students at the University. There is, certainly, much that was ludicrous mingled with the savage attack upon a helpless old man. Returning from some wine party, a set of young students met with an old fellow of one of the Colleges against whom they had some grudge. He was a queer, old-fashioned kind of man, who adhered to the garb of other days, wore a long pigtail, and in this costume excited the mirth and ridicule of the fashionable undergraduates. No sooner was his strange figure seen approaching, than he was surrounded by the youths, his academical vestments made into bandages for his limbs, and he was carried to the door of a venerable spinster to whom he had for many years been paying his addresses, but would not marry at the expense of losing his fellowship; to the knocker of her door he was securely fastened by his long pigtail, which was not quite so rigid as that of George the Third at the bottom of the Haymarket. In his struggles to free himself, dire was the din occasioned, and sundry were the vials of wrath that were poured upon his head from the windows of the incensed maiden. At length the proctor in his rounds came to his rescue, and pursued the offending parties, who had lingered near the spot to enjoy "the lark." They were traced to their college, though not identified; and suspicion fell most strongly on an innocent young man, who had just returned from another direction. He was expelled. The actual perpetrators were youths of rank and fortune, to whom expulsion would have been comparatively harmless; but to the innocent victim of their "lark," it was ruin. His prospects in life were entirely blighted, he was cast off by his friends, thrown upon his own resources, and perished. The perpetrators of the "lark" escaped punishment and disgrace, revelled in all the advantages of their position, became men of note and mark in the fashionable world, and were as conspicuous for their vices as they were elevated in rank. Their memories chuckled over their exploit without one thought being bestowed on the ruin they had brought upon another. They saw only the ludicrous, and felt neither shame nor remorse for the pain inflicted on the old professor, nor for the ruin that had befallen their innocent fellow-student. Instead of "heart-easing mirth," as Milton beautifully calls it, these "larks" are "heart-hardening."

We hardly know a much more melancholy sight than those men who are always chuckling and rubbing their hands over such "fun!" To them every incident in life is regarded only as productive of "fun," nothing wears a serious aspect. Friendship is a jest; love, ridiculous; the calamities of others are made sport of;—the old proverb describes them when it says, "Children and fools lead merry lives;" they are not concerned either for what is past, or for what is to come. Neither the remembrance of the one, nor the fear of the other, troubles them; nothing but the sense of present pain ever stops their grinning. They are merry, because they are vacant; they laugh, as the clown whistled, for want of thought. An anonymous writer asks, "Whence comes all this love of the ridiculous?" From ignorance, from idleness, from vanity. First, people are ignorant, and they laugh at what they do not understand; then they are idle, and go on laughing, because it is easier to laugh than to try to understand; lastly, they are vain, and keep on laughing, because others fancy they must be superior to all they laugh at, and because they half believe it themselves." Some of this snuff passing along the road, saw an elderly gentleman in a garden blowing bubbles from some soapbuds, and earnestly watching them as they glistened in the sun. They laughed, and jeered, and hoisted, and almost went into convulsions at "such fun,"—an old man blowing bubbles! It was Sir Isaac Newton, studying the prismatic rays of light and perfecting his theory of colours! And the pert and ignorant laughers could see nothing but what was absurd and ridiculous in the operation. Science is to them a bore, and its results are treated with ridicule. The highest poetry awakens no pleasure unless they can make a ridiculous parody of it. They seek to drag everything down to their own level. They are never in earnest; they do not understand it. Life in its various aspects is a mere Christmas pantomime, in which clown and pantaloon tumble over each other amidst roars of unmeaning laughter. Like the French of the middle ages, they are continually whirling in the dance *Macabre*, the Cemetery Dance; and over the graves of the dead, and the tombs yawning for themselves are jesting and sporting, without thought or reflection. *Vive la bagatelle!* From these are filled up the ranks of the lovers of "a spree," the delighter in "a lark;" and low vulgar "fun" takes the place not only of all that is great and noble, but of all that brings truly heart-inspiring mirth and gaiety. "A thousand sweets, bought with no following gale."

Again we say, "A drab-coloured world would be hateful." It is because we love mirth, enjoyment, gaiety, that we seek to mark thus strongly the evils of these false pretenders. Cowper, long ago, pointed out this distinction to us—

"Whom call we gay? That honour has been long  
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.  
The innocent knave only. The lark is gay,  
That dries its feathers saturate with dew,  
Beneath the cloud, while yet the beams  
Of day-spring overhead his humble post."

The peasant, too, a witness of his song,  
Himself a songster, in as gay a song  
But save me from the grief of those  
Whose headaches nail them to a noonday bed."

Too great a love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth. And too great a love for those scenes of vulgar fun, which present, unfortunately, so many attractions to the young and headless, not only demoralise and taint the youthful mind, but bring after them a long train of sorrow and repentance, that embitters every thought. But it is not alone the mere influence which this love of the ridiculous, and this vulgar fun, exercise over those who participate in it, that it is fraught with evil, but it has a tendency to impede the real mirth and gaiety of the world—nay, to stay its progress towards better things. We live, it is said, in an age of progress; and that progress, we believe, would be much more rapid if it were not for the mocking spirit which sneers at all good, if it were not for the idle and destructive habits which it fosters and encourages. Great Exhibitions in crystal palaces bring together all the nations of the earth to contend for superiority in art and science, in the natural productions of their several countries, and the increased value that has been given to them by skill and labour; and the Exhibition is no sooner closed, than those who met in amity, seem on the point of the most furious discord. Peace Societies promulgate the most pacific doctrines, and all admit the advantages that would arise from their general adoption; but contemporaneously with them are the formation of rifle clubs, for the defence of our homes against a foreign invader. Schools and mechanics' institutes, and literary associations, have shed their unimproving influence over us, but the police force is still a necessity in the land. The mocking influence of ridicule, which derides all that is good and great, saps the principles of amity between man and man, between nation and nation; and the vice that springs up under its influence, still gives employment to the police, in spite of either secular or religious teaching. Still the signs of progress are visible, are recognised even by prime ministers, the reward it with an extended franchise. But if the mocking spirit stays in here, if we regard the election of a representative merely as a time for a "faree spree" or a "jolly lark," the minister had better have paused in his work. These words taint all they touch: are deadly destroyers, which convert all that is noble and virtuous into mockery and shame, make a jest of patriotism, and scoff at honour. They throw a cloud over the brightness of all that is beautiful and good, and interpose a dismal veil between the world and real mirth, gaiety and enjoyment.

## ABOVE AND BELOW.

O DWELLERS in the valley land,  
Who in deep twilight grope and cower,  
Till the slow mountain's dial-hand  
Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—  
While ye sit idle, do ye think  
The Lord's great work sits idle too?  
That light dare not o'erleap the brink  
Of morn, because 't is dark with you?  
Though yet your valleys slunk in night,  
In God's ripe fields the dew is cried,  
And reapers with their sickles bright.  
Troop, singing, down the mountain side:  
Come up, and feel what health there is  
In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes.  
As, bending with a pitying kiss,  
The night shed tears of Earth she dries.  
The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,  
Before night comes, and says,—"Too late!"  
Stand not for taking scap or cnap,  
The Master hunders while ye wait.  
'Tis from the heights alone your eyes  
The advancing, spear of day can see,  
Which o'er the eastern hill tops rise,  
To break your long captivity.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height!  
It is right precious to behold  
The first long surf of climbing light  
Flood all the dreary east with gold;  
But we, who in the shadow sit,  
Know also when the day is nigh,  
Seeing thy shining forehead lit  
With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office; we have ours;  
God lacks not early service here,  
But what are thine eleven hours  
Ho counts with us for morning cheer;  
Our day, for Him, is long enough,  
And when He giveth work to do,  
The bruised reed is amply tough  
To pierce the shield of error through.

But not the less do thou aspire  
Light's earlier messages to preach;  
Keep back no syllable of fire,—  
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.  
Yet God deems not thine aided sight  
More worthy than our twilight dim—  
For meek Obedience, too, is Light,  
And following that is finding Him.

How to BUY YOUNG GESE.—A gentleman who paid the best prices for his provisions, and who liked to live as well as did his neighbours, was once deceived by his butcher in the age of some poultry he bought. Meeting him a few days afterwards, he walked up to his waggon and stammered out, (for he was affected, like poor Charles Lamb, in his speech)—

"G-gu-gu-got any geese, to-day?"  
"Oh, yes," said the butcher. "A fine lot."  
"How ma-ma-many have you got?"  
"A dozen—nice ones."  
The customer turned them over, and then added—  
"N-now you see, I've got a pe-pe-posky set o' fellows at my house, an' they eat a great deal o' poultry. Hain't you gu-gu-got any tu-tu-tough ones?"  
"Wal—yess," said the butcher, picking them over. "There's one—two—hens! four, five o' em."  
"Is them all the tu-tu-tough ones you've got?"  
"Yess—yess; that's all," said the seller, separating them.  
"Wal—well, then, I reck-reck'n on the whole," concluded the buyer, with a leap, "I'll take the other lot!"  
The feelings of the butcher, at this unexpected reply, may be more easily imagined than described.

## ONWARD!

**HYDRAULIC POWER AT SEA.**—Mr. Seydell, naval architect at Stettin, and Mr. Ruthven, an English engineer, are said to have constructed a ship which is impelled neither by wind, oars, nor steam, but by retro-active hydraulic power.

**PANOPTICON OF SCIENCE AND ART.**—The Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, now building in Leicester-square, is rapidly progressing. It is said, that besides many educational purposes to which the energies of the council are to be directed, will be the finding employment for females in the various branches of mechanical arts—in watch-making, jewellery, map and plan drawing, &c. This is a most desirable object, and will no doubt be the means of saving many from destitution and misery.

**PROGRESS OF ART APPLIED TO MANUFACTURES.**—The government have at last resolved to organize a special department at the Board of Trade, for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the existing Schools of Design, and aiding Art-education generally as applied to manufactures—wants which the Great Exhibition of last year made very manifest; and we hear that they have offered a responsible office to Mr. Henry Cole, one of the acting members of the Executive Committee in the Exhibition.—*Athenæum*.

**RECLAIMING MARSH LAND ON THE ESSIX COAST.**—An extensive project of improvement is proposed to be brought before parliament, having for its object the embankment and reclamation from the sea of the vast green and samphire marshes, mudlands, flats, and shoals, on the eastern and southern coasts of Essex, together with the improvement of the rivers Colne and Blackwater. The subscription contract has been signed, we are told, for £162,000.—*Builder*.

**THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.**—Slowly, but we hope steadily, this Exhibition is emerging from the shell of its original obscurity, and, by degrees, expanding into a valuable and useful institution. Two years ago it was first projected, chiefly, we believe, by the exertions of the Architectural Association of London; and, beginning with a few drawings and designs, it now numbers a collection of five hundred subjects, besides a variety of models and specimens of building and ornamental materials.—*Literary Gazette*.

**STEAM SUPERSEDED.**—A new motive power is said to have been discovered or invented by Mr. J. Bourke, of Limerick, coach-maker. "The mechanism of the invention is quite simple, consisting of only 16 plain formed iron cranks, with six frames, which stand in the centre of the machine, inclining one towards the other. It can be erected upon two pair of wheels and two pair of springs, there being also twelve small wheels, or pulleys, with three levers, one bearing on the other, and by which it will be propelled."—*Builder*.

**BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR ST. GILES'S.**—The commissioners appointed under the 9th and 10th of Victoria, have commenced the erection of public baths and wash-houses for St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in Endell-street. The spot selected is the vacant ground, formerly the site of Lascelles-court, and the Bowl-yard, extending from Christchurch to Broad-street, contiguous to the notorious Rookery, Short's Gardens, Monmouth-street, and other thickly-inhabited streets. The proposed building will occupy an area of 5,000 square feet, and it will contain one hundred separate bath-rooms, a plunging bath, and laundries for one hundred women to wash and iron at the same time. The cost of the erection will be £14,000.

**THE PETERSBURG AND WARSAW RAILROAD.**—The Russian government have decided on completing these huge works even in a shorter time than was originally proposed. Hence, therefore, the line has been divided into eight sections, which will be separately under an especial direction, for thus expediting the works as much as possible. In imitation of the Romans, the earth-works are to be executed by the soldiery of two separate *corps d'armée*, by which a great saving of wages will be achieved. A space of nearly three years is now assigned for the completion of this hugest European line. That between Warsaw and Moscow is also to be put into immediate execution, also assisted by the labours of the soldiery. It is a question, however, unresolved yet, whether the intense cold of these regions (at times 25 degrees Réaumur below the freezing point) may not effect, by too great a contraction of the iron in the machinery and even the rails, the regular traffic during the winter months.—*Builder*.

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH BETWEEN DUBLIN AND HOLYHEAD.**—The *Warner* states positively that the same company which has executed the submarine telegraph between the French and English shores, has actually submitted to the government a proposal, by which it guarantees the completion, within a very limited period, of a submarine telegraph, upon the very same principle and construction, between Kingston and Holyhead. The sole condition required by the company is, that the government will pay it for the exclusive use of two wires, which they propose placing at its disposal, a yearly sum of £1,000.—*Athenæum*.—Mr. G. E. Deering, a gentleman of good and ancient family, and a young man of very considerable scientific acquirements, has devised a plan by which private communications may be transmitted from one to any other station on a line, without the possibility of their being read at the intermediate stations. This is an invention of great importance, and will tend to render the electric telegraph of avail in many instances of a confidential nature, which the old plan, from its publicity, did not allow.—*Observer*.

## STATISTICS.

**LONDON** stands upon 620 acres. The fixed property in houses located on this small spot is estimated at forty millions sterling; and the value of the moveable property in the city is considered to be worth one hundred millions sterling.

**STATISTICS OF LUNATICS.**—From the annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just printed, it appears that on the first of January, 1851, there were 16,456 insane persons confined in asylums, hospitals, and licensed houses in England and Wales, of which 7,843 were male, and 8,613 females.

**THE PROFESSION IN PRUSSIA.**—A statistical account of the medical profession has just been published at Berlin. According to that document, there are at present 267 district physicians, 3,266 practitioners, 963 surgeons of the first class, and 973 of the second class. Sum total, 5,469. These figures being put by the side of the amount of population, which was, at the last census, 16,216,912 souls, will give one physician or surgeon for about 3000 inhabitants. The number of veterinary surgeons is 828, and the apothecaries amount to 1,471.

**AMERICAN LITERARY STATISTICS.**—In the United States, the one hundred and forty principal libraries contain 1,773,900 volumes, including the library of Congress, recently burned. The average number to each library is 12,670 volumes.—The recent census report contains interesting information respecting newspapers and periodicals. It appears that there are about 2,800 papers in the United States, of which 2,000 are published in the free, and 800 in the slave States. About 850 are Whig, 750 Opposition, 70 Free Soil, or Anti-slavery, 20 Agricultural, 10 Temperance, 200 Religious, and 870 Neutral and Miscellaneous. New York has 443 papers, Pennsylvania 527, Massachusetts 212, Ohio 300.

**STATISTICS OF CONVICTS.**—A parliamentary blue book has just been printed, containing Lieutenant Colonel Jebb's report for the year 1850 on the discipline and management of convicts. On the 31st of December, 1850, there were 6,128 convicts accommodated. Of the number, 2,269 were in separate confinement, 2,689 employed on public works, 654 in invalid depots, and 516 in the Juvenile Prison at Parkhurst. There was accommodation, as it is termed, at the end of the year for 6,181 convicts. On the 1st of January, 1850, there were in the convict establishments, 5,029; and the number received in the year was 2,949. In the year 2,495 were disposed of, leaving, as already stated, 6,128 in the prisons. In the same year (1850), the number transported was 2,092, of whom 1,386 were sent to Van Dieman's Land with tickets of leave, 381 to Western Australia for public works, 938 to Norfolk Island as incorrigible, and 284 for public works at Bermuda. There were 14 removed to lunatic asylums, and 13 to the Philanthropic Society's farm school. There were 217 pardons granted in the year, of which 11 were free, 20 conditional, 105 on medical grounds, and 111 on the expiration of a moiety of sentence, under a rule. There were 13 escapes, and 116 deaths. In Millbank, the average expense was £24 19s. 7d. per head; Pentonville, £25 9s.; Portland, £23 15s. 8d.; Hulks, £22 1s. 10d. In Millbank, the earnings of the prisoners averaged £2 15s. 5d.; in Pentonville, £8 19s. 11d.; Portland, £15 19s.; and in the Hulks, £3 6s. 10d. The average cost of each prisoner a year in England and Wales, was £21 13s. 3d.

**COMFORTABLE STATISTICS.**—An American work recently published, which purports to be a list of the wealthy men in Massachusetts, contains the names of 1496 persons who are reported to be worth one hundred thousand dollars, and over. This is about one in every 650 of the population; and, as Massachusetts is the wealthiest State in the Union, in proportion to its inhabitants, this may be regarded as somewhat beyond the general average:—

No. of rich men in the State . . . . .	1,496
Amount of property owned by ditto . . . . .	dols. 211,780,000
No. with over one million of dollars . . . . .	18
" just one million of dollars . . . . .	8
" three-fourths of a million of dollars . . . . .	10
" half a million of dollars . . . . .	45
" quarter of a million of dollars . . . . .	147
No. who began poor, or nearly so . . . . .	705
No. who received all, or the greater part, by inheritance or marriage . . . . .	262
No. of rich Farmers . . . . .	90
" Manufacturers (cotton, woolen, &c.) . . . . .	90
" Merchants (and various traders) . . . . .	463
" Lawyers (including judges) . . . . .	75
" Physicians . . . . .	51
" Clergymen . . . . .	12
" Brokers (including some speculators) . . . . .	46
" Publishers . . . . .	11
" Editors . . . . .	4
" Shoemakers (and dealers) . . . . .	60
" Tailors (and clothes dealers) . . . . .	10
" Carpenters (and ship-builders) . . . . .	15
" Masons . . . . .	9
" Butchers (and provision-dealers) . . . . .	13
" Distillers . . . . .	14
No. ascertained to be more or less benevolent . . . . .	375
No. of rich old bachelors . . . . .	69



## ENIGMA

Where am I when stern Winter binds  
the earth with icy chains,  
And, like a cruel despot, spoils the king-  
dom where he reigns?  
Loved by the old and young—by the  
wakeful and the sleeping,  
Though swept from off the fair earth, my  
spirit still is keeping;  
Her treasure for the future, and soon  
shall come the day  
Of my triumph o'er the enemy that keeps  
my charms away.  
Always past, and always coming—some  
times I'm here, and gone;  
As many battles I have lost, as victories  
I have won.

My touch is like a charm, which warms the earth's cold breast,  
And glads the weeping mourner, by gloomy cares oppress'd.

## MENTAL RECREATIONS.

2.

A person having an even number of counters in one hand, and an odd number in the other, to tell in which hand each of them is.

Draw: the person to multiply the number in his right hand by three, and the number in his left by two.

Bid him add the two products together, and tell you whether the sum be odd or even.

If it be even, the even number is in the right hand; but if it be odd, the even number is in the left hand.

## EXAMPLE I.

No. in right hand. No. in left hand.

18	7
3	2
54	14
14	

68 sum of the products.

## EXAMPLE II.

No. in right hand. No. in left hand.

7	18
3	2
21	36
21	

57 sum of the products.

3.

Any Number being named, to add a Figure to it, which shall make it divisible by 9.

Add the figures together in your mind which compose the number named, and the figure which must be added to this sum, in order to make it divisible by 9, is the one required.

Suppose, for example, the number named was 8654; you find that the sum of its figures is 23, and that 4 being added to this sum will make it 27, which is a number exactly divisible by 9.

You therefore desire the person who named the number 8654, to add 4 to it; and the result, which is 8658, will be divisible by 9, as was required.

This recreation may be diversified, by your specifying before the sum is named, the particular place where the figure shall be inserted to make the number divisible by 9; for it is exactly the same thing, whether the figure be put at the end of the number, or between any two of its digits.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SIX OF SPADES.—A NURSERY GARDEN.

1.

A person having fixed on a Number in his mind, to tell him what number it is.

Bid him quadruple the number thought on, or multiply it by 4; and having done this, desire him to add 6, 8, 10, or any even number you please, to the product; then let him take the half of this sum, and tell you how much it is; from which, if you take away half the number you desired him at first to add to it, there will remain the double of the number thought on.

## EXAMPLE.

Suppose the number thought upon is	5
The quadruple of it is	20
8 added to the product makes	28
And the half of this sum	14
4 taken from this leaves	10

Therefore, 5 was the number thought upon.

5.

A person having made choice of several Numbers, to tell him what number will exactly divide the sum of those which he has chosen.

Provide a small bag divided into two parts, in one of which put several tickets numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 120, 213, 309, or any others you please that are divisible by three; and in the other part put as many different tickets marked with the number 3 only.

Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and, after showing them to the company, put them into the bag again; and having opened it a second time, desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper.

When he has done this, open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only.

You may then pronounce that this ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other numbers is divisible; for, as each of these numbers is some multiple of three, their sum must be divisible by that number.

This recreation may also be diversified, by marking the tickets in one part of the bag with any numbers which are divisible by 9, and those in the other part of the bag with the number 9 only, the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; or, if the numbers in one part of the bag be divisible by 9, the other part of the bag may contain tickets marked both with 9 and 3, as every number divisible by 9 is also divisible by 3.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 285.

## PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—DESPOTISM

## ENIGMAS.

1. JOHAN IN THE WHALF.  
2. TIME.  
3. A RED.

4. CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.  
5. A FAN.  
6. MIRROR.  
7. HORNS.

8. LOVE.  
9. INNOCENCE.  
10. A COLORED.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

THE improbabilities of experience are many, the impossibilities are few.  
Wisdom is the talent of buying virtuous pleasures at the cheapest rate.—  
*Fielding.*

WHOLEsome sentiment is rare, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

WHY are crows the most sensible of birds?—Because they never complain without cause.

THE intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

As easily expect oaks from a mushroom bed, as great and durable product from small and hasty efforts.

WHICH has the greatest amount of animal heat, the beaver or the otter? Why, of course, the *otter* of the two.

WE saw a drunken man lately trying to get a watchman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

GRATUITOUS SERVICES.—Never let people work for you *gratis*. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us to Boston, and we have been lending him two shillings a week ever since.—*American Paper.*

How few are found with real talents blest!

Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest.

Man from his sphere eccentric start astray;

All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.—*Churchill.*

THEODORE HOOK once dined with Mr. Hatchet. "Ah, my dear fellow," said his host, deprecatingly; "I am sorry to say you will not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook, "from a Hatchet one can expect nothing but a chop."

A CANDIDATE for medical honours, having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions, was asked by one of the professors—"How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?" He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

SHUN all rash acts. Let moderation mark

Each enterprise in which you may embark:

And from your mind ne'er let them be effaced

The old, yet sterling proverb, "Haste makes waste."

THE WAY TO THE WORKHOUSE.—John Reeve was accosted on the Kensington Road by an elderly female, with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir—I beg your pardon—is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and, pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, ma'am, but that is."

NOT TO BE BEAT.—A public dinner in Edinburgh had dwindled away to two guests, an Englishman and a Highland gentleman, who were each trying to prove the superiority of their native countries. Of course, at an argument of this kind, a Scotchman possesses, from constant practice, overwhelming advantages. The Highlander's logic was so good, that he beat his opponent on every point. At last the Englishman put a poser. "You will," he said, "admit that England is larger in extent than Scotland?" "Certainly not," was the confident reply. "You see, sir, ours is a mountainous, yours a flat country. Now, if our hills were rolled out flat, we should beat you hundreds of miles!"

A WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

In person decent and in dress,

Her manners and her words express

The decency of mind;

Good humour brightens up her face,

Where passion never leaves a trace,

Nor frowns a look unkind:

No vexing sneer, no angry word,

No scandal from her lips is heard

Where truth and sweetness blend;

Submissive to her husband's will,

Her study is, to please him still,

His fond and faithful friend;

She watches his returning way,

When from the troubles of the day

He seeks an hour of bliss—

She runs to meet him with a smile,

And if no eye be near the while,

The smile is with a kiss!

A CONTINENTAL TRAVELLER.—An Englishman at his inn, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly describe himself. His newly-hired valet replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as a "Rentier Anglais." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it you."—"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there. Bring me the book." On it he found, instead of a plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself;—"Monsieur Warrantedsolid-leather, Anglais Rentier."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask, they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear have made them strangers.

MAXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favourable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

## COMMON-PLACE BOOKS.

"In reading authors, when you find  
Bright passages that strike the mind,  
And which, perhaps, you may have reason,  
To think on at another season,  
Be not contented with the sight,  
But take them down in black and white.  
Such a respect is wisely shown,  
As makes another's thoughts our own."

ACTIVE WOMEN.—As a general rule, noisy women do less than they seem to do, and quiet women often do more. But it does not follow that all quiet women are active; on the contrary, six out of ten are indolent; and work only on compulsion. Indolent women have their good points, and of the most valuable of these is their quietness. It is a great luxury in domestic life; but perhaps it is a luxury which is too expensive for a poor man, unless he can get it combined with activity. The wife of a poor man, no matter what his profession or position, ought to be active in the best sense of the word. She ought to rule her house with diligence, but make no boast of it. Her managing powers ought to be confined to her own house, and never be sent out to interfere with her neighbours. Her activity should be kept healthy by being exercised upon important matters chiefly, though the trifles must not be disregarded. A woman who will make herself unhappy because the usual custom of cleaning the house on Friday is, on a particular occasion, inevitably infringed, is inadequate to perceive the difference between the lesser and the greater. Some active women, who pride themselves on their housekeeping, seem to forget that the object of keeping a good house is, that human beings may be accommodated in it; their sole idea seems to be this, that the object of keeping a house is that the house be kept in a certain form and order, and to the maintenance of this form and order they sacrifice the comfort the house was established to secure. Such active women are pests to society, because they want sense to direct and control their energies. With a true wife a husband's faults should be secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she condescends to that refuge of weakness—a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his wife. If this be not the case she breaks her marriage vow.

## WINTERS IN OLDEN TIME.

IN 1664 the cold was so intense that the Thames was covered with ice sixty-one inches thick. Almost all the birds perished.

In 1693 the cold was so excessive that the famished wolves entered Vienna and attacked beasts and even men. Many people in Germany were frozen to death in 1695, and 1699 was nearly as bad.

In 1709 occurred that famous winter called, by distinction, the Cold Winter. All the rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the sea for several miles from the shores. The ground was frozen nine feet deep. Birds and beasts were struck dead in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. In the south of France the wine plantations were almost destroyed; nor have they yet recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic sea was frozen, and even the Mediterranean about Genoa; and the citron and orange groves suffered extremely in the finest parts of Italy.

In 1716 the winter was so intense that people travelled across the straits from Copenhagen to the province of Senia, in Sweden.

In 1729, in Scotland, multitudes of cattle and sheep were buried in the snow.

In 1740 the winter was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and thousands of people went across it. And the lakes in England froze.

In 1744 the winter was very cold. Snow fell in Portugal to the depth of twenty-three feet on a level.

In 1764 and 1765 the winters were very severe and cold. In England, the strongest ale, exposed to the air in a glass, was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bottom.

In 1776 the Danube bore ice five feet thick below Vienna. Vast numbers of the feathered and furred tribes perished.

The winters of 1774 and 1775 were uncommonly severe. The Little Belt was frozen over.

From 1800 to 1812 also, the winters were remarkably cold, particularly the latter, in Russia, which proved so disastrous to the French army.

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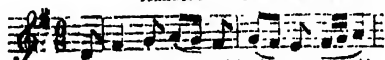
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husbands; those who love amusement will like it, for it  
swarms with Conundrums; everybody will like it, for it  
has a corner for everybody; and nobody need be afraid of  
reading any harm in it."—*Gentleman's Observer*.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**BE SELECT IN YOUR FRIENDSHIP.**—Sweet language will multiply friends, and a fair speaking tongue will multiply kind greetings. Be in peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor in a thousand. If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some men are a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed to thy friends. A faithful friend is a strong defence, and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. A faithful friend is the medicine of life. Forsooke not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine, when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. Whoso casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away, and he that upbraideth his friend breaketh friendships: for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound, every friend will depart.

**TO CLEAN SPONGES.**—Precure one pennyworth of salts of lemon, put it into about two pints of hot water, and then steep the sponge in it. After it is clean, rinse it in a little clear water. The above quantity will clean a large sponge, or three or four small pieces.

**THE DIVING-BELL.** G. H. L.—The credit of having been the first to apply the diving-bell in aid of civil engineering operations is usually attributed to Smeaton, who used it in 1779, in repairing the foundation of Hexham Bridge. One of the largest diving-bells ever constructed, is that at the Polytechnic Institution.

**TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF SILVER.** J. P.—Steep the silver in soap lye for the space of four hours; then cover it over with whiting, wet with vinegar, so that it may lie thick upon it, and dry it by a fire; after which rub off the whiting, and pass it over with dry bran, and the spots will not only disappear, but the silver will look exceedingly bright.

**WEDDING VISITS.** C. C. W.—Wedding visits must be returned during the course of a few days, and parties are generally made for the new married couple, which they are expected to return. This does not, however, entail much visiting, neither is it expected from young people whose resources may be somewhat limited, or when the husband has to make his way in the world.

**STEEL ENGRAVINGS.** Astor.—The cost of engraving upon steel is infinitely greater than that of engraving upon copper; yet as steel plates afford so many more impressions than copper, they enable the publisher, by calculating his return upon a large instead of a small number, to issue works of art at so low a price as to ensure a very wide circulation.

**DRESS.** M. L.—The beauty of dress, as Dr. Gregory well observed, consists in not being conspicuous. In neither do torturing nor yet concealing the human form with unnatural additions. Dress ought to be simple, elegant, and becoming, without being too expensive for the wearer, and ridiculous fashions should never be adopted, while at the same time singularity ought to be avoided.

**DYEING MATERIALS.** A. A.—These are alum, tartar, green copperas, verdigrise, blue vitriol, roche alum, quercitron, oak bark, logwood, sassafras, old and young fustic, Brazil-wood, brazilletto, camwood, barwood, and other red woods; peachwood, sumach, galls, weld, madder of three or four sorts, safflower, navy, green-wood, annatto, turmeric, archil, endeban, cochineal, lac-dye and indigo. The whole of these may be purchased of druggists or colourmen.

**CLEANLINESS.** H.—Cleanliness, our correspondent must be aware, is a positive duty, and not a mere matter of inclination. Society at large has a right to take up the cudgels against any person who wilfully accustoms himself to slovenly habits. No one was more particular in respect to cleanliness than Lord Byron, who, in one of his letters, says:—"I never was a great phrenologist. P—, nor do I pretend to read mankind as quickly as yourself; but if a stranger comes in, I generally look at the state of his hands. To a gentleman dirty hands are an abomination—that settles one point. A respectable man never presents himself with dirty hands and foul nails: so if I find my customer with these credentials, I conclude that he is an idler, a drunkard, or a scamp, and I show him out as soon as possible."

**AN EXCELLENT RECEIPT FOR BURNS AND SCALDS.**—A correspondent has favoured us with the following:—Take equal parts of olive oil and linseed oil, which, when well mixed together, forms a beautiful white ointment, which may be spread with a feather upon the part affected, and a thin rag laid over it. Two or three dressings will generally take out all the fire, after which apply a little healing ointment. Families ought always to have this remedy by them, that it may be applied immediately after the accident, as it very soon gives ease.

**TO BLEACH ENGRAVINGS.** Mentor.—Simple immersion in oxygenated muriatic acid, letting the article remain in it a longer or shorter space of time, according to the strength of the liquor, will be sufficient to whiten an engraving. If it is required to whiten the paper of a bound book, as it is necessary that all the leaves should be moistened by the acid, care must be taken to open the book well, and to make the boards red on the edge of the vessel in such a manner that the paper alone shall be dipped in the liquor. The leaves must be separated from each other, in order that they may be equally moistened on both sides.

**POPULAR MEASURES.**—The article entitled "The Plague of Beggary," at page 276 of our miscellany, has already received the unqualified approbation of many of our subscribers, who have written to express their satisfaction, that a subject of such importance to the community at large, has been brought forward in the pages of the *Home Companion*. A correspondent, however, under the designation of a "Well Wisher," and who is, consequently entitled to our consideration, objects to occasional political allusions, which, he argues, might have been avoided. We perfectly agree with the general tenor of the suggestions so kindly presented to our notice; and would state, in reply, that the article in question was published from a desire to assist in suppressing a formidable public evil, and to encourage honest industry, and not to identify ourselves with the political opinions of the author. We wish it to be clearly understood, that as *Home Companions*, we eschew politics altogether, and we shall not be found to clamour for celebrity by



ENDING TO RAISE A FOUR POUND MEASURE.

**EXCHANGE BILLS.** H. Vernon.—The Government securities, so called, were first issued in 1697, and first circulated by the Bank in 1796. These bills are, in effect, accommodation notes of Government, that are issued in anticipation of taxes, at daily interest; and, being received for taxes, and paid by the Bank in lieu of taxes, in its dealings with the Exchequer, they usually bear a premium. The first Chancellor of the Exchequer was Eustace de Fauconbridge, Bishop of London in the reign of Henry the Third.

**AMPLIFICATION OF THE POOR.** Guiseppe.—We give our correspondent full credit for his philanthropic schemes to soften the hardships of poverty. Much may undoubtedly be done to alleviate distress, but we are far from considering that poverty produces crime; neither is it the greatest curse in the world. It has given birth to many a noble virtue—it is, in fact, oftentimes an invaluable blessing of itself. The poor are frequently mentioned in both the Old and the New Testaments, in terms of the tenderest endearment, while those who receive their "good things" in this life are spoken of in quite a different manner. As man is constituted, the entire removal of poverty from the world would perhaps be the greatest curse that could be inflicted upon the race.

**TO WASH CHINTZ.** Maria.—Take two pounds of rice, and boil it in two gallons of water until soft; then pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you fit general use for coloured linens; then put the chintz in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this until the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm clear water. Wash it in this until quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water the rice was boiled in, and this will answer the end of starch. If a gown, it must be taken to pieces; and when dried, be careful to hang it as smooth as possible.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—S. J. R. (thanks).—**THALASSA** (we shall endeavour to comply with the suggestions of our correspondent).—G. FAY (we especially avoid any political subjects).—**ALPHONSE** (the discoveries at Nineveh are likely to prove of great interest to science and the arts. Our correspondent is in error to suppose that Mr. Layard's efforts have produced no useful result).—W. T. (apply to a medical practitioner).—P. P. (declined, with thanks).—E. B. W. (cultivate the graces of the mind; these are of infinitely more consequence than personal decoration).—**ALPHONSE M.** (wood-engraving opens a wide field of emulation for talent, and when pursued with industry and perseverance, will, no doubt, prove lucrative).—**GOMUS** (the utility of the mariners' compass results from the magnetic virtue of the needle).—**A READER** (omits to inform us what is the substitute for tea to which he alludes).—**THACKERY** (there can be no doubt that Australia presents, at the present time, many inducements to the industrious and pains-taking population of our country, who find the means of obtaining a subsistence difficult. It is against our plan, however, to offer any advice on the subject of emigration, so much depends upon individual circumstances).—**CONSTANT READER** (should apply to a medical practitioner).—**FRITS** (we think the ladies will scarcely approve of some of the sentiments expressed by our poetical correspondent).—**NEMO** (the idea of paving the streets of modern cities is derived from, and based upon, the Roman roads. Many of these are still in perfect repair in Italy, especially in the neighbourhood of Rome).—**Q. Q.** (the dial-plates of clocks, the scales of barometers, and other similar articles, are silvered by rubbing upon them a mixture of muriate of silver, sea-salt, and tartar, and afterwards washing off the saline matter with water).—**JUNUS** (the tallow-tree is a native of China, and has, from a remote period, furnished the Chinese with the material out of which they make their candles. It is cultivated in some parts of America).—**W. Tims** (the subject is not suited to our pages).—**C.** (a rate of descent of only one foot in two hundred suffices to render a river impassable to ships).—**JACINTHA** (birds have no teeth, yet their food in many cases is of such a character as to demand mastication. Nature has provided for them in these respects).—**STATICS** (the Bible Society was established in England in 1804).—**W. M. GIBSON** (there are certain points in the inquiry we do not understand. With regard to the velocity of the galvanic current, it is stated to travel at the rate of 28,324 miles in a second).—**JUVENS** (the Italian kind of printing was invented by Aldus Manutius, in 1490, at Venice).—**TOBIAS** (shillings were first coined in England in 1505).—**JAMES R.** (the definition of a gentleman consists in a high sense of honour, a love of truth, delicacy of manner, and strict adherence to correct principles).—**R.** (boasting people are generally shunned. This vice is usually made up of ignorance and conceit. We should recommend our correspondent to avoid such acquaintances).—**ELIZA** ("Worship" is a title that belongs to magistrates and municipal corporations. The dukedom, the most elevated dignity in the British peerage, was first introduced by Edward the Third).—**YOUNG** (to transfer coloured prints to wood, they should be laid on vinegar and water—two-thirds of the former and one of the latter—to destroy the size which is in the paper; then be removed, and be placed between blotting-paper. The wood should have a coat of transfer varnish previously, and be set aside for twenty-four hours to dry).—**M.** (in making home happy, everything depends upon the parents of a family. If children are early trained into habits of obedience and self control, they cannot fail to cheer the domestic hearth).—**CURIOSITY** (the artichoke is a native of the south of Europe, and was introduced into England in 1548).—**ARTIST** (a very simple method for preserving water-colour, coloured chalk, and other drawings, is to cover them with a plate of glass in front, and a piece of millboard behind; then paste a narrow strip of coloured paper along the edges).—**CONCORD** (frequent and loud laughter is unbecoming in society, and invariably indicates an indifferent education).—**HERALDRY** (a person may be prevented by the Herald's office from using arms to which he is not entitled).—**L.** (to etch upon egg-shells, cover the shells with appropriate designs in talow or varnish, and immerse in strong acetic acid. The design appears in relief).





# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 20.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## THE DYING MOTHER.

On a night dark and dreary,  
In a room all uncheery,  
Lay a mother on a pallet of straw;  
Her infant was hushed in its slumbers  
sweet,  
And two little cherubs breathed soft at her  
feet,  
On their little truck-bed,  
While close at their head  
Stood an angel, his love-vigils keeping.  
The cold wind was blowing,  
And fast it was snowing,  
And the heart of that mother grew  
chill,  
As she thought of the morn when her charge  
should awake,  
With no one to feed them—none pity to  
take;  
For the angel of death  
Was short'ning her breath—  
In the midst of her babes she was dying!  
How awful is dying,  
With the heart torn with sighing,  
For the loved ones that linger below—  
For the sweet little babe, with its soft silken  
smile,  
And the cherub-eyed twain, uncorrupted  
with guile—  
Oh, how could she go,  
And leave them below,  
In a world full of sin and of danger!  
While she lay thus in sorrow,  
And thought of the morrow,  
With the angel of death at her side,  
There broke on her vision a glorious light,  
And brighter than day seemed the noon of  
the night.

And a light form descended,  
And over her hended, [came  
And she knew that from heaven he  
On the mother he smiled,  
And he kissed the sweet child,  
While thus he unfolded his mission—  
"I am sent"—and he smiled on the mother  
again, [and pain;  
"I am sent to release thee from anguish  
And thy spirit to take,  
And thy child's for thy sake,  
Thy right to thy Saviour in heaven.  
"No more shalt thou part  
Then clasp to thy heart  
The form of thy soft-breathing cherub;  
But leave to the care of thy Father in heaven  
Thy motherless ones—for to them shall be  
given  
An angel of light,  
To guide them aright— [ing."  
Look! now by their side he is watch-  
He ceased, and the angel of death hovered  
near,  
And touched with his dart  
The mother's warm heart,  
And stilled all its wild throbbing pulses  
Then stooping, he kissed from the child's  
rosy lips  
The fragrance of life—as the young morn-  
ing slips  
With her first golden ray,  
The dew drop away,  
Thus hangs on the violet's bosom;  
And folding the mother and babe to his  
breast,  
The angel soared up to the home of the  
blessed.

## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

(Continued from page 201.)

"Seize the opportunity of escape ere their return," said Alice, breaking the death-like stillness that had been preserved. "Quick, father! William! the moments fly. Make your way toward the house of Mr. Elmore. I will linger here to baffle the inquiries of your pursuers."

"Come, my son," said the old man, rising with a sudden energy. "The Lord has opened another door of safety for us. Dost thou hear?"

"Nay, I will not again fly for my wretched life," said Heath. "I will passively await my fate."

"William! William!" exclaimed his wife, in an agony of heartfelt urgency and sweetness, "I pray you, by whatever is dear in our past association together—by all the claims I will not say of the continued love you but this day professed for me, but by those of an affection on my part which would endure all things for your sake—to use the proper means for your preservation. Depart without delay; and an expression of unanswerable entreaty beamed in the eye of the suppliant.

"I will do aught that you ask, beloved one, even to the prolonging of my life of wretchedness," rejoined her husband, as he imprinted a kiss on her brow, and drew her with him toward the door of the cave.

"Let me be your guide," said Stanley, advancing, and addressing Heath. "It will be some small return for the service you have rendered me."

"I had almost forgotten, in my affliction, to see to you, kind youth. But you have slept long, and appear to be recovered."

"Thanks to you, sir, I am living and well," answered the boy. "But time grows apace. Will you accept my services?"

"Nay, I am acquainted with the whole neighbourhood. You will do me a greater favour to remain with this deserted lady, and see her safe in the hands of friends."

With a countenance of perfect calmness, the heroic wife and daughter endeavoured to hasten the moment of separation.

"Farewell!" she said, casting her arms around the old man, while a smile was on her lips. "Farewell! we may be parted for years, perhaps for ever"—and she made a violent effort to repress her distress. "Bless me and forgive me, my parent, ere you depart."

"Thou hast, thou hast my blessing, my suffering dove! and for my pardon, how canst thou ask it, who hast never done me an offence since God made me parent to so noble a child? May the Lord be to thee a rock of shelter and a path of deliverance from affliction."

The old man here turned away, and began to descend the hill.

"You must not linger longer, William," said the lady, turning to her husband, who stood with his eyes fixed upon her face. "Farewell! our fortunes look dark, it is true, but mayhap the same bright morning will yet dawn for us. And if not, we are not still denied the glorious hope that in the darkest moments of separation clings to humanity the anticipation of reunion in the future."

"Farewell!" said Heath, folding her in a long embrace to his heart, while his cheek trembled, and a tear dimmed his manly eye. "My beloved wife, farewell!" And drawing his cap over his brow, and tightening the folds of the cloak he had resumed, he broke away, and followed his aged companion.

The lady watched the fugitives until they were out of sight, and Stanley remained by her side silent, judging it best not to disturb her feelings at the moment with any ill-timed remark.

While they stood he had time to examine the entrance to the cavern, which had eluded his discovery so completely on his former visits to the rock. Nothing could be more concealed than its entrance. The opening, extremely small, lay directly behind a large grey rock, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who employed it as a place of retreat. The boy did not marvel when he perceived its secret position, that it had previously been unnoticed by him; for it might have eluded the attention of those who had stood at its very opening. As he was still engaged in admiring its security, the lady turned and said to him, "Let us return within, till I make the necessary preparation for my departure."

"I leave this spot," said she, as they entered, "endeared by many sad associations, never to return to it again."

"You are likely to leave it in a way you do not imagine," said a man, springing in at the opening. He was speedily followed by another, and both stood within the cave.

Alice turned, at first much startled; but when a moment was past, she prepared herself to receive the intruders with the perfect confidence which a woman never fails to feel in the mildness and reason of a man, however rude. Moreover, having nothing to fear for her husband and father, she found little difficulty in retaining her self-possession, supported by her inherent dignity.

One of them, who was distinguished from his companion by much superiority of mien, lifting his hat respectfully, addressed her, "It is unpleasant to question one of your appearance; but, madam, where are your companions?"

"I am unable to inform you," said Alice, modestly; "yet I must say that in my present situation I could have wished to be spared the pain of confessing my ignorance."

The harsh features of the elder contracted into their sternest look, and it was evident how much he was disturbed by the cool manner of her reply. Alice gazed at his lowering features for a moment in perfect composure, as if she had naught to fear from his intentions.

"Perhaps you can give us the information," said he, turning to Stanley. "Like this lady, I must confess my ignorance of their whereabouts, if you allude to Messrs. Lisle and Heath."

"Pardon us, fair lady," replied the younger cavalier. "but we shall be obliged to search its inmost recesses."

"True, perhaps they are here, and this coolness may be assumed," said the other: "let us proceed to make a thorough investigation."

"I will vacate the premises for you, gentlemen," said Alice, drawing her arm through Stanley's, and leaving the cave. After which, at a slow pace, they proceeded together towards the village.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!

They were born to blush in her shining hair:

She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,

She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth:

Her place is now by another's side;

Bring flowers for the looks of the fair young bride!"

MRS. HEMANS.

A calm and cloudless evening followed the exciting morning which had been experienced in L—. The fairest moon of May shone above the ruined meeting-house, which lay in blackened rubbish upon the ground. Her soft light lit up the white dwellings and shrubbery of the village with a

holy beauty, until they stood out in bold relief against the surrounding hills, which in like manner stood out in similar relief against a sky sparkling with myriads of stars. The herbage sent up its sweetest fragrance, and the air was balmy and delicious.

The laws regulating wedlock in the colonies were suited to the state of society, and it was not usual to celebrate their nuptials in places of public worship.

This was peculiarly fortunate in the case of Lucy Ellet, whose marriage having been fixed for this evening, would have had to be deferred, had it been the intention to celebrate it in the village meeting-house. The arrangements, however, had been made for the performance of the ceremony in the house of her uncle, and the unpleasant affair of the morning was not permitted to retard a matter of such vitality. Lucy's nerves, too, being of that firm kind which no shock could shatter or disturb beyond the passing moment, there was no necessity for deferring the period.

The hospitalities of her uncle's house were thrown open to the villagers. The best parlour was graced with vases of the freshest spring flowers, and tasteful green branches interwoven with white roses, the whole answering to the idea of a fitting place for a marriage scene.

The gate leading to Governor H—'s house was besieged by vehicles of almost every shape and description. The company had assembled about eight o'clock, and were awaiting the entrance of the bridal train, when their attention was diverted by the appearance of Jessy Ellet, the younger sister of the bride, holding by the hand a lady, who, from the fact that she was a stranger, as well as from something striking in her aspect, elicited an unusual degree of notice. Care, more than time, had made inroads upon a face still exquisitely lovely; and the extreme simplicity of her attire served to adorn the melancholy and touching beauty of her countenance. There was something elevated in the sadness of her expression, as though her hopes lay scarce any longer upon earth, but were removed into a sphere where disappointment and sorrow could never come. But withal there was occasionally a lustre in her eye, and a beaming smile upon her lip, that proved her capable of the deepest and strongest earthly attachments.

This was evinced in her manner toward the child, upon whom she frequently bestowed these momentary marks of affection. Returning to a distant part of the room, it was evident that she sought to escape observation. As she seated herself, and the little Jessy clung to her and looked up into her face, to make some childish sadly, a strange resemblance became perceptible between the two. Upon the brow of each there was the same mild and placid expression; the same azure eyes, and the identical peasant smile, changing the expression of the whole countenance.

The bustle attending the arrival of the guests had subsided, and the minister stood waiting the entrance of those upon whom he was to pronounce the nuptial benediction. The door opened, and a group moved slowly forward. Lucy appeared attired in a manner suitable to the simplicity as well as the importance of the ceremony. A dress of simple white concealed by its folds the graceful proportions of her slender form. A few orange blossoms were carelessly entwined in the taven braids of her hair, showing more spotlessly by the contrast.

In a moment, the low solemn tones of the minister were heard. After performing the ceremony, when he came to the closing words—"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," he lifted his voice as though he were addressing the guests; and when the blessing was pronounced, for a few moments not a sound was heard in the room. The minister advanced first, and congratulated the pair, followed by the guests, who also approached and made their compliments.

The enjoyments of the puritans were of a quiet nature, religion being the chief topic of their thoughts, and the principal subject of their conversation.

A tone of cheerfulness, however, prevailed over all, except when an eye occasionally rested on the stranger lady, of whose melancholy look the faintest token of liveliness seemed a mockery. This lady was not introduced to any of the company, but remained throughout the evening in the recess she had first chosen. She kept the hand of the fair child, who seemed fascinated by her presence, and continued directed to her side. Every kindness and attention was paid her by her hosts. Frequently Governor H— and his wife approached her and conversed; and the bride at one time during the evening remained seated with her more than an hour. Several persons made attempts to satisfy the curiosity her presence and appearance excited, by questioning those whom they had seen speaking with her; but they obtained little or no satisfaction. For several days succeeding she continued to form a subject of much gossip and surmise. Not afterward, however, being seen in L—, her existence was soon forgotten.

A table groaning with every variety of excellent cheer, and in the greatest abundance, was provided. This repast was partaken of at an early hour, and the company returned to their homes.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"I, that please some, try all; both joy and terror  
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error—  
Now take upon me in the name of Time  
To life my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage that I slide  
Over sixteen years, and leave the ground purged  
Of that wide gap!"—WATSON'S TALE.

THE course of our narrative obliges us to pass over sixteen years, and we again introduce its characters to our readers. To those of them who may happen to have lived nearly twice that period, the interval will not appear long.

Lucy Ellet had removed on the day following her marriage to the house of

Henry Elmore, situated about five miles distant from New Haven. It was a cheerful country residence, fitted up with much neatness. Around it lay a perfect wilderness of flower-gardens, amid which a refined taste had caused to be erected little summer-houses, which afforded points of view over the distant bay of New Haven. Attached to these grounds was a large farm, over which Lucy soon learned to preside with much matronly grace and dignity. The house itself had been originally small; but shortly after the marriage of the owner, it had been enlarged by the addition of a wing at the back part. This was not exactly adjoining the main building, but connected with it by a corridor. With regard to the purpose for which it had been added, nothing was known in the neighbourhood with any certainty. Many stories had been circulated concerning its object, and a belief had at length become current that it was haunted by spirits. There were those, indeed, who stated that they had beheld through the opening of a curtain at the window, a strangely emaciated face, with sunken eyes of an unnatural lustre, and a look that was not of earth.

The mystery that was attached to this portion of the building, and the tales that were circulated in relation to it—together with the former reports that had attached to Lucy Ellet and her young sister—rendered its inmates avoided and unpopular throughout the neighbourhood. No distress or mortification, however, seemed to be felt at this circumstance by Henry Elmore and his wife, who showed no disposition for the society of their neighbours, and who never exchanged visits with any other persons than Governor H— and his wife (who still resided in L—) visits which were mutually given and rendered as often as the distance that intervened between their homes allowed.

Jessy Ellet, now grown to womanhood, resided with her sister. She had retained the exceeding beauty of her childhood, but exhibited what appeared a wildness of character to those who were incapable of understanding the superiority of her nature. There was a life and animation in her gait, a fascination in her manner and expression, both of language and countenance; a touchiness also in her purity of thought, which, in conversation with the few persons with whom she associated intimately, gave her society a charm.

The parlour of Lucy Elmore's house was a neat and comfortable apartment. All its arrangements bespoke the skill of a refined female genius—which genius was, in fact, her tasteful and fastidious sister. It was Jessy who had, on this dark autumn day, caused the sofa to be wheeled out opposite the fire; she it was who had, a few weeks previous, directed the graceful looping of the dimity and silk curtains in the windows. The inventive mind of the same guardian divinity had likewise anticipated the more modern fashion of the centre or sofa table, and induced her to keep a piece of furniture of that description constantly replenished with various new specimens of literature and art. The grammars and other house-plants in the windows owed their flourishing condition to her training hand; and many other little accessories to the *tout ensemble* of the room, giving it an air of exceeding home elegance and comfort, which rather than perceived, were the results of her care.

It was evening. Henry Elmore was in his little study, and his wife had taken her book in her hand, and retired to the mysterious wing of the house where her sister knew she always spent an hour every morning and evening, though for what purpose she had never inquired, perceiving that Lucy desired the object of these visits to be secret.

Jessy was seated alone in the parlour we have described. She had drawn near the table, and, bending over a volume of poetry which lay open before her, one fair hand was engaged in playing with the ringlets of her hair, and the other lay upon the classic page. The fire had given a slight flush to her cheeks, usually perhaps a shade too pale, and, as she sat thus, it would have been difficult to imagine a more beautiful object.

A light knock at the door interrupted her reading, and a young man of polished manners and handsome exterior presented himself. The new comer was about five-and-twenty, in a military dress, and bearing in his manner and looks a good deal of the martial profession. Notwithstanding the great change which the lapse from youth to manhood makes in his sex, it would not have been difficult for any who had known him in the former period, to trace in the countenance of the visitor the lineaments of his boyhood. There was the same now, summed up by its chestnut curls—the latter, it may be, a shade darker, and a fold thicker; there was the same hazel eye, with its peculiarly thoughtful expression, and a lip which had preserved the native frankness of its smile. In short, the person entering was—but, reader, we will not anticipate Jessy Ellet in calling him by name.

She seemed slightly startled on recognising him, but rose with a blush and extended her hand.

He advanced and took her offered hand with more of tenderness than courtesy in his manner, for he held it a moment ere he resigned it.

Some little time had elapsed in a few commonplace remarks, when the gentleman drew his chair close to Jessy's side. "Miss Ellet," said he, "I have come this evening emboldened to pour into your ear the story of a long and devoted attachment."

"Mr. Stanley," interrupted the lady, blushing deeply, while the small hand which lay upon the edge of the table might have been seen slightly to tremble, "I cannot allow you to place yourself at the disadvantage of uttering anything you might regret, when you become better acquainted with what I must have to reply in regard to any declaration of this kind."

"Do not, I beseech you, Miss Ellet, say aught to dash my dearest earthly hopes. I had flattered myself—"

"I know what you would say," rejoined the young lady, again interrupting him. "You mean that you had hoped—?" and she hesitated an instant, "that you were not altogether indifferent to me. But what avails it whether or not this be the case, when I have that to reveal to you which may make you instantly withdraw your proffered affection!"

"No revelation that you could make would have the power to effect a change in the feelings of one who has known you so well."

"Nay, wait until you hear what I have to tell. Know, then, I am not what I appear."

"Your language is enigmatical," said her lover, looking at her bewildered; "but if it were possible for any human being to surpass in internal graces the loveliest outside, in that way I can believe that there is truth in your words."

"I thank you for the compliment," said Jessy, smiling in acknowledgment. "But it is not in regard to my personal graces, either external or internal—for I have too much vanity, I assure you, to suppose that there is aught that can be said in disparagement of either—but in regard to my outward position I speak. I pass for the niece of Governor H—, and the sister of Lucy Elmore. Now I am confident that I am neither."

"What is it you say?" said her lover, looking at her in astonishment.

"Mr. Stanley," continued she, "do you recollect the melancholy-looking lady who was present at Lucy's wedding?"

"I do," said he, "and can tell you more than you have probably ever known. She was the mysterious Lady of the Rock, and the noble wife of the exiled regicide. I shall never forget her touching beauty, nor the heroic fortitude with which she hastened the flight of her husband and father on the day when their hiding-place in the cave was discovered. But what were you going to say of her?"

"I felt drawn to her by yearnings of a peculiar kind, and a strange sympathy such as I have never known before or since for any human being. Mr. Stanley," she continued, looking at him steadily, "do you see no singular resemblance to me in that strange lady? Methinks I can behold a marvellous likeness."

As she spoke, a curious similarity in the beloved being before him to the unhappy lady whose image was impressed upon his memory, struck him in the most forcible manner, thrilling him in addition to Jessy's words with the suspicion they suggested.

"She was my mother," continued Miss Ellet. "I know it by an instinct that cannot err. Look, too, how little coincidence of looks, no less than fate, exists between myself and my uncle's family. Lucy, too, although affectionate and kind, resembles me in nothing. I am a mysterious and lonely being."

"There may be truth in what you surmise," replied Stanley, who had been pondering deeply during her last remarks; "but will not yourself lonely, unless you positively decline the companionship of one who desires no higher pleasure in life than to share it with you?"

"You do not shrink from me, then, because I am thus shrouded in mystery?"

"Nay," said he, venturing to take her hand, "nothing that could be either surmised or proved in regard to your parentage, could change the feelings or wishes of my heart toward you. Jessy, I sail in a few days for England, to be absent for six months, and would know your fate from you ere I depart."

There was a pause of a few moments of that expressive kind which such an occasion only witnesses, and Stanley gathered from its stillness that he might deem his suit not rejected.

So no time longer passed, in which the lovers remained alone conversing. Their language was of that kind which none but those who have been in the same situation can properly repeat, and which, therefore, the inexperience of the historian prevents being here repeated.

At length Lucy made her appearance, not like one who had been dealing with spirits, but full of cheerful interest in those earthly beings whom she contemplated. Time had passed lightly over her, and she looked as young and blooming as on the day of her marriage. The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly. Stanley mentioned his intended visit to England, and the conversation turned for awhile upon the mother country. The hour for family prayers arrived. Henry Elmore read a chapter of the Old Testament in a deep, solemn voice, and, all standing up, he prayed fervently.

The house being some miles distant from the town of New Haven, the guest was shown to a room above the parlour.

A cheerful fire burned on the hearth; the bed was curtained and quilted with white, and everything invited comfort and repose. The occupant, however, was too full of his late happy interview to feel inclined to sleep, and he threw himself into a large easy chair that stood near the fire. He sat there long in a deep reverie. After other reflections more intimately connected with his blissful emotion, his thoughts reverted to the revelation Jessy had made to him of her suspicions in regard to the Lady of the Rock. His own mind had readily received these suspicions, until, in reconsidering them, they amounted almost to a certainty. What, then, had become of the lady, and what was the fate of her companions? She had announced in his hearing, in the cavern, her intention of going to England, for the purpose of endeavouring to obtain their pardon. But she had never returned, nor had he heard her mentioned since the excitement caused by her appearance at Governor H—'s had subsided. There had been no rumour of the apprehension of the regicides, and it was therefore possible that they still remained hidden. Young Stanley now recalled what he had likewise overheard in the cave, about the exiles having been offered a home with Mr. Elmore. He had been absent prosecuting his studies, when the mysterious wing was attached to the dwelling, and in that way had missed hearing the reports to which it gave rise, or it is possible he might have surmised differently in regard to it from the ordinary conclusion. At his return, the gossip had pretty much subsided into a steady avoidance of the family, so that none of the rumours had ever reached him. It was hardly possible, then, he thought, as he had seen or heard nothing of the outcasts, that they could be residing with Mr. Elmore. Jessy, too, had never named any such inmates to him; nor, this evening,

when he mentioned them in connexion with the lady for whom she had expressed such interest, had she evinced a knowledge of their being. They were not, therefore, he concluded, repaired to Mr. Elmore's; whither had they gone?

Casting aside his reflections, after a considerable length of time Stanley rose from his seat, and began to prepare for bed. Walking to a window, he beheld a light in what seemed a house or room opposite. It seemed strange to him that there should be any dwelling situated in this manner in regard to the house he was in, since it was in the country. He was about to persuade himself that it was merely the reflection of his own room, when he saw, standing face to him, the aged man of the cave. Convinced now that his own imagination was at work, and had conjured up the likeness of one of those who had just occupied his thoughts to so great an extent, he turned away, and hastened to court repose.

(Continued in No. 11.)

## ASCENDING THE NILE.

SOME travellers have paid £45 a month for their vessels, but I found little difficulty in getting a large and convenient boat for two persons at £20 a month. This price, it should be understood, includes the services of ten men, who find their own provisions, and only receive a gratuity in case of good behaviour. The American consul, Mr. Kahil, had kindly obtained for me the promise of a bark from Ismail Pasha, before our arrival—a superb vessel, furnished with beds, tables, chairs, divans, &c., which was offered at £30 the month, but it was much larger than we needed. In the course of my inspection of the fleet of barks at Boulak, I found several which might be had at £15 and £17 a month, but they were old, inconvenient, and full of vermin. Our boat, the *Cleopatra*, has been newly cleansed and painted, and contains, besides a spacious cabin with beds and divans, a sort of portico on the outside, with cushioned seats, where we proposed to sit during the balmy twilight, and smoke our *chibouks*.

My companion as far as Assuan of Korosko, is the European of our triad. The Asian returns to-morrow to Smyrna with an Abyssinian boy, whom he purchased in the slave bazaar for about sixty dollars. The little fellow received a certificate of his freedom at the Austrian consulate, and seemed perfectly happy in his new white Turkish dress and red shoes. The European is one of the most agreeable fellow-travellers I ever met, and I count it a lucky day that brought us together. Nowhere is a congenial comrade so desirable as on the Nile. My friend appreciates the river; and even without the prospect of seeing Thebes, Ombos, and Philæ, would cheerfully bear all the inconveniences and delays of the journey for the Nile's sake alone. Commend me to such a man, for of the hundreds of tourists who visit the East there are few such.

The furnishing of a Nile-boat requires considerable knowledge of house-keeping. The number of small articles required for this floating speck of civilisation in a country of barbarians, is amazing to a bachelor. I had no idea that the art of cooking needed such a variety of tools and appliances, and, for the first time in my life, conceived some respect for the fame of Ude and Soyer. There are frying-pans and stew-pans; coffee-pots and tea-pots; knives, forks, spoons, towels, cups, balls, and boxes; butter, lard, flour, rice, macaroni, oil, vinegar, mustard, and pepper; and no end to the groceries. We must have a table and chairs, quilts and pillows, mats, carpets, and napkins, and many other articles which I should never have thought of without the help of M. Pini, who keeps a general dépôt of supplies. His printed lists, in four languages, lighten the traveller's labour very greatly, and he well deserves the moderate profit which he is content to ask. His experience in regard to the quantity required is also of much service; otherwise an inexperienced person would not know whether to take twelve or fifty pounds of rice, nor how much sugar belonged to so much coffee. The expense of our outfit, including bread, fowls, mutton, charcoal, and every other requisite, was about two thousand piastres—a little more than one hundred dollars. The calculation was made for one month's provisions for two persons, and one month for one.

A few phrases I have picked up on the way to Alexandria would avail me little in Nubia, where either the Berber language, or a different Arabic dialect is spoken, and I therefore engaged a dragoman for the journey. This class of persons swarm in Cairo at present, and I had not been there a day before I was visited by half a dozen who were anxious to make the trip to Khartoum. How they knew I was going there, I cannot imagine, but I found that they knew the plans of every traveller in Cairo as well. Among my visitors was an old man named Solyman Ali, who had been a servant of Champollion. I made choice of a dark Egyptian, born in the valley of Thebes. His name is Achmet; and, from what I can learn, he is one of the best of his class. He speaks English and Italian, but one of the stipulations of our bargain is that he shall teach me Arabic. He dresses very handsomely, and has the faculty of making himself respected by the Arabs, a very necessary quality.—*Bayard Taylor*.

THE BEST TRAINING.—It is not the man who has seen the most, or read the most, who can do the most: such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow; but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—*D. Webster*.



## THE WOMAN WHO HAD NOTHING TO DO.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

"WELL, Mary," said Charles Lewis to his young wife, who had returned after an absence of a few days from an exploring expedition, "I think I have found a place which will suit us both."

"Where is it?" inquired Mary.

"In Bloomfield, about fifty miles from here. There is not a single shop within a mile, and every person to whom I mentioned the subject is of opinion that I cannot fail to do a good business."

"And can a suitable house be obtained?"

"Yes, one that will exactly suit you. Were you to see it, you would imagine that it was built on purpose for us. It is white, with green blinds, and is literally embowered among trees and shrubbery."

"Are there any flowers?"

"Plenty of them. They border all the paths, and as for roses, judging from the number of bushes, we may, if we please, have a 'feast of roses,' as they do in the East."

"According to your description, it must be an earthly Paradise. When shall we go?"

"Next Monday, if you can be ready so soon as then."

"I could, if necessary, be ready before that time," was Mary's reply.

Though Mary's expectations had been raised high, she was not disappointed with the appearance of their new place of residence. It was exactly what she wished. By the close of the week everything was arranged, and all the apartments were a neat, quiet, home look. Mary had never been accustomed to do housework, having before her marriage taught in a school for a livelihood; but she had, whenever opportunity presented, been a close observer, and bade fair with a little experience to make a most excellent housekeeper. Though her husband thought that it would be impossible for her to get along without, at least, a girl of a dozen or fourteen years to assist her, she told him that she could at any rate make the attempt, as they could not afford to increase their household expenses.

"Don't you think, Charles, that I am nearly equal to any heroine," she said, one day, as she placed some fine strawberries and cream upon the table for the dessert.

"I am sure I do. How very fragrant they are."

"That is because they are fresh."

"Who gathered them for you?"

"No one—I gathered them myself."

"But we have none in the garden."

"I found these in the fields."

"Let you find them where you would, they are delicious; I believe that they are superior in flavour to those which are cultivated. Didn't you find it fatiguing to rove round the fields after them?"

"I was a little tired by the time I reached home, but I shall enjoy my reading and sewing all the better for it this afternoon."

"Spraking of reading makes me think of the *Home Companion* I brought from the booksellers."

"I'm glad the magazine has come. The little room we have fitted up for a library will be a delightful place to read in. Those maples shade the windows and create a cool, delicious gloom; while the rustling of their foliage makes exactly the right kind of music for one who wishes to read or indulge in reverie. You must not be surprised if the rural influences by which I am surrounded, prove so inspiring that I shall, one of these days, write something for the magazine. Don't you think that the name of Mary Lewis would look very well among the list of original contributors?"

"Admirable."

"I wish you could stay at home this afternoon and read with me."

"Oh, never fear for me," said he, gaily, "as long as I can measure calico and ribbons, an employment which is delightfully varied by weighing sugar, coffee, and tea."

Half an hour afterward, Mary had seated herself near the open door of the library, whence, whenever she chose, she could step out upon a smooth green terrace. She had just commenced cutting open the leaves of the *Companion*, when she was somewhat startled by a voice that said—

"You are the lady of the house, are you not?"

Looking up, she saw a tall and lean, yet vigorous-looking woman standing at the door.

"I am," was Mary's answer.

"And my name is Pickins; and as I am your nearest neighbour, I came right in without knocking. I set out to come and see you yesterday afternoon, but Mrs. Hopson came in and hindered me."

Suspecting that she had come with the intention of spending the afternoon, Mary invited her to take off her things, and then conducted her into the parlour.

"This is my work," said Mrs. Pickins, opening a large bundle as soon as she had seated herself. "I've a large family to sew for, and have to improve every minute. I was telling Mrs. Hopson, yesterday, that if I was in your place I shouldn't be able to find anything to do a tenth part of my time. I should be obliged to sit and fold my hands."

"I read, or cultivate the flowers when I have no work which I am obliged to do," said Mary.

"Well, I know a body can read when worst comes to worst, but it is terrible dull music according to my way of thinking. And as for flowers, though I don't say but what they look pretty enough, there is no profit in them

—they'll neither give you meat, drink, nor clothing. Mrs. Hopson and I were wondering between ourselves why you didn't keep a cow. Taking care of the milk, and making a few pounds of butter now and then, would be pretty work for you, and help to fill up your time. And you haven't a mite of knitting to do neither. Well, as Mrs. Hopson and I said, it's a mystery how anybody that has no more to do than you have, can get through the day with any kind of comfort. I believe, if anything, it is worse than to have as much to do as I have. Only see what a lot of work I've brought with me, and there's not a stitch of it but that I may safely say we are suffering for. Here's an apron to make for our Sally, another for Kitty, a gown to make for Betsy, and the buttonholes to work on Sam's jacket, and how I'm ever to get them done is more than I can tell."

"If you are very much in a hurry, let me assist you this afternoon," said Mary.

"Well, if you will take something and help me a little, I shall be the thankfullest creature that ever lived. Here's the buttonholes I spoke of, to work on Sam's jacket—I know you are good at buttonholes—ain't you, now?"

"I believe I can work a buttonhole," said Mary.

"I knew so. Now our Sally, though she's a good, smart girl about house, mortally hates to touch sewing; and as for buttonholes, she can't work one that is fit to be seen. You see that this jacket is a pretty good piece of cloth. It looks as if it would wear well, and I don't think it will fade. By good rights, the buttonholes on such a good jacket as this ought to be worked with twist, but I haven't a needleful in the world."

"I believe I have some that will do," said Mary; "I will look and see."

"So do, that's a good, dear woman; and sometime when it comes handy I will do as much for you. I suppose Mrs. Hopson can go with me," said Mrs. Pickins, after Mary had found the twist, and commenced working the buttonholes, "to go and see Mrs. Creamly to-morrow in the afternoon. She's a good woman to go and see. She knows how fond I am of warm cakes and custards, and so when I go to spend the afternoon with her, the minute it is four o'clock she puts the oven to heating, and then we have something with our tea that's worth eating."

Mary, after this broad hint from her guest, thought that she could do no less than follow Mrs. Creamly's example. She, therefore, worked as hard as if she had been on a wager, so as to finish the buttonholes in time to bake some cakes. When she rose to go into the kitchen in order to perform her task, she requested Mrs. Pickins to excuse her absence.

"I hope you don't think," said her guest, "that I am going to stay here alone while you are getting tea. I'm going to keep you company, for I wouldn't have you think that I am so proud that I can't sit in the kitchen."

Mary remonstrated as far as politeness would permit, for, considering herself, as yet, a mere novice in the culinary art, she did not like to be subjected to the scrutiny of such an adept as Mrs. Pickins declared herself to be, during the performance of her onerous task. Remonstrance, however, to such a determined woman as Mrs. Pickins, proved vain, and taking Sally's apron to her, because, as she said, "it was more careless work than anything else she had to do," she followed Mary into the kitchen.

"You find the oven to be first-rate, don't you?" said she. "That's the name Maria Griggs used to give it. Mrs. Grovener, that used to live here, was an ailing woman, and used very often to have to get Maria to help her."

"I haven't tried the oven yet," replied Mary, "I use a cooking-stove."

"Well, I couldn't imagine what kind of a piece of furniture that was. It's the first that was ever in the place. I've heard tell of 'em, but never had a great opinion of 'em; can't think it's possible to bake anything so well in 'em as in an old-fashioned brick oven. Come, now, suppose you go and heat the old oven just for the notion of it. I can tell you all about it, and perhaps you won't have another such chance for a long time."

But, as Mary's wish to please was not strong enough to overcome her reluctance to trying the experiment of heating the oven for the first time, she declined in a quiet, yet so decided a manner, that Mrs. Pickins did not urge the matter any further. She kindled a fire in the stove, and hoped that when the room became uncomfortably warm, Mrs. Pickins would take refuge in the parlour, as the consciousness of being watched in every movement perplexed her exceedingly, and rendered her task doubly oppressive. She had underrated her guest's powers of endurance, when tried in the balance against her curiosity. She endured the heat with stoical fortitude, and evidently had no thoughts of withdrawing. At last, Mary ventured to suggest, that as the stove made the room very warm, she would be much more comfortable in the parlour.

"Well, if you can bear the heat, I can," was her reply.

"I am obliged to bear it," said Mary.

"Well, I don't care for that. I wouldn't have you think I'm so selfish as to go off and leave you here all alone. You have to mope here by yourself enough without a single person to speak to; and, besides, I love to watch the manoeuvres of young women when they first set up housekeeping, to see if they bid fair to make good, smart wives."

Though Mary, from the first, had a kind of vague suspicion that curiosity was the real cause why Mrs. Pickins so pertinaciously insisted on remaining in the kitchen, this ungenerous announcement of her motives heightened her embarrassment to such a degree, that she found it impossible to recollect whether she had put the requisite quantity of sugar into the cakes she was preparing or not. This put her to the necessity of trying a small cake by itself, also to renew the fire, that the oven might longer retain the proper degree of heat. As the cake refused to rise, she found that she had omitted something, which elicited from Mrs. Pickins the savoury admonition, "to mind and always have her thoughts about her."

As soon as the cakes were fairly in the oven—"I want to know," said Mrs. Pickins, "if the currants ain't big enough to preserve!"

"I don't know," replied Mary, "for as we have had plenty of strawberries, I have not noticed them particularly."

"I think they are," said Mrs. Pickins. "Come, supposing you and I should go into the garden and pick a few to eat with our tea. They make first-rate sauce—an excellent thing to refresh the appetite."

The currants were accordingly gathered, and, after due preparation, were placed upon the table.

"There; now go and set your table, if you want to," said Mrs. Pickins, "and I'll watch the cakes, and see that they don't burn, too."

Mary thanked her, and gladly availed herself of her offer; for the custards were now very nearly done, and she did not wish them to get too cold to suit her guest's taste. It was also about time for her husband to come home to tea, and, as he had no clerk, he would not like to be obliged to wait. When Mary returned to the kitchen, she was surprised not to see Mrs. Pickins.

"Here I am in the store-closet," said she. "I'm hunting round for a pan, or something of the kind, into which to put the dish of currants. There, you needn't come, I've found something at last. What a grand, good provider your husband is!" said she, as she placed the dish of currants before her. "While I was in the store closet, I took the liberty to look round a little, and saw that there was plenty of everything the heart could wish for."

In a few minutes, Mr. Lewis arrived. While at the table, Mrs. Pickins gave him a faithful account of the household labour she was obliged to perform, "week in and week out." She also averred that, had she not seen it done with her own eyes, she could not have believed it possible that such complete cakes could have ever been baked in a stove oven. When she took leave, she assured Mary that she had found her to be a much more agreeable person than she expected—not half so proud or starched up; and that as for buttonholes, she *did* think she was the neatest hand at 'em of any person she ever came across.

The next day, Mary had starching and ironing to do, which, besides the cooking, and other necessary tasks, kept her closely employed till dinner time. The weather was uncommonly warm; and, by the time she was ready to sit down in the afternoon, she had seldom in her whole life felt so much fatigued. As on the preceding day, she seated herself near the open door of the library, with the magazine in her hand, she could not help thinking that she had earned the right to read it. She had finished cutting open the leaves, and had read about half a page of an interesting tale, when she heard some one rapping at the back door. On answering the somewhat noisy summons, she saw a large, awkward-looking boy, with a bundle in his hand.

"Will you walk in?" said she, after vainly waiting for him to make known his errand.

"Well, I suppose I can't stop," said he. "Mother has sent you Tim's best jacket and mine for you to work the buttonholes. She seed them you worked for Sam Pickins, and Sam's mother says you're nothing to do, and would rather work them than not. They must be done to-morrow by noon, 'cause Tim and I want the jackets to wear over to Uncle Thomas'."

"What is your name?" inquired Mary.

"Ben Hopson, and I live over in the red house next to the school-house."

Before Mary had made up her mind what to say in reply to this singular request, Ben had deposited his bundle on the door-sill, and turned to go. She thought of calling him back, and sending word to his mother that she was busy, and could not work the buttonholes; but a little hesitation on her part gave him time to get beyond the sound of her voice, had she made the attempt. Having thus tacitly consented to perform the task so unceremoniously imposed, she took the bundle into the house and opened it. On examining the jackets, she found they were of a flimsy fabric, which would ravel at the slightest touch. This would make it very difficult to work the buttonholes in a manner at all satisfactory. As there was nothing sent to work them with, she concluded that Mrs. Hopson expected that she would find whatever was necessary, as she had done for Mrs. Pickins. Having succeeded in finding some silk of the right shade, she, with a sigh, resumed her seat in the library, with a jacket in her hand instead of the magazine. As she had anticipated, it required the utmost exertion of her skill to make them look decent. She worked with unremitting assiduity, and was barely able to finish them by the time it was necessary to prepare tea. Some sewing of her own that could not well be dispensed with, which, with a little reading, she had intended to employ herself with during the afternoon, occupied her time till late in the evening; and then she was far too weary to have any wish to read.

The following day, her household duties, as usual, consumed all her time till dinner, when she again took her seat in the library, with the magazine in her hand. She found it impossible to give herself up to the full enjoyment of its pages. Rows of unworked, ravelly buttonholes, seemed to form a kind of spectral framework round the columns of neat, clear letter-press. She started nervously at the slightest noise, for she was haunted with a presentiment that even then there were loads of buttonholes on their way, which, by some means, she would be inveigled into working, though she had made up her mind to refuse in the most positive manner.

"The buttonholes have arrived," said she to herself, starting quickly from her chair at the sound of a low, modest knock at the front door. She went and opened it, and beheld a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl of eighteen. She held a small bundle in her hand, and Mary was sure that there were unworked buttonholes in it; yet the girl's blue eyes beamed so modestly, and her voice was so low and sweet when she said, "I believe this is Mrs. Lewis?" that Mary could not help inviting her to walk in, not coldly and ceremoniously; but in a manner so warm and sincere, that the blue-eyed beauty's courage at once revived.

Mary insisted on her taking off her bonnet, and spending the afternoon. She soon afterward took some sewing, to encourage her young guest (whose name, she found, was Ellen Gray) to undo the roll of snowy linen, which, at her entrance, she laid on the table. She soon took it thence, and Mary observed that her colour heightened, and her hands trembled as she unrolled it.

"Though I dislike very much to trouble you," said she, taking up a shirt-sleeve which was neatly made, "I have taken the liberty to call in order to request you to teach me how to make a buttonhole. But I mustn't learn on this." And, restoring the sleeve to the bundle, she produced a piece of cloth, on which were sundry longitudinal perforations intended for buttonholes, all of which were decided failures. She was right in thinking that they did not look fit to appear on the wristband of the sleeve she had just exhibited.

"These are the best I can do," said she, "and you see what miserable-looking things they are, and they will be so unmercifully criticised by Edward's sister."

This allusion to Edward brought another blush to her cheek, deeper than before.

"Do you think it will be possible for me to learn to make buttonholes as nice as you can, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mary, "with a little instruction you will be able to make them quite as well."

"Do you think so? I am very glad, for Edward's sisters are so nice, and have laughed at him so much about being obliged, when we are married, to come to them to have all his nice sewing done. He wished me to show them that they were mistaken, by making some nice shirts for him. I have taken a great deal of pains with them, and have succeeded pretty well, I believe, till I came to the buttonholes. They were too hard for me."

"I suspect you didn't begin right," said Mary; and so it proved. By carefully following the directions of her instructress, her sixth buttonhole she felt sure was quite equal, if not superior, to what Jane Horton, Edward's eldest sister, could work.

"So," thought Mary, as she listened to her remarks, and noted her earnest countenance, "by teaching Ellen how to work a buttonhole, I have perhaps given her the means of working herself into the good graces of her future sisters-in-law, without which her domestic happiness might rest on a precarious foundation."

And this reflection, when she remembered that Mrs. Pickins was the primary cause, somewhat ameliorated the feelings of dislike with which she regarded her too unceremonious next-door neighbour. "There must," thought she, "be an end to the buttonholes," and so there was for that season, at least; but the pity lavished upon her because she had nothing to do, appeared to be inexhaustible. This, while it sometimes amused her, still often annoyed her; the more so, because she really had so much to do as to suffer more or less from fatigue every day.

One woman, when compassionating her on the subject, like Mrs. Pickins on a different occasion, declared that if she had nothing more to take up her time than she had, she should be tempted to commit suicide. That Mary might not be beset by such an awful temptation, she told her that she thought she should send her a cap and collar to work.

"It would," she said, "be sweet, pretty little innocent work to amuse her with when she was all alone."

"So it would," said Charles Lewis, who entered in time to hear this last sentence, "but as ill, or perhaps good luck would have it, Mary has got to make a dozen shirts for me, and I can hardly tell what beside. You see, therefore, that working the cap and the collar is out of the question."

"La, well!" she replied, "if she only has some kind of employment to keep her from being low-spirited, it's all one to me, I'm sure. I wasn't governed by any selfish motive. I despise being as selfish as Mrs. Pickins is. I wish, though, I hadn't gone to the expense of buying the muslin. I got plain muslin instead of sprigged, on purpose for your wife's sake."

"I am much obliged to you, Charles," said Mary, after their neighbour had gone, "for relieving me of the cap and collar, but I thought that you had so many shirts, that you would not care to have any more made at present."

"You thought right. You can, if you please, take the next dozen years to do them. It is, however, necessary that you make an immediate beginning, otherwise every woman in the village will have a cap and collar for you to work—not because they care about having them done, but because you have nothing to do."

It was soon circulated through the village that Mrs. Lewis had a dozen shirts to make; a circumstance, which, while it saved her much time and eyesight, proved a great injury to the sale of her husband's plain muslin. The sprigged, however, went off with unexampled rapidity.

"THE BABY'S DEAD!"—One day, when we were riding a short distance from the city, (remarks a contemporary,) we met a little girl, who appeared to be in great haste, and whose eyes showed that she had been weeping. She looked as if she wanted to speak, and on our stopping, she came close up to the carriage, sobbing as if her little heart was broken, while the tears were standing in her eyes. "The baby's dead!" she said. We were an entire stranger to her; but she knew of but one baby in the world; and that baby, to whom no doubt she was tenderly attached, was dead. These short words were a full text for reflection the rest of the ride. We might write columns on them, but we will merely repeat to our readers what the little girl said to us, and let them reflect, as we did, on the thought that "the baby's dead!"



FRANKLIN AS A BOY.

## THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(Continued from Page 283.)

UNABLE to obtain employment in his native town, on account of the representations made of him by his brother, and fearing lest if he attempted openly to leave, he might be prevented by his relations, Franklin managed, through the intervention of his friend Collins, to leave clandestinely, in a vessel bound for New York. At New York, he met with no better success, but was told by the only printer there at that period, that his son, who resided at Philadelphia, had recently lost his most valuable workman, and that he would doubtless employ him. Franklin accordingly left New York, and, after a series of misadventures, was landed at Market-street Wharf, in Philadelphia, on Sunday morning, from a small boat in which he had performed the last part of his journey.

"I was," says he, "in my working-dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat, my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew to one, nor where to look for lodgings. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry, and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it on account of my leaving rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have little. I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about, still in Market-street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to; I asked for biscuits, in some such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices of bread, nor the names of the different sorts, I told him to give me three pence worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and carried the other. There I went up Market-street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father, where she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

There were, at this time, but two printing establishments in Philadelphia, and both were of the most meagre kind. In one of these, conducted by a man named Keimer, he obtained employment, and by a singular sort of coincidence, was lodged by his employer at the house of Mr. Reed, before whose door he had passed but a few days previous, in the grotesque manner so quaintly related by himself. His chest of clothing having arrived, he was enabled to make "a rather more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Reed," than when she had first chanced to see him munching his penny loaf of bread.

Among the acquaintances made by him in Philadelphia, was that of Sir William Keith, the governor of the province, who appears to have been a kind-hearted and jovial sort of personage. While on a visit to Newcastle, he had seen a letter written by Franklin to his brother-in-law, Holmes, and was so much struck with the superior ability displayed by a youth of seventeen years of age, that on his return to Philadelphia he sought him out, and treated him with great kindness and attention. He told Franklin to give him an inventory of such things as he wanted, to establish himself as a printer, and promised to send to England for them, allowing Franklin to return the money when he was able. "I agreed that this might be advantageous," "Then," said he, "get yourself ready to go in the *Annis*, which was the annual ship at that time passing between London and Philadelphia."

On arriving in the British Channel, and overhauling the mail bag, Franklin found, to the utter discomfiture of his plans, that the expected letters, promised by the Governor, had never been sent. By the advice of some friends he had formed on the passage, he betook himself in these straits to his trade, and very soon found employment as a journeyman printer. For some time he continued to lead a free and easy sort of life, visiting such places of amusement as were within his reach, and trying to

think, in the excitement of the great metropolis, as little of Philadelphia as possible.

The great fundamental error of Franklin's life thus far, was his precocious free-thinking sentiments. He tells us, that notwithstanding the strict puritanical notions of his parents, and the religious maxims they strove to inculcate in him, he "was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns several points as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of the Revelation itself." One of his chief reasons for leaving his native place, when he cut himself loose from his brother's employment, was that "his indiscreet disputations about religion began to make him pointed at with horror by good people, as an infidel or atheist."

Franklin, however, soon discovered that the practical effects of his theories were most pernicious to society, and he afterwards "grew convinced that truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealing between man and man, were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and," as he, "I formed written resolutions, which still remain in my journal book, to practise them ever while I lived."

After a residence of about eighteen months in London, he prepared to return to Philadelphia, as a merchant's clerk, in the employ of a gentleman named Denham, whose acquaintance he had made in his outward passage. He sailed from Gravesend on the 23d of July, 1726, and landed in Philadelphia on the 11th of the following October. His old acquaintance and employer, Keimer, appeared to be in a more thriving condition than when he left, having a larger establishment and a better supply of material; but as Franklin had relinquished his trade, as he thought for ever, he became interested in the success of his new occupation, and gave but little thought to his former companions. Denham took a shop in Philadelphia, and Franklin not only became his clerk, but his friend. They lived together in the most uninterrupted harmony until the following February, when Mr. Denham was seized by an attack of disease, that soon after terminated in death, leaving Franklin, who had just recovered from a very severe attack of pleurisy, once more alone in the world.

Franklin, now about twenty-one years of age, was soon after induced by an offer of liberal wages to return to his trade, and undertake the management of Keimer's establishment, which comprised a number of poor and inexperienced workmen. Keimer and himself quarrelled in less than six months, and he left his employ, and soon after established himself in the printing business on his own account, in partnership with an intemperate man named Meredith, whose father furnished one hundred pounds to enable them to purchase the necessary materials to commence business. This connexion was soon broken up by the embarrassment of their concern, and the withdrawal of Meredith. Franklin's friends now came to his aid, and lent him what notice was necessary to carry on his establishment. Keimer, in the meantime, who had started a newspaper, finding it an unprofitable concern, offered it to Franklin for a small sum, which he gladly paid, and undertook its management. His qualifications as a writer were now of great use to him. By a series of fortunate circumstances, as well, perhaps, as a sprightly manner of writing, it soon grew in public favour, and commanded a large circulation for that period.

In tracing his humble, but successful progress into business, we have, like Franklin himself, very near forgotten Miss Reed, or as she now was, Mrs. Rogers. Under the influence produced by Franklin's neglect, the disappointed girl had yielded to the solicitations of her parents, and married a man named Rogers, a potter by trade, who proved in every way unworthy of her. She soon after separated from him, and refused even to bear his name, as it was reported that he had another wife then living. In 1730 she was married to Franklin.

Franklin set up his married establishment on a very economical scale, and lived in the most frugal manner. He "kept no idle servants," but probably imposed all the menial labour of their slender household upon his wife, who not only cheerfully performed this duty, but likewise assisted him in his business, by attending in the press, and folding and stitching pamphlets.

In his dress and habits he likewise preserved a scrupulous regard for what his fellow-townsmen might think and say of him. Early and late he was engaged at his employment; and frequently trundled home his purchases of paper on a wheelbarrow.

In 1732 Franklin began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanack*, which he continued for a quarter of a century. It became very popular and profitable. In 1736 he was made clerk to the General Assembly, and in 1737, deputy post-master at Philadelphia. His public employments turned his attention to public affairs, from which not a few good results flowed to the citizens of Philadelphia.

The plan he adopted for conducting his newspaper, styled the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, is worthy of all admiration and imitation. "In the conduct of my newspaper," he remarks, "I carefully excluded all libelling and personal abuse, which of late years have become so disgraceful to our country. Whenever I was solicited to insert any thing of that kind, and the writers pleaded, as they did, the liberty of the press, and that a newspaper was like a stage-coach, in which any one who would pay had a right to a place, my answer was, that I would print the piece separately if desired, and the author could have as many copies as he pleased to distribute himself, but that I would not take upon me to spread his detraction, and that having contracted with my subscribers to furnish them with what might be either useful or entertaining, I could not fill their papers with private altercation, in which they had no concern, without doing them manifest injustice."

Among the earliest of his strictly scientific productions, is an *Essay on the Causes of Earthquakes*, published in his newspaper, December 15th, 1737, giving a succinct account of the received opinions among philosophers, as to their causes and phenomena.



In 1789, George Whitfield, a dissenting clergyman of very persuasive manners, and gifted with the highest order of oratorical powers, made his appearance at Philadelphia, and soon enlisted Franklin as one of his warmest admirers and most steadfast friends.

Franklin, whose mind was almost instinctively turned towards philosophical pursuits, issued a circular, dated the 14th of May, 1783, proposing the plan for the "American Philosophical Society," since adopted; and Franklin was elected president, which office he continued to hold until his death.

His pecuniary circumstances were day by day becoming more prosperous. "My business," he remarks, "was now constantly augmenting, and my circumstances growing daily better, my newspaper having become very profitable, as being for a time the only one in that and the neighbouring provinces. I experienced, too, the truth of the observation, 'that after getting the first hundred pounds, it is more easy to get the second;' money itself being of a prolific nature."

In 1758 he was appointed, in connexion with William Hunter, Esq., to a situation in the Colonial post-office, by the English Government. This official employment caused him to take a journey to New England, and while there he received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Cambridge College, and likewise the same honour from Yale College. "These degrees were conferred," says Franklin, "in consideration of my improvements and discoveries in the electric branch of natural philosophy." Electricity, as a subject of scientific pursuit, does not appear to have attracted his particular attention prior to 1746. In that year he met at Boston a Scotch gentleman named Spence, who had an electrical apparatus, and performed some curious experiments, which being new to Franklin, interested him exceedingly. By a singular coincidence the Philadelphia Library shortly after his return home, received from Peter Collinson, of London, and a member of the Royal Society, a present of an electrical glass tube, with instructions for its use. Franklin, with this instrument, and a few others ordered to be made by himself, commenced a series of experiments, the results of which are detailed in a series of letters to Mr. Collinson, beginning with one dated 28th March, 1747. Dr. Priestly, in speaking of these letters, says, "There is hardly any European language into which they have not been translated, and as if this was not sufficient to make them properly known, a translation of them has lately been made into Latin. It is not easy to say, whether we are most pleased with the simplicity and perspicuity with which these letters are written, the modesty with which the author proposes every hypothesis of his own, or the noble frankness with which he relates his mistakes, when they were corrected by subsequent experiments."

In compliance with the promise made to Mr. Collinson a few months previous, Franklin addressed to him a letter dated 11th July, 1747, informing him of the discoveries he had made. The first of these was the power of pointed bodies to draw and throw off the electrical current. In order to demonstrate this, he placed an iron shot of three or four inches in diameter on the mouth of a glass bottle. He suspended immediately above it, by a silken thread fastened to the ceiling, a cork ball, in such a manner as to allow the cork to come in contact with the iron ball. When this ball was electrified the cork was repelled to the distance of about four inches from it. On approaching a pointed bodkin to within about eight inches of the ball, the cork immediately returned to the shot. It was necessary to approach a blunt body to within an inch of the ball, to produce the same effect. When the experiment with the pointed instrument was made in the dark, a light resembling that of a fire-fly was seen to culminate upon its point at a distance of one foot or more.

Another discovery communicated by this letter was, that the electric fluid was not created by friction, but merely collected from the adjoining non-electric bodies, and he had succeeded in demonstrating its affinity to the electrical sphere, as well as its eflux by means of little paper wind-mills, with the vanes fixed obliquely, and turned on wire axes.

(To be continued.)

**NIGHTY REQUIRED IN ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.**—In a late number of the *Edinburgh Review* we find the following remarks, in substance, with regard to the closeness required in astronomical calculations, and showing to what an enormous extent a slight error may be propagated. In measuring a base line, astronomers use a rod about ten feet long; with this they may be said to mete the distance of the stars. An error in placing a fine dot which fixes the length of the rod, amounting to the thickness of a single silken fibre, will make an error of seventy feet in computing the earth's diameter, of 316 miles in the sun's distance, and to 65,200,000 in that of the nearest fixed star.

Again, as the astronomer in his observatory has nothing further to do with ascertaining lengths and distances, except by calculation, his whole skill is exhausted in the measurement of angles; for by these alone inaccessible spaces can be compared. Happily, a ray of light is straight and inflexible; were it not so, astronomy would be at an end, for its instruments are anything but perfect. Now an angle of a second, of which there are 3,600 to a single degree, is a very subtle thing. Its breadth is utterly invisible to the naked eye, unless accompanied with so intense a splendour, as in the case of the fixed star, as actually to raise on the nerve of sight a false image, having a sensible breadth. Yet it is on the measure of one single second that the ascertainment of a sensible parallax in any fixed star depends; and an error of one-thousandth part of that amount, a quantity still unmeasurable by the most perfect instruments, would place the star too far or too near 200,000,000, a space which light requires 118 days to travel.

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from Page 307.)

Mr. WHARTON looked steadily at the youth as he said this, and his heart began to warm towards him; he had been struck with his personal appearance on his entrance, and this acknowledgment of straitened circumstances, made so candid and manly, excited at once his noble and generous mind; his countenance assumed immediately that blandness which was its most natural expression, and the tones of his voice were softened as he replied:—

"There can be no objection on the score of its distance from our place of worship; and I think, with a few trifling repairs, it might answer your purpose. But we shall not be able to visit the place this evening; make yourself at home with us to-night, and in the morning I shall be happy to accompany you to it."

The young man arose, and bowing politely, said, "I could not think, sir, of thus encroaching upon your hospitality. I have left my horse at the tavern, and feel that I have taken a great liberty in even making the inquiries I have."

"By no means, by no means, sir. And if you have no particular objections, I should rather esteem it a favour than otherwise, for there are many questions I wish to ask about the town, and a visitor from thence is a treat at this season of the year."

"Your horse will fare better," said Mrs. Wharton; "our tavern is not just what we could wish, so you must permit me to add my warmest request to my husband's, and besides, you know, as a lady, I may be indulged in a little curiosity. If we are to be neighbours, it is right that we should get somewhat acquainted."

The young man could not resist this united plea; he blushed deeply, and seemed hesitating as to the propriety of resuming his seat, when Mrs. Wharton, smiling in her most winning manner, continued: "You know visitors are not apt to be so plentiful as when the warm weather drives our friends from the town, and perhaps you may be acquainted with some of them?"

"I fear not, madam. Since our residence in the city, circumstances have prevented us from forming acquaintances; we scarcely can be said to have made any."

"Then you have not been long at C—?"

"But three years, madam."

The storm now commenced in earnest, and beat furiously against the windows; the prospect without was cheerless indeed, and the young man began to congratulate himself that he was not exposed to its fury on the road. The strong contrast, too, which the scene within presented, was not lost upon him, and in spite of his feelings, as a stranger in a strange place, he began to enjoy the tokens of comfort with which he was surrounded. The cheerful fire blazed briskly in the fire-place, illuminating its black and polished sides, and showing the little figures with which it was ornamented in all their glossy beauty; while from the brazen knobs and fender, and tongs and shovel, and from every little hook, were bright rays dancing off and enlivening the hazy scene. And, as he cast his eye around, every article of furniture, whether of wood, brass, marble, or silver, was throwing off from its bright surface the lively, dancing light which the crackling blaze sent forth.

There are spots in this varied world of ours, like oases in the desert, where sweet sights, sweet odours, and sweet sounds, throw upon the senses their united influence, charming the wearied spirit to repose, causing it to forget the trials of the past, and renewing its strength for the onward struggle.

To many a wearied sojourner had this humble dwelling proved a resting-place for the heart. The neatness and order that were displayed, even in the most trifling matters; the air of calm and dignified enjoyment that was so manifest in the countenances and deportment of that happy pair; the spirit of love that flowed forth in words, and tones, and manners, perfuming, like the breath of spring, the very atmosphere around them; all, like a potent spell, entranced the spirit, hushed its troubled heavings, and soothed it into humility and peace.

To the youth such an influence was all-powerful; he felt it stealing over him each moment in sweeter and stronger bonds. The world looked brighter to him than it had done for months or years.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Wharton, "did I understand aright? is your name Edwards?"

Mr. Wharton had been walking about the room, as was his custom, and looking out occasionally upon the driving storm; while his lady, in her mild and pleasant way, was drawing out from the young man such relations of his family as were consistent with delicacy, and a strong desire to know more of those whose representative had made such a favourable impression on her mind.

"Yes, sir, James Edwards." Mr. Wharton took his seat and eyed the youth with an earnestness that was almost painful to him.

"And did you say that your father came from Hertford?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask your Christian name?"

"John."

Mr. Wharton laid his hand on the shoulder of the young man.

"Are you a son of John Edwards? Was your father ever at college?"

"He was, sir, two years; but I have heard him say that, at the death of my grandfather, he was obliged to return home and take charge of the estate."

Mrs. Wharton had laid down her needlework, and seemed to be equally excited with her husband, as though some strange development were at hand.

"Mr. Wharton, can it be? is it so? that this is a son of your old friend?"



"Mr. Tighthead was immediately provided with a seat, but it was some time before he could make up his mind to take possession; he had two or three extra bows to make, and finally, just as he had apparently decided to be stationary, all at once he made a rapid movement towards Mrs. Edwards."—See Chap. vi.

"My dear son," said Mr. Wharton, taking the hand of the youth in both of his, "is it so? Yes, it must be, I see your father's bright eye and raven hair; how has this come about? Who has directed you to me? Welcome, a thousand times welcome!"

Young Edwards was deeply affected; a rich glow suffused his naturally pale features, and he returned the cordial greeting of Mr. Wharton with a warmth that showed how much his heart felt this unexpected recognition by one who had been his father's friend.

There were now a thousand questions to be asked and answered; and the calm, blue eye of Mr. Wharton was more than once suffused with a tear as he listened to the recital of the dark trials which had clouded the latter years of one whose youth was so bright and prosperous.

"You can little imagine, my dear young friend, what feelings this interview excite. Did you never hear your father mention an act of kindness which he did for a class-mate when in college?"

"No, sir, never."

"That would be just like him. He was a noble-hearted man, but his true character was understood by very few. Did he retain in his later years a peculiar *bonté* in his intercourse with strangers?"

"He was very reserved, sir, to all with whom he was not on terms of closest intimacy; and even in his family, had we not all known that his feelings of affection were of the strongest and most tender kind, his peculiar manner might have been misunderstood."

"Exactly so; he did not, probably, have many associates?"

"I may almost say none, sir."

"So I should have expected; and yet, perhaps, no man ever possessed a warmer heart, or one more susceptible to the strongest ties of friendship. The first time that I saw him was about one week after he took his seat in the class at college; we were in the same division of the class, and were seated together. There was something in his appearance that attracted my notice, although his cold and formal bow, as he took his place beside me at recitation, without the slightest relaxing of his stern countenance, and the dogged staidness of his deportment affected me rather unpleasantly, and was in such strong contrast with those on either side of us, that for some time I felt his presence to be irksome. I judged him to be extremely sensitive, and was, therefore, constantly in dread lest the thoughtless, though good-natured levity of these immediately about us, might produce an outbreak on his part, that would inevitably bring off him the ill will of all. Examining the opinion I did of him, and which happened to be a correct one, I presume my manner towards him was regulated thereby. I did not fear him, for we were about equal as scholars, but I studiously avoided, from feelings of delicacy, what ever might give him dissatisfaction. I also noticed that, as he shunned society, others also avoided him. He was alone in the midst of the multitude."

James was looking intently at Mr. Wharton, listening with thrilling interest to the peculiarities in his father's early life, when the last remark deeply affected him.

"And that may be said of him especially for these few years past; my father—"

But the endearing name was yet too tender a remembrance, under his present state of excitement. He could proceed no farther. Mrs. Wharton's sympathising heart was fully waked up, the more so as she perceived the efforts of the youth to suppress the feelings that were struggling for utterance.

"I never intruded myself upon him," resumed Mr. Wharton; "but as circumstances kept me from engaging in many of the frivolities of college life, and compelled me to seek retirement, I fancied, at times, that Mr. Edwards felt more complementally towards myself than he did to any others. On one occasion, I remember, he invited me to his room, and once or twice he did me the honour to seek my assistance in a difficult problem; to me he was civil and gentlemanly; to others distant, though polite."

"In our second year a sudden blow came upon me. My father was utterly ruined in business, and I received information that I must return home, and seek some other calling. It was a moment of agony. I had maintained somewhat of a distinguished station in the class. I was intensely anxious to complete my course; all other employment appeared like drudgery of the most painful kind, and, to crown my calamity, I was in arrears to a considerable amount, not having for the last term received any remittances, and the letter which had just come to hand contained only money sufficient to pay my expenses home."

"Disappointed, mortified, and almost hopeless, I shut myself up, and made apologies of indisposition for non-appearance at recitations. Many of my class-mates dropped into my rooms in the course of the day, but to none of them could I unbosom myself, and when the evening began to close I was almost in a frantic state. There was a gentle tap at my door; your father entered, a kindly smile was visible to me. He accosted me in friendly tones, such as, until then, I should never have expected from him. He had seen, at the first glance, that some trouble was upon me."

"I am not apt," said he, "to intrude myself upon my friends—nor do I wish to do so now; but excuse me for inquiring if some peculiar trouble does not at present agitate you?"

"There was so much sincerity in his whole manner, that I could not resist the impulse, and at once unburdened my mind. He said but little, yet the few sentences he uttered went to my heart. After remaining a short time he left me, and very soon the porter of the college handed me a letter. It was from your father. It contained not more than half a dozen lines, informing me that the inclosed was what he could spare with perfect convenience, until such time as I might be able to return it; it contained one hundred pounds."

The trembling tones in which Mr. Wharton closed his narrative, showed with what deep feelings he had treasured up this generous act. Young Edwards arose, and walked to the window; his soul was on fire. He knew his father's noble spirit. The world had never known him; it had looked coldly upon him, but his ear had heard the living testimony of one who realised his worth, and had felt his generosity.

The fountains burst forth; they had been sealed, even to his heart's bitter aching, in the presence of others, but now they could not be restrained; and other tears were flowing faster than those of that devoted, noble boy; and love, pure and true, was gushing forth its feelings, and the heart of him who came there as a stranger, was made to feel the joy, the comforting assurance of strong and enduring friendship.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It is an easy matter with a few dashes of a pen, even a poor one, to accomplish a mighty deal of work—to change residences, build houses, set people in love, get people into trouble and out of it; but each operation, in its actual performance, has many concomitants; many agents must be employed, and as one event in this shifting life either leads to another or has proceeded from another, it will not always answer to dash on from point to point in the story of human affairs, without sometimes entering into particulars, both of character and agency, that we may see more clearly the mutual dependence of cause and effect.

When such an operation as the removal of a family into the country is to be performed, it cannot be accomplished without time and patience, or, at least, it could not at the time when the scenes which this story narrates took place.

It was then, and is now, a very easy matter to send for a carman, and order him to take certain articles down to a certain wharf, and place them on board a certain vessel, bound to a certain place, and to sail, wind and weather permitting, on such a day. But the sailing of the said vessel, and the time she would reach her destination, were very doubtful matters many years ago.

James had, at the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton, taken his mother and sisters immediately to the Parsonage. It was a sweet relief to their torn and sensitive spirits, to exchange the town, with its associations now so painful to them, for that quiet resting-place; amid warm and congenial feelings to enjoy the sweets of sympathy, and revel in the interchange of pure and exalted friendship; to hold communion with those whose hearts opened wide to receive them; to talk of him whose clouded day had passed, but whose memory was embalmed in thoughts that blessed his noble spirit.

There is in every village, almost without exception, some one active and stirring body, whose business it seems to be to do all the odds and ends; and generally, this personage is one upon whom his own cares and duties hang rather loosely. He keeps a pair of wild, daring horses, is ever on the drive, from "pillar to post," and is seldom at home but at meal times.

The village in question, however, was supplied in this respect by a very different sort of character. Mr. Timothy Tightbody kept the only shop in the place. He was a man well to do in the world. He had worked his way from very small beginnings to quite a respectable station in society. Early in life he had left his home by the bonnie banks of Doon; and acting even on the principle that "mony mickles mak a muckle," had found himself, at length, able to purchase his present shop and stock of goods.

Mr. Timothy Tightbody carried his economical, thriving principles into his new business, and as he took care of his shop, that, very soon, began to take care of him. He was a thickset, little man, of rather prepossessing countenance, with a sprightly way of speaking, and just enough of Scottish accent to give piquancy and force to it. He was well versed in all the proprieties of life, and had a winning way with him, that took well with all classes. To Mr. Wharton he failed not to pay the utmost deference, being always the first to aid in such duties as the parish owed to their minister, and punctually attendant upon all the services of the Sabbath. How far the spiritual advice of the good pastor was attended to by Mr. Timothy, we will not pretend to say; but he was always in his seat, never slept during the sermon, and was sure to be just opening his pew door as Mr. Wharton passed down the aisle; and there was then such a cordial grasping of the hand, and such earnest inquiries after the health of Mr. W. and his good lady, as was quite a lesson to all who witnessed it.

Mr. Timothy was just now a widower, and, as he often said, "had neither chick nor child." A young man that assisted him in the business, an old woman who kept his house, with a "young varmint," as he called a boy that was for ever committing some blunder, constituted his household.

Mr. Timothy had a pair of fine horses, and a very respectable barouche, in which he sometimes flourished on extra occasions. But the barouche was seldom drawn out of its resting-place, a good strong waggon served his turn, generally, and, like all Mr. Timothy's establishment, was turned by him to very good account. It served to bring and carry goods from and to the landing, which, being at some distance from the centre of the village, it became a matter of great convenience to that vicinity.

Mrs. Edwards' goods had been placed on board a barge, and were daily expected. Mr. Timothy had been applied to by Mr. Wharton for aid in bringing them to the white cottage the moment the vessel should arrive. Mr. Timothy had also called and conversed with Mrs. Edwards on the subject. He had seen her two lovely daughters, and had made one of the most polite bows which he ever remembered to have made, as he took his leave. Mr. Timothy was much elated; it was a new era in his being. Never before had he come in contact with such feminine sweetness; and many animating thoughts excited his rather susceptible heart. "These were to be his neighbours;" "he would doubtless have many opportunities of doing them a kindness;" "he would have the privilege of waiting upon them at his thriving establishment, measuring off yards of ribbon, and supplying *et cetera* of nice things, such as would be suitable for persons of their standing." For, although Mr. Timothy knew of their reduced circumstances, yet he was a man who strongly believed in degrees of rank in this lower world, which depended not on mere pounds, shillings, and pence. High, very high on the scale did he place the widow and her daughters. The son he had not yet seen.

Time brings along events at last; and so, in days long gone by, barges would get to their destination; but oftentimes not without a sad wear upon the patience. In the present instance the delay was a matter of small moment to the good people at the Parsonage, either to the visitors or their obliged entertainers; for the latter certainly appeared to feel, and doubtless did so, that the favour was all done to them. It was a sunny hour to them all; one of friendship's holy communion, where hearts were opened in their truth and beauty, and sweetly read by each, until, in one strong bond of love, they were fastened for the rest of life.

But Mr. Timothy, to use a homely phrase, "was on the tenter-hooks;" day after day had he watched with an eagle eye for the long-expected craft; and when it was at length seen winding its tortuous way on the river that passed through the long stretch of meadows, he found that it was too late in the afternoon to hope that his important commission could be accomplished until the following morning.

Mr. Timothy was an early riser, and tried hard to bring his "family" into the same commendable habit; but old Bet was never in a hurry to go to bed, and equally as disinclined to use expedition in the morning. The boy was always ready with his "Yes, master," as soon as he was called, but it often amounted to nothing farther until the same call had been repeated some several times. This morning, Mr. Tightbody had, however, succeeded in getting the lad to his "wide awake senses" just as the grey dawn was tinging the eastern sky. It was not very light in the stable, but, as every thing there was kept in its right place, it mattered not.

"Oh, you precious villain, see here!" Mr. Tightbody made this exclamation on passing by the side of his favourite horse, and feeling his head-gear. "You rascal, how is this? Why, look here; the whole blessed night has the poor beast been standing on his legs!"

Charles made his appearance from behind the other horses, and letting his under lip fall, stared somewhat wildly at his master.

The boy was rather an odd-looking specimen of humanity, somewhere between seventeen and thirty years of age; it being a difficult matter to determine, by looking at him, to which of the periods he ought to be assigned. He was short, and rather thickset, with very large features; his eyes, and nose, and mouth, and the whole apparatus of his head, seemed to have been designed for a tall frame. The first impression on a stranger was, that he was on his knees, or had lost his legs. He was, however, to use his own expressive term, "a whole man;" the body, legs, and arms, were all there, and the head part and parcel of the concern.

Charles was verily confounded; he saw the dilemma in which the poor horse had been, but not the most distant recollection had he of having done the deed.

"He's been playing me a trick," was his next thought. Charles had a strong religious belief, but it was all of the dark kind. It affected him when in the dark. The spirits, in whose power he believed, wore dark spirits; he never expected any help from them, his only idea being, that their chief aim was to do him a mischief, or, as he said, to get a poor lad into trouble. All the evil that happened to him he charged to their account; all his wrong-doings, especially if found out, he laid upon their shoulders; and if any extraordinary event took place which brought him into trouble, without his being able to see how he was to blame for it, he had a ready solution for the difficulty. "He's been playin' me a trick." Who Charles meant by *he*, was best known to himself. He never spoke his name, but evidently considered him Captain-General of evil doers and evil doings.

"Don't look at me, boy; look here at your doings; the horse tied tight to the ring of the rack, and not a bit could he lie down the blessed night. Aint you a precious villain? and won't I thrash you!"

Charles was somewhat startled by the tones of his master's voice; the names he called him by, being rather household terms, were matters of indifference to him; the tones were decidedly sharp. He pulled hard at his hair; he must do something to start the ideas; he began to remember a little of what had passed the previous day.

"Me, master; me! no, no. I don't remember tyn' Tom that way—it is somebody else."

Mr. Timothy's ideas began to collect themselves. He had been out late with the horse; he had called at Mr. Wharton's, and he now remembered having put the horse in the stable himself, not caring to disturb the slumbers of Charles, who was, after all, quite a pet with his master.

Why he had fastened the beast in such an unusual manner was, however, beyond the clear comprehension of the good man.

Mr. Timothy had, for a few days past, begun to hold his own head up. He was anxious to appear to the best advantage, to make the most of himself. Perhaps some such thoughts were passing his mind while tying his steed; he was much puzzled, however, to account for the act.

The recollection of matters at once softened his feelings towards the lad.

"Well, Charles, never mind it now, my boy," he said; "finish cleaning the horses, and give them a good polish—do you hear?"

"Yes, I will, master."

Charles was again at his work, rubbing away with more than usual industry. There are some days in this ever changing life of ours, when every thing goes with a hitch and a check. It generally happens on some busy day; we seem to be under the influence of nightmare. We would go very fast; the urgency of the case demands it, but we are constantly meeting with pull backs, and often, under such circumstances, the faster we drive the less speed we make.

This may be set down as one of Mr. Tightbody's unlucky days; there were unexpected hindrances continually coming up, but he had finally overcome all obstacles, and was ready for a start. And as he expected to have considerable handling to do, the boy was summoned as an accompaniment. (*See Engraving, page 296.*)



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## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. XIV.—RESPECTABLE MEN.

We remember once asking a young lady what sort of a person it was who had married a cousin of hers. The reply was—"A very respectable person, indeed—quite a gentleman; he does nothing." In this case, it was the "doing nothing" that made him respectable—the idleness that caused him to be "quite a gentleman." It bespoke a foregone conclusion, that either his friends before him, or he himself previous to that time, had contrived to put a respectable sum of money in his pocket, and he could afford to be idle and "do nothing." Some little while ago, the regular definition of a respectable man was, that he kept a gig. But gigs are gone out of fashion, or are only driven by commercial travellers, when the world has not yet elevated into the regions of respectability. It takes something more than a gig in these days to make a respectable man. A brougham is respectable, however greatly the noble lord who bears the name may be displeased at having it linked to such an adjective. Still more respectable is a close carriage, with a double crest on the hammercloth, and in which a grey old gentleman drives up to his office in the city from the classic regions of Russell Square. No matter what may be the state of the inner man of him who sits so bolt upright in his carriage—no matter if deceit and trickery are in his heart, if hypocrisy shows a veiled over view, if no one generous feeling ever animated his soul, if no one single thought or idea ever crossed his mind—save how to extract from other people's pockets the largest amount of the current coin of the realm—still, there he sits enthroned in his chariot, the representative of the false gods we worship under the name of "respectable men."

There seems to be only one thing in the world that we honour as "respectable"—success in making money. As the Israelites of old erected a golden calf in the wilderness, so we bow down before a gilded ass, and deny it with all imaginable honours.

"The world is too much with us: late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers—  
Little we see in nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, in a sordid boon!  
This sea, that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds, that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now, like sleeping flowers;  
For this—for everything, we are out of tune!  
It moves us not. 'Tis not God, it's not  
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."

We by no means under-estimate the value of money—we fully understand its power both for good and for evil; but the worship which the world pays to the possessors of it, makes one feel dreary and forlorn. There seems something mean and despicable in ignoring all private virtues and moral excellence—in neglecting the wealth of intellect, and the play of fancy, for the mere sordid dross which enoases dullness, stupidity, and perhaps vice. It gives us so low an estimate of human nature, that we feel as if all high and noble feelings, all manly powers, must droop and pine before such false worship. But, mixed with the dreariness with which we regard this stinky spirit of the world, there is also a strong feeling of the ludicrous. We cannot refrain from laughing both at the fools who bow to the gilded ass, and at the animal itself. We lose all respect for what is called "respectability." Tunbridge Wells is doubtless a most "respectable" place, full of people of "respectability," from the brougham upwards, dwelling in villas, and lodges, and cottages "with a double coach-house;" rejoicing in parks and paddocks, in hot-house and conservatory, in "purple and fine linen"—all of the very highest "respecta-

bility." And among them comes to dwell a true and earnest man, without horse, or gig, or brougham—simple and unostentatious in his habits, but with a wealth of thought, and power of mind, which the whole herd of respectabilities by whom he was surrounded could neither understand nor appreciate. He was one of those of whom we say with Wordsworth—

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—  
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delights, by heavenly lays."

The "respectable men" of the neighbourhood held the poet altogether unworthy of their sweet company; the "respectable women" might have desired to have staid at him, just as they would at the Marionettes or the hippopotamus, but they scarcely thought it "respectable" to have any acquaintance with a poet. And so the poet was allowed to live on, unnoticed and unregarded; not one of the "respectable" inhabitants would condescend to visit him. But, at length, a change came over the spirit of their dream. It happened that royalty paid a visit to the lovely scenery of that neighbourhood, and, with the graceful frankness that marks the actions of our good Queen and her royal consort, one of their first acts was to do homage to intellect in the person of Alfred Tennyson, by visiting the poet whom the "respectables" had despised and neglected. Dite was the consternation amid the whole "respectable" cohabitation. The cringing, stinky spirit was roused within them, and they sought to be reborn in the poor poet with civility. The knocker of his door had no longer any real, its rusty hinge became quite flexible with us; regards showered in upon him by whole packs; he sought to be acquainted with the man whom the Queen delighted to honour—not for his power of thought, his deep feeling, his rich imagination, his playful fancy—but because royalty had placed its stamp upon him, and it became the fashion to visit him, it became "respectable" to call upon him. But they recoiled without their host. Alfred Tennyson had too much too dignity to accept their tardy homage. The meanness of spirit they had deigned placed the "respectable man" beneath the man of letters. Their ears were returned, their acquaintance declined, and the whole stinky world were in amazement that a poor poet did not feel honoured by the condescension of such "respectable" people.

In different parts of the country, different degrees of respectability are found to exist: that which is highly "respectable" in some places, is *respectable* in others. In some places every clergyman, whatever may be his rank in the church, is held to be "respectable," unless some private vices taint his character; in other districts they are not "respectable," unless they hold preferment. A rector, or a vicar, or a vintner, a plethoric pluralist, or a dainty dean, are highly "respectable;" not so the careworn curate, who does the work for which the others are paid. He is not worthy of admission to their general society, but is condemned either to solitude, or to deal with those who have not received the potent of respectability from the dominant class. James Smith, the rich retired tallow-chandler, who lives at Smythe Lodge, in the county of Bedford, and whose sons are still dipping candles and gilding moulds, thinks it not "respectable" to associate with the curate of the parish, or with the lawyer or the surgeon of the neighbouring town, however great may be their talents, their skill, or their integrity. In like manner, the lawyer and the doctor would think it not "respectable" to associate with the young Smiths, while still employed in trade, however estimable may be their character. And thus the ball goes round: realised wealth looks down upon professional labour; professional men in turn despise the trader who is a *trading* wealth; the wholesale trader thinks the retail trader not respectable; the "billions" turn up their noses at the "Till-ums." And so we go round, round, round, from one end of the social scale to the other. And wealth is at the bottom of all respectability. It may be true that it is not every wealthy man who is "respectable," low and vulgar vice may deprive even wealth of its fascinating power over the public, but even these with find parasites of some kind or other to do homage to their wealth. Nay, sometimes, and that not seldom, although the wealthy man may be living in open and notorious vice, he is still courted by society; yet if he do not act virtuously in itself, but running counter to the prejudices of society, he is no longer deemed respectable. The wealthy Richard Hawkins, —and because wealthy, therefore the "respectable" Richard Hawkins—was living in open and notorious adultery with a low woman who resided in a cottage at a very short distance from his own house. The world knew it, but was silent; and all the "respectable" people of his "respectable" neighbourhood visited at his house, and partook of his hospitality. But the fancy of the "respectable" Richard Hawkins took a different direction; he discarded the disreputable female who had so long been his mistress, and determined to marry the young and amiable daughter of an honest farmer. The consternation of all the "respectable" people of the neighbourhood was intense; no "respectable" person could visit a man who had thus lowered himself; pious clergymen talked to him of the impropriety of his conduct, and tried by every means to prevent his entering upon the holy state of matrimony. Not one of them had ever remonstrated with him on his life of vice—it would not have been "respectable," we presume, to have interfered with that; but the moment he contemplated doing that which the Church commands, and determined on sanctifying his desires with holy rites, the "respectable men" and pious clergymen are dreadfully shocked, and strive, by every means in their power, to prevent him from entering upon a course of life which, by some strange and fallacious process of reasoning, was more offensive in their eyes than living in a state which all true religion and sound morality condemn. Verily conventional respectability is a strange anomaly.

Then again, it often happens that the cloak of respectability is a mere delusion, covering not only poverty but knavery, and giving an opportunity

for depredations, to which poor rogues can never attain. Fannieroy was a most respectable man in the eyes of the world until it was discovered that the very wealth which had glided over his vices was not his own, but was the produce of a series of frauds and forgeries, which his very "respectability" had given him the opportunity to perpetrate and effect. In the case of the Hochdale Savings' Bank again, we have another instance of a most "respectable man," whose respectability was altogether fictitious; he was "respectable" for his supposed wealth, and to this he had added all those external appearances, which, when honest and sincere, are deserving of real respect. He was always to be found at his place of worship, his name was mixed up with philanthropic institutions, his subscriptions were on the list of every charity, he was of the class of men who are chosen for trustees and executors, the arbitrator in disputed accounts; a man of business, full of the decorums of the world, ostentatiously grave, and moral, and sanctimonious. And all this was but "a huge translation of hypocrisy." During the time when he was exhibiting himself as a most "respectable man," he was in the most business-like manner perpetrating the grossest frauds upon the community, and ruining the poor labourers who had deposited their little earnings in the bank—robbing the poor to maintain a position among the rich. And this "respectable man" was neither more nor less than what Alfred Tennyson so pithily calls

"A rogue in grain,  
Veneer'd with a sanctimonious theories."

The criminal records of the country unfortunately contain the names of several, who, by dint of apparent wealth or deep hypocrisy, had at one period of their lives earned for themselves the title of "respectable men." When Rush was committed to take his trial for one of the most deliberate and shocking murders that ever disgraced humanity, the world was horrified that such a "respectable man," who kept a gig, and hired governesses, should have been implicated in such a crime. When Tawell perpetrated the most cunning and heartless murder that disgraces the whole history of crime, with such deep calculation that nothing but the invention of the electric telegraph, which has made the most subtle of elements our winged messengers, could have detected the criminal, he was classed among the most "respectable men;" the very murder itself was intended to hide his vices and preserve his respectability. But the crime he had committed destroyed at once his respectability and his life: he might have indulged the vice, and still been "respectable" in the eyes of a very considerable portion of the world. When a man confines himself to vices which are denounced by the preacher, but are not punished by the law, he often maintains the character of a "respectable man;" but if he be once detected in a crime which brings him within the scope of the law, his "respectability" is gone for ever.

The open and notorious scandal of crime, even when it does not affect life, puts the "respectable man" out of the pale of respectability. Vice, when gilded by wealth and covered with the thinnest of veils, still often retains for its possessor the name of "respectable." Neglect of the most urgent duties but rarely affects the wealthy. They may leave undone many things that ought to be done, without losing the character of a respectable man, when if a poor man had neglected the same duties, he would have been overwhelmed with the keenest reproaches and the bitterest invective. As the old proverb says, "One man may steal a horse, while another must not look at a halter." A man professing an elevated tone of religious feeling, if he has also wealth, may neglect the most urgent duties and still be regarded as most respectable; nay, we are not quite certain if any one ventured to question his respectability, whether he would not be branded as an infidel for presuming to doubt such a pious character. Edward Thompson was a person of considerable natural abilities; he was the illegitimate child of a poor woman by whom he had been sent to the Sunday-school of a dissenting congregation. He made so rapid a progress in his education that the minister and elders of the congregation enabled him to obtain higher acquirements, and he became one of their preachers. In this situation he attracted the attention of a benevolent clergyman who, partly from a desire to encourage rising talent, and partly perhaps from the hope of detaching that talent from the heresy of dissent, furnished him with the means of going to college, and ultimately of becoming regularly ordained in the Church of England; and he began to rise in the world. It frequently happens that a very thick outer covering of religion is the surest road to wealth; and Edward Thompson was never seen without all the outward symbols of his profession. Like many of those who quit one form of religion for another, in leaving the simplicity of the one he adopted the extreme formulas of the other. From boot to hat he was an epitome of clerical costume. From the service of the church to the relaxations of society he was everywhere a *priest*, (and we use the term here in what Bentham would call its dyslogistic form, as contradistinguished from *paster*). His rigidity of deportment won the heart and purse of a wealthy lady, and he became elevated from a poor curate into a "respectable man," with a carriage and servants in grave, clerical liveries. His first step towards fortune was soon followed by others; he was no longer a curate, church preferment poured in on him, and he became more respectable than ever. His wife died, leaving him all her wealth; and all the marriageable young ladies of the district were constant in their observance of all religious duties, and in paying due homage to the priest whose vows had not bound him to celibacy. Beautiful surplices of the finest linen were worked and ornamented for him; no one had so numerous a collection of the very purest and most gracefully fitting bands; ornaments for his private oratory, and decorations for the altar of his church of the finest needlework and embroidery poured in upon him, and he accepted them all in the most bland and gracious manner. He was undoubtedly the most courted and the most "respectable" man in the neighbourhood. And, again, another lady of large fortune was won by his sanctity, and another carriage and a larger

establishment bore testimony to his increased respectability. It was well for him he possessed so large a stock of bands and ornaments, for somehow, notwithstanding his increased respectability, the supply fell off; and there also seemed to be, a decrease in the religious enthusiasm of the feminine world around him; the week-day congregation sensibly diminished, and it began to be rumoured that polkas and waltzes were regaining their ascendancy. Still, he was at the height of his prosperity—the very quintessence of a respectable man. But where was his poor mother all this time in which he had been climbing to wealth and "respectability?" Sinking deeper and deeper into poverty and distress. Not once had his hand been stretched out to aid her; and she who had brought him into the world, who had watched over his early days, and, if herself a sinner, had striven to give him an education that might lead to a religious and moral life, now, in her old years, was compelled to seek parochial relief. He was applied to by the board of guardians to make allowance to his destitute mother out of the superfluity of his wealth, and this "respectable man" sheltered himself upon the plea that, as he was illegitimate, he was not legally bound to provide for the woman who had given him birth. To avoid a public exposure, he at length consented to allow half-a-crown a week to his mother, and he still continues to flourish in all the odour of sanctity, and the full possession of all the honours due to a "respectable man." Ben Jonson, in his comedy of *The Devil is an Ass*, makes Satan say of the men of this world, and not without good foundation,—

"They have their vices there, most like to virtues;  
You cannot know them apart by any difference:  
They wear the same clothes, eat the same meat,  
Sleep in the self-same beds, ride in those coaches.  
Or very like, four horses in a coach,  
As the best men and women."

Wealth, success, hypocrisy—these are the staple from which "respectable men" are formed. And if we find a virtuous honourable man, whose life is a pattern of benevolence, whose intellect is constantly exerted for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, upon whose fair fame no shadow rests, in whom even poverty looks bright, the "respectable men" grace him with a patronising nod, and condescendingly admit that "he is a good enough kind of person in his way." When will the day arrive, in which we shall learn to distinguish true respectability from the false ideal that is now worshipped? When will realities take the place of shams? In these our days, we have need of realities—of honour, courage, patriotism—of all that can arouse the true spirit of men in us. Wordsworth, moralising over the expected invasion of 1803, furnishes us with some thoughts that are at once appropriate to the subject of which we have been treating, and to the events which the success of that now "respectable man," Louis Napoleon, may bring upon us—with these we conclude our paper:—

"These times strike monied worldlings with dismay!  
Even rich men, brave by nature, want the air  
With words of apprehension and despair;  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the assay,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day,  
And minds not stunted or unskilled, are given,  
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.  
What do we gather hence but from our faith,  
That every gift of Heaven's origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;  
That virtue and the faithful within  
Are vital—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to covetousness, and death."

## REMEMBERED MUSIC.

### A FRAGMENT.

Thick rushing, like an ocean vast  
Or brows the far prairie slaking,  
The water crowd heavily and fast  
As surf, one plunging while the last  
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.  
Or a low murmur they began,  
Rising and rising momentarily,  
As o'er a harp Æolian

A stifled breeze, until they ran  
Up to a sudden ecstasy  
And then, like minute drops of rain  
Ringing in water silvery,  
They lingering dropped, and dropped  
again,  
Till it was almost like a pain  
To listen, when the next would be.

**THEORY IN ITS HIGHEST SENSE.**—All branches of the study of nature, in their progress from the period of observation to that of generalization and theory, appear destined to endure the same storm which astronomy has weathered, and like that noble science, to come forth renewed and purified in the struggle—strengthened by popular applause, and fertile of public benefit. To quicken the inertness of prejudice, and rouse the despair of ignorance among the masses of mankind, may appear unnecessary for the "advancement" of science, which must ever be entrusted to a few superior minds; but the opinion which would separate the acquisition from the diffusion of knowledge is no less erroneous than ungenerous, since the highest and most comprehensive truths in natural science are but the concentration of common phenomena, the laws of common experience. "In the determination of these phenomena, in the correct association of them into laws and systems, immense preliminary labours must be undergone, before the most powerful intellect—however deeply versed in abstract science, and the philosophy of causation—can ascend to that comprehensive view of a whole series of dependent truths which constitute a general theory."—*Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

## ONWARD!

**THRESHING, &c., BY STEAM.**—A very interesting exhibition has taken place on the farm of R. D. Mangles, Esq., M.P., near Guildford, viz., the working of the machine of Messrs. Clayton and Shuttleworth of Norwich. It is the first machine of the kind which has been put up in Surrey. From the time of the wheat leaving the hands of the feeder until it was winnowed and in the sack ready for market, was (each sack) exactly five minutes.

**GONDOLA STEAMERS ON THE THAMES.**—Early in the ensuing spring a "fleet of gondola steamers" will be placed on the river, to run between London Bridge and all the piers to Richmond. They are ten in number, of a new and novel construction, resembling somewhat in form the gondolas that ply on the canals of Venice. A splendid saloon occupies the whole of the after part of the vessel, with a promenade above. Most of them are building at Liverpool.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—It is stated that a new method of determining longitude at sea by observation independent of the chronometer, was discovered by the Rev. Tyler Thacher, on his late passage to San Francisco in the *Capitol*. His method is partly geometrical and partly arithmetical, but is plain and certain. The certificates from the master and first mate of the *Capitol*, show the discovery was made and tested by Mr. Thacher, during his late voyage to California. Mr. Thacher is now preparing for the press a work which will contain his discovery, so important to navigators and the whole commercial world.

**THE LADIES' GUILD.**—An industrial refuge for impoverished gentlewomen of rank and station has just been founded, with appropriate official ceremony, under the title of "The Ladies' Guild." An establishment is formed in connexion with it for trading operations, called *The Ornamental Works Company*, and it is proposed to deal in Berlin wool, bread-cloths, kettle-holders, patchwork, anti-macassars, and all those interesting results of feminine domestic industry for which ladies are now famous. The Guild is described by the managers as "not being in the remotest degree eleemosynary, and requiring only the ordinary business support of customers." The "labours of the fair executants" are stated "to be at present concentrated upon a valuable process of almost universal decoration, patented and presented by a lady of family and fortune;" and, "before the meeting closed," continues the report, "orders poured in upon the clerks from every side."

**NEW AND VALUABLE INVENTION.**—We saw yesterday, at the office of Mr. Friend, No. 105, Broadway, a new article which he calls "ligneous marble," which cannot fail to come into general use as soon as it is known. It is a composition of Mr. F.'s invention, which is laid on wood, and bears so close a resemblance to real marble that nothing but its weight can betray it. The specimens already made are variegated tables and mantels of the richest description of jasper, cornelian, lapis-lazuli, &c. It is said to be uninjured by lemon-juice and all the ordinary staining matters usual in a house. What adds immensely to its usefulness, is the fact that it may be used as a finish for walls, and is susceptible of forming all shades of colour. We cannot imagine anything more gorgeous than walls and columns of this splendid material. For tables, stands, &c., it is handsomer, more durable, lighter, and more easily managed than marble.—*American Paper*.

**NOVEL EMPLOYMENT OF INDIA-RUBBER.**—An ingenious discovery, by which India-rubber and gutta-percha are rendered applicable to the formation of artificial features, and to the covering of artificial limbs, has been made by a Mr. Gray. By this discovery the necessity of what is called the Taliaocottian operation in supplying the place of a lost nose to the face, is removed, for that feature can be formed, and as it were grafted on the integuments in such a manner as closely to resemble nature. The human ear can also be closely imitated by the substance produced by the mixture of the gums of which India-rubber and gutta-percha are constituted. In respect to artificial hands, the material of which they are formed can be covered with this substance, which perfectly resembles the natural skin, and is almost equally flexible. So complete is the deception, that it is nearly impossible to discover that art has superseded nature.

**THE NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**—"We recently mentioned some statements, concerning the virtues of phosphate of lime in scrofula and other diseased states of the system, made by Professor Stone in the *New Orleans Medical Register*. The *Worcester Spy* publishes the following confirmatory statement, which will add to the interest awakened by this discovery.—"On the appearance of this article, a friend of ours addressed a letter to a professional gentleman of high standing in New Orleans, who is known by reputation throughout the Union, making inquiries respecting it. The answer is of a highly satisfactory character. The writer says that Professor Stone is an eminent physician, and, in fact, stands at the head of the medical profession in New Orleans. Dr. Stone says that there can be no doubt of the usefulness of the new remedy. The phosphate of lime should be incorporated with the cod-liver oil, in doses of six to eight grains of the phosphate with more or less of the oil, according as the stomach of the patient is able to bear it, and be taken every morning, noon, and night. This comes from a source that entitles it to the consideration of the medical profession." We also notice that Dr. Ira Warren, of this city, in a communication in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, speaks favourably of the new remedy. He suggests, however, that phosphate of soda may perhaps be preferable to phosphate of lime, as the latter is insoluble."—*New England Farmer*.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## ADVICE.

LET me entreat you  
For to unfold the anguish of your heart:  
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,  
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Know when to speak—for many times it brings  
Danger, to give the best advice to kings.—*Herrick*.

Direct not him whose way himself will choose;  
'Tis breath thou lackest, and that breath wilt thou lose.

*Shakspeare's Richard II.*

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into mine ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve.—*Shakspeare's Much Ado About Nothing*.

Love all, trust a few,  
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend  
Under thine own life's key. Be checked for silence,  
But never taxed for speech.—*Shakspeare's All's Well*.  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues.—*Shakspeare's Henry VIII.*

What could I more?  
I wou'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free-will hath here no place.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,  
And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish;  
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;  
Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways;  
But trust the secret of thy soul to none.  
This is the way,  
This only, to be safe in such a world as this is.

*Rome's Ulysses.*

Aye free, off han', your story tell,  
When wi' a bosom enemy;  
But still keep something to yourself  
Ye scarcely tell to any.

Conceal yourself as weel's ye can  
Frae critical dissection;  
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,  
Wi' sharpen'd shy inspection.

*Burns's Epistle to a Young Friend.*

## ADIEU.

Then comes the parting hour, and what arise  
When lovers part—expressive looks, and eyes  
Tender and tearful—many a fond adieu,  
And many a call the sorrow to renew.—*Crabbe*.

We part—  
But this shall be a token thou hast been  
A friend to him who pack'd those lovely flowers,  
And sent them as a tribute to a friend,  
And a remembrance of the few kind hours  
Which lightened on the darkness of my path.—*Percival*.

## AFFECTION.

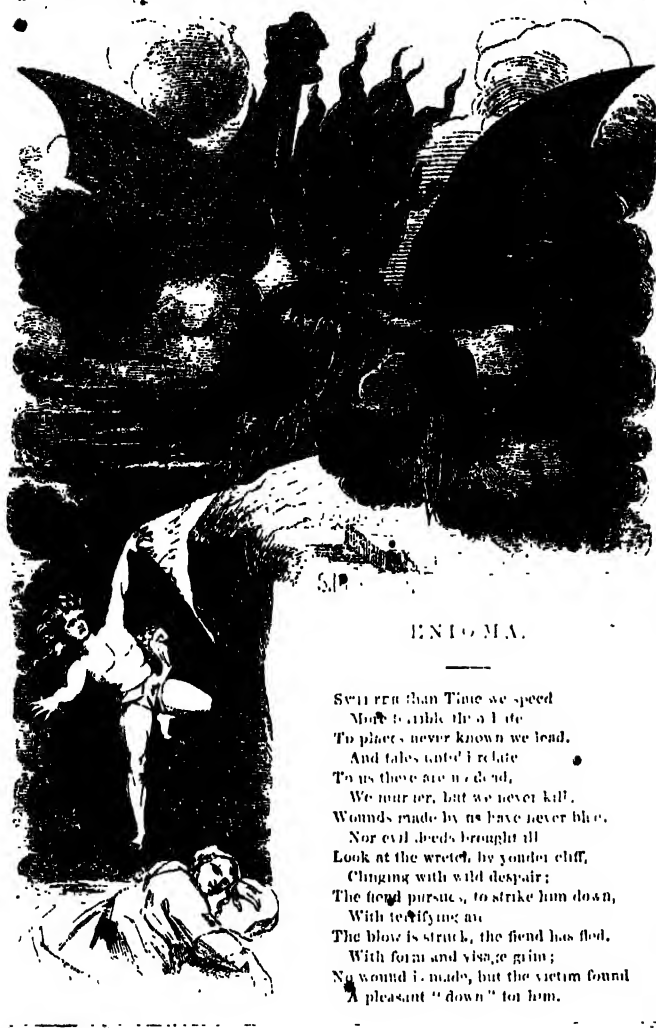
What war so cruel, or what siege so sore,  
As that which strong affections do apply  
Against the fort of reason, evermore  
To bring the soul into captivity!—*Spenser's Fairy Queen*.

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,  
Our own affections are the fiercest lords.  
*Earl of Stirling's Julius Caesar.*

Affections injured  
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,  
Like tempest-threatened trees, unfirmly rooted,  
Ne'er spring to timely growth.—*John Ford's Broken Heart*.

Oh! there is one affection which no stain  
Of earth can ever darken—when two find,  
The softer and the manlier, that a chain  
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind.  
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined;  
The good can only know it. 'Tis not blind,  
As love is, unto baseness; its desire  
Is but with hands entwined to lift our being higher.—*Percival*.





## ENIGMA.

Swifter than Time we speed  
 Most unlike the life  
 To places never known we lead,  
 And tales untold I relate  
 To us there are no dead,  
 We murmur, but we never kill,  
 Wounds made by us have never blue,  
 Nor evil deeds brought ill  
 Look at the wretch, by yonder cliff,  
 Champing with wild despair;  
 The fiend pursues, to strike him down,  
 With terrifying air  
 The blow is struck, the fiend has fled,  
 With form and visage grim;  
 No wound is made, but the victim found  
 A pleasant "down" for him.

## QUESTIONS SOMEWHAT PARADOXICAL.

1. WHAT is it that leaves us with every demonstration of rage and violence, though we give no offence, and, after a season, returns to provide for our necessities with the same marks of fury and anger that accompanied his departure? Like many other odd personages, he had no rest while away from us, and as little on his return. He is constantly in motion, travelling from one place to another, and yet seems never fatigued. He no sooner sets down in one place, than he starts up, and is off to another. While he cheers and invigorates the temperate with his pleasing presence, he abandons the more unfortunate circles, and leaves them to deplore his absence, and their own melancholy fate! He is very industrious, follows several trades, and is a stationer of the very first eminence. I recommend him to your consideration, though, I must confess, he is not to be depended on, being very capacious; even in his most benign fits, a gloom will sometimes overspread his countenance, and you will suddenly become a dupe to his deceit, and be inundated with a shower of disappointments.

2. If you were invited to an assembly, what single word would call the musicians to their post, and, at the same time, tell you the hour to begin dancing?

3. WHAT part of your ear would be the most essential for a martial band?

4. WHY is good music like a medicine not publicly known?

5. WHAT is it that is always present; yet, now 'tis going, coming—now 'tis gone, and never will return? It flies with the swiftness and exactitude of the sun. Some strange mortals say it is slow and tedious on the way—are for ever trying to kill it; but they injure themselves in the attempt, and, at length, meet their own destruction; for they fall a victim to the avenger, who himself destroys all things. It is now too long—then too short. Always a theme of complaint. Some have too great a portion—some not half enough; but, strange to say, those who have the least are best content, while those who have more than they know what to do with, are bewailing their miserable destiny!

6. WHAT is it that stands aloft, and regulates our daily movements; yet feels no interest in our concerns; directs us when to go, and when to come;

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



EIGHT OF CLUBS.—CHINESE PASTIME.

yet cares not whether we attend or not: still, thus indifferent to our fate, he often strikes a heavy blow to urge us on, and we feel no resentment when the reproof is given?

7. WHY is a magnificent house like a book of anecdotes?

8. WHY is a stupid fellow like G sharp?

9. WHY is the moon like a domestic?

10. WHAT city is that which imperatively desires the first letter in the alphabet to depart?

11. WHAT will a venomous serpent, and an old bit of linen placed before us, become?

12. WHY is a state of indolence like a man in the midst of battle?

13. WHY is the letter O like a great personage travelling under a feigned name?

14. Is myst'ry and darkness I'm involv'd,  
 Although by you, perhaps, I may be solv'd  
 Difficulties vanish, before active minds,  
 The Wise—to study, perseverance binds.  
 Be not dismay'd then, though I am obscure,  
 You'll find me out in time, I'm pretty sure.

15. WHICH of the signs of the Zodiac was the greatest enemy to the Reformation?

16. WHAT must Tom be to make a cleaver?

17. WHY is a gardener like a housemaid?

18. WHY is a baronet like his great coat?

19. PRAY tell me, kind friends, what trade is the sun?

I'm firmly persuaded he does pursue one.  
 Indeed, I suspect, between you and I,  
 That he follows another confined to the sky:  
 And two or three more perhaps you will find,  
 If you consider it well in your mind.  
 Some say—they're sure—in one month of the year,  
 He embarks in a third, and that's very clear.  
 I'll leave you to guess them all for awhile,  
 When you find out the last, perhaps you will smile.

20. WHAT ornament would you put on, which, if it could speak, would say—I forsake you?

21. WHAT kind of mechanic is a bridge?

22. WHY is a fine artist like a looking-glass?

23. WHY is a large dish like a war-horse?

24. WHY is a bell like hospitality?

25. WHY is an alderman's table like a donkey?

26. WHY is quizzing like the letter D on horseback?

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

One never loses by doing a good turn.

FAIR dealing is the bond and cement of society.

PLEASURE is precarious, but virtue is immortal.

ALL things are soon prepared in a well-ordered house.

A PASSIONATE man scourgeth himself with his own scorpions.

ONE hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labour in the year.

ONE hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.

ONE hole neglected in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will do to mend it at once.

THE whole number of railways in the United States is 335, measuring 10,287 miles in length, and constructed at a cost of 306,607,954 dollars.

WITHIN a man's conscience begins to get hard, it does so faster than anything in nature. It is like the boiling of an egg; it is very clammy first, but as soon as it gets cloudy, one minute more and you may cut it with a knife.

"MADAM," said old Roger to his boarding-house keeper, "in primitive countries, beef is often the legal tender; but, madam," said he, emphatically, thrusting his fork into the steak, "all the law in Christendom couldn't make this beef tender."

LORD NORTH, during a severe sickness, said to his physician—"Sir, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintances." "Who are they?" my lord, inquired the doctor. "My lord," replied his lordship, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

"I REMEMBER," says the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother—'How could you have the patience to tell that blackbird the same thing twenty times over?' 'Why,' said she, 'I told him but nineteen times, I should have let my labour.'" "I told him but nineteen times, I should have let my labour."

THE report that a member of Congress from the West made a speech so dull and heavy, that telegraph wires of ordinary strength broke down at every paragraph while the speaker was endeavoring to read it to the honorable gentleman's constituency, is doubtful.

"FRIEND JOHN,—I desire thee to be so fitted as to go to one of those sinful men in the flesh called attorneys, and let him take out an instrument with a seal thereunto, by means whereof we may seize the estate and inheritance of George Green, and bring him before the laudable King men at Westminster, and teach him to do as he would be done by.—Thy friend, B. C."

Who is the lightest man in the world? The Frenchman.—Who is the heaviest? The German.—Who is the most serious? The Englishman.—Who is the most vivacious? The Swiss.—Who is the proudest? The Spaniard.—Who is the most humble? The Russian.—Who is the most enterprising? The Pole.—Who is the widest awake? The American.—Who is the sleepest? The Hottentot.

WHEN fumes of wines do once the brain possess,  
Then follows straight an imbecility.  
Throughout, the legs so fitted in that case,  
They cannot with their reeling trunk keep pace.  
The tongue trips, mind droops, eyes stand full of water,  
Noise, hiccough, brawls, and quarrels follow after.—*Lucilius*.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—A woman went into an apothecary's shop the other day, with two prescriptions—one for her husband, and the other for her cow. She inquired what was the price of them, and the apothecary replied it was so much for the man and so much for the beast. The woman, finding that she had not money enough, reflected for a moment, and said—"Give me, at all events, the medicine for the cow; I can send for my husband's to-morrow."

A CELEBRATED divine, who prided himself upon his originality, was startled one day by a friend coolly telling him that every word of his favorite discourse was stolen from a book he had at home. The astonished writer begged for a sight of this volume. He was, however, released from his misery by the other solemnly announcing the work in question to be *Johnson's Dictionary*, "where," continued his tormentor, "I undertake to find every word of your discourses."

A FACTIOUS gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at his lodging-place in the evening was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed—"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, denote him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality." The boy, not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying—"Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

A SHORT time since, a poor Irishman applied at the churchwarden's office at Manchester for relief, and upon some doubt being expressed as to whether he was a proper object for parochial relief, he enforced his suit with much earnestness. "Och, yer honour," said he, "sure I'd be starved long since, but for my cat." "But for what?" asked the astonished interrogator. "My cat," rejoined the Irishman. "Your cat! How so?" "Sure, yer honour, I could her eleven times, for sixpence a time, and she was always hemo before I'd get there myself."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE BEST FRIEND AND COMPANION.—The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging, alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*G. E. Lessing*.

## GRATITUDE.

WHAT is grandeur, what is power?  
Heavier toil, superior pain;  
What the bright reward we gain?  
The grateful memory of the good.  
Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,  
The bee's collected treasures sweet,  
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet  
The still small voice of gratitude.—*Grey*.

BROTHER AND SISTER.—As fathers love their daughters better than sons, and mothers love their sons better than daughters, so do sisters feel towards brothers a more constant sentiment of attachment than towards each other. None of the little vanities, heart-burnings, and jealousies that—alas for poor human nature!—are but too apt to spring up in female hearts, can (or, at all events, should) arise between brother and sister; each is proud of the success of the other, but it cannot interfere with self; nay, on the contrary, is flattering to self. Hence, if there be a bond of family union more free from the selfish bias that interrupt all others, it is that which exists between an affectionate sister and brother.—*Lady Blessington*.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—A good winter takes the following view of the animal empire, and adoration of the animal kingdom.—"Bees are prompt criss. Their cells are so constructed, as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest sized spaces and the least possible loss of interest. The eagle is a meteorologist. The hawk called a nine-killer is an arithmetician; and also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other bird. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He is a good lawyer, he sails east and weighs anchor, and performs other matters of fact. Whole tribes of birds are mathematicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The mole is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts, and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk makers."

LEARNING ARABIC.—Bayard Taylor, who is now traveling in the East, gives the following account of his experience, in the *New York Tribune*:—"Sometimes I varied this repose by trying to pick up Arabic. Wilkinson's *Vocabulary* and Captain Hayes' *Grammar* did me great service, and after I had had a number of words with Ibrahim, to get the pronunciation, I made bolder essays. One day, when the sators were engaged in a most vociferous discussion, I broke upon them with:—'What is all this noise about? Stop a minute!' The effect was instantaneous; the men were silent, and Seid, turning up his eyes in wonder, cried out 'Wallah! wallah! the Howady takes Arabic!' The two copper-faced Fellahs thought it very amusing and every new word I learned sufficed to set them laughing for half an hour. 'O fishman, have you any fish?' and he held up a string of eels, and made answer:—'O Howady, I have.' This solemn form of address, which is universally in use, makes the language very piquant to a foreigner. The construction of the sentences, so far as I have learned, is very simple, and the common colloquial Arabic does not seem near so difficult as I had been led to expect."

COLOURS IN LADIES' DRESS.—Incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colours without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red, a pale complexion associated with canary or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colourless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the glowing red complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet, or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red colour—if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have suffused with a delicate pink hue; or had the face

"Whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"

been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in a transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside, how different, and how much more agreeable, would have been the impression of the spectator! How frequently, again, do we see the dimensions of a tall and embosomed figure magnified to almost Liblupian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman, reduced to Liliputian size by a black dress? Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, and the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.—*Mrs. Merryfield in the Art Journal*.

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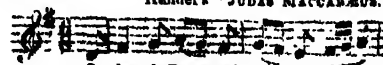
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### Editor's Note-Book.

**HINTS TO FAMILIES.**—It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work, than to half do ten times as much. Charcoal ground to powder will be found a very good thing to give knives a first-rate polish. A honnet and trimmings may be worn a much longer time, if the dust be brushed well off after walking. Much knowledge may be obtained by the good housewife observing how things are managed in well regulated families. Apples intended for dumplings should not have the core taken out of them, as the pips impart a delicious flavour to the dumpling. A rice pudding is most excellent without either eggs or sugar, if baked gently; it keeps better without eggs. "Wilt! waste makes woful want!"—do not cook a fresh joint whilst any of the last remains uneaten. Wash it up, and with gravy, and a little management eke out another day's dinner. The shanks of mutton make a good stock for nearly any kind of gravy—and they are very cheap—a dozen may be had for a penny, enough to make a quart of delicious soup. Thick curtains closely drawn around the bed are very injurious, because they not only confine the miasma thrown off from our bodies whilst in bed, but interrupt the current of pure air. Regularity in the payment of accounts is essential to housekeeping. All tradesmen's bills should be paid weekly, for then any errors can be detected whilst the transactions are fresh in the memory. Allowing children to talk incessantly is a mistaken indulgence; we do not mean to say that they should be restricted from talking in proper seasons, but they should be learnt to know when it would be proper to cease.

**ALMONDS.** Beta.—Almonds, more especially the bitter, and all nuts which possess the peach blossom or hyacinth flavour, contain a portion of that deadly poison, prussic acid, and should therefore be eaten with extreme caution. Sugar is supposed to be a counteraction to a certain degree, when taken with them; but the best way is to avoid eating substances of so questionable a character.

**TO MAKE PAPER FIREPROOF.** E. S. W.—Nothing more is necessary than to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum water, and when thoroughly dry, it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

**ARABIC.** M. S. R.—This is a name first applied by the Arabians to the carbonate of potash and soda derived from the ashes of plants, but now extended to those substances which dissolve in water, generally form soaps with oils, and neutralise acids, forming crystalline salts. The chief alkalies of importance in the arts are potash, soda, ammonia, and quina.

**TO CLEAN HEAD AND CLOTHES BRUSHES.** Cypher.—Put a tablespoonful of pearl ash into a pint of boiling water. Having fastened a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush with it. Next pour over it some clean hot water, and put it aside for a short time; then drain and wipe it with a cloth, and dry it before the fire.

**CORK.** John H.—This is the bark of the *Quercus Ilex*, a species of oak which grows along the shores of Mediterranean Europe. It is removed from the tree by making circular incisions, and connecting these by longitudinal ones; the bark is then peeled off, wetted to soften it between boards, and afterwards fire-dried, which blackens the surface.

**COPERNICAN SYSTEM.** Volens.—According to this system, the sun is supposed to be placed in the centre, and all the other bodies to revolve round it in a particular order, which theory is now universally adopted under the name of the Solar system. This system of the universe is the same as that anciently taught by Pythagoras, and afterwards revived by Copernicus, a Polish astronomer.

**TO SILVER IVORY.** Workman.—Immerse the ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow colour; then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, and place it in water to the rays of the sun. In about 12 hours the ivory acquires a black colour; but the black surface, on being rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

**ENTERING INTO SOCIETY.** George.—Our young correspondent inquires what rules he is to observe on mixing with the world, after a long confinement at college. Space will not permit us to enlarge on this subject, which must be left to his own good sense and discretion. There are five points, however, we would especially impress upon his memory, and which are these:—

"If a woman's ways you wisely seek,  
Five things observe with care;  
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak;  
And how, and when, and where."

**FAMILY CLOSING MOVEMENT.**—In compliance with the wishes of many of our young friends, we strongly urge upon the principals of commercial and trading establishments, the necessity of unanimity on the question of early closing, now that the days admit of more out of door exercise. In whatever light we regard this subject, a positive advantage to all interested in it is clearly shown. The merchant or manufacturer, by contributing to the health and happiness of the individuals in their employ, surround themselves with active and willing agents, who are in a condition to fulfil their duties much more efficiently than if they were exasperated from over-taken labour and discontent. The workpeople of all classes have, on their side, opportunities of mental culture, by reading, or attending lectures, &c., which must influence all their actions, and render them diligent and trustworthy in their several vocations. Society at large will see and appreciate such important benefits, resulting from a cessation of business at reasonable hours, and custom will induce the purchase of goods within a stated time. We believe that every friend to humanity will hail with delight the emancipation of the industrious classes from evening toil; and that such will be the case sooner or later is most certain, for the inquiring spirit of the age, the many resources opened for those who desire to improve their minds, and the more extended diffusion of wealth, are altogether opposed to



THE LATE HOUR SYSTEM.

**LACE.** Maria.—The first lace made in this country was of the sort called *Brussels point*, the network being formed by bone bobbins on the pillow, and the pattern and sprays worked with the needle. Such appears to have been the kind worn by the higher ranks, as is evident from the portraits of Vandyke in the reign of Charles I., and of those painted by Kelly and Kneller, in the succeeding reigns of Charles II., Queen Anne, and George I.

**PHOTOGENIC DRAWING.** A. Z.—This term has usually been applied to representations of various objects upon paper imbued with some of the salts of silver. If a piece of paper be dipped into a weak solution of nitrate of silver, carefully dried, and preserved out of the contact of light, it remains white, but if exposed to light, it gradually becomes dark, acquiring a brownish or grey tint, and ultimately blackens, the depth of colour depending upon the intensity of the light, and duration of exposure.

**VARNISH TO COLOUR BASKETS.** M. H. S.—Take either red, black, or white sealing-wax, whichever colour you wish to make. To every two ounces of sealing-wax, add one ounce of spirits of wine; pound the wax fine; then sift it through a fine lawn sieve until you have made it extremely fine; put it into a large phial with the spirits of wine, shake it, and let it stand near the fire forty-eight hours, shaking it often; then, with a little brush, brush the baskets all over with it; let them dry, and do them over a second time.

**WALKING ON WATER.** W.—Our correspondent informs us, in reference to an alleged discovery at Paris of a means for walking on the water, and which, it is stated, has been tried with success on the river Seine, that this is no new discovery; for, in 1821, a Mr. Kent, of Glasgow, invented a machine, by which he was enabled to walk on the surface of the water with perfect safety, at the rate of three miles an hour. A trial was made on the Monkland Canal, which was witnessed by two hundred persons.

**EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.** Parents.—We cannot better assist our correspondent, who describes himself as the father of a family, than by quoting the following excellent precepts we have met with in our reading:—"Accustom a child as soon as he can speak, to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes—to commemorate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction; and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the ground-work of a thoughtful character."

**TO COLOUR ALUM CRYSTALS.** Juvenis.—In making these crystals, the colouring should be added to the solution of alum in proportion to the shade it is desired to produce. Coke, with a piece of lead attached to it, in order to make it sink in the solution, is the best substance for a nucleus; or, if a smooth surface be used, it will be necessary to wind it round with cotton or worsted, otherwise no crystals will adhere to it. *Yellow*—muriate of iron. *Blue*—solution of indigo in sulphuric acid. *Pale blue*—equal parts of alum and blue vitriol. *Green*—infusion of madder and cochineal. *Black*—Japan ink, thickened with gum. *Green*—equal parts of alum and blue vitriol, with a few drops of muriate of iron. *Milk-white*—a crystal of alum, held over a glass containing ammonia, the vapour of which precipitates the alumina on its surface.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—G. (we shall always be glad to hear from our correspondent).—**CONSTANT READER** (we do not remember to have seen the book in question).—**TAMERUND** (will find the information he requires at page 208 of our miscellany).—**F. L.** (apply to a medical practitioner).—**TOBY** (ambassadors have *excellency* prefixed to their other titles, and their accredited rank added).—**JAMES LEE** (a lieutenant-colonel in the army ranks with a post-captain in the navy).—**MASSACHUSETTS** (the coloured waters used by chemists to fill the large bottles in their windows, are made thus:—*Blue*—Prussian blue dissolved in water. *Purple*—infusion of logwood, with a little hartshorn added. *Green*—To three ounces of common verdigrise, dissolved in vitriol, add of water two quarts. *Red*—Red-cabbage liquor, with vinegar; or spirits of hartshorn and cochineal. *Yellow*—Dissolve iron in spirits of salts, and dilute with water).—**WILSON** (the following plan may be adopted for removing glass stoppers.—Put a piece of small string around the neck of the bottle one coil round, and fix one end of the string to a nail, then, holding the other end in your hand rapidly move the bottle from end to end. The heat caused by friction will expand the neck of the bottle, and loosen the stopper).—**H. G. S.** (the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge was projected by Dr. Hirkbeck, upon a suggestion of Sir Richard Phillips).—**ALSTON** (Cardinal, the first important Anglo-Saxon writer, lived 220 years before King Alfred).—**W. W.** (the paper is too long for insertion in our pages).—**ETIQUETTE** (if a lady is engaged with her needle when a visitor arrives, she ought to discontinue her work. To continue thus occupied during a visit of ceremony would be extremely uncourteous).—**H. B.** (you are not obliged to entertain your friends at an expense that entails discomfort. On the contrary, it would, no doubt, afflict those who really esteem you, to know that such was the case. Remember this advice of the great Duke of Sully—"Shut not your heart against those who have a claim upon your hospitality; but remember, that if they really love you, they will come, not to look at your table and furniture, but to enjoy your society.")—**W. OATES** (declined with thanks).—**SURPRISE** (we are gratified with the praise bestowed on our exertions, but we are aware there is always room for improvement, and our constant efforts shall be directed to this end).—**ARCHAEOLOGOS** (we shall be glad to receive the traditional notes alluded to, and we shall feel equally obliged to those of our country subscribers who forward information of local antiquities).



Printed by WILLIAM ELLINGTON, 22, Goswell Street, London, and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 21.—VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"Mr. Phillips sat some time a witness to the subdued grief of these friendless ones, till feeling it unfitting to obtrude upon such profound sorrow, he at length rose, and requesting the weaver and his dame to leave to him all the arrangements for the obsequies of Mrs. Adams, took his departure; slipping at the same time a bright yellow piece into the hand of the latter, for the purchase of some refreshments."

## THE CALIFORNIANS;

OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

### CHAPTER I.

"I do not see my little pet, Susan Adams, this morning," said Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of some sixty years, and a weekly visitant of one of the ward schools in the city of New York, and as he spoke he looked around as if seeking some object.

"No, neither she nor her sister Mary have been present for a week past," replied Miss Wise, the principal instructress. "However, here is a note from them, which came this morning, by the hand of one of their little school-mates; an urgent request, you will perceive, sir, for me to call on them as soon as the afternoon exercises are over. But that will be impossible, as I shall then have a teachers' meeting to attend."

Mr. Phillips, without further parley, offered to make the visit in her stead. He was a man of tender sympathies and much benevolence of heart; and he thought he perceived in the language of the note, though penned by a child, a tone of sadness and despondency, not becoming childhood's years.

Mr. Phillips possessed himself of the necessary information for finding the abode of the Adamses, and repaired thither without delay. A half dozen windings up narrow, dark, dingy staircases, brought him to the attic of a miserable lodging-house in O— Street.

As he was about to enter the room, which had been described to him as the Adams' apartment, an elderly woman of decent demeanour and slightly foreign accent, hearing footsteps approach, appeared at the door, and in a voice scarcely above a whisper, accompanied by a solemn, significant shake of the head, said, "Too late, too late, doctor; all is over!"

Mr. Phillips comprehended that he had been mistaken for a physician; and

hastened to undeceive the woman, by informing her that he had called on the part of Miss Wise.

"Oh, yes, sir, I know how it is; my little granddaughter carried the note to the mistress this morning; and mayhap, sir, you would know the little girls—Mary and Susan—if you be one of the gentlemen as looks to the schools."

"Yes, I know them, and very sweet children they are too," said he.

"Well, they'm gone done below to my room. The poor little things took so when they seen their mother was really dead, and didn't breathe no more, that I had much ado to set myself on making things decent about here; for although Miss Juliet, Heaven bless the angel!—always kept matters clean and tidy, yet the blood that found its way out of the poor lady's mouth—for lady indeed she was, good sir, notwithstanding her great poverty—prevented the same order being preserved."

"I am to understand then," apostrophised Mr. Phillips, while leading his way into the chamber of death, "that the immediate cause of Mrs. Adams' decease was hemorrhage from the lungs?"

"Yes, sir, that was it: we didn't think her so near her end, though she has been very poorly, and forced to keep her bed for a week or more past. But two hours ago, or thereabouts, she was seized with such a violent fit of coughing that the lungs burst; and she was very soon suffocated, poor, dear lady! before we could get the doctor here. I think if he had come when Miss Juliet first went after him—but doctors ain't apt to hurry themselves when there isn't no pay in expectation—he could have done something to relieve her; and she might have got up again; and even if she hadn't never been able to sew any more, might have been a great use and comfort to them little girls, so dutiful and affectionate them children always was to their mother, and it delighted one's heart to see it, sir. I always told my little grand-daughter that I wished she would take pattern by them, and then, to give advice and counsel to Miss Juliet; though, dear girl, she never seems to be any way but discreet and correct in her conduct. Yet it is a very sad thing, sir, for a young woman of Miss Juliet's age to be deprived of her

mother; particularly if she be the comely-looking person that Miss Juliet is. It is dangerous, sir, for a poor young girl to look well; because there's so many heartless persons who would not for a moment take into consideration her unprotected and friendless situation. I think her mother had many pains of heart in view of this thing; for since doing that great job of sewing for the Californians—which wore her down to dreadfully—and the disappointment they caused her, and things all together worrying on her mind so, I have heard her frequently talk about it, as though she felt that she was not long for this world. As to matter of looks, one would hardly have thought when she came to this lodging, eight or nine months ago, as might be, that she could live along even to this time. However, that was just after she had received news of the death of her only son, her last prop and hope, who took a fever at one of them sickly places where vessels sometimes stop to get water and provisions, when making that long voyage round to California. It is a sorrowful thing, sir; but many of them young men who have gone off there to seek their fortune, and like Mr. Henry Adams, to get something to support their poor mother and sisters with, find their grave before they even reach the El Dorado, as it is called. And again, in any of them live to send home great treasures of gold to their friends; some of them as don't exactly need it. But that is the way of life, sir, clouds and darkness for some, sunshine and rain for other. Although the last arrival brought golden intelligence to some, it brought sorrow and darkness to this family, sir. Mr. Henry Adams was an extraordinary good young man, and handsome to look at, they say, and was very much doted on by his mother and sisters, than he was on his part devoted to them. So you see, sir, his loss must have been a great blow."

"The Californians, to whom you, madam, alluded a few moments since, as having given Mrs. Adams employment, are they friends of the family?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Why, no, sir, not exactly—that is to say, they're not relations; but they're old township folks, that used to know one another before Mr. Adams broke, and moved here from the *country*. They're folks as wasn't then in as good circumstances as Mr. Adams was; and as one time and another he had done the Swifts a good turn, Mrs. Adams, when she heard Mr. Swift had come back from California with half a mill of dollars, or thereabouts, and was living with all his family at that great hotel on Broadway, thought she would call on them, and revive old acquaintanceships; and I don't know all her misfortunes; and see if they couldn't give her and Mr. Juliet some sewing to do, that would be more profitable than making gentlemen's shirts and collars for their stores—why, you wouldn't believe, sir, if I don't suppose you buy your shirts at such a very cheap rate—how little pay they make them give. Indeed, sir, Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet, after keeping the needle going incessantly from morning's dawn till late at night, weren't able, both together, though being right handy with the needle, to take in but a dollar and three-quarters from Monday morning to Saturday night. And a dollar and three-quarters is a very trifling sum, sir, to support four persons on a week, and out of that, to pay for three quarters for room rent. So, as I said, Mrs. Adams went to the source, and asked them if they could give her something to do, and as she pushed her way through the crowd, as it happened, they had great lots of sewing to do, so you may imagine, sir, for they was fixing off the three boys, and two girls, a little girl to go to boarding-school. Then Mr. and Mrs. Swift, and the two other daughters, were going to travel all over the country to California, and wherever they were going in America, all the railroads, and canals, and what not, and the White House at Washington, and all such things, they was then going ahead into other parts of the world. Well, sir, the preparation of all these things required a deal of clothes." Here the speaker stopped for a breath, and then resumed—"You must know that there was a great many rich ladies living at the hotel as well as Mrs. Swift; and they each one had some poor folks to propose to her, who would do her sewing at a right cheap rate; mere nothing, as that lady said, because they considered even that would be better than working for the shirt stores. So Mrs. Swift told Mrs. Adams, if she would do her work on the same terms that these other sewing-women had offered to, she, for old acquaintance sake, would prefer to give it to her. Accordingly Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet threw up their shirt work and undertook the job. Then after she and Miss Juliet had sewed steadily on, almost night and day for six weeks, and made a great lot of garments, they went off without paying her a dollar."

"Went off without paying her!" exclaimed Mr. Phillips, "how so?"

"Why, you see, sir, that Mr. Adams and Miss Juliet carried home every Saturday night the garments they had made during the week, and when they got to the hotel—which was generally pretty late in the evening, for they had a long way to walk, and heavy bundles to carry—the Swifts was always in the great drawing-room, amusing themselves with dancing, cards, and all that, and couldn't be disturbed. So it was on the Saturday night preceding the Monday morning that they had agreed to leave; and not understanding they knew they were going, they didn't take no pains to see Mrs. Adams, nor let her know nothing about it; but left a bill with one of the ladies in the house for her, telling her that they couldn't possibly come into such a disagreeable, out-of-the-way place as where she lived, but would see that her bill was settled when they returned to the city, which, God willing, would be in the course of some six or seven weeks; that as to the work she then had on hand, it being for the children as was at boarding school, they didn't think it a matter to wait for it to be done. So poor Mrs. Adams was thrown into great disappointment and distress at not getting her money when she had finished her job. But their people as is very rich, sir, and always has plenty of money in hand, never seem to take into consideration but what the poor can live just as well without any in hand, as they can with their plenty."

"What was the amount of Mrs. Adams' bill against Mrs. Swift?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Eighteen dollars, sir. I must tell you that she didn't take up her pay from week to week, because she knewed it would be all safe with them; and to have such a nice large sum come in all at once, she thought would make her feel quite aforchand. It was not a very wise thing, perhaps, and at the end couldn't but bring the matter all the same. For to support them along, she had to draw in that nice little bit of earning of them two children, which she was laying by again the time when they would need their fitting out to go into the school as teachers—the occupation that Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet, ever since Mr. Henry's death, have been striving so hard, and labouring so diligently, almost night and day, to fit them for. Because, sir, they meant it shouldn't be with them children, as it was with Miss Juliet when she wanted to be a teacher; and was refused for not having received her bringing up and education in a public school. They're the most industrious children I ever saw in my life. Why, if you'd believe it, sir, them little girls, ever since they moved to this place, have earned a shilling a piece, week in and week out, besides going every day to school. Come into this room when you might, you would always see them down by their rag-basket, sewing away as fast as they could make their little fingers fly. Then you would never hear them tramping their mother's heels, to let them go and play around with the other children. And though it seems hard for little ones to be always working, and never take a minute's time to join in the glee and frolics so natural to their young days, yet on the whole I think it is better for them than to spend their out-of-school hours running at large in the streets, where they see and hear so much that is pernicious and corrupting to their tender minds. I often tell my granddaughter that I wish she would take pattern by them little girls, and not worry me so much to be playing in the streets the minute she is out of school. And her grandfather, too, is so wifful to keep her away from the bad she learns there, that he offers if she will only stay in the house, and sew rags for him like the little Adams girls, to give her sixpence more a week than he pays them—my husband is the carpet-weaver that you see, sir, down below in the basement of this house; and who, ever since they came into this lodging, has employed them little girls to sew rags for him, as I've already said, I believe. Well then, sir, after Mrs. Adams' disappointment in getting her money from the Californians, there was no way to do but for her and Miss Juliet to go and hunt up work again at the shirt stores; though they had thought never to try it no more; but with that eighteen dollars coming in from the Swifts to keep 'em along awhile, to endeavor to get into some more profitable sort of business. So two, three,—let's see—June was—yes, three weeks ago it was then, just as that spell of cold wet weather come on, Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet had to go out on this business of hunting up work, and they was out all day long in the wet snow upon a week; for when takes it out of more, they can't wait for sunny days, and that's how Mrs. Adams, sir, come by that dreadful cold which she has suffered so much which, and which has now at last brought her to her death-bed."

"Had Mrs. Adams relations, do you know, madam?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Why—no, sir, I believe not any very near relations; that is, we've never heard talk of any; and if she had, since she has moved away from the old town part of the city to the hotel, where she was born and brought up, it were as if they had lost it all, and it were. I don't when folks has been so far away, and all that time, and they once was, that they're not to be taken up by the old folks, and a great deal more. And now, sir, very likely you'd be surprised to see little girls, and Miss Juliet, who'm gone down below into my apartment, and I'll go and bring them if you please."

"So to do, with your grace, don't I go, seeing them where they now is?"

Mr. Phillips bowed this worthy woman down to her half subterranean abode, and she again glanced a sad farewell to her domicile, whose treble appropriation was that of manufactory, of distillery, and domestic workshop; he darted it to the street, and of elements, than for its provision of human comforts, and thought well a fosterer how much more estimable was the combination of nature and rag, poverty and benevolence, than mountains of gold and a host of slaves to a hell-watered man.

Seated on a rude stool, partly screened behind the loom which the old weaver was industriously plying, Mr. Phillips beheld a young woman of singular beauty and loveliness, whom he at once understood to be Miss Juliet Adams. The two little girls were on the ground on either side, with their faces buried in the hands on their sister's knee, and weeping in silence, while often the sister would dry off her own tears, and tenderly imprint a soothing kiss on the brow of the one and the other.

Mr. Phillips, at some time a witness to the subdued grief of these friendless ones, still finding it difficult to obtrude upon such profound sorrow, he at length rose, and requesting the weaver and his dame to leave to him all arrangements for the obsequies of Mrs. Adams, took his departure; slipping at the same time a bright yellow piece into the hand of the latter, for the purchase of some refreshments, for which the wasted forms and wan countenances of the young mourners indicated immediate necessity.

Ere the lapse of much time from Mr. Phillips' absence, from this scene of bitterness, Miss Wise, having been apprised by that gentleman of the sad event, called to offer her condolence, and saying that she had been commissioned by Mr. Phillips to provide the orphans with a suitable wardrobe for the mournful occasion, ordered a young woman to accompany her to take the necessary measures for two entire suits for the three.

Then soon came a man with plummet and rule, to take the dimensions of the little narrow house, and make the requisite appointments for the closing scene—that of committing dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

(To be continued.)



## THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

## A HISTORICAL TALE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

(Continued from page 327.)

## CHAPTER XV.

"This is the power to give,  
This is the power to deny,  
Joy for the hour I live,  
Caltness to die."—WILLIAMS.

As the object of young Stanley's visit to England has no bearing upon the dénouement of this tale, we will not follow his footsteps thither.

It is known that when Alice Heath sailed for England, she had strong hopes, from obtaining an interview with Charles II., that she might succeed by her persuasions in procuring the pardon of her husband and father. But so far, at first, from her obtaining the desired interview with Charles, his minions had seized upon Alice as a hostage for the escaped prisoners, and thrown her into strict confinement. Here she lingered during the sixteen years of which our narrative takes no account.

At length, however, at the time we again recur to her, she had succeeded in gaining the ear of one who stood high in the favour of the king. Through his influence she had been released, and was this day to have an audience with Charles in behalf of her proscribed relatives.

Noonday was long past when Alice entered the palace, and the usual hour of the king's levee—if anything could be termed usual when there was much irregularity—was over. The hall and staircases were filled with lackeys and footmen in the most expensive liveries, and the interior apartments, with gentlemen and pages of the household of Charles, elegantly arrayed.

Alice, bestowing a page to her, had been a passport from the Duke of Buckingham. On glancing his eye over it, he requested her to follow him. He led her some distance, through various passages elegantly carpeted, and paused before a small withdrawing room. Throwing open the door, he desired her to enter.

Upon this day, the king held his court in Queen Catherine's apartments. These were thrown open at a given hour to invited persons of some importance, than the highest rank, though the nobility had likewise the privilege of being present.

While he was occupied in sauntering about from one to the other with that easy grace which made him so popular, the page who had conducted Alice into the withdrawing room suddenly entered. He spoke a few words to an attendant upon the court, who immediately approached and informed her majesty that a lady, refusing to announce her name, desired to be admitted.

"By what right, then, does she claim to enter?" demanded the queen.

"She used the name of the Duke of Buckingham," replied the usher.

"Who can she be?" said a nobleman present.

"In the name of adventure, let us admit her," said the king.

"Does your majesty desire the lady to be admitted?" inquired the attendant.

"Certainly; but no, I will see her in the ante-room." So saying, he left the apartment.

Alice had sat some moments on one of the sofas we have mentioned, when a person entered whose appearance caused her heart to beat rapidly, and if conscious that he was the individual with whom she sought an interview. As he approached, Alice, conscious of the deep die which hung upon the issue of this meeting, grew paler than even impalement and remorse had left her, and her heart palpitated with such energy that it seemed as if it would burst its prison-house. She rose as the king approached, and fell upon her knees.

Charles, ever alive to the charms of her sex, paused, much struck at the interesting picture she presented. Advancing, after he had gazed on her for an instant, he bade her rise and be seated.

Her glance was one rather of uncertainty and hesitation, than of bashfulness or timidity, as she still knelt and said, "I behold his Majesty, the king of England, I presume."

"It is Charles Stuart, madam, who requests you again to seat yourself," said the king.

"The posture I employ is the most fitting for one who comes to ask such a boon as I have to solicit. I am the daughter and wife of certain of thy unhappy father's enemies."

The king's countenance instantly changed. "Ah," said he, "her whose release I have recently granted?"

"The same," replied Alice, "and I come now on behalf of my husband and father to beg you to extend your clemency to them."

"Madam," said Charles, "you have at length obtained your own pardon, and methinks that is already a sufficient act of generosity, when I might have held you still as a hostage for the escaped prisoners."

"If you entertained any hope from that circumstance," rejoined Alice, "that those whom you pursue would ever deliver themselves up for my redemption, believe me, they were idle; for I had taken care to prevent the knowledge of my situation ever coming to their ears. And except from such a hope, I can hardly think you would desire longer to confine an innocent female."

"Your own release is freely granted," said Charles; "and I grieve, now that I behold you, that it should have been thus long delayed."

"My release is something, it is true," said Alice, "since it will permit my return to those unhappy beings for whom I plead. But will you not add to

this act of generosity one still more noble, and let me bear to them the news of their pardon?"

"It grieves me to refuse you," answered Charles. "But your father was one of the most implacable judges in that partial court that condemned Charles I. to death."

"Hear me," said she at length, after a violent struggle. "I have one plea to urge in behalf of my request, and if it fails of success, I will depart in despair."

"Say on, madam," answered the king; "your plea must, indeed, be powerful, since you are about to advance it with so much fervour and confidence."

"It is in the confidence of small desert, Sirs. But I will at once proceed to offer it. This is not the first time that I have come to beg the boon of a human life within these walls—a life not endeared to me by personal ties as are those for whom I now implore your forgiveness. Unprompted by any motives of self-interest, but urged merely by feelings of compassion such as I would fain excite this moment in your bosom, I came hither to beg the life of your father, my liege, the late unhappy king."

Charles looked much astonished as she narrated her interview with his unfortunate father, recorded in a previous chapter, and said, "Your appeal is granted. But ask not your demand as a boon at my hands; urge it as a debt of gratitude due from a son to one who would have saved the life of his parent."

Alice pressed his hand with grateful warmth, and raised it to her lips. "May the Lord reward you for the blessed and healing words you have uttered," said she. "No thanks my tongue can speak may suitably express my acknowledgments for what you have done. You have yourself, my liege, known what it is to be hunted down by those who would have deprived you of life. And when you first learned that you might again hold your existence without fear, the thrill of happiness you must have experienced; may be named as a far greater boon than that you now confer, on those two outcasts whose lives and liberty hang upon your word. May God repay you for the joy you have conferred upon my heart."

"I am already repaid by your gratitude," said the king. "Besides, let me not forget that I am only returning an obligation."

"I little dreamed," rejoined Alice, "when I made an effort on account of the late king, that the time would ever arrive when I should urge it to your majesty as an obligation on your part. It was a simple act of compassion, and some instinctive feelings of loyalty toward my unhappy sovereign. But I find I did not misjudge his son when I thought to found on it some claims to his mercy and generosity."

"The circumstance affords an illustration of the truth, that deeds of kindness sooner or later meet their reward even in this life, said the king."

"May you live, then, to reap your recompense for that you have but now performed," said Alice, terminating the interview, and turning to depart.

The king accompanied her in person to the outer door of the palace, and a page conducted her to the gate, where a carriage was in waiting.

## CHAPTER XVI.

A small light-built brig was preparing to sail from London. On her deck might have been seen in all the confusion usually attendant upon the departure of a vessel from port. Men hurrying to and fro with baggage—sailors handling the ropes, and calling the ladders, and fastening the boats to the ship—passengers packing on board, and friends accompanying them for the sake of remaining with them till the last moment—and the voices of all resounding in the air.

Among the passengers a person might have been particularly noticed. One was an exceedingly delicate and lovely-looking woman, apparently about the middle of life. She was clad in black, and as she threw aside her veil to ascend the plank leading to the vessel, she discovered a face of such exquisite beauty, and an expression of such elevated purity, that all who caught a passing glimpse of her lineaments, turned to examine them more closely. She was alone, and borrowed the arm of a sailor to walk the plank, ascending it with a firm and dignified tread. As soon as she touched the vessel's deck, she put a small pile of money into the hand of her companion, drew her veil again tightly over her face, and immediately sought the cabin.

The other was a young man of handsome exterior, who boarded the brig just after the lady we have described had disappeared below. Walking towards the stern of the vessel he leaned over the side. He remained thus for some time, apparently absorbed in a pleasing reverie, and heedless of the bustle and confusion by which he was surrounded. At length he drew from his pocket a letter, evidently written in a delicate female hand, and read it with much interest—seemingly pondering upon every line of it with that lengthened perusal which a man bestows only upon the epistolary communications of the woman of his love.

Finally, the preparations were ended. A bell rang, and those persons who intended to remain in England left the vessel. Slowly she got under sail, and the breeze soon bore her out of sight of the harbour.

Six weeks passed away. The brig being bound for New Haven, had arrived within a hundred knots of Block Island on a certain afternoon, when the attention of the captain was attracted by the sight of a sail.

Immediately men were sent aloft to spy the approaching stranger.

"It is plainly visible," said the captain, after a long and anxious search with his glass, to the young passenger we have described, who was standing by his side.

The person addressed raised his own glass, and swept the water in the direction named. After one or two unsuccessful trials, his eye caught the object.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"Unless I am greatly deceived, sir, there is a full-rigged vessel under sail approaching us."

The young man was silent for a few moments. He cast a cautious glance over the crew, who were anxiously regarding the approaching vessel, that was gradually becoming more and more distinct, and at length could be seen with the naked eye.

At that instant, without hoisting colours or hailing, two shots were discharged from the sloop, one of which glanced across the bows of the brig, and ran dipping into the water, while the other went through her sail.

The captain replied by hailing the sloop through a speaking-trumpet, and demanding what she was, and wherefore she was guilty of this unprovoked hostility.

The only answer he received was the command, in a stern voice, "Down with your sails, and we will presently show you who we are."

It was evident now that the brig was assailed by pirates, and the captain knowing that the command to lay to would be immediately followed by a broadside if he refused, and, being totally unarmed, perceived that there remained no choice to him between flight and instant surrender. The one, he knew, would be impossible, from the rapid advances which the sloop had already made upon them, and the other was still less consonant with his inclinations.

The order was therefore given to clear the deck for the reception of the pirates. Whatever might have been the private feelings of the captain, when the character and force of his enemy were clearly established, he betrayed no signs of indecision from the time when his resolution appeared to be taken. He issued the further requisite commands from the spot where he first stood, in perfect calmness, and with that distinctness and readiness so important to one in his position.

A boat was at once lowered by the sloop, and filled with armed hands, which rowed to take possession of their prize.

"Perhaps you might pacify them by fair words," said the young man, as he still stood by the captain's side.

"There is no hope of that."

"Is there not a lady below?"

"There is," answered the captain. "I had forgotten her until this moment."

"I will see to her," replied the other, and turning away, he quickly disappeared below. He had known that there was a female on board; but as she had throughout the voyage kept the cabin, and taken all her meals in private, he had not yet seen her.

When he entered, he felt the blood rush to his heart, for he fancied the pensive countenance before him was familiar. He stood uncertain, when the hand was removed from her face, and, raising her head, she perceived that she was no longer alone. Their eyes met, and each started with a mutual glance of recognition. In her he beheld the wife and daughter of the regicides; and she, in turn, had little difficulty in tracing the features of Frank Stanley.

If Stanley had before felt for the lady's situation on board of a captured vessel, merely from the compassionate feelings due to her sex, with how much more sympathy did he regard her now. After his interview with Jessy Ellet, on the night before his departure for England, with auspicious aroused in his mind that she whom he beheld might be the mother of the object of his affections, how painful, too, to him must have been the thought that the worst fears her mind might have suggested would probably be realised.

"I fear I can do little to quiet your apprehensions, madam. I have before had occasion to witness your strength of mind and courage, and, all things considered, I deem it best to prepare you for the worst. The ship is attacked by pirates, and being unprepared for defence, has been obliged to surrender. I will remain with you, and protect you as far as I am able."

Alice received the awful determination with calmness.

Meanwhile, Stanley had scarcely left the deck ere the boat drew alongside, and a number of men jumped on board. One of them, who was evidently the commander, approached the captain and claimed the brig.

"You intend to capture us," said the captain. "Be it so, then; but use civility toward the lady passenger in the cabin."

"Civility to the lady passenger!" echoed the pirate commander; "when are we otherwise than civil to the women. Where is this Dulcinea? We would see her, for she may be the flower of our prize."

So saying, he turned on his heel and descended to the cabin. The captain of the captured brig followed, hoping that his presence might in some measure serve to protect the lady.

"A beautiful woman!" exclaimed the pirate, as he entered; "and with a look of sorrow, too, enough to soften the heart of a stone. Come," added he, "most fair and lovely queen of affliction, let me sympathise with you."

The lady drew her veil closely over her face, and with much offended dignity endeavoured to extricate herself from his grasp.

"Let go of her, sir!" exclaimed Stanley, in a tone of anger.

"Why should I let her go; and by what right do you interfere in her behalf?" replied the pirate, turning roughly upon the speaker.

"Because I command you, sir; and because I will protect her with my life."

"You command me, indeed!" sneered the pirate. "Come," he continued, addressing the lady, "cast aside this muffling: you have a face, from the glimpses I caught just now, that can bear to be uncovered with the best."

Suiting the action to the word, the ruffian had torn off Alice's veil, when Stanley interposed, and struck him a blow which sent him reeling to the farthest end of the cabin. He fell heavily against the brass railing of the stairway, and lay completely stunned. It was evident that his head had

come in contact with the metal in his fall, for the blood streamed from it copiously. The noise brought the other pirates into the cabin. Seeing their commander in the plight we have described, they raised him and placed him in a berth.

Demanding next an explanation from Stanley and the captain of the brig, they seized upon them both and bore them on deck, where they were placed under a guard, and threatened, if they were guilty of another aggression, with instant death.

Whilst the incidents above related were occurring, the brig had been got under sail again by her captors, and was moving on in the wake of the sloop, which had changed its course, and was putting towards land in a north-easterly direction.

## CHAPTER XVII.

About twenty-four hours after the capture of the brig, related in the last chapter, every evidence of a violent storm was abroad. These indications were speedily followed by heavy rain.

Two weeks previous to this storm, an aged colonist from New Haven had arrived with his son at the island on which Newport now stands. The advantages of that situation for sea-bathing, at this day so thoroughly known and tested, had even at that early period been discovered, and the season being spring, their object was to make arrangements for putting up a rude bathing-house for the accommodation of invalids.

As the old man and his son looked around them, the sea swelled and heaved with the agitation of the recent storm, the effects of which upon the waves had been too violent to subside for many hours.

All at once, the young man started, and exclaimed:—"God in heaven! father, there is a vessel drifting upon the opposite strand."

The old man perceived an object amidst the waves. He took his spy-glass and looked through it. "She is dismantled," he said; "nothing but her hull is left upon the water."

"And drifting against the breakers," cried his son, in horror, "without the slightest means of weathering the point!"

"She makes no signal," replied the other; "she must be deserted by her crew."

"No open boat could have existed through such a storm as is just past; all must have perished."

"Most probably," answered the old man, with the mild composure of his years.

The hulk was now in the midst of the current, and drifting rapidly toward the strand. Their sight of it, however, was still indistinct, though from the black speck it had at first appeared, it grew a visible object. At length they perceived a plank floating toward the land, to which were fastened two human beings. As they drifted nearer the beach their forms were more distinct. One of them, a delicate female, her wet clothing hanging in heavy folds upon her form, and herself tied by a handkerchief round her waist to a plank, being placed with her face uppermost. The other was that of a man, lying by her side in a reversed position, with his left arm thrown over his companion, as if to keep her more securely in her place, and his right clinging round the plank, with the tight convulsive grasp with which he had taken hold upon it. In both these persons sense and the power of motion appeared to be gone.

Just as the youth who had come in the hope of being their preserver had discovered them, he saw a billow approaching, and hastened to interpose his efforts before it reached them, lest, in receding, it might bear away the sufferers.

It was not without a severe struggle on his part, that he, as well as his lifeless companions, were not swept off by the wave, which proved even stronger in its might than he had anticipated. He succeeded, however, in retaining his position; and before the return of another wave, by a violent exertion of strength, he dragged the plank upon the small strip of dry sand, as well as those attached to it.

Bending over them, their preserver discovered that they both still breathed, but so feebly, that the respiration of each was scarcely perceptible.

At this moment, the youth's father crept cautiously along the beach. Anxious for his son, as well as wishing to assist him in his hazardous enterprise of mercy, he hastened to the spot. He uttered an exclamation of thanks on beholding him uninjured. Then, after a moment's consultation, the father untied the handkerchief which bound the female to the plank, and lifting the insensible and fragile form in his arms with much care, he set out with rapid steps by the same path he had come.

His son had more difficulty in raising the body of her companion. But by one of those superhuman efforts of strength which great emergencies are known to inspire, he at length succeeded, and with laboured breath followed after his father, as rapidly as the heavy weight of his burden would allow.

It was about twelve minutes after the old man that the youth reached a place of safety with his burden. The lady, by this time, under the vigorous exertions of his father, had revived so far as to open her eyes and sigh heavily.

Both the men, therefore, deemed it best to devote themselves to the other sufferer. He too, though not so readily as his companion, owing to his face having lain downward, and his respiration having been thus impeded, at length gave signs of returning life.

Reader, we will not stay to behold their complete restoration to consciousness. We leave you to imagine the circumstance. Doubtless you have anticipated us in the information, that in them you behold Alice Heath and Frank Stanley, both of whom the storm had been the means of delivering unharmed from the hands of the pirates.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

HENRY ELMORE and his wife had been suddenly called to New Haven, in consequence of the receipt of a brief letter. By the same messenger, a letter had also come to Jessy Ellet, from her lover, informing her of his arrival in Connecticut, and giving some account of the capture of the vessel in which he had sailed, and of the shipwreck, with the details of his escape from which, the reader is already acquainted. He also hinted at some tidings which would make her heart leap for joy; but added, that as he expected to have the bliss of meeting her before twenty-four hours from the time of his writing, he would defer his intelligence until then.

As Jessy sat alone, after having seen her sister and brother depart for New Haven, counting the hours until their return and her lover's arrival (for she supposed they would come in company), her thoughts and feelings were of that agitated kind natural to her situation, in expecting to meet so soon the object to whom her affections were plighted, after his absence for months in a distant land.

As she sat musing one evening, she was startled by the sound of a deep groan, issuing from the door opening upon the wing of the house to which the corridor led. Much surprised, and inclined to think that her imagination had deceived her, and that in the occupation of her mind she had mistaken some ordinary sound, and fancied in it that manifestation of distress which she deemed she had heard, she aroused herself completely from her reflections, and listened breathlessly to hear whether or not it should be repeated. In a few minutes it was audible again. This time it was impossible that she should be mistaken; it was a groan of human agony which she had heard. She rose instantly, and approached the door from whence it came. She had never before sought entrance here, having always supposed the place sacred to her sister's devotions, and containing no possible attractions for her.

Hastily she glanced her eye along the door in quest of a handle or latch to assist her in opening it; but it contained none. She then pushed it, in hopes that it might give way to her pressure. It was firmly secured, however, and resisted all her attempts. At length she was about to desist in despair, when another groan, deeper and more heartrending than those she had heard previously, caused her to make one more effort. She exerted her utmost strength, and in doing so, her hand accidentally touched upon a secret spring, and the door suddenly gave way. She found herself at the foot of a low flight of steps, up which she quickly ascended.

Jessy Ellet here encountered another door, which stood ajar. She heard within, the sound of a heavy tread, and filled with astonishment, hesitated whether to advance or retreat. Again a moan of distress fell upon her ear. Stimulated by feelings of kindness and compassion, no less than of intense curiosity, she proceeded, and stood within a neat though humble apartment. It was carpeted, and otherwise comfortably furnished. A table, strewn with prints and newspapers, was placed in the centre of the room. A low fire burned on the hearth, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, and a couch was drawn near it: beside which was placed a stand covered with phials, and a bowl containing nourishment for an invalid.

Upon this couch lay the form of a person covered with a cloak. Jessy's quick glance rested here, and, at that moment, another of the sounds of pain, such as she had heard, issued from beneath the folds of the mantle. Instantly approaching, she turned down the cloak, and beheld the face of the dying person lying beneath it. It was that of an aged man, whose features were wan and worn. His eyes were closed, and through the midst of the traces of pain which rested upon his countenance, might have been discerned the calm beauty of holiness, and the placid smile of one whose hopes were placed in heaven.

As Jessy stood, she became conscious, by a slight movement behind her, that there was still another inmate of the apartment. Turning, she beheld standing near, a form of manly grace and dignity. As she did so, the countenance of the person whom she viewed underwent an entire change, and he regarded her with a fixed and painful earnestness, while a flush that overspread his fine features evinced no little emotion.

"Excuse my intrusion," said Jessy, addressing him modestly, and with embarrassment. "I heard a sound of distress, and came hither to learn from whence it proceeded."

At the tones of her voice, the invalid, with another groan, stirred, as if about to awake. It seemed as though there had been some magic in her notes to arouse him, for his sleep had been deep, and she had spoken but in a low key.

"I heard the voice of my Alice, did I not?" said he, faintly.

Opening his eyes, he beheld Jessy standing by his side. "The Lord's blessing be upon thee, Alice," he murmured, endeavouring to stretch out his withered and feeble hand towards her. "I knew thou hadst not utterly forsaken me! See, William, she has returned; the Lord is still merciful to us. Mine eyes have beheld her once more, and I have now no other wish than to close them again and die."

Jessy, supposing his words caused by the delirium of illness, gently took the faded hand he tried to offer, and he continued: "Years have passed over thee, my daughter. Thou lookest scarce older, or less fair, than when thou wert wont to trip about thy father's halls, ere trouble visited us. Time has not dealt so lightly with thy husband and myself. See how thine absence has wasted me, until I am dying to-day. Alice, thou must have been happier than we have been during thy separation."

Surprised at these words, Jessy turned towards the other stranger.

"He mistakes me for another," said she.

"Well, might I, too, believe that thou art she," replied the person addressed, regarding her fixedly in an absent manner, and speaking as if to

himself. "Maiden," said he, suddenly, shaking off for a moment his waking dream, and advancing a step nearer to her, "by what name do they call thee?" "I am known as Jessy Ellet, sir," she replied, modestly. "Whom do I so much resemble?"

The person spoken to did not apparently hear the query. His whole senses seemed absorbed in the one sense of sight; and he continued to gaze upon her until, in spite of all his efforts at self-control, he seemed almost completely overcome by some feelings of extraordinary emotion.

Jessy looked in surprise at his working features for a moment, and she felt her nature melt in a flow of generous sympathy towards him, as she tremulously and apprehensively repeated her question.

"Whom dost thou resemble?" he said, at length. "Thine own mother, my daughter—my wife, and the child of that dying man. Behold your father and grandfather in the unhappy beings before you. Come, my child, to this long-forsaken bosom!" And he stretched out his arms to receive her.

There was a moment's doubt on the part of Jessy; but a mysterious instinct convinced her of the truth of the words she had heard, and the next moment her arms were about the neck of the stranger, and her voice was uttering, through sobs and tears, the endearing name of father.

After a while, gently disengaging herself from his embrace, she knelt down by the side of the aged sufferer, and bathed his feeble hands with her tears. The old man seemed to have no part in the recognition which had taken place; his imagination mistook the gentle creature before him for the lost child of his memory.

He appeared now to be sinking rapidly, and as the father and daughter sat with full hearts in the consciousness of being thus united, and listened to his laboured respirations, the sound of approaching carriage-wheels slightly shook the house. It ceased, and a vehicle stopped at the door. A few moments more, and a creaking was heard upon the stairs. Presently after, a step fell upon the floor of the room, and a female figure softly advanced. The father and daughter started simultaneously, and rushed towards her. In a moment the arms of both were around her, and the heroic Alice Heath was at length restored to her husband and child.

We will not linger on the scene. Pass we on, then, to the conclusion of our story.

The morning of the next day dawned on few who had pressed their customary couches in the house of Henry Elmore, for the aged sufferer, on the night that intervened, had breathed his last beneath its roof. The body extended on the bed, exhibited, even in death, the mildness and serenity of expression that had characterised his face during the latter portion of his life.

He was followed to the grave not only by his relations, but by Henry Elmore and his wife, whose feelings on the occasion were scarcely less deep than their own. In these the deceased, as well as his unhappy companion, had found true and sympathising friends; and to their unremitting care and attention it was that they had not both sunk, long ere the return of Alice, into the same grave to which the one had now finally departed. Governor H. and his excellent lady likewise attended the funeral with much sympathy, and returned afterward to the house of their niece, to rejoice with Alice on her return, and congratulate her husband on the pardon of which she had been the bearer.

An interesting scene ensued, in which Jessy wept upon the necks of those generous friends, and returned her thanks to them for having so long sought to shield her from the misfortunes of her family. Between Lucy and herself a still more affecting embrace followed. The former, through the strict secrecy of her uncle and aunt, had never suspected that the tender name of sister, by which she had known Jessy, was only assumed. But though she received the intelligence in some sorrow, it was scarcely of a heart-felt kind; for both had a consciousness that it was in the name alone that a change could take place, and that in feeling and affection they would ever remain sisters still.

Stanley, too, was present on this occasion. His meeting with Jessy at such a season of deep feeling for her had been tender in the extreme; and although he had not as yet had time for many words in private with the object of his affection, she read in his manner and countenance his deep and ardent sympathy.

The rumour of the strange reunion between the parent and child, of the long seclusion of Lisle and Heath in the wing of Henry Elmore's house, thereby explaining all the mystery formerly attached to it, soon spread throughout the colony. But it scarcely excited the astonishment which such a romance in real life would create at the present day, for those were periods of tragical confusion and strange catastrophe, when the reading asunder of domestic ties were often without an hour's warning, and when reunions were as dramatic as any exhibited on the stage.

It created little surprise, therefore, when Heath removed to Boston with his gentle and lovely wife, there to reside permanently, or when Jessy Ellet appeared as an inmate of their family.

It was just three months after this removal that Stanley and Jessy were united in marriage. No wedding party was invited to grace the occasion; but Governor and Mrs. H., and Henry Elmore and his wife were the only guests.

We will now bid the reader adieu, leaving him to imagine that henceforth the fortunes of all our characters ran in as smooth a tide as is possible in this world. We all know that the stream of actual life flows in an even course with but few. With most it is, as our tale has shown it, a confused succession of alternating sensations, sometimes dark and dull of hue, like the clouds of winter; at others, breaking out into the glowing splendour and bright illusions of a dream.



## THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

(Continued from Page 385.)

The analogy between lightning and electricity Franklin proved by actual experiment, which embraced the bold project of bringing down the lightning from the heavens and subjecting it to the test of his analysis. He at first proposed to effect this object by placing a sentry-box on some elevated tower or spire, from which could be raised a pointed metallic conductor, terminated beneath by a cake of wax for the purpose of insulating it. At that time no building was to be found in Philadelphia sufficiently elevated; and while waiting for the erection of a church spire, then in process of building, the thought occurred to him that he might with greater readiness secure a contact with the clouds by means of an *electrical kite*, which differed from the one in common use only in material; it being made of a silk handkerchief, instead of paper, the former being less likely to be affected by the rain. The top of this was terminated by an iron point, and in communication with this point was a hempen cord, joined near the bottom to one of silk: where the hempen and silk cords were united, he attached a metallic key.

Thus prepared, he went out on the commons, on the approach of a thunder-storm, accompanied by his son, to whom alone he confided his intention, fearing the ridicule that might attach to an unsuccessful experiment of the kind; and having protected himself from the rain by a small shawl, he raised his kite in the air, and awaited the result. A thunder-cloud passed over without affecting his kite, and he began almost to despair of success, when he remarked the loose fibres of his string in motion, and bristling, in an upright position, as if placed on a conductor. On applying his knuckle to the key, he experienced a smart shock in his finger, accompanied by a bright spark. The experiment had succeeded, and his theory was proven. It would be easier to imagine than to describe his sensations at this moment. The string soon became wet with the rain; and, in this condition, being a better conductor, he was enabled to collect an abundant supply of electricity, with which he charged a jar prepared for that purpose, and afterwards exhibited with it all the phenomena developed by the Leyden jar charged by the electric battery.

He afterwards had an insulated rod constructed to draw the lightning into his house, with a bell attached, in order to inform him when the rod was affected by electricity. By means of this apparatus, he was enabled to collect a considerable quantity of electric fluid on which to experiment at his leisure.

From two of the discoveries made by Franklin, namely, the superior power of pointed bodies to attract electricity, and the identity between lightning and electricity, he sought to establish an invention whose advantages to the human race can scarcely be estimated. This was the protection of buildings from the effects of lightning, by placing above them a pointed metallic conductor, terminating in the earth. This metallic rod being the best as well as the most ready conductor, the lightning would necessarily traverse it, and thus preserve the building harmless from its effects.

We leave Franklin to relate the manner in which the letters, containing these important discoveries were at first received in England. "Collison got them read in the Royal Society, where they were not at first thought worth so much notice as to be printed in their *Transactions*. 'One paper,' says Franklin, 'which I wrote for Mr. Kinnerley on the *Sameness of Lightning and Electricity*, I sent to Mr. Mitchell, an acquaintance of mine, and one of the members also of the Society, who wrote me word that it had been read, but was laughed at by the connoisseurs. The papers, however, being shown to Dr. Fothergill, he thought them of too much value to be stifled, and advised the printing of them. Mr. Collison then gave them to Cave for publication in his *Gentleman's Magazine*, but he chose to print them separately, in a pamphlet, and Dr. Fothergill wrote the preface. Cave, it seems, judged rightly for his profession; for by the additions that arrived afterwards, they were swelled up to a quarto volume, which has had five editions, and cost him nothing for copy-money."

While in the midst of his electrical experiments, and soon after his letters on electricity began to excite a profound impression in Europe, he was nominated by Governor Hamilton one of four commissioners on the part of Pennsylvania, to meet commissioners from the other colonies, in a congress to be convened at Albany, by order of the Lords of Trade, to consult as to the means necessary for their mutual protection, in an apprehended rupture with France.

The political condition of the American colonies requiring a representative in England capable of supporting with energy the interests of America, Franklin was appointed to proceed to London for that purpose.

He was received by the Royal Society, of which he was already a member, with marks of especial attention; and the principal learned men, both of England and France, hastened to pay him that sort of consideration due to his great attainments and exalted position in the learned world.

About this time the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Franklin by the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland. The presentation of this degree was accompanied by an urgent invitation to visit Scotland, which he did not feel himself at liberty to decline. On this visit, which took place during the ensuing summer, he was for some time a guest of Lord Kames, and became acquainted with most of the eminent men of Scotland, among whom were the celebrated historians, Robertson, Hume, and Watson. In whatever

direction he travelled, he received marks of the most unbounded attention, not the least flattering among which was the freedom of the cities of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. In alluding to this visit afterwards in a letter to Lord Kames, he adds, "On the whole, I must say, I think the time we spent there was six weeks of the *happiest* I have met with in any part of my life."

Although Franklin's attention was mainly directed to the political affairs of the colony, for whose benefit he had visited England, yet he found time occasionally to prosecute his scientific investigations, and correspond on such subjects with his scientific friends. At an early period of his residence in England, he addressed a letter, by request, to Sir John Pringle—a surgeon of great eminence, and afterwards President of the Royal Society—on the effects of electricity in paralysis. As great cures are professed to have been lately performed by electricity and electro-magnetism, the results of his observations may not be uninteresting. "The first thing I observed," writes he, "was an immediate, greater, sensible warmth in the lame limbs that had received the stroke than in the others, and the next morning the patients usually related that they had in the night felt a pricking sensation in the flesh of the paralytic limbs; and would sometimes show a number of small red spots, which they supposed were occasioned by these prickings. The limbs, too, were found more capable of voluntary motion, and seemed to receive strength. A man, for instance, who could not the first day lift the lame hand from off his knee, would, the next day, raise it four or five inches; the third, higher; and on the fifth day was able, with a feeble languid motion, to take off his hat. These appearances gave great spirits to the patients, and made them hope a perfect cure; but I do not remember that I ever saw any amendment after the fifth day, which the patient perceiving, and finding the shocks pretty scarce, they became discouraged, went home, and in a short time relapsed, so that I never knew any advantage from electricity in palsies that was permanent." We apprehend that these cautious and candid observations of Franklin will be confirmed by the experience of every intelligent practitioner of medicine, who has had occasion to witness the effects of electricity in nervous diseases.

He likewise made some experiments on the electrical peculiarities of the tongue, which he communicated in a letter to Dr. William Heberdeen, a distinguished physician, well known by his elegant medical commentaries. The two specimens of this fossil subjected by Franklin to experiment, were the property of Dr. Heberdeen, the largest of which was presented by him to Franklin.

The business which brought him to London having been terminated, he now began to think seriously of returning to his native land. He, accordingly, left England on the 17th of August, 1762, and arrived at Philadelphia on the first day of the following November, after an absence of upwards of five years.

The services he had rendered abroad, not only to the colony of Pennsylvania, but to the American provinces in general, were warmly appreciated, and testified by a vote of thanks passed by the legislature, and another granting him three thousand pounds, for his expenses whilst engaged in its service.

One of the first acts performed by Franklin, as Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, was to sign the resolutions of that body condemning the Stamp Act, contemplated by the British government, as an unlawful infringement upon their privileges. The intense excitement and burst of indignation which pervaded the American colonies on the receipt of the news of the passing of this Act, are too well known to be related here. The British government clearly saw that it had gone too far, and now attempted to retract a step which, if prosecuted, seemed fraught with imminent peril, and if retracted, to furnish an acknowledgment of their want of strength, to carry it into effect. It was on the occasion of the attempt to repeal this Act, that Franklin appeared before the House of Commons as a witness. He had never before occupied so eventful a position, and in no one did he acquit himself with more consummate ability. His exalted reputation, his frank and manly manner, and his perfect acquaintance with everything relating to American interests, served to give the greatest weight to his testimony, which went far towards producing the repeal of the Act so odious to his countrymen.

Taking advantage of the interval of quiet succeeding the repeal of the Stamp Act, Franklin, accompanied by his friend Sir John Pringle, paid a visit to Paris, where he was received with marked attention by the royal family, and the different learned societies of the French metropolis. His reputation, as a distinguished philosopher and eminent diplomatist, had preceded him, and although he visited it for the first time, he found himself surrounded by warm friends and devoted admirers. He was soon recalled to his post by the steps taken in Boston against the Revenue Act, which was conceived to be as oppressive and unjust as the one recently repealed, and which was sought to be evaded by refusing to purchase the articles introduced into the country wherever it could possibly be avoided. The disastrous consequences of ministerial mismanagement are well known.

Franklin now supposed that the last link of friendly connexion between the government and the Colonies had been severed; and feeling that his residence in London could be productive of no benefit to his constituents, prepared to carry into execution his long desired wish of returning to America. During the voyage between London and Philadelphia, which was undertaken on the 21st of March, 1776, and terminated by his arrival in Philadelphia, on the 5th of the following May, his ever active mind was employed in writing out an account of his negotiations in London, just closed. Franklin, on the day after his arrival, was unanimously chosen by the Assembly as a delegate in the second Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, in four days afterwards.

When General Washington, a few months later, assumed the command of

the army; Franklin was selected, with two others, as a committee to visit the commander-in-chief, and advise with him on the most effectual manner of establishing an army to meet the emergency. He was likewise appointed a commissioner of Indian affairs, and in addition was chosen, by the city of Philadelphia, as one of its delegates in the Provincial Assembly. So that there was probably no public personage of the time who had so many and such multifarious political occupations, or whose services were so eagerly sought for, or so much relied upon as Franklin.

Sometime previous to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which took place on the 4th of July, 1776, Franklin, as one of the committee of secret correspondence, had written to his friends abroad, and particularly to Mr. Dumas, at the Hague, to ascertain whether the different governments of Europe would be likely to afford aid to America in her struggle with England. After the emanation of this document it was thought advisable to appoint three commissioners to France, to procure aid from that government, which it was thought their animosity to England might facilitate. Franklin was selected as one of these commissioners, his colleagues being already in Europe. His distinguished reputation as a philosopher and statesman made his arrival a matter of the greatest importance in the French metropolis. Not only learned societies and people of station strove to do him homage, but the masses vied with each other in their unlimited adulation, so that wherever he appeared his presence was greeted with emotions of pleasure. Pictures, busts, and prints of him were sold in astonishing numbers, and medals of all sizes to set in rings and snuff-boxes, with the inscription of "Turgot"—"*Turgot, viri fidei, sapientie, et ingenii*"—were everywhere to be met with. After a residence of upwards of eight years in France, he was relieved at his own urgent request, by the appointment of Mr. Jefferson as his successor, and immediately prepared to return to his native country. He had, for some time, been a sufferer from the gout and other ailments.

When he arrived at Philadelphia, he was met by a large concourse of his fellow-citizens, who carried him in triumph to his house, where he was waited upon by the most eminent personages in Philadelphia, among whom was General Washington. The Assembly of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society, and the University of Pennsylvania, each hastened to make him appropriate addresses of welcome on his return home.

Whatever dreams of retirement from public duties he had indulged, were not so edily to be realized, for he was chosen, in the General Assembly, his return to Philadelphia, President of Pennsylvania, and continued to hold that office, under an annual election, during the period of three years, limited as to term of eligibility by the constitution. Franklin himself had been instrumental in framing it.

When the convention assembled for the purpose of forming a constitution for the United States, in 1787, he was returned as one of the delegates from Pennsylvania, and although far advanced in years, and infirm in body, he felt himself called upon by the importance of the subject, to devote his time almost exclusively to the business of the convention. His term of office as President of Pennsylvania ceased in the autumn of 1788.

He was not long permitted to outlive the period of his official duties; yet he was fully prepared for the moment of his dissolution. "About sixteen days before his death," writes his physician, Dr. Jones, "he was seized with a feverish disposition, without any other symptom standing in, till the third or fourth day, when he complained of a pain in the left breast, which increased until it became almost insupportable by a cough and laboured breathing. During this state, when the severity of his case drew forth a grain of complaint, he would always say the least of it, and that he did not hear them as he once felt, when he was told of the many blessings he had received from the Supreme Being, who had raised him from such small and low beginnings, to such rank and consideration among men, and made no doubt that his present afflictions were kindly intended to warn him from a world in which he was no longer able to act the part assigned him. In this frame of body and mind he continued until two days before his death, and on the 17th of April, 1790, about eleven o'clock at night, he quietly expired, closing a long and useful life of eighty-four years and three months."

His funeral was attended by the mayor and city council in a body, the Executive council and members of Assembly, the American Philosophical Society, and other societies, by a concourse of about twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens. Amid the waving of flags at half-mast, the discharge of successive volleys of artillery, the tolling of muffled bell, and the solemn tones of martial music, his remains were conveyed to the earth, beside those of his wife's, in the cemetery of Christ's Church, over which have been erected a plain marble slab, according to the directions expressed in his will.

We may close this biography by stating the interesting fact, that in a dark corner at the extremity of a room in the Museum at Washington, may be seen the original printing-press, now about 125 years old, at which Benjamin Franklin, drinking water and saving money to buy books with, toiled for many a long day, with sleeves tucked up, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in London. There it is, worn-eaten and old-fashioned, it is true, but eloquent of the history, plain, practical, and worthy, of one of the best and most useful of men.

Curzon is a violent and treacherous schoolmistress. She, by little and little, slyly and unperceived, slips in the foot of her authority; but having, by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of time, fixed and established it, she then assumes a serious, tyrannic countenance, against which we have no more the courage or the power so much as to lift up our eyes.

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from p. 396.)

It was rather a cool morning, and Charles was chilly; he had therefore "saw to it," and arrayed himself in an outer coat, which had been in its day a plump little garment, that fitted well to the person of its master. It looked rather baggyish on the present wearer, but it suited the hand. Charles was not particular; he had turned the cuffs up to let his hands out, and it offered no obstruction to the full play of the legs. Mr. Tightbody was about to object to the singular appearance which his master made, but the lad stowed himself away in the bottom of the waggon, and as his head only was visible, was allowed to pass muster.

His own person Mr. Timothy had attended to with more than usual care. He might, in the course of the morning, see some "good company," and he wished to appear as a man should.

Never did the horses behave better; they held their heads up as though the spirit of their master possessed them; and as they passed the parquage, put on some of their best airs, so that Mr. Timothy had much ado to restrain their excited feelings. After passing the mansion, which just then attracted the little man with so much interest, the horses' heads were gracefully turned from the highway into a narrow road which led directly to the landing. They had proceeded but a short distance, probably a quarter of a mile, when, by some error, one of the horses got his head under his fellow's rein. By dint of much pulling and coaxing, Mr. Tightbody succeeded in bringing them to a halt, and Charles was ordered out to fix things straight.

As I have said, this was one of Mr. Timothy's unlucky days. Wishing to return two empty flax-seed casks by the large from which he was to receive the goods, he had placed them in the waggon. Being a careful man, the heads had been replaced as soon as the sacks were emptied, and as Mr. Tightbody said, were as tight as a drum. On one of these casks he had packed himself, and had felt not only quite elevated, but perfectly secure.

Just as Charles had succeeded in putting things to rights, and was leaning against the horses' heads, he heard a slight noise, and turned quickly towards the waggon.

"My star!"

Charles looked around him on every side, but no master was to be seen; he took his arms akimbo, dropped his under jaw, and opened his eyes to their widest stretch. He was utterly confounded.

"My stars! where is master?"

A deep hollow call reached his ear—

"Help—help—Charles—quick!"

"He's got him. My stars! master's gone mad."

Charles started off to one side of the road; again the voice called; it seemed further off still—

"Help! help!"

Charles could stand it no longer. The sudden disappearance of his master, the call for help, as if from under ground, all convinced him that his master had been spirited away. His turn might be next.

"Master's carried off, sure enough!"

Charles's legs had full play, and they travelled off with a speed equal to the extremity of the case.

Mr. Tightbody had not gone lower than the bottom of the flax-seed cask; it was, however, low enough, in the position that he entered it, to hide what was mortal of him. The tallest among us would make but small show in the world doubled up like a holer, and could be stowed away in no very large apartment; but Mr. Tightbody was not tall, as I have said. Once in, he was fully embowed, and as helpless as Jonah in the whale's belly. The horses were restless beasts, and no sooner was Charles away from their heads, and well on his race, than they started likewise. Mr. Tightbody felt that they were going, and might, firmly anchored as he was, have held on to the reins with a tight purchase. But here was a difficulty, he had but one hand at liberty; the other happened to be, at the moment of his descent, in a hind-pocket, and there it had to remain; and the reins had been slackened, the better to assist the lad in fixing the horses. He felt them gathering speed; in fact, they were taking matters into their own heads, or heels, and where he or they would stop was an uncertainty not very pleasant to anticipate; he knew that the road he was upon soon led over two bridges that crossed the creek in its windings, and neither of them protected by railings; and he thought of many things that are apt to be kept out of mind in the common run of life. In fact, there was a rush of feeling such as the poor man had never experienced before.

Just as Charles started on his race, a young man sprang over the fence from an adjoining field, and made rapid bounds towards the waggon. He had witnessed the scene through an opening in the bushes that lined the road, but had not been observed by either the lad or his master. Fearing if he attempted to seize the horses' heads he should give them an alarm that would only increase the difficulty, he made directly for the back end of the waggon; he was within a few feet, and grasped at the hind-board, but a sudden spring of the horses took it beyond his reach.

"Help, help! I'm a dead man, Charles—help—quick!"

Excited by the cries from the helpless man, the youth made a desperate effort; he felt that the life of a human being depended upon his success. One leap more, and he seized the board; his feet in an instant flew from under him, for the horses were at their speed; but his grasp was strong, and his arm served with the vigour of youth, and the desire to rescue the sufferer.



"The next moment the eye of the lovely Sarah, beaming with emotion, was fixed upon him. She had thrown off the hood and cloak in which she had been disguised, and as she stood gazing upon him, just as she appeared at home, she seemed like an angel of mercy that had descended to shed some rays of light and hope on his dreary path."—See Chap. XI.

from his deadly peril. A few efforts more and he was within, and the reins grasped by a skilful hand. Without any fear himself, he soon managed to calm the apprehensions of the beasts, who were beginning to be alarmed at their unrestrained speed. As soon as he had brought them to a halt, he cast his eye down upon the sufferer, who also looked up piteously to him. They were strangers to each other.

"The blessing of all things be upon you, for a brave heart and a true hand! I was a dead man but for your aid, my young gentleman."

"Have a little further patience, my good sir, until I untackle the horses, for they are much excited."

It was the work of but a few moments, for the young man was no novice at such business. The horses were released from the waggon and fastened to the fence, and a fair prospect was now opened for the deliverance of Mr. Tightbody. Many expedients were thought of by both parties, and the only feasible one seemed to be that of rolling the cask on its side, with its cargo of humanity, and by some means, not very obvious just then, helping him to work his way out.

Mr. Tightbody found it no easy thing, with all the assistance the young man could give him, the work of the latter being to keep the head and feet as near together as possible, until the whole carcass had been withdrawn, when he lay stretched straight out upon the bottom of the waggon, taking long breaths, and making sundry short exclamations, the purport of which was not very easily defined. Starting up, finally, from his prostrate position, he cast his eye around, as if to take the bearings of his whereabouts, and speaking very deliberately—

"Can you tell me, my young gentleman, have you seen anything of a young varmint, that was by the horses when this spree came on?"

"I saw something like a youth, sir," said the young man, smiling, "making rapid strides towards the village; he has probably gone for help."

"The scoundrel! and a pretty story he'll make of it. But may I take the liberty of asking the name of one who has been so serviceable to me? you must be a stranger, I take it, in these parts?"

"I am a stranger, sir, having but recently come to the village; my name is Edwards—James Edwards."

Mr. Timothy was utterly confounded; what an unfortunate circumstance!—but he must make the best of it.

"Edwards! What! not a son of that excellent lady who is about to settle among us?"

"I am the son of Mrs. Edwards, sir, and am very happy that, in my ramble over the fields, I happened to be in this vicinity, and thereby so fortunate as to be of service to one to whom our family will be neighbours."

"And right proud and happy am I, sir, in the prospect of such an event, and shall hope to prove my gratitude to you, my young gentleman, before we've done with one another. I am not the man to forget a kind act. Will you ride to the landing with me, Mr. Edwards? it's a fine morning, and the beasts are in good condition."

"I was on the point of asking the favour, sir. Your servant, I believe, is returning; at least, I think yonder is the boy who left you so suddenly."

Mr. Timothy answered not; he looked in the direction to which the young man pointed, satisfied himself, doubtless, as to the identity of Charles, and also of the fact that he had been for help, for a man was walking beside him, and both were making haste towards the waggon; and then springing to the horse, began with all haste to tackle them.

The surprise of the lad on beholding his master in the breathing world, safe and sound, was very manifest in his bewildered look. It was all a mystery to him, but he said nothing; for his master had given him an expressive shake of the head, as much as to say, "Very well, my gentleman, you've done it; never mind."

Mr. Tightbody was well acquainted with the person whom his servant had brought with him, and he was one to whom he felt little inclined to be under obligations. He, therefore, assumed a very indifferent air, as though nothing had happened, called Charles to "pump in," cracked his whip, and was off, leaving the man in no little astonishment at the whole affair.

The ride was as agreeable now as a ride could be. Mr. Tightbody became quite enamoured with his new acquaintance, for James not only proved himself a skilful manager of horses, but when work was on hand, manifested a readiness to take hold that was very satisfactory to the mind of Mr. Tightbody, and a few days after, in speaking of him to a person of some consequence in the village, he did it with much emphasis.

"He's a true gentleman born and bred, that any man can see; and he is not afraid nor ashamed to put his shoulder to the work when it is on hand to do."

As things go, this opinion of Mr. Tightbody was of some consequence, and it may prove so to our hero.

## CHAPTER V.

THAT there are many noble sentiments cherished in the heart, which are never brought to light in real life, because the energy necessary to carry them into effect is wanting. A few untoward circumstances are, in most cases, sufficient to damp the zeal and put an end to the finest suggestion.

To acquit ourselves like men in the great contest on the field of life, we must keep our eye fixed on the goal to which our hopes aspire, amid all the obstacles that obstruct our way, and through all the windings to which necessity compels us.

James Edwards had accomplished one part of the plan in reference to his mother and sisters. He had procured for them a dwelling in a retired country village, and he had attended them to their new abode, and assisted in arranging the few articles of furniture which they had reserved from the general sale. He had introduced them to kind friends, and when he left them to seek a living for himself and them, rich were the tokens of love he had received from those dear ones of his heart, and strong was his confidence,



that he should soon send tidings of good, to relieve their anxiety, and prove his ability to accomplish what his true heart had devised.

Those of my readers who have been long acquainted with the town of C—, will remember, in the upper part of what was once Sidmouth Street, houses were not quite so plentiful as they now are. And perhaps, on a fine afternoon in the fall of the year, some of them may have taken a game of ball there, and sometimes have been obliged to climb over the piles of boards, which belonged to a lumber-yard near by, in search for the missile, which some unlucky blow had sent in the wrong direction.

Near to this lumber-yard stood a small wooden building, back from the street and almost hidden by a high board fence running parallel with it; and on a range with the two-story brick houses, which commenced at some distance from the square. In this fence was a gate or door, generally open, and the passer-by would be almost sure to give a second look, as the rural aspect of the place attracted his eye; for there were a few shrubs scattered around, and the premises were always neat and orderly. Over the gate was a little tin sign, bearing the inscription, "Boots and shoes mended here by J. Upjohn."

As the dwelling-house in which Mr. Edwards lived was not far from the described premises, James had become acquainted with the family, by stepping in occasionally to take advantage of the handiwork of Mr. Upjohn.

The pleasant manners of the boy won the heart of the old man; and often when at leisure, James found it an agreeable place to stop and chat for an hour. He was always made so welcome, and there was such an air of comfort by the fireside of this little family, and each one had so much to say to him in their homely, pleasant way, that, with the exception of his own home, he knew no place so agreeable.

Mr. Upjohn was a plain, unassuming, sensible man, who worked diligently through the day, but who would, for no consideration, put his hand to hisawl after candle-lighting; he was fond of reading, and fond of arguing, and sometimes a little too positive in expressing an opinion, and then in adhering to it; but with something of a bluntness of manner, not always agreeable, he possessed a kindness and gentleness of heart which few could boast. His wife was an amiable, kind-hearted, soft-spoken woman, with a pleasant countenance, upon which there could always be seen the light of a smile. Besides this couple, there was but one other member of the family—a niece—without parents or other kindred nearer than those who had taken her as their own. They loved her tenderly, but perhaps not wisely. Gertrude had some wild ways with her, which should have been corrected when a child, and now they might have been remedied by a little care; but the good folks did not perceive that there was anything out of the way.

Gitty was a thought giddy; but she was only a child, they said.

She was sixteen, however, and rather tall of her age; marks of beauty were already developing, and gave promise of more than a usual share of that dangerous attendant. Her flaxen hair had, indeed, been too light to please the fancy of many, but it was evidently assuming a browner tinge. It curled, one would have thought, quite enough naturally, but Gitty helped it along a little. It still lay in a childish manner around her ears and down upon her shoulders. Whatever coquetry it exhibited, it certainly evidenced much taste. Her features were well made, forming an open, joyous countenance, and her complexion was pure and bright.

The kindness of Mr. Upjohn during the illness and death of Mr. Edwards has already been noticed, and when James returned to the city, and called according to his promise, he was welcomed with all the warm-hearted interest of near relatives.

"And now, Master James, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I ask you to tarry with us; we are poor folks, to be sure, but what we have you are heartily welcome to, and my wife can fix you a place to sleep in, not quite so good as you have been accustomed to, but it will be clean, that I'll warrant, and perhaps you will rest as well in it as in some grander place."

As Mr. Upjohn said this, his wife laid down her needle-work, took her spectacles off, and with a look of earnestness, while a smile played over her honest countenance, spoke as truly as looks could speak, that she heartily agreed to all her husband had said; while Gitty pulled one of her long curls, and blushed, and manifested by many restless signs, that it also met her decided approbation.

James felt the kindness of the offer, and the colour which mottled his pale cheek, and the moistening of his bright eye clearly indicated how much he was affected by it. A moment he looked at the honest pair in silence, and they, from their hearts, hoped that he was concluding to do as they desired.

"I thank you, most truly, my dear sir, for your kind offer; I should be happier here, now, than any where else in this great city; it seems indeed like home to me; but you know that my plan is, with all expedition, to procure a situation where I can be earning something. The only business with which I am acquainted is that which will qualify me for a clerkship in some merchant's office; to accomplish this, I must be where I can meet with such as might employ me. You know also, how strangely destitute I am of friends, or even acquaintances, who could aid or recommend me. I must form acquaintances for myself. I must be among those who are in active business, and—have, therefore, engaged board at a house in the business quarter of the city."

Mr. Upjohn felt that there was just reasoning in what the youth spoke.

"You will come, then, as often as you can, to see us," said Mrs. Upjohn. "and let us know how you get along; and if at any time we can do anything for you in the mending way, just bring it along, and if the work is too fine for my old eyes, why Gitty will be proud to do it."

Gitty became very restless; she pulled the curls harder than ever, and smiled until her beautiful white teeth were fully exposed through her ruby

lips. Gitty's mouth was, to say the truth, finely formed, and gave a richness to the whole expression of her countenance.

James expressed, as well as he was able, his sense of their kind offer. It was to his young heart a draught from the cup of life, that warmed its generous throbbings into a glow of love. At the very threshold, as he stepped forth into the wide world of strangers, he had been met by a generous sympathy. It was a bright world—he knew it was; there might be dark spots in it, but it was much better than many said it was, better than he himself had thought it. And as he left those humble friends, and walked with elastic step to his new place of abode, kind faces seemed to smile upon him, and generous hearts seemed ready to pour out their felicity for him, in all the hurrying multitude that passed him on his way.

## CHAPTER VI.

HOP is a mighty power within the fresh young heart, and, like the daring chief of Macedon, the youth, with reckless ardour, ventures forth upon an untried region, beneath that soul-inspiring banner, with scarce the meagre ration which that hero had. Well for him will it be, if, in his bright and sunny hour of life, he meets not with those blasting storms, which often sweep across the track which man must travel; when his heart will quiver at the gathering of the blood-red tempest, and his limbs falter beneath the influence of the poisoned air, and his banner, torn from his grasp, go with the roaring wind, and, on the weary wilderness, himself lie down a hopeless human wreck.

Many such there are. We meet them in our daily walk. We hear of them in our daily tidings from the busy world. We heave a sigh, perhaps, or drop a tear, and then pass on.

A situation such as James sought for, is not so easily obtained as persons unacquainted with the city are apt to imagine. Interested friends and strong recommendations are often needed to place a young man where an amount of salary is paid that would make it desirable; and especially are these necessary when a stagnation of business has made clerks abundant and places scarce.

The pressure of such a trial to the mercantile community was now felt in all its sad realities, with full as much severity as it had been for months past, and with the exception of the favoured few who were beyond the chances of trade, the mass was struggling amid difficulties that caused many a sleepless night, and many a sad and silent fireside.

"I wonder why it is, wife, that James,"—they all called him James, so much at home had he become at Mr. Upjohn's—"I wonder why it is that James has not been here now for more than two weeks?"

"I fear the poor child is getting discouraged; he seemed very much down-hearted when he was last here. I think he finds it hard to get a place; and aint you most afraid, husband, that he is spending all his money. Poor boy! you know he hadn't much."

"I met him last evening, aunt,—or rather I passed him in the street; he looked very pale and thin. I had almost a mind to stop and speak to him, but I didn't."

Mr. Upjohn looked a moment rather sternly at Gitty, and then cast a significant glance towards his good woman, as much as to say—"There, wife, there's something about that; you had better see into it."

"And where did you say, Gitty, that you met him? In the street? I thought you were spending the evening at Lydia's."

"Well, so I was, aunt, but you see we girls got tired of sitting so still; the old folks, you know, are rather dull, and we wanted a little run."

"What! you two girls alone, Gitty?" and her uncle looked very soberly as he said this, into the bright fire. Gitty gave her head a toss, just to throw the curls back where she would have them.

"Oh! you know, uncle, Mr. Jones was with us; he stepped in to see Lydia."

Mas, poor uncle! he knew nothing about it; but Gitty smiled so sweetly at him, and put her arm so playfully upon his shoulder, that whatever severe thing he may have designed to say was at once suppressed.

"Be careful, Gitty, be careful! Jones, did you say? what Jones?"

"Oh! how should I know, uncle! but Lydia knew him, you see. He seems to be a clever fellow, any how. I felt very sorry, though, about James, and meant to have spoken to you about him." Gitty was very anxious just then to turn the thoughts of her guardian away from herself.

"I think, papa"—Mrs. Upjohn frequently gave this title to her husband for the reason, perhaps, that there were no little ones to call him so—"I think, papa, you had better go to-morrow and see about him."

"Not to-morrow, wife; there is much work on hand, and I've promised it to be done; but there, some one has opened the gate, perhaps he is coming."

A gentle tap at the outer door was immediately recognised as his, and Gitty arose at once to admit him.

"Ah! Mr. James, welcome, right welcome; take a seat. Gitty, that chair. How has it been with you? Draw your chair close to the fire, it's a chilly evening."

"We were just talking about you. I was saying to Mr. Upjohn that I wished he would walk down and see how you got along; do you know it is more than two weeks since you were here?"

James had, as yet, said nothing in answer to either of the good folks. He bowed politely to them, took the seat which Gitty placed for him, and, as Mr. Upjohn requested, drew it a little nearer to the corner. The bright light shone full upon him, and all present noticed the change which had passed upon his countenance. It was much paler than usual, and had almost a haggard look; had he passed through some great trouble it could not have worn a more marked expression.

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## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

## No. XV.—"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD."

MANY a bright child under the influence of this castigatory proverb, has been led to wish itself one of those dear little cherubs who sit up aloft with nothing to sit upon, because then also it would have nothing to be whipped. "Spare the rod, and spoil the child!" More children have been spoiled by the rod than ever were damaged by abstinence from its use. It is the idleness and incompetency of parents which drives them to rule by the rod; they neither know, nor will endeavour to attain the knowledge, how to rule judiciously; and the domination of fear comes easier to them than the domination of love. "Depend upon it," says a grave portly old gentleman, as he sips his wine, "depend upon it you must begin correction very early with your children, if you wish to have them under command. For my part, I always commenced when they were six weeks old. The best thing, sir, to correct them with at that early age is a newspaper; it makes a great noise, sir, and frightens them without hurting them much." And the newspaper was shaken and rattled over the astonished and frightened infant, and the cane and birch diligently plied with advancing months, and a more miserable, dull, dismal, spiritless family never existed; the grace and playfulness of childhood were never known; they had been whipped into precocious quietude, been flogged into cunning and deceit, been terrified into cruelty and falsehood; and as they grew up in life became a scourge to their parents, more bitter and severe than any of the stripes they had themselves received. The fifth commandment had lost all authority over them; it was too difficult to honour those who were continually attacking them with the birch. And thus all the kindly feelings, all the endearing ties that should exist between parent and child were never fostered and encouraged; the whole moral system was disorganised; and, instead of love, reverence, affection, we had fear, distrust, deceit, indifference, almost hate.

"Fathers have flinty hearts," say some of our old sages; and we presume it is from this reason that the most paternal governments are those which are found inflicting the severest chastisement upon their children, as they name their subjects. Thus the "father of his people," the great Czar of Russia, exercises his paternal authority entirely on the principle of our rabbinical friend who began flogging at six weeks old, but not with the same kind of weapon. A newspaper, though by its noise and rattle it might frighten an infant of a few weeks, is capable also of being turned upon those who thus use it, with more effect than the weapon of the paternal Czar—the knout. This gentle instrument of parental care leaves nothing behind but the pain, and the degradation of spirit which makes slaves of those who are subjected to its stripes; but a newspaper might spread some thoughts and ideas which would not be altogether consonant with the duration of such parental authority as he chooses to establish, and so not even as an instrument of punishment is it permitted to be used. "Spare the rod, and spoil the child," is the one sole maxim of his government; and from rank to rank the lashes of the knout resound. No more freedom of action or of thought is permitted to

them than to the children of the newspaper-flogging father; like the Scotch schoolmaster, with whom all learning was to be found in the "law," so with the Czar all virtue, morality, obedience, all reverence for authority, all veneration of the law, all patriotism, courage, and devotion to the sovereign proceed from the knout. With the happiest effects has this system been carried out, as the lives, or rather the deaths, of the sovereigns of that empire will faithfully show. It was not long since that a Russian nobleman was dining at an Englishman's table, when the conversation turned on the government of his country; the Englishman pressed, with all their thoughts full of their own Constitution, began to question him on the Constitution of Russia, as if under such a paternal rule any Constitution was needed. The Russian, however, was prepared with his answer; he drew from inside his vest a dagger, and placed it on the table—"There," said he, "is the Constitution of Russia; this it is which keeps our parent, the Czar, in order." The government of the knout had produced the Constitution of the dagger; and the assassination of prince after prince in that country, is the faithful commentary of the text.

Austria, again, is another example of this parental authority, the severity of which is increased by the emperor being only step-father to many of his children. To his own legitimate children he is sometimes very paternally condescending; talks a great deal of the love he bears them, throws them occasionally a sugar-plum or two to keep them quiet; but he can never be made to understand that they have arrived at man's estate, are capable of managing their own affairs much better than he can do it for them, and that his own estate would be in a much better condition if he would trust it to them; but the old parental authority is afraid if he spared the rod, he should spoil the child, so he punishes them severely, takes their goods and chattels from them without their consent, and notwithstanding he has continually put his hand in their pockets, is ever on the verge of bankruptcy. His severity at length became so intolerable, that they determined they would endure the rod no longer, so they got rid for a time of the old despotic father; but they had been so badly trained under the influence of the rod that they could not agree very well together; those who had caught most of the old man's sugar-plums when he threw them amongst them, thought they should have a chance of catching some more if he came back again, and they turned upon their brethren who had not been so fortunate as themselves; so, what with their help and the assistance of other parental authorities who still kept the rod in their hands, together with abundant promises from the old man that he would be more sparing of the rod in future, and allow them to have some influence in the management of the estate, all which being fairly written out in legal documents, lawfully stamped, and religiously sworn to, the rod was once more trusted in his hands; but no sooner did he get firm possession of it, than, regardless of all his oaths and promises, he tore up the agreement and flogged them all round with greater severity than ever. Thus even with his own legitimate children he had trained them so badly that he drove them to rebel against his authority; to cast off love, reverence, and affection; to obey only through fear, and to wreak their vengeance when the opportunity shall serve, when the hour and the man shall come, as come they will. But if these children had been spoiled by the use of the rod, what shall we say of his step-children, or rather his wards, those to whom he stood so much in the relation of what our law-books call Guardian in Chivalry, under which name, amongst the feudal nobles committed the most barbarous depredations on the estates and property committed to their care. Some three hundred years ago the people of Hungary selected the emperor of Austria for their governor, or king, but upon the strict condition that they should manage the estate according to the Hungarian customs, laws, and practices. They were ruled by a people from a distant land, aliens in blood and in language, if not in religion, from the house of Hapsburg in whose paternal hands they had placed themselves. They had received a pretty good training, had enjoyed a considerable amount of liberty under their own management, and had deserved reward instead of punishment, praise instead of the rod, for having stood in the gap when Europe was attacked by the Mussulman, and been the bulwark of Christendom against the infidel. But these things were forgotten. The paternal hand did not exactly like being tampered with on conditions, the "spare the rod and spoil the child" policy could not be effectively carried out if the free use of the rod was checked by its restrictions. So other principles of bad nursery government were had recourse to, and cajolery was brought into play, and sugar-plums were promised if they would only be good children and not cry when some or other of their ancient toys, their old laws and customs, were taken away from them; and some of the children liked sugar-plums better than old laws, and helped to place the rod in the hand of the guardian, and held down some of the other children to be flogged; and the power of the rod became so oppressive that they repented of the choice they had made, and rose up against it: "the baby leans the nurse, and quite athwart goes all decorum." And the Austrian nurse calls in the Russian knout to its assistance, and the two together fall on the unhappy children, and burying over a few with sugar-plums, flogged the others almost to death's door. And now the "spare the rod and spoil the child" policy is fully established, male and female come under its lash perpetually—and they are locked up in dark rooms, and neither allowed to receive any visitors, nor to go out for recreation or amusement. When all the world was rushing to the grand Exhibition of last year, and enjoying and improving themselves, these poor children were not allowed to go out, although some of their works carried off the best prizes, the credit of which was usurped by the paternal hand which wielded the rod over them. They were confined within bonds, and we can hardly expect that any great increase of love and affection towards their fathers could grow up. The rod has spoiled them, and as the child gains strength it will have no mercy on the oppressor in his decrepitude.

But this is not the only family of step-children which Austria has under its command. In the full spirit of burning Italy her rod is felt. Here, amidst the traditions of ancient freedom, which not all the bad schooling they have received can entirely root out; where their own great *papa* has wielded the rod over them for centuries, and has mingled with the rod all the bugaboo fears that foolish nursery-minds use to frighten children—the black man up the chimney, and old Bogee at the door; the “spare the rod and spoil the child” policy has produced a race of those turbulent spirits, whom nothing but the cannon and the bayonet can control. Here is no willing obedience—no respect to paternal commands—no reverence for authority that is based only on the rod. Like their own volcanic region, they are ever breaking out into eruptions which carry desolation and dismay on all around. And the maintenance of the power of the rod is draining the pockets of the wielder of the rod so thoroughly, that he must ere long be compelled to give it up. The step-children and wards of Austria will unite against the paternal authority; and, in spite of the ignorance which the discipline of the rod condemns them to, and which is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the power of the rod, they will have learnt the power of combination and co-operation. Its own legitimate children will understand that they cannot assist him in using the rod for his wards and his step-children, without, at the same time, keeping a “rod in pickle” for their own backs. And we shall have all parties uniting to destroy the rod itself, and to paralyze the arm that wields it. It is in vain that the tyrannical flogger exercises his power to keep free men out of his dominions. Free thoughts and opinions will find their entrance in spite of passports and police—will spring up and germinate in spite of stripes and blows—will flourish the more vigorously where cruelty steeps the land in blood. The power of the rod in the end defeats its own object; spoils the child; makes slaves of the weak, the timid, and the ignorant, and hardens the man into cruelty or despair.

In another land, long under the paternal government of one with a rod in his hand, we have seen the grievous fallacy of “Spare the rod and spoil the child” illustrated. France had its paternal authority, by whom the rod was not spared, and yet the child scarcely escaped the spoiling. The whole training of its young life was under the influence of the rod; at length, as it waxed to maturity, the power of the rod in the school of life became so oppressive, that young France rose in its might, and “barred out” the rod bearer. They beat the master; but the beatings they had before received had made them cruel, and therefore they slew the master they had beaten; and not only him, but his wife and children, his sisters and brothers—nay, all who had been in authority under him on whom they could lay their hands. Fear of the old oppressor produced terror that nothing could alleviate but death. The blood-stained land could no longer be called their mother, but their grave—

“Where nothing  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
When sigh, and groans, and shivers that rent the air,  
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow sees  
A modern ecstasy; the dead man’s knell  
Is there scarce asked, for whom? and good men’s lives  
Expire before the flowers in their cups,  
Dying, ere they sicken.”

And like children broke loose, they began to play at republics, and christened themselves Brutus and Scipio, and all the names that were famous in olden story, and imagined that with the name came the virtues of the men they represented. But they soon fell into the power of a greater than Cæsar, for they had been spoiled by the rod, and, rushing into the other extreme, were still further spoiled by indulgence, indulgence in all that was vicious, and heartless, and cruel. They had been so badly trained they knew not how to use the liberty they had gained; they degraded it to anarchy; and their false notions of glory and honour placed them again in the hands of one who wielded the rod with tenfold fury; and made them the scourge of all the neighbouring states, without teaching them how to manage their own. These neighbouring states took the part of the old paternal authority, and replaced him in power with a modified authority. But the old authority had learned nothing by his former defeat; he had still a hankering after the rod, and once more he was “barred out.” Another dynasty now reigned—not over France, but was placed at the head of the French people—an embodiment of popular power; a constitutional ruler with a restricted power of the rod; and then there was a struggle to increase these restrictions on the one hand, and to escape from them on the other. And one wintry morning Louis Philippe awoke, and found he was no longer King of the French. They had taken the management of their own affairs into their own hands; and strange blunders these spoiled children made. Nothing would serve them but some dream of military glory, and they placed at their head a man who bore the name of their greatest commander; and the man thus chosen by themselves upset in a minute all they had been doing towards self-government, seized the power of the rod into his own hands, clapped all their leaders into gaol, transported some to the pestilential swamps of the tropics, banished others from their country, and sent them to wander as exiles in foreign lands—he himself had wandered in former times, gagged their press, stopped their newspapers, and, by the power of the rod, now rules supreme, until the next freak of these spoiled children shall, by one means or another, put an end to his rule. For, as Prince Schwartzburg wittily said, “Bayonets are all-powerful; you can do anything with them but sit upon them.” From the beginning of their career to the end, from the time when Clovis smote the soldier to the ground for insisting on his rights, to the last act of Louis Napoleon, it has been the rod, and nothing but the rod, by which France has been ruled, and her children spoiled.

In the country, fortunately for us, a better kind of discipline has been adopted: the rod has been sparingly used. We have had our punishments

and indignities like other children; but some of our earliest teachers knew that the power of love was a better talent than the power of fear; and that children made better men from having good principles originally instilled into them, than by attempting to dog bad ones out of them. In modern times we have a Wilderstein establishing infant schools for the training of babies and sucklings, so in former days the Baron Altes was the Wilderstein of the nation; he was the great teacher of the children and youth of this kind. He gave us laws that would enable us to exert the power of the rod,—he taught us to take part ourselves in the management of our own affairs,—he made us the judges of the propriety of using the rod,—he bade us understand the equity of our laws, and the necessity of obedience to law,—and from his days have descended those feelings of veneration for law and justice, which form the distinguishing feature of our country. We have indeed sometimes had rulers who have exercised the rod more freely than was in accordance with good government, but they themselves were under the restraint of the moral feeling of the nation, and never carried it to the extent which spoils the children of other lands. And when our rulers really sought to govern by the rod, to east off all the checks which law and custom had imposed upon its use,—we got rid of them and supplied their place with better governors. But never for one instant did we degenerate into anarchy. Even the most questionable proceedings of the most turbulent times were conducted with strict adherence to all the forms of law; not hastily and in the heat of the moment, but with grave cool deliberation and debate. Our rulers, notwithstanding the proverbial slowness of those possessing power to admit the younger branches of the family to share in the power over the family estate, have admitted that a very large portion of us are fully capable of being entrusted with such management. Many more amongst us believe that they have given proofs of such capacity, and some of our rulers have admitted the proofs to be sufficient for a large extension of this power. The rod has been spared, and we have not yet been spoiled. When last summer our neighbours from some of the paternal governments escaped, for a time, from the rod, and spent their holidays on our shores, they ran about in a state of wonder at seeing us collected together by hundreds of thousands without a single soldier to remind us of the rod; and that they themselves might run about where they liked with no one to question them whence they came, or where they were going; was a thing they could not understand. The everlasting rod under which they lived would not let them move, or speak, or think, but as paternal authority dictated; and here they witnessed a whole people whose ruler never interfered with their movements, whose liberty of thought and speech was perfect, whose press was perfectly free to record the thought of their hearts, who enjoyed their liberty without abusing it, who, being without the government of the rod, had escaped being spoiled in spite of the proverb.

## THE BEGGAR.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A beggar through the world am I—  
From place to place I wander by.  
Till up my pilgrim’s scrip for me,  
For Christ’s sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,  
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,  
Old oak, give me,  
That the world’s blasts may round me blow.

And I yield gently to and fro,  
While my stout hearted trunk below  
And firm set roots unmoved be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,  
Enduring still through day and night,  
Rude tempest shock and withering blight—  
That I may keep at bay  
The changeful April sky of chance  
And the strong tide of circumstance—  
Give me, old granite grey.

Some of thy mournfulness serene—  
Some of thy never dying green,  
Pit in this scrap of rhyme,—  
That griefs may fall like snow-flakes light,

And deck me in a robe of white,  
Ready to be an angel bright,—  
O sweetly mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,  
Of thy sparkling, light content,  
Give me, my cheerful brook,—  
That I may still be full of glee  
And gladness, when’er I be,  
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me  
In some neglected nook.

Ye have been very kind and good  
To me since I’ve been in the wood;  
Ye have gone high to fill my heart;  
But good-bye, kind friends, every one,  
I’ve far to go ere set of sun;  
Of all good things I would have part;  
The day was high ere I could start,  
And so my journey’s scarce begun.

Heaven help me, how could I forget  
To beg of thee, dear violet!  
Some of thy modesty,  
That flowers here as well, unseen,  
As if before the world had been,  
O, give, to strengthen me.

RATHER SINGULAR NAME.—Mr. Frog, a tailor, who had left Charleston at the commencement of the war, returned soon after the capitulation, and got acquainted with a certain J. W. Gibbs, who was requested by Frog to stand as godfather to one of his children, which was agreed to by Gibbs. provided he should have the naming of the child. As they were going to church, the father asked Gibbs if he had thought of a name. “Yes,” says Gibbs. “What do you think of our Lieutenant-Governor Bull?”—“We’ll name the child after him.” “Very good,” said the father, “I approve of it very much.” The child was accordingly named Bull. Frog did not immediately think of the drollery of the name, but when he did, he could have killed Gibbs for such an imposition on his reliance and friendship. He thought to have recourse to the board of police to get permission to re-baptize the child, but when he saw Lieutenant-Governor Bull, then presiding, he thought it would be an affront to relate the story, therefore he postponed the matter, and the child still remains under the appellation of Bull Frog—Connecticut Journal.



## ONWARD!

**POSTAGE STAMPS FOR THE ROMANS.**—The Roman Government have sanctioned the introduction of postage stamps for the pre-payment of postage on letters. The stamp is about the size of the English postage stamp; and on it is a representation of the tiara and keys, the badge of papal dignity and power.

**NEW PLANING MACHINE.**—An invention of Mr. W. H. Bunnell for planing deals, mouldings, &c. has been tried before Rear-Admiral Superintendent Prescott, C.B., and the engineering officers of this dockyard, in the joiner's shop. It planes 80 feet per minute by steam power. The trial was pronounced successful.—*Portsmouth Times*.

**A NEW CAR.**—A "Brougham Cab" has been registered, to carry four inside, and run the same draught as the Hansom cab. The body of the vehicle is oval, and the seat semi-circular, and stretchies both behind and before the axle. There is a frame below on which to carry luggage, which is secured by a leathern strap. The driver's seat occupies the same place behind as in the Hansom cab.

**STEAM TO AUSTRALIA.**—The departure of the first vessel of the Australian Steam Company's line is fixed for May, from Plymouth, for Sydney, touching at the Cape of Good Hope, King George's Sound, Adelaide, and Port Philip. She will have accommodation for a hundred and fifty cabin, and a hundred and fifty intermediate and steerage passengers, as well as for nine hundred tons of freight. Travellers will now be able to circumnavigate the globe in almost as little time as they can read the narratives of the voyagers of former days.

**IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.**—At a late meeting of the Philosophical Society, established at Glasgow, Dr. Penny communicated the important discovery, made by himself, of the presence of a considerable quantity of potash salts in the soot from blast iron furnaces. From the well-known value of potash salts, there is every reason to expect that this discovery will prove of considerable importance to those who are interested in these commercial products, and also to ironmasters, who will be enabled to turn to account a substance which has not hitherto been applied to any practical use.—*Observer*.

**SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.**—A new department of the Board of Trade, called "The Department of Practical Art," has been created. Mr. Henry Cole is to be Superintendent of the general management, and Mr. Richard Redgrave Art-superintendent. Mr. Cole's duty will be to communicate with manufacturers, local committees, managers of institutes, &c.; to visit and inspect schools, &c., assisted by Government, and report as to these and the establishment of new schools; regulate the admission of students into the head school, and other duties; all to be exercised, of course, under the sanction of the Board. Mr. Deverell remains as secretary.—*Builder*.

**JUNCTION OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.**—A proposition of some importance is at present before the council of the Society of Arts, contemplating the affiliation of the Literary and Scientific Institutions, the Mechanics' Institutes, and other similar bodies throughout the country. The matter is brought forward by Mr. Harry Chester, who points out in his letter the various advantages both to the progress of popular science and art in general, and to the prosperity of the several institutions, by a system of organised correspondence and mutual influence. By regular communication with a central institute, and with each other, there is no doubt that new activity and spirit will be given to the local associations.—*Literary Gazette*.

**PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE IN AMERICA.**—Temperance and teetotalism are gaining ground rapidly in America—in the old States, at least, of the Union. Massachusetts and Maine have already enacted very stringent laws against the sale, as a beverage, of anything that can intoxicate. Mr. Munroe has introduced a bill into the New York Senate, prohibiting the sale of an intoxicating liquor in a smaller quantity than thirty gallons, except when it is required for medicinal purposes, and under the strictest provisions; the prosecutor to be admitted as a witness on the trial, and no person engaged in the traffic of liquor to be allowed to sit as a juror in such cases. Other stringent enactments are reported, which show that, with all their love of freedom, the Americans remember that there are other benefits worth securing, even at the cost of some sacrifice of liberty.—*Observer*.

**NEW OMNIBUS.**—During its twenty years' existence the London Omnibus has scarcely undergone a single alteration for the better—except as regards price. Yet there are a few things in which improvement would add to the comfort of many persons. A new idea has just been started in the shape of omnibus construction. The chief novelty consists in the fact that the seats, capable of containing ten passengers inside, are detached, somewhat after the style of those in first-class railway carriages, and so contrived that the passengers sit with their faces to the horses, leaving a clear passage up the centre of from eighteen to twenty inches in width and six feet four inches in height. The passage is covered in by a semi-circular glass roof, by which means ample light is obtained. The ventilation is effected by interstices over the windows in each compartment, and perforated metal panels in the vehicle—which altogether weighs no more when loaded than the usual omnibuses. At the head of the vehicle is an alarm bell, to communicate to the driver and conductor, accessible to all the passengers. There are also a couple of clips for newspapers, an almanack, indicator, and a lamp. The inventor of this vehicle is said to be a private gentleman having no property in omnibuses, and no connexion with the road.—*Literary Gazette*.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## AGE.

O LET us have him; for his silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion;  
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds;  
It shall be said,—his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness shall no wit appear.  
But all be buried in his gravity.—*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar*.

Youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health, and graveness.—*Shakespeare's Hamlet*.  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

*Shakespeare's As You Like It*.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers.  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!  
*Shakespeare's Henry IV*.

These are the effects of doting age,  
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over caution.  
*Dryden's Sebastian*.

Age sits with decent grace upon his visage,  
And worthily becomes his silver locks;  
He wears the marks of many years well spent,  
Of virtue, truth well tried, and wise experience.  
*Rowe's Jane Shore*.

This heart, by age and grief congeal'd,  
Is no more sensible of love's endearments,  
Than are our barren rocks to morn's sweet dew,  
That calmly trickles down their rugged cheeks.  
*Miller's Mahomet*.

Fresh hopes are hourly sown  
In furrow'd brows: to gentle life's descent,  
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain:  
We take fair days in winter for the spring;  
And turn our blessings into bane.—*Young's Night Thoughts*.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,  
The vanities of life forego,  
And count their youthful follies o'er.  
Till memory lends her light no more.—*Scott's Rokeby*.

Yet time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb:  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.  
*Byron's Child Harold*.

## AMBITION.

SOME thought to raise themselves to high degree  
By riches and unrighteous reward;  
Some by close should'ring, some by flattery;  
Others through friends; others for base regard;  
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepared.  
Those that were up themselves, kept others low;  
Those that were low themselves, held others hard,  
Nor suffered them to rise or greater grow:  
But every one d.d strive his fellow down to throw.  
*Spenser's Faery Queen*.

Who soars too near the sun, with golden wings,  
Melts them;—to ruin his own fortune brings.  
*Shakespeare's Henry VIII*.

Cromwell, I charge thee, sling away ambition:  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
*Shakespeare's Henry VIII*.

I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other side.—*Shakespeare's Macbeth*.

That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,  
For in my way it lies.—*Shakespeare's Macbeth*.  
Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way; thou would'st be great;  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it; what thou would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win.—*Shakespeare's Macbeth*.



ENIGMA.

I've led the powerful to deeds of ill,  
And to the good have given determined will.  
In battle-fields my flag has been outspread,  
Amid grave sonators my followers tread  
A thousand obstacles impede my upward way,  
A thousand voices to my claims say "Nay."  
For none by me have e'er been urg'd along,  
But envy follow'd them and breathed a tale of wrong.

Yet struggling upward, striving still to be  
Worshipp'd by millions—by the bound and free,  
I've fought my way, and on the hills of Fame,  
The trumpet's blast pronounc'd the loud acclaim.

When by the judgment of the world I've been  
Hurl'd from the height my eyes have scarcely seen,  
And I have found the garland o'er my head  
Too frail to live—my home was with the dead.

ENIGMAS.

1.

My face is smooth and wondrous bright,  
Which mostly I keep out of sight  
Within my house; how that is made  
Shall with much brevity be said.  
Compos'd with timber and with skin,  
Cover'd with blankets warm within;  
Here I lie snug, unless in anger,  
I look out sharp, suspecting danger;  
For I'm a blade of mighty wrath,  
Whene'er provok'd, I sally forth;  
Yet quarrels frequently decide,  
But ne'er am known to change my side.

Tho' e'er so much our parties vary,  
In all disputes my point I carry.  
Thousands by me are daily fed,  
As many laid among the dead.  
I travel into foreign parts;  
But not in coach convey'd, or carts.  
Ladies, for you I often war,  
Then in return my name declare.

2.

In Moses' time there lived one,  
As Scripture will declare,  
Who spoke, and ever spoke the truth,  
Which plainly will appear.  
He liv'd on earth, and did not sin,  
Guileless he liv'd and died;  
And all his actions were most just,  
And to be justified.  
Yet for all this, 'tis said in heaven  
He ne'er shall find a place,  
Nor may of his ancestors,  
Nor yet his future race.

3.

When first presented to the world,  
I'm innocent and fair;  
But catch the vices of the age  
Before I've long been there.  
While new my face, I'm sure to please;  
But short-liv'd is my way;  
For scarce I'm won, e'er fickle man  
Casts me with scorn away.  
Not satisfied with quitting me,  
To aggravate my shame,  
When he's obtain'd all I can yield,  
He gives me a bad name.  
In vice, in virtue, folly, sense,  
In wit, too, I abound;  
In short, in me variety  
Of ev'ry sort is found.  
Arts, science, war, Parnassian wreaths,  
Law and divinity;  
Actions, wits, beauties, often owe  
To me celebrity.  
I'm found in almost ev'ry land,  
In Britain well am known;  
A welcome guest where'er I go—  
I visit e'en the throne.  
Wealth, fame, and honour I dispense,  
And sometimes cause disgrace;  
To dismal prisons some I send;  
To others give a place.  
In life and death, too, I've a hand,  
These give and take away;  
A proof of this most men receive  
On each returning day.  
But though thus gifted, I, alas!  
Man's fatal vices prove.  
Destroy'd, as oft the case, by him  
Who once profess'd to love.

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



FIVE OF SPADES.—"AIRS AND GRACES."

4.

Enigmatisms try their skill,  
How to bring me to their will,  
Likewise farmer, tinkers, tailors,  
Chimney sweeps, and hardy sailors,  
Strive alike with hearty zeal  
My sweet influence to feel.  
If, tired with work, beside you stream  
You chance to rest in airy dream,  
Reliev'd from toil, you hope that I  
Amusement will for you supply.  
Virtue 'tis said I oft destroy,  
But beggars reckon me chief joy,  
Gallant soldiers for me fight,  
Secretaries for me write;  
Kings from me their comfort draw,  
And knaves for me submit to law.  
All-powerful chieftain vice am I,  
Adorn'd by most, tho' all deny  
That they wish me have ought to do;  
But this assertion's seldom true.  
Goodness hates me quite uncivil,  
Because I oft on her bring evil;  
But, ladies, you must all confess,  
I'm all the same your patroness.

5.

When first the world from chaos sprung,  
And man his great Creator sung,  
Though earth's green bosom teem'd with fruit,  
Each native appetite to suit;  
Tho' bow'd beneath its load the vine,  
And flow'd the bowl with gen'rous wine;  
Tho' beauty, harmony, and love  
Declar'd the system from above:—  
The glorious plan was incomplete,  
And mortals wanted something yet.  
I came—that something was supplied:  
I snatch'd the wreath from cloister'd pride;  
Bade knowledge open her ample store,  
And waft her sweets from shore to shore.  
The poet's rudely warbled lay  
I temper'd with my heav'nly ray;  
From monkish cell fair science drew,  
And taught mankind what she knew:  
Religion, too, divinest maid,  
Had now her real charms display'd;  
Not as by superstition drawn,  
With rack and fire, and tear and groan;  
But mildred mercy in her face  
For all the virtuous human race:  
Nor are my precepts singly told,  
But multiplied ten thousand fold;  
To ev'ry party, sect, and age,  
I mark what whilom did engage:  
The fond pursuits of heroes, kings,  
Of cities sack'd, and other things,  
Which ne'er without me would be known,  
But into dear oblivion thrown.

6.

Men to the specious sacrifice,  
The real disregard;  
Each glittering toy attracts their eyes,  
And gains a false reward.  
But is there none whose mental sight  
Can dissipate the shade,  
O'er error's mist induce the light,  
And leave the trifler's trade?  
Yes! some there are, and these will own  
How bright my merit shines;  
In wisdom's eyes I'm purer shown  
Than all Golconda's mines.  
By me extended commerce reigns,  
And rolls from shore to shore,  
My spirit unappall'd remains  
When the loud tempests roar.  
Relying on my friendly aid,  
The sailor feels no pain,  
When clouds the blue expanse o'erspread,  
And suns arise in vain.  
Yet small my form, and low my birth,  
No gaudy tints I show;  
Drawn from my fruitful mother earth,  
Thro' purging fires I go.  
Then subject to another's will,  
Who ties my marriage chain,  
The vows of wedlock I fulfil,  
And ever true remain.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

1.

To the young, or the old,  
It need scarcely be told,  
That the alphabet's very perverse;  
For in verse, or in prose,  
A few letters transposed,  
And the meaning 'twill wholly reverse.  
To make the case plain,  
The last verse will explain,  
And by that you'll find out my intent;  
So we'll see in a trice  
If your guess is so nice,  
To discover soon what I invent.  
If taken aright,  
I'm a scene of delight,  
Where the Graces for pleasure repair;  
But while you there range,  
Should my attitude change,  
Each bramble would echo—beware.

2.

If you a sour thing transpose,  
A very sweet one 'twill disclose.

3.

Part of a foot with judgment transposed,  
And the answer you'll find just under your nose.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Nothing begets confidence sooner than punctuality.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

Act uprightly and bravely, as you would defy the devil and all his works.

Be just to others. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are yourself.

Nothing is further than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so.

An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hung, says he died during a tight rope performance.

Discoveries are mostly recoveries. Tycho Brahe has immortalised himself by saying about comets exactly what Seneca had said rather before him.—*Goethe*.

A young gentleman, who has just married a little undersized beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature could not afford it.

The hours of six in the morning, and ten in the evening, are regularly rung from the spire of St. Peter's Church, Dundee, by a chime of bells, produced by the application of water-power to a complicated piece of machinery.

Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talking about stiletos, bodkins, gatherings, surginges, h-minings, gorings, cuttings, whippings, lacings, cuffings, and battings! What a list of abominables.

A devotee to Mammon once received a lesson from an humble follower, who did not seem to pay to him, the possession of the purse, sufficient homage, and said, "Do you know, sir, that I am worth a hundred thousand pounds?" "Yes," said the irritated, but not broken-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth!"

That the mother supplies the mental faculties, and the father the corporeal, I am quite satisfied. Almost every clever man, living or dead, has had an intellectual female parent. Of great men who had clever mothers, I may name Lord Bacon, Sheridan, Schiller, Sir William Jones, Sir Walter Scott, Napoleon, Marmontel, Curran, and the Kembles.—*Dr. Eys*.

This bore is good for promoting sleep; but though he causeth sleep in others, it is uncertain whether he ever sleeps himself, as few can keep awake in his company long enough to see. It is supposed that when he sleeps, it is with his mouth open. Some aver that he talketh in his sleep, and snail as well as when awake.—*Thoughts on Bore*.

POWERFUL MAGNET.—A lecturer was dilating upon the power of a magnet, defying any one to show anything surpassing its power, when a man mounted the stand, and told him that a woman was the magnet of magnets; "For," said he, "if the loadstone can attract iron a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when I was a young man, used to attract me thirty miles to have a chat with her."

Let us appear not rash nor diffident,  
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,  
And fear admitted into public councils  
Betrays like treason.—Let us shun them both.

LORD ELDON asked a medical gentleman how many tons he had? The reply was, two—one very sharp and quick, the other slow, but sure. "What do you mean to make of them?" "I purpose making a lawyer of the sharp one, and a doctor of the other." "Do no such thing," rejoined his lordship; "make the clever one the doctor, the other the lawyer—I was never anything myself but a plodder."

The other day the teacher of a ladies' school in Wick, while putting a company of juveniles of the gentler sex through their facings in the spelling-book, came to the word "lad," of which, in accordance with the modern method of tuition, she asked the signification. One little puss, on the question having been put, with a sidelong look, blushing answered, "For courtin' wi'!" a reply which we quote for the advantage of future lexicographers.

CONTENT to live, this is my stay,  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway—  
Look! what I lack my mind supplies.  
Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,  
Content with what my mind doth bring.

A YANKEE gentleman, escorting a British friend around to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker's Hill. They stood looking at the splendid shaft, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him, with the expression of fourteen fourths of July in his countenance.—"Hurt him!" said he, "he was killed, sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.—Falsehood is the little girl who, glimmering amid the darkness of the noisome left, leads the unfortunate traveller to destruction. Truth is the radiant sun who, when he rises, dispels the zenith, and pours a flood of light upon the world. Falsehood brings misfortune and misery in her train, like the stormy intelligence of the wind of the desert; but truth, like the odoriferous gale of summer, imparts health and vigour, while she administers pleasure and delight.

RELIGIOUS CHAINS.—When Charles V., after a long and turbulent reign, reigned the crown of Spain and other dominions to his son Philip, reserving to himself merely a small pension, he retired to St. Just, near Piacenza, where he amused himself with mechanics. One day he placed a number of watches before him upon a table, which he had vainly endeavoured to make agree exactly in their time. Having looked at them for some minutes, he said, "How foolish I was to endeavour to make all religious sects agree in one doctrine. I might as well expect this as suppose that these watches would all move with the same regularity."

Some have too much, yet still they crave.

I little have, yet seek no more;

They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich with little store.

They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;

They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,

I grudge not at another's gain;

No worldly care my mind can toss,

I brook what is another's bane.

I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend;

I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

## WHY PEOPLE DRINK.

Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C. takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E. because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to America.

Mr. H. because he's got a friend come home from Australia.

Mr. I. because he's so hot.

Mr. K. because he's so cold.

Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy.

Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable.

Mr. S. because he's married.

Mr. T. because he isn't.

Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X. because he's made life a bore.

Mr. Y. because he's got a shilling.

Mr. Z.—we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z.'s reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found to be too drunk to answer.

EXPERIENCES OF ANIMALS.—Animals are prompt at using their experience to relieve a to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an orang-outang which, having had, when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but could never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage-horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and, being put into a trot, made to pull the refractory horses backward. The result was perfectly successful, for thenceforth they faced every hill at speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose, always fled away whenever it accidentally smelt the drug, and was so susceptible of it that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body through the organs of digestion. Another dog which had been accidentally burnt with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned. The well-known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience; he says, that a mule laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and, having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the same contrivance afterwards purposely, and that to cure it of the trick its panniers were filled with sponge, under which when fully saturated it could barely stagger.—*Thompson*.







### Editor's Note-Book.

#### SOUNDNESS OF JUDGMENT.—

Some can decide almost intuitively upon the characters of the persons they last met. So of a book. They can turn it over, read part of a page here, and a sentence or two in another place, and decide, unhesitatingly, upon its merits. When a prejudice has once entered your mind against a man or an author, it is hard to eradicate it. It warps the judgment and makes you partial. If this habit be indulged, the mind soon becomes habituated to act from prejudice rather than judgment. A perfectly just and sound mind is a rare and invaluable gift. A watchmaker once said that a gentleman had put an exquisite watch into his hands that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as ever was made. He took it to pieces, and put it together again, twenty times. No manner of defect was to be discovered; and yet the watch went intolerably. At last it struck him that probably the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet. On applying a needle to it, he found his suspicion true; here was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a powerful influence on its motions, and the watch would not be possible with a new wheel. If the soundest mind is warped by any predilection, it must act irregularly.

**CRAMP IN BATHING.**—D. J. For the cure of the cramp when swimming, the bathman recommends a vigorous and violent shock to the part affected, by suddenly and forcibly stretching out the leg, which should be darted out of the water into the air if possible.

**FOOD OF BLACKBIRDS.**—J. Lee.—The natural food of the blackbird is berries, worms, insects, shelled snails, cherries, and other similar fruit; and its artificial food, lean fresh meat, cut very small, and mixed with bread, or German paste.

**TO PRESERVE PICTURES FROM DECAY.**—II.—To strengthen a decayed canvas, and to preserve sound canvas from decaying, let the back of every picture receive two or three good thick coats of white lead, or whatever other cheap pigment is most recommendable for tenacity and strength.

**BARON DE TERNAY.**—Philos.—This dignity, the first order of nobility introduced after the Norman Conquest, is attached to the possession of certain lands, held, according to the custom of past days, directly under the crown, and conditionally to the performance of some honorary services to the monarch.

**FALL-MAIL.**—Juvenis.—Fall-Mail received its name from having been a spot appropriated to the game of Mail, a fashionable amusement in the reign of Charles the Second. In this pastime a round piece of box is struck with a mallet (hence the term "Mail") through a high arch of iron, and he who does so at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed upon, is the winner.

**COSMETICS.**—F. Kelly.—We cannot give our correspondent the information he requires. Cosmetics, in general, are of no real advantage, and some are highly prejudicial to the skin. To set off the complexion, nothing more is requisite than to wash the face with pure water; or, if anything further be occasionally necessary, it is only the addition of a little soap.

**WHALE FISHERY.**—Nautilus.—This is of great antiquity. The Norwegians are supposed to have been the first who attempted the perilous enterprise of killing the whale. The Buccaneers engaged in a regular whale fishery in the twelfth century; but the whales then caught were of a small size, and were employed as food. Whales have appeared to have been then used for the first time. The Polar regions in the southern hemisphere are now resorted to for the whale fishery.

**TRANSPARENT CEMENT.**—E. Masters.—The composition of this cement is as follows:—Take fifteen grains, chloroform two ounces, and alcohol half an ounce. The two first named ingredients may be first mixed; after the gum is dissolved, the alcohol is added, and the whole allowed to macerate for a week. The cement is then ready for use. The advantages of this cement are, that it is transparent, and very strong.

**THE DRAGON'S EYE.**—Gaston M.—What curious the making, giving rise to the old superstition of the "dragon's eye."

watch?—The simple explanation that may be given of this superstitious belief, is, that the popular imagination, which for a long period, attached to a custom that in natural history is an unusual interference. The spider is supplied with a small bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and the ticking noise termed the "death-watch," is nothing more than the sound he makes upon this little apparatus, in order to serenade and allure his "lady love."

**ECONOMY.**—We are often addressed by persons, who, after stating the difficulties they experience in obtaining a livelihood, request our advice on the subject of emigration. Willing, as we are at all times, to afford any information in our power to correspondents, especially to those who are struggling through poverty and reverses, we still feel a strong disinclination to dispose in a few words of an important matter deeply affecting the future welfare of those concerned. Not knowing the peculiar circumstances of the applicant, it is more than possible the judgment we might form of his case would be erroneous, and we are not disposed to incur such responsibility. We have known instances of individuals who by thoughtless and imprudent conduct have been compelled to expatriate themselves, without afterwards deriving from such misfortune a seasonable lesson for the future. Habits of prodigality and idleness produce the same results all the world over. Perhaps prudent resolutions and timely thrift might render emigration unnecessary to some persons, to whom the "old home" with its tender associations is still endeared. To such, and indeed to all, we would say, *economies*; buy nothing for the mere reason that it is cheap. The question should not be, "Is this article worth, and more than worth, its price?" but, "can I possibly manage without it?" For "he who buys what he does not need, will often need what he cannot buy;" and especially should we remember the wise old maxim that



"WHAT SUFFICES FOR ONE MAY BE MADE TO DO FOR TWO."

**SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF HUMAN BEINGS.**—Certo.—Are there any authentic instances recorded of men being consumed by inward burning, from excessive drinking?—Many true cases of this nature have been positively mentioned, and should serve as a warning to drunkards. In the early part of 1851, it was mentioned in the Paris papers that a house painter, while drinking with some companions at an inn, made a wager that he would eat a lighted candle. Scarcely had he placed it in his mouth when he uttered a slight cry, and a bluish flame was seen upon his lips. In spite of all attempts to aid him, the internal fire continued, and in half an hour the head and upper portion of the chest were entirely carbonized. The fire did not cease until bones, skin, and muscles, were all consumed, and nothing remained but a small heap of ashes to mark the spot where a human being had stood a short time before.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J. J. (a warrant of attorney is an authority and power given by any one to an attorney to appear and plead for him, or to suffer judgment to pass against him by confessing the action).—CORROSER (watches are supposed to have been invented by Peter Hele, at Nuremberg, 1490; though Robert, King of Scotland, had one about 1510).—MEXXON (tolls were first instituted in England for mending the highways, in the reign of Edward the Third).—JUNITS (many thanks).—B. (electric light can be procured from brown paper. Rub the paper briskly in a dark room, and flashes of electric light will dart forth to the finger, to a key, or to any other conductor that may be presented to it).—MATROV (to prevent a lamp smoking, soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweet and pleasant).—ARX (a good perfume for gloves may be obtained by mixing the mixture of extract of ambergris and two ounces of spirit of wine. Rub the gloves inside with a bit of cotton saturated with this perfume).—H. L. G. (hair from the head may be removed by the following means.—The roots of two eggs should be beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and the mixture well rubbed into the hair, using a great deal of friction with the finger upon the skin of the head. The mixture

in the stomach, and a small quantity of warm water, will remove it with ease).—J. (a small quantity of warm water, will remove it with ease).—J. (a small quantity of warm water, will remove it with ease).

**JULIA** (with regard to the breakfast apparel of a bride, we should reply in the affirmative).—MART LARSON (the subject is too ungallant for insertion).—CONSERVAT READER (such pieces are only obtained by interest, and have no salary attached to them).—P. (alcohol is a narcotic poison).—CURIOUS (the name of the term haberdasher, is from *berdash*, a kind of sack given formerly worn in England, and the person who made or sold such articles was called a *berdash*. Hence the present expression, *haberdasher*).—SUKAWA (the bride's cake at a wedding breakfast should occupy the centre of the table).—M. J. (glass should be well rubbed with a wash-leather dipped in a solution of fine whiting and stone blue, and then dried; afterwards it should be polished with an old silk handkerchief).—LAWREN (Indian ink is composed of fine lamp-black and animal glue. It is manufactured in China and other parts of Asia).—L. (marble is polished by rubbing it thoroughly with free-stone or sand, and afterwards with pumice-stone and emery).—BRUNNET (professor is derived from the Latin *profitor*, to profess, or promise openly).—B. J. H. (crouching is superior to crouk in every respect, especially as it possesses greater elasticity. It also keeps better, and is not much more expensive).—DUS S. (the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh constitute the bar of Scotland. It consists of about four hundred members).—G. (advowson is the right of presenting a fit person to the bishop, to be by him instituted to a certain benefice within the diocese which has become vacant).—G. KELLY (Many thanks, but the papers mentioned are not cited to our pages).—ILYAN (the paper is too long for insertion).—LXWO (Chas problems, under the careful editorship of Herr Harwitz, will be found in the *Family Friend*, a fortnightly publication. An excellent work on Chas has lately been published by Mr. Bohn).—LAWRIA (etiquette is a comprehensive term, embracing not only all observances connected with social intercourse, but such as belong especially to the domestic circle. *Hints on Etiquette* is the title of a little work that might be consulted by our correspondent).—HARBERT (the subject is political, and we must therefore decline it).—J. (verbena essence may be made by mixing half an ounce of oil of verbenia, four ounces of rectified spirits of wine, and forty drops of essence of vanilla).—R. H. E. (the dukedom, the most elevated dignity in the British peerage, was first introduced by Edward III., who created his eldest son, the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall).—In writing to the Queen, the form of address should be—"Madam, may it please your Majesty".—JAMES LEX (the number of Heralds in England is fourteen. There are four Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, Murray, and Bath).—F. M. (the origin of *patenosters* is uncertain: four countries dispute the claim of having first instituted these valuable sources of information, Italy, Germany, Venice, and Nuremberg).—LXARXON (to clean velvet, procure a small square of pipe-clay, and scrape a little oil upon the velvet, then lightly brush it off).—A. B. C. (the rose became the national badge of England in 1486, because the houses of York and Lancaster, then united by the marriage of Henry the Seventh with Elizabeth of York, each bore a rose as its emblem).—GAMBOY (sponge is now allowed to be a living being, but it long remained a question whether it was a vegetable or an animal one).—JOHN M. (rouge is the best substance to clean cutlery).—X. Y. Z. (many thanks, but the contribution is too long for our pages).—ARCHMOLOGOS (Paternoster Row is supposed to derive its name from the people who formerly made *patenosters*, beads, rosaries, &c., and who resided in this neighbourhood).—F. (grease-spots may be removed from linen by employing magnesia in the lump, wetting it, and rubbing the grease-spots well with it).—Y. (apply to a medical practitioner).—HONARTO (many thanks for the kind wishes expressed for the success of our undertaking. The increased favour we receive is a convincing proof that our exertions have been recognised).



Printed by WILLIAM BARNES, at the Crown Office, London; and published for the Proprietors, by J. BARNES, 60, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 22.—Vol. I.]

SAURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"Another turn of thought and she had decided on the future course and was about to retire, when, gallant as a knight of the olden time, this gentleman leaped upon the shore and looked to her girl fully expecting her not to regard his appearance in that place as contemplated impertinence, nothing being further from his expectations than falling upon such a group of female business!—See Chap. iv.

## THE CALIFORNIANS; OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

(Continued from page 322.)

### CHAPTER II.

THE following day, at an early hour, Mr Phillips was at this humble lodging, tendering his sympathies to the bereaved, whom he found gathered around the lifeless remains of their parent—the only being in the world whose bosom had ever been the repository of their complaints, whether of griefs or of wrongs; but which was now hushed in death, silent and unresponsive to their moanings.

Mr. Phillips thought proper to endeavour soon to divert them from their tears, and began by caressing his pet—as he was wont to call her—little Susan, the youngest, a fascinating child of seven years of age.

"And you read, write, and cipher, my little one, do you not?"

"I read, sir, and cipher a little, but I do not write yet. I'm going to begin soon; that is, I was going to do so, but now I can't go to school any more, because I shall not have anywhere to live."

"Not have anywhere to live! Why what makes you think that, my child?"

"Why, sir, sister Juliet can't keep a house for us alone."

"Can she say she could not do that?"

"No, sir; but I think she could not."

"Did your sister Juliet write the note that was sent from here yesterday morning to Miss Adams?"

"No, sir; my sister Mary wrote it the evening before, while sister Juliet was gone to carry home the shroud; and ma' told her what to say."

"Then your sister Mary knows how to write very well—if it was she who wrote that note."

"Yes, sir, but she has been learning almost two years! She began before brother Henry went away—when sister Juliet used to teach us."

"Have you ever taught a school?" asked Mr Phillips, seizing the opening for changing the conversation from one to the other, in addressing himself to Miss Adams.

"No, sir, but, until my brother Henry's death, my little sisters were taught by my mother and myself. Since that period they have been to the public school."

"As you appear to have had some experience in teaching, and in many other considerations seem well calculated for a teacher in a select school may I ask, Miss Adams, why you did not, on your brother's decease, turn your attention to that occupation, instead of the one you have been following of late?"

"Indeed, sir, that would have been a much more agreeable one to me; and I felt within myself that I could fill that capacity, consequently my mother and I made great exertions to obtain for me the situation as teacher in a school, or as governess in a private family. But as I had then scarcely entered my sixteenth year, I was for the latter situation considered too young and inexperienced. Besides, music being generally an essential branch required of a private teacher, I was on that account disqualified to fill that station, because of late years, ever since my father's misfortunes, which made it necessary that my mother's pianoforte should be sold, I have had so little opportunity for keeping up the practice of it, that I had nearly lost all the knowledge I once possessed. Then as to the other situation, that of teacher in a school, it was the one which, with my brother's assistance, I was studying for. But in consequence of not having been to a school since my father's decease, which occurred soon after our removal to this city, about five years ago, I was unknown in any of the schools, and therefore could get no certificate of qualifications from those sources; and no one would take me on trial, for any remuneration, other than instruction in some one or two branches that I might require."

"I was unable to accept any offer of this kind; for my mother's health had received such a shock from the afflicting event of my brother's death,





## COUNT KONINGSMARK.

A will, signed at Westminster Abbey, has been found on it a bas-relief representing a coach in the fashion of the day; three horsemen are at its side, and one of them has just discharged a blunderbuss at the person sitting in it, who, from the manner of extending his hands, seems to be wounded; the smoke is rising from the muzzle of the gun, and the horses to the coach are cowering as if alarmed at the report. The design of the bas-relief is to record the death of Thomas Thynne.

Thynne was one of the wealthiest subjects in England. He had been a member of several parliaments; and though much in favour at court, had given offence by carrying up a petition for the speedy call of a parliament. After this he joined the party of the Duke of Monmouth, who had a great friendship for him, and frequently visited him at his magnificent seat, Longleat, in Wiltshire. In Dryden's *Abolam and Alistophel*, Thynne is mentioned under the name of Isaacbar.

He appears to have been popular, much beloved, and not to have excited envy by his riches. He was familiarly called "Tom of ten thousand," which it has been remarked is equal to a hundred thousand pounds at the present day, with the advantage of the alliteration to boot.

At this time, Elizabeth, the daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, was by far the richest heiress in the kingdom. She was born in January, 1687, and her father dying when she was two or three years old, left her the representative of the Percy family and the heir of their immense estates. Her grandmother, who was an intriguing old lady, was much occupied in employing her talents for mischief-making for the benefit of the Lady Elizabeth, and she was married before she was thirteen, to Earl Ogle, the only son of the Duke of Newcastle. With him he never lived as a wife,

and he dying soon after the ceremony, Thynne became her suitor, and by the connivance of the countess and the influence of Monmouth and other nobles, succeeded in obtaining her for his bride. Immediately after the marriage, which appears to have been private, she was, with the consent of her husband sent to the continent for a year to complete her education. Some accounts state that she had to have fled. She was then not more than fifteen, and Thynne was perhaps three times her age.

Early in the year 1681, Count Koningmark visited England, bringing a letter of recommendation from the King of Sweden to Charles II. He was nephew to the Governor of Pomerania, and ally to the royal family, and the proprietor of large landed estates in Germany. He soon became one of the most distinguished nobles at court. His face and person were eminently handsome; his long, light-coloured hair was the admiration of the one sex, and the envy of the other. Gracious and engaging in his converse, conspicuous for his horsemanship and the elegance of his equipping, and cheerful, and a master of all the accomplishments which the age required, it is easily to be conceived what a splendid appearance he made among the courtiers of that dissolute reign. He brought with him, too, the reputation of a gallant soldier, and had already gained renown by several acts of adventurous bravery in a war against the Turk. With the prospect of these exploits, he had visited several countries in Europe, and had been received with distinction by their sovereigns. On his arrival in England he soon ingratiated himself with the monarch, whose favour of him in good stead in the hour of need. Such a civil man, then only twenty-two years of age, was likely to make a great impression on the young heiress of Northumberland, whose susceptibility of flattery and high talents were afterwards fully developed. A matter of no inconsiderable importance, the secret interviews, the agony of separation, and the vows of constancy that passed between lovers so well suited to each other. It is certain that the marriage with Thynne was not agreeable to the lady, and provoked much censure at the time. Lady Monmouth, that the Earl of Essex was suspected of being a promoter of the match, but he denied all participation in it, and accused the Countess of Northumberland of having sold her granddaughter to Thynne for money. The marriage seems not to have extinguished the hopes of the countess, and the preference of the lady for the accomplished young soldier over a husband she had been forced to wed, was apparent. It is easy to believe that while she reluctantly gave her hand to a man who was no longer *dans sa première jeunesse*, her heart of her free will was bestowed on the handsome Swede.

Thynne was with the court in London, his wife in Holland, and Koningmark had returned to the continent. Such was the situation of the parties towards the close of the year 1681. It was on Sunday night, the 12th of February, 1682, that the west end of London was startled by the news, that Mr Thynne had been killed in his coach. It occurred in Pall Mall, one of the most frequented streets, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. He was shot with four balls, and expired the next morning. His servants saw the three men on horseback but could not identify the murderers. A pistol, however, was dropped on the spot, which was traced to one of them, and led to the detection of the assassins. A Pole named Borosky, and Steyn, a Swede, were apprehended, who immediately confessed their guilt, and were committed to prison. A Captain Vrats, another Swede, on his arrest he did not deny that he was present at the scene, but said his intention was to fight with Thynne for a wrong he had received from him. This, it afterwards appeared, was for speaking ill of his friend the count. Koningmark it was found, on the examination of the prisoners, was then concealed in London, where he had been for some weeks, occasionally changing his lodgings; and that Vrats had used his name, and promised a large reward to his accomplices to induce them to the perpetration of the crime. The police pursued the count, and he was apprehended in the disguise of a sailor, just

as he was proceeding on board a ship at Gravesend. On the 12th of February all four were tried at the Old Bailey—Borosky, Steyn, and Vrats, principals, and Koningmark as accessory before the fact. With the count there was little trouble, as the evidence was sufficient for their conviction. With Koningmark it was otherwise. He was not present at the deed, and the question was, whether the circumstantial evidence was strong enough to convict him with it. There was proof that Vrats, who seems to have been the principal agent in the deed, and Steyn, were in the habit of frequenting his lodgings; that he expressed great anxiety for the arrival of Borosky, who came to London only two days before; that he bought a sword for Borosky; that Vrats and the Swede were at his rooms the day of the crime, and that Vrats returned to him immediately after it was committed. It also appeared that Koningmark had sent to the Duke of the Swedish ambassador, if he should call Thynne to account for certain injurious words he had spoken of him, whether it might not interfere with his put claims to the Lady Ogle. All these circumstances—the concealment of the count, his flying, his disguise, his resentment against Thynne for the affront he had received, and the assassinations being effected by his creatures, who had no motive from any injury to themselves—were urged with great force by the lawyers for the prosecution. The chief justice, Pemberton, leaned very much in favour of the count, and though he attempted to seem impartial, it was apparent his wish was for an acquittal. Accordingly, after being out for half an hour, the jury found a verdict of *Guilty* against the three principals, and of *Not Guilty* as to Koningmark. It was clear beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the assassination had been concerted by him and perpetrated at his instigation, and that he was far more guilty than the three wretches who were most justly hanged. Nothing but the known favour of the king, and the high rank and wealth of the count, could have saved him from the death of a felon, and this trial presents another instance where petty villains are often punished and great ones escape. As the counts were excluded from the evidence, it must be owned, there were not wanting plausible arguments to show the insufficiency of the proof at least as strong as those which are often urged in other cases. But in those days of rigorous execution of the law, such lenity is remarkable, and had he been an obscure culprit, Count Koningmark would have met the reward due to his crime.

Koningmark was glad to hurry from England, as soon as his trial was over. He had remarked that there was a stain on him, but one good action in the year, or some deed of daring would wash it clean. He continued his alienation from court, and lost his place, at the age of twenty-seven, in the year 1686, in a skirmish before Argos. Other accounts say it was some seven taken during the campaign. It was his brother whose remains were found buried near the chamber of Sophia of Zell, the wife of George I., in 1707, where he was supposed to have been put to death by order of the Elector. The two brothers have often been confounded. The beautiful Countess of Koningmark—well known as the favourite of Augustus, King of Poland, of whom the anecdote of the horse-shoe and the cat is told, for her visit to Charles XII, and as the mother of a man who had the most distinguished warrior of the reign of Louis XV—was then sister. Beyond the possession of superficial accomplishments, Thynne appears to have been a selfish, dissolute character, and his name has descended to posterity as an example against the encouragement of intemperance.

The heroine of the tragedy, the Lady Ogle, was now for the second time a widow, and in less than three months after the death of Thynne, being just thirty years of age, she was married to the Duke of Somerset, known as the "Prodigal Duke." She figures in the history of the reign of Queen Anne, over whom she had a great ascendancy, which she used to the detriment of Hailey and the Tories. Swift declares her to be "excellent in every art in every art in every art," and it was against her that the famous black letter, known by the title of the *Madon Prophecy*, was written; but he paid handsomely for this cruel libel, for the Duchess of Somerset, on her death, bequeathed Queen Anne not to bestow on him a mitre, whereby the Dean of St. Patrick's was forever excluded from the great object of his ambition—rest in the bench of bishop. She died in the year 1722, leaving many children, and her posterity are now numerous among the highest nobility of our land.

**DRUNKENNESS.**—When the vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person. Everything is sunk in this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation. Young men, with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows of his outgoings or his incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as hourly as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are his doom. To avoid these results we are called upon to make an abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is required; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace, and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.—*Cobbett's Sermon on Drunkenness.*



THOMAS MOORE

And it is a little later a ke  
New drill d

The grave has just closed upon one of the most gifted of the children of song, and whose honourable career has added upstanding brilliancy to the literary annals of our time. THOMAS MOORE, the poet of the heart whose genius has been well described as 'most mortal and most happy' has passed from amongst us, leaving an impression of regret in the public mind that sufficiently proves his eminent intellectual merit and his amiable qualities in the social intercourse of life.

The "Bard of Erin" was born in Angles Street, Dublin on the 30th of May, 1780 of parents in modest circumstances—his father being a dealer in grocery and spirits which he eventually quitted for the army, and became a quartermaster. At an early age, young Moore evinced a talent for versification, which gave ample promise for the future and at the school of Mr. Thomas Whyte (who was also the teacher of Sheridan) he composed in his fourteenth year, several poems which were published in the *Anthology*, a Dublin magazine. "At the time," writes Moore "when I first began to attend Mr. Whyte's school, he still continued to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite show scholar, and among the play bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasion of his own prologues and epilogues there is one of a play got up in the year 1790 at Lady Boroowe's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, was "An Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's" Master Moore.

When the poet was twelve years of age, a circumstance occurred that, probably, materially influenced the patriotic feelings he afterwards immortalised in song. His father was a staunch Roman Catholic, and at this period (1792) took him to a dinner given in honour of the French revolution, then of recent occurrence. The enthusiasm so predominant in the Irish character had allied this event, which ought to have caused sorrow and indignation, with the wrongs and distresses of unhappy Ireland. The expressions of eloquent indignation poured forth at this dinner were not lost upon the young guest, and were afterwards reflected in the *Irish Melodies*. The boy sat on the knee of the chairman, while the toast circulated round the board—"May the breezes from I range fan our Irish oaks into verdure."

Taking advantage of the opening of the university to Roman Catholics by Parliament, in 1798, Moore was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, and pursued his studies with a diligence that secured him the approbation of his teachers. He applied himself more particularly to the classics, and several of his translations from the Greek poets, which were published at this time, excited admiration—especially a faithful and elegant translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*, which was commenced, and afterwards completed and published by subscription, in his twentieth year. At this period he was in London, where he became a member of the Inner Temple. The translation was dedicated to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, to whom he was introduced, and this led to an intimacy which procured him an official appointment at Bermuda, for which place he departed on the 16th of September, 1808. This well-intentioned advancement, however, proved disastrous to the poet, who, previous to his return to England, had employed a deputy to transact the duties of the office and became responsible for the irregularities of his agent. A heavy pecuniary loss was the result to Moore

who was obliged to take a second journey to the West Indies; after which he made an extended tour through the United States, where he composed the air and words of the *Canadian Boat Song*, so familiar to all lovers of sweet and picturesque melody.

In 1806 appeared his *Odes and Epistles*—the fruits of foreign travel during fourteen months—and the passages of peculiar beauty that shine throughout these poems were the vivid impressions conveyed to his mind by the scenes he had beheld. The voluptuous climate of Western India had, however, tinged his verse with a license of imagination which drew upon him the displeasure of the Edinburgh reviewers, who called him "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of the propagators of immorality." His book was denounced as a "public nuisance, deserving to be consigned to universal reprobation." The consequences of this severe and not unmerited censure, was a duel between himself and Mr. Jeffrey, at Chalk Farm which happily terminated without mischief, and even produced some amusement to the public, for it was asserted that the pistols of the antagonists were not loaded. This unfounded railery was not lost upon Lord Byron, who, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, alludes sarcastically to "Little a little's pistol." This led to a challenge on the part of Moore, which, instead of taking place, laid the basis of a sincere and unchangeable friendship between the two rivals in genius.

Two years after the publication of the *Odes*, Moore produced the *Form of Homer's Little*, a name assumed as a playful satire on his diminutive stature. This work which displays the same freedom of language that had brought upon him the displeasure of the critics, presents an instance of the perversity of genius expending itself on mischievous trifles, to be expiated afterwards by bitter and unavailing regret. How few writers, unfortunately, can say with the amiable Thomson—"There's not a line which I could wish to blot."

Moore, however, had the good sense to acknowledge his error, and to be ashamed of such puerility. In an exquisite *Ode on his Birthday*, the production of maturer thought he alludes feelingly to this past weakness—

Vain was the man and false as vain,  
Who said— Were he ordained to run  
If a long career of life ago  
He would do all that he had done  
Ah! not thus, it voice that dwells  
In softer birthdays speaks to me  
Far oft' erwise— Of in a wail  
Lavish'd away— (carelessly)  
Of counsel nodd of talents—made  
Haply for high as I pure designs—  
But oft like Israel's incense laid  
Upon unholy earthly shrine.

And could I trace  
All my perfect picture over again,  
If I could add redolent effects  
The lights and shades the joy and gain—  
How little I could do to stay  
How quickly I should melt away!

With that versatile genius so remarkable in Moore, he next changed his line to satire, and published the *Fudge Family in Paris*—written after a visit to Paris in 1817, in company with the poet Rogers—and soon followed by *Fables for the Holy Alliance*, *Tunney Post Rig*, and numerous detached political squibs full of sparkling wit and humour. Such ingenious rail is conveyed in language unsurpassed for its elegant purity, instead of awakening the resentment of the individuals to whom allusion was made, no doubt runs like a smile sometimes at the expense of wounded pride. These satirical poems obtained a wide circulation, and became very popular.

The next work from the same pen that occupied public attention, and the production which of all others will crown the memory of Thomas Moore is his *Irish Melodies*, which have found a home in every heart's nook to tender and patriotic impressions.

The sweetness and beauty of these songs, consecrated to the ancient glories and the sorrows of Ireland, have, perhaps contributed more than any other circumstance to awaken throughout the world a sympathy for the misfortunes of that country. Certainly few poems have been so successful—translation—

\* A pleasant anecdote is related by Mr. Wald of the manner in which Moore was given in after years the original copy of this song. We give it in the narrator's own words— "In 1830 Moore visited Dublin on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in that city. At one of the festive soirees which took place during the history of the Association were not rare events a very beautiful girl was introduced to the poet by my brother, but surrounded as the latter was at the time by a host of fair admirers many of whom were most anxious to be presented to him it is doubtful whether he would have vouchsafed more than a slight pressure of his hand to the young lady had not my brother whispered in his ear— 'She possesses the original copy of your *Canadian Boat Song*.' At these words the poet begged to let her show this came to pass. The facts were simple enough. The book, which was a little *Levee*, and on the blank leaf of which the song and the music were pencilled, belonged to Mr. Harcourt with whom Moore was travelling in Canada. On his death the volume came into the possession of Mr. Macaulay, of Edmonstone, near Dublin, who presented the book to his daughter and who very properly regarded the gift as most precious. Moore then expressed the strongest desire to see the book, and it was arranged that I should accompany Miss Macaulay on the following day to a bookseller's shop in Grafton Street, where the poet had a room for writing his letters, and where he engaged to meet us. I shall never forget the pleasure he manifested when his eyes fell on the well remembered lines. He gazed at them long and earnestly—so long and so earnestly that my fair companion at length exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Moore I hope you do not want to take the book from me.' No, Miss Macaulay, indeed I do not, he replied 'but if you know what thrilling remembrances of a happy past the contemplation of this page presents you would not wonder at my feelings. Since I wrote these lines, he added, 'I have been going so fast down the rapids of life, that I owe you much for enabling me to live through but for a few minutes, in the past, and I shall long remember this pleasant meeting.' But, as soon as his gallantry played him false for in the same way the new edition of his poetical works, he stated that a 'gentleman' showed him the volume in question and the lovely girl—for such indeed she was—was not mentioned. It would not have been so in his more youthful days. At my request, Moore further detailed the lines, stating the circumstances under which they were written, adding his autograph and, with the book thus made additionally valuable, I escorted Miss Macaulay home."



having appeared in several languages, by foreigners of eminent literary distinction. We are indebted for the great claims that surround these ballads to the love for music which by Moore's own avowal was his earliest childhood, and by which he was animated to write lyrics for popular old Irish airs. He was himself a superior musician, and his voice, though not of large compass, was wonderfully sweet and effective, and to hear him sing one of his own melodies was a rich treat. He was therefore able to appreciate the wild and plaintive melodies of his native land. "It was the effort," he says, "to translate into language the emotions and passions which must have appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry worthy of the name. Dryden," he adds, "has happily described music as being 'inarticulate poetry,' and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed in its wordless eloquence to myself."

Regarding the *Irish Melodies*, a writer in the *Times* has observed, that "the love of country that pervades his theme, his simple tenderness of feeling that at once strikes the heart as instantly to melt it, his facility of creation, linked with the glad appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature—the grace, the elegance, the sensibility, the ingenuity that are never absent—the astonishing and thoroughly successful adaptation of sense to sound, of sweetest power to thrilling music—are claims to admiration which the most prosaic of his readers will find it impossible to resist or grudge."

In 1817 appeared *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental poem, written with more than his usual facility of conception, and with great care as regards the manner and peculiarities of the East as many distinguished travellers have attested. The account of the circumstances that induced the publication of *Lalla Rookh* is thus given—"By the suggestions of his friend, the poet resolved to take the field, and attempt a poem of the dimensions which Sir Walter Scott's then recent triumphs had rendered 'the regular poetical standard.' A negotiation was at once opened with the house of Longman but it led to no decisive result and for two years the matter slumbered. In the interview took place between Messrs. Longman and Moore with a view to arrangement and before it closed much to the honour and glory of romance," as Moore with becoming pride testifies, the publisher undertook to pay the poet 3000 guineas for his poem even before a single line of the production. In 1818, some progress having been made in the work Moore wrote to his publishers expressing his wish to assist in his manuscript for their consideration. It was received as an conformity with the magnanimity of the original engagement. We certainly impatient for the pursuit of the poem wrote Messrs. Longman but solely for our gratification. Your comments are all well in the. Another year elapsed, and in 1816 the work being complete was placed in the hands of the publishers. In 1817 *Lalla Rookh* appeared. Messrs. Longman had made no sound or hasty calculation. The poem was hailed with a burst of admiration from sceptics as well as believers.

The poetry has been well described as brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament and overflowing in its very sweetness and splendour. The success of *Lalla Rookh* justified the labours bestowed upon it. The amount of reading and reference to works of oriental literature was such as none but an ardent and industrious genius like Moore could have attempted. The poet himself relates that it was amidst the snail of two or three Derbyshire winters in a lonely cottage amongst the fields, that he found him self enabled by that concentration of mind in which retirement alone gives, to call up round him some of the most striking scenes. As instances of the popularity of the poem, we may state that it has passed through no less than twenty different editions, and it is even been translated into Persian, being thoroughly appreciated on the shores of the Caspian. There are passages of tenderness and beauty in *Lalla Rookh* that have become familiar as household words. Who can forget the song of the Peri?—

How I pity a clown and a child of a  
Aie it is folly to be so wretched  
Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall  
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea  
And the stars that glaze the firmament  
One blossom of Heaven out-blushes them all  
Though sunny the drake of cool Cishire  
With its plane-tree it reflected the  
And sweetly the founts of life at will  
Though bright are the waters of Singul  
And the golden flood that thickens the strays  
Yet—oh! 'tis only the bloom that is  
How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star  
From world to luminous world as far  
As the universe spreads its flaming veil  
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres—  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

In the year 1817 was published *Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress*, one of the happiest of his satirical poems. Two years afterwards, Moore revisited the English capital, in company with Lord John Russell, with whom he proceeded into Italy. Here the illustrious tourists separated—Lord John making George the destination, and his companion proceeding to Venice, on a visit to Lord Byron, whose acquaintance he had made in 1812.

The result of this excursion was the production of a lively volume by Moore, entitled *Rhymes on the Road*. About this period, shades of trouble gathered round the gay-hearted and amiable poet, arising from the unfortunate appointment at Bermuda, and the unprincipled conduct of the substitute he had placed there. The difficulties in which he was involved obliged him to remain on the continent until the close of 1822 when an arrangement was effected which enabled him to return to England. As a proof of the esteem in which he was held by his friends, he received numerous offers of pecuniary

assistance, which, however, he gratefully declined, trusting to his own literary resources to meet the claims advanced against him. The amount required for this purpose was one thousand guineas, towards which the noble of the defunct contributed three hundred pounds. The remainder was furnished by a friend, who would listen to no refusal, and who was soon repaid from the profits Moore derived from his next publication—the *Loves of the Angels*.

This poem, founded on the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the rabbinical fable of the *Loves of Uriel and Shamshel*, was written in Paris. It exhibited the fall of the soul from its original purity, the loss of light and happiness in the pursuit of this world's unsubstantial pleasures, and the penitents, both from sensuality and Divine justice, with which unpurity, pride, and presumption, inquiring into the awful secrets of heaven, are sure to be visited. A subject of this nature was, however, scarcely one to which the peculiar genius of Moore, light and fanciful, could render justice. "We do not meet with the grandeur of the angelic character, such as it shines forth in the sublime pages of Milton, whose adoring imagination approaches things sacred to surround them at all times with awe. The seductive fancy of Moore, it must be confessed, ventures to the sanctuary only to profane it. The angels of Milton descend upon the earth to console the family of man, but not to mingle with humanity. The angels of Moore, not only take part in the business of earth, but, like the weakest of mortals, fall over head and ears in love with the fairest of earth's daughters."

In 1825, Moore entered the publishing lists as a distinguished prose-writer, and produced a *Biography of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*. It is a work amidst much fine and powerful writing, are some defects which detract more for the poet than the plain matter of fact reasoner. He had not those habits of close observation so essential in forming a correct judgment of character, and this superficial knowledge of the world he has himself avowed when he wrote—

Fair Science to you,  
I've long bid adieu and a careless adieu.

In 1827 appeared *The Epicurean*, an imaginative prose composition in an Eastern dress and intended originally for a poem. This work, which is more hushed and thoughtful than most of his other productions, was dedicated to Lord John Russell.

Three years afterwards Moore issued his *Notions of the Life of Lord Byron*, the best known and the most deservedly popular of his prose works; and which will descend to posterity as a memorial of friendship to one of England's most gifted bards, who would say without arrogating to himself any assumed powers—

I twine  
My heart's filigree into the melody  
With thy language.

A *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* was next produced, followed by *The Sum of Féile*, a poem with songs dedicated to the Hon. Mrs. Norton. A few occasional squibs were contrived in his later years to the *Times* and the *Morning Chronicle*. The *History of Ireland*, forming a part of *Landed Proprietors* in which bears marks of a diligent research and study, was, with the exception of a revision of his practical works in ten volumes, the last work presented to the public by Moore.

Perhaps few men have received so large a share of private friendship, as the great poet lost. It has been so universally deplored. Beloved and courted in society for his social politeness and charms of conversation, added to a quick and brilliant wit, Moore, in the days of his riper intellect moved in a circle composed of the most distinguished rank and genius of the country. During Lord Melbourne's administration, his political friends obtained for him a pension of £300 a year, which, added to the profits of his literary undertakings enabled him to live free from anxiety in pecuniary matters.

Shelton Cottage—of which he wrote—

Oh! dear house! at evening ark  
Where I can sit and rest at last I've found  
Clearing the when it grows dark  
And comfort in a stormy road,—

situated in Devonshire, and in the immediate vicinity of Bovey, the seat of Moore's constant friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was a model of neatness and comfort, and it was there, until within a few years of his decease, he received his numerous and distinguished friends. A residence of thirty-four years had endeared him to the spot, and it was here he breathed his last sigh on the 26th of February, in his seventy-second year. A sad and lingering disease had afflicted Moore during the three years preceding his departure from the world. It had gained upon him without causing him much bodily pain, but resulted in a softening of the brain, which reduced him to a state bordering on childishness.

The poet had married Miss Bessy Dyke, by whom he had four children, who preceded him to the grave. His eldest son died in Algiers, in the French military service, and his second son, John Russell Moore, grandson of Lord John Russell, fell a victim, at an early age, to consumption. Mrs. Moore, to whom a pension of one hundred pounds a year was granted in 1850, in consideration of the literary merits of her husband, and his infirm state of health, still survives, and is said to be the depository of a diary, and other valuable manuscripts relating to the poet's life, besides the materials he had collected for a biography of Sydney Smith, all of which will awaken great public interest.

"Moore," said Byron, "has a happy disposition, his temper is good, and he has a sort of Brerly imagination, always in movement and in each evolution displaying new brilliancy."

The features of Moore have been rendered familiar to the public, by the penicils of some of the greatest painters of the time. The portrait selected to illustrate this biography, is from the likeness drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which is generally esteemed the most striking and effective. The personal appearance of the poet has often been described. The expression of his countenance was the faithful index of the noble heart that animated him, being frank, manly, and benevolent.

The body of the illustrious poet was removed on the third of March, from Sloper's Cottage to a vault in the neighbouring church of Bromham, where two of his children, who died at the respective ages of sixteen and nineteen—Anastasia Mary Moore, and John Russell Moore—had already been interred.

## ARAB SNAKE CHARMERS.

ON May 26th the day on which I first saw the hippopotamus, I witnessed the performance of the Arab snake charmers, at the Zoological Gardens. After their dinner they came from the giraffe-house, proceeding along the road to the reptile-house, on the floor of which about three o'clock in the afternoon, or a little later, the performance took place. The charmers took up a position at the end of the house opposite to the lodging of the pythons, of whose size the old Arab had heard with something like incredulity. The company stood in a semicircle, and at a respectful distance. There was not much difficulty in getting a front place, but those behind pressed the bold spectators rather inconveniently forward. Standing in the open space the old Arab said something to the young one, who stepped down under the reptile cage on the north side of the room and took out a large deal box with a sliding cover which he opened for a few seconds, and pulled out a large, long snake. After a short while, a little while, he set it down on the floor, he squatted down and fixed his eyes on the snake. The serpent instantly raised itself up, and turned slowly on its own axis following the charmer. Arab, turning as he followed him, did not turn as if to bite. He waved the serpent at command with his hand. At this time the old Arab stood still, quietly regarding the creature. He presently he also squatted down, muttering some words, and the snake, he evidently affected the reptile more than in its natural relation, though he remained in its nest doing nothing that he could see but fixing his eyes upon the snake, which he had up and laid the head of the serpent which now turned till his entire column of light to be in a position of. Suddenly it darted open mouth, but it, furiously dashing its head with its eyes, it was a few inches of the charmer, who still impudently kept his position, and was looking bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close, and which I was narrowly, but though the snake dived at the old Arab's feet, it was more than twice or three with its mouth open. I could not see the projection of any fang. Then the old Arab, who it was said had the gift of charming serpents in his family for a long series of years, took another box, and took out a five great lizard, and provoked him with them, holding them by the tails in a sort of fork in his hand. When the youth brought out a snake which I observed could be expected as it is the country people say, something like a cobra. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself like the cobra, the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd agitated manner, on its belly, regarding him about. I thought the serpent was going to fly at him, but it did not. He took it up, played with it, blew or spit at it, and then set it down, apparently sick, subdued, and limp. He then took it up again, played with it a second time, then set it up in his hand put it in his mouth, went to another box, drew the lid, and brought out more snakes, each of which was another new and the others of a most venomous kind. Now there were two snakes, with heads and bodies erect, obeying, apparently, the volition of the charmers. One of the snakes bit the youth on the naked hand, and brought the blood, but he only spit on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely. Then he brought out more lizards of a most revolting aspect. By this time the floor of the reptile house that formed the stage of the charmers, began to put one in mind of the arena in the *Des Franchises*; only that the principal performers looked more like the Black Huntsman and one of his familiars than Max and Caspar, and the enchanted circle was surrounded with fair ladies and their well-dressed lords, instead of the appalling shapes which thronged round the affrighted huntsman at the casting of the charmed bullets. The Arabs, holding the snakes by the tails, let their bodies touch the floor, when they came twining and wriggling on towards the spectators, who now backed a little upon the toes of the charmers who pressed them from behind. Sometimes the charmers would leave their hold, when the serpents, as if eager to escape from their tormentors, rapidly advanced upon the retreating rings; but they always caught them by the tails in time, and then made them repeat the same adventure. I kept my position in front throughout, and had no fear, feeling certain that Mr. March II, and those under whose superintendence this highly interesting and instructive establishment is so well conducted, would not have permitted the exhibition to take place, if there had been the least danger. Besides this, I observed that the charmers only used their own serpents, which they had, I presume, brought with them. And I confess that the impression upon my mind was, that they had been rendered innocuous by mechanical means. — *Extract from the Note-Book of a Naturalist, by W. J. Brodridge, I R S.*

## THE FIRST BABY.

My old schoolmate, Mary Thurland, had been married nearly two years, when I made my first call on her in her new home.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" she cried, holding the infant up and down in her arms. "There, baby, that's my old friend, Frank. She knows you already, I declare," cried the delighted parent, as it nestled at a bright ring, which I held up to it. "You never saw such a quick child. She follows me with her eyes all about the room. Notice what pretty little feet she has. the darling footy-tooties," and taking both feet in one hand the mother fondly kissed them.

"It certainly is very pretty," said I, trying to be polite, though I could not see that the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. "It has your eyes exactly, Mary."

"Yes, and daddy's mouth and chin," said my friend, apertaining to the child, "hasn't it, precious?" And she almost smothered it with kisses.

As I walked slowly homeward, I said to myself, "I wonder if what I marry I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl."

In a fortnight I called on my friend again.

How baby grows! she said. "Don't you see it? I never knew a child grow so fast. Grandma says it's the healthiest child she ever knew."

To me it seemed that the babe had not grown an inch, and, to avoid the contradiction I changed the theme. But, in a moment, the willing mother was back to her infant again.

"I do believe its beginning to cut its teeth," she said, putting her finger into the little one's mouth. "Just feel how hard the gum is there. Surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandma will be here to-day, and I'll ask her to see it."

I answered I replied —

"I am entirely ignorant," I said, "of such matters, but your child really seems as if it were one."

"Oh! everybody says that. Pretty, pretty dear!" And she tossed it up and down till I thought the child would have been shaken to pieces. "But little creature seems to like the process immensely. 'Is it growing?' 'Yes, it is.' 'Is it in pain?' 'No, my little dear, what a sweet creature it is.' And she kissed it, and it was still smiling at it with kisses.

When I next called on my friend, she was still full of advances.

"Only look at my little baby, when I had made my way to the nursery, where it was kept herself from morning till night. 'Baby begins to eat. I gave it a piece of meat to-day. a bit of real broiled beefsteak!'"

"What!" said I, in surprise, for the child did look wonderful, "the child ate that beefsteak?"

"Oh! I don't mind saying my mistake. 'What a sad duncie you are, for I But it was a bit of beefsteak of your own. She says you eat beefsteak during a cold the proud mother, addressing the infant, "when you only suck the juice. You don't want to choke yourself do you, baby? Eat a beefsteak! It's funny baby, isn't it?" And as she laughed, laughing all the more because the child smothered it with kisses in return.

It was not in my weeks before the long expected teeth really made their appearance.

For Jane baby had three teeth! triumphantly cried the mother, as I entered the nursery. "The teeth and he's only three months old! did you ever hear of that?"

I confessed that I did not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante in the original, and a dozen other fine literary accomplishments, but nothing about babies teething.

I took it the little parent exclaimed my friend, as she opened the child's mouth, that they heard me? You never saw anything so pretty — certainly that you didn't. Precious darling, continued the mother, rapturously, holding up the child, "it is worth its weight in gold."

But the crowning miracle of all was when "baby" began to walk. Learning to creep had been daily aided to me. So also had its being able to stand. I, though this meant I found, standing with the support of a chair. But when it really walked alone, the report of fact was announced to me, in note for my friend could not wait till I called. Of course I lost no time in hurrying to Mary.

"Stand there," she said to me in an exulting voice. "No, stoop, I mean. I won't have you be so stupid!" And, as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off holding the little fellow by either arm. "Now, see him," she cried, as he toddled toward me, and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though once or twice I fancied he would fall, a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother holding her hands on either side of him an inch or two off. "There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either!"

By this time I began to be considerably interested in "baby" myself. He had learned to know me, and would begin to cry whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost as delighted as my friend, when, for the first time, he pronounced my name.

"Djane!" he said, "Djane!"

His mother almost devoured him with kisses in return for this wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I, in turn, smothered him with kisses.

I never, after that, smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby; the little Jew had kissed himself around my own heart-strings. How wonderful!

And now that I am a mother myself I feel less inclination still to laugh, as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries, a mother's love for her baby.







"Sarah, I must entreat of you to listen to me a moment—I love you most truly, but I do not wish to trouble you in that point. It is not for my own sake I ask you to listen to me, it concerns your own interest, your own well-being. I know well why it is that my presence has become distasteful to you; I will not blame you for not loving me, but I ask you to pause—let me if you will—but pause before you plunge into the gulf before you."—See Chap. xvi

effort; and his funds were reduced to so small an allowance that he had only sufficient to bear his expenses for another week.

Winter was at hand, too, with its frosts to chill the heart, and dry up the streams of trade, already sluggish and shallow.

He was possessed of strong, even violent feelings. Hitherto the effect of them had been to nerve his heart with the most engrossing tenderness to those upon whom his love was placed, and its outpourings had filled those dear ones with the fondest hopes, and the most affecting consolations.

But his very strength of feeling was now turning in upon himself, and working upon his sensitive spirit with a power that would soon unfit him for the severe and manly struggle in which he had engaged. It conjured up before him all the dark visions of the past, only to throw a deeper gloom upon the stern realities of the present. With a sad and desolate heart he mingled with the busy multitude through the day, and retired at night to his sleepless bed, only to awake from troubled dreams to the consciousness of his dependent and unhappy condition.

No wonder if a change was so manifest on his youthful brow. Alas! dear youth, this is but a taste of the bitter cup. What, think you, would it be to wring out the dregs and drink them? There are more evils in this changing scene than your young heart has yet imagined, and yet there are sweet draughts, too, whose potent charms steal over the soul, entrancing it with pleasures beaming from a better world, and giving rich foretastes of what it may yet enjoy. The lights and the shadows, the sweet and bitter, are appointed with a wiser aim, and for a better end than our fancy may imagine.

While Mr. Upjohn was engaged in his homely way, giving true and manly advice, and endeavouring to cheer up the mind of young Edwards, Gitty had been busily employed in arranging things on a little table in the centre of the room.

"Come, Master James, draw up your chair. Gitty, you see, has been getting some nic-nacs for us; that's the way with these girls, always throwing temptations in our way—cheer up, Master James, cheer up!"

Gitty had, indeed, gathered quite a little variety of good things, and they were placed upon a snow-white cloth. There was a plate of large red apples, shining like rubies, and a dish of chestnuts well roasted, and another plate of plump, tempting oranges, and a large pitcher of beer, with the foam rising in a pyramid upon the top. Gitty's eyes, too, were sparkling with delight, and Mrs. Upjohn's needle flew with astonishing rapidity, whilst her husband almost allowed a smile to rear upon his rigid countenance.

Scarcely had they commenced partaking of these simple refreshments, when the little gate was heard to open, which was followed by a rap at the door.

Gitty, as was her custom, immediately caught a light from the table, and attended the summons. As she opened the door a young gentleman, fashionably dressed, was standing on the step. He was evidently confounded for a moment. Gitty began to think he had made some mistake, and was just putting on one of her frosty smiles, such as play around the mouth of these misanthropes when they find one of the sterner sex at fault.

The young man felt the awkwardness of his silence, he saw the smile.

"Pardon me, Miss, I was directed here from Gloucester Street, as the place where I should, probably, learn something of James Edwards."

"He is here, sir, will you please to walk in?"

James had heard his own name mentioned, and immediately stepped to the door. It was Rudolph Hunt.

The young men at once recognised each other.

"I have called on you, Mr. Edwards, to inquire whether you have yet procured a situation."

"I have not sir, will you walk in?"

He accepted the invitation with almost too much readiness quite to satisfy the delicate notions of Edwards, for he at once laid down his hat, and threw off his outer coat. James could do no less than introduce him to the little circle. He blushed deeply as he did so, however, and so did Gitty, who threw her curls back and seemed a little quite restless.

I am glad to see, Mr. Edwards, that you have not yet suited yourself, for my uncle sees now quite anxious to engage you. I say my uncle, for although they are both my uncles, you, no doubt, perceived the last time you called that the difficulty was only with one of them.

I should be very sorry if his objections, whatever they were, have been overruled by any—

Oh! it has been all of his own will, and I think if you call to-morrow, that an arrangement will be made, satisfactory to you."

Reader, have you ever bowed down under the burden of care? Has your spirit ever suffered beneath the load that was pressing upon you? Has the curtain of night—not sweet starlight or moonlight night, sparkling in beauty above, or spreading its mild loveliness in your path, or by your sleeping couch—but night bleak and fathomless, whose deep drapery has wrapped your soul in gloom and filled it with uncertain horrors, ever enveloped you? In such darkness, have streaks of morning suddenly darted through the gloom? and in such a burden, has some kind hand, in an unexpected moment, delivered your sinking frame, and administered a cordial balm to your spirit? Then can you tell what change a few moments, a few short sentences have wrought upon the mind of this lone youth.

There was much lively chatting now, around that humble board. Rudolph Hunt appeared quite at ease, he had much of the polish of the gentleman, but to Edwards, who had a keen sense of propriety, his freedom of manner was not agreeable, and, more than once, James felt the blush warming his cheek, at what he thought not entirely consistent with the conduct of this so lately a stranger. Gitty was, however, highly elated, it was a bright evening to her, but well for her, if it prove not the beginning of sorrow.

## CHAPTER VII.

When Mrs. Edwards bade adieu to James, as he left their new abode to seek his fortune in the great city, she put on a cheerful smile, and gave him such words of encouragement as she felt he needed for the serious undertaking.

upon which his mind was fixed. The poor man was not, as he had hoped much from his strong position in the community, and his virtuous character; but the more he thought of the state of his affairs, the more he knew. Hitherto he had been content to let things go, and he had not come in contact with the difficulties which he now found himself in. But his heart was full of hope, and he could not bear to quench its glow, or to throw a shadow on that quickening beam. Still she had her fears, a mother's fears; they would come unbidden, and disturb her most peaceful moments. She knew that James had noble sentiments, strong filial love, and that hitherto his strong mind seemed to be unassailed by one dark spot; but how would he conduct himself when without a guardian; when the sweet influence of motherly advisers would be wanting; and his ardent temperament should come in contact with the allurement of the city? And what would life be worth to him if he should prove recreant to the high character he had hitherto sustained? The trembling spirit could alone quiet its maternal anxiety, by resting the loved one upon the care of an unseen Protector. Delightful, however, to her mourning heart, was the change from the bustling city, to the quiet and seclusion of the country. In the heyday of life, in youth and prosperity, the city has its fascinations; but when we have tasted of the bitter cup, or have become wearied with chasing the retreating phantasies of life, there is no place like the country. Its noiseless beauties invite the soul towards its great Parent. The freshness of its pure breezes cools the burning brain, and allays the fevered pulse; the bright loveliness of summer, the bursting life of spring, the waning tints of autumn, and even the storms of winter, each has a power of its own that speaks to the heart, that strikes its finest chords, and wakes a melody there, which lulls the sufferer to a sweet repose.

There, too, the child of sorrow meets with that sweet sympathy from his fellow man, which in vain he looks for in the crowded mart. The rich man who affects the pomp and show of city life, and thinks by the glitter of his wealth to claim that homage which obsequious multitudes have paid for the sake of his favour or his gold, may not meet with it. People in our happy land tread freely on their own soil. They meet the city millionaire with an open brow, for they fear him not; and all his wealth could not purchase one single favour that would not be granted willingly to the humblest being that dwells in their neighbourhood. But to the downcast sufferer from whatever cause, there is ever a ready hand and a feeling heart among those who have been reared amid the same miseries and afflictions as he. They have been trained to feel that when trouble was upon a neighbour, it was their business to be doing something. When the swift tempest, or the upspringing flame destroys the humble dwelling and the happy home, soon, like a Phoenix from its ashes arises another and a better in its stead, the gift of many hands, poured forth willingly into the bosom of the unfortunate, and when the dark, walking pestilence is abroad and all is woe and death do his bidding, no hireling watches around the last bed those who have been companions in the work field or together laughed lightly at the festive bowl, are watching with noiseless tread within the sick chamber administering with their own hands to every want and weakness; and when death has done his work, they still are there performing the last sad offices until the departed one is laid to rest in his long home. His and a thousand nameless acts of love beget a fellow feeling, of which those who live where money buys all service that we need from the cradle to the grave, know nothing.

Blest rural life! Thy homely fire, thy simple pleasures, thy manly toil, and thy calm retreats may be despised by the flutterers in the thronged and splendid mart, but keep to thy plain and homeborn virtues, maintain thy jealousy of pomp and state, nor ever covet the glittering tinsel that, at times, flashes across your quiet path; could you see the aching hearts it covers, you would love your inheritance the better.

Mrs. Edwards had been reared among the gay and fashionable but long had she withdrawn from these, and sought her joy alone in the smile of him to whom her heart was given. Her husband's home became her festal hall, and there she reigned sole queen of those she loved. That home has passed away, like all other visions, and now she finds herself the centre of deep responsibilities, and with a frail and uncertain prospect even of a scanty subsistence. But the even tenor of her placid mind is undisturbed with the same dignified and graceful step, she walks within the lowly cottage, as when she trod the stately mansion in former days. The same mild beauty, sheds its loveliness around her, and the same soft tones fall sweetly on the ears of her children, or those new friends and neighbours whose constant kindnesses she experiences and warmly prizes.

The fruition of our hopes is often delayed, so far as we can judge, only to make the blessing more truly realised, and our hearts more happy.

A lonely winter day had just come to a close, and Mrs. Edwards and her daughters were surrounding their little table before the fire, and plying their busy needles.

"Dear mother," said Mary, turning her full lustrous eyes up from her work, "what James will be obliged to yield to stern necessity, and come home to us disappointed and chagrined."

"It may be so, my dear; I have had my fears all along, and yet I cannot but hope he may be spared that trial."

"What would he do, dear mother? His mind has been so fixed, and his confidence so strong. Oh, how I feel for him! It is no trifling thing to be poor."

"It is not, my dear, a state of dependence involves in its contingencies scenes of deep and terrible suffering."

"I shudder, dear mother, to have brother come back disappointed, then if we were all obliged to live on bread and water."

"We all should, Julia; and it is such a trial as that would be, when after to coming poverty its sharpest pain. It is not the fact that we shall not have bread and water, or that the door which we will be shut out of, small; but it is the crushing of those hopes, the loss of noble and free intentions, the disabling of a mind, whose views are more than carrying out its grand plan, and accomplishing its destined end."

"Mother, will you read his letter to me?"

There was no reply to this request, but a sudden knock at the door put the little circle at once in a state of suspense. "Who is it?" said each a peculiar kind that each one fastidiously enquired. "Who can it be?"

It was not the common rap of any of the household. "A Scotchman," it was very unusual, first a loud rap with a little knock, and then a long string of delicate touches, ending with one sharp rap in reserve to the first.

"I will soon see," said Julia laying down her work and taking a jump from the table.

As the room in which they were sitting was somewhat in the nature of a parlour, it was not easy to distinguish voices, but some one was coming in a very pleasant way with Julia, and by laying aside his outer garments was evidently intending to make a stay.

Never did old Sol, when on some fair spring morning his white head dived upon our goodly earth, shine with more complacency than did the full, round face of Mr. Timothy Tightbody, as he stood in the doorway of the little room, and bowed to the two ladies, who were still seated at the table, and indulging a very natural curiosity respecting the coming visitor, looked up to see he was in his best—an entirely new rig. A bottle-green coat of the newest cut, with small brass buttons, a bright buff vest, half-covered by three of the same kind of fastenings, a frill, broad and full, and very small plait, gracefully protruding, adorned the upper man; and green neither garments, and well-polished boots, completed the attire. He wore all these, however, and to which, properly speaking, our friend Mr. Tightbody was intended to apply, shone his full round face. Mr. Timothy Tightbody, to use a homely phrase, "been giving himself a good scrubbing." He had used the soap unsparingly for his well-filled cheeks and ample forehead, glaucous like an alabaster butt, and to crown all, just on the very peak of what would otherwise have been a flat head, there dangled a very graceful curl of rather greyish hair formed by gathering the stray locks from beneath the ears and by some sleight of hand, causing them to combine and twist together, thereby not only making a finish, which some might admire, but also covering up a spot, that, I am sorry to say, had no covering of its own. And never did the aforesaid planct manifest more real goodwill towards our little earth, than was exhibited in the smile accompanying the very polite bow with which Mr. Timothy ushered himself into the room.

Your servant, ladies, Mrs. Edwards, I hope I see you well; Miss Mary, your most obedient, don't rise ladies, don't rise,—"seeing them on their feet and doing their best to return his respectful salutations."

Mr. Tightbody was immediately provided with a seat, but it was some time before he could make up his mind to take possession; he had three extra bows to make, and finally just as he had apparently decided to be stationary all at once he made a rapid movement towards Mrs. Edwards.

—[See Evening page 312.]

Lexus me, dear madam, but I had like to have forgotten my errand! He handed her a letter. The bow, the smile, and the presentation of the letter, together with the rapid retrograde movement to the chair, was a sight not often witnessed.

"A letter from James!" said Mrs. Edwards, holding it up to the view of her daughters, "and there is no post mark upon it, is it possible you have brought it from my son, personally?"

Mr. Tightbody was again on his feet and bending his body forward. "It affords me infinite pleasure, madam, to be able to answer in the affirmative. I saw your son at six o'clock this morning, and he—but I will not anticipate, the letter, probably, madam, will reveal the whole."

You will excuse a mother's anxiety, sir, and pardon me if I leave you a few moments to the care of my daughters."

Mr. Timothy would have been obliged to rise again, but as it happened, he had not yet reached a resting place, the bow was the lowest, the very lowest one he had made. I shall be but too happy, madam, to be in such company. Let me be no hindrance in the least, for although I have no child of my own, I can well realise—

A coal just then fell out of the fire, Mr. Timothy flew towards the range, and Mrs. Edwards left the room.

How long she was absent, Mr. Timothy would not, in all probability, have been able to say, for he had so many anecdotes to tell, he was fond of anecdotes, and it so filled his whole heart with ecstasy to see the bright smile play about the rosy lips of the staid Mary, and to hear the whole-hearted laugh of Julia, that time went with him for nothing.

When Mrs. Edwards returned, she held the letter in her hand; her countenance was lighted with an expression of deep feeling, she had evidently been weeping; but they must have been tears of joy, for her mild eye shone with unusual brightness, and every feature was softened into a look of happiness.

"Joy, girls! our dear James has found a situation."

"Joy, joy, dear mother!" was responded by both the happy sisters at once. "And we are under many obligations to our friend, Mr. Tightbody, for his influence on James's behalf; for he frankly acknowledges that without the aid of some such friend, he should not have succeeded."

The two sisters turned their eyes, glistening with tears of happiness, towards the benefactor of their brother.





the young and spirited, who are the most likely to fall into temptation, by showing them that all the sports and pastimes of youth—the athletic sports in particular—can be best enjoyed by the thoroughly temperate, they denounce all sports and pastimes whatever as the most idle waste of time, and thus excite a prejudice against the truth they seek to establish. In the minds of those who most stand in need of it, and furnish a ready argument, that is certain to be listened to, to those who have an interest in, or a desire of maintaining the old customs. The truth they advocate is universal; is applicable to every state of society, and every peculiar condition of mind. The arguments in its favour should be universal also, applicable to all classes of society—to every peculiar state of mind. There are times when we may be diverted out of error, but could not be persuaded out of them. There are many minds that can be more easily convinced by being amused than by being lectured. If we were to recommend a few good practical lectures by the abstainers, appealing to their excellence in the sports and pastimes of the day, the fact should be denounced in rather unmeasured terms. Suppose, for instance, they established a cricket club, and sent their eleven—the celebrated *I Zingari*—into the different cricket districts in England, and that all who are opposed to them. The cricketers of those districts would begin to imagine that there was some virtue in abstinence, they would see that it did not interfere with their amusements and enjoyments, and the conviction would gradually steal over their minds that they ought to abstain also. Or, suppose some three or four abstinents went in a Cumberland, or into Cornwall, and carried away all the prizes in the wrestling ring. It could produce a greater effect upon a large body of men who are now entirely out of the reach of the arguments than the most eloquent lecture. It would appeal to their senses in the manner most easily appreciated by them. As Luther adapted some of the sweetest secular music to sacred purposes, upon the principle that the devil should not have it all his own, so the abstainers should seize on all the popular amusements which do evil in themselves, but are sometimes made so by long connected bad customs, and turn them to us. But a long way to go about the old world facts, telling people that they ought to abstain because they will be beaten by those who do not. It is a pity that the value of amusements is often misapprehended upon the part of many of us.

Another misapprehension to men for a fact that their abstinence will not be triumphed over with one thing or time. They are continually mixing their great truth with other things, that are not equally true. One of our mistakes, we know, is to have a mixture of wooden shoes. It has seemed to think that a man could be perfectly temperate who is mixed in leather shoes. And as his heart is not so fast as his feet, to vert the drunkard by long arguments in favour of his feet, and not his heart. I think that is a very bad mistake. And their reliance on these crutches is the expression of the arguments in favour of one great truth is weakened the arguments themselves. A lot of often, I only recollection of what they have heard that is carried away with them is the nonsense that has been encouraged to be carried in their wooden shoes, and not the truth. The world cannot comprehend their feet, and so *ought* is not even towards that which all recognise as a great truth. They are backed up in as long time or stupid quacks. Now it is that these are practitioners who cure us of our disorder though in their cases they may be but poor physicians and foolish empirics. There can be no doubt that if the world would adopt the principles of the abstainers, it would cure the world of one great disease. But, unfortunately, they have so many unnecessary drugs into the prescription—make it so nauseous and unpalatable, that the world turns up its nose at it, and refuses it altogether. They prefer the disease to the remedy, and so it is again manifested by nature.

We remember once talking with one of these advocates, who went about the country with all kinds of horrible pictures of diseased organs produced by drinking—noses bigger than all the rest of the face, and of all the organs of the rainbow, angry stomachs with red and brown, and black jaws, charred and dried up, as it were, with the potency of their drink. We asked him if he thought these exhibitions made much impression on the blue-eyed; his answer was one of the most unconscious scenes of satire. A superstitious thinker we ever heard. He replied that he found them make a very great impression on that class of people. So that the very parties who, we might have thought, would have been actuated by the highest moral feelings, by their horror of the moral evils produced by drunkenness, by their strong religious convictions that it ought to be not only discontinued, but vigorously assailed, are merely frightened into an attack on it by their fear of personal pains and penalties in the shape of red noses and charred stomachs. Is it any wonder, when it requires the fear of pain to induce the good, but weak, to do what ought to be done, that the love of pleasure should be all powerful with others, and confirm them in doing wrong in a matter from which they derive a certain amount of sensual pleasure and gratification?

We have used this illustration as applicable to many subjects that we could not deal so freely with, as showing us that in many great questions of morals, even when a clear and demonstrable truth is at the bottom of them, all men are not agreed upon the necessity of acting upon that truth, although they may be, and are agreed that the moral evil, which that positive truth attacks, ought to be put down. We have given the above as a strong case, because the remedy proposed is positive and certain, and no other remedy can by any possibility be so certain. In most other cases of morals and prohibition, there is an admixture of uncertainty connected with them, from the want of a universal standard, which renders it difficult to establish what ought to be done. In matters of physical science, where the search is after positive truth, none of

these difficulties exist, and consequently the world moves on as it ought to do; every new truth, as soon as it is discovered, is acted upon; something is done, and the world is improved by the value of that new truth. But in matters of morals, in questions of relative truth, the world ought to move on, but it is very temperate some which all the world must be induced to submit to, they will not bow down to the imperious dictates of any set of men, and it consequently happens that whenever *ought* is changed in their minds, they are very much inclined to treat it as *ought*. It is very easy for one who can sit down like Sir Walter Scott, and make away his days at the most agreeable, and then set to work and do the thing he ought to do. We copy from his journal—"I am in a wayward humour this morning. I reviewed, yesterday, the last proof sheets of *Woodstock*, and I ought to correct them. Now, this ought sounds as like as possible to *must*, and *must* I cannot abide. I would go to Prester John's country of free good will, sooner than I would amend it to Edinburgh. Yet this is all folly, and silly folly too, and as *must* shall be for once obeyed after I have thus written myself out of my aversion to its peremptory sound—Corrected the said proofs till twelve o'clock, and then I think I will treat resolution, not to a dram, as the fellow told me, who had passed the gin-shop, but to a walk, the rather that my eyelight is somewhat uncertain and wavering." Here Sir Walter Scott knew what *ought* to be done, and did it, in spite of his objection to its imperative tone. And yet also if we all knew with certainty what *ought* to be done, and did it, instead of doing *ought*, might be as well rewarded, although perhaps, in a different manner, as Sir Walter Scott. In the very next entry in his journal, he says that he had done what he ought to do, he says, "I have the extraordinary and gratifying news that *Woodstock* is sold for £8,228—all ready money—a matchless sale for less than three months' work." However often we may suffer *ought* to conquer *ought*, we may be very certain that our wisest and happiest moments would be those spent in learning what *ought* to be done, and then doing it with our whole hearts.

## ADVANCE!

BY D. I. MC CARTHY.

Go, bade the Sun with golden steps sub-	lune	Into the soul of man the sun's rays spoke
Advance!		Advance!
He wailed in the Hatching of time	Advance!	It m out the chaos, thunder-like it broke,
Advance!		Advance!
He took the sun's rays of the tar,	Advance!	Go track the comet in its wheeling race,
With lightning speed in silver shining cars	Advance!	And drag the lightning from its hiding
Along the bright floor of his azure hall,	Advance!	Place.
Advance!		From out the night of ignorance and fear,
Sun, Stars, and time obey, the victor, and	Advance!	For Love and Hope, borne by the coming
all	Advance!	years,
Advance!		Advance!
The River, as its bubbling fountain came	Advance!	All heard and some obey'd the great
Advance!		command,
The Clot of motion like herid the ough	Advance!	It passed along from hatching lamp to lamp,
Advance!		Advance!
Through that it will the night's Master's	Advance!	The strong grew stronger, and the weak
law	Advance!	grew strong,
Alow not a fraction's idle pause	Advance!	As passed the war cry of the World awake—
Flow on his full circle the wheel's wheels	Advance!	Awake, ye nations, know your powers and
Advance!		rights—
And Summer hours like fiery harnesses	Advance!	Through Hope and Woe to Freedom's
steeds	Advance!	new delights
Advance!		Advance!
To Man's in at wondrous hand the same	Advance!	Knowledge came down and waved her
voice in it	Advance!	steady torch,
Advance!		Advance!
Go clear the woods, and cut a bounding	Advance!	Seas proclaimed from many a marble
tyro	Advance!	prize,
Advance!		Advance!
Go as thou art from its secret bed	Advance!	As rapid lightning leaps from peak to peak,
And make the cedar lent its giant cell	Advance!	The Gaul, the Goth, the Roman, and the
Let domes and columns through the won-	Advance!	Greek,
derm at	Advance!	The painted Briton, caught the winged
Advance!		word
The World O Man is thine But wouldst	Advance!	And earth grew young, and cradled as a
thou a slave—	Advance!	bird,
Advance!		Advance!

BEAUTIFUL SCENE.—Night is upon the earth, Darkness is in the valley and upon the hill top. But the moon rising and clearing away the clouds, dispels the gloom. As she rolls upward the stars gather around her. Come with me and look upon a scene of intensely exciting interest. Enter this chamber softly—it is the sanctuary of innocence—the shade of love and peace. Bending beside a table beheld a maiden—a blooming girl of seventeen—on her knees. Her cherry lips move, her graceful form is anxiously swaying to and fro. She is labouring under an excitement. The cool airs rush in upon her through the lattice. She is strengthened. Could we view a more interesting picture?

"Ah!"

Was that a word or long drawn sigh? List again.

"Ah!"

Could she be unconscious of our presence? Her hand gropes upon the floor, then she lost a jewel? Her dark eye in wild frenzy flashes. The sweet smile has vanished from her features. But lo! it returns in triumph. She speaks:

"Mary! Mary!—I've killed that old Jew at last!"

## ONWARD!

**MARCH OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE EAST**—The successors of the Caliph Omar are forgetting that famous aphorism of their race, which described all literature not found in the Koran as superfluous. Of late years the Padiashah of the Moslem world has founded schools, imported types and presses, and set up newspapers in the dominions over which his sway extends.

**ELECTRIC LIGHT AND HEAT**—The French Government has instituted a prize of 50,000 francs, in favour of the discoverer who shall render the voltaic pile applicable with economy to industry as a source of heat, to lighting, chemistry, mechanics, or medical practice. Scientific men of all nations are admitted to compete for the prize, which is to remain open for a period of five years.

**OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE**—Our American correspondence states that the Government of Washington has given notice to our ministers in Downing Street, of its desire to put a speedy end to the present postal arrangements between the two countries. It is understood that this notice has been given with a view to negotiations for the establishment of a cheaper and more extended system of communication.—*Athenæum*.

**IMPROVEMENTS IN PROPPELLING RAILWAY CARRIAGES**—Messrs. Cunningham & Carter, the inventors of a new system of railway propulsion by atmospheric pressure, are making great efforts to obtain the patronage of the various railway companies. The cost of fixing the machinery &c., is estimated at £1,000 per mile, and the daily expense of working a double line of 50 miles long, during a period of 10 hours, with trains (at 3d per train per mile) starting from each terminus every half-hour, and six trains always running, is £25 12s 6d, including £11 per day for depreciation.

**ESTABLISHMENT OF A CHRONOLOGICAL INSTITUTE**—To the humanitary and scientific societies of the metropolis, another has been added—"The Chronological Institute of London." Its object is the promotion of Chronological Science, by literary contribution, by collection and diffusing information, by interchange of correspondence by lectures on Chronology and its various branches and applications, and by the publication or encouragement of Chronological works. On the principle of the division of labour the Society may be useful, and of its utility there is no question.

**NEW MODE OF OPERATING IN SURGERY**—It is known to the professors of natural philosophy that a platinum wire can be heated intensely to a red heat by means of a powerful electric battery—and that it will cut through the skin and flesh of the human body with more ease than the sharpest instruments. The surgeons of the Santa Theresa Hospital, in Vienna, have made the experiment of substituting such a wire for the usual surgical instruments in some of their operations—and it is said, with perfect success. They have had a memoir on the subject before the Imperial Academy of Sciences in that capital.

**SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH BETWEEN OSTEND AND LONDON**—The Belgian minister of public works has decided on the establishment of a submarine telegraph between Ostend and London. Two companies were at first in competition for the contract, but they have since agreed on a coalition, and the work will soon be commenced. Recent political events have given additional importance to this communication. In case of any continental troubles, it is through Belgium that England maintains her footing in Europe. Besides, it is well known that King Leopold is at present the chief adviser of the Queen and Prince Albert, and the telegraph will save the trouble and expense of many despatches and confidential messengers. By a return made by the French Minister of the Interior, it appears that from the opening of the submarine telegraph to the 1st of February 1872 1468 messages have been despatched from London to England and from England to France, and 607 despatches have been transmitted from France to Belgium to England through France, and from England to Belgium.—*Literary Gazette*.

**TELEGRAPH COMMUNICATION AT GEORGE'S HOSPITAL**—In these days when every effort is made to improve social facilities of all kinds, and to complete and perfect every arrangement that can conduce to health or convenience, it may not be inappropriate to call attention to a system of telegraph communication just adopted at St. George's Hospital. Dr. Putnam, the zealous physician attached to the hospital, desirous of getting rid of the annoyances occasioned to the patients by the noisy transmission of orders through the different wards (thus the hall-porter was accustomed to ring a large bell in the hall until it drew all the nurses into the corridors, and then he shouted out the orders he had to give them), requested the assistance of Mr. John Brathwaite, the engineer, who visited the hospital and suggested the manner in which it should be done. In the hall is a column three feet high, having in its top a dial on which are engraved a number of signals, on the walls of the different wards are corresponding circles similarly engraved, but much larger, and when the pointer to the dial in the hall is moved to any signal, all the others move in precisely the same way, and at the same time a little hammer falls on a small bell, and draws attention to the fact that the pointer has moved. In this way about fifty signals are transmitted daily in each ward without the possibility of error or the least noise. The cost of the first instance we are told was very trifling, and that of maintenance is really nothing. The same arrangement might be made useful in dwelling-houses for ordinary domestic use. Messrs. Thompson & Grafton executed the work.

## STATISTICS.

**TAXATION**—Bourgeoismen are taxed at the rate of 10 francs per head per annum; while in France the taxation per head is £1 4s 6d in Prussia, 12s 4d; in Austria, 11s 6d; in Russia, 9s 6d; and in the United States, 9s 7d.

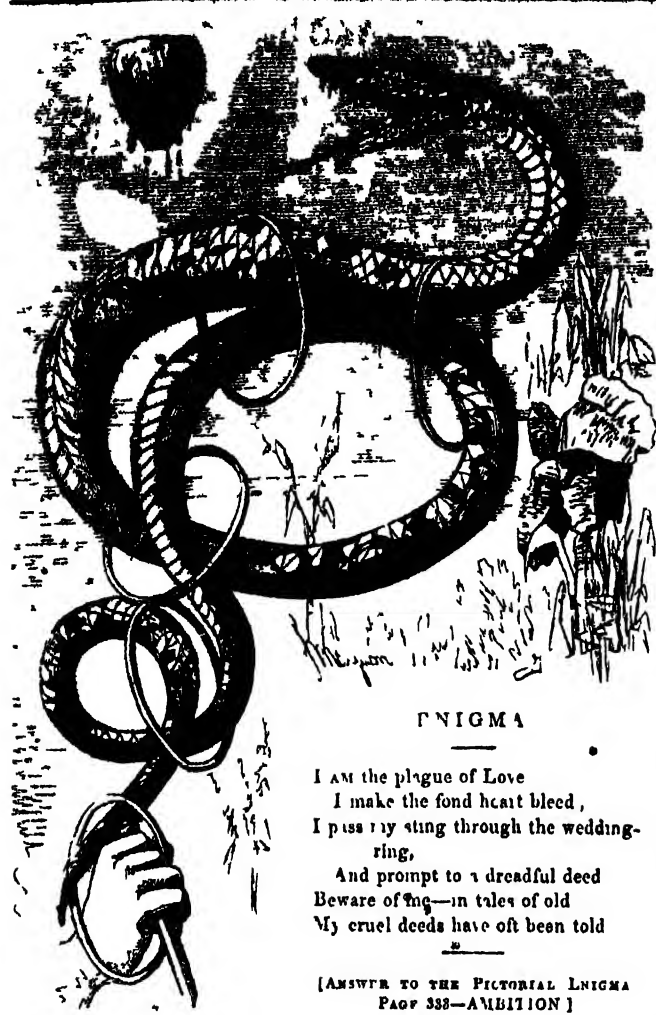
**STATISTICS OF THE GERMAN BOOK TRADE**—There are 2,651 booksellers in Germany, of whom 400 are publishers only; 2,290 are in the retail trade, and 451 are publishers and booksellers. Among the German towns there are 145 establishments in Leipzig, 129 in Berlin, 52 in Vienna, 56 in Stuttgart, and 36 in Frankfurt-on-the-Maine. In the year 1760 there were but 81 booksellers and publishers at Leipzig, and 9 only at Berlin.

**TRADE AND MANUFACTURES OF PARIS**—The manufacture of furniture and cabinet-making is carried on by 1,915 masters, who employ 9,000 workmen. In the manufacture of chairs and furniture (wood only) the number of persons employed is about 3,459. The turners, wood-carvers, and 389 workmen. In carving and ornamenting articles of furniture there is an assemblage of 22 masters and 1125 workmen. The sawing establishments occupy 347 persons, masters and workmen. The upholstery trade occupies about 3,920 persons, many of them women. In the paper-hanging trade there are engaged 141 masters, who employ 329 workmen. The number of persons, masters and workmen, employed in wood-gilding is 1,310. In the manufacture of gas fittings 1 of them employ about 3,000 persons are employed.

**COMMERCIAL STATISTICS**—A recent work by Mr. Brithwaite Poole shows, that—The railways of Britain have cost £240,000,000, the canals £26,000,000, and the docks £30,000,000. Our mercantile marine consists of 36,000 vessels, 1,300,000 tons, with 210,000 men, and the vessel is lost on an average every five days. Our navy consists of 580 vessels, 670,000 tons, and 19,000 men. Vessels of 10 to 23,000 tons. The ancient Britons knew only 6 primitive uses, from which metals were produced; where as the present scientific generation use 50. The aggregate yield of minerals in this country is equivalent in value to about £25,000,000 annually. The agricultural produce of wheat, milk, and butter, and cheese is 3,000,000 tons, and 1,500,000,000. The ale and spirits, consumed annually, exceeded 3,300,000 tons, and £51,000,000. Whilst sugar, tea, and coffee are valued at £1,000,000, and £27,000,000. Our fisheries net 16,000,000 annually. In manufactures, the cotton, woollen, and silk together amount to 120,000 tons, £9,600,000. Whilst hardware exhibits 360,000 tons, and £2,000,000. In addition to which 1,250 tons of pins and needles are made yearly worth £1,100,000. Earthenware, 160,000 tons, £3,000,000. Glass, 55,000 tons, £1,650,000. The *Gazette* shows an average of 11 bankrupts daily throughout England and Wales.

**STATISTICAL COMPARISONS**—China has an area of 60,000 geographical square miles, and about 108,000,000 English acres under rice cultivation, in which, not including the lands for vegetable production, three hundred millions of human beings have to live. The dependent areas are Manchuria, with 13,000 square miles, and, according to the account of government, only 1,300,000 inhabitants—perhaps not one third of the actual number. Mongolia, about 91,000 geographical square miles, numbers perhaps 1,000,000 inhabitants. Tibet 30,200 square miles, with about 6,000,000. Bokhara and Turkistan, 27,300 square miles, with about 6,000,000. The British Empire has 27,160 square miles, with 20,000,000 inhabitants. Russia, including its ice field, 5,872,760 square miles, with 62,000,000 inhabitants. If we compare the resources of the respective empires, the discrepancy is still more glaring. Including all the arms of revenue, provincial and imperial, China does not yield above thirty-three millions per annum in sterling money. Of this, half of your tribute is sent to the general supreme government, and in kind—rice, pulse, and silk—perhaps ten millions more. Yet, in 1846, according to the official statement, only six millions eight hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds reached the court, and only one third of the tribute in kind.

**STATISTICS OF WAR**—The battle of Waterloo lasted for about nine hours, and not more than 20,000 French were killed and wounded. We will suppose that only 5,000 of these were disposed of by the allied cavalry and artillery, and there will remain 15,000 as the results of infantry who were actually engaged on the side of the English, and that they had only expended on an average seventy-five cartridges per man—a most moderate allowance, for it is well known that the British went into action with eighty rounds, and were twice supplied with ammunition during the day. The result will be, that it took the exertions of three English soldiers for nine hours, and the expenditure of two hundred and twenty-five musket shots, to place one Frenchman hors de combat. Slow and tedious work this! And had not the Prussian army, according to promise, arrived in time to surround the French—reduced in numbers and exhausted by their protracted exertions—with an overwhelming force, this would have added one more to the long list of indecisive modern battles. But "the slaughter was tremendous." Well might it have been, when 70,000 French and 70,000 English had been engaged in the exchange of every species of missile for nine hours! But mark a contrast. At the battle of Prestonpans 2,500 undisciplined Highlanders, with broadsword and target, their advance covered by an unskilful fire of musketry, cut to pieces and dispersed in ten minutes a superior number of English infantry, armed and equipped exactly like the men who conquered at Blenheim and Malplaquet. The same result followed at Falkirk, and even at Culloden, with dissatisfaction and disobedience in their ranks, which prevented the first attack being supported and followed up, the Highlanders broke through every part of the English line that they reached in their charge.—*Leader*.



### ENIGMA

I AM the plague of Love  
I make the fond heart bleed,  
I pass my sting through the wedding-  
ring,  
And prompt to a dreadful deed  
Beware of me—in tales of old  
My cruel deeds have oft been told

[ANSWER TO THE PICTORIAL ENIGMA  
PAGE 333—AMBITION]

### MENTAL RECREATION

To find the Difference between any two Numbers the greater of which is a known  
TAKE as many nines as there are figures in the less number, and subtract the one from the other

Let another person add that difference to the larger number, and then, if he take away the first figure of the amount, and add it to the remaining figures, the sum will be the difference of the two numbers, as was required

Suppose, for example, that Matthew, who is twenty two years of age, tells Henry, who is older, that he can discover the difference of their ages

He privately deducts 22, his own age, from 99, and the difference, which is 77, he tells Henry to add to his age and to take away the first figure from the amount

Then if this figure, so taken away, be added to the remaining ones, the sum will be the difference of their ages, as, for instance, —

The difference between Matthew's age and 99 is	77
To which Henry adding his age	35

The sum will be	112
And 1, taken from 112, gives	12
Which being increased by	1

Gives the difference of the two ages	13
And this added to Matthew's age	22

Gives the age of Henry, which is	35
----------------------------------	----

### A PARADOX

One grandfather and two grandsons—one father and his son,  
Another with two other sons (so strange their kindred run);  
Two first cousins and two seconds, uncle and nephew dear,  
But still no more than four men there are included here,  
And their surnames are all the same, 'tis true without a doubt,  
Now all that is desired, is to find this paradox out.

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



TEN OF CLUBS—"POPULAR CHARACTERS"

### ANAGRAM

AN ancient doctor when transposed, a being great will show,  
Who, when commissioned from above, takes care of men below.

### FLORAL CONUNDRUMS

- 1 WHAT is placed before gentlemen's houses, with what grows in their gardens
- 2 What pleases when in the air, and what a horse cannot abide.
- 3 Half a cabin and a whole country
- 4 The gift of Heaven, and the motion attending it.
- 5 The half of a private entertainment, and a part of a goose.

### CHARADE.

I AM a word of eight letters my first stands for 100, my second is a vowel my third is a consonant My first, second, and third, is an animal of the feline species, my second, third and fourth, means one of the heathen suries My third, fourth, and second, is one of your daily meals, my fourth, fifth, and sixth, is the Latin for I, my fifth and sixth means exit, my first, second fifth, and fourth is a prison for a bird, my fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth, is another word for sanguinary My seventh, second, and third, is a hateful animal My third, seventh, second, and eighth is as it is used at the tea table; and my whole is an order of ideas

R. S. H.

### AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION

IN an Aral man manuscript was found this remarkable relation of a dispute.  
Two Arals sat down to dinner, one of them had five loaves, and the other three A stranger passing by, desired to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who demanded to share the eight pieces The cause came before the magistrate, who said — Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one Will our readers explain the justice of this sentence?

### A PARADOX FOR 1866

ONE day I saw the sun arise,  
I'm sure I saw him set likewise;  
But, wonderful! that day  
I vouch again he rose, and 'gain  
Beneath th' horizon went; explain  
How this could be, I pray.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 333

### ENIGMAS.

1 SWORD  
2 SALAM'S AGE

3 NEWSPAPER  
4 LINDSEY

5 PAINTING  
6 MASHED POTATOES

### TRANSFORMATIONS

1 GARDEN, DANCE 2 LEMON, MELON 3 INCH, CHIN









### Editor's Note-Book.

**CONTENTMENT**—Be seized dear friend, with a very dreadful idea of your own sufficiency. Distrust your own competency to walk straight, your own ability to detect

power to see even from one moment to another what is best for you. Give not so far the good things of this life, because it happens to be the fashion. Fill not so your mind with golden visions long not so intensely for those on or two little things which you think, after all, fate might really accord you. Above all be more disposed to regard the wheelbarrow than the coach and four, the table spread with bread and cheese, than the banquet-board groaning with its plate. If you sleep well, be happy! Remember, man leads two lives—his days and his dreams, and if you are wise as to the latter, accept the former as the very best which could be allotted you. Depend upon it, my not altogether so hopelessly-wicked reader that the only things which are worth attention in this world are those in which we stand, and that if you have a clear mind, a small opinion of yourself and good resolutions, you are as happy as a prince, as any powerful, too!—*Mary Anne Jennings, in the Literary Magazine*

**SIR JAMES MACINTOSH** A R.—This great writer and statesman died on May, 30 1832 from the effects of a small bone of a fowl, which had unfortunately lodged in his throat.

**TO MAKE RED INK** G W.—Take raspings of Brazil wood one ounce, white lead and alum, of each two drachms, grind and mix them, boil them in a pint of vinegar, with three scruples of gum arabic.

**TO CLEAN GOLD AND SILVER LACE** JCS.—Wash the lace in clean linen cloth, boil it in a pint of soft water and two ounces of soap and then wash it in cold water. If it is tarnished apply a little warm spirits of wine to the tarnished parts.

**CICERONE** M S.—This is an Italian word, applied to guides who point out to travellers interesting objects in different countries. The name is said to be derived from such persons in Italy indiscriminately calling every one a Cicero when they did not know who the statue or picture represented.

**PINS** May.—Pins, such as are now used, seem to have been unknown in England till about the middle of the fifteenth century. Previous to that time pins were made of ivory, bone, boxwood and a few of silver and they were necessarily of large size. Brooches, and brooches and pins were much employed for holding together the parts of dress.

**BARBIFEX** Welby.—The origin of this instrument is unknown. It has been so long a favourite in Scotland and Ireland that it is regarded as the national music of those countries; but it is by no means peculiar to them. It is found represented on Grecian and Roman sculptures, and in several other countries it is a popular instrument at the present time. It is, besides, one of the few things on which time has wrought no improvement.

**TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM CLOTH** A Y Z.—Take off the grease with the nail, or, if that cannot be done, have a hot iron with some thick brown paper; lay the paper on the part where the grease is, then put the iron upon the spot; if the grease comes through the paper put on another piece, till it does not soil the paper. If not all out, wrap a little piece of cloth or flannel round the finger, dip it into spirits of wine, and rub the grease spot.

**ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS** Glakoma.—We are indebted to the Italians for the idea of newspapers. The title of their gazettes was most probably derived from a small coin, peculiar to the city of Venice, called *gazetta*, which was the common price of their newspapers. With regard to the first introduction of newspapers in England, we are told by Chalmers that it dates from the epoch of the Spanish Armada. In the British Museum are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel, during the year 1588. For the derivation of the term "news," we must refer our correspondents to an admirable contemporary publication, *Notes and Queries*, which has most ably debated the subject.

**TRAGEDY** J. W.—"I am desirous of writing for the stage, having already commenced a tragedy which several of my friends encourage me to finish. I am, however, in want of a plot, and perhaps you could refer me to some incidents which would furnish me with one."—We are really unable to satisfy our correspondent on this point, having a distaste for horrors of any kind. We remember, however, Oxberry's receipt to make a modern tragedy, which we give in all its culinary precision. "Take a brave hero, and a villain, load one with all the virtues and the other with all the vices that ever were in existence, jumble them well together, so that sometimes one and sometimes the other may be permitted; let the piece be well fermented with battles, and every now and then sprinkle over the whole a few scenes of love. Let it all boil together for five acts, then let it stand three days to cool, and afterwards serve it up for the stage."

**THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE**—The number of publications that issue weekly from the London press is enormous. The four leading penny serials circulate between them about 500,000 copies weekly. The tone of these papers must necessarily act upon the minds of the community with great effect, and it is therefore important to watch closely the description of mental food of various kinds that is provided. It has been our constant ambition to destroy the pernicious influence exerted by the deluge of mischievous works which are placed within the reach of the industrious classes. Such subjects as *Demerol*, *The Vampire*, or *The Feast of Belshazzar*, *Urania*, *Urania*, *Terrific Regiments*, the achievements of *Diabolus*, *Terrible Jonellian Will*, *Jack Shepherd* and other equally notorious in crime form the characters of the characters who daily figure in the annals of our police courts. We cannot too strongly express our disgust at the means thus employed to demoralise and ruin the young and prevent the seeds of good thought implanted by nature in every mind, from being properly matured. We are sorry to say that such offensive works are too constantly



COMING OUT

**LAMP LIGHTING BY ELECTRICITY** J J.—Mr Editor, in page 220 of your *Alcibiades*, you have quoted an article on this subject, the writer of which seemed to attribute to himself the merit of the idea. In the Paris correspondence of the *Times* however, some time past the following notice appeared:—"A rapid and scientific mode of lighting and extinguishing public gas burners has been invented by a person named Villatte. The opening of the burner of each lamp is covered with a piece of soft iron, mounted upon a hinge. In connection with this is a wire, extending from a galvanic battery the entire length of the surface of the gas lamps, and close to the orifice of each burner is a small slip of platinum. The soft iron becoming a magnet when acted upon by the electric fluid, opens or closes the orifice according to the motion imparted to it, and thus every lamp in a large town may be lighted or extinguished simultaneously, by a different action on the magnetised iron."

**BAD COMPANY** J C.—Our remarks on the early closing movement, page 330, has produced us several communications, in which our advice is requested on the employment of leisure hours in the evening. We have already, on several occasions, adverted to this subject and our space will now only permit us to notice the letter of J. C., who describes himself as a working man of limited means, which prevent him from subscribing to a literary institution, and who is obliged to associate with persons from whose companionship he neither derives amusement nor profit. We can only briefly recommend our correspondents to shun all society tending to degrade and demoralise the mind. We entirely differ from him on the obligation to mix with persons whose standard of intelligence is so low. The story of the shoe and the slipper may drive him in this respect.—A shoe, adorned with a handsome buckle, once found himself next a slipper, whom he thus addressed: "My good friend, why don't you get a buckle like mine?" "Your buckle is an excellent

thing, truly," answered the slipper—"I do not even understand its use." "It is used," replied the shoe, hastily—"to keep your foot warm and dry. Why, but for them we should sink in the mud and be lost." "Yes," my dear friend," retorted the slipper, "but I never go into the mud!"

**CHARLES BANK OF ENGLAND'S NOTES** Dives.—"Mr Editor, I should be glad to be informed how I am to distinguish a good Bank of England note from a counterfeit. Many of my friends pretend to know, but I find that each one differs in his opinion."—The characteristics of a true Bank of England note were explained, some time since, at the Royal Institution. The paper is distinguished—1. By its colour, a peculiar white, such as is neither sold in the shops, nor used for any other purpose. 2. By its thickness and transparency—qualities which prevent any of the printed parts of the notes being washed out by turpentine, or removed by the knife, unless a hole is made in the place thus protected on. 3. By its characteristic feel, a peculiar crispness and toughness by which those accustomed to handle it distinguish the true note instantly. 4. The wire or water-mark, which is produced on the paper when in a state of pulp, and which is easily distinguished from a mark stamped on after the paper is completed. 5. The three decked edges. 11. A mould contains two notes placed lengthways, which are separated by a knife at a future stage of the process. The drizzle or wooden frame of the paper mould produces the peculiar effect seen on the edge of an unprinted paper caused when the paper is in a state of dryness it cannot be successfully imitated after the paper is made. 6. The strength of the paper, which is made, 1. of the worn fibre of old garments, but from new linen and cotton.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED**—To avoid confusion and delay in our replies we do not request our correspondents to observe the names of those to whom our answers are addressed, before affixing a *nom de plume*, which in several instances belongs to others. For instance, we have at least four different letters with the signature "JUCHA" and about the same number of "Excellence," besides many similar cases, which would be partly avoided by the initials only being sent—A. C. G. W. G. (many thanks for the suggestions)—*DELLA* (Clerkenwell or Clerkenwell is so termed from having been the spot where the clerks of London were accustomed to meet annually for the purpose of enacting sacred dramas selected from the histories of the Bible)—*M* (The invention of bells, such as are hung in the towers or steeples of Christian churches, is by Polydore Virgil and others, ascribed to Paulinus, Bishop of Holo, about the year 400)—*W. SMITH* (alliteration, or playing upon the same letter, is derived from the Latin *littera*, a letter, we may quote as an instance—

"Rough repetition is rare in rudest rhyme,  
As clasp pearls clink in one chiming rhyme.")

**MEMPHIS** (the best season of the year for swimming is during the months of May, June, July, and August. Morning is the best time, before breakfast, from seven to eight o'clock.)—**QUEEN** (heraldry is of very ancient origin. The earliest account we have is in the Scriptures, in the second chapter of Numbers)—**W. Q.** (to give complete instructions for preparing objects of Natural History would far exceed our limits. *Taxidermy*, by Mrs. Lee, published by Longman, contains every necessary information respecting this art.)—**J. E. S.** (apply to M. Claudet, Regent street)—**G.** (many thanks for the papers forwarded)—**X. Y. Z.** (will find at page 80 our reasons for dating the *Home Companion* in advance. The fact in itself creates no difficulty)—**W. B. MOORE** (there are various distinctions of esquires; those of royal creation by the imposition of a collar of S. S.; also Esquires of the Knights of the Bath, Esquires by office as justices of the peace. The term is, however, commonly applied, or rather misapplied, to all persons in the receipt of a certain income, no matter their trade or profession).

**H. SPILLER** (the first public experiments on the atmospheric railway were made in 1840, and were brought into operation in 1841)—**THOMAS** (all papers of a political nature are inadmissible)—**HELEN C.** (there will be no difficulty in forwarding the *Home Companion* to Australia, providing proper instructions are sent).



Printed by WILLIAM ELLIOTT, 65, Gower Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES, 69, Fleet Street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 23.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"Presently the wheel stopped buzzing, the old man looked very intently at the work he had been performing, and then laying it carefully by itself, threw his spectacles on his forehead, and turned one eye full upon his visitor, while the other seemed to be resting on some object in another part of the room"—See Chap XVIII

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from page 346)

"Don't, ladies, don't say one word, I beg of you"—Mr Timothy was standing again—"not one word, my dear madam," turning towards Mrs Edwards; if any poor word of mine has been of any service to him, I mean to your son, madam, and your brother ladies it is a cause of unspeakable satisfaction to me."

It took some little time to get things righted again, or at least to get Mr. Tightbody quietly seated in his chair, he was as restless as possible—the moment he was a little warmed by any exciting remark, up he would go and when up, he seemed not exactly to know how to get back. At the present moment, his feelings were flowing very fast, almost running away with him; in fact, he could hardly be said to have had the reins in his own hands, a combination of exciting circumstances having almost proved too much for his equanimity.

In the first place, he had put on a brand new suit, enough, generally, of itself to affect the mind of a common man, then, this was his first formal call; he had thought a great deal about it beforehand, and not only that, but his head had been full of strange fancies ever since his first interview with the ladies; he was nervous whenever he heard their names mentioned; he had peculiar feelings whenever he passed their cottage, or when he saw the mother and daughters walking, in all their gracefulness, to the church; or along the highway; and even his dreams were more or less affected by visions in which they acted a prominent part. How long Mr. Timothy would have remained in this partially entranced state there is no telling, for in the midst of these enchanting thoughts there was an alarming rap at the street door. All started, even to Mr. Timothy.

Julia immediately seized a light, and, as sprightly as a fawn, was at the door in an instant. She was no coward, but, on turning the latch, such a singular

object presented itself, that she involuntarily stepped back a pace or two, as she did so, the person, or thing, walked within the doorway.

"Is master here missus?"

"What is your master's name?"

Just at that moment a little gust of wind blew out the light, and Julia at once retraced her steps to the sitting-room not very sorry for an excuse to get thence for although she had been accustomed to school her mind to surprise from her infancy, she had never seen anything in the shape of a youth like the one just now before her. No sooner did she turn to go through the passage, than she was conscious that he was shuffling along after her. Beginning to be alarmed, she quickened her speed, immediately her clothes were grasped. In the excitement of the moment, she screamed at the top of her voice, "Mother! mother!"

With a cry of terror, equally loud, the being behind her called out, "Mrs Bet! Mrs Bet! hold the light!"

In an instant the inmates of the room rushed to the spot. Mr. Timothy, as gallantry dictated, was the first to encounter the object of alarm.

"Don't be alarmed, ladies, don't be alarmed. Charles, what is this? how did you dare? Go along this instant!" This was said in a low voice, accompanied by pushes and pinches, which caused the subject, for whose benefit they were intended, to make a few rather rapid movements.

"What is the matter now, Charles? What do you holler for?"

Mr. Timothy lifted up his eyes. "My—?" "What word or words Mr. Timothy substituted for these blanks, it would be hard to say; for nothing escaped his lips but that simple monosyllable. His look, however, betokened strong emotion. Immediately before him, and filling the whole doorway, stood old Bet, his housekeeper, her immense arms, and shoulders, and head, revealed by the light of the lantern, which she held on high, the better to see what was going on in the passage, which was long and narrow.

"Oh! Master Tim, I'm most frightened to death. You almost kill me. She was, indeed, breathing very hard and short.

During a long harangue with which he was favoured by his house-



a kind act on the part of Rudolph had laid James under obligations which he could not easily forget. But, with all his suavity of manners, and the generosity he had manifested, the latter could not be blinded to certain dark traits which would, in the freedom of intercourse, obtrude themselves—marring what he would have wished to love, and shaking his confidence where he would have been glad to feel that there was a sure foundation upon which to rest.

The call which Rudolph had made at the house of Mr. Upjohn, in search of James Edwards, and the introduction he received that evening, were but a prelude to a course of visits and serious intimacy. His manners were pleasing, and the occasional calls he made by no means unacceptable to the little family. Gitty did her best to welcome him, and make the evening pass pleasantly away. These calls had at length become quite frequent, and, on fine summer evenings, when the streets were thronged with the seekers for pleasure, Gitty would be invited abroad to see some fine sight or to enjoy the promenade. Her guardians would much have preferred that she should always be by their side, but how could they think of thus fettering one so young and light-hearted? They had once been young themselves. The young man, too, was of fair standing, and perhaps, in the opinion of many, higher on the scale than she. But of this the old folks thought not. They could imagine no class of society that Gitty was not fully equal to—and yet, when they would sit together, while she was thus away, until the evening had been spent, thoughts would come over them that, for the moment, were like the shadow of a dark cloud. But like it, they would soon fly by, and Gitty would come home and smile sweetly upon them, and Rudolph courteously bid them a good night, and it was all well.

But, alas! all was not well. Gitty might not have been gifted with that strong sense of propriety which many have. She may have been less on her guard against the faithfulness of man than many of her sex and age, but she had a fine and guileless heart; she thought no evil, and she feared none. Very attention on the part of Rudolph she received as an expression of his good-will, of his kind feelings towards her. She received it in all honesty of soul, and, as these tokens of his feelings were neither few nor far between, they won upon her heart. He became more and more associated with the happier spots in her existence, his presence seemed to be got ready to make every occasion of joy just what it should be. In every vision of beauty that flitted through her young mind he was a conspicuous figure. In her dreams by night, and in those livelier and more entrancing dreams by day, in which her spirit loved to lose its present realities and bask in the delights of its own framing, he was one the principal one whose virtues, as her mind painted them, gilded the whole scene with rays of beauty. And thus, around her young and susceptible heart, by degrees a chain has been cast. Its links may have been formed of nothing stronger than the trifles I have named, but they held her ancient feelings in an embrace firmer than the iron clasp that holds the criminal to his cell.

The little family at the White Cottage are no longer mourners. The weeds of sorrow have been laid aside, and time has kindly soothed their agonized feelings. Their humble home has been surrounded with its little embellishments, the work of their own hands. Shrubs and plants are blossoming without and order, neatness, and taste are manifest in every department within. They have known no real wants, although compelled by restricted means to the practice of rigid economy.

Faithful to his trust, James has consorted every farthing of his income, except what was needful for the supply of decent apparel for himself, to their comfort. Occasionally he has been enabled to spend short periods with them, pure seasons of delight they have been—each visit unfolding new charms in each other, and binding in stronger bonds their warm affections.

The fears which a mother's sensitive heart had at times called up, lest this loved one should be led astray, have long since been quieted. His generous spirit sparkles before her in all its purity and brightness, and she feels that her prayers have been answered, and looks forward with perfect confidence to the day when his faithfulness shall reap its reward, and her noble boy stand high among the competitors for distinction, as he now does before her as a true and tried son and brother. Three years, then, have relieved their distresses and confirmed their hopes, and around that little family bright scenes are shining, warming with life and painting with loveliness the scenery that forms the circle of their interests and tugging, even the few scattered clouds that rest upon their horizon with hues of beauty.

(Continued on page 356)

**SPLENDOR OF THE AMERICAN HOTELS.**—The glass in the windows of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, every pane of which is French plate, cost thirty thousand dollars. A large number of men are now employed on the building, and the proprietors are determined, if possible, to have it ready for occupancy by the first of June. We hear glowing accounts of the magnificence and comfort-promoting contrivances of the Metropolitan, of the grand suites of apartments for families, of the suavity and convenience of the rooms in "Bachelor's Row," of the hundred and thirty mirrors ordered from Belgium, two of which, it is reported, will be a considerable fraction of an acre in extent, of the wonderful laundry, and the more wonderful dining-room, and the most wonderful kitchen of the steam-engine which is going to do everything, from the warming of a plate to the hoisting of a ton of coal to the fifth story, of the unspeakable luxuries of the bath rooms; of the glorious promenade on the roof, equal to Brooklyn heights and Weehawken combined. The furniture, it is estimated, will cost something like a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. In short, the new hotel will be as well as be called, **THE METROPOLITAN.**



LINNÆUS.

CHARLES LINNÆUS, the most enthusiastic lover of Nature, and the most indefatigable inquirer into her productions that ever graced the annals of science, was born on the 3rd of May 1707, at Rasmult, a village in the province of Smaland in Sweden. His father was the pastor of the village, and was passionately fond of gardening. The love of plants and flowers in the elder Linnæus was increased by his obtaining about a year after the birth of his son, the living of Stenbroholt, which in addition to a somewhat more lucrative benefice had the advantage of an extensive and good garden annexed to the house. This garden he soon rendered the finest in the whole district, crowding it with upwards of four hundred species of flowers, many of them of foreign growth and great rarity. Thus were the incipient tastes of young Linnæus guided by his father's care. Flowers were his earliest delight, as they were his latest enjoyment. At eight years of age he had a separate plot of ground assigned him by his father, which was dignified by the name of Charles's Garden, and many an excursion did he make to the neighbouring woods and meadows for plants and flowers, wild herbs and weeds, where-with to enrich his store.

It was, however, the farthest from the intention of the elder Linnæus to make his son a naturalist. His business would all have authorized him to encourage a speculation so little likely to afford any advantage beyond the mere pleasure of the pursuit. An ambition equally natural and laudable prompted him to hope that his son might one day succeed him in the pulpit, and to furnish so desirable an object, Charles Linnæus, after receiving the elements of a liberal education at home, was sent in 1717 to continue his studies at the Latin school in the adjacent town of Wexiœ, in the province of Scania.

His love of Nature, however, possessed far greater attractions for Charles Linnæus than all the laboured tomes of the "Illustrations dea." He was examining plants when he should have been consulting his dictionary, and writing descriptions of them when he was required to be composing them. The consequence was, that, although his master, being a botanist himself, viewed his wanderings with a more complacent eye, his school-fellows considered him only as a stupid and truant boy, and at the end of seven years, instead of seeing him ready for admittance into holy orders, his father and mother laid the communication of hearing complaints from the professors of the college, suspecting his apparent indolence and inattention. Linnæus, grieved to the heart at beholding the mortification of his parents, whom he held in equal reverence and love, promised them that he would, for their sakes, apply himself most assiduously for the future to the study of divinity, though he at this early time acknowledged that he had no inclination whatsoever towards the sacred calling. His father too, exasperated to force upon him an office which ought never to be undertaken but from the purest motives, and too proud to encourage him farther in researches which he had not the means of bringing to any beneficial result, determined on a line of life for his son, equally removed from the irksomeness of study and the uncertainties of philosophy, and actually proposed binding him apprentice to a shoemaker and cobbler.

Happily for the delightful predilections of Linnæus, and for the future diffusion of science, this threatened blow, so fraught with ruin to both, was never struck. John Rothman, a benevolent physician at Wexiœ, and Professor of Medicine in the college of that city, had noticed the genius of Linnæus, his penetration and knowledge, so unusual at his age; and hearing



of his father's intention to remove him from college, he urged him so warmly to let him remain in order to study physic and botany, to either of which professions the turn of his mind seemed admirably adapted, that the elder Linnæus gave at length a reluctant consent to a measure which was in process of time to make his own name known throughout the world, as the father of one of the most perceiving and acute geniuses that ever graced the annals of science.

It was not by words alone that Rothmann showed his anxiety to befriend young Linnæus—he benevolently took him into his own family for the remainder of the scholastic term, supplied him with clothes, books, and everything of which he stood in need, and likewise initiated him in the elements of medicine, in order that he might make a more rapid progress in the study of physic.

Until this auspicious period, Linnæus had studied natural history and botany subjects connected with them, but he had not begun to form a small museum of natural curiosities and rare plants at Uppsala, as he had done in his father's house, yet he had not followed any regularity of plan or scientific arrangement in them.

In Rothmann's library, he, for the first time, met with the work entitled *Elements of Botany*, (Institutiones Rei Herbariæ, Paris, 1700) by the celebrated Journefort, the greatest botanist of his time. Little did Linnæus esteem himself, as he eagerly endeavoured to guide his own researches by the light of Journefort's discoveries, that he would one day surpass this great luminary, and shine forth a sun of science in himself, to throw light over all creation.

After remaining three years with his benefactor, Linnæus set off in 1727, in the twentieth year of his age, to the University of Lund, where he hoped to be able to finish his education through the kindness of Professor Hummerus, who was his relation, and had promised to befriend him. On arriving there, however, he had the grief to learn that his kinsman was no more—the last solemn duties having just then been paid to his remains—and he thus found himself friendless and destitute among strangers, and unable to prosecute his studies, except by depriving himself almost of the necessities of life. Happily, his diligent attendance on the lectures of Stobæus, the Professor of Physic and Botany, and afterwards one of the physicians to the royal family of Sweden, and his eager attention to the principles laid down in them, recommended him to the notice of that learned and benevolent man, who perceiving the indigence of his condition, and possessing much generosity, as had actuated the conduct of Rothmann, followed him to Uppsala, and offered Linnæus accommodation in his own family free from all charges.

Under the instructions of his new friend, Linnæus began to arrange the stores of knowledge which he had already obtained. Stobæus had well arranged collection of objects connected with natural history—Linnæus had never before seen one properly classified—it contained likewise several curiosities which he had till then had no opportunity of examining. He pored over them with the most eager delight, and from that time began to keep a regular herbarium himself, making excursions into all the neighbouring districts for the purpose of augmenting it, exploring the mineral as well as the vegetable productions of nature, and enriching his collection every day by his indefatigable industry and rapidly increasing knowledge.

It was with great regret that Stobæus parted with Linnæus in 1728 to go to the university of Uppsala. This place was seventy-five Swedish miles from Lund, and the expense of the journey alone was a serious object to Linnæus, whose father could only afford him two hundred silver ducats, or about eight pounds sterling, toward finishing his education and establishing himself in the world. Nevertheless, it offered so many advantages in the way of study, that his eager desire after knowledge caused him to defy every obstacle, and he arrived at Uppsala, the scene of his future greatness, the richest in information, and the poorest in finances, perhaps, of any student that had ever entered her walls. Thrown entirely upon himself, poverty soon started the hapless student in the face. Bused for hours together in his pursuit, he thought not of his miserable situation till the unavoidable wants of the day impelled upon him his insufficiency to supply them. For a time he found refuge in debt—that ten pence relief and often his only misery, but Linnæus was too honest to avail himself, to any considerable degree, of credit which he might not be able to redeem, and he was so just to ask that instance of his father which he knew could not be supplied by him without injury to the younger branch of his family. He submitted, therefore, to the greatest privations with cheerfulness, and his countrymen and fellow students, admiring his genius and respecting his fortitude, frequently ministered to his wants, which were, indeed, so urgent that he was forced not only often to accept a meal from their kindness, but was likewise glad to recruit his wardrobe with their cast-off clothes. He could not even afford to pay a cobbler for mending the old shoes which he was constrained to accept from his companions, or to go out barefooted on the excursions where, amidst the treasures and delights of nature, all recollections of his own difficulties and anxieties vanished like a painful dream. To have seen him humming his worn-out shoes himself, as he frequently did with strong paper, and stitching the soles afresh with the old tarred of the bark of trees, it would have appeared that he was really intending to take up the humble occupation for which his father had once designed him, but the mind that can bear without complaint the hardships of poverty, almost invariably extricates itself at last from its disadvantages, and Linnæus lived to offer up his solemn thanks to the Deity in the installation speech which he made in 1741, on entering on his office of Professor, not only for the greatness he had then achieved, but also for the sustaining mercy which had enabled him to bear up under the most trying circumstances of want and disappointment.

The difficulties of Linnæus had arrived at a height which scarcely seemed to admit of aggravation, when suddenly the gloom of his situation was

dissipated by the arrival of Olaus-Celsus from Stockholm. This learned man, immediately after his return, hastened to the Botanical Garden—Linnæus was there as usual. The professor and the student entered into conversation respecting the plants. The enthusiasm with which Linnæus expatiated on their beauties, the exactness with which he described their characteristic differences, and the depth of his information on all subjects connected with natural history, equally astonished and delighted Celsus. He made inquiry into the young man's circumstances and conduct, and finding that he was both in need of assistance and every way worthy of it, generously took him into his own house, and ever afterwards treated him with paternal kindness. Among all his patrons, Linnæus cherished most the memory of this venerable man, and never spoke of him but in terms of reverence and gratitude. It was under his roof that Linnæus first conceived the idea of forming the *New System* in Botany, by which he afterwards immortalised his name. He owed the original suggestion of it to a thought to Van Linn, an ingenious Frenchman, who was a constant visitor of the Royal Botanical Garden at Paris, and died in that city in 1722. Linnæus had been accustomed to class vegetable productions according to the form of the flower or blossom, in conformity with the method laid down by Journefort, but accidentally meeting with a small work of Van Linn's on the *Structure of Flowers*, in which the stamens and pistils of plants, and the manner by which they are generated, were more particularly considered than they had been by any preceding writer, he began to divide them himself according to their sexes and the number of stamens and pistils which they contained. The latter he carried his inquiries, the more deficient he found in the present system, and the more advantages and consistencies in his own. The sexes of plants now occupied his thoughts day and night, and the additional knowledge which he obtained by his researches soon paved his way to a better fortune.

In the summer of 1730 a disputation was held before Bishop Wallin, on the generation of trees. Linnæus was present at the discussion; and, delighted to promulgate his opinions on a subject he had studied with so much interest, he put forth a small *Treatise on the Sexes of Plants*, replete with new and curious observations. This treatise recommended him to the especial notice of Olaus Rudbeck, the Professor of Botany, learned himself, and the son of one of the greatest naturalists and profoundest scholars that Sweden had ever produced. The professor was now seventy years of age, and began to find the delivery of his lectures fatiguing to him; he invited Linnæus to reside in his house and become his representative. Linnæus gladly complied with so flattering a request, and lectured with a vivacity that fixed the attention of his audience, and with a variety and novelty of information that amply repaid them for it. He had to lecture upon ornithology, as well as on botany, and he improved himself considerably in this branch of natural history from an accurate examination of a complete collection of Swedish birds, which was in the professor's possession.

In 1731 the Swedish Academy of Sciences came to a resolution to send a traveller into the remote and savage regions of Lapland, to examine into its productions and natural curiosities. Celsus and Rudbeck, the benefactors of Linnæus, were applied to as the fittest persons to nominate one who should unite the greatest number of qualifications requisite for such an undertaking. It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that their immediate and united choice fell upon Linnæus. This expedition would have appalled the mind by the dangers with which it was encompassed, and disgusted the avaricious by the absence of pecuniary recompence—for the travelling expenses which were all that was allowed, were limited to a hundred Swedish pistars, or £7 10, of English money. But to Linnæus, every herb, every tree, every rock and mountain, every curious object in nature, presented treasures, the exploring of which he deemed ample reward for all the labour and hazard of searching them out.

Linnæus endured incredible hardships in traversing the barren provinces of Lapland. The natural darkness of the country was increased by the lingering severities of winter—for his impatience had not suffered him to listen to the strenuous advice of his friends to delay setting off until the summer should be fully advanced. Bogs and forests everywhere intersected his way, he frequently had to cross rivers swelled into torrents, and often found himself on the opposite side, galled at the risk of his life, without any prospect of a roof to shelter him, or food, of even the coarsest kind, to satisfy his hunger.

Linnæus was so far from being overcome by the difficulties and hardships he had to contend with in the interior provinces of Lapland, that he had no sooner explored them, than he directed his course across the Alpine Mountains, which divide Norway from Sweden—a steep and rocky region, the remotest districts of which had seldom been trodden by the foot of man. Before he terminated his journey he visited the shores of the North Sea, and finally returned to Sweden, almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger, but exulting in the increase of his knowledge.

The Royal Academy of Sciences viewed the young tourist very favourably on his return, and showed their sense of his industry and discrimination, by electing him one of their members, and inserting his *Florus Japonica* in their *Transactions*. These distinctions were the sole reward Linnæus received for his labours; but justly viewing them as the stepping-stones of his future advancement, and anxious to secure to himself the means of decent support, he began, the year after he received them, to lecture at Uppsala on botany, chemistry, and mineralogy.

Notwithstanding the serious objection to which Linnæus stood exposed in all his literary pursuits from the informality of his education, his poverty effectually prevented him from remedying it by taking his degree. Another trial awaited him. The office of substitute Professor of the University of Lund became vacant, and destitute as he was of the means of subsistence, and unable to do any thing to benefit himself at Uppsala, it became a great

object with him to obtain it; but he did not succeed, though his old friend Stobæus, and several other professors supported his claim. This disappointment, however, he bore with his constitutional cheerfulness; it touched none of his finer feelings, and his equanimity was rewarded by an introduction shortly afterwards to Baron Reuterholm, Governor of Dalecarlia, with whose sons he travelled through that province and Norway, directing their attention chiefly to mineralogy.

Linnæus proceeded to Holland in April 1735. On his route he rested some time at Hamburg, and afterwards proceeded to Harderwyk, where he took his degree. The year following he took up his abode with Dr. Clifford, a burgomaster of Amsterdam, a man of princely fortune, and a collector of rare plants and natural curiosities there surrounded by treasures from all parts of the globe, a valuable library devoted to his use, all the domestic arrangements replete with elegance and comfort, a patron proud of his genius, and delighting to anticipate his wishes, he passed many of his happiest hours, forming the system and making the arrangements which afterwards linked his name in inseparable association with the departments of nature he so delighted to explore.

The fruits of his leisure now began to show itself in his works. His *Bibliotheca Botanica* contained materials extracted from upwards of one thousand books, and all systematically arranged. In the next year he published six works, any one of which produced in the same time, would have done infinite credit to his diligence. His time now began to be noted abroad, and the Imperial Academy of Naturalists at Vienna admitted him as a fellow, under the honourable title of Dioscorides the Second, after the celebrated Asiatic botanist of that name. His literary labours sent him to England to see the nurseries of London and Oxford and the North American plants which were cultivated in these places. He took with him a letter from Bottrhaive to Sir Hans Sloane, couched in strains of recommendation which the writer, who was a stranger to flattery, had never been known to use before. "The bearer of this letter," said he, "is alone worthy of being you—alone worthy of being seen by you. If who shall see you both together, will see two men whose parallels will scarcely be found in the world." But, notwithstanding this valuable introduction, and notwithstanding Sir Hans Sloane's generous and love of science, Linnæus did not find himself received by the venerable naturalist with the warmth he anticipated. Sir Hans was in fact too old to enter into new theories, and Linnæus still attempted to introduce some of his own ideas, and to imply in his literature, that he can do better, and that he is a more perfect man than you. In him, the admiration of the sciences sent him pervaded the breast of Miller, the keeper of the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, and of DeClemens the Professor of Botany at Oxford. But the genius of Linnæus and his marvellous manner, surpassed all the prejudices which envy and jealousy might create against him, and left him free to deal with the friendship of many of her most eminent naturalists, and enriched with a variety of treasures for the pursuit of his science. His friend Clifford, who had counted every day of his life, and welcomed him back with all the affection of a parent. This was, perhaps, the busiest as well as the happiest period of Linnæus's life. His incessant application, however, was too great a trial for the health of Linnæus; his energy suddenly forsook him, he became a prey to listlessness and gloom, and at length fell into a violent fever, which brought him to the very brink of the grave. As soon as he recovered he left Holland notwithstanding the ardent desire of the principal people of that country to keep him there. Linnæus stayed a month at Paris on his way home, and was admitted a Corresponding Member of the French Academy of Sciences.

Linnæus returned to Sweden with feelings of the warmest affection towards his friends, and of patriotism towards his country for which he had refused the most flattering offers from other nations. But it is mortifying to consider how often it is the fate of genius to find its coldest encouragement among its nearest connections. Linnæus, rebuffed, respected and beloved abroad, found himself treated with neglect and dislike in his native country. His abilities excited envy, rather than inspired confidence. "Everybody," says he in a letter to Haller, speaking of a controversy he had had with a botanist of the name of Signbeck, "laughed at my botany. No one could tell how many restless nights and tedious days I had bestowed upon it."

Linnæus in 1739 had the glory of continually contributing to the founding of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm of which he was made President on its opening, and when he resumed the office, which was only to be held for three months at a time, he made a most admirable speech on the peculiarities of the insect tribe, and captivated his audience by the depth and beauty of his observations on the excellence of Nature and the wisdom of all her arrangements. As a lecturer and an orator he was, indeed, at all times, remarkably happy. "Science," says Bieck, one of his Swedish biographers, "streamed with peculiar pleasantness from his lips. His deep penetration his clear perception, and his ardent zeal gave a perspicuity to his language which inspired conviction in all who heard him."

In 1741 the Swedish Government resolved on having the islands of Oeland and Gothland explored with a view of increasing the home manufactures, and lessening the importation of foreign works of art. Linnæus was fixed on for this purpose, and was accompanied by six other naturalists to aid him in his labours. He had particular instructions to examine all the plants and woods which might be useful in dyeing and medicine, also the nature of different earths, in order to find whether there might not be some kinds adapted for the making of porcelain-ware. In this latter department he was unsuccessful—the soil of both islands consisting of calcareous earth and crystall rock—but in all the other objects of his inquiry he was eminently successful, discovering many new plants, and collecting a great mass of information relative to the productions and antiquities of the islands, the

manners of the natives, their fisheries, manufactures, and general resources. The States testified their approbation of his researches, and he afterwards made five other tours in his native country, all equally beneficial to the interest and his own reputation.

It is owing to the industry of Linnæus that no country in Europe is so accurately described as Sweden, with respect to its natural productions. In his *Flora Suecica* twelve hundred and ninety-six Swedish plants are described with an index illustrating their medical and economical properties, the place of their growth, and their Swedish and provincial denominations. The *Flora Suecica* was succeeded, in a twelvemonth after, by the *Fauna Suecica* presenting, when completed, in a second edition, the following state and proportion of the animal reign in Sweden: one thousand six hundred and ninety-one species of insects, one hundred and ninety-eight of worms, one hundred and ninety-five of birds, seventy-seven of fishes, fifty-three of sucking animals and twenty-five of amphibious.

Under Linnæus the first royal museums were established in Sweden. Both the king and queen of Sweden were devoted to the sciences, and, above all to natural history. Still Linnæus loved his garden better than any other place, and encouraged and cultivated it, to find a solace against the sufferings which a declining state of health began to occasion upon him whilst he might yet be considered in the prime of life. From the flower of the *Petas Orthopodites* he formed his theory of the sleep of plants, and proved that it took place at regular intervals, like that of animals. This discovery enabled him likewise to form a vegetable time piece, wherein the hours of the day were marked by the different periods at which certain flowers began to close their blossoms, and in the same manner he framed a rural calendar, for the regulation of the labours of husbandry, according to the appearance of the blossom of plants at stated intervals. Such were the ingenious observations with which Linnæus diversified his more assiduous studies.

In 1753 Linnæus received a distinction which had never before been conferred on any Swedish man of letters in the order of the Polar Star, formed by Frederick the First, for men of merit in the civil line, and, in 1757, he received a diploma which raised him to the rank of the hereditary nobility of the kingdom, and he forthwith called himself De Linnæus. Thus did the descendant of peasant—the whom his own father, at one time, intended for a cooper—become, by the force of genius and perseverance, the equal of nobles, the favourite of princes, the glory of a nation, the guiding star of the world in all matters of natural science, associating him imperially with his own name for the admiration and instruction of future ages.

The health of Linnæus early fell into decay from the intensity of his application, and his slight constitution was a true of his pursuits. The two last years of his life were only a long, and a most arduous struggle with pain. Repeated attacks of a palsy deprived him almost of speech and motion. His days thus descended in his station upon entering on his sixty-eighth year, Linnæus himself could hardly speak, or write intelligibly, and he scarcely able to write. Yet, even in this state nature was his consolation and delight. He used to be carried daily into his museum, and turned his dying eye with peculiar delight on the varieties which had been brought him by his pupils from various parts of the globe.

In 1776 he had no other stock of popularity, which deprived him of the use of his right side. He was obliged to be carried, supported, dressed and fed by others. At length, after suffering excruciating agonies for twelve months, his sufferings relaxed, and he expired in a gentle slumber in the afternoon of the 10th of January 1778, thus calmly closing a busy and meritorious life of seventy years seven months, and seven days. The tidings of his death were received throughout Europe with the regret due to a departed genius of the first magnitude. But in Sweden he was mourned as its glory and delight, and the grief of the people was heightened by that of their monarch himself. "I have lost," said he, in his speech on the opening of the Swedish Diet, in the same year, "his a man whose reputation was as great all over the world as the honour was bright which his countrymen derived from him, and on long will Upsal remember the celebrity which it has just lost in the name of LINNÆUS."

Linnæus had been in the study of Natural History, and would recommend a little book entitled *Crafft's Pflanzens Catalogus*, (the 2<sup>d</sup> time published by Holscher & Storchman) containing a clear and correct list of the bunch of study. It is published in a short memoir of Linnæus with a portrait and many other interesting particulars.

EXPERIENCES OF A DEAR PERSON—I found one day from having, in a flash put a musical snuff-box on my head. The delicious precision of the music, and the revival of the old clearness after the muffled piers of confusion that instrumental music had been to me for some years, overcame me a second time. I am sure that I heard that performance quite as well as any one could through the ear, and I have since clipped on my head every musical snuff-box I could lay my hands on. You may like to know the following when I had become just good enough to have difficulty in catching the pitch of a piece of music in the concert room we attended, which had benches with a long wooden rail to lean against, I could always get right by pressing my shoulder-blade against that rail, only the pitch was always a third below. Finding this with music, which I was familiar with, I soon got to allow for it always, and so did very well for the time. As the dulceness increased, I found all base sounds lose their smoothness, and come in pulses, beating upon the ear and vibrating through the pit of the stomach, while, as yet, higher sounds were as formerly—*Albin and Maestran's Letter to Albin*.

## THE CALIFORNIANS; OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

(Continued from page 354.)

### CHAPTER IV.

Some weeks had passed on at Philipston House unmarked by incident of any kind, even without the reception of letters from the far distant shores of the Pacific which, when they did arrive, never failed to raise up something of a commotion, or emotion as it might be—when, very late one Sunday evening, as Mrs. Phillips sat engaged in devotional reading in the drawing-room, some distance from her sleeping apartment, where Mr. Phillips had been for some time slumbering for it was his custom to retire early—a violent pull at the great bell startled the lady with such apprehensions of danger that she was sinking to the ground when she felt herself folded within the arms of a man, who exclaimed, "Oh, my mother! my mother! it is you! it is really yourself—you are alive!"

Soon every one in the house was upon his feet, for all the domestics save the parlor maid went to it, the dogs set to barking, the cooks to crowing, and the horses to neighing—all were in consternation, as well as the children, and believed not that they saw a relative in the form of Mr. Henry Phillips but that they were beholding his apparition.

"What is the matter?" was the interrogatory with which Miss Adams, throwing open the door, hailed Mrs. Phillips, that lady was returning to bed.

"Mr. Henry has come home from California with the astounding information."

"Mr. Henry come home?" was ejaculated in return. "It was enough for Juliet Adams, whose quick sensibilities threw her instantaneously upon the cause, the corner-stones of her own family—glow in the fires of their Henry, and the joys of the Phillips in the welcoming home of ten. She uttered not a word. Her heart filled with sadness, she tried to bid not, however to sleep, but to weep.

Several days previous to the event above mentioned the completion and packing up of Mr. Henry's wardrobe for his journey had been finished. The domestics had gone home and the Adamses had been again entirely at leisure, and Juliet had been sensibly indulging in useless waste of their time, although the latter means spent it in all cases, for each and all were assiduous in their application to books, Juliet was pursuing knowledge and imparting instruction to a little girl, and the youth spent in receiving it from her.

During their residence at Philipston the three sisters had been much in the habit of strolling hand in hand in the park—so natural had made them enthusiasts in all matters of horticulture and commerce were the objects there met with in the midst of this enthusiasm. Not when the sewing in Mr. Henry's garden was their point d'honneur, Mrs. Phillips sat by the side of the husband from one o'clock to the afternoon, and put up a case was filled by that kind-hearted lady, that the little ones should have no means of any time to teach to work, as a reward which, she did not forget to mention to them, by sending them to come first, to assist her in pulling her bulbs, and then to pluck off the dry leaves from her plants, and sometimes to accompany her to gather some fruit.

All this while Juliet and her sisters had not only spent a part of their afternoons and evenings in the hushed dystem, as it seemed to them, which they had happily discovered in their rambles, but since then had there, with their books, passed most of the mornings also till they had become almost inseparable from the place, as with the feeling of its being their own private little house, for no farther than the door a long time seemed to have intruded in that spot.

Diverging from one of the broad avenues, was a footpath leading for some distance through a thicket of hies and junipers, extending to the verge of the bank where the Hudson threw up a small cove of most picturesque outlines. The aim which extended for some distance, a gentle slope to the water's edge, and almost at the extremity was a natural terrace covered with primroses and woodbine, and also the profusion and variety of the majestic beech, chestnut, and maple with which that point of land was thickly wooded.

Here, in this sweet spot, sheltered from human sight, Juliet loved to shut herself up with her little world, her sister Mary and Susan, and in the afternoon, it was a sad one, to think of her last one, and gaze mentally upon a vacant future.

It was on a lovely evening, a dusky night had yet closed in, as Juliet Adams and her sisters were sitting at their custom in their lower of roses and woodbine, chatting upon their never-ending theme, when suddenly a splashing of water was heard, and the work of years as of a hoar approaching, another instant and it had rounded the point and appeared before them.

A gentleman, apparently not yet thirty, of manly form and elegant height, dark, wavy hair, and profusion of black whiskers, was the intruder into this retreat.

The parties, equally surprised, remained for some moments alike immovable. The gentleman seemed to be hesitating whether to push off shore and row away again, or whether to advance and solicit pardon for the intrusion, which he perceived it evidently was. And Juliet in her pause, was equally at a loss whether to take her sisters by the hand and retire, or to fasten her eyes upon a book which she held half open in her hand, and engage in its perusal. Another turn of thought, and she had decided on the former course, and was about to retire, when, gallant as a knight of the olden

time, this gentleman leaped upon the shore, and bowed to her gracefully, entreating her not to regard his appearance in that place as contemplated unperilous, nothing being further from his expectations than falling upon such a group of female loveliness. [See *Illustration*, p. 387.] "And now, dear lady," he said, "all I ask is to be permitted to return the way whither I came, with the assurance of your gracious forgiveness for this unintentional molestation." Having said this, the gentleman leaped again into his skiff and rowed rapidly away.

### CHAPTER V.

"Where is Mr. Henry Phillips?" asked little Susan of Mrs. Wells, while they were breakfasting on the following morning, then added, with her usual naivete, that she would like very much to see him, for she wished to see if he looked like her brother Henry, and ended by wondering where he had been all the time since his return from California.

Mrs. Wells satisfied her childish curiosity, by informing her that he had been in the city attending to his business, that he was, however, out at Philipston at that time, but he should see him on his return.

The morning was sunny and bright. The flower-beds, which studded here and there the lawns surrounding Philipston House like so many clusters of gems in a garden, were covered with gay. The expansive young mowers, inactively nibbling the masts, breathing forth from everything around and about them were only on tip-toe for their respective alcove on the shore of the Hudson. But only they were, mother, fixed by the same sympathy to sympathize with and drunk in this cautious joy of universal nature, had preceded them, and was already an occupant of the favorite retreat.

Mr. Henry Phillips had now so arranged and disposed of his business in town that he had been able to pass the previous night at Philipston, the first since that of his arrival in the United States, and in the course of the evening, which was spent in home chat with his father and mother, who, while inquiring for his information the many events that had transpired in his absence, that he had passed during his absence—such as the marriage of this friend, the excess of that the broken-down fortunes of the other—related at last the story of the Adams family, to which he seemed to listen with listless interest, his heart, during its relation with such intense enthusiasm that he felt it was ended he had started to his feet with the exclamation—

"I know! I knew something was the matter here! And, dear mother, I thought it was you, and to acknowledge the plain truth—(as you all would say) that my coming home in good health as I was, and the gold in my pocket as it were, could have been in the world but that which brought me"—and, thought he, this accounts for the group that I happened to surprise this evening.

"Nothing, but what?" inquired both his father and mother in one breath. This interrogatory from his parents, and in their undignified earnest manner, brought Mr. Henry to his conscience, upon which he resumed his tale of a long and amusing for a moment. But he had gone too far to retreat, they required his return for coming home so suddenly and in an unannounced manner.

Well, said he, previously, "I must tell, it was a dream, if dream it was, though it did not seem to me like one."

He related to Henry, said his mother, "I must have it."

"Why, mother," said he, still previously, "it was about you—don't tell about you!"

I was at home in New York yet it was not our own house in the—avenue, but at an indescribably miserable place. At the same time it was our house and my home, and in this wretched place was a great commotion—people weeping and mourning. The whole scene was removed to a church—towards the large living ground, and is quickly to Phillips, where everything appeared enveloped in the black of darkness, and when I was going my way around to try to find you—mother, for it came as you were laid—suddenly, a light, brilliant than that of the sun broke forth over my head, and partly behind me. I turned to look at the phenomenon, as it appeared, and it was a star hanging apperly in the heavens, and which emitted a soft, rosy blaze. I turned again to resume my search for you, then, and the midnight darkness was changed to a soft, golden light, and I then saw you, father looking so natural as I now see you, with a group of mourners about you. But my mother I could now find, and in my agony of mind at this, I awoke.

And did you not see a voice of several then and miles, and then, exactly before the steamer had touched her moorings, take horses, like as the hour was and a light like mad upon the faith of a Jewish dream—the work of an excited imagination, probably from thinking before you went to sleep that night, how much you would like to see your mother—the consequence, doubtless, of having eaten a late supper?

"Is not that country, let me inquire, pretty rich in a population of ghosts and goblins, as well as mines of gold?"

"Oh, Mr. Henry, this is too lame an apology to attempt to palm off on to your father and mother, who know you too well to believe that you could ever be scared by a dream. Say at once, that you wanted to come home and see your mother and give her a kiss, or many of them, as you did that night."

"Yes, that is the truth; and I'll give you another, exclaimed Henry, leaping to his feet to suit the action to the words. Then, with a "Good-night, father!" he bounded out of the room, up the stairs, and into his chamber. But he was not that night troubled with nightmare visions, for his slumbers were too gentle to allow of his dreaming of anything but that beautiful star, with the soft, rosy light radiating from her countenance, which



In the midst of all this scene of filth, and dirt, and misery, were seen the beautiful Juliet Adams and her sister Mary, striving at cheerfulness—in

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Susan Adams was suddenly seized with convulsions, and was, for a time, in some danger. Her fits, however, passed off, and with them the alarm. But the little girl, in her disappointment of not going to Hillsborough, mourned to such a degree for her sisters, that Mrs. Phillips decided upon sending for Juliet, who was soon with her.

It being Sunday, the whole household, save Juliet, Miss Susan, and two or three of the servants, attended public service, as was their custom, at a small village church about two miles distant. Mr. Phillips the elder, taking an early start, walked, and Mr. Henry drove his mother and Mrs. Wells in the phaeton.

Scarcely had Juliet seen them clear of the porch, when—her sister being asleep—she stepped out for a stroll. It was one of those enchanting, warm, sunny days of the Indian summer, pleasant to Juliet's feelings, that invited her to revisit her favourite retreat—the alcove on the Hudson.

Intently fixed was her eye upon the page, and her mind as much so upon its theme, when she heard a rustle among the sticks and leaves. She raised her eyes and cast a glance round—was it a squirrel? It must have been, for the reading was resumed. Again a sound fell upon her ear—it was a footstep. In another moment, and Mr. Henry Phillips was before her.

She instantly rose exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Phillips! I thought you were at church." "I saw you driving your mother and Mr. Wells thither," "So you did, Miss Adams. That is, I set out for church, but overtaking my father on the road, I resigned the reins to him for reasons which you are now going to learn. I returned for the express purpose of seeking an interview with you. It may as well take place here as at the house."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips! permit me, if you please, to retire to the house. It is so very embarrassing for me to be found by you in this place."

"You will oblige me, Miss Adams, if you will allow me a few moments' conversation with you in this spot. It is a much loved one of mine, and, apparently, one appreciated by yourself. Am I mistaken in this?"

"No, Mr. Phillips, I loved it much, too, when I did not as I now do feel myself an intruder."

"This is enough, Miss Adams. You begin to make me happy. Let a truce to intrusive questions, I shall soon put you at ease. When I tell you that from the first moment I beheld you I have loved you with all the soul with which God endowed me, I tell you, Miss Adams, you have become the dearest object of my existence. There needs now but a word from you, to make me eternally happy and contentable."

Juliet, with her usual firmness of character, and "I am a free girl," "Mr. Phillips! But not only that I—myself to my little sister—admitted until she had arrived at your womanhood, that I—myself included in my questioning my heart."

"If it were not for my heart, which I have, I feel, replied Henry Phillips, "I should be a cold, unfeeling man. But thanks to Heaven, I have not only sufficient to fill a child's mind, but of her who may be intruded into my heart—but to satisfy the gratification of my own extravagant desire."

"Mr. Phillips, you know that it is not to be so. I do not stand equal ground with you. A claim of independence gives on the freedom of feeling and feeling. I am a creature of dependence calls for a sacrifice of feeling."

"And this creature of independence I offer to have with you, Miss Adams, and not only with you, but with your sisters. Then, if your heart can feel and love—as I know it can—will I ask in return, that you will give me those affections."

Juliet turned her face a little aside to conceal a tear that was gently trickling down her cheek, then—suppressing the emotion which for a moment had prevented utterance—she turned again, and said, "Let me beg of you, Mr. Phillips, to permit me now to retire to the house and also to forget the subject of this morning's interview, at least for the present."

"Your wish, Miss Adams, shall be respected. And I drawing Juliet's arm within his own, in descending the steps to the door."

All began now to be excited at Hillsborough, in preparation for the half-term *soirée*. Invitations were sent out and kind engagements received, and from the latter, when all were gathered in at the parish of the school were pretty generally disposed to be in attendance.

Mr. Sommers was never more gratified at the solicitation of Henry Swift to the Swifts than on the present occasion, for as the whole house was going to be thrown open for dancing, music, and other amusements, it would afford him an opportunity he had never yet enjoyed—that of a *tête-à-tête*, unobtruded, with Juliet Adams.

Light, gay, and mirthful is the *soirée* embleme. The waltzing was graceful, the music charming, and the plays amusing in all which the Adamses, of course, bore no active part. Not so by any means, the Swifts. But either are never more lively and coquettish in a garden of flowers, nor ever flitted in more gorgeous or attractive array. And the only drawback to the mother's excess of enjoyment and gratification on this occasion, was the fact that none of the Phillips's family were present.

Mr. Charles Sommers never danced. It was nothing marvellous, then, in either Mrs. Hill's or Mrs. Swift's mind that he was seen promenading and talking a great deal with Juliet Adams. However, others there were who not only observed it with wonder, but listened. And this was heard—"Mr. Sommers, I do not belong to myself, I am not mistress of my own will, I am not my own to dispose of." And, further, Juliet's face was observed to be frequently alternating between blushes and pallor. All these things were not only observed, but gossiped about in certain groups of the company, till they came to Mr. Henry Phillips's ears, who immediately sought Mr. Sommers, though not on "dearly purpose bent," for he said, "Sommers was a noble-

souled fellow, and that sooner than break his heart, he would break his own head, but know the depth of the matter he must."

However, in the interview between these gentlemen all that Mr. Sommers could say, of course, was, that it was his business at present to find out to whom the Adamses belonged, all right of self-disposal being by themselves utterly disclaimed.

The announcement of this intention caused Mr. Henry Phillips's eyes to open, for he thought that he, likewise, had been a listener to much the same language, and it therefore behoved him to be looking about for the same thing. And so he did. He went to his father, and in a brevity amounting almost to abruptness, asked him—"Who the Adamses belonged to?"

"Why, Mr. Henry, I do not know, as I cannot say, exactly, to whom they do belong, unless it is to myself, they seem to have fallen upon me, or rather I appear to have fallen upon them. For it was I who first sought them, and it is they me."

"Then you, sir, consider that you have the right of the disposal of them?" "I do, my son, with their own consent. Now, Mr. Henry, may your father, in his turn, interrogate his son a little? May he ask, what is his purpose in making these inquiries?"

"Simply this, father, to ask Juliet Adams if she is not already otherwise interested, to become my wife."

"This, Henry, is a very agreeable announcement to your father, for he regards that young lady as a pearl of great price. But you remarked, my son, if not otherwise interested? Explain your meaning, if you please."

An old Californian acquaintance of mine, and a person whom I highly esteem, is soliciting her hand, and, for aught I know, possesses her heart. This, with your permission, sir, I will make it my business to understand immediately."

"You have my permission, my son, as also my best wishes."

## CHAPTER VI.

Just at the dusk of evening Mrs. Charles Sommers was seen descending the stairs from the drawing room at Hillsborough, where by especial favour, as an old family acquaintance, he had been for some time *tête-à-tête* with Juliet Adams. It was remarked that his countenance was stern, and that he passed out of the room with a gloomy word to his own—a very unusual thing with him, who was generally full of smiles and cheer, and so rarely had this gentleman left when Mr. Henry Phillips entered the house, and sent a request to Mrs. Hill, for permission for an interview with Miss Adams, a short time in the evening.

Juliet entered the parlor with a considerable emotion, and found Mr. Henry Phillips standing in the doorway. Since yesterday she taken a step within the door, and he had looked her hand with the exclamation—

"Mr. Adams! you look very pale. Do not be agitated. Breathe as well. I have been thinking of communicating to you, at least, I hope not. Although, Mr. Adams, he has told me, that you have my word for silence on the subject of interest to my heart yet there has recently come to my ear that which I should not as I should mind the promise, and learn from your own lips the truth of what is to make either my happiness or distress. My language will be plain, and I should like your answer to be the same. All I wish is to know whether Mr. Charles Sommers possesses your affections?"

"No, Mr. Phillips, he does not. I, how you esteem Mr. Sommers very highly."

"And now mother proposition, Miss Adams, which I hope will be met with equal frankness. You know that you are already in the possession of my heart, can you in return give me your own?"

"Mr. Phillips, I cannot dispose of that I do not possess. My heart, my only claim, already your own and was so from the first moment that Heaven directed you to my view."

"And I, Mr. Adams, with the whole and true soul of a woman, and a very young one, I feel, Juliet, and your sisters, my sisters, and as I shall live cheerful and protect them."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips, my father! Have I ever met his face?" "Meet him, Juliet, with your usual unthwarting eye and loveliness, for in his father receives you into his family—to his heart."

"Does he know that you love me?" "Yes, Mr. Phillips, he knows all and now in a loved embrace."

Never was lover happier than was now Henry Phillips. And things began to look different to Juliet. When she was being handed into the carriage she was struck with its richness. It appeared to her as if new from the hands of the maker. Neither was the driver Old Simpson. The horses, likewise, were strange—a splendid pair of grey bloods. Not long had Juliet been seated before she learned that the equipage was her own, one of her bridal gifts, and that she was on the road to her own mansion in the city.

Mr. Sommers has returned to California, and the Swifts, who treated with heartlessness and scorn Juliet Adams, the poor seamstress, obsequiously sought her society as the rich Mrs. Henry Phillips, by repeatedly giving their cards at her house, but notice of which was never once returned by her. The family are now, however, gone abroad as contemplated.

No one now, in the great city of New York, is more courted than Juliet Adams, the once poor seamstress, who, and that, too, but a short time since used to be seen trudging in the dusk of the evening taking to her patron the bundles of garments her fingers had formed with such hard toil. Neither at the same time, is there now any one in that city who is more zealous and indefatigable in searching out and solacing the needy and distressed—for none can feel for the woes of others like those who have seen BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.













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A t o t n

A beggar it      b      1      1  
My p. r. stay      21

• **Prevalence** – the proportion of the population with a disease at a particular point in time

## MENTAL RECREATION

AP: on setting a Figure out of the Sum of the other 4 to the last that is 73

Such numbers must be offered as are divisible by 9. For instance, 36 63 81 117, 126 162 207 216 252 261 306 315 360 and 372

Then let a person choose any two of these 10 numbers and add all of them together in his mind strike out 1/10 of the first place from the sum.

After he has done this, desire him to tell you the sum of the remain-  
 figures and that number which you are obliged to add to his amount  
 in order to make it 9 or 18 is the one he struck out.

For example, suppose the rule is  $10 \text{ and } 22 \text{ the } u \text{ of}$   
which is 378

Then if he strike out 7 from the answer, the remainder of res, 3 and 8 will make 11, to which 7 must be added to make 18

If he strike out the 3 the sum of the remaining figures 7 and 8 is 15, to which 3 must be added to make 18 and so in like manner for the 9

## PARADOXES

1

Nothing and six, with five hundred, when framed  
Will give you a poet in ancient times famed

2

I'm neither man, beast, fish nor bird  
Insect or reptile, none  
Yet live and breathe, though, on my word,  
My origin was none  
As soon as you have found my name,  
All doubt will disappear,  
Then fail not to reveal the same,  
Without reserve or fear.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.




A LIST OF THE COUPEN RES.

III. FOR S. ADIS

I as to merr, but am not to dry,  
 by the little two days part — n s name display

## CHARADIS

1 I may a house may my *fi*le see  
I t sellom *tr* *pro* *ti* is there I ween  
On t d *tr* ad t is seen to stry,   
(101) I t l gr *ee* that grow in its way  
If you sh *ul*l *de*si *my* *W* *rd* to prin  
Go wh re the lattle cry *ri*ngs o er tho' *pl*an  
But percl ne ere my *th*ird shall grace your hands  
Y *al*l *le*ly *my* *u*ole on the purple sands — JUDITH

2

The first is hall, the first of fourteen words whose initials will give the  
 name of a great fortress, the initials of the name of a great Field-Marshal,  
 the initials of the first of the fourteenth, fourth, thirteenth and four-  
 teenth of the name of the largest city in the world. The first is a  
 town in the first of the fourteenth of the North America the third is a  
 county in Kent the fifth is a town in Essex, the  
 sixth is a town in Devon, the seventh is a town in Cornwall, the eighth is  
 a town in Suffolk the ninth is a town in Naples the tenth is a town in  
 Italy the eleventh is a town in Lincolnshire the twelfth is a river in  
 England the thirteenth is the name of Naples and the fourteenth is a town

## AN WILL TO THE PASSIVE OF LAST EVENING.

1743

## PAI ADO 4

I made a singing brother travel  
 Who was the father of Master D  
 F for Als Da and I see you see  
 D n rred Bada gliter (the p p se)  
 R n wle c B father a D so arse  
 then D (ray n d film rgl) I say  
 Yu needs b grant on to his uncle A  
 But B and D first cou n s were before  
 Made two grandsons two second cousins  
 m r r e  
 Arise when we find that C and D  
 Are brothers too by marriage unto B

## ANAGRAM

The physic an Galen when transposed will  
show  
That an angel may guard a poor mortal  
below

## FLORAL CONUNDRUMS

|   |             |   |           |
|---|-------------|---|-----------|
| 1 | Wall flower | 3 | Carnation |
| 2 | Larkspur    | 4 | Snow drop |
|   | 5           |   | Jonquill  |

CHARLE -CATEGORY

### ARITHMETICAL QUESTION

The mag 1 r t s ente re was just— for suppose the oiv st le divided e ch in o thr e equal parts making twenty fo parts in all the eight loaves and each per o t out an e just r eigh t part fter t re the stranger had even g ts f the per on who contributed five loaves or fift n jars and only one of f l s w t c r m u ed but three loaves w l h n k e s e g r s

## PARADOX FOR 1852

In leap year I say out law  
The in r a y d y  
And l t t o i n g reckoned are  
T o b e b u t o e l a y  
I t a t h i s w i l l o w t h e p a r a d o x  
S u f f e r t i l y e x p l a i n -  
F o r t h e s u n i n s u c h a d a y, d o t h r i s e,  
S e t r i s e a n d s e t a g a i n

**PICTORIAL ENIGMA—JEALOUSY.**

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

TROUSERS are like dogs—the smaller they are, the more they annoy you. "So far so good," as the boy said when he had finished the first pot of his mother's jam.

THIS world of ours is like a fair hell with a crack in it: it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

"I know by a little what a great deal means," as the gander said when he saw the tip of a fox's tail sticking out of a hollow tree.

A FRENCHMAN, anxious to show a fellow-countryman the vigorous style of one of the old poets, translated, "Hail, horrors, hail," as follows—"How do you do, horrors—how do you do?"

A LAZY, over-fed lad returning from dinner to his work was asked by his master "If he had no other motion than that?" "Yes," replied the boy, drawing out each letter, "but it's slower."

"FATHER, it tells here about illuminated MSS. What were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered spiritively, "With the light of other days, my son!"

"HERE," said the librarian of a mechanics and apprentices' library, "here's a book which will set you a thinking." "Oh, these you," replied the hard worked mechanic, "I want something that will keep me from thinking!"

"HELP me, Cassius, or I sink!" said the great Cassai, when he was likely to be over head and ears in the libel. Modern upholstery, when it is over head and ears in debt and wants to reach the banks, cries out—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

A JURYMAN received the following written character from a juror in whom it was his duty to compliment her very highly. "This is to certify that the juror served with us during the last half year and found her in every respect Creditable and free of nothing that was in any way wrong."

A JAILOR in a West India State had received strict orders not to keep any prisoners in solitary confinement. One, when he had let two in chains, one escaped, and he was obliged in consequence to lock the other out of doors in order to comply with the regulation.

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES FOR AFFEETING DISTRESS. For the gout, toast and water, hooping-cough specacuanha bile, exercise on a easy shoes blue devils, employment, rheumatism, patience and new flannel toothache, pluck the tooth out, debt, reticence and love matrimony.

AN Irishman was sued by a doctor for the amount of his bill for medicine and attendance, and Paddy being called upon to state why he refused to pay, made the following reply—"What shall I pay for? The medicine—no use to me, sure, and he sent me two emetics, in a town of em could I keep on my stomach?"

NEWSPAPER READERS.—The ill-natured man looks to the list of subscribers, the tradesman, to the price of bread, the stockjobber, to the list of the day, the old maid, to marriages, the poet, to the list of the monopolist, to the list of a wet nurse, the school boy, to everything that relates to Christina Green.

## BEAUTY

A CERTAIN author, without considering how arbitrary the ideal beauty is, has given the following description of its chief requirements in which every one will, of course, make such alterations as his own taste may suggest to him.

- 1 Youth (indispensable)
- 2 Stature—neither too high nor too low.
- 3 Neither too fat nor too lean.
- 4 All parts symmetrical and well proportioned.
- 5 Long dark hair glossy and soft.
- 6 The skin smooth and white, of a lovely white tinted.
- 7 A smooth high forehead.
- 8 The eye-brows dark, and somewhat arched. The eye lashes long and dull.
- 9 The eyes dark, large and languishing.
- 10 The nose neither too long nor too short, and perfectly straight.
- 11 The cheeks rounded with a soft and pleasing plump and dimpled.
- 12 Pouting lips, of the coral hue.
- 13 A small mouth.
- 14 Teeth white and even.
- 15 The chin rather rounded, and ending in a dimple.
- 16 The ears small and close to the head.
- 17 A neck of ivory, long and well turned.
- 18 A white hand, plump and tapering.
- 19 Nails pink and oval.
- 20 A sweet breath.
- 21 A free unaffected air and carriage.
- 22 The shape easy and elegant.

COLONEL Christie, an Irish officer, who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be severely wounded. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier, who was near him and was badly wounded made a terrible howling; at which Christie exclaimed—"What do you make such a noise for? do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

TAKE courage, for so little to do with anger, that there has always the strongest suspicion against it, where this passion is present. The true courage is cool and calm. The bravest of men have the heart of a brutal bully, insolence, and in the very time of danger are found the most stony, pleasant and free. Hagar, we know, can make a coward forget himself and fight. But what is done by fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage. Were it a woman, woman might claim to be the stoutest sex, for their hatred and anger, no less than their love and kindness, are ever the strongest and most lasting.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;

Amid these capricious damps,

What seem to us but sad funeral tapers

May be heaven's distant lamps.

PERFECTION.—That writer who aspires to immortality should imitate the sculptor, if he could make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chisel. Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he adds, but by what he takes away, otherwise, all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his matter, as the finished form of an Apollo, in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue, some time afterwards he called again the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed—"You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, and polished that. I have smoothed his face and brought out this muscle. I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but it recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

## THE WISDOM OF THE CYMBEL.

## THE SEVEN GIFTS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

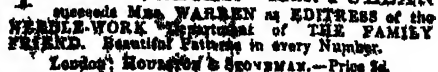
- 1 The understanding, in the soul, to comprehend.
  - 2 Reason, to methodise.
  - 3 The power to operate.
  - 4 Bibly powers to accomplish.
  - 5 Affection, to love good and to hate evil.
  - 6 Genius, to invent and to study sciences.
  - 7 Conscience, to judge of all goodness and wickedness.
- If in these are derived all knowledge and art, and every joy, comfort, and happiness.
- Thus said the Blue Bard of the Chym.

## THE NINE BEATITUDES OF HEAVEN.

- 1 Day without night, or light without darkness.
- 2 Peace without war, or love without hate.
- 3 Health without ailment, or enjoyment without weariness.
- 4 Joy without sadness, or pleasure without displeasure.
- 5 Wealth without luxury, or possession without sin.
- 6 Understanding without lack of understanding, or knowledge without ignorance.
- 7 Honour without disgrace, or respect without disrespect.
- 8 Liberty without restraint, or free will without error.
- 9 Life without death, or God without enough.

MR BARTLE'S METHOD OF TEACHING THE EXISTENCE OF A DEITY TO HIS SON.—In the corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name, and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after this he came running to me, and, with astonishment in his countenance, told me that his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it, but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. "Yes," said I, cheerfully, on coming to the place. "I see it is so, but what is there in this worth notice? Is it not mere chance?" and I went away. He followed me, and taking hold of my coat, said, with some earnestness, "It cannot have happened by chance—somebody must have contrived it, so as to produce it." "So you think," said I, "that what appears in the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he, with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," I replied, "and consider your hands and fingers, and legs and feet, and other limbs, are they not regular in their appearance and useful to you?" He said they were. "Come you then hither," said I, "by chance?" "No," he answered, "that cannot be; something must have made me." "And who is that something?" I asked. He said, "I do not know." I had now gained the point I aimed at, and saw that his reason taught him (though he could not express) that what begins to be must have a cause; and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the name of the Great Being who made him, and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could, in some measure, comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it.—*Barth's Life*.

TO THE LADIES.—MRS. PULLAN



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# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 24 — Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"' Edwards your words are all — they are all true — the world is not well enough to contain us both take that, and defend yourself; drawing a pistol from his breast and he directed it to James it glared at cocking another pistol, deadly aim 'I shall count five, and fire, so be quick' — See Chap. xx

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Cont. and from page 855)

### CHAPTER IX.

It was Saturday afternoon, and, seated in his neat and commodious study surrounded with those rich stores which the great and good of past ages have left for the benefit of all coming generations the Rev Mr Wharton was just finishing his exercises for the coming Sabbath when there was a tap at the door, and the servant maid announced that Mr Tightbody was below, and would be glad to see Mr Wharton alone.

"Show him up, by all means."

Mr Tightbody has altered in nothing material since we last saw him except, it may be, that his round face is a little rounder, and his coat might be rather more difficult to button. The expression of his countenance was however, of a different cast from any that we have seen it wear before. Something of a serious and alarming nature it must be, for his colour has gone; and, as he bowed and addressed Mr Wharton, there was a tremor in his voice, and the hand which he extended was as cold as an iceberg. He took the seat assigned to him in a long, and, taking from his pocket a paper said—"I have just come from town, sir, and while there, accidentally cast my eye upon an article in this paper. Perhaps, sir you have heard some thing more particular from the family, and can throw some light upon it."

He handed it to Mr Wharton, and, with a trembling hand, pointed to the paragraph. Mr Wharton was of a nervous temperament and the evident excitement under which his visitor laboured, did not fail to produce a corresponding effect upon him. The paragraph was among the news of the day—

"Messrs.—A robbery to a large amount was yesterday ascertained to have been committed upon Messrs. G & A Hunt, ship chandlers, in

street and a young man of the name of Edwards, living with him as clerk was suspected. The circumstances being so strong against him, has been arrested and is now at full committed to prison. The sum taken from Mr Hunt is twelve hundred pounds. It is supposed the young man has surrendered it at the gaming table. Until the time of his arrest, his character was thought to be unexceptionable. It is said that a mother-in-law is dependent upon him for support."

Mr Wharton read it through, and then turning his pale and troubled countenance upon Mr Tightbody who had been watching him with intense interest said "Can this be true?"

"I know not sir. I saw it, as I told you, in town, and not knowing what to do about it have first brought it to you, sir."

"Then you have not shown it to Mrs Edwards?"

"No living soul in the village has seen it sir, but yourself."

"I believe this paper is not taken here?"

"No sir nor any other from the town but the one you take, and that will not be until the first of the week."

"We must move cautiously in this matter, Mr Tightbody, and do nothing to circulate this terrible news. The family must be informed of it in as gentle a manner as possible, and who shall do it?"

"There is no one but Mr Wharton himself that is fitting for such an errand. I would not undertake it myself for a great deal."

"There may be some mistake after all, but if you will leave this paper with me, Mr Tightbody, I will endeavour to do the best I can, and act as circumstances shall dictate. When did it take place—yesterday?"

"The paper is dated yesterday, sir, the sad occurrence must have taken place on Thursday."

"Thursday, that would almost give time for some of the family to receive some tidings to day, perhaps we may be saved the sad necessity of unfolding the intelligence to them. I think Mr Tightbody, that I shall delay the matter until Monday morning, in the mean time, keep it secret."









ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON was born on the 1st of May, 1672 at Milston, of which his father, Lancelot Addison, was then rector, near Amblesbury, in Wiltshire; and, appearing weak and unlikely to live he was christened the same day. After the usual domestic education, which, from the character of his father, may be reasonably supposed to have given him strong impressions of piety, he was committed to the care of a Mr. Rush, at Androsbury, and afterwards, of Mr. Taylor, at Salisbury.

In 1688, in the beginning of his twelfth year his father being made Dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence, and placed him, for some time, under Mr. Shaw, then master of the school at Lichfield. After this, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Doctor Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which their joint labours have so effectually recorded.

In 1687 he was entered into Queen's College, in Oxford where, in 1689 the accidental perusal of some Latin verses gained him the patronage of Dr. Lenesaster, afterwards Provost of Queen's College, by whose recommendation he was elected into Magdalen College. Here, he continued to cultivate poetry and criticism, and first grew eminent by Latin compositions, which are indeed entitled to particular praise.

By the influence of Mr. Montague, concurring according to Tickell with his natural modesty, he was diverted from his original design of entering into holy orders. Montague alleged the corruption of men, who engaged in civil employments without liberal education, and declared that though he was represented as an enemy to the Church, he would never do it any injury but by withholding Addison from it.

Soon after, (in 1693) he wrote a poem to King William with a rhyming introduction, addressed to Lord Somers. King William had no regard to elegance or literature his study was war yet, by a choice of ministers, whose disposition was very different from his own, he procured, without intention, a very liberal patronage to poetry. Addison was caressed both by Somers and Montague.

In 1697 appeared his Latin verses on the *Peace of Ryswick*, which he dedicated to Montague, and which was afterwards called by Smith "the best Latin poem since the *Æneid*." Praise must not be too rigorously examined, but the performance cannot be denied to be vigorous and elegant.

Having yet no public employment, he obtained (in 1699,) a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might be enabled to travel. He stayed a year at Blois, and then proceeded on his journey to Italy, which he surveyed with the eyes of a poet.

While he was travelling at leisure, he was far from being idle, for he not only collected his observations on the country, but found time to write his *Discourses on Medals*, and four acts of *Cato*. But, in about two years, he found it necessary to hasten home, being, as Swift informs us, distressed by indigence, and compelled to become the tutor of a travelling squire, because his pension was not remitted.

When he returned to England, (in 1702,) with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind; and a mind so cultivated gives reason to believe that little time was lost.

But he remained not long neglected or useless. The victory at Blenheim (1704) spread triumph and confidence over the nation, and Lord Godolphin,

lamenting to Lord Halifax, that it had not been celebrated in a manner adequate to the subject, desired him to propose it to a better poet. Addison having undertaken the work, was rewarded by succeeding Mr. Locks in the place of Commissioner of Appeals.

In the following year he was at Hanover with Lord Halifax; and the year after he was made under Secretary of State—first to Sir Charles Hedges, and in a few months more to the Earl of Sunderland.

He was in Ireland, when Steele, without any communication of his design, began the publication of the *Tatler*. But he was not long concealed; by inserting a remark on Virgil, which Addison had given him, he discovered himself.

If Steele desired to write in secret, he was not lucky, a single month detected him. His first *Tatler* was published April 22nd, 1709, and Addison's contribution appeared May 26. To the *Tatler*, in about two months, succeeded the *Spectator*, a series of essays of the same kind, but written with less levity, upon a more regular plan, and published daily. Before the *Tatler* and *Spectator*—if the writers for the theatre are excepted—England had no records of common life. No writers had yet undertaken to reform either the savageness of neglect, or the impertinence of civility; to show when to speak, or to be silent, how to refuse, or how to comply. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in philosophy or politics, but an *Astley Elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free us from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him.

The *Tatler* and *Spectator* adjusted the unsettled practice of daily intercourse by propriety and politeness. The personages introduced in these papers were not merely ideal, they were then known, and conspicuous in various stations. Of the *Tatler*, this is told by Steele in his last paper, and of the *Spectator*, by Budgell, in the preface to *Theophrastus*, a book which Addison has recommended, and which he was suspected to have revised, if he did not write it. Of those portraits, which may be supposed to be sometimes embellished and sometimes aggravated, the originals are now partly known, and partly forgotten.

It is recorded by Budgell, that of the characters signed or exhibited in the *Spectator*, the favourite of Addison was Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he had formed a very delicate and discriminate idea, which he would not suffer to be violated. It may be doubted whether Addison filled up his original delineation. He describes the knight as having his imagination somewhat warped but of this perversion he has made very little use. To Sir Roger—who, as a country gentleman, appears to be a Tory, or, as it is gently expressed, an adherent to the landed interest—is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport a new man, a wealthy merchant, zealous for the monied interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions, it is probable more consequences were at first intended, than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper. Sir Andrew does but little, and that little seems not to have pleased Addison who, when he dismissed him from the club, changed his opinions. Steele had made him, in the true spirit of unfeeling commerce, declare, that he "would not build an hospital for idle people," but at last he buys a land, settles in the country, and builds, not a manufactory, but an hospital for twelve old husbandmen, for men with whom a merchant has little acquaintance, and whom he commonly considers with little kindness.

Of essays thus elegant thus instructive and thus commodiously distributed, it is natural to suppose the approbation general and the circulation extensive.

The next year, (1713) in which *Cato* came upon the stage, was the grand climacteric of Addison's reputation. When it was printed notice was given that the Queen would be pleased if it was dedicated to her "but, as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged," says Tickell, "by his duty on one hand, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication."

Human happiness has always its abatement the brightest sunshine of success is not without a cloud. No sooner was *Cato* offered to the world, than it was attacked by the acute malignity of Dennis, with all the violence of angry criticism. While it was upon the stage, a daily paper, called *The Guardian*, was published by Steele. To this Addison gave great assistance, whether occasionally or by previous engagement is not known.

Not long afterwards, an attempt was made to revive the *Spectator*, at a time, indeed, by no means favourable to literature, when the succession of a new family to the throne filled the nation with anxiety, discord, and confusion, and either the turbulence of the times or the satiety of the readers put a stop to the publication, after an experiment of eighty numbers, which were afterwards collected into an eighth volume, perhaps more valuable than any that went before it. Addison produced more than a fourth part; and the other contributors are by no means unworthy of appearing as his associates. The time that had passed during the suspension of the *Spectator*, though it had not lessened his power of humour, seems to have increased his disposition to seriousness, the proportion of his religious to his comic papers is greater than in the former series.

The *Spectator*, from its re-commencement, was published only three times a week, and no discriminate marks were added to the papers. To Addison, Tickell has ascribed twenty-three.

The *Spectator* had many contributors, and Steele, whose negligence kept him always in a hurry, when it was his turn to furnish a paper, called loudly for the letters, of which Addison, whose materials were more extensive, made little use, having recourse to sketches and hints, the product of his former studies, which he now reviewed and completed. Among these, are named by Tickell, the *Essays on Wit*, those on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and the *Crucifixion on Milton*.

When the House of Hanover took possession of the throne, it was reason-

## USE OF THE NATURAL WEAPONS OF ANIMALS.

able to expect that the seal of Addison would be suitably rewarded. Before the arrival of King George, he was made secretary to the regency, and was required by his office to send notice to Hanover that the queen was dead, and that the throne was vacant. To do this would not have been difficult to any man but Addison, who was so overwhelmed with the greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expression, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of expression, called him Southwell, a clerk in the House, and ordered him to despatch the message. Southwell readily told what was necessary in the common style of business, and valued himself upon having done what was too difficult for Addison.

Addison was better qualified for the *Freeholder*, a paper which he published twice a week, from December 23, 1715, to the middle of the next year. This was undertaken in defence of the established government, sometimes with humour.

In 1716, Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick, whom he had solicited by a very long and anxious courtship, perhaps with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow, and who, it is stated, diverted herself often by playing with his passion. He is said to have first known her by becoming tutor to her son. "He formed," said Tonson, "the design of getting that lady from the time when he was first recommended into the family. The marriage made no addition to his happiness, it neither found them nor made them equal. She always remembered her own rank and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son."

The year after (1717,) he rose to his highest elevation, being made Secretary of State. For this employment he might justly be supposed qualified by long practice of business, and by his regular ascent through other offices; but expectation is often disappointed, it is universally confessed that he was unequal to the duties of his place. In the House of Commons he could not speak, and therefore was useless to the defence of the government. "In the office," says Pope, "he could not issue an order, without losing his time in quest of fine expressions." What he gained in rank he lost in credit and finding, by experience, his own inability, was forced to solicit his dismissal, with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year.

He now returned to his vocation, and began to plan literary occupations for his future life. He purposed a tragedy on the death of Socrates, 'a story of which,' as Tickell remarks, "the basis is narrow, and to which I know not how love could be appended." There would, however, have been no want either of virtue in the sentiments, or elegance in the language.

He engaged in a nobler work, *A Defence of the Christian Religion*, of which part was published after his death, and he designed to have made a new poetical version of the Psalms.

The end of this useful life was now approaching. Addison had for some time been oppressed with shortness of breath, which was now aggravated by a dropsy, and finding his danger pressing, he prepared to die conformably to his own precepts and professions.

During this lingering decay he sent as Pope relates a message by the Earl of Warwick to Mr. Gay, begging to see him. Gay who had not visited him for some time before, obeyed the summons, and found himself received with great kindness. The purpose for which the interview had been solicited was then discovered. Addison told him that he had injured him, but that, if he recovered he would recompense him. What the injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay ever know, but supposed that some preferment designed for him had, by Addison's intervention, been withheld. Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and perhaps of loose opinions. Addison, for whom the earl did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him, but arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried, when he found his life so near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, Addison told him, "I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die."

In Tickell's excellent *Elegy* on his friend, are these lines—

"He taught us how to live and oh! too high  
The price of knowledge taught us how to die—"

in which he alludes, as he told Dr. Young, to this moving interview.

Having given directions to Mr. Tickell for the publication of his works, and dedicated them on his death-bed to his friend Mr. Craggs, he died June 17, 1719, at Holland House, leaving a daughter who survived him to a great age.

Of his virtue it is a sufficient testimony that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime. He was not one of those who are praised only after death, for his merit was so generally acknowledged, that Swift, having observed that his election passed without a contest, adds, "that if he proposed himself for king he would hardly have been refused."

His zeal for his party did not extinguish his kindness for the merit of his opponents, when he was secretary in Ireland, he refused to interrupt his acquaintance with Swift.

Of his habits or external manners, nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sulky taciturnity, which his friends called modesty—by too mild a name. Steele mentions, with great tenderness, "that remarkable bashfulness, which is a cloak that hides and muffles merit," and tells us, "that his abilities were covered only by modesty, which doubles the beauties which are seen, and gives credit and esteem to all that are concealed." Chesterfield affirms, "that Addison was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." And Addison, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say of himself, that, with respect to intellectual wealth, "he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, though he had not a guinea in his pocket."

His poetry is polished and pure; the product of a mind too judicious to

commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence. However, one of our earliest examples of correctness.

Mr. Landor, alluding to Addison, says, "Why cannot I see him again in the arm-chair, his right hand upon his heart, under the fawn-coloured waistcoat; his brow erect and clear as his conscience; his wig even and composed as his temper, with measured droll and antiphetical topknot, like his style? The calmest face, the most quiet patrician; dear Addison! drunk, deliberate, moral, sentimental, reasoning over with equity and virtue, with tenderness and friendship, and only the words in one bottle for the wine." Addison, unfortunately, was too much addicted to this vicious habit. "His chief companions were Steele, Budgell, Phillips, Carey, Davenant, and Colonel Brett. With one or other of these he always breakfasted. He studied all the morning, then dined at a tavern, and went afterwards to Batton's. From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late, and drank too much wine."

We close our brief biography of Addison, with the following well-known lines, remarkable for their elegance and devotional spirit, and which alone would have conferred immortality on their author—

The spacious firmament on high  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their Great Original proclaim.  
Th' unvaried sun from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land,  
The work of an Almighty hand.  
Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth,  
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
What though in solemn silence all  
Move round their dark celestial ball?  
What though no visible form  
Amid their radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's secret sphere doth lie,  
The great first cause, the fount of life,  
Which breathes its vital soul on man,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing as they move,  
The hand that made the universe!

## USE OF THE NATURAL WEAPONS OF ANIMALS.

THE *gymnotus*, or electric eel, is a still more (than the torpedo) tremendous assailant, both of the inhabitants of its own element, and even of large quadrupeds and of man himself, if he puts himself in its way. Its force is said to be ten times greater than that of the torpedo. This animal is a native of South America. In the immense plains of the Llanos, in the province of Caracas, is a city called Calabozo, in the vicinity of which these eels abound in small streams, inasmuch, that a road, formerly much frequented, was abandoned on account of them, it being necessary to cross a rivulet in which many mules were annually lost in consequence of their attacks. They are also extremely common in every pond from the equator to the ninth degree of north latitude. Humboldt gives a very spirited account of the manner of taking this animal, which is done by compelling twenty or thirty wild horses and mules to take the water. The Indians surround the basin into which they are driven, armed with long canes or harpoons. Some mount the trees, whose branches hang over the water, all endeavouring, by their cries and instruments, to keep the horses from escaping. For a long time the victory seems doubtful, or to incline to the fishes. The mules, disabled by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappear under the water; and some horses, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gain the banks, and overcome by fatigue, and benumbed by the shocks they have encountered, stretch themselves at their length on the ground. "There could not," says Humboldt, "be a finer subject for a painter. Groups of Indians surrounding the basin, the horses, with their hair on end, endeavouring to escape the tempest that has overtaken them, the eels, yellowish and livid, looking like great aquatic serpents swimming on the surface of the water in pursuit of their enemy. In a few moments, two horses were already drowned, the third more than five feet long gliding under the belly of the horse or mule, making a discharge of its electric battery on the whole extent, attacking at the same instant the heart and the viscera. The animals, stupefied by these repeated shocks, fall into a profound lethargy, and, deprived of all sense, sink under the water, when the other horses and mules, passing over their bodies, they are soon drowned. The *gymnotus*, having thus discharged their accumulation of the electric fluid, now become harmless, and are no longer dreaded, swimming half out of the water, they flee from the horses instead of attacking them, and if they enter it the day after the battle, they are not molested, for these fishes require repose and plenty of food to enable them to accumulate a sufficient supply of their galvanic electricity."—Thompson

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG—Improve every moment to some valuable purpose. Cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures. Reverence the name, the laws, and the worship of God. Devote your time, on the Sabbath, to the duties and business of religion. Live in the constant practice of the duty of prayer. Cherish a sense of your accountability to God, and of your need of the renovating influences of his divine Spirit. Forget not the debt of gratitude you owe to your parents. Treat them with kindness and respect. Listen diligently to their counsels and admonitions. Accustom yourselves to look forward to the hour of death and to contemplate the scenes that will follow. Early consecrate your time and your talents to the service of God and your fellow-men. You are now the hope of your parents. From you they expect much. Make them happy by living lives of religion and sobriety, and by preparing to fill their places with dignity, when they shall be sleeping in the dust. Remember that the eyes of God are upon you, and that you are not beings of a day, but are formed and acting for a state of immortality.



## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY THE AUTHOR

I have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper, and my next is professedly discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which according to tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son, whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when about three months before I was born, my mother dreamed that the child she would usher into the world was a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then pending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine. For I am not so vain as to think that it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and at the time that I suckled, seemed to favour my mother's dream. For she has often told me, I threw away my milk before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until she had taken away the teats from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my next year, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, "that my part were solid and would wear well." I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence, for, during the space of eight years, except in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the pronunciation of a hundred words. I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with a much higher note to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books either in the learned or the modern tongues which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of a headstrong and idle fellow, that had a great deal of learning in his head but was without a sensible thirst after knowledge carried me into all the universities of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen. My travels were my curiosity roused, that, having read the criticisms of some of the men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I went as a sage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid, and as soon as I had set my right in that particular returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though I take no notice of it. I have a dozen of my select friends that know me, of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort where I do not often make my appearance, sometimes I am entrusted with my seat into a band of politicians at Will's and listening with great attention to the news that are made in those little circular assemblies, sometimes I am kept at a child's play and while I remain attentive to nothing but the *Post* as when the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee house, and sometimes join the little committee of critics in the inner room as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Cigar, the Cocoa tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been often a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock jobbers at Jonathan's. In short whenever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own defence.

Thus I live in the world rather as a Spectator of mankind than as one of the species, by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artist without ever being actually engaged in any of them. I am very well versed in all the sciences which are necessary to govern the errors in the economy, I am a divine of others, better than those who are engaged in them, as I am a physician by discovery, which is apt to escape those who are in the quack line, I am a captain of any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the votes of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see I am not altogether unequal to the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, I beg I consider how much I have seen, read, and I begin to blame my own

tauturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing; and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is a pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries, and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken of in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself at least for some time. I mean an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable, but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason, likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets, though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in the next paper give an account of these gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work, for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to the Spectator, at Mr. Bucklev's in Little Britain for I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays we have appointed a committee to sit every night for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

## CHAPTER I

## THE CLUB

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY SIXTH 1707

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcester-shire, of an ancient decent family, his name Sir Roger de Coverley\*. His great grandfather was the inventor of that famous county dance which is called at this time. All who know that line are very well acquainted with the particulars of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularity proceeds from his good sense and are contradictions to the manner of the world, only is he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing, with a seriousness or obstinacy and his being unconfin'd to modes and forms, and his great reading and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-square†. It is said he is a great scholar by reason he was once in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger's what you call a fire of wit and wit often supped with my Lord Leicester and Sir George Lister found a duel upon his fire of wit to town and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee house for calling him a young ter. But being ill used by the above mentioned widow I was very serious for a year and a half and though his temper is naturally jovial—he at last got over it, he grew cruel to himself. I never see him afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his republic, which, in his private life, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had for a while been so insomuch that it is reported he has frequently been taken with a high looking gypsy, but this is looked upon by his friends as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house, both in town and country, a great lover of mankind, but there is such a unithful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum, that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the Game act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor who is a member of the Inner-temple, a man of great probity, wit, and understanding, but he has chosen the place of his residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is

\* An allusion, no doubt to Mr. John Greaves a mathematician and antiquary, who after visiting Egypt, published a book entitled *Pyramidographia*.

† This coffee house in Little Britain's Church-yard, was the resort of the clergy in Charles Alley.

\* This character is said by Mr. Tylers to have been drawn for Sir John Packington of Worcester-shire a Tory not without good sense, but abounding in absurdities. But this may probably, have been only a vague report. Mr. Tickell seems to have been of opinion, that the account of the Spectator and the club are altogether fictitious.

† Then the most fashionable part of the town.

‡ Dr. Johnson said it appeared to him, "that the story of the widow was intended to have something superinduced upon it, but the superstructure did not come."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson* vol II p. 26, 3d edit.

§ A noted sharper, swaggerer, and debauchee well known in Blackfriars and his two infamous purloins, and to expose whom it has been said the character of Captain Hackum, in Shadwell's comedy, called *The Squire of Alton*, was drawn.

the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in the neighbourhood, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. His turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in, he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very accurate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent judge, and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a look at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubb'd and his ruffe powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport,† a merchant of great eminence in the city of London: a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man,) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its puts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation and if other puts from another. I have heard him prove that diligence in making more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that cloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several huge maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general tender of good sense is pleasant company, than a general scholarship. Sir Andrew has a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in an other man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that I might as well tell of other kingdoms by as plain method as to him. He is richer than other men, though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club room sits Captain Sentry,‡ a gentleman of great courage, good understanding but very ill-natured. It is one of those that deserve very well but are very ill, and at putting them to the test within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was a mercenary captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements, and several sieges, but having a small estate of his own and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, and is now something of a count, as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, and where he should be the better for modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sound expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talking excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it. For, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company. For he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him, nor ever obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humourists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Montgombry,§ a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time had made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French court ladies our wives and daughters had

this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods, whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troops in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabel knew that, the rogue cherted me in that affair that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation, among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, whose women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot support such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon, but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceals his hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

## CHAPTER II

## SIR ROGER AT HIS COUNTRY HOUSE.

Here to thee shall plenty flow,  
And all her fountains show,  
To raise the labour of the quiet plain"—CHURCH

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to finish several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I had to be staid at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and pious persons, for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants, and, as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him, by this means his domestics are all in years and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother, his butler is grey-headed, his groom is one of the greatest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a private counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old household, and in a stable that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master, every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered his inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. Thus, humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stranger by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life, and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, whilst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist, and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which

\* On the outside of Temple Bar.

† It has been conjectured, and not without an appearance of probability that this character was sketched from Mr. H. Martin a gentleman acknowledged by Steele to have assisted in the *Spectator*, and known to have been principally concerned in *The British Merchant*, 3 vols. 8vo. 1721.

‡ Supposed to have been Capt. Kempenfelt, a native of Sweden, and father of the rear admiral of that name who lost his life in the *Royal George* of 100 guns which sunk at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

§ A Colonel Clarendon is thought to have been alluded to under this character.



"The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire of ancient descent, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was the inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger."

makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned and, without staying for my answer, told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his, at the university, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice a sociable temper and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar though he does not show it I have given him the parsonage of the parish and because I know his value, have settled on him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law suit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision, if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story the gentleman we were talking of came up to us and, upon the knight asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the bishop of St Asaph in the morning and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Sanderson, Dr Barrow Dr Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow his example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

## CHAPTER III

### THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

The Athenian erects a large statue to his friend and places him though a slave on a high pedestal to show that it was to honour him open indifferently to all.

THE reception manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country has confirmed me in the opinion I always had that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's. It is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing, on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way, and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a duty, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and, consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order whether he passed by such a ground, if the old man who rents it is in good health, or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants lives rather like a prince than a master in his family, his orders are received as favours rather than duties, and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets, has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him say, he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants, a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so



good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life, I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has as much to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One night, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them, but, as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to 'prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the funting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger, and looking at the butler who stood by me for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sunk under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me, Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said, there lived a very worthy gentleman to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AS A HOST

Out of breath to no purpose at a very busy about nothing

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house a country fellow brought him a huge fish which he told him Mr William Wimble had caught that very morning and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"SIR ROGER—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern the last time I saw you upon the bowling green, that your whip wanted a little to it, I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely—I am, sir, your humble servant WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows: "Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty, but, being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother, as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has woven, or a setting-dog that he has 'made' himself. He now and then

presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters, and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them "How they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hasty twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in, for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse, the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it, he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl, that came afterwards, furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good a heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles, that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs, might have recommended him to public esteem and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications!

Will Wimble is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. His humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity law, or physic, and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But, certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

(To be continued)

#### THE THERMOMETER.

THIS is the literally 'measure of heat.' The idea of determining the intensity of this subtle agent emanated with Sanctorius, an Italian philosopher in the year 1620.

His plan was improved upon by Fahrenheit, a German philosopher, who lived about the year 1720 and who was the inventor of the thermometer now used in this country and America. The form of Fahrenheit's thermometer is too well known to need description. Fahrenheit's thermometer is deficient in this respect, viz, that the inventor laboured under a mistake when he imagined 0 or zero, to be the extreme of cold. Zero is the temperature of equal parts of snow and salt, and Fahrenheit thought that point was destitute of all heat. Repeated experience has proved that the mercury often falls lower even in temperate latitudes. The freezing point of water he marked by plunging his thermometer into water in that state, after having marked the degrees on his scale and found it 32°, the heat of boiling water 212°, while other temperatures, such as summer heat, blood heat, and fever heat, are merely arbitrary marks supposed to be correct on the average. The only positive marks are the freezing point 32°, and the boiling point 212°.

French thermometers are differently marked but equally wrong as the freezing point is placed at the temperature of mingled snow and salt or zero, when in reality water freezes at a much higher temperature. The boiling point in the thermometer in use in France is marked 100°. In Germany and Russia the freezing point of the thermometer is also marked zero and the boiling point 80°.

At 40° below zero, mercury becomes solid, consequently, to mark the degrees of cold sometimes experienced in Russia and the Arctic Regions, spirits of wine is used, which has never been known to freeze from natural causes, although it is said that a Scotch chemist once succeeded in producing such an extreme degree of cold as to freeze even alcohol. If he did so, he never divulged the secret of the chemical agency by which he effected it.



have not been taken with their early training to teach them the advantages they would derive from a more gentle and polished habit. It may be true that forty years ago, "the tradesman was incomparably farther from being on a level with what is highest in society around him than the savage mountaineer." But it is true no longer, not only is the general level much more highly elevated than it was forty years ago, but a much larger portion of society has reached that level. The tradesman treads closely on the heels of the courtier, and "galls his knee." There is as much, and perhaps more vulgarity among the idle rich as among the hardheaded sons of labour. Even Sir Walter Scott, with all his feudal feelings, has paid a noble tribute to the worth and excellence of the labouring classes. "I fear you have some very young ideas in your head," he said to Lockhart, who had put forth some paradox respecting the different classes of society. "are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine!" I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time, but I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of men, uneducated men and women when exciting the spirit of severe yet gentle criticism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts in to encourage us in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our fellow-creatures and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as commonplace compared with the education of the heart. Another extract from a letter written by Sir Walter Scott to his second son (John) while pursuing his studies, will show us that he, at least, did not attach the idea of superiority to labour. "I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labour is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life—there is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the head of the peasant with the vent of his brow to the pearls which the rich man must get rid of his crown. The only difference between them is that the poor man labours to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in a human mind without labour, than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough. There is, indeed, the greatest difference, that chance or circumstances may so cause it that mother shall reap what the farmer sows, but no man can be deprived whether by accident or misfortune, of the fruits of his own studies. All the liberal and exact positions of knowledge which he makes are for his own use. Let us try to do so, therefore, and improve the time. In youth our spirits are light, our minds are ductile, and knowledge is easily laid in; if we neglect to put in our sum, our sum will be useless, and our harvest will be half and the winter of our old age will be a cold one."

Labour then being the common lot of all men cannot in itself be scornfully regarded, unless we restrict the term to the service of covetousness. It would degrade the word of anything but a respectable means. But it is only in its sense it is commonly attached to the degraded and unimproved man. It is a simple transaction, and the humanity of the Lord does not open to us a more virtuous than vulgar. Now selfishness is ignorance and rudeness of mind, it is not common to all men engaged in manual labour or in trade, my moral and liberal education and exposure of intellect is common to all in now are rich and all. Consequently, vulgarity is no more the badge of the man than gentility is the undoubted mark of the other. It is, in fact, a quality of the mind, this "terrible vulgarity," which is not confined to any sphere or station, which is not inherent to any kind of labour or occupation, and which requires something more than the practice of duelling, or the uncertain "proscription from good society" to get rid of. As long as the Mammon-worship of the day prevails, we shall be certain to find vulgarity or rudeness in high places, and it is proscribed as long as we reverence a human money bag we shall be certain to find vulgarity ascending and descending the ladder of society, from the duke to the peasant. As Sir Walter Scott found the most elevated sentiments among the humblest classes, so we often found the noblest nature among gentlemen with a tone of thought and feeling worthy of the highest rank, among the rude sons of labour. The Mammon-worship is not so rare among them as with those of higher station. There is a cheering hope, where such things are found to prevail in spite of all the sordid accompaniments by which they are surrounded that the purification of proper means the role of the labouring class may be elevated out of the coarseness of manners and real vulgarity of thought which do them so much damage, and place an undesired stigma on labour itself. The extended education of the people is doing much to get rid of their ignorance and narrowness of mind. If the other element of vulgarity, selfishness, is a strong monster not easily subdued, one which can only be conquered by the "education of the heart."

We are all labourers, or ought to be so from the highest to the lowest. How is it that the labourers of the higher class have less of the so-called vulgarity of labour than the lowest? Because they "consume their own smoke." This is one of Carlyle's quaint expressions, full, nevertheless, of the deepest meaning. As the soot and smoke discolour the skin, and give a coarseness and rudeness to the external man, so do the harsh language, the disobliging manners, the want of courtesy towards each other, discolour and defile the inner man, and produce that vulgarity of thought which effectually prevents the elevation of the character, and excludes them from the society of the more refined. In these days, we are seeking to prevent the tall chimneys of labour from vomiting forth their smoke, and defacing the fair front of nature—from annoying their neighbours, and injuring the verdure of the fields and groves—drop, carrying foul smells and pestilential vapours into the dwellings of those surrounding them, and science is seeking the means of converting

this baneful element into useful products, or, at least, in preventing it from becoming injurious—striving, indeed, to make each chimney "consume its own smoke." And what science is endeavouring to effect for this physical inconvenience, the higher class of labourers—the best informed and best educated among them—have effected for the moral inconvenience. They have "consumed their own smoke;" they have discovered that, while it is pernicious to their neighbours, it is worse than useless to themselves—that it covers themselves with its own filth and blackness. They know that the time the polish the keener is the weapon; and hence they seek to avoid all that can dull its brightness, or blunt its edge. They know that it is not the rule, misapplied instrument that does its work most effectually, but that an elegant and graceful tool will most commonly be of more avail. They know that harsh language does not persuade, but calls for harsh reply in return, that disobliging manners are productive of more evil and pain to the person indulging in them than to the party disobliged; that want of courtesy is certain to be met by want of courtesy, and that society would be one continual field of contest without it. They know that all these things are the smoke and smother of life—covering over all its amenities with a foul vulgarity—and therefore they have "consumed their smoke," to the great benefit of themselves and their neighbours. And the sooner all labourers begin to "consume their own smoke," the better it will be for themselves and the world at large. We have met sometimes with tolerably well informed men on many points, who seem to think they could not get on in the world without making a great deal of this "smoke"—who take a pride, as it were, in fuming—and the blacks fly about them in all directions, striking some of those around them, but covering themselves as thick as if they were chimney-sweepers, and then people step to the other side of the street to avoid them, just as they would avoid a root bag. Is it matter of surprise that such a man should be proscribed? And then there are some men who imagine that there is something morally in being coarse and brutal, and look upon all attempts of others to smoothe down their roughness as effeminate and affected, and thus they oppose all endeavours at polish and refinement. All this is not injurious to the progress of the labourer, and increases the cloud of smoke that ought to be consumed. We are well aware of all the difficulties that beset the humble labourer in his attempts to get rid of the "smoke" that has for ages been beginning, not only his vestments, but his very thoughts. Education has done, and is doing, much for him, and if he will apply what he has acquired to the "consuming his own smoke"—as the discoveries of science are being applied to his chimneys—he will soon be elevated into a higher state of being, and, what is more, into a pleasant and happier state of being. However humble may be the occupation of the labourer, there is no reason why his mind should not be stored with high and lofty thoughts, and these would rob labour of much of its pain, and much of the vulgarity, which vulgar minds—and vulgar minds alone—attach to it. What is, in fact, one of the chief causes which prevents the advancement of the humble class of labourers?—The distrust they bear towards each other. They have not "consumed their own smoke!" Their very coarseness and rudeness towards one another repels each other, they cannot, therefore, act so well in combination as those who have "consumed their own smoke." Civility, courtesies, even grace and elegance, are among the minor moulds of life and exercise a vast influence over all who come within their sphere. The man who possesses these to the greatest extent among his fellows, will not only exercise an influence over them, but will find that influence extended to the class immediately above him, because he will have consumed much of the "smoke" which hides and covers many good and valuable qualities in those of his own class.

Let us carry our illustration a little further. We are old enough to remember when the streets of London and other great towns were dimly lighted with dingy oil lamps, that scarcely served to make darkness visible. An act of science proposed to "burn the smoke," and light the towns with a brilliant flame. The wisemen shook their heads at the proposition. We remember seeing the first out-of-door experiment made, and the lights, unprotected by glass, went flickering and quivering about in the wind, as you may at this time see them on a royal brightness, or over the Pit entrance of the Lyceum Theatre. And again the wisemen shook their heads, and predicted that the "burning of smoke" would never be of any use. And now every town in the country is radiant with the light of "burnt smoke." And the deleterious part of the smoke is converted into many useful products. And so would it be if those who labour would zealously set themselves to work to burn their own smoke, there may be a little flickering and wavering of the light at first—it may be blown hither and thither by strange fancies and wild gusts of passion, but in a very short time they will learn how to protect it from disturbing currents, the light will shine with brilliancy, the selfishness, ignorance, and narrowness of mind which constitute vulgarity, will disappear, and they will march steadily on over that well kept, well lighted high-road where "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!"

**MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.**—To tell a man to his face to mind his own business, would be considered about equal to knocking him down. And yet it is one of the simplest rules of right conduct, and the most useful that mankind can adopt in their intercourse with each other. There is a great deal of the Paul Pry spirit in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbours. This spirit makes more mischief in the community than almost any other cause, and creates more malice, envy, and jealousy, than can be overcome in a century. Let every man mind his own business, and there will not be half the trouble in the world that there is at present.



## ONWARD!

**PROPOSED UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY AT PARIS.**—There is a talk of a universal exhibition of the products of industry, similar to that which took place in London last year, to be held in Paris in the course of the year 1853.

**PROPOSED BREAKWATER ON THE MERSEY.**—A report, submitted to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. W. M. Ross, contains a project, devised by Mr. George Rennie, for the reclamation from the sea of the vast sand-banks in the estuary of the river Mersey, by means of a breakwater, extending seaward from the Black Rock Point, five miles in length. If carried into execution, it is stated that, besides being the means of averting much loss of life and property, it will materially improve the entrance to the port in a navigable point of view.

**NEW MODE OF OPERATING IN SURGERY.**—In reference to the employment of the heat of electricity in practical surgery (see *Home Companion*, page 348), it appears that in November, 1850, Mr. Marshall employed a platina wire, heated by the galvanic battery, as a means of cauterizing a wound otherwise quite inaccessible to a uniformly heated wire; and as regards the division or section of the soft parts of the human frame by wires thus heated, that he had employed this method of operating in more than one case. The electric cautery has been successfully employed in dental surgery, as a means of instantaneously destroying the exposed and sensitive pulps of the teeth, previously to the operation of filling; and that, as a source of light, the apparatus is now being adapted to accomplish what is occasionally a want in surgical practice—viz., the perfect and convenient illumination of such passages as the ear, the mouth, or the nose.—*Athenæum*.

**LECTURES BY WORKING MEN.**—The foremen in the employ of Messrs. William Cubit & Co., Gray's-Inn-Road, have recently made an arrangement, under the sanction of the principals, for the head of each department to deliver a lecture on the principles and practice of his trade, and the nature of the materials employed, &c., to the sons of the workmen and the juvenile assistants throughout the establishment, in connexion with the school and library which were formed on the premises two years ago. The first of these lectures was delivered lately, in one of the large work-rooms, by Mr. Thomas Robinson, the head clerk and manager. The lecture being introductory, the subject was, of course, general in its character. The advantages of self-culture and mode of proceeding were pointed out in a manner suited to the circumstances of the listeners, at the same time with an earnestness which rivetted the attention of the adult part of the audience.—*Builder*.

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH PROGRESS.**—A Boston periodical, called *To-day*, proposes a new scheme for an electro telegraphic circuit round the earth. In place of a submarine one crossing the Atlantic, it proposes one to run from the telegraph station at Quebec northwards, and, crossing Bhering's Strait, to traverse Siberia and Russia in Europe, to all the chief European cities, and, amongst others, to Paris, and by Dover to London. All the chief cities and towns in the new world would thus, at once, be connected with most of those of the old, without more than fifty miles of submarine telegraph. But what of the icebergs which occasionally choke up the Strait of Bhering, plunging up and harrowing the ground even at immense depths, like nature's agricultural implements, or her rock-grinding and soil-preparing machinery for future lands? We fear that a girdle must be first put upon these—a blinding influence of eternal frost, or a dissolving influence of perpetual sunshine.—*Builder*.—The latest development of the electric telegraph system is at once useful and beautiful. It is a plan for distributing and correcting mean Greenwich time, in London and over the country, every day at noon. Every holiday-maker knows the ball which surmounts the Royal Observatory, and has watched with interest its descent as the clock gave the first stroke of noon, thereby telling the sea-going men in the river the exact state of the chronometers which were to become their guides over the pathless waters. Such a ball is to be raised on a pole on the telegraphic office near Charing Cross, and at noon each day is to drop by electric action simultaneously with that at Greenwich—both balls being, in fact, liberated by the same hand—and falling on a cushion at the base of the pole, is to communicate standard time along all the telegraphic wires of the country. At the same instant, the bells will ring out noon at the most distant places—Hull, Holyhead, Aberdeen, Harwich, and Devonport. The great metropolitan clocks—such as the Horse Guards, the Exchange, the New Palace—are to be regulated on the same principle. It is said that all the railway companies have agreed to avail themselves of these means of obtaining an exact uniformity of time.—*Athenæum*.—It has been finally decided that the electric telegraph between England and Ireland is to be laid down from Holyhead to Howth, instead of Kingstown, as originally intended—the harbour of the latter place presenting obstacles. A line of wires will be constructed by the Dublin and Drogheda Railway Company on their extension line to Howth, and when the messages are received in the metropolis, they will be instantly transmitted by the different railway companies—who are making arrangements for the purpose—to the towns of Belfast, Galway, Cork, and Limerick.—*Builder*.—A submarine telegraph between England and Belgium is to be carried out by Messrs. Carmichael and Brett, and a second one between England and France is also on the tapis. The Irish submarine telegraph project is also making active progress. In fact, the contracts, it is said, have been entered into, and the line is to be laid down shortly. "The tariff of charges will be so low as to encourage an almost domestic use of the telegraphic communication." So much the better for all parties.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## ANCESTRY.

I HAVE no urns, no dusty monuments;  
No broken images of ancestors,  
Wanting an ear, or nose; no forged tables  
Of long descents, to boast false honours from.

*Johnson's Catiline.*

It is, indeed, a blessing, when the virtues  
Of noble races are hereditary;  
And do derive themselves from th' imitation  
Of virtuous ancestors.—*Nabb's Covent Garden.*

He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more  
From his own worth, dies bankrupt on the score.

*John Cleveland.*

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,  
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.—*Young.*

He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,  
By heraldry proved valiant or disreputable.—*Young.*

Whence his name  
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
Suffice it that, perchance they were of fame,  
And had been glorious in another day.—*Byron's Child of Harold.*

## ANGELS.

Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,  
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men.—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Are ye for ever to your skies departed?  
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?  
Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendour dated  
Through Eden's fresh and flowery shades of yore?

*Mrs. Hemans.*

## ANGER.

My rage is not malicious, like a spark  
Of fire by steel enforced out of a flint,  
It is no sooner kindled, but extinct.

*Goffe's Careless Shepherdess.*

Madness and anger differ but in this,  
This is short madness, that long anger is.

*Charles Alington's Crenay.*

Where there's  
Power to punish, 'tis tyranny to rage;  
Anger is no attribute of justice;  
'Tis true she's painted with a sword, but looks  
As if she held it not; though war be in  
Her hand, yet peace dwells in her face.

*Henry Killigrew's Conspiracy.*

Anger  
Is blood, pour'd and perplex'd into a hoth;  
But malice is the wisdom of our wrath.

*Sir W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

At this the knight grew high in wrath,  
And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
From whence at length these words broke out.

*Butler's Hudibras.*

Anger is like  
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self mettle tires him.—*Shakespeare's Henry VIII.*

Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction, never anger  
Made good guard for itself.—*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra.*

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,  
And so shall starve with feeding.—*Shakespeare's Coriolanus.*

O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world.

*Shakespeare's King John.*

Away to heaven, respective lenity,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now.

*Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord:  
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Shakespeare's Henry IV.*



### ENIGMA.

WEAKER than an iron rod,  
Yet I stronger bind—  
Emblem of the smile of God,  
Or love of human kind.

In every home my simple form  
May be, or should be, found;  
Where baby sleeps, or another weeps  
For souls by Satan bound.

From me few obtain release,  
Till Death its conquest owns;  
Then oft I'm laid where pick and spade  
Upheave the earth and bones,  
Or sometimes worn by those who mourn  
Those who have passed the earthly bourn.

### POLISH GAME.

ONE member of the party is to think of a person, place, or thing; the rest are to guess it by a series of questions to which the person thinking is limited in his replies to Yes or No. A wrong guess excludes the guesser from further competition; this necessitates great skill in the arrangement and character of your questions, the art being in gradually concentrating them, as it were, to a focus, where no possibility of mistake can remain. Take, as a simple and brief example, a Needle: the questions might be somewhat as follows:—

Person? Place? Thing? Animal? Vegetable? Mineral? Natural? Artificial? Metal? Earth? Stone? A natural product of this country? Light or heavy metal? Strong? Malleable? Brittle when wrought? Alloyed or not? Is the article large or small? Implement of husbandry? Cutlery? Used to destroy, or construct? Used alone, or in pairs? Most used by men, or women? &c., &c., until at last it is brought out without a doubt—reduced as it were to a certainty. The game, well played, is intensely interesting to an inquisitive and ingenious mind, very amusing, and highly instructive. Every question should have a definite tendency to narrow the limits of the field for guessing. Persons or places are alike available, and much interesting historical knowledge may thus be gained.—S. M.

### PARADOXES.

1. |

The sum of four figures in value will be,  
Above seven thousand nine hundred and three;  
But when they are halved, you'll find, I believe,  
The sum will be nothing, or else I deceive.

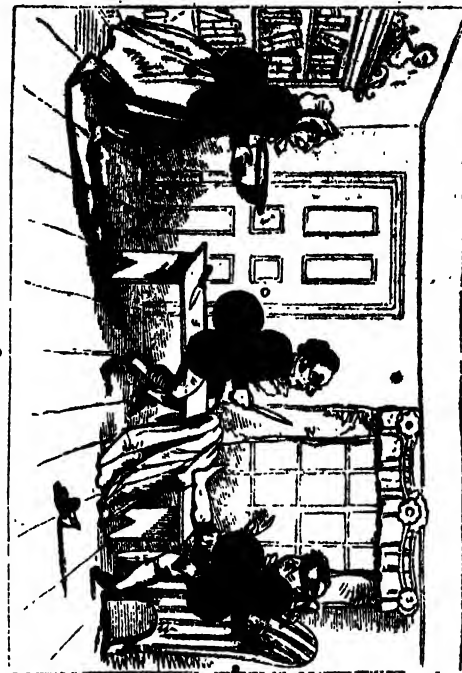
2.

Take one from nineteen, the remainder you'll see  
Is twenty exactly. Pray, how can this be?

### REBUS.

Complete I'm quite hard; beheaded as soft,  
And therefore am called for by doctors so oft;  
Curtailed and behead, I'm so thoroughly in,  
That not now to guess me would be a real sin.

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



### THE THREE OF CLUBS.

### CHARADE.

When my *first* makes my *second*, he thinks he's my *whole*,  
And claims from his country a mass for his "sowl."

### AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

How can the number forty-five be divided into four such parts, that if to the first part you add two, from the second part you subtract two, the third part you multiply by two, and the fourth part you divide by two, the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division, shall be all equal?

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHAT insect represents the human face divine?
2. Which is the most formal flower?
3. If you were to see the moon surrounded by a colour slightly resembling yellow, what animal would you say it was like?
4. When you have a pain in your ribs what poet do you think of?
5. What rich island may be named by the expression of two letters?
6. Where would you find the value of small-talk?
7. Of what trade was Noah? and what ingenious man did he resemble?
8. If a grandfather's grandnephew were to request his brother to assist him to put his father into a sack, what city in Asia would he mention?
9. Which is the most pious head in the world?
10. What trees are those which when fire is applied to them, are exactly what they were before?
11. Which is the most eatable partition in England?
12. Why are the very strongest parts of a wall as weak as woman's hair?
13. Which of two children is most likely to become a fruitful bough?
14. What trees give the best stakes?

F. A. W.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 365.

### PARADOXES.

1. From six you take nine, and from nine take ten,  
And from forty take fifty, then six does remain;  
A cypher and VI, with a D, when right framed,  
Shows the poet's name, OVID, ten ancient times famed.

2.

The bone you mean, if right I hit,  
Has often tried man's sharpest wit;  
Since with woe from man it came,  
Waxes, therefore, in its name.

3. Yesterday's past which once was called to-morrow;  
This some, perhaps, do find unto their sorrow.

### CHARADES.

1. CATASTROPHE—Cat-astrophe.

2. The initials form Lord Palmerston, the female Lord Wellington, and the initials of the 1st, 2nd, 14th, 4th, 13th, and 14th words London. 1st, Liverpool; 2nd, Ohio; 3rd, Rochester; 4th, Dartford; 5th, Finsbury; 6th, Adrianople; 7th, Lonsdale; 8th, Matherhall; 9th, Erol; 10th, Niles; 11th, Spalding; 12th, Tovey; 13th, Oranto; 14th, Northampton.

PICTORIAL ENIGMA—DISHONESTY.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

MONEY is a useful servant, but a tyrannical master.

AN hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

HOWEVER little we may have to do, let us do that little well.

IT is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

WOMAN'S silence, though it is less frequent, signifies much more than man's.

THERE is much poverty that is without hope, much antiquity without sacredness.

EVERY one is, at least, in one thing, against his will original;—in his manner of sneezing.

"MISTER, I say, I don't suppose you don't know of nobody what don't, do you?" "Yes, I guess not."

FLATTERY is like a flail, which, if not adroitly used, will box your own ears instead of tickling those of the corn.

LADY WORTLEY, in speaking of the ladies of Panama, says that they breakfast on a cigar, and make head-dresses of apple blossoms.

"PAT, if Mr. Jones comes before my return, tell him that I will meet him at two o'clock." "Ay, ay, sir; but what shall I tell him if he don't come?"

"WHAT occupation does your father pursue for a living?" The son answered with great simplicity—"He is a dreadful accident maker, sir, for the newspapers."

HERE is a recipe to get rid of an old acquaintance, whose society you do not like:—If he is poor, lend him some money; if he is rich, ask him to lend you some. Both means are certain.

A COUNTRYMAN being asked how he knew that a man, of whom he had been complaining, was drunk, indignantly replied—"What could he be else when he asked for the shoehorn to put on his hat with?"

THAT milkmen are philosophers, 'tis true;  
They keep celestial elements in view;  
And, howso'er their fellow-men complain  
Of dismal prospects and incessant rain,  
Their scones transform'd to sky-blue twice a day,—  
They get their living by the milky-way.

"YOUNG man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acquaintance to a young man of his church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and a grandmother; but I don't mean to sustain them much longer."

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—Phor sail hear Boots and Shootz, Winneger, Pork and Beans, caudels, pipes, tin kittels, orsturs, sider, brandy, wood, tobakker, hats, capps, nutmegs, portaters, and other tin wear; besides a lot of other things which aint men-hind hear.

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—Mrs. Smith has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough, and she looks at Mr. S. with a sweet smile and offers to help him, (at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table,) he always replies,—“No, I thank you, dear, they don't agree with me.”

"MASSA says you must sartain pay de bill to-day," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm a going to run away, is he?" was the reply. "Not e'zactly dat; but look alse," said the darkey, slyly and mysteriously, "he's gwoin to run away heself, and darfor wants to make a big raise!"

AN AWKWARD DANCE.—Forward two, and hit your partner in the bread-basket; dos-a-dos; turn to the right, and kick your partner on the shins; shassez all; promenade to the left; accidentally knock down two attendants carrying refreshments; and end by overturning a form containing sixteen of the élite of the company.

AN Irishman, having been arraigned and convicted upon full and unmitigable evidence of some flagrant misdemeanour, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say for himself, replied, with the characteristic humour of his country, "Never a single word, yer honour; and it's my raal opinion there's been a great deal too much said as it is."

'Tis not denied that, when we write,  
Our ink is black, our paper white,  
And when we scrawl our paper o'er,  
We blacken what was white before;  
I think this practice only fit  
For dealers in satiric wit.  
But some white-lead ink must get,  
And write on paper black as jet;  
Your interest lies to learn the knack  
Of whitening what before was black.

—Swift's Directions for a Birthday.

A FRIEND was complaining to Colman that he should be obliged to change his tailor, as he found a suit of clothes would not last him above one-half the time it ought to do; and inquired if he could recommend him any place where he could meet with apparel more durable? "Yes," said Colman, "I could recommend you to Chancery, and there you may have a suit that will last you for life."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

DR. JOHNSON'S LAST REQUESTS TO HIS FRIENDS.—On his death-bed Dr. Johnson sent a kind message to John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, begging him never to do legal work on Sunday. His last words to Sir Joshua Reynolds were to the like effect.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry,  
In what far country does this morrow lie,  
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive!

Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?

'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear

'Twill be both very old and very dear.

To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say;

To-day itself's too late; the wise lived yesterday. —Martial.

MODERN INVENTIONS.—Horace Mann thus sums up a few of the advantages of modern inventions:—"One boy, with a Fourdrinier machine, will make more paper in a twelvemonth, than all Egypt could have made in a hundred years during the reign of the Ptolemies. One girl, with a power-press, will strike off books faster than a million scribes could copy them before the invention of printing. One man, with an iron foundry, will turn out more utensils than Tubal Cain could have forged, had he worked diligently till this time."

## A SCORE OF PROVERBS.

1. A BURDEN which one chooses is not felt.
2. A good word is as soon said as an ill one.
3. One story is good till another is told.
4. One is not so soon healed as hurt.
5. It is never too late to learn.
6. Well begun is half done.
7. Let every man mend one, and then the work will be soon done.
8. If guile were an art, the world would be full of teachers.
9. All weeds grow apace.
10. Never quit certainty for hope.
11. Lucky men need little counsel, and rash men will take less.
12. Labouring to please a fool is a vain employment.
13. Love thy neighbour, but pull not down thine hedge.
14. Little boats must keep near shore.
15. An honest word is better than a careless oath.
16. The morsel that one eats alone makes no friend.
17. Need make the old wife trot.
18. He that loses his due gets no thanks.
19. Put a stout heart to a steep brae (steep hill).
20. Nothing venture nothing win.

ELECTRICITY AND CONTINUOUS THINKING.—Who has not experienced that peculiar and indescribable sensation which accompanies the process of intense thought, whilst engaged in the study of some abstruse subject? We feel, during the first efforts, that the brain seems, as it were, to be scarcely at all acted upon. By degrees we become sensible of the operation of some new power; or we are conscious of an increase of intensity of the perceptive faculty, until, at length, we are enabled to overcome the difficulty by which we were so long baffled. And, what is worthy of remark, this result comes frequently, perhaps almost invariably, with a startling suddenness, the truth flashing upon the mind with the velocity of light; and we then begin to wonder at the tedious perceptive process which the mental faculties went through before the mind's eye was thus enabled to see more distinctly. The electro-physiological theory affords a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon. During the first efforts, but a small portion of the electric fluid is transmitted to the brain; gradually the nerves become charged with it, until the accumulation is such, that the brain is then immediately and intensely acted upon; hence the result, as above described, in the increased perceptive power.—Leithhead's *Cosmical Force*.

## MILE OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS.

|   | Eng. Yards |                                 | Eng. Yards. |
|---|------------|---------------------------------|-------------|
| Arabian mile . . . . .                          | 2,148      | Irish mile . . . . .            | 3,688       |
| Bohemian . . . . .                              | 10,137     | Italian . . . . .               | 2,025       |
| Brabant . . . . .                               | 6,082      | Lithuanian . . . . .            | 9,784       |
| Chinese illis . . . . .                         | 628        | Oldenburg . . . . .             | 10,820      |
| Danish mile . . . . .                           | 8,244      | Poland (short mile) . . . . .   | 6,095       |
| English . . . . .                               | 1,760      | Poland (long mile) . . . . .    | 8,101       |
| English (Geog.) . . . . .                       | 2,025      | Portuguese leguas . . . . .     | 6,760       |
| Flemish . . . . .                               | 6,869      | Prussian mile . . . . .         | 8,468       |
| French art. leagues . . . . .                   | 4,860      | Roman (ancient) . . . . .       | 1,613       |
| French marine ditto . . . . .                   | 6,075      | Roman (modern) . . . . .        | 2,035       |
| French legal leagues, of 2,000 toises . . . . . | 4,263      | Russian versts . . . . .        | 1,167       |
| German miles (Geog.) . . . . .                  | 8,100      | Saxon mile . . . . .            | 9,905       |
| German miles (long) . . . . .                   | 10,126     | Scotch . . . . .                | 1,984       |
| German miles (short) . . . . .                  | 6,869      | Silesian . . . . .              | 7,083       |
| Hamburg mile . . . . .                          | 8,244      | Spanish leguas, legal . . . . . | 4,630       |
| Hanover . . . . .                               | 11,559     | Spanish leguas, com. . . . .    | 7,416       |
| Hesse . . . . .                                 | 10,547     | Swedish . . . . .               | 11,704      |
| Dutch . . . . .                                 | 6,395      | Swiss . . . . .                 | 9,166       |
| Hungarian . . . . .                             | 9,113      | Turkey (berries) . . . . .      | 1,821       |
|   |            | Westphalian mile . . . . .      | 12,156      |



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### Editor's Note-Book.

**A WIFE'S POWER.**—The power of a wife for good or evil, is irresistible. None must be the seat of happiness, or it must be for ever unknown. A good wife is to a man, wisdom, and courage, and

strength, and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is happier where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He needs his moral force in the conflicts of the world. 4 To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigour to encounter the labour and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullessness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent or complaint, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

**ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΝ.** S. T.—To whom is this well-known sentence attributed?—Men are but children of a larger growth."—To Dryden.

**TO FILL A DECAYED TOOTH.** Justus.—The following plan has been recommended to us by one who had tested its efficacy:—Procure a small piece of gutta-percha, drop it into boiling water, then, with the thumb and finger, take off as much as you suppose will fill up the tooth nearly level, and while in this soft state press it into the tooth; then hold on that side of the mouth cold water two or three times, which will harden it.

**"SUN ROSA."** S.—What is the meaning of this expression, so often employed by those who are fond of keeping secrets?—The phrase "under the rose," has been said to have originated from the many plots and conspiracies engendered during the wars of York and Lancaster; but it is much more probable that it arose from a custom—now fallen into disuse, but once very general among the nations of the north of Europe—of suspending a rose over the heads of the guests at feasts, to signify that whatever transpired was of a confidential nature.

**GOING TO LAW.** St. Manston.—Although we are averse to giving answers to questions of mere individual interest, yet the particulars forwarded by our correspondent are so clear that we should strongly advise him not to test the uncertainty of the law, especially as the dispute can be compromised. Our friend should remember what Butler has said on this subject:—

"If it with injury is griev'd,  
And goes to law to be relieved,  
Is sillier than a childish rhyme,  
Who, when a thief has robbed his house,  
Applies himself to cunning men,  
To help him to his goods again;  
When all he can expect to gain,  
Is but to squander more in vain."

**EARLY MARRIAGES.** Juvenal.—We have several letters from correspondents asking advice on matrimonial matters, which we have declined answering, being unwilling to occupy our columns with questions and answers of mere individual interest, and too many of the most frivolous nature. The prudent and sensible letter of our young friend, "Juvenal," however, deserves our notice, and in reply to his inquiry whether early marriages are objectionable, we would say that on the contrary they are highly commendable, when the circumstances of the contracting parties present no impediment. A thrifty wife, instead of being a new source of expense, will by wise management effect a positive saving in her husband's expenditure. An old poet has beautifully described the pleasures of a prudent marriage:—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious  
As are the unnumbered comforts of a man  
Lock'd up in woman's love, I scent the air  
Of blessings, when I come but near the house."

**SUBMARINE RAILWAY.** Paul.—"Is there not some project of a submarine railway between France and England, and where can I get the particulars?"—Our correspondent probably alludes to the proposition of a M. Hovart, an architect of Paris, to lay a railway in the bed of the sea between the two countries. This gentleman suggests that the road should be enclosed in a tube similar to that which crosses the Meuse Strait, and the tube to be fastened down in its bed by huge iron pins at

intervals of a mile throughout the twenty-one miles of its submarine course; the pins to perform the further service of carrying lights on their heads at night, to warn ships against anchoring over the railway.

**TAXES UPON KNOWLEDGE.**—A cry has gone forth that must delight every ardent promoter of the progress of intelligence, and which we heartily desire may end in a shout of triumph, for the speedy abolition of the paper duties—one of those glaring inconsistencies that cannot be reconciled with the enlightened spirit of the age. This tax, which presses so heavily upon all publications of extensive circulation, has greatly impeded the diffusion of good and wholesome literature, and it behoves the legislature to apply at once the remedy, and leave the glorious art of printing to accomplish, free and unshackled, its high destiny. There cannot be a more striking instance of the injurious effects of this obnoxious duty than that presented in the case of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, on which the paper-tax operated as a burthen to the extent of twenty-six thousand five hundred pounds, from the commencement to its completion, and had not the paper-duty been reduced by one-half, at the end of 1836, the publication of that valuable work would have been interrupted. It is, indeed, true, that this tax is a grievous burthen upon all endeavours to diffuse information at that cheap rate, which is produced, honestly and usefully, by the co-operation of large numbers of purchasers. Now that we have for our Chancellor of the Exchequer an author who has experienced the truth of the above remarks in his own writings, and who has publicly proclaimed them, let us hope that we shall soon have

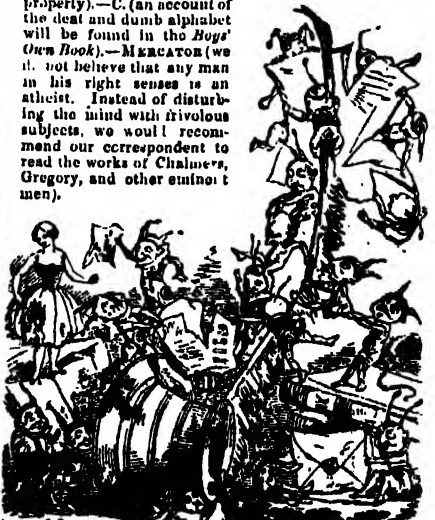


"THE REPEAL OF THE PAPER DUTIES."

**RULES FOR HOUSEKEEPING.** Anne L.—"Mr. Editor, I have just commenced the important duties of 'keeping house,' and I shall feel greatly obliged to you, as a 'Home Companion,' to give me some hints on the subject, &c."—The information thus requested cannot be furnished in a few words. There are a thousand ways and means of conducting a household on comfortable and economical principles, provided there is a will to adopt them. Mrs. Hamilton, in her *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, gives three simple rules for the regulation of domestic affairs, which deserve to be remembered, and which would, if carried into practice, be the means of saving time, labour, and patience, and of making every house a 'well-ordered' one. They are as follows:—1. Do everything in its proper time. 2. Keep everything to its proper use. 3. Put everything in its proper place.

**EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**—"A Father of a Family" inquires whether a child of eight years, whose intelligence is remarkable, is too young to commence the Latin Grammar. As questions somewhat similar are constantly reaching us from our correspondents, we may state at once our objections to the *forcing* system, too often practised on the young intellect. That unfortunate word, "precocity," has occasioned disquietude and misery to many parents, who, blinded by the praises bestowed upon the over-tasked energies of their children, have not beheld the insidious inroads of disease—the almost inevitable consequence of such folly. We should remember that when a horticulturist, in order to raise vegetables early, or ripen fruit quickly, forces them by artificial means, he knows well that he will lose some of his plants, and destroy a portion of his fruit, looking for compensation to the higher price he will obtain from those that remain. So it is with children. For one pale and sickly exotic that may survive the *forcing* system, hundreds of others perish at an age when the physical powers of youth should be expanding. Some of our brightest men have been dull boys. Let our first care be to give children a good physical education. Let us encourage their merry and innocent diversions, and make the smiling volume of nature the chief book from which they may derive intelligence. By so doing, the seeds of early precocity will take deeper root, and the mind will exult in its healthy tabernacle, instead of wasting away with melancholy and "precocious" learning, which falls upon the hopes and prospects of childhood as a blight.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—H. A. W. C. (London, within the walls—or boundary—included within the original walls of the city—inclusing almost eight parishes and without the walls, eleven parishes).—**QUARTER** (yes).—**WINDHAM** C. (black sealing-wax is made by mixing an equal quantity of gum-bee, printers' black, and pure turpentine, and melting them over a fire).—**ALORZO** (does our correspondent allude to the Heaton of Denbigh?)—G. (many thanks).—A. J. (Galileo was born in 1564, and died in 1642; Washington was born in 1732, and died in 1799).—**LOUIS** J. (answers arrived too late).—N. B. (the Scotch are entitled to the respect of every Englishman, for many of our greatest writers and bravest warriors come from that country).—**A. LECROIX** (we do not know the address of Dr. Todd; enclose your letter to the postmaster at New York, and request him to forward it).—**HUPHREAS** (shall receive consideration).—H. E. (we have never heard of the work; inquire of a bookseller).—W. H. H. (the directions for transferring would occupy too much space in our Note-book; we must refer our correspondent to No. 33, vol. iii., of the *Family Friend*, price twopenny, which contains full particulars of this art).—S. M. (use almond soap, and wear gloves).—A. CLARK (inquire of a bookseller).—**DELTA** (the Duke of Wellington was educated at Eton, and afterwards studied in the military college of Angers, in France).—**MID**. (the pay of a captain in the navy varies with the rate of the ship, from £61 7s. per month, for a first rate, to £26 17s. for a sixth-rate. Commanders of sloops have £23, and a captain of frigates £14 14s. per month).—W. (the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, rank next to the Archbishops).—**HIGGINS** (every person acting as an auctioneer, is required to take out a license, which must be renewed on the 5th of July, in every year; and for this license the charge of 50s. pounds is annually made).—S. B. S. (the word apothecary is derived from the French *apothecaire*, one who prepares medicines according to a physician's prescription).—A. K. J. (the lines shall be inserted when we have space. Address, 69, Fleet-street).—J. J. BROCKTON (the exercise mentioned cannot but be healthy and invigorating).—T. BORROWLEY (auctions have been in practice from the earliest times, and originated with the Romans).—C. B. C. (apply to a builder; it is better, in the case of smoky chimneys, to eradicate the evil than to patch it up).—C. M. B. (we have not heard of such a Society as that named by our correspondent. The climate of New South Wales is not unhealthy).—T. M. O. (the coin is of small value, and by no means rare).—A. BOUTEN (had better apply to a ship agent, who will give him precise information; the rates of passage vary).—M. D. ISAACS (thanks).—J. CRABDOCK (the lines on the "Sweeping Machine" would, no doubt, be very acceptable to those who are troubled with smoky chimneys, but we have not room).—ROBERT P. (we have no knowledge of the parties offering employment to all. Our correspondent must use his own discretion in the matter).—E. J. WOOD (the poetical "perpetration," as our correspondent calls his composition, is good, but not suited to our pages).—**GRONOX STARR** (the way to win a young lady's goodwill is not by addressing sonnets or songs to her. A straightforward, manly behaviour, with strict attention to the every-day duties of life, will be more likely to succeed).—**ADAMS** B. (with thanks).—S. J. R. (as we steer our own course, we must referring to the pages of contemporary journals, it has happened on one or two occasions that similar tales have appeared in our own and another publication. These articles, however, were taken from an American periodical, in which they first appeared. Our future arrangements will preclude the possibility of such circumstance again occurring, for this department of the *Home Companion* will occupy our most careful attention).—**JUSTUS** (Convent Garden was formerly called Convent Garden, because it belonged to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster. The Duke of Bedford is now the possessor of this rich property).—C. (an account of the dead and dumb alphabet will be found in the *Boys' Own Book*).—**MEACATON** (we do not believe that any man in his right senses is an atheist. Instead of disturbing the mind with frivolous subjects, we would recommend our correspondent to read the works of Chalmers, Gregory, and other eminent men).



# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 25—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"He had a long conversation with Gitty, and plainly and fearlessly unfolded to her what he believed to be the character of Rudolph, and entreated her, by all the regard which she professed for those who had performed the part of parents to her, to act upon the warning which he gave."

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from page 571.)

As Mr. Augustus Hunt's opinion coincided with that of his brother, old Catchem, one of the chief constables of the town was sent for, and that great terror to evil-doers was soon under their roof, and prepared for his work.

Mr. Augustus Hunt took upon himself the task of explaining matters to this officer, and was careful to mention that his brother would give one hundred pounds for the recovery of the money, with or without the thief.

Old Catchem soon showed that he was a master workman, and convinced Mr. Hunt that the theft must have been committed by some member of his family, or by some person in the habit of frequenting his house.

He summoned the inmates of the kitchen, and would not allow them to stir from his presence. Their niece Sarah was called in, and a messenger despatched to the office for young Edwards. James had no idea of the purpose for which he was required, and appeared to be much surprised when he found himself in the presence of a constable, and heard the account of the lost money; had he been perfectly innocent, he could not have acted more like himself. Some few questions were put to each separately, with special reference to the matter of the key—where it was found, where it belonged, &c. Betty was called upon to tell over all she knew about it. During her recital, the eye of the officer rested a moment on young Edwards; a slight flush passed over his countenance; it was but a flush, and was gone in an instant, but Catchem saw it, and did not forget it; he kept his eye more steadily that way. This very circumstance might have affected James, as he was full of sensibility.

The officer now desired to be led to the apartments occupied by Betty and Jim. Betty started ahead, muttering, as she went, about "going into people's rooms before one had time to make them a bit decent."

"Never mind, old lady, I've seen all kinds of rooms in my day."

"I'm no lady, nor auld, neither; but there's the trunk; you may look as ye like; I wants no money but what my own hands earn—there, look as ye like, and be blest to you!"

Betty's trunk was pretty thoroughly examined, and then Master Jim was obliged to lead the way to his room, which was a small room at another corner of the house; he went directly to his box, and was beginning to throw out the few articles it contained, when Catchem, very unceremoniously, laid hold of his collar, and giving him a jerk, left him standing in the middle of the room, and proceeded to overhaul Jimmie's treasures in a very careful manner. He, manifestly, expected to find some clue to matters here, but was disappointed; not any signs of money, good, bad, or indifferent, could be found, it being an article which the owner of the box contrived to get rid of, without the trouble of hoarding.

"And now, my young gentleman, show me the way to where you keep your choice articles."

Edwards coloured deeply, bowed very formally to him, and with a measured step, proceeded to his room. He was either much displeased with the manner of the constable, or very much exalted by some other cause; so much so that some of the family could not but notice it.

The key was again introduced, and Betty called upon to repeat her story. She invoked all the saints to witness that she spoke nothing but the truth, and that Mr. James would tell them how he had marked it with his own hands. The keen eye of Catchem was fixed upon Edwards during her recital, and when she ceased, he was asked to repeat the circumstances himself.

"I think, sir, you have had already sufficient explanation as to the identity of the key."

"Well, young gentleman, how do you account for this key being found in the door of the vault?"

"I do not feel, sir, that it is my business to account for it," at the same time eyeing his interrogator with a look of scorn.



"Perhaps you may find it your business, before you get through—so don't be so huffy, sir. Who occupies this room with you?"

"No one, sir."

"Do you ever carry that key in your pocket?"

"No, I do not."

"Are you in the habit of locking that door?"

"Occasionally."

"Is the key always kept in it?"

"I believe it is."

"Have you missed the key this day or two?"

"I did miss it."

"Have you made any inquiries in the family for it?"

Edwards coloured deeply again.

"No, I did not; I thought—I supposed it had been taken probably for some other door in the house."

"Now, young man, let me have the key of this trunk."

"That you shall not have, sir. If Mr. Hunt suspects that there is anything in my trunk belonging to him, I will open it, and satisfy him that there is nothing in it but my own property."

"Young man, I order you to hand me the key of that trunk, and let me open and examine its contents; if you do not, it shall be opened by force."

"Touch it, sir, at your peril; I have already offered to satisfy those who have any interest in this matter; let any one else touch it at their peril." As he said this, he stepped up close to the trunk, and with an eye flashing indignation, surveyed the group before him.

"Young man," said the officer, at the same time taking a short iron instrument from his pocket, "you might as well save all this trouble; this trunk shall be opened, with your leave or without it, just as you please." So saying, he stepped deliberately towards it, when Betty, fearing Mr. James was "going for the kill," threw herself between him and the constable, and said—

"For the love of goodness, Mr. James, give him the key, give him the key, and save your young blood and character, too." With that, she wrested the key violently from his hand, and threw it on the floor.

"There, honey, now, let him have it; let him look as he likes; he'll never find anything there but belongs to it. Do, do now, honey!" seeing James making efforts to recover the key, "for the love of goodness, Mr. James, hear to me, and leave him to look!"

James's better sense returned to him; he felt that he was wrong, and Betty in the right. He took a stand at some distance, with the rest, and suffered the examination to proceed, looking on as an indifferent spectator.

Every article in the body of the trunk was thoroughly searched, and replaced. Nothing that could be claimed by any one but Edwards was there.

The little rod was then taken out, which secured the opening into the cover of the trunk; the officer thrust his hand into it, and almost immediately brought out a small packet, and, on opening it, discovered a roll of bank-notes.

"Mr. Hunt, are these the notes which you have lost?"

Mr. Hunt took them, and examined the backs of each carefully.

"These are some of them, sir; I marked them with the letter D, in red ink; you can all examine them."

The identity of the notes was abundantly proved; but only one hundred pounds of the amount could be discovered in the trunk by the most scrutinising search.

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the scene which followed. James had been a great favourite in the family; his amiable disposition, his respectful behaviour, the care he took to give as little trouble as possible, his whole demeanour, so unassuming, yet so engaging, had won the hearts of all. It was a sad, sad fall! Mrs. Hunt sat down, overwhelmed with astonishment. Betty wrung her hands in deep distress.

"Oh, Mr. James, Mr. James! Is it yourself that has done this?"

The Messrs. Hunt were sorely confounded; such a result they had not anticipated. They had been highly pleased with his faithfulness and business talents; always in his place, ever attentive to their interests, critically correct in his accounts, and prompt in every duty committed to him, he had won their entire confidence; the present catastrophe was like a thunder-clap with a bright sun and a cloudless sky.

There was yet another witness of that trying scene. She sat silently in a corner of the room, her face covered, while tears were falling, such as lovely woman sheds when her pure and trusting heart meets the cruel thorn where it had hoped to find a holy resting-place.

Young Edwards had stepped up with the rest to look at the notes; he said nothing, but retiring to a seat, rested his head upon his hand, and seemed overwhelmed by the perilous situation in which he found himself. The officer took the Messrs. Hunt aside, and after some conversation with them, all were requested to leave the room, and the officer and young Edwards were left alone together.

"Now, young man, I don't wish to injure you; this matter can all be stopped where it is; you just show me where the old man's money is, and save all my searching, and yourself a turn in prison, too; hand me the money, and I'll see you clear in less than no time."

Edwards arose from his seat, and fixed his eye calmly and steadily upon the officer. "I regret exceedingly, sir, that I suffered my feelings to get to control me, and that I did not, as I ought to have done, yield at once to your right in making a search for the stolen money."

"Never mind that—that's nothing—I'm used to such things—young blood will show itself—that's neither here nor there; all you have to do now, is just to plunk down the rest, and I'll have you out of harm's way, and no more said about it."

"I have no desire, sir, to get out of harm's way, as you call it; I have no money to give up, nor had I any knowledge of the which you have just found it is as much a mystery to me as to you, and I'll have it come here."

"It's no mystery at all to me; and for you to stand there and say it is only wasting words. Come, come, I'll too see a hand for you at the gallows," raising his voice, and fixing his eye sternly on Edwards; "show me the rest of that money, if you don't want these pretty wristbands on," at the same time taking out of his pocket a pair of handcuffs. "Many a fine fellow has had these on before you; come, come, I can't wait."

Had the spirit of young Edwards been about to take its flight into another world, it could scarcely have left a more bloodless cheek. The sight of those instruments of degradation was enough; he sank into the chair beside him, helpless as a child.

"Come, come, young man, I'm no fool to be tricked in this way; your theatrical pranks won't do with me, I've seen too many of 'em. I'm in earnest with you—it is your last chance; when I snap this lock, you are done for."

A few moments the officer waited, but James answered not; nor did he make the least resistance, but submitting to his fate, was led from the room a manacled culprit.

## CHAPTER XL

On the evening of the eventful day which has been described in the last chapter, everything had settled into quietness in the mansion of Mr. Hunt. James had departed under the care of the officer of the law, and the agonised feelings of the family, if not allayed, were suppressed into silence like that which pervades the house of mourning when the funeral rites are ended, and those who had been weeping around the grave have returned to their desolate home. Each heart is swelled with emotion, and the words spoken are few, and in accents of peculiar tenderness.

In the parlour the lamps had just been lighted; but the cheerful blaze of a coal fire was sufficient to reveal, with distinctness, every object in the room. Immediately before it sat a female, young and beautiful; she was leaning against the back of her chair, her hands lay folded idly upon her lap, and her feet resting against the small and brightly polished fender. Her light brown hair was neatly parted from her fair forehead; her eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, were fixed upon the sporting, flickering blaze, apparently watching the explosions of the voluminous smoke; her mouth, which seemed formed for a smile, was closely shut, and the upper lip, lightly curling, gave a hint of serious thought which the other features did not betoken. To look upon her now, how unlike the lively, laughing, easy-tempered young lady, whose sprightly step, and cheerful smile, and musical voice, shed such pleasantness and life around this otherwise dull family.

As she sat musing, a knock at the door startled her.

"Oh, dear! I hope there will be no company here this evening."

She then hastily lighted a lamp on the table, left her seat before the fire, removed her chair to a corner, and assuming a becoming attitude, should a stranger enter, was prepared to receive the visitor.

The door opened, and she perceived that it was no stranger.

"Good evening, cousin Rudolph," she did not rise from her seat, nor did she greet him with that pleasant smile which was wont, like sunshine, to illumine and adorn her salutation.

"Good evening, cousin Sarah; are you all alone?"

"I have been alone for a short time; I expect uncle and aunt here soon, however."

Rudolph Hunt, for it was he who had entered, helped himself to a chair, and, as he took his seat, put on a smile of complacency.

"I am very glad, cousin Sarah, that I have come; I think you must be lonesome here."

"It is rather lonesome this evening," returned his cousin, looking steadily at her severing, which she had taken up on his entrance.

"I thought you would all feel rather dull this evening, after what has happened to-day. Poor James! who would have thought it?"

Sarah cast her eye from her work; it glanced from her cousin to the fire, and then settled on her work again. She met his keen, inquiring gaze; it chilled her heart—she made no reply.

"Did you see James when he went off?"

"No, I did not."

"I should not like to have seen him, either. James appears to be a good-hearted fellow, although—"

Sarah looked at her cousin, but his eye turned not towards her. He was gazing steadily at the fire.

"Although what, cousin Rudolph?"

"Oh, nothing. Only I was going to say, he sometimes appears singular; don't you think so? Have you never noticed anything?"

"No, I cannot say that I have."

"Well, I don't know but that I judge wrong; but he does not seem to be open—there is something about him you can't get at."

Sarah made no further reply; in fact, she did not relish the turn which the conversation had taken, it was manifestly unpleasant to her. Rudolph was her cousin, and, like her, dependent upon the kindness of his uncle; he had been very attentive to her, and she had formerly reciprocated his attentions. As long as he made his home at their uncle's, she treated him with the utmost kindness; no sister could have been more obliging, and, although she saw many things in him which she could have wished were otherwise, she passed them over as matters which she could not regulate; never dreaming that Rudolph could ever be anything to her but her attentive friend—her kind cousin. But Sarah was not one with whom a young person in Rudolph's situation could well be on such terms of intimacy, and still be

so able to control his affections, that no interest should be excited for her beyond what a cousin might demand.

There was too much virtuous simplicity, unaffected frankness, and noble, open-hearted generosity; there was too much personal beauty and mental loveliness not to captivate a heart less susceptible than his; and, besides all this, Sarah was the darling of her uncle, the younger Mr. Hunt. She was the orphan child of a beloved sister; he had taken upon himself to educate and support her, and had made no secret of the matter, that "his Sally," as he called her, was to be the heiress of his estate. So beauty and mental worth, a warm heart, and doubtless a handsome fortune, were all united in this frank, laughing, lively, confiding cousin; and he was not to be blamed if he did love her. But Sarah had not the most distant idea of yielding her heart to one in whose moral integrity she could not confide; and when he had ventured to test the nature of her affection for him, by placing himself in the attitude of a suitor, she at once drew a line between herself and him, strong and well-defined.

Rudolph was deeply chagrined at such a result. He was handsome, and he knew it; he had acquired those accomplishments which render youth and a fine person so engaging, and he was a partner in a very flourishing concern, with an almost certain prospect of future wealth; these, he thought, were advantages which few could offer, and which his vanity prompted him to believe few could resist. But to Sarah they offered no inducements; her heart recoiled at any intimacy with one whose integrity she doubted.

Whether James Edwards had been, in the least, the cause of Rudolph's discomfiture, I will not pretend to say; if so, he was the innocent cause. He had never talked of love, nor had he used any arts to gain the heart of Sarah. He did, indeed, enjoy the frequent opportunities afforded him, as a member of the family, of waiting upon her to an evening party, or of conversing with her in the domestic circle. There was a wonderful agreement in all their views; and, of late, a new chord had been struck, whose vibrations awoke sensations of peculiar interest within each heart. They had been religiously educated, and Sarah's mother had, with her dying breath, commended her orphan child to the care of God; and begged, as her last petition, that whatever else might be her lot, she might be encircled in that blessed covenant which she believed to be well ordered in all things. James, we know, was the darling object for whom a widowed mother's prayers daily ascended before the throne of grace; but it was only within a few months that he appeared to feel any particular interest in the subject, as a personal matter.

Whether it was that the gentle words which James had ventured to speak, in reference to his own feelings, had affected her, or whether the same cloud whose mercy-drops sprinkled his youthful spirit had also bedewed and softened hers, I cannot say; but true it was, a congenial feeling possessed them. There was a sameness in their sympathies, of which, perhaps, neither of them was aware, but which was drawing their affections into a close and holy bond.

Sarah had taken her work as Rudolph came in, and, plying her needle diligently, seemed more disposed to attend to that than to converse with her visitor; and, therefore, after a few vain attempts to excite her interest in any of the common topics, he took his leave.

No sooner had he left the house, than she hid aside her work, and resuming her seat before the fire, indulged the all-absorbing thoughts that crowded upon her. She was deeply agitated; clasping her hands before her, and raising her eye to heaven, as the big tears glistened, and then silently fell, she exclaimed—"I will see him! I will know, from his own lips, the whole truth! Oh, my Father! help me to bear this trial, help me to walk fearlessly in the path of duty! Sustain him—". But she could say no more, her overcharged feelings burst forth; she indulged them for a few moments, then rising calmly, walked with a light step from the room, and descended to the kitchen. Betty looked round as she entered, and said—

"Oh! Miss Sarah, and is it you? So glad am I to see you, for I've been wishing some one would just step in a bit, so lonesome it is; for Jim, he's been away, and it's all so still about the house. Ochone, this is the waist day of my life!"

Sarah could not reply. She took her seat by the side of Betty, and listened to the outpouring of her lamentation over the sad doings of the day. The good woman soon worked herself up to a high pitch, until the tears fell upon her clean white apron.

"To think of him, a nice young gentleman, in the hands of that cull snapdragon! If I couldn't have taken the life out of him, Miss Sarah, so rude as he was, and spaking in such a rough and bearish manner; and the dear sowl! niver a word did he answer, only when the cull dog took hold of his arm so, and began to jerk him along, says James, 'I'll go with you, sir, without your help.' But, oh dear! oh dear! that my eyes had never seen such a sight! I steps up to him, and says I, 'Mr. Edwards, keep up a good heart, for I believe you're innocent for all that's passed yet.' 'Do you, Betty?' says he; and believe me, Miss Sarah, the tear came in his eye, and he kind o' smiled, and his lip trembled. 'Yes,' said I, 'and you'll prove it to them yet.'"

Betty saw that she was saying too much for Sarah's comfort.

"Never mind, never mind, my dear young leddy: it's not to hurt you that I spake."

"It does not trouble me, Betty; but I am glad to hear you say that you believe him innocent."

"And that's what I do—but it's sore against him now. And Jim says they've got it down at the wharf that it's gambled he has; but I tell Jim it's a lie. He gambled! oh dear, oh dear! I tell you what, Miss Sarah," putting her head close to the young lady's, "there's them that aint a great

ways off that knows more about the matter than Mr. Edwards does—"

"Well, Betty, would you not like to see James, and talk with him about it?"

"Wouldn't I, Miss Sarah? that's what I would."

"I have made up my mind, Betty, that I must see him, and that, this night, if you will go with me."

Betty put up both hands, and raising her eyes at the same time, and said, "It's not in her right mind that she is. My dear young leddy, are you clean demented? Why, he's in the old town prison, and it takes my heart quake to look at it in the daytime, bairn going into it! But it's no there you'll catch Betty to-night; nor you, my dear young leddy, either."

"Why, Betty, I've been thinking a great deal about it, and I cannot rest to-night without seeing him. You know, Betty, that he has no friends to step forward and aid him; his mother and sisters are away—my master will not go near him; and Rudolph—"

"Ay, ay, catch him there, my darling, he's no' that friend that James thinks for. But, my dear leddy, it's not to the prison that you must go this night. Why, your young heart would tremble to hear your own footsteps in the dreary place, let alone the great bolts and the heavy doors, sounding like thunder through the old bare walls. No, no, Miss Sarah, it's no place for you, and the night is dark."

However, Sarah had made up her mind, and Betty had a sincere regard for her; and when she saw that there was danger of Sarah's attempting it alone, she, with great reluctance, consented to accompany her; but it was with many crossings of herself, and many ejaculations for mercy on them. "For such an errand no poor creatures ever went upon before. Oh, that I was yet to be born! Such a weary world as it is."

But when Betty set about getting ready, she showed clearly that she had her wits about her. She disguised Sarah in some over-garments of her own, and then, stepping into the pantry, gathered up a few choice bits.

"The poor soul might be hungry, and craving a morsel nice to eat."

## CHAPTER XII.

It would be difficult to imagine a situation more lamentable than that of James Edwards, as he paced the gloomy apartment to which he had been consigned—the upper, west-room of the old city prison. The shades of night had fallen, and the light of the lamps, which glittered upon the great thoroughfare of the city, threw their glimmer into his iron-grated window, and shadowed forth upon the ceiling above the token of his degradation; he could hear light footsteps of his happy fellow-beings, hurrying past; and the floor beneath would tremble, as the heavy coach rolled by, bearing its gay inmates to some scene of festive enjoyment, or to some cheerful, happy home. None, among that throng, cared for him; a finger might, indeed, be pointed at his prison-house, as the passer-by told of his crime and its detection; but none cared for the anguish that racked his bosom, nor thought of giving consolation to one who had fallen from his integrity, and forfeited his fair fame; perhaps, had they known the story of his past life, there might have been those who would have stepped forward to the rescue, and not have suffered the iron to enter his soul, at least, before he had been allowed an impartial trial. But, ah! who was there to tell his story? James felt the sad reality of all this; the iron gratings and the heavy bars, that shut him from the world, were to his spirit like the torturing rack, not that he cared, now, to be at liberty; it was not the walls of his prison, so bare and cold, nor the bed of straw, nor the darkness and loneliness of his cell—the prison, in which his soul was shut up, was stronger and gloomier than they. His fair fame was gone, and until the stain that polluted it was washed away, he must be an outcast. To whom, now, can those helpless ones look for their daily bread; they, with him, have fallen, dependants upon the cold charities of the world.

As these thoughts rioted within his troubled breast, the heavy peals from the bell of an adjoining steeple tolled the hour of the evening: he paused to count their number; he heard footsteps approaching; the key was applied to the door of his room, the heavy bolt flew back, and the keeper entered, followed by two females. Placing a small lump upon the dark oaken table, and telling them he would return in a quarter of an hour, he retired, turning the key upon them.

The first thought with James was, that the jailor had thrust in two other unfortunate beings like himself to share his cell. The next moment the eye of the lovely Sarah, beaming with emotion, was fixed upon him. She had thrown off the hood and cloak in which she had been disguised, and as she stood gazing upon him, just as he appeared at home, she seemed like an angel of mercy that had descended to shed some rays of light and hope on his dreary path [See Engraving, p. 328]. James was confounded; his mind had been deeply agitated; he knew not but his reason was departing. He was soon assured, however, that it was no vision, for Betty had unrobed herself, and stepping up, presented to him some of theainties of her pantry.

"You'll be remembering these, Mr. James—they're clane as my own hands can make 'em."

"Why, Betty, have you come here?"

"Indeed, and I have—but it's not me that's to be thanked for this turn; it's my dear young leddy, she would come, whether or no."

Sarah had not considered how she would appear, nor how she would feel when in the immediate presence of Edwards; it was the admittance of her interest in him to an extent which she did not realize, until Betty's plainness and unsophisticated kindness revealed the secret. She blushed, and even felt the rich crimson suffusing her countenance, and her heart, for the first

time, beat with that trembling, suffocating emotion, which accompanies the acknowledgment of reciprocal love. James knew not how to act. His first impulse was to elasp her to his bosom—to tell her that she was dearer to him than life itself; but the thought of his degraded condition, of the humbling scenes he had passed through that day, and which she had witnessed, urged him the next moment to shrink from her sight.

"Oh, Sarah, Sarah!" and he covered his face.

"James," said she, "I suppose I have acted rashly; I have done wrong, but I could not rest. I want to hear, from your own mouth, some accounts of this strange business."

"You have known and seen too much already."

"But before I can believe, James, that you are guilty, I must near the acknowledgment from your own lips."

"It will avail but little if I should deny it, so long as the proofs are so strong against me."

"Will it avail nothing to let me know what so deeply concerns you?"

James looked at her with his keen, bright eye, as though he wished to read the secrets of her soul. She shrank not from his gaze; her eye was softened by a tear, and her whole countenance glowed with emotion.

"Sarah, do you believe me innocent?"

"I do—I firmly believe it."

"And so do I, Mr. James—and may the time come when it will be proved so, and your enemies confounded."

James put out his hand, and taking one of Sarah's, said—"I thank you most truly for this expression of your confidence; it is, indeed, the oil of consolation to my wounded spirit. I know not what awaits me, nor through what scenes of trial I am yet to pass, but this act of yours, Sarah, this expression of your confidence, will make a prison or a dungeon light and pleasant. I am innocent, Sarah; and to Him, who knows my heart, who sees every act I do, and every thought that passes through my mind, do I most solemnly appeal, that what I say is true."

Sarah watched his eye as it rose in solemn reverence towards the dwelling-place of Him whose Omnipotence he invoked.

"I believe you—I believe you," said she, pressing his hand with both of hers; "but can you not tell who has done it? Can you not get out of this dreadful place? Oh, how long must you be here!"

James shook his head.

"Is there no one whom you suspect?"

"Ah! Sarah, suspicion will not do, and it may be unjust. No, I see nothing before me but infamy, degradation, and ruin; I shall be classed with felons, and stigmatised as a hypocrite, yet I could even bear this, if I could but suffer alone. They, too, must go down with me—must be beggars."

He could say no more—his proud spirit laboured under the oppressive load.

Sarah saw the tender chord which had been touched; her mind sympathised in the trouble that was agitating him, and her noble spirit rose above the little forms, so useful in the common scenes of life; she felt that it was no time to hide the honest feelings of a heart that was bound up in this suffering young man.

"James, your mother and sisters shall be mine. I will do for them what you have done; I am abundantly able; they shall never want."

"Sarah, my own dear Sarah!" He clasped her to his bosom. "May God bless you, for ever and ever!"

She shrank not from his embrace, but suffered him to feel that she willingly yielded the token that she was all his own.

The footsteps of the jailer were now heard approaching.

"James, let us have in that Being to whom you have appealed this night; He can do for us what we cannot do for ourselves."

Betty was not an unconcerned spectator of the scene which had just past, but she kept a respectful silence, until she saw Miss Sarah preparing to depart; then stepping up to James and taking his hand, said, "Mr. James, may God bless you." James felt that she was placing something within him; he looked at it; it was a sovereign.

"No, no, Betty, this must not be; you will rob yourself."

"Not a bit, not a bit; kape it, you dear sowl; the like o' them here won't be aiding you without the help of a little of that," and she turned her back, and as the jailer was waiting, James was soon left to ponder alone on the unexpected vision which had just passed.

Sarah retired to rest that night, but she could not sleep; too many conflicting feelings rioted in her troubled breast; one bright spot alone there was, around which her young affections loved to hover; but dark and troublous clouds kept passing over the beautiful vision. That James was innocent she now firmly believed; that they mutually loved, she no longer doubted; and when she thought of that brief moment of bliss, that before unknown delight, that incommunicable joy of mingling spirits, a rapturous dream seemed to have entranced her. But then the sad realities of a prison gloom, the blasted reputation, the dark uncertainty as to the fate of him she loved, all came upon her mind with painful interest—too painful for her peace.

Was there no friend who could lend a helping hand to free young Edwards from his prison, and aid him in detecting the villainy which, if not found out, must rest with all its evil influence on him, and now, alas! on her! But to whom could she apply? Who would believe, as she did, in the bare assertion of one against whom appearances were now so suspicious, yes, worse than suspicious. She might be ridiculed for her credulity, but there was little hope but any could be found who would be willing to act upon such a peradventure. The longer she pondered, the darker, the more hopeless grew the prospect. The agony of her spirit she exclaimed—"Oh, had I but a father's bosom on which to repose, to whom I could go for help—a father! And have I no father? My uncle—yes, he has taken a father's place—he has never denied my claims; I will open my heart to him—I will tell him all."

(Continued on page 391.)

## "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

WE have before us a copy of *Doddsley's Annual Register* for 1759—a most respectable and useful annual, the publication of which is still continued. Robert Doddsley was a noted London publisher, and like many others of his craft, could wield the pen with grace, when he chose. He wrote several poetical and dramatic pieces, besides a treatise which had the honour to be attributed to Lord Chesterfield. He projected the *Annual Register*, above alluded to, and issued the first number in 1758. Edmund Burke wrote the historical portions, for several years, and it has been said that he suggested the plan of the work to Doddsley.

In looking over the venerable book before us, we have found many curious paragraphs, a few of which we will transcribe, as specimens of the "Annual Registers" of those days.

Here is a brief notice of one of the vegetable wonders of the preceding year:—

"Amongst the variety of the uncommon vegetable productions in the last year, the following seems not the least extraordinary, viz., a turnip which was pulled up at or near Tudenham, in Norfolk, weighing upwards of twenty-nine pounds."

Here is a potato which puts to blush all modern "murphies." We should not like to vouch for the truth of this potato story, but here it is, as we find it in the *Register*:—

"A gentleman who lately came from Chester informs us, that one Tho. Siddal, a gardener in the suburbs of that place, has now in his possession a potato, which he lately dug out of his own garden, that weighs seventeen pounds four ounces avoirdupoise, measures in circumference thirty-eight inches, and in length forty-seven inches and a-half."

Here is an account of a trial for witchcraft, which will amuse the modern reader, in spite of the serious manner in which it is related:—

"One Susanna Hannokes, an elderly woman of Wingrove, near Aylesbury, was accused by a neighbour for bewitching her spinning-wheel, so that she could not make it to go round, and offered to make oath of it before a magistrate, on which the husband, in order to justify his wife, insisted upon her being tried by the church Bible; and that the accuser should be present; accordingly she was conducted to the parish church, where she was weighed against the Bible; when, to the no small mortification of her accuser, she out weighed it, and was honourably acquitted of the charge."

The following item from New England shows how the settlers amused themselves in those days:—

"We have an account from Providence, in America, that no less than 11,588 squirrels had been shot in that country within ten days, and that at producing the heads, 1500 horses were at the tavern. The heads of the said squirrels measured twenty-nine bushels and a-half."

Here is an account of a remarkable escape from the halter, which occurred May 1, 1759. Perhaps it is owing to some few cases of this sort, that the notion is so often entertained among the ignorant that executed criminals are still alive and at large, although a hundred witnesses testify to their stragulation and death:—

"Mr. Armstrong, under-sheriff of the county of Tyrone, in Ireland, was fined 100*l*. and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, for suffering William Barrett, who was ordered for execution for a capital offence, to escape with life; this Barrett hung the usual time, till the sheriff thought he was dead, but by means of a collar, he saved himself and got clear off."

Those who suppose that travelling twenty-five miles an hour was a feat never dreamed of until the introduction of locomotives, will learn from the following that they are labouring under a mistake. The race here spoken of came off on the 26th of June, 1759:—

"Early in the morning Jennison Shaftoe, Esq., started against time, to ride fifty miles in two hours; in the course of which he used ten horses, and did it in two seconds under eleven minutes of the time prescribed by the articles, to the astonishment of all present."

Under the department of Natural History, we find an account of a cat that lived twenty-six months without drinking. The experimenter, Abbé de Fontenu, of Paris, began by retrenching the cat's drink little by little, until at length it was reduced to total abstinence. It was fed on boiled meat, and did not apparently suffer in health, though it is said it "appeared to have an ardent desire to drink." There is also an essay on snout in wheat, which recommends as a remedy the steeping of the seed in a strong brine, composed of dunghill water, salt, and pulverised saltpetre. An account is given, on another page, of the transmutation of a field of oats into rye, which had lately occurred in Sweden. This was said to be the first time this phenomenon had been observed, and the subject had engaged the earnest attention of several naturalists, whose experiments confirmed the story of the Swedish farmer.

**MYSTERIES, OR SCRIPTURAL PLAYS.**—In the church books of Tewkesbury, which have been preserved for a long time back, are the following entries:—"A.D. 1678. Payed for the players' geers, six sheepskins for Christ's garments." And in an inventory, recorded in the same book, 1685, are these words, "—And order eight heads of hair for the Apostles, and ten beards, and a face, or vizor for the devil."—*Actors by Daylight.*





MISS VANDENHOFF.

(THE PORTRAIT FROM A DAGUERR OTYPE BY E. MAYALL, Esq., 13, WEST STRAND.)

THE subject of this memoir is the only daughter of Mr. Vandenhoff the tragedian, who is one of the last representatives of the fine old classical school of acting, which is rapidly disappearing, and is being replaced by another—though we may be excused for doubting whether it be a better—style. Miss Vandenhoff was born in Liverpool, in which town her father was, for several years, established as the leading actor. In early childhood, she found her greatest pleasures in reading and study—"books were dearer than the newest toys"—and, at an age when most young ladies are devoted to their dolls, she was nursing the spring of poetry within her, and weaving her childish fancies into verse. Educated by the most accomplished elocutionist of the day, she early displayed talents as an actress of no mean description; and having accompanied her father on a professional tour in America, the performances of the young girl were received with the greatest applause. On her return from America, she appeared, for the first time in London, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as *Margaret Elmer* in Lovell's play of *Lore's Sacrifice*. She also appeared as *Julia* in the *Hunchback*, *Pauline* in the *Lady of Lyons*, in which character she obtained great success; and she was the original *Lydia* in Sheridan Knowles's play of the *Love Chase*. Among the Shaksperian characters, her *Juliet* and *Imogen* have had few rivals. She has never, we believe, attempted any of the more grand and terrible heroines of Shakspeare; but, in the display of the gentle, tender, and feminine parts, she has not often been excelled. There is one line of acting, however, in which she has displayed great and original talent—the grave, severe, and statuesque representation of the classical heroines. Her *Virginia*, and, above all, her *Antigone*, stand out by themselves as unapproached by any other actress. The really great sensation she caused in *Antigone*, leads us to enlarge upon her appearance in this character.

At Covent Garden Theatre, on the 2nd of January, 1845, a bold attempt was made to revive the ancient classical drama, by giving a representation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, accompanied by the music of Mendelssohn. This drama had been produced at Berlin under the auspices of the King of Prussia, with all the appliances that power could give; the first scholars were consulted as to the arrangements and costume, and Mendelssohn wrote the music for the choral odes which form so great and noble a feature in the Greek drama. The success of the drama in Berlin was great. Still it was thought by many that this was more owing to the music of Mendelssohn, and the enthusiasm of the German students, than to the severe classical drama itself. In 1844, it was produced at the Odeon Theatre, in Paris, with great magnificence, and complete success. But it seems to have been reserved for the representation at Covent Garden, to prove that it was not to the accessories of music, costume, and scenery, that this success was owing, but to the capabilities of this noble drama itself to move our utmost terror and pity when ably represented. Here the music was atrociously performed, the singing execrable and most deservedly hissed, the scenery faulty, and the costumes incorrect. It was to the interpretation given by Miss Vandenhoff of the noble character of *Antigone*, her sisterly affection, and devoted heart, that the attempt met with the success it achieved. Brought up under the tuition of her father, who is both a scholar and a gentleman, she entered upon

the study of this character, not merely in the drama of *Antigone* as translated for representation, but as a portion of the noble trilogy which Sophocles conceived on the fate of the house of *Edipus*. Embodying the gentleness and devotion of *Cordelia* with the grand and simple forms of classical beauty, Miss Vandenhoff produced an impression on the audience that has never been forgotten, and aided by the fine acting of her father in *Cressa*, succeeded in making the audience feel a deep interest in the beauty of Sophocles, and the severe graces of the classical drama. And this she effected in spite of the drawbacks occasioned by the imperfect state of the musical department. It was not Mendelssohn who saved the play by his magnificent harmonies, but it was Sophocles, and Miss Vandenhoff as the interpreter of his excellences, who took the audience, as it were, by surprise, and not only gave a deep interest in the classical drama, but led to an improved performance of the music, and a better appreciation of Mendelssohn's genius.

But while pursuing her histrionic career, Miss Vandenhoff did not neglect to cultivate that poetic turn of mind of which her youth gave such promise. About three years ago, a series of poems, called *The Picture Gallery*, appeared in *Hood's Magazine*, where they attracted considerable attention for their originality. It was reserved, however, for the present year, to make her merits as an authoress fully known to the public. On the 14th of February a new play called *Woman's Heart* was produced for the first time, in which Miss Vandenhoff played the principal character. The play was eminently successful. Miss Vandenhoff, and the other principal actors had been called before the curtain to receive the plaudits of the audience on their performance; then the author was called for, and so well had the success been kept, that we believe it was as great a surprise to the other actors as to the audience, when Mr. Vandenhoff led his daughter forward, and announced her as the successful candidate for literary fame. This was a legitimate triumph; there had been no whisperings afloat as to distinguished authorship, no coteries puffing up a preconceived notion of excellence, no band of interested claquers to drown opposition: it was the genuine unaided triumph of an interesting story, well set on the stage, and told in sweet and earnest poetry.

The facts of the tale are simple, almost too simple for dramatic effect, but they are deeply interesting. Angiolo, the son of a peasant, is an artist of high talent, both as painter and sculptor; he is pursuing his avocations in his father's humble home in company with a blind girl, Isolina, who has been left upon his father's bounty: it has been the pleasure of the artist's life to instruct the poor blind girl, "who only knew that she had eyes when tears fell from them," and, from her beauties of face and form, to catch an inspiration for his art. Love grows up between them. But the fame of the artist has reached his prince, who takes him under his patronage, and he becomes wealthy, and famous, and filled with a wild ambition that banishes all softer thoughts. He is courted, too, by the celebrated beauty of the court, the Lady Giulia, and this awakes the enmity of Count Zellamino, who is an aspirant for that lady's fortune. Isolina yearns, in "the mighty hunger of her heart," for a sight of him she loves; she finds him in his gorgeous palace, devoted to ambition and to art, without a thought of love. In a scene, which we have been permitted to extract from the unpublished play, and which will be given in a future number, we have the result of their interview, in the parting of the former lovers. Exhausted with grief, she sinks fainting at the door of the Marquis Albrizzi, who discovers in her the child he has lost when his castle was destroyed, and her mother was supposed to have perished. Two years are supposed to elapse between the second and third acts, when we find Isolina, by the aid of science, restored to sight, and the acknowledged daughter of the marquis; and, though sought in marriage by the prince, still clinging with devoted attachment to her old love. Angiolo is sent by the prince to take her portrait; but her father, who has heard her former story, knowing that she can only recognise her old lover by the voice, obtains from him a promise of silence during her sitting, and enjoins her not to speak. This gives rise to one of the best situations of the play—the unconscious memory calling back the sound of steps in one, and the other struck by the marvellous liking in the high-born lady to the lost Isolina. While pursuing his silent task, the officers of the court arrive to arrest him for treason, through the machinations of Zellamino; he loudly protests his innocence; the spell of silence is broken; and the lovers recognise each other only to be forcibly separated. The remaining two acts are filled by her devoted attempts to gain the liberation of Angiolo; her rejection of the prince's suit; the repentance of Angiolo for his desertion; and the ultimate consent of the haughty parent to her union with the lover of her youth.

It is something in these days to have produced a genuine, original, and successful play. That this will long keep its place on the stage, is our hope; that it will always be a favourite in the study, we are certain. There is a freshness of poetry, and a purity of thought pervading the whole, that is certain to please. The character of Isolina is so pure, and touched with such a delicate, and at the same time so masterly a hand, that it must ever excite our highest interest. And the acting of Miss Vandenhoff, in this—her own creation, brings all the beauties and capabilities of the character before us in their greatest perfection. We hail this first attempt at dramatic composition as bearing much more than the seeds of great promise; and we hope the accomplished authoress will not be long before she permits us to record another triumph in the path she has chosen.

We cannot close this memoir without a glance at the private life of this accomplished and deserving lady. If she be eminent for her talents to the public, she is still more eminent for the virtues that adorn her. Incapable of envy, she is the first to recognise and acknowledge the merits of others—the last to claim admiration for herself; and she has passed the fiery ordeal of her profession without the shadow of a stain once sullied the purity of her name; an ornament to the stage, and a blessing to womankind, and "the poetry and sunshine" of her home.

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

*(Continued from page 377.)*

## CHAPTER V.

## THE ANCESTORS OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

*"Of plain good sense, unfitted in the schools."*

I was this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the knight faced towards one of the pictures; and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of our age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by no particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus, the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which belong to Henry the Seventh's time, was kept on in the yeman of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader; besides that, the cap leaves the face expanded, and, consequently, more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces."

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, rearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him; and, taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in thatanner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to reform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared to me how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and unpardonable insolence. I do not know, but it might be exactly where the coffee-house\* is now."

"You are to know, this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now talk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and when I have you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for a hasty pudding and a white-pot."

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right and, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, and the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this rump, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing, and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sounseater. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good-manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but could not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have seen, informed, that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. He left lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the said Honour I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at his thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend's little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next picture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner.

\* The Tilt-yard coffee house is still in being at Whitehall.

"This man," pointing to him I looked at, "I take to be the honour of our house. Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded his own affairs which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret charities many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age saved the life and fortune, which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Marston." The story of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of being shot, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

## CHAPTER VI.

## COVERLEY HALL HAUNTED.

*"All things are full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful is the silence of the night."*

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalmist, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it beside the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the robins had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which no time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceedingly solemn and venerable. These objects mutually raise seriousness and attention; and when night begins to enlighten the wilderness of the place, and pour out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the *Association of Ideas*, has very curious remarks to show how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than with light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without a head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, as that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a

\* Psalm civ. v. 2.

† Essay on Human Understanding, b. ii., ch. 23, sect. 10.

manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not thus have been particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who is contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits real, and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this kind of superstition, I should to the relations of particular persons, and to those whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might as well distrust not only the historians to whom we may join the poets, but the philosophers of antiquity, have favoured this opinion. Lucræcius, by the source of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul is separated from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This is a very remarkable; he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to acquiesce for being one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever uttered. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually changing, and that the particles of one after another; and that these particles of the earth are included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the corns of an onion, and sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, and so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of King Antiochus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She dreamed that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying, That women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third; nay, to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our passed loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.' Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those knaves. Besides that the example deserves to be taken notice of as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man think these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue."

## CHAPTER VII.

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

"For't, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
Worship th' immortal Gods."

I was always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain, the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the old village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock, and a common prayer-book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed cudo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these

\* Jewish Antiquities, book xvii. chap. 15.

occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being a little fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversions. The authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which sometimes life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his tenants observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than diminish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumed to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every man and then inquired how every one's wife, or mother, or son, or sister, or whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent. [See Engraving.]

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a certain day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants hoists and fitch-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Fends of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE WIDOW.

"Her look, were deep imprinted in his heart."

In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as this perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to mope upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence, and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rosy well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with much before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you,





"As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church."

I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in the court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dowry. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it than I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the lady!' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself. I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I, but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slave, in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country, and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration, instead of desire. It is certain, that if you were to

behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her, without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude—as I think you call the posture of a picture—that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her; and, upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances; and, after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus, also, she deals with all mankind; and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature. But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said!—after she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice, in her ordinary speech, has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eyes of all the gentlemen in the county. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for, as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but, indeed, it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet, according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet haec loquitur*. I shall end

this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:—

"Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,  
Still he can nothing but of *Nævia* talk;  
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,  
Still he must speak of *Nævia*, or be mute.  
He writ to his father, ending with this line,  
'I am, my lovely *Nævia*, ever thine.'

## CHAPTER IX.

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND HIS EXPENDITURE.

"The dread of nothing more  
Than to be thought necessitous and poor."

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversation. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said, and as he advanced towards being fuddled his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house, you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness, which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound,\* which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one ear's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near an affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "that to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it: and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of, and provision for, themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to commend so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works,† to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state

of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's great vulgar,\* is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would, methinks, be no ill maxim of life, if, according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design: but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing, philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley:—

"If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,  
With any wish so mean as to be great,  
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove  
The humble blessings of that life I love."

(To be continued.)

## THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.

THE most ancient structure remaining in Egypt, is the Great Pyramid—one of those mighty works wherein, as Dénon says, men seem to have wished to measure themselves with nature. Quaint old Fuller says, "the Pyramids are in their dotage, and have forgotten their makers' names." Moore, whom we have just now lost, calls the great one, in his exquisite prose poem, *The Epicurean*, "The watch-tower of time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will take his last look?" Herodotus, who visited Egypt about 450 years B.C. (some say 500), or more than 2,300 years ago, spoke even then with uncertainty of their date. Their erection, however, is usually ascribed to Suphis (considered to be the Cheops of Herodotus), who reigned soon after Menes, and they may be called 4,000 years old: Bunsen says 5,000!

The Pyramid still seems strong enough to set Time at defiance for ages—let us hope that man may not come in to the old Destroyer's aid. According to Herodotus (Euterpe), 100,000 men were employed, who were relieved every three months, in hewing stones in the Arabian mountains, dragging them to the banks of the Nile, and transporting them to the required spot. Ten years were consumed in the labour of forming the road through which the stones were to be drawn. In the whole, according to Pliny, "886,000 men were employed twenty years together." It has been calculated that if it were required again to raise the stones from the quarries, and place them at their present height, the action of the steam-engines of England, which are managed at most by 36,000 men, would be sufficient to produce the same effect in eighteen hours! In this calculation it is supposed that the Pyramid occupied 100,000 men twenty years.

The base of the Great Pyramid was 764 feet square (it is now 740 feet), and may be considered very nearly the size of the area known as Lincoln's Inn-fields. In truth, however, this area, large as it looks, is not so large as that occupied by the Pyramid. Mr. Scoles, the architect, measured the "fields" one fine moonlight night, and found the dimensions between the houses 625 feet 6 inches from north to south, and 831 feet from east to west, giving an area of 12 acres, while the pyramid occupies 13½. The present height is 450 feet 9 inches; measured up the angle, it is 368 feet; it was formerly 611 feet on this line. The Pyramid is constructed externally in steps, as you probably know, varying from 2 feet 2 inches in height to 4 feet 10 inches, up which those who desire to ascend are dragged by the native guides; originally these were eased to present a flat surface. The top is flat, about 82 feet square, and I once met an English lady who, with something like your own desire to see and do everything (that is proper), had danced in a quadrille upon it. The ascent is far from easy, and requires a steady head, as may be imagined, when we remember how much higher it is than St. Paul's. Even more so the descent. The stones employed in the construction vary from 5 feet in length to 30 feet, and from 3 feet to 4 feet in height.—Butler.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.—In going from the parlour to the studio (says a friend) our way lay through a passage, on both sides of which there were shelves covered with his models of busts. In one corner stands a head of Milton's "Satan," uttering, with a scornful expression, his address to the sun. Sir Francis said, "That head was the very first thing that I did after I came to London. I worked at it in a garret, with a paper cap on my head, and as I could then afford only one candle, I stuck that one in my cap, that it might move along with me, and give me light whichever way I turned!"

\* "Hence, ye profane, I hate ye all,  
Both the great vulgar and the small."  
Cowley's Paraphrase of Horace, Book III. Od. 1.

† Land Tax. † Dr. Thomas Sprat Bishop of Rochester.

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### PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

#### No. XIX.—"OLD BIRDS ARE NOT CAUGHT WITH CHAFF."

THIS is a very self-laudatory fallacy. "Old birds are not to be caught with chaff," says the old woman, sagaciously laying her finger upon her nose, while her grandson discourses to her on the subject of "flying fish;" but Pharoah's chariot-wheel-hooked up by their anchor in the Red Sea, is swallowed at once as a grain of the purest wheat. There seems to be a general propensity in the world to catch eagerly at "chaff," and neither old nor young birds escape being caught by it. The world understands its value and spreads it abroad in great profusion. We meet with it everywhere—from the senate to the pothouse, from the boudoir of the duchess to the mangle-room of the washerwoman. And everywhere are people caught by it. It is in vain some cunning old bird may turn up his bill from some one or two tempting morsels of this chaff, and pride himself with the notion that he is not to be done, but he is sure to be taken at last by some part that is coloured or flavoured exactly to suit his fancy. During the mania in Franco of Law's Mississippi scheme, when people were biting at chaff in most voracious fashion, we are told by Charles Mackay, in his *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, the following story:—"Two sober, quiet, and philosophic men of letters, M. de la Motte and the Abbé Terrason, congratulated each other that they, at least, were free from this strange infatuation. A few days afterwards, as the worthy Abbé was coming out of the Hotel de Soissons, where he had gone to buy shares in the Mississippi, whom should he see but his friend La Motte, entering for the same purpose. 'Ha!' said the Abbé, smiling, 'is that you?' 'Yes,' said La Motte, pushing past him as fast as he was able; 'and can that be you?' The next time the two scholars met, they talked of philosophy, of sciences, and of religion, but neither had courage for a long time to breathe one syllable about the Mississippi. At last, when it was mentioned, they agreed that a man ought never to swear against his doing any one thing, and that there was no sort of extravagance of which even a wise man was not capable." Pride ourselves as we may upon our intelligence, our wisdom, our skill, our cunning, we are all of us sure, sooner or later, to be caught by chaff. There are some curious anecdotes told of the eagerness with which "old birds" sought after this Mississippi chaff: some of the feminine eagerness is scarcely repeatable, but the following ludicrous stratagem to gain an interview with the great projector, and an opportunity for nibbling at the chaff, may be told without a blush, except such as arises in disdain at its disgusting avarice. "One lady who had striven in vain during several days, gave up in despair all attempts to see him at his own house; but ordered her coachman to keep a strict watch whenever she was out in her carriage, and if he saw Mr. Law coming, to drive against a post, and upset her. The coachman promised obedience; and for three days the lady was driven incessantly through the town, praying inwardly for the opportunity to be overturned. At last she espied Mr. Law, and, pulling the string, called out to the coachman, 'Upset us now! for goodness' sake, upset us now!' The coachman drove against a post, the lady screamed, the coach was overturned, and Law, who had seen the accident, hastened to the spot to render assistance. The cunning dame was led into the Hotel de Soissons, where she soon thought it advisable to recover from her fright, and, after apologising to Mr. Law, confessed her stratagem. Law smiled, and entered the lady in his books as the purchaser of a quantity of India-stock." The story does not go on to tell us whether the lady sold out before the fearful crash came which blew away all this chaff, and showed that no grains were hidden beneath it; when fifteen persons were squeezed to death in their attempts to get into the Bank to save something out of the wreck of their fortunes.

Our own South Sea Bubble was another of those glorious spreadings of

chaff which caught the old and knowing as well as the young and unwary. When Exchange Alley was blocked up by crowds rushing in to nab at the chaff—

"Then Stars and Garters did appear  
Among the numerous rabble;  
To buy and sell, to see and hear  
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.  
The greatest ladies thither came,  
And plied in chariots daily,  
Or pawned their jewels for a sum  
To venture in the Alley."

Those were prolific days for the chaff-spreaders; and so convinced did they seem to be that the public loved chaff better than grain, that one adventurer actually started "A company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is." Of this company Charles Mackay says, "Were not the fact stated by scores of credible witnesses, it would be impossible to believe that any person could have been duped by such a project. The man of genius who essayed this bold and successful inroad upon public credulity, merely stated in his prospectus that the required capital was half a million, in five thousand shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. Each subscriber paying his deposit, would be entitled to £100 per annum per share. Now this immense profit was to be obtained, he did not condescend to inform them at that time, but promised that in a month full particulars should be duly announced, and a call made for the remaining £98 of the subscription. Next morning at nine o'clock, this great man opened an office in Cornhill. Crowds of people beset his door, and when he shut up at three o'clock, he found that no less than one thousand shares had been subscribed for, and the deposits paid. He was thus, in five hours, the winner of £2000. He was philosopher enough to be contented with his venture, and set off the same evening for the Continent. He was never heard of again." We could hardly have expected that such palpable chaff as this had ever caught a single bird, even a hundred years ago; but, in Dickens's *Household Words*, a few weeks since, we read an account of an egregious fraud being perfectly successful in these more modern times, when the press has been at work exposing every attempt at chaff-scattering. The writer in the *Household Words* is giving an account of the Post-office money orders, and the use that is made of them by those who do "catch old birds with chaff." He says, "We were shown a circular, which has been very extensively disseminated in the provinces. It explains (with patterns of the article produced) a pretended patent for the manufacture of a fabric in universal demand. It promises to each subscriber for one share, price five shillings (to be sent, of course, per money order), not a paltry return of three or four hundred per cent., but a good round income. 'Subscribers,' we quote the precise words of the printed bait, 'will, for every five shillings they invest, realise from seventy-five to three hundred pounds sterling per annum!'—to be paid, it is politely stated in another part of the prospectus, quarterly. Now, rational people will say that the wild extravagance of such a promise, exceeding all possible gullibility, would be its own defeat. The said rational people, however, will be (as they sometimes are) in error. Credulity has no bounds. It is a fact, that since the issue of that golden circular, the Post-office authorities have paid to its concocter, —not hundreds, but thousands of pounds. Post-office orders have poured in from believers in impossible profit, at such a rate, that three hundred pounds were handed over to the successful schemer in the course of one single week!" It would seem that the more preposterous the scheme the more certain the success. That birds will peck the more freely as the more palpable is the chaff. There is Joseph Ady, for instance, who, in a small way, has caught more old birds with chaff than any man living: for upwards of thirty years has he been baiting his traps with chaff, and, although his name is as well known from John O'Grout's to the Land's End as that of the Duke of Wellington—although he has been continually figuring in the police reports, and the magnificent energies of Sir Peter Laurie have been devoted to putting him down, yet still he continues to catch his birds; not quite so frequently as heretofore, but it required thirty years' exposure of his chaff to destroy his sport. From the days when Greene wrote the *Gull's Hornbook* down to the present time, we continue to be the most gullible of mortals, and seem to have a pleasure in being cheated; all the while fancying ourselves most sage, and knowingly shouting out "Old birds are not caught with chaff!"

If old birds, as well as young, were not caught with chaff, the world takes a great deal of pains for little profit. Old birds may possess all the wisdom of our ancestors, but modern art dresses up the chaff in so many alluring forms, that old birds bite as greedily as trout after a shower. The fallacy of the proverb consists in assuming that all old birds are wise birds; so also in every particular, that no attempt at imposition could by any possibility deceive them. It supposes an amount of wisdom superior to all the weaknesses and all the passions of humanity. But the wisest of us has his weak side, and some sharp purveyor of chaff is certain to find us out—is sure to tickle us somewhere; and, in spite of all our determination to be wary, we fall into his trap. Look, for instance, at the cautious old ladies in the country, who become the victims of "Cheap Jack;" or the knowing old housekeepers, who get done by the "tisketed" sugar, and the well-"puffed" tea. Cheap Jack is about as notorious as Joseph Ady in his way; a fat, oily, unctuous man, with a voice like a cataract, continuous, effervescent, splashing, dashing, crashing; a language that has no parallel under the sun, before which the well-earned fame of Billingsgate sinks into utter nothingness. Who has not seen him standing on his cart in a country fair, roaring away at the top of his lungs praises of his miscellaneous stock, haranguing the gaping hawbucks on every relevant or irrelevant topic; "chaffing" them on their personal appearance, their gait, their manners, their expressions; and



the wondering clowns, overpowered by his eloquence, and delighted at the manner in which he attacked some acquaintance of theirs, purchase his wretched wares with avidity? "I ask no more, and I'll take no less," shouts he—the money is handed up. "Sold again." And the avaricious rustic walks off with his prize, and soon finds that he has been sold, taken in and done for, "caught with chaff." Then there is another sort of "Cheap Jack," of a more silky velvety nature, who goes about from house to house like the Yankee pedlar, with his soft "sawder," "human nature," and "phrenology," and they sprinkle their chaff before the delighted eyes of the matrons and dowagers, and they give it away to them in exchange for old garments and hard cash; and the venerable old ladies are delighted with their bargains. One of these wise old ladies once visited a draper's shop in the country town in which she resided, and after having turned over and examined his stock until the patience of the draper himself, the shopmen, and shopwomen, was thoroughly exhausted, a piece of imitation China-rape attracted her fancy; she liked the colour, she liked the pattern, she thought it would make a very pretty dress: she asked the price; "Five-and-twenty shillings, ma'am," said the draper; "it is a remarkably fine piece of goods, one of the best imitations I ever saw in my life." "I don't like imitations," said the lady, "I prefer the real; I would not mind giving treble the money for a real one. But I never wear imitations." "You would hardly get a real one for six times the money," said the draper. About a week or ten days afterwards the lady again came to the shop, and asked to be allowed to look at the dress she had admired the other day, as she had purchased a real one of exactly the same colour, and nearly the same pattern. "May I ask, ma'am, how much you gave for it?" said the draper. "Oh, I bought it very cheap, much less than you said I should get one for. I only gave four guineas and a half for it. He asked me seven guineas, but I got him to abate some; and four guineas and a half, and an old shawl, was all I gave." "I think, ma'am," said the draper, examining the dress, which she was then wearing, "that you bought this of Cheap Jack?" "Yes," said the lady, "I did: is it not very handsome and very cheap?" "You might have had it cheaper," said the draper. "What! a real, handsome, China-rape like this?" exclaimed the lady, with some indignation. "Ma'am," said the draper, "that is the very dress you refused to give me five-and-twenty shillings for. I sold it to Cheap Jack myself, and he told me he had made a capital profit of it from a lady in the town." The indignation of the lady was intense; she never forgave the shopkeeper for knowing that she had been caught with chaff; but whether she was cured of Cheap Jack, or not, is another affair. China-rape chaff might not again tempt her, but chaff in other shapes and forms, we are afraid, would still be successful. For avarice generally miscalculates, and as generally deceives. And although old birds may become wary, as the burnt child dreads the fire, yet these old birds, when they are tempted with homed words and showy finery, should remember another proverb which says, "Beware of the geese when the fox preaches."

There is not an age or condition—scarcely a state of mind, from utter ignorance to the most philosophical understanding, but is liable at some time or other to be caught with "chaff." From the boarding-school Miss, who raves over the curl of a mousetache, to the venerable dame who bemoans the vanities of the world, and groans in spirit under the excitement of "cant"—that plentiful chaff amongst those who desire to appear religious without having any truly religious feeling—from the rude labourer whose chief pleasure lies in "chaffing" his neighbour, to the illustrious duke who strives to add to his ancestral honours the right of wearing a red or blue ribbon, we are all, more or less, tempted and deceived by some wretched "chaff." It covers all our walls in staling letters and tinted papers; it parades our streets in all manner of forms; sometimes in multitudinous files of melancholy men encased in black-piece and cuirass of fearful boards, recounting the virtues of some universal panacea that cures "every disease incident to humanity, from a corn up to a consumption;" sometimes it glazes upon us from a shop window through which we see regiments of busy men seated at mahogany desks, like so many fire-worshippers, with the ever-burning gas before them, doing nothing from morning to night but wrap up pill boxes in their envelopes, and seal them with their distinctive stamp. Again we meet a troop of horse, covered with gorgeous trappings, not heralding the advent of a company of modistebanks, but directing us to the magnificent mart for cheap clothing, where marquisses may buy their court suits, and their grooms their fusian jackets. We can hardly put our foot on the pavement without defacing some tailor of Battle-bridge, or rubbing into nothingness some "establishment" in Shoreditch. Then we are met by a row of some strange-looking monsters, apparently just arrived from some savage land, where neither broad-cloth or fusian, cheap or dear, were known, but most appropriately clad from head to foot in straw—straw hats, straw coats, straw trousers—all "men of straw," winnowing out the "chaff" of some great straw-bonnet cleaning establishment. And all of them get "old birds" as well as young ones, to feed daintily on chaff.

The time seems now rapidly approaching, when, of all others, the greatest amount of chaff is scattered; and when, more than all other times, we should wish to find the proverb was a truth and not a fallacy. But, alas! we fear it requires too great knowledge of human nature to predict that old birds, and young birds, and birds of every-feather, will be caught with chaff of some kind or other in the coming general election. There are "Cheap Jacks" in politics as well as in trade; both the loud and blustering, and the more silky and sly. The Joseph Addys, too, will be there represented—his "Send me a sovereign, and you will hear something to your advantage," is only another form, and pretty nearly with the same result, of "Give me your vote, and taxes shall be reduced." And as for quack medicines and puffing advertisements, these sink into the shade before the outrageous quackery and puffing that will abound. There will be "chaff" for the Protectionist, and "chaff" for the Free-trader; "chaff" for the Protestant, and "chaff" for the Roman Catholic; "chaff" for the Churchman, and "chaff" for the Dissenter; "chaff" for the Tory, "chaff" for the Whig, and "chaff" for the Radical; "chaff" for every place except poor St. Albans, which has been found guilty of requiring its "chaff" to be truly gilt. There are, indeed, among these some who seek to represent us men of high principle, who in their addresses to the constituency, state boldly, and without reservation or disguise, their political principles—who would stand or fall by those alone. And we have not unfrequently seen such men set aside for some political chaff-seller and adventurer with no fixed principles of any kind, moral or political. If some of our readers had been behind the scenes when such an adventurer sought their "sweet voices," they would be rather astonished at the pains taken to prepare the "chaff" for the liking of all. They would see his address arranged—not for the purpose of expounding his own principles, but that they are regular India-rubber, and will stretch or contract to any dimensions—but one paragraph is inserted to catch one section of the constituency, and another paragraph to catch another; a little bit about progress to catch the Liberals, but carefully guarded so as not to shock the Tories; a sentence expressed to remove all abuses, with the proviso that they be "practical" abuses, the manner of proof being the conscience of the candidate; a sop for the agriculturists, and another for the Free-traders—neither of them too strongly flavoured, but vague and indefinite, with a broad margin on either side to fall back upon. And then comes loud professions of honesty and integrity, and devoted attention to local interests. And the eyes of the electors are frequently blinded with all this dust and chaff, and they are caught and dressed. And then we have the flaring portion of the "chaff"—ribbons and banners, and music, and all the nonsense and trash which even think necessary to the due performance of a grave and serious duty; and then comes the poisonous portion of the "chaff," which men-swill and gossie down until their brains are bewildered, and you might as well expect an honest vote from the swine in their yards, as from such miserable wots. And, finally, we have the gilded "chaff" for which they sell conscience, principle, honour, integrity, and their country, and walk up to the polling-booth with the bribe in their pocket, and the false oath on their lips and in their hearts. No, no! the proverb is not true; it is a grievous fallacy, "Old birds are caught with chaff."

## THE BURIAL OF SCHILLER.\*

BY WILLIAM JONES.

There was a sound of many feet  
In the solemn hour of night,  
And a mourning host through Weimar's  
street,  
Went forth by the torches' light,  
And the hymn for a parted soul arose,  
As they bore the corpse to its last repose.  
(Moony and chill were the skies o'er head,  
Not a star set on its throne; dead,  
And the while swell'd forth a dirge for the  
With a sad and deepening tone:  
As if the brow of Nature fell  
For the gifted son who had lov'd so well!  
On through the silent town they went,  
To the house where the dreamer slept—  
Where trees, with a hundred ages bent,  
Their watch o'er the green turf kept.  
And the hours seem'd, wavering to and  
fro,  
To shield from the storm the graves below.  
Through the churchyard gate the band  
dign'd,  
With many a pray'r and wail,  
When sudden there came on the tempest  
wild,  
The notes of a nightingale!

Sweetly and clear they were borne along,  
'Twas a last farewell to the King of Song!  
The lightning flash'd in the troubled sky,  
And the clouds pour'd forth their flood,  
As they laid the frame of the good and high,  
In its powerful solitude.  
No tongue could speak, for the heart was  
mov'd  
To its deepest chord for the friend below'd.  
Glory to him who hath pass'd away,  
Joy to the ransom'd one!  
Lo! 'midst the tempest the moon's pale ray  
O'er the grave of the poet shone!  
'Twas a moment's gleam, and again the  
cloud  
Hath veil'd the sky from the mourner's  
shroud!  
And the hymn on high triumphant rose,  
The sorrowing wail no more,  
And they said, "Our brother will now  
repose,  
For the trials of earth are o'er!  
We hail the sign in Thy mercy given;  
Thou hast shrin'd the mighty—we thank  
thee, Heaven!"

HOGARTH'S PICTURE OF THE RED SEA.—Hogarth was once applied to by a miserly old nobleman, to paint on his staircase a representation of the destruction of Pharaoh's hosts in the Red Sea. In attempting to fix upon the price, Hogarth became quite dissatisfied. The miser was unwilling to give more than one-half the real value of the picture. At last, Hogarth, out of all patience, agreed to his patron's terms.

Within a day or two the picture was ready. The nobleman was surprised at such expedition, and immediately called to examine it. The canvass was painted all over red.

"Zounds!" said the purchaser, "what have you here? I ordered a scene of the Red Sea."

"The Red Sea you have," said Hogarth, still smarting to have his talents undervalued.

"But where are the Israelites?"

"They are all gone over."

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned."

The miser's confusion could only be equalled by the haste with which he paid his bill. The biter was bit.

\* Schiller was buried in a night of the month of May. His corpse was borne to the grave by young men of the best families in Weimar. The weather was stormy; the nightingale sang full and loud. As the bier was lowered, the wind suddenly scattered the mist, and the moon broke forth, its light streaming upon the grave. When all was over, the skies were again suddenly overcast.

## ONWARD!

**GOING AHEAD.**—At a meeting of the City Commissioners of Sewers, an application was made by a partner in a firm in Cornhill, for permission to lay along the public way a gutta-percha tube, for the purpose of enabling the firm to correspond, by means of electricity, or otherwise, with another of their establishments in the same street. The court being afraid of establishing a precedent which might prove troublesome, referred the subject to a committee for investigation.

**AMALGAMATION OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTIONS.**—The Committee appointed by the Society of Arts to frame a course of action with a view to carrying into effect the proposals of Mr. Chester for an union of all the literary and scientific Institutes, have commenced operations. They have addressed a letter and a set of queries to the secretary of every institution in the country—the latter framed so as to elicit information on the chief points of interest in the projected scheme, but in no way binding the respondents to adhere to any part of their policy.

**CHEAP CABS AND OMNIBUSES.**—We are glad to find that the frequent and fierce newspaper grumblings about cabs and omnibuses are at length condensing into practical measures. A London and Westminster Joint-Stock Cab Company, and a Metropolitan Omnibus Company, are being formed. Better vehicles, cheaper fares, and more civil servants are the advantages promised to the public, with excellent dividends to the proprietors. Cabs at sixpence a mile, and omnibuses at cheap fares, with the Parisian system of correspondences, are improvements most desirable; and they are certain to be remunerative to the companies, if managed with ordinary care and economy.

**BOOTH'S SMOKE-CONSUMING FURNACE.**—A patent has been taken out by Mr. Booth for a smoke-consuming furnace, in which the fuel is supplied from above, and the smoke given out falls forward into a chamber called the "receiver," where the admixture of air takes place. Combustion thus promoted, it is said, enables Mr. Booth to use fuel which otherwise would be rejected, such as "culm" or "slack." A close chamber can be heated up to some thousands of degrees of temperature, and thus this furnace is said to be well adapted for the drying of bricks, and the evaporation of brine in the preparation of salt. In the manufacture of bricks, 20,000 bricks, it is stated, can be dried in twenty-four hours, and the brick-making can go on uninterruptedly all the year round.—*Builder.*

**REGULATIONS FOR STEAMBOATS.**—Notice has been issued by the Board of Trade that the provisions of the amended Steam Navigation Act, 14 and 15 Vict., c. 79, would be strictly enforced on and after the 31st of March. All the river steamers have been surveyed, and some condemned as being unfit for service. From the 31st of March last, all steamers will be required to display in a conspicuous part of the vessel their certificate to run, and the number of passengers they are allowed to carry; each vessel will now be furnished with a safety-valve, free from the control of the engineer. Penalties will be enforced on masters and owners for carrying more than their number, and on passengers for forcing their way on board, or travelling beyond the distance for which they have paid. The Customs officers on and after the above date will not permit any vessels to put to sea, unless they are properly provided with life-boats, fire-engines, signal lights, and the other requirements for the preservation of life at sea.

**PROGRESS OF THE SANITARY MOVEMENT.**—It is pleasing to see the continued interest manifested in this question by persons in influential quarters. The Public Health Act received the royal assent in August, 1848, which is applied to towns on petition, and up to last summer, petitions had been sent from 215 places. To July last, the Act had been accordingly applied to 45 towns by Acts of Parliament, confirming the provisional orders of the General Board, but before the session closed, the number was increased to 72. 115 of these are corporate towns having Local Acts for paving, lighting, &c. The Act has also been applied by Orders in Council to more than 60 other towns and places, and numbers of cases are in progress. The expenses of a preliminary inquiry and report, before the Act is applied, average about £120, whilst to obtain a Local Act giving anything like the same advantages and powers, has, in some cases, involved an expense of several thousand pounds.

**IMPROVEMENT OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN SCOTLAND.**—A meeting of the working classes was recently held at Edinburgh, over which the Duke of Argyll was called to preside, with a view to consider the best means of suppressing the drunkenness for which Scotland is still too notorious, and otherwise to promote the elevation of the working classes. An eloquent and effective speech was made by the noble chairman, full of shrewd sense and good feeling. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Hugh Miller, the eminent geologist and editor of the *Witness*, who gave some interesting reminiscences of his own early life when engaged in manual labour. Mr. R. Chambers also spoke well, after which several working men addressed the meeting. Among other practical measures, the benefits of which are extending, were mentioned the opening of coffee-houses and reading-rooms—fewer licences being granted to low tipping houses—building societies, affording improved house-accommodation to the poor, and the changing of the operative's pay-night from Saturday to earlier in the week. Mr. Chambers and other employers said they had done this, and also given a half holiday on Saturday for many years, and found it for their own interest, as well as for the good of the workmen and their families.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## ANGLING.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:  
With looks unmoved, he lures the scaly brood,  
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.

*Pope's Windsor Forest.*

I, in these flowery meads would be;  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice.—*Isaac Walton.*

## ANIMALS.

Let cavillers deny  
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,  
'Tis Heaven direct, and stratagems inspire,  
Beyond the short extent of human thought.

*Somerville's Chase.*

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

*Cowper's Task.*

## ANTIPATHY.

Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
Some that are mad, if they behold a cat;  
Masterless passion ways it to the mood,  
Of what it likes or loathes.

*Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.*

May thorns be planted in the marriage lot,  
And love grow sour'd and blacken into hate!

*Bulwer's Lady of Lyons.*

## ANTIQUARY.

They are the  
Registers, the chronicles of the age  
They were made in, and speak the truth of history,  
Better than a hundred of your printed  
Communication.—*Shakerly's Marryon's Antiquary.*

A copper-plate, with almanacks  
Engrav'd upon't; with other nacks  
Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmer's,  
And blank schemes to discover numbers;  
A moon dial, with Napier's bones,  
And several constellation stones.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

He had a routh o' auld nick-nackets,  
Rusty airm caps, and jingling jackets;  
Would hold the London three in tacketts  
A towmend gude,  
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backetts,  
Afore the flude.—*Rams.*

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,  
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches;  
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,  
That held, of ancient Rome, the flesh and fish.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

## APPAREL.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.  
O mercy, good! what making stuff is here?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?  
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,  
Like to a censor in a barber's shop:—  
Why what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Shakespeare's Taming of a Shrew.*

I am the same, without all difference; when  
You saw me last, I was as rich, as good;  
Have no additions since of name, or blood;  
Only because I wore a threadbare suit,  
I was not worthy of a poor salute.  
A few good clothes put on with small ado,  
Purchase your knowledge and your kindred too.

*Heywood's Royal King.*



### ENIGMA.

I paint without colours, I fly without wings,  
I people the air with most fanciful thing;  
I hear sweetest music where no sound is heard  
And eloquence moves me, nor utters a word.  
The past and the present together I bring,  
The distant and near gather under my wing.  
Far swifter than lightning my wonderful flight,  
Through the sunbeam of day, or the darkness of night;  
And those who would find me, must find me,  
indeed,  
As this picture they scan, and this poem read.

### MENTAL RECREATIONS.

By knowing the last Figure of the Product of two Numbers, to tell the other Figures.

If the number 73 be multiplied by each of the numbers in the following arithmetical progression, 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, 27, the products will terminate with the nine digits, in this order, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1; the numbers themselves being as follows: 219, 438, 657, 876, 1095, 1314, 1533, 1752, and 1971.

Let, therefore, a little bag be provided consisting of two partitions, into one of which put several tickets marked with the number 73, and into the other part, as many tickets numbered 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 24, and 27.

Then open that part of the bag which contains the number 73, and desire a person to take out one ticket only; after which, dexterously change the opening, and desire another person to take a ticket from the other part.

Let them now multiply their two numbers together, and tell you the last figure of the product, and you will readily determine, from the foregoing series, what the remaining figures must be.

Suppose, for example, the numbers taken out of the bag were 73, and 12; then, as the product of these two numbers, which is 876, has 6 for its last figure, you will readily know that it is the fourth in the series, and that the remaining figures are 87.

### HOW? WHEN? AND WHERE?

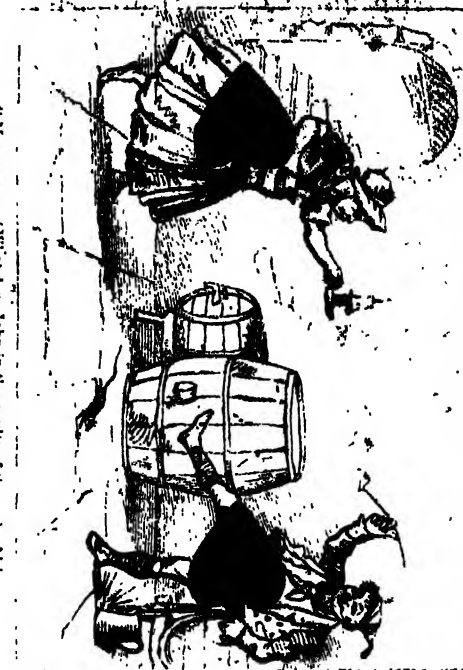
One leaves the room; the rest think of some noun that has various meanings—as *plate*. He returns, and asks each, first, *How* he likes it? Answers vary—as *hot, cold, bright, clear, polished, full, &c.* Then each is asked—*When* he likes it? At dinner, when dressing, when I wish to make a present, &c. Then follows—*Where* do you like it? On my door, on my table, in my drawing-room, in a chest, &c. After the three rounds, it is seldom difficult to guess; but some are very puzzling—as *hare, glass, &c.*

### TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. AARLEOCNE—A seaport in the Mediterranean.
2. EESRYDDHILU—A celebrated manufacturing town in Yorkshire.
3. RBAAT—A large tract in Asia.

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.

"Mause says—What does John in the rattle of his cellar?"  
"The Cellar-rats, Alas! in a packing, tell her."



THE TWO OF SPADES.—"THE DEUCE"

### QUERIES.

1. Three market women went to market with eggs; the first had 80 eggs to dispose of, the second 30, and the third 10. All three sold out at the same rate, and each received the same amount of money for her eggs. How were the eggs sold?

2. A man has two children; if to one-third of the sum of their ages 13 be added, the amount will be 17; but if from half the difference of their ages one be subtracted, the remainder will be 2. What is the age of each?

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why do the people of Lancashire never require a fresh supply of bacon?
2. What rural occupation is the most dastardly?
3. Why should the Chinese be the most valiant people in the world?
4. At what continental port is a game of cricket likely to endure longest?
5. Why are the people of a Somersetshire town esteemed the most courteous in England?
6. Why is concealed silver like imitative silver?

### BIRDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

1. A negro and a covering for the head.
2. A valuable coin and a female bird.
3. Something less than the whole and the upper part of a slope.
4. A brilliant colour and part of yourself.
5. A nutritious grain and a most important part of the head.
6. A monarch, an inhabitant of the sea, and a female beheaded.
7. A tempest and a farm-yard fowl.
8. A showy colour and to move suddenly.
9. An element and a member peculiar to animals.
10. What a negro calls an Englishman and part of the neck.

W. C.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 381.

#### PICTORIAL ENIGMA—WEDDING-RING.

#### PARADOXES.

1. The four figures are 8888, which by drawing a line through the middle is transformed into two rows of 0's, or nothing.

2. XIX make nineteen, from which take I. There will remain XX.

#### REBUS—FLINT.

#### CHARADE.

PATRIOT—(Patriot.)

#### ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

The first is 8, to which add 2, the sum is 10  
" second is 12, subtract 2, remainder 10  
" third is 5 multiplied by 2, product is 10  
" fourth is 30 divided by 3, quotient is 10

#### CONUNDRUMS.

- |                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Apple (a phis).          | 8. Bag-dad.                     |
| 2. The Prim rose.           | 9. Holy-Mad.                    |
| 3. A Buffalo (buff halo).   | 10. Ashes.                      |
| 4. Aken-side—(aching side). | 11. Corn-wall.                  |
| 5. Cayenne (K N).           | 12. Because they are but dross. |
| 6. At Chalk-worth.          | 13. The Elder.                  |
| 7. Ark-wright.              | 14. The Oyle (at night).        |



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

NONE have less praise than those who hunt most after it.  
It is easy to wish for heaven, but difficult to get a heavenly mind.  
A QUIET mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.  
DEATH and the sun have this in common—few can gaze at them steadily.  
STRONG passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

NOTHING elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

TRUTH itself is of no value, only as it conduces to an upright, holy, and benevolent practice.

SOME of the Chinese, in California, have silver watches so large that they use the outside case to fry potatoes in.

WHATEVER may be the effect of the "free trade" on the price of corn, it certainly will not prevent the people fit large from kneading bread.

WHY are Indian servants called coolies? Probably, because their principal duty is to fan their masters in the heat of the day.

WHY is a man who does not bet, as good as a man who does? Because he is no better.

THREE ABSORBING WANTS.—Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.—Cowley.

"JOHNNY, what kind of folks wear mustaches?" "Hair-brained folks, I 'apose, daddy."

JENNY LIND is outdone at last. There is a man in Myrtle-street who has a canary bird with such a delightful voice, that he sweetens his tea with it!

A HINT TO THE RICH-PARSIMONIOUS.—Dean Swift affirms that "a poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse, as a very few pounds a year would ease a man of the scandal of avarice."

## POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

A GREAT noise is a *din*—but the chief meal of the day is a *dinner*.

Sour fruit is *tart*—an inhabitant of Central Asia is a *Tartar*.

An industrious insect is a *bee*—the preparation from malt and hops is *beer*.

We keep our beer in a *butt*—but spread our bread with *butter*.

To augment a number is to *add*—but a venomous reptile is an *adder*.

A short narrative is a *tale*—the man who makes clothes is a *tailor*.

A cheap clothing establishment is a *mart*—but he who buys anything at it is a *martin*.

If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

A MAN praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage, that taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When?" asked the eulogist. "Last night—against a wall."

A REGULAR physician, being sent for by a quack doctor, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling, my good sir," replied the quack, "for, to tell you the truth, I have by mistake taken some of my own pills."

## ON MISS ANNA BREAD.

WHILE belles their lovely graces speak,  
And fops around them flatter,  
I'll be content with Anna Bread;  
And won't have any but her.

## ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

If you have blue eyes you need not languish.  
If black eyes you need not stare,  
If you have pretty feet there is no occasion to wear short petticoats.  
If you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long.  
If you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them.  
If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occasion may justify.  
If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp if you play well.  
If they are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry.  
If you have a bad voice rather speak in a low tone.  
If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high tone.  
If you dance well, dance but seldom.  
If you dance ill, never dance at all.  
If you sing well, make no previous excuses.  
If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but everyone is sensible of a desire to please.  
If you would preserve beauty, rise early.  
If you would preserve peace, be gentle.  
If you would obtain power, be descending.  
If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

MEASUREMENT OF LIGHT.—Such is the acuteness with which investigations into the nature and properties of light have been conducted, that a wave of light can be measured to the ten millionth part of an inch, and the quadrillionth of a second.

Oh, what a world of beauty,  
A loving heart might plan,  
If man but did his duty,  
And helped his brother man!  
Then angel guests would brighten  
The threshold with their wings,  
And bear divine enlighten  
The old forgotten strings.

CONSCIENCE AS A PAIN-KILLER.—Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers, is to pain subjected, pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes and in whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the sting of the gay may be far from his own dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice may be forgotten by those among whom he dwells—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow; but he has a gem with which he would not part for wealth-defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for the luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever came upon a mortal's eye.—Coleridge.

WALNUTS AN EXCELLENT FAMILY MEDICINE.—"Everybody eats walnuts, everybody knows how to make a pickle of walnuts; few, however, know the medicinal virtue of walnuts. Now the fact is, walnuts, when prepared, *secundum artem*, are an excellent medicine and alterative; and this is the way to prepare them:—Get the green walnuts fit for pickling; put them in a stone jar filled up with moist sugar, at the proportion of half a pound to a score of walnuts; place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for about three hours, taking care the water does not get in, and keep it simmering during the operation. The sugar, when dissolved, should cover the walnuts; if it does not, add more, cover it close, and in six months it will be fit for use; the older it gets the better it is. One walnut is a dose for a child of six years of age, as a purgative; and it has this great advantage over drugs, that whilst it is an excellent medicine, it is, at the same time, very pleasant to the palate, and will be esteemed by the young folks as a great treat. Who can say as much of salts, jalap, and other doctor's stuff? and in a large family it will abridge the doctor's bill ten pounds a year."

ORIGINS OF SURNAMES.—In the early ages of the world, a simple name was sufficient for each individual; as, Adam, Moses, Job, Luke, Peter, John. In the process of time these single names became so numerous, that it was necessary to use surnames for the sake of distinction. The first approach to this was the addition of the name of the sire; as, *Caleb the son of Naph*. Then followed the use of significant words, expressive of personal feats, looks, or actions, originating, probably, in a manner similar to many of the nicknames of the present day. To this class belong such names as, *Black, White, Gray, Long, Swift, Whitehead, Lightfoot*. Another class of names were derived from occupations; as, *Carpenter, Baker, Mason, Miller, Bishop, Marshal, Porter, Parsons, Page, Smith*. The root of the word *Smith*, which is *smithan*, was originally applied to artificers in wood or stone, as well as those in metal; hence the frequency of the name is easily accounted for. Other names were derived from natural objects; as, *Flower, Rose, Sage, Finch, Jay, Bird, Clay, Stone, Gold, &c.* Some from social relations; as, *Master, Prentice, Bachelor, Cousin, Child*; and many from christian names: from HENRY, *Harris, Harrison, Harrison*; from JOHN, *Johnson, Jones, Jackson, Jennings, Jenkins*; from ADAM, *Addison, Adams*; from DENNIS, *Dennison, Jewison*; from ALEXANDER, *Sanders, Sanderson*. In addition to these, names have been derived from a multitude of sources; as, *Wing, Horn, Frost, Snow, Peck, Plum, Beard, Ball, Bond, Freeman*.

WHAT A MAN CAN LIVE ON.—In the year 1840, some experiments were instituted in the Glasgow prison on the diet of a selected number of the inmates. The persons were fed on the following fare:—For breakfast, each had eight ounces of oatmeal made into a porridge, with a pint of buttermilk; for dinner, three pounds of boiled potatoes with salt; for supper, five ounces of oatmeal porridge, with one half pint of buttermilk. At the end of two months they were all in good health, each person had gained four pounds weight, and they liked the diet, the cost of which, including the cooking, was twopenny three farthings per day. Other ten men were fed for the same time solely on boiled potatoes and salt; each had two pounds for breakfast, three pounds for dinner, and one pound for supper. They gained three and a half pounds each; and they declared that they preferred this fare to the ordinary diet of the prison. Twelve others were fed on the same allowance of porridge and milk for breakfast and supper as the first ten; but for dinner they had soup, containing two pounds of potatoes to each, and a quarter of a pound of meat. At the end of two months they had lost in weight one and a quarter pounds each, and they all disliked this diet; the expense of each, daily, was threepence seven-eighths. Twenty others had the same breakfast and supper, with one pound of potatoes for dinner, and half a pound of meat. They preserved good health, but decreased in weight, and preferred the ordinary diet of the prison. The expense was fourpence seven-eighths each. In these cases, perhaps, the previous habits and tastes of the prisoners had some influence; yet, it appears, that the six pounds of potatoes, daily, was a better diet than the smaller quantities of soup or animal food.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**PAY STRICT ATTENTION TO HEALTH IN YOUTH.**—Late hours, irregular habits, and want of attention to diet, are common errors with most young men, and these gradually, but at first imperceptibly,

undermine the health, and lay the foundation for various forms of disease in after life. It is a very difficult thing to make young persons comprehend this. They frequently sit up as late as twelve, one, or two o'clock, without experiencing any ill effects; they go without a meal to-day, and to-morrow eat to repletion, with only temporary inconvenience. One night they will sleep three or four hours, and the next nine or ten; or one night, in their eagerness to get away into some agreeable company, they will take no food at all; and the next, perhaps, will eat a hearty supper, and go to bed upon it. These, with various other irregularities, are common to the majority of young men, and are, as just stated, the cause of much bad health in mature life. Indeed, nearly all the shattered constitutions with which too many are cursed, are the result of a disregard to the plainest precepts of health in early life.

**TO CLEAN FAWTHER AND TIN.**—J. H.—Dish-covers, and pewter articles requiring a polish, should be first rubbed on the outside with a little sweet oil laid on a piece of soft linen cloth; then clean off with pure whiting, on linen cloths.

**PATER-POSTER-ROW AND JAYE-MARIA-LANE.** Delia.—These were so called from the stationers, or text writers, who dwelt there, and who wrote and sold the kind of books then in use, viz., A, B, C, with the Pater-Noster, Ave, Creed, Graces, &c. The turners of beads for catholics also lived there, and were called pater-noster makers.

**BITING THE NAILS.** A Mother.—This is a habit that should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the "finger-ends in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger-and ought to be encased in a stall, until the propensity is eradicated.

**MAY-POLING.** H. J.—The last May-pole in London stood opposite Somerset House, and was removed in 1717. Its height above ground was originally above one hundred feet. It was afterwards fixed in Wanstead Park, Essex, as the supporter of a very large telescope. It is in allusion to this May-pole that Pope wrote—  
"Amidst the area wide they take their stand,  
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand."

**CHARACTERS TO SERVANTS.** A. G.—"Is a person who gives an untrue character of a servant liable to punishment? and am I compelled, by law, to give a character when I cannot in conscience do so?"—By an act of parliament, passed in the reign of George the Third, an individual giving a false character of a servant is exposed to an action if any ill consequences occur from such conduct. No master or mistress is obliged to give a character to a discharged domestic.

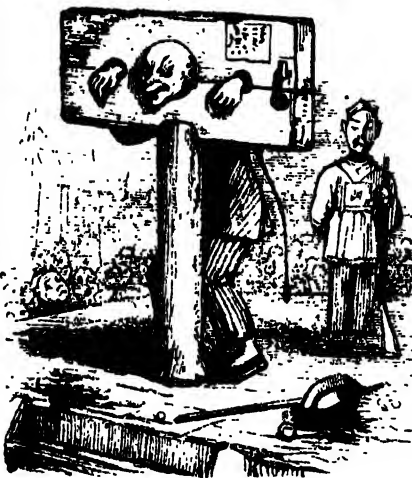
**WEARING OF FLANNEL.** J. S.—"Is there any harm in leaving off flannel garments in summer? and in what way is flannel useful?"—To any persons of delicate frame, flannel worn next the skin is essentially necessary throughout the year. Many diseases have been avoided, and death has been prevented, by this simple precaution. The ordinary effects arising from sudden changes of the weather, may be prevented by a due attention in this respect.

**WATER-CRESSSES.** Beza.—"I have heard that a free use of this vegetable will cure consumption. I should like to know whether this is true, and how I can keep them fresh, as I find it difficult to get them often."—We have heard of some persons in delicate health having derived much advantage from eating this wholesome vegetable, and it is possible that consumptive patients may have obtained relief from the same source. The cresses will keep fresh some days if kept in brine made with common salt and water.

**WATER FOR WASHING.** Delia.—"Perhaps you can tell me what occasions a common skin from the time I am accustomed to feel after washing."—This may probably arise from the water employed being too cold. In this case, besides the unpleasant sensation to the skin, the skin is

rendered rough and hardened, and is exposed to an unequal and injudicious action, both from the hands in washing, and the towel in wiping it. The reaction, too, when the blood, driven from the parts by the cold, returns, is too violent, and an unpleasantly rough condition of the outer skin ensues, causing it to crack, or "chaps," and often laying the foundation of very troublesome sores. Water should be habitually used at such a temperature as to give the sensation of slight coolness to the skin.

**A CHEAP LIVELIHOOD.**—"A good living for five shillings!" Such is the tempting subject of a circular addressed to a correspondent, who has forwarded it for our inspection. The bait took with our friend, much to his annoyance; and the expert angler sent, in return for the douceur, a few receipts how to make French polish, a balsam for weak eyes, an excellent impermeable blacking, and (pitiless was!) how to dye green. We really can feel no sympathy for persons who knowingly fall into a trap, for the peculiar promising nature of such announcements is sufficiently apparent without the aid of any powerful magnifying glass. But, no doubt the consciousness of these precious documents is aware of John Bull's weakness; and reason like the blind fiddler, when, in performing before a large company, was much laughed at on account of his sorry scripping. The boy who led him, perceiving this, said, "Father, let us begone, they do nothing but laugh at us." To which the cautious musician replied, "Hold your peace, boy! By-and-by we shall have their money, and then we shall laugh at them!" But our readers generally, may gather a few practical hints by our remarks at page 394, on the pet fallacy, that "Old birds are not caught with chaff," which will teach them to beware of all delusive advertisements and quackeries, whether relating to low-priced teas, all-healing pills, everlasting clothes, &c., and not to pin their faith to articles on the sound of a tin trumpet, or from the assurance that they may be—



FITTED TO A T

**INTRODUCTION OF STEAM-PRINTING.** Mercurius.—The first person who introduced steam into a printing-office was Mr. Walter, who was the chief proprietor of the Times newspaper. On the 29th of November, 1814, the experiment was made, but not without some difficulty, which is thus explained:—"The night on which this curious machine was brought into use in its new abode, was one of great anxiety, and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—destruction to him and his trap. They were to wait for expected news from the Continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning when Mr. Walter went into the press-room, and astonished the occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam—that if they attempted any violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued until similar employment could be procured for all of them—a promise which, no doubt, he faithfully performed; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—ELLIE S. (highly perfumed soaps should be avoided. The perfume is given, except in almond soap, by an essence of oil, and although this may be used in such small quantities as to produce no sensible effect, it is, nevertheless, of an irritating nature).—FANN (the rapidity of the growth of the hair varies much in different persons. It has been calculated that the beard grows at the rate of one line and a-half per-week, or six inches and a-half in a year. On the head, the growth is evidently much more rapid).—THALERT (to keep oysters, lay them, the flat shell upwards, in a rough basket, and sprinkle them with water twice a day, in a cool place. Oysters will keep fresh eight or ten days in this manner).—H. M. (the best medical advice is always the cheapest).—LAWA (a correspondent will send in the Family Friend, a fortnightly publication, an interesting series of papers on the adulteration of articles of consumption).—J. M.

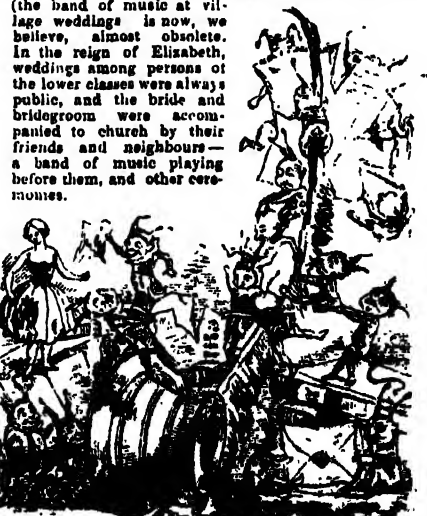
(kump-seed is good for chancres, but in small quantities, as it is apt to irritate the tissue it is applied to liberally. Lettuce and mallow are also conspicuous. A dish of food is wholesome—such as green peas, mallow, and lettuce, even when applied. D. O. (beet, turned, is good for lettuce, and probably does the same in some cases of indigestion, and liver ailments, to this quality).—L. J. (many thanks).—T. M. (a leech may be known to be good by its activity while in the water, and by its plumpness when out).—L. J. (we must task the patience of our correspondent until we obtain the information he desires. Before reproaching us for this delay, he should remember that, considering the numerous letters we receive, many others have equal, if not prior, claims to himself. The cheap postage system has been of inestimable benefit to all, but it has loaded the editorial letter-box to overflowing, for

"Those who now who never wrote before,  
And they who always wrote now write the more."

**ESTHER C.** (beware of Chancre, suit by all means. Sidney Smith once observed that "the Count of Chancery was like a bon confecteur, which swallowed up estates in lute and digested them at leisure").—JANUS (the apocryphal, or rather its principle, was first discovered by Galileo).—S. (marble is best cleaned with a little soap and water, to which some ox-gall may be added).—NUSAN (glass may be mended with the following cement. —a quarter of an ounce of linseed, dissolved in water, by boiling to the consistency of cream, and a table-spoonful of spirits of wine. This mixture should be used warm).—BENEDICT HANER (to setting of any kind we have a decided objection, and therefore decline inserting in the subject).—F. B. E. S. (curcua is an excellent and nutritious beverage. The nibs require from two to three hours' boiling to extract all their goodness. The vessel containing them should be placed near the fire, so as to heat gradually, until the decoction is at the boiling point, at which it must be kept, and not permitted to boil violently).—SAXSON (meat, taking a pound to a pound, and allowing for bone and waste in cooking, contains about half the nourishment of bread).—MARIA (woollen articles should not be washed in hard water, nor in water softened by soda, potash, or anything of that kind, nor should soap be used).—VIRMAX (silence is not always a proof of wisdom. There are times when an opinion is essentially required, and to withhold it, is an evidence of bad taste, or want of reasoning powers. Discretion should influence our speech or our silence. Shakspeare says:—

"There are a sort of men, whose viages  
Do cream and muffs, like a standing pool,  
And do a wilful stillness waterish,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom."

—M. D. G. ("a little learning is a dangerous thing." This line occurs in Pope's *Art of Criticism*).—CIVIS (Hungerford Suspension Bridge was opened in 1845).—S. W. (the aperture of Lord Rosse's monster telescope is six feet, and it has a focal length of fifty-two feet. The speculum weighs three tons).—MARION (to clean kid gloves, make a strong lather with curd soap and warm water, in which steep a small piece of new flannel. Place the glove on a flat surface, and rub it thoroughly with the flannel, until the dirt disappears).—MARFARIS (warts may be cured by rubbing them with a little dry pipeclay).—HARTIE (for gingerbread-nuts, take two pounds of flour, one pound and a quarter of treacle, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of ginger, three-quarters of a pound of melted butter, and a small quantity of Cayenne pepper. The whole to be mixed together, and rolled out about the thickness of half an inch, or not quite so much, to be cut into cakes, and baked in a moderate oven).—GEORGE (many thanks; but the subject is not suited to our pages).—MAXWELL (we shall receive the papers promised by our correspondent with pleasure).—ESTUS (apply to a medical practitioner).—J. (the band of music at village weddings is now, we believe, almost obsolete. In the reign of Elizabeth, weddings among persons of the lower classes were always public, and the bride and bridegroom were accompanied to church by their friends and neighbours—a band of music playing before them, and other ceremonies).



Printed by WILLIAM KOLINGBROOK, 25, Great Court Lane, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 25.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"He would have spoken but the creature was one of such a frightful appearance that he felt it unable to do so and it was very near to him. Nothing separated them but the little ditch which ran by the side of the road and Mr. Timothy being in the middle of the road, and the object which thus alarmed him, standing by the fence and apparently holding fast to it."

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from page 208)

### CHAPTER XIII

MR. AUGUSTUS HUNT never refused to attend the summons of his niece, and at an early hour in the forenoon, she arose to meet her affectionate kinsman, as he entered her own private room, in his plain and neat dress of London brown.

"Well, Sally, dear," preceded a warm kiss, a good shake of the hand and a gentle pat on the head and as he sat down, she took his broad brimmed beaver, and laid it with care on her little table, and as quietly and calmly as she could, took her seat in the corner. The old gentleman occupied his usual place immediately before the fire, he sat very erect, with one hand resting on each knee.

"Well, darling, what's the news this morning?—no more robberies, I hope; uncle Geordie feels pretty sore," leaning over towards her, and smiling archly—"but it's no great loss for him, after all."

"I suppose uncle feels vexed at losing the money, but the loss of the money is not the worst of it—to lose it in such a singular manner."

"Ay, ay, to be sure, that's it, that's it, you're right—singular, to be sure—strange enough, strange enough; there's something about that business, Sally, puzzle me. I don't see into it!" shaking his head.

"You can hardly believe, after all, uncle, that James did it?"

"I tell you what, Sally, the longer I live, the harder it is to find out things; there's a wheel within a wheel about this business, somewhere."

"But, uncle, if James is really not guilty, it is a very serious matter for him to be confined in prison, with his character blasted, which you know is all that he has to depend upon, it is worse than death."

True true, child! that's true—but the money, you know, or some of it, was found in his trunk, and one of uncle Geordie's papers in his coat pocket; and Rudolph tells strange stories about his gambling, and all that—what to make of it all I don't know—it's queer, queer."

Might not James have some enemy who wishes to ruin him, and who knows if his character could be blasted, it would be the most effectual way to destroy him?

"There's no telling, child, what might be, there are strange things done now-a-days—I have often to look twice before I can believe my own eyes."

"Well, uncle, I don't believe that James is guilty, and I have good reasons for my opinion."

Her uncle looked at her with his keen and twinkling eye, as though wishing to pry into her secret thoughts.

"And I believe, uncle, that if you were to see him, you would think so too."

"I wish it may prove so, my dear child, upon my honour, I wish it may, but I am afraid it will go hard with him. Unless he can clearly make it out that some one else did it, there is no help for him."

"Is it not very hard, uncle, if he be innocent, that he should remain in close confinement, with no friend on earth to aid him, and no power to do anything himself?"

Sarah's voice trembled somewhat, as she said this.

"Remember, uncle, that he is an orphan."

"I know it, my child, I know it—and until this unlucky affair, I would have trusted James with thousands."

"Well, my dear uncle, you can safely trust him still, you must trust him for my sake—she drew her chair close to his—"if you know, my dear uncle, what I have suffered, and what James has suffered—if you only realise his destitute condition—with none to help him—"

Sarah's feelings were not equal to the task she had undertaken, and the old gentleman could not bear to see her in trouble.







professions; but their good opinion could avail him nothing in a court of justice, where evidence, and that alone, must guide the decision.

Theodore was untiring in his efforts to prepare for the hour of trial. He saw the difficulties in the case, but the strong friendship he bore to Edwards, and his desire to distinguish himself in this, his first effort at the bar, stimulated him to the utmost. He had taken the responsibility without hope of fee or reward, but he was not without aid through the liberality of Mr. Augustus Hunt he was enabled to command the services of an eminent lawyer. It required, however, assistance of a different kind to ferret out the mystery of iniquity, and he was determined to seek it. At the close of a very busy day, he left his office and sought the upper part of the city, his mind deeply agitated, he passed along the crowded thoroughfare without heeding the multitudes who were urging their way homeward; not far above the hospital he left the throng, turned down a quiet street, and soon came to a plain two story dwelling.

He was introduced into a small back room.

"Good evening, Mr. Catelem, I am fortunate in finding you at home."

The officer arose from his seat before the fire, gave one sharp glance at his visitor, and without saying a word, placed a chair for him near the corner, at the same time removing his own in an opposite direction.

"Sit down, sit down, sir, a raw evening."

"Rather a chilly air, but I have walked fast, for I was very anxious to see you, and was not certain how far over the city I might be obliged to travel before I found you."

"They keep me jogging. I was just about to take a stretch over east of the town; the boys think they have got track of the fellows that set fire to the buildings in Front street last night."

"Were those buildings set on fire?"

"No doubt."

"I wish to say a few words to you, sir, about young Edwards who was arrested a short time since you remember, at Mr. Hunt's."

"Ay, ay, I remember him."

"We have every reason to think that Mr. Edwards is an innocent person and that some one has laid a plan to ruin him—we have no doubt of it."

"Nor I, neither."

"Then you do not believe that he is guilty?"

"Believe I say, I believe he's guilty enough for all that."

"I understood you to say that you had no doubt of there being a design to ruin him."

"So I did, there never was a rogue yet but the old one first helped him to mischief, and then helped him into trouble on account of it. There's no one else, I guess, has any hand in it besides the young man himself."

"But we have good reason to believe him innocent."

"I think there's more reason to believe him guilty. Now you see Mr. —, I forget your name, though I've seen you before."

"Berry."

"Ay, yes, Berry. I suppose now this young chap has come over you with his oaths and his conscience about his being innocent and knowing nothing about it, and all that. Why I've had em, Mister, swear till you'd think heaven and earth was coming together, that they knew nothing about things, that they hadn't seen em, and were as innocent as unborn babies and all that, when, at the same time, I had full evidence to the contrary."

"But you must allow something for a man's previous character."

"I never ask much about a man's previous character, sometimes it is good, and sometimes it isn't. You can't tell about a man until he's found out."

"You would have no objections, however, sir, to lend your aid in endeavouring to clear up this business?"

"I think it's all clear enough already."

"You shall be paid liberally for your services, we are convinced that a deep plot has been laid to ruin Edwards, and we wish to enlist your efforts in unravelling it."

"Does he suspect any one?"

"Yes—no, I ought not to say that he does, but I do."

"Who?"

"Perhaps names had better not be mentioned."

"What can I do, then? I must have some clue to the thing, I must know the whole about it."

Theodore sat in silence for some moments, at length, drawing his chair near to the officer, in a low tone he explained the reason for his suspicions, and on whom they rested. The officer heard him through without interruption and then, shaking his bushy head—

"There's mighty little chance," said he, "if it should be as you say, the thing is so fixed, as I view it, that it would take a Solomon to find it out, but I'll think it over, and may be I should like to see things again in the house."

A time was therefore fixed when Theodore was to accompany the officer to Mr. Hunt's.

Sarah had a trying and difficult part to act. She was the only member of the family, besides Betty, who believed in the innocence of Edwards. Mr. George Hunt and his good wife were sorely grieved for the loss which had been sustained, and would gladly have employed any inquisitorial means to extort from him whom they believed had possession of their property, the large balance which was yet missing. The bailing out, therefore, was a severe annoyance to them.

Rudolph was again a frequent visitor, and his uncle manifested a pleasure in his society, and a confidence in his statements which he never had before. To Sarah he was attentive, as he had ever been, and carefully avoided every topic which he found unpleasant. As she no longer looked upon him as a suitor, and as it was so evident to her that the visits of Rudolph were agree-

able to her relations, she felt that decency, at least, demanded that she should treat him affably. Rudolph had peculiar charms of female character, and those not of the most exalted kind. He believed that external advantages were all-sufficient to win the best among them. Sarah had, indeed, manifested a decided preference for young Edwards; but even here he believed that the preference was made solely for the superior personal appearance and address which James possessed. These, of course, would be nothing now, the stain upon his character would for ever cut off all fear of one who had been a dangerous rival.

Of his own advantages he was sufficiently conscious. On his side were their mutual friends, the protectors of Sarah, and, added to these, he founded a strong hope on the change in her own personal bearing towards him. He began to believe that the prize he had so long struggled for was within his reach, he meant to secure it while he could.

Sarah had been deeply engaged that afternoon in an interview with her kind uncle, Mr. Augustus Hunt. It had been a scene of much trial to her, many unpleasant rumours had reached the ears of her kinsman, and he felt in duty bound to let his niece know everything pertaining to the character of one in whom she was so deeply interested; in fact, he wished to prepare her mind for a catastrophe which he much feared was inevitable—the conviction of Edwards, with strong evidence against him.

Scarcely had she dried the tears to which she had given full vent after the affectionate parting kiss and "God bless you, darling," of her uncle, when Betty came into her room, with a countenance highly flushed, and under great excitement.

"What is it, Betty?"

"The Lord only knows, my young leddy, but I fear there is trouble in the wind for you."

"Tell me, Betty, anything about James?"

Well, indeed, my dear leddy, I fear he has something to do for himself."

"Sit down, Betty, and compose yourself, you seem to have been much disturbed—sit down."

"I can't sit, Miss Sarah, for she has put me into such a rumble, that I am all in a quiver."

"She?—who?—is it my aunt?"

"Oh, no, bless your young heart. I don't mind the like of her—she aye grumbles awhile, and then it's all over—but what do you think, my darling, just as I had cleaned up the dinner things, and had emptied my pail, and was casting my eyes around to see what might be going on in the street I see'd a young woman, nicely and decently dressed stopping just at our door, and looking as though she might be wanting to enter. 'May I know your will, madam?' says I. 'Can you tell me?' says she, 'does Mr. Edwards live here?' 'I aye do, and I can't say but he does—oh he did, not long ago. 'Has he removed from here then?' 'Not exactly moved, said I, 'but he's not here at present. 'When do you expect him again?' said she. 'That's hard to say, ma'am, said I. The more I looked at her, my leddy, the more my thoughts began to trouble me, and so says I, 'may be you'll walk in a bit and rest your yid, and perhaps I'll be after finding out when he may be back, and the like o' that. I thought I'd spake her for. Miss Sarah for there was no telling what might come of it."

"And did she come in, Betty?"

"Faith and she did, and she's waiting down there a bit, for I told her that I might, may be, get word about Mr. Edwards, but oh, Miss Sarah! Ochone, ochone!"

Sarah could not well comprehend the cause of Betty's alarm, but was resolved to see for herself.

"I will go down with you, and I see her, is she in the parlour, Betty?"

"In the parlour, indeed, ma'am. No, no, it's not into the parlour that Betty would be takin' the like of her, the kitchen is too good for her, if my guess is right. Ochone, ochone! what a world it is!"

Sarah immediately descended into Betty's sanctum—no very uncomfortable place either, for it was kept with great neatness. The young woman arose as Sarah entered and made a slight, but respectful obeisance to her. She was, as Betty had said, neatly and decently dressed, although there might have been some few little things rather showy, and in too strong contrast with her principal garments, not more so however, than is frequently witnessed upon those who have not been trained to a nice observance of uniformity. Her countenance was agreeable, and the expression of it, together with her deportment, was modest. Sarah saw nothing that had any appearance of impropriety.

"You will please excuse the liberty, but I am very anxious to see Mr. Edwards, and perhaps you can inform me where he is, and how I could find him."

"I cannot inform you where he is at present."

"Is not this his home?"

Sarah blushed deeply as she answered—

"Yes—or at least it has been his home, but circumstances have called him away just now."

"And you don't know where he has gone?"

"No, not positively. Must you see him yourself, or could we send your message to him?"

"Excuse the liberty, are you his sister?"

"No, I am not; his relatives do not reside in the city."

The young woman was evidently much affected by this uncertain intelligence, and seemed hesitating whether to depart or make some further disclosure. Sarah witnessed her embarrassment.

"Perhaps you would wish to see me alone?"

"Yes, I should, Miss, for a few moments."



HOGARTH

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born in 1698, in the parish of St. Martin in Ludgate London. The outset of his life however was unpromising. He was bound says Mr. Walpole "to a mean engraver of arms on plate." Hogarth probably chose this occupation as it required some skill in drawing, to which his genius was particularly turned, and which he contrived assiduously to cultivate. How long he continued in obscurity we cannot exactly learn, but from the late of the first plate that can be ascertained to be the work of Hogarth, it may be presumed that he began in business, on his own account, in 1720. His first employment seems to have been the engraving of arms and shop bills. There are still many family pictures by Hogarth existing in the style of serious conversation pieces.

It was his custom to sketch out on the spot any remarkable face which particularly struck him, and of which he wished to preserve the remembrance. It has been related of him by a gentleman that being once with him at the Bedford Club house he observed him drawing something with a pencil on his nail. Inquiring what had been his employment, he was shown a whimsical countenance of a person who was then at a small distance.

It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's ability, but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of his dear self never once thought of paying for a reflector that would only insult him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money, but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment but without success. The painter however, at last hit upon an expedient which he knew must alarm the nobleman's pride, and by that means answer his purpose. It was couched in the following terms:—"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord — and finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. H's necessity for the money; if, therefore, his lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of with the addition of a tail and some other little appendages to Mr. Haic, the famous wild-beast man, Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it for an exhibition picture on his lordship's refusal." This intimation had the desired effect. The picture was sent home, and committed to the flames.

In 1730, Hogarth married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, by whom he had no child. This union, indeed, was a stolen one and probably without the approbation of Sir James, who, considering the youth of his daughter, then barely eighteen and the slender finances of her husband, as yet an obscure artist, was not easily reconciled to the match. Soon after this period however, he began his *Rake's Progress*, and was advised by Lady Thornhill to have some of the scenes in it placed in the way of his father-in-law. Accordingly, one morning early Mrs. Hogarth undertook to convey several of them into his dining room. When they arose, he inquired whence they came, and being told by whom they were introduced, he cried out, "Very well! the man who can furnish representations like these, can also maintain a wife without a portion." He designed this remark as an excuse for having kept his purse-strings close, but soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple.

In 1736 the genius of Hogarth became conspicuously known. One of his excellences consisted in what may be termed the furniture of his pieces, for as in sublime and historical representations the more seldom trivial

circumstances are permitted to divide the spectator's attention from the principal figures, the greater is their force; so in a series copied from familiar life, a proper variety of little domestic images contributes to throw a degree of verisimilitude on the whole. "The rake's levee room," says Mr. Walpole, "the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in *Marriage à la Mode*, the alderman's parlour, the bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age."

In 1746 he acquired additional reputation by the six prints of *Marriage à la Mode*, and projected a *Happy Marriage*, by way of counterpart to it.

Soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went to France, and was taken into custody at Calais, while drawing the gates of that town, a circumstance which he has recorded in his picture, entitled, *Oh! the Roast Beef of Old England!* published March 28, 1749. He was actually carried before the governor as a spy, and, after a very strict examination, committed a prisoner to Gransire his landlord, on his promise that Hogarth should not go out of his house till he was embarked for England.

Soon after this period he purchased a small house at Chiswick, where he usually passed the greater part of the summer season, yet not without occasional visits to his house in Leicester-fields. In 1753 he appeared to the world in the character of an author, and published a volume, entitled *The Analysis of Beauty* written with a view to correct fluctuating ideas of taste.

Hogarth was the most absent of men. At table he would sometimes turn round his chair as if he had finished eating, and as suddenly would return it, and commence his meal again. He once directed a letter to Dr. Hoadley, thus "To the Doctor at Chelsea." This epistle, however, by good luck, did not miscarry, and was preserved by the late Chancellor of Winchester, as a precious memorial of his friend's extraordinary inattention. Another remarkable instance of Hogarth's absence was related by one of his intimate friends. Soon after he set up his carriage, he had occasion to pay a visit to the Lord Mayor, Mr. Beckford. When he went, the weather was fine, but business detained him till a violent shower of rain came on. He was let out of the mansion-house by a distant door from that which he entered; and, seeing the rain, began immediately to call for a hackney-coach. Not one was to be met with on any of the neighbouring stands, and the artist sallied forth to brave the storm, and actually reached Leicester-fields, without overbestowing a thought on his own carriage, till Mrs. Hogarth, surprised to see him so wet and splashed, asked him where he had left it.

A specimen of Hogarth's propensity to merriment on the most trivial occasions is observable in one of his cards requesting the company of Dr. Arnold King to dine with him at the Mitre. Within a circle, to which a knife and fork are the supporters, the written part is contained. In the centre is drawn a pic, with a mitre on the top of it, and the invitation concludes with the following sport on three of the Greek letters—to Eta Beta Pi.

In the *Mutual Feast*, Mr. Hogarth thought proper to pillory Sir Isaac Shird, a gentleman proverbially avaricious. Hearing this, the son of Sir Isaac called at the painter's to see the picture, and asked the attendant

Whether that odd figure was intended for any particular person? On his replying, "That it was thought to be like one Sir Isaac Shird," he immediately drew his sword, and slashed the canvass. Hogarth appeared instantly in great wrath, but Mr. Shird calmly justified what he had done, saying that it was an unwarrantable license, that he was the injured party's son, and was ready to defend a suit at law, which, however, was never instituted.

About 1757 his brother-in-law, Mr. Thornhill, resigned the place of king's sergeant painter in favour of Mr. Hogarth. "The last memorable event in our artist's life," as Mr. Walpole observes, "was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes. And though he did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence, by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprising, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer, that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court party."

At the time when these hostilities were carrying on in a manner both virulent and disgraceful to all parties, Hogarth was visibly declining in his health. In 1762 he complained of an inward pain, which continuing, brought on a general lethargy that proved incurable. The last year of his life he employed in retouching his plates with the assistance of several engravers, whom he took with him to Chiswick. On the 25th of October, 1764, he was conveyed from thence to Leicester-fields in a very weak condition, yet remarkably cheerful, and receiving an agreeable letter from the American Dr. Franklin, he drew up a rough draft of an answer to it, but going to bed, he was seized with a vomiting, upon which he rang the bell with such violence that he broke it, and expired about two hours afterwards. His disorder was an aneurism. The remains of this truly remarkable man were interred in the church of St. James at Chiswick, where a monument was erected to his memory, with an inscription by his friend Mr. Garrick.

It may be truly observed of Hogarth, that all his powers of delighting were restrained to his pencil. Having rarely been admitted into polite circles, none of his sharp corners had been rubbed off, so that he continued to the last a gross uncultivated man. The slightest contradiction transported him into a rage. To some confidence in himself he was certainly entitled for as a comic painter he could have claimed no honour that would not most readily have been allowed him, but he was at once unprincipled and variable in his political conduct and attachments. He is also said to have beheld the rising eminence and popularity of Sir Joshua Reynolds with a degree of envy, and, if we are not misinformed, frequently spoke with asperity both of him and his performances. Justice, however, obliges us to add, that our artist was liberal, hospitable, and the most punctual of paymasters, so that in spite of the emoluments his works had procured to him, he left but an inconsiderable fortune to his widow.









The journey to the old woman's house, as described by the knight to his friend.

consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as these we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is and has been such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time I can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in the speculation, by some circumstances that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his roads, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put in my mind of the following description of Otway.

'In a close line as I pursued my way,  
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with ragged and idle  
Picking dry sticks, and musing to her ill;  
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gild'd in tears,  
Coldly she shak'd her head, and thus she said withal:  
And on her crooked shoulders I did also wait;  
The tattered remnant of an old strapp'd thing;  
Which serv'd to keep her warm from the cold  
As there was nothing for her to be about;  
Her legs were all croak'd and old;  
With different to our large black and white;  
And seem'd to speak variety of witchcraft to all.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the specter before me, the knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her hips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a witch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in the wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a mud in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and haunts the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not milk her butter come so soon as she would have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape in the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of a pack, on such an occasion, send one of his servants to fetch Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her house, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me and pointed at something that stood behind the door which upon looking in my way, I found to be an old broom-staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself, for, besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and distress. But at the same time, could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger who was a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving inside the nightingale, and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and that he frequently has bound her over to the county sessions, but not his chaplain with much ado persuaded her over to the country.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is such a villain in England that is not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dot, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally treated as a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the poorest objects of compassion, and injures people with a malevolence towards these poor decrepit part of our species, in whom human nature is affected by infirmity and dotage.

## CHAPTER XII

### SIR ROGER DE COVERLY IN LOVE

'The faithful  
Sucks up his side and rangles in his heart. — DRYDEN

THE garden seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are strung out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city, the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which rises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I am ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds, and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with a new sense of pleasure, when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible, she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them, but conscious of her own merits she permits them address, without fear of any ill consequence,

or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem. I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her! And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account: but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidant.

'Of all persons under the sun,' continued he, calling me by name, 'be sure to set a mark upon confidants: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orsilla is a great fortune, and in a wonderful degree of surprise, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintances, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themselves, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the waid be a beauty her confidant shall treat you with an air of distance: let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidant. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible this?—' Sir Roger is proceeding in his harangue when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, 'What, not one smile?' We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting, as it were in a personated sullenness, just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the gun. The knight whispered me, 'Hark! these are lovers!' The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, 'Oh! thou dear picture! thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature who now represents in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with my mention of her unkindness! William, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish.' Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into the water to lay hold on thee: hers is her own dear person I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile? It is too much to bear. He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water at which his mistress started up and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright and in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourself! No, no you will not drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday. The huntsman with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, 'Do not, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says: she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.' 'Look you there,' quoth Sir Roger, 'do you see there, all mischief comes from confidence! But let us not interrupt them: the maid is honest and the man dire not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father. I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She, therefore, now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussey has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the man I am the worse for having loved her: whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is owing perhaps, to this dear image in my heart that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are given into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day free. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured, and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants, she has a glass bee-hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work and

observe the pollies of their commonwealth. She understands everything I would give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool.'

## CHAPTER XIII

## ETIQUETTE AT COVERLEY HALL

The first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behaviour and good-breeding, as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome, the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore, in unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of good breeding. The fashionable world is grown fiercer and crasser, our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If it is then we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashions of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and we nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as a well-served courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally takes the chair that is next me, and walks first or last, in the front or in the rear as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down, and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several part of his table that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wumble, who I should have thought had been altogether unconnected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not let himself to dinner until I am served. When we are going out of the hall he runs behind me, and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile until I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases, whilst the clown who had no such delicacy of conception and expression clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise, for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme, so that at present, several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France make use of the most coarse, uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to say.

This infamous piece of good breeding which reigns among the cocknobs of the town has not yet made its way into the country, and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them and they will be thought a parcel of low clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behaviour and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beauties not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the revolution, but still do about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.



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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. XX — "LET WELL ALONE."

WE have never yet had a bishop burnt in a railway carriage, although the combustible Bishop of Exeter had a narrow escape, and until some such catastrophe really takes place, upon the principle of "letting well alone" we shall have no attempts made to ensure the safety and the convenience of travellers. No matter how great may be the danger, or the inconvenience of my practice, if we attempt to take any precautions against it we are certain to be met with "Let well alone, nobody has been hurt, the chimney has never fallen, no one has tumbled into the water, although there are no parapets to the bridge. It is only when accident multiplies, when brimful and perishing little babies in their cradles, or old women use blown over bridges, and go floating down the stream like venerable Ophelia, that people begin to suspect what they before thought 'well' is not well, but something that requires to be made well."

In the *4th* annum, about ten years ago, there was a short but clever paper upon "Proverb against proverb, or Saw and See-saw." From this we borrow an illustration of the saying now under consideration. "Let us begin with 'Out of the frying-pan into the fire,' which originated, we must suppose, with certain foolish eels, who with all their experience of hot situations, were not so used to the pan as to feel themselves comfortable in it, and in their impetuosity to leave it sprang into the burning coil that awaited them. Now this was, of course, an indiscretion in the said eels, not that they forgot the proverb 'Let well alone,' for it was anything, but *well* to be fried alive as they were, not being consenting parties thereto; it is the law of the fish, but let us put the case that these unfortunate fishes had been a clerk, a learned, and unworldly digested sayings, which is men's motto, *let well alone*, namely, that 'when things are at the worst, they mend,' might not they on their descent into fairly justify the fatal leap from the hot pan into the hotter fire, and argue that they took it with them as upon, confidently expecting that when things were at the hottest they might be expected to cool? Then we return to think that men as well as eels have leaped from the frying pan into the fire on the principle that they must be wiser in order to be better for 'when things are at their worst, they mend.' The proverb 'let well alone,' above an idle tidily quota, is itself, to some degree, a source of error, for it is to lay down that nothing is to be 'let alone' but what is 'well.' The enforcement is certainly not a logical one, but it is not the less likely to be drawn out of its due. The truth is, that here is a large class of cases in which 'let all alone' would be *vice versa* saw as 'let well alone.' It is better than *ipse* and always to 'let alone' when it is impossible to move to *alter*. 'Let all alone,' would have met the case of 'the eels to a tune.' To let me they would probably have been fried and eaten all the same, but then they would not have entailed on their race for ever a proverb of reputation for indiscretion.

"There do it, shall I not, please, where I choose, we may say most people, have of anything like improvement (which indeed they call innovation) is most singular. You may demonstrate to them the advantages that would arise from the adoption of this or that plan, but you are certain to be met with "Oh, I dare say it is very right—but we do very well without it; 'twill all alone." And if this is not enough to stop your proceedings they begin to cavil that this is not the time for doing the things, that we must "wait a little longer," and so we are to be tormented with "the good time coming, which, in deed, often proves to be the "to-morrow" of our hopes, and never arrives. And if your plan for improvement involves an alteration in more things than one—for instance, if the chimney-sun has, and it requires to be contracted at the back of the grate, and also to have one of those strange monstrosities fixed on the top, which go whirling about with the wind, or are so constructed as to let the smoke escape from all kinds of queer crevices

and corners which the opposing wind is puzzled to find out, your friends, although fully awake to the inconvenience of the smoky chimney, and who might, perhaps, have consented to one of these two things, either to contract the grate, or have been induced to place the monstrosity on the top, but the two together strike him with grievous dread, and though he does not venture to say, "let well alone," for his senses convince him it is not *well*, yet he is considerably horrified at the extent of the innovation proposed, and he exclaims "No, too fast, not too fast, one thing at a time slow and sure, your *is a most sweeping* measure, let us do it gradually, a moderate change, truly, *carefully* applied, may be of some use, but this is too much". And then, most provably, he runs off to some other subject by way of turning your attention away from the true remedy, and he suggests, why should contracting the grate, and putting a monstrosity on the chimney be necessary? Why not something else? Would not a hole in the door be sufficient, or one of the new ventilating panes of glass? Anything, in short, except the real remedy, from which he strives to turn aside your attention, and divert it to different objects.

There are many things beside smoking chimneys in which men resort to all kinds of excuses and delays in order to "let" what they call "well alone." In private life and in public the same practice prevails, and it is not until too late for remedy that the evil becomes thoroughly apparent. There is a touching instance of this in the life of Sir Walter Scott. The immense success that attended his earlier novels seemed like a never-failing spring of wealth, ten or twelve thousand copies for the early impressions, and a continuous and extensive sale upward in his well-warranted belief in their inexhaustible success, and justify the most extravagant expenditure. But there came a falling off in these, and up on the principle of "letting well alone" the publishers seem to have informed the author of the decrease in the sale, lest it should affect his spirits and mope his imagination. They "let well alone," and the consequence was, the sad man that blight of his after life. Lockhart tells us the story simply and plainly:—"I cannot conclude this chapter without observing, that the publication of *Ivanhoe* marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history, as the literary favourite of his contemporaries. With the novel which he next put forth the immediate sale of these works began gradually to decline, and though even when that decline had reached its decided point it still lay above the most ambitious dreams of any other novelist, yet the publishers were afraid the announcement of any such falling off might cast a damp over the spirits of the author. He was allowed to remain for several years under the impression that whatever they had thrown off commanded it once the old triumphant sale of ten or twelve thousand and was afterwards, when included in the collected edition, to be circulated in that shape no less widely as *Waverley* or *Ivanhoe*. In my own opinion it would have been very unwise in the booksellers to give Scott my unfavourable tidings in such a manner for the commencement of the middle which proved fatal to him—first that in his first shock his mind but I find they took a different course, when they hesitated to tell him exactly how the matter stood throughout 1820 and the three or four following years, when his intellect was a victim as it ever had been, and he has it as certain as I can find that he was dying (among other reasons) because the year was mentioned very distinctly once in his life, and for every twelvemonth in which any man shows himself as is evidenced by there to prove him a victim of unwise expenditure it becomes proportionally more difficult for him to pull up when the mistake is found to have detected or recognized. This is one of the mistakes of "letting well alone" or rather just seen it what they call "well" as in the "let" and instead of let it let it be combated with at once."

"I do not see many men who have either the talent or the perseverance to overcome the difficulties caused by 'letting well alone,' which Sir Walter Scott displayed. The bulk of mankind must always learn to distinguish well from ill, except that which is ill and strive to make the 'well' better, or they are likely to find rapidly a thousand ways of improvement. 'None of us have led nations into me as an old farmer, when pressed to adopt one of the improvements of a culture which the experience of others had proved to be valuable. 'Let well alone' is my maxim, I fear is my faith, did, and he made a sight of money here." And the farmer does not understand that his father had only to contend with those who had farm duty in the same manner as himself while he is contending with those who have brought fresh elements to the field of labour, which will most assuredly beat the old fashions. What was "well" in the day of his father, is "ill" now and must be changed, or he will find that "letting well alone" will be an ill day's work for him.

The world we live in is a strange, bustling world, that will be for ever on the move, and we are no more content to be still in the frying-pan than were the fish—we must jump somewhere, and that our jump may be from "well" to "better," we must exert ourselves to acquire true knowledge of all that surrounds us. We are ignorant, made the fools jump into the fire; just as the French people jump into anarchy, and slide thence into the arms of despotism. And if we make the uneducated classes here as easy by stirring up too hot a fire under their frying pan, depend upon it they will jump somewhere, and whether they burn themselves, or knock other people into the flame we seem content to leave to chance. For, notwithstanding all the talk about education, our actions appear to favour too much of "letting well alone." And too many of us, like the man with the smoky chimney, are disinclined to do too much at once, but would, rather than the people should be taught too much, stop short in the present state of ignorance.

An Irish peasant thinks that to have a pig in his parlour, and a reeking dunghheap at his front door, is "well," and he sees penitence and disease decimate the population, without imagining that his notions of what is









## ENIGMA

Wishes my friend a good night  
 More happy than the crew  
 Yet the best story is old  
 An old man's story you tell  
 I'm fit to victim to a thing  
 That flies with the wind and gains my  
 But let my purpose be fulfill  
 And ere my flying way I killed  
 The dead's life I'll tell  
 Though skills I may be the hunt I see  
 My life and strength are only with  
 Man may destroy by sports such  
 But no more I'll my name but old  
 By murder I'll by victory be old  
 Shall conquer on the floor a thing  
 That on his arm and heart is spring

The terror of the station shall spread  
 Where I'll my arm or in my hand  
 I'll fight for in cities in y rank  
 Shall such a place spread around  
 That very soon there will be found  
 A general run upon the banks

## MENIAL RECREATIONS.

A curious Recreation with a Hundred Number, usually called the Magical Century

If the number 11 be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be alike, as appears from the following example

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 11 |
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  |    |
| 11 | 22 | 33 | 44 | 55 | 66 | 77 | 88 | 99 |    |

Now, if another person and yourself have fifty counters each, and agree never to stake more than ten at a time, you may tell him, that if he will permit you to stake first, you will always undertake to make the even century before him

In order to do this, you must first stake one, and, remembering the order of the above series, constantly add to what he stakes, as many as will make one more than the numbers 11, 22, 33, &c., of which it is composed, till you come to 89, after which, the other party cannot possibly make the even century himself, or prevent you from making it.

If the person who is your opponent has no knowledge of numbers, you may stake any other number first, under 10, provided you afterwards take care to secure one of the last terms, 66, 67, 75, &c., or you may even let him stake first, provided you take care afterwards to secure one of these numbers

This recreation may be performed with other numbers, but, in order to succeed, you must divide the number to be attained by a number which is a unit greater than what you can stake each time, and the remainder will then be the number you must first stake. Suppose, for example, the number to be attained is 52 (making use of a pack of cards instead of counters), and that you are never to add more than 7, then, dividing 52 by 7, the remainder, which is 3, will be the number you must stake first, and whatever the other stakes, you must add as much to it as will make it equal to 7—the number by which you divided, and so on

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE MOST SPARE DIET LEAVES SOMETHING TO SPARE

## THE THREE OF SPADES

## MAGIC MUSIC

One person leaves the room, and an article is hidden. He is to discover it by listening to music played by one who carefully regulates his *forte* and *piano* according to his nearness to, or distance from, the object.

## ENIGMA

I draw my being from the sandy shore, (1)  
 Where foaming waves in wild confusion roar  
 Once I was trampled on by vulgar feet—  
 Without me now no mansion is complete (2)  
 With me the beauty wiles her hours away (3)  
 I make the old carouser lithe and gay, (4)  
 By me are Nature's beauties made more plain—(5)  
 By me, the offspring of the shore and main  
 Weak though I am, and fragile as my frame,  
 On me is rested Joseph Paxton's name (6)  
 I am so good that nothing I conceal—(7)  
 Pray, gentle reader, guess my name reveal—MADGE.

## NUMERICAL PUZZLE

I count four letters, but my last two are the same. My first is twenty times each of these two and my second cannot be made less. My whole is seen on hill top and by river side—M I B

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 397

## TRANSPPOSITIONS

- 1 Barcelona. 2 Huddersfield  
 3 Arabia

## QUERIES

1 The first woman sold 49 eggs at seven for a penny, and received sevenpence, the second sold 28 at the same rate and received fourpence, the third sold seven of hers, and received a penny. In the course of the day the demand greatly increasing, they sold the remainder at threepence each. The first had one egg for which she received threepence—making tenpence with what she had received for the 49 sold before the second had two eggs, for which she received sixpence—making tenpence, with fourpence received for the 28, and the third, having three eggs, sold them for ninepence. Thus, each woman sold her eggs at the same rate, and each received tenpence for her lot.

2 The ages of the children were nine and three

## CONUNDRUMS

- 1 Because they are never without an Old man  
 2 A cow herd's (coward's)  
 3 Because their emperor can make a mandarin (man diving) whenever he likes  
 4 At Boulogne (bowl on)  
 5 Because they belong to the Taunt on fraternity  
 6 Because it is plate hid (plated)

## BIRDS' ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

- 1 Black cap 6 King fisher  
 2 Gull in hand 7 Storm cock  
 3 At ridge 8 Red start  
 4 Red breast 9 Fire tail  
 5 Wheat ear 10 White-throat

PICTORIAL ENIGMA—IMAGINATION.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A QUIET conscience sleeps during thunder.

THE gay soul of dissipation seldom has a thought unselfish.

WHY are good resolutions like fainting ladies? They want carrying out.

THEY are ill discoverers that think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea.

THE boy who undertook to ride a horseradish, is now practising on a saddle of mutton, without stirrups.

WHEN is man, like fiendship, most severely tried? When he stands a loan.

WHEN is a person's mouth like a public park? When it contains several others.

To what branch of grammar do English duties on intoxicating liquors belong? To syntax.

AN Irish paper says, that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien, afterwards Mayor of Dublin.

WE are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.

DOUGLAS says he marks his hogs differently from other people, and can tell them as far as he can see them. He cuts three pieces off their tails, while others cut but one.

DR. JOHNSON compared the plaintiff and defendant in an action at law to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and during each other to ten on longest in the water.

A TANKY Irish peasant, on a little ragged pony, was floundering through one of the bogs so common in his country, when the animal, in its efforts to push through, got one of his feet into the snare. "Ah! now," said the rider, "if you are going to get up, it's time for me to get down."

A DUTCHMAN was telling his marvellous escape from drowning, when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat in which he alone was saved. "And how did you escape then, sir?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in the boat," was the Dutchman's laconic reply.

JUST before going to bed take two pig's feet and a third pig. In less than an hour you will see a snake larger than a hawker, devouring eight blue-haired children, who have just escaped from a monster with sore eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

THORPOT HOOK was walking, in the days of William blushing when one of the emissaries of that shining character had written on a wall "Try Warren's B." But had been frightened from his property and fled. "The rest is lacking," said Hook, almost before he saw it.

A MAN, who had by a fall broken one of his ribs, was mentioning the circumstance the other day in a city coffee house, and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon, who was present, asked him if the injury he sustained was near the scapula? "No, sir," replied he, "it was within a yard of the Obelisk, in St. George's Fields."

"Oh, minimal! I asked Miss Brown what is dew. She says it is the moisture hoisted by plants during the nights of the summer months. Now, mamma dear, dew is the condensation of aqueous vapour, and I which has radiated its atomic motion of elation below the atmospheric temperature."

## A PARADOX.

BRIAD is the stuff of life, they say,

And be it also spoken,

It won't support a man a day,

Unless it first be broken.

A CANDID ADMISSION.—An ignorant fellow, who was about to get married, resolved to make himself perfect in the responses of the marriage service, but by mistake he learned the office of Baptism for those "Baptized Years, so, when the clergyman asked him in the church, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" the bridegroom answered, in a very solemn tone, "I renounce them all!" The astonished minister said, "I think you are a fool," to which he replied, "All this I solemnly believe."

"I BIRD," said a sharp Quaker, to a man with a drove of hogs—"Hast any hogs in thy drove with large bones?" "Yes," replied the drover, "they all have." "Hast any with long heads and sharp noses?" "Yes, they all have." "Hast any with long ears, like those of the elephant, hanging down over their eyes?" "Yes, all my drove are of that description, and will suit you exactly?" "I rather think they wouldn't suit me, friend, if they are such as thou describest them. Thou mayst drive on."

AT a small town in the Western States, where Jenny Lind and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks, that if they would raise 1500 dollars, he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured. As Jenny was singing the "Bird Song," a tall fellow, who seemed to think he had been "softer," having taken three dollars' worth, exclaimed, on Jenny's repeating the words, "I know not, I know not, why, I am singing,"—"The damnation ye don't!" Well, I can tell ye; ye are singing for 1500 dollars, three dollars a topknot all round; and there's no use of telling folks you don't know why ye are singing. I guess dad's corn will find out."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

ROSE.—Professor Agassiz, in a lecture upon the trees of America, stated a remarkable fact in regard to the family of the rose, which includes among its varieties, not only many of the most beautiful flowers which are known, but also the richest fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, blackberry, &c.; namely, that no fossils or plants belonging to this family have ever been discovered by geologists! This he regarded as conclusive evidence that the introduction of this family of plants upon the earth was coeval with, or subsequent to, the creation of man, to whose comfort and happiness they seem especially designed by Providence to contribute.

CONTINENTAL CLIMATES.—It is a grand mistake to believe that any of our neighbours are much better than ourselves in this respect. If that be, it is more in the fact that the order of the seasons is more regular, and that the particular character of the time has fewer variations than in England. So much is this the case that we appreciate perfectly the distinction a foreigner made to us—that England has weather, but no climate; meaning that every imaginable change is at all times possible, and that for four weeks of June in our wind, we often are requited with a December that even Naples might envy. It may be set down as certain, that except in a few favoured spots along the shores of the Mediterranean and in Sicily, our winters are milder than those of the Continent. A Paris winter is a vile compound of cold slush, damp, fog, and foul smells. A Brussels one is all the preceding, plus sleet and storm. A German winter is an affair of stoves, double windings, fur mantles, and foot-warmers, frozen fountains, and no small every cold or third day. Italy has a dozen climates. Milan, all rain and wind from both, in a diminished degree. Florence alternates between the Irish Juniper and a West Indian tornado. With the serotico, come fog, mud, and rain, with the frequent no wind even have falling poultry and plaurian. Rome is included with a sun in fever, and Naples is all that sun and wind combined. The sun is roundly in the air, and the less chance of all this in the land. A French spring is only what is in Thomson's Seasons. The continent of Europe is almost unexceptionably good. In mount in distrust there are certain good things, but they rarely last long on our mountain tops. An English invalid has few good reasons for leaving his own shores save such a change of scene and the novelty of travel suggest. Perhaps it is true of some advantages to the weak chested, but then the whole available extent of Italy is the quay along the Arno. As a winter, you encounter entire winds and cold blasts, and all the rigours of a northern winter. There are a few secluded nooks along the Mediterranean, such as the island of Sardinia, which combine the advantage of climate with all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation.

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# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No 27 — Vol. I ]

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY



*"The two young persons who had left the house last, and for whom all this preparation had been made, came up, walking arm-in-arm to the old gentlemen in the study, and giving them a look of satisfaction and contentment."*

## LOVE'S TRIALS, OR, MISIAKEN EVIDENCE

(Continued from page 401)

SARAH at once led her up the stairs, while Betty, not at all reconciled to the visitor by anything she had heard, clasped her hands together, turned her eyes towards the ceiling, and poured out a string of exclamations which probably had the effect of relieving her mind for she immediately went to work at her household duties.

Sarah led the young woman into her own apartment, and as soon as she was seated, said—

"I fear you will not be able to see Mr. Edwards at present. He is in a great deal of trouble, perhaps you have heard of it."

"I have not, in fact I am not personally acquainted with Mr. Edwards, and it is not on my own account that I have called. But a young friend of mine, Gertrude, or as we call her, Gitty Williams, a niece of Mr. Upjohn's, is in great trouble. Perhaps you have heard Mr. Edwards speak of her?"

"I have often heard him speak of Mr. Upjohn's family, and I think I have heard him mention a niece of theirs of whom they were very fond."

"She is now at our house. She is very unwell, and I fear will not live, and she has a great desire to see Mr. Edwards, and if you can, in any way, direct me to him, you will do a great kindness to a poor, suffering girl."

Sarah was silent a few moments, a multitude of strange thoughts oppressed her. At length she said—

"I cannot, certainly, direct you to Mr. Edwards, nor do I know if he is in the city, but could I do any good by calling myself upon the young woman? I can tell her some things about Mr. Edwards that may be satisfactory to her. I am no relative of his, but we are on terms of great intimacy, he has long been a member of our family. Do you think she would be unwilling to see me?"

"She would not be unwilling to see you, I am sure, and it might be a satisfaction to her if she cannot see him to converse with you."

Sarah took the direction which the young woman gave, and bade her farewell.

It was now evening, and as her uncle and aunt were absent she entered the parlour, and placing a lamp upon the table, laid her work beside her. Before, however, she had time to commence, a knock was heard at the door, and a few minutes afterwards, her cousin Rudolph entered.

"I bring a letter of the work which lay upon her lap, and on which one of her friends had said—"

"Sarah, why cannot we be friendly?"

"I hope we are friends, cousin Rudolph."

"It has not been for some time that cordiality in our intercourse, Sarah, which perhaps there might have been. If I have been in fault, I ask your forgiveness, will you forgive me, Sarah?"

Sarah's tears flowed forth freely.

"I have nothing to forgive, cousin Rudolph, you have, certainly, ever been kind to me."

"I have ever felt kindly, Sarah, and if you knew how many unhappy hours I spend on your account, perhaps you would feel that I have stronger claims to your friendship than you now do."

"I do not wish you or any one to be unhappy on my account, I am sure, cousin Rudolph."

"Is it kind to feel, or to speak thus, Sarah? Must I be forbidden even to sympathize with you?"

"Oh, no, cousin Rudolph, by no means; I did not intend to intimate that."

Sarah gave fresh vent to her tears, and Rudolph saw his advantage; he took her hand.

"Sarah, I must entreat of you to listen to me a moment—I love you most truly, but I do not mean to trouble you on that point. It is not for my

own sake I ask you to listen to me: it concerns your deep interest, your own well-being. I know well why it is that my presence has become distasteful to you; I will not blame you for not loving me, but I ask you to pause. Hate me if you wish; but pause before you plunge into the gulf before you." *[See Engraving, p. 344.]*

Sarah withdrew her hand, and wiping away the tears that had been freely flowing, said—

"What gulf do you mean, cousin Rudolph?"

"You surely cannot mistake my meaning, Sarah, you know that you have allowed James Edwards to feel that he had full command of your heart, I once thought well of James, as you now do, but now I know what you do not, or you would sooner trust the adder that lies coiled at your feet, and take it to your bosom, than you would trust that young man."

Sarah started as though the adder were, indeed, near to her

"Cousin Rudolph, the time has been when your warning might have alarmed me. That time has passed. If James Edwards falls, I fall with him."

"Then fall you must, for his fate is as sure as the setting sun. He is and must be an outcast for ever. Oh, Sarah, listen to me—listen to reason, do not, my dear cousin, persist in clinging to a connexion that can only bring disgrace to you and all connected with you. You are bound by no human or divine tie; and no principles of honour demand from you any adherence to one who has forfeited his rank in society."

Sarah turned upon him her soft bright eye, now sparkling with deep emotion, and said—

"Cousin Rudolph, no human law indeed, binds me to that unfortunate young man, and perhaps no principles of honour may, but you little know my heart when you attempt to move it by such arguments. James Edwards is innocent; yes, Rudolph, he is innocent as you are of the crime alleged against him." Sarah saw the crimson burning his brow as she said this—

"and you know that he is innocent." Rudolph's eyes flashed with indignation. "But he is as guilty as you pretend to believe, I will cling to him with all his errors, with all his disgrace, and die with him."

Rudolph was about to answer, but there was something in the holy emotion that glowed in Sarah's countenance which checked him. A knock at the front door arrested the return of their uncle and aunt, and as soon as he could with propriety, after they entered the room, he retired.

## CHAPTER XVII

The evils which come upon us in this life are in most cases, the result of our own folly or weakness. We take the first rash step, or we allow the evil one to get his insidious hold, and then return is not so easy, nor can the ensnared be driven off, but, it may be, by the prostration of our dearest hopes.

Mr. Upjohn was what many would have called a stern man, and yet, as we have seen, he could not at the proper time and when a vessel might have prevented much evil, say nay to the little Lucretia whom he had adopted as his own.

As her years advanced, the power which he once had to restrain and regulate her actions grew weaker. She had done her own bidding when a child, and it was not to be expected, as she grew to womanhood, that she would easily resign her untamed will.

The intimacy which Rudolph Hunt had formed with the family was not long pleasing to Mr. Upjohn. He was to be sure an engaging companion for an evening entertainment: he was polite in his behaviour and his fund of anecdote that excited many a merry laugh on the part of Gitty and even made the brow of her uncle relax its sober crest. But when the heart is unsound, it is very difficult so to cover it that its corruption shall not at times break forth.

Mr. Upjohn was too shrewd a man not to notice these symptoms, and they filled him with alarm. Again and again during the long evenings when she would be away had he held counsel with his wife and entreated her to use her maternal influence to win their Gitty from the fascination which had been thrown around her. But she, poor crazy soul, had long lost her control and for her to remonstrate was only adding fuel to the fire.

Distracted, at length, with troubled thoughts, the old man resolved to use that power which he fondly believed he yet held over his beloved one for her good.

He had a long conversation with Gitty, and plainly and fearlessly unfolded to her what he believed to be the character of Rudolph and entreated her, by all the regard which she professed for those who had performed the part of parents to her, to act upon the warning which he gave her. *[See Engraving, p. 385.]* Gitty wept bitterly for the earnestness and kindness of her uncle went to her heart; but when he closed his address by telling her that unless she wished to forfeit his good will she must at once relinquish all the attentions of the young man, and that if she ever ventured abroad with him again, the doors of her home should be closed against her for ever, the strong, uncurbed, impetuous will of Gitty rose up and placed within her an impenetrable barrier against the wish of her uncle.

She dried her tears, and without making a reply, retired to her little room. That very evening an appointment had been made, and when Rudolph called she asked no questions, nor did she deign to give her aunt any information as to whether she was going.

Gitty retraced her steps that evening, with the full determination to ask pardon of her friends, and submit herself to their control as she had never done before. Her heart was pure; her love for Rudolph was based upon virtuous principles, she had never seen the dark spots which had been so visible to her uncle. That evening the monster was revealed to her in all

his odiousness, and she turned from him with fear and loathing, but with all her young affections blasted. Her heart and her ears were so warped that feelings, and holding them in sacred keeping for the time when her acknowledgment of love pure and virtuous lover should enable her to pour them forth into his bosom—a priceless treasure, forfeited and indignant, she sought, alone, her uncle's dwelling, the little gate opened to her touch, but the light, which had always twinkled from the window where her uncle sat, was gone. A thrill of terror at once oppressed her, she had not believed that his threat would be executed. She sat down upon the little step, and wept such tears as she had never shed before; and there she remained through the long damp hours of the night, once, indeed, she tried to raise the latch, but the door was fastened, and no one gave any sign that she was heard.

As the night went on, its chills penetrated her frame. She wrapt her light covering about her as she best could but it was a frail protection. The morning at length dawned, the cold had chilled her very heart, and she heaving seemed about to cease. But colder and fainter was the spiritual existence of which that beating organ is but a symbol. Dark, and cold, and desolate, was the dreary waste that spread around her, every spark of that fire which so lately glowed within her young heart was extinguished. As the day was breaking, she arose and, with trembling steps, hurried from the yard. She opened the little gate and looking back, fixed a piercing gaze upon the dear old home. Her past short life was all before her, it was emblazoned on every board, and brick, and shrub. Every day of her remembered existence had been spent there, and all her thoughts and feelings from childhood to this hour, all met her gaze, all said in tones that struck a deadly chill upon her heart than the cold night air had done, Farewell! She felt that it was for ever.

As her friend Lydia was the only one to whom she could think of applying for shelter, she made the best speed she could gather. Lydia had ever loved Gitty, but perhaps a friend with more discretion, and less of that lightness which leads the young to acts of folly, might have been better, might have changed the tenor of her life, and made her what her beautiful person and her lively affections once promised for her. But the past is gone, and all that Gitty could say, as her friend met her with a look of pain and surprise was—

"Lydia, can you let me lie down on a bed? for I fear I am very ill."

And there she lay, with her senses fully awake to the folly of the past, and the misery of her present condition. Pain would she have flown to those dear old friends who had nourished her with so much tenderness, but that was now impossible, and her only desire was, that they might come to her, for she wished to tell them how wrong she had been, and ask their forgiveness before she died. The parents of Lydia were aged and infirm, they were comfortably off, but unable to stir abroad. Lydia had incurred the displeasure of Mr. Upjohn and did not dare to venture on an errand to him. In her extremity, Gitty had thought of James Edwards as one who, of all others, would have influence with her uncle, and for this purpose Lydia had gone to the house of Mr. Hunt, and as we have seen had in interview with Sarah.

When Mr. Upjohn fastened the door of his house that evening, and extinguished the light, and laid him down on his bed to rest, it was with a sadder heart than he had ever experienced before. His feelings, naturally, were of the most tender kind, and it was of that determined character that when once fixed the passions of his soul must bend to it. He had gone resolutely forward in his life's way, and barred his home against the only object beside his faithful wife, who had, for many years, engaged his affections.

If had told Gitty his determination, and come what might, his word should not be broken. Alas! he should have said, while praying that the fitness of punishment should steadily onward to its object, that we never hold up before each other the sad truth, that we are all erring mortals, and that we may in our right onward progress crush beneath our steady steps some beam that flows in the night for a long time have shed forth its fragrant light and but turned a little in our path.

On his untimely bed he lay, and as the clock told each passing hour he grew more and more restless. The consequences of his stern decree began to unfold themselves before him, and when far into the night, and when all expectation of her return was at an end, he would have given what few worldly goods he possessed, only to have heard her gentle step seeking again her home. Once, he almost thought he heard the latch of the door move and long he listened, but heard it not again, and when the morning light broke in upon him, he arose to look forth upon the little world with which he was surrounded, and a cold all was desolate.

It was but two days after these occurrences, which had thus filled all the parties with bitter sorrow, when a young and well-dressed lady called at the house of Mr. Upjohn. There was a dignity and ease of manner which, more than her expressive and beautiful countenance, attracted the notice and respect of the old man, who was a great admirer of the proprieties of life. She introduced herself as Sarah Pearson.

"I have called," she said, "by particular request, and on an errand not strictly my own, since it concerns Mr. and Mrs. Upjohn more particularly than it does myself."

They both looked at her with a manifest desire to know the purport of her errand.

"I believe you are intimately acquainted with James Edwards; I have often heard him speak of your family."

"James has been a frequent visitor here, madam, and we have felt a deep interest for him; but from what we hear, he has done for himself for the world; and grieved, deeply grieved are we, not only for his own sake, but for those that are near and dear to him."



"But he protests his innocence, and those of us who know him intimately have no doubt of it."

Mr. Upjohn shook his head. "I hope it may prove so—I hope it may prove so; but there is little faith to be put in the young new-a-days, Miss, asking your pardon, little are they to be relied upon."

For a moment, Sarah spoke not the few words Mr. Upjohn had said or rather, what he had not said, but only signified, filled her with alarm, such as she had not felt before.

It was, however, but the feeling of the moment, her mind flew back to the hour when James made that solemn assurance of his innocence, and there it rested.

"I came, as I said, sir, not on business of my own and merely mentioned Mr. Edwards's name as a passport to a hearing with you. I came, in his name to plead with you for your niece, who is in the house of Mr. Longworthy, lying on a bed of sickness, from which it is feared she will never rise. She is deeply penitent for the past and wishes to see you that she may ask your forgiveness before she dies. She has asked me to entreat you, if that were necessary—but I am sure it cannot be, for Mr. Edwards has often told me how much you loved her."

"Oh, Miss, it is from those we love the dearest that we suffer most."

Again there was silence except as it was broken by the sobs of the old lady, who had begun to weep at the first mention of Gitty's name.

"I hope, sir, my coming may not be misunderstood, you as officious on my part. I was, providentially, made acquainted with her but an hour ago, and is she had no one by whom she could send the message to you. I offered my services."

And I assure you, Miss, it is far from me to be offended at what you have done. It is a sad trial that we are suffering under, but if the poor child wishes to see us, it is not in our hearts to say no.

The voice of the old man trembled and he paused. "No, it is not in our hearts to say this, God knows."

He wiped the tears that were stealing down his furrowed cheeks. "Come, wife, if Gitty wants to see us the sooner we are there the better."

Sarah had spoken words of kindness to Gitty she had talked to her about the girl if Gitty felt were of more consequence now than all earthly matters, and when she had parted from her the poor sick girl entreated, if it was not too much to ask that she would return once more.

The instance was not great, and soon passed over. It was but a few days since the youthful sufferer was in the bloom of life and beauty. She was beautiful still, but alas! when the heart is sick, and disease has laid its hand upon us changes are speedily made.

Mrs. Upjohn preceded her husband to the bedside she saw the pale and convulsive countenance of her who had been so long their child and throwing herself upon her bosom pursued forth the overflowings of her heart.

Gitty however had a heavy heart to unburthen and she could only do it tell her what ever she could in the days of her childhood and then in the fear of her weeping kinswoman she poured out the whole story of her wrong.

Mrs. Upjohn dried her tears and rising with a smile of joy upon her countenance, said—

"Husband let us pursue our Gitty has been injured but she is still as pure and spotless as when she was a child upon your knee. Oh come to her room."

The old man raised his hands.

"Thank God!" and he bowed his head over his dear Gitty, and looked silently into her eyes, now glistening with unnatural brightness and the tears full fast and free.

"My dear uncle forgive me, oh forgive me!"

"I do, I do," his head rested on her sunken cheek, and her arms clung to him as they had often done in her days of childhood.

## CHAPTER XVIII

ADJOINING the house in which the sick and sorrow-stricken Gitty lay was a small building rather old and rickety in its appearance. At the bottom of the window, which occupied almost the whole front, ran a shelf, covered with a curious variety of old locks, rusty keys, brass door knobs, &c. &c. which were coiled together with an assortment of tools such as files, hammers, spring saws, long steel awls, &c. &c.

Through all hours of the day could be seen by the passer-by, a little man seated before a table, which joined the window-seat at a right angle, and ran back into the room. His position was near enough to the window to enable him with ease to reach any instrument or article which might lay upon it, and yet, with freedom to turn a small lathe connected with his table, upon which he was almost always employed, holding some small piece of iron or steel, and working it into such shape as he no doubt had a clear idea of, but which a looker-on would have been sorely puzzled to make out. There was no sign up to designate the business which was carried on within, but it could not well be mistaken for anything else than what it really was—a place where old keys were mended or altered, and locks not too badly injured, repaired.

It was drawing towards the close of a dull day when a man of robust appearance entered the street not far from the described premises, and walked towards them with a loitering gait, his eye wandering carelessly from person to person, and from thing to thing, now glancing at the loaded cart and its driver, and then at the dwelling by which he happened to be passing. He had rather a stubborn-looking countenance, which he carried in a careless manner,

holding it near its centre, and dropping it upon the pavement in time with his own step. As he came opposite the little shop and key shop, he stopped and fixed his eye for a moment upon its last tenant, who could be dimly seen through the dusky light within. Then stopping down he opened the door without ceremony, and stood watching the operation without saying a word, or receiving any notice or salutation. Presently the wheel stopped buzzing, the old man looked very intently at the work he had been performing, and then laying it carefully by, he threw his spectacles on his forehead, and turned one eye full upon his visitor, while the other seemed to be resting on some object in another part of the room. [See Appendix, p. 253.]

"Well, uncle, you keep the little wheel buzzing, I see. What contrivance is that you've put away so carefully?"

"It's a nothing that concerns you, or any of your sort. It is something I'm fixing for a real honest man."

"Then you acknowledge you do jobs sometimes for folks that may be a little slippery?"

"Why, I did one for you the other day."

"Ha, ha, ha—well done, uncle Bill!"

"But come round, man, and take a seat, I want to chat a little with you about a small matter, and as you are always hunting for game, may be I can put you on a scent."

The visitor turned his eyes round the little room, and taking an old, high-backed stool, placed it at one end of the long table, and resting his back upon his fists which he had piled one above the other upon the table, he looked across at the owner of the shop, who had fixed himself very snug in his usual position.

"Well, Jack," exclaimed the old man, after a short pause, "what will you give me now for a clue to a villain?"

"Alc give,—nothing—I can put my hand on more villains than I can on honest men, any time."

"No doubt of that, for your hands have no business on honest folks; but say what will you give?"

"Pshaw! what is it to me? but tell, if you've got anything worth knowing."

The old man changed his position, turned from the table, and groaning his legs said—

"You know James Upjohn?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"Nothing of him, but his niece is next door here, with old Simon. I ought to say there's been some trouble between her and the old man, you see I learnt it through their daughter Lyddy; she runs into my shop every now and then to have a chat with the old woman. These girls, I tell you what, don't they beat the mischief?"

"I don't know much about the girls. I never had much to do with them; but go on, and let us hear what you're driving at."

"Well, you see the young one of Upjohn took a notion to a dandy-looking fellow named Jack that old Jenny d d d fancy the old man, you know, sent him ahead, he's a fool, you know that."

"Yes, yes, I know him, but get on with your story."

"Well, Upjohn says, and tells his niece that she must shoo him right off—and the old man you know won't be balked, if he can help it—and she knew when he said the thing, that was enough. Well, she wouldn't give him up so she cleared out—and what do you think?"

"How shall I know? for you are telling such a cock and bull story, that a lawyer himself couldn't see the end of it."

"That villain what shall I call him?—that false-hearted fiddlestick of a fellow?—when she got into trouble at all for his sake turns his back upon her and he's a villain! don't you call him a villain?"

"Yes, villain, but I'll tell that in time. But if I should be obliged to look after such kind of fellows I should have work enough; the law won't touch him you old fool if he should break a dozen girls' hearts, is that all you've got to say?"

"Not exactly; you won't wait, and hear me out. You see, a man that will do such a thing as that, isn't too good to do worse—that's my mind. Well, one day not long since, a young fellow came in here to get a job done for him. I know a few things, and I can tell when there's mischief in it; thanks to my long eye I shall keep my eye on you, for all the cut of your rig is so smooth. Well he wanted me to fix him a key, like a pattern he had—and a curious thing it was, I tell you. I've such all kinds of keys, but I never saw such a twisted concern as that and what kind of a pattern do you think I was to make it from?"

"Why, another key?"

"No, it wasn't—no such thing, nothing but a piece of dough; and how the critter contrived to get such a clean cast of it was a mystery to me; he's a cute one, that, depend on it. Well, I took the directions and all about it, and off he goes, and now just see how queer it happened—you see that curtain there up to the door the old woman keeps it down a little, just so she can see through. Well, who should be in the room all the while the young fellow was here? Not Lyddy, and you know these girls are full of curiosity, so Lyddy takes a sly peep into the old shop. 'What do you think,' says she to my old woman—'who do you think it is?' I know, said she."

"Who was it? What's the name?"

"Well, I can't remember names without I put 'em down. But you see she wouldn't tell the name, whether she was afraid there was something wrong going on, or feared that I should tell him that she had been peeping at him, or whether it was for clear mischief I can say, but we couldn't make her tell; only she wanted to know when he was coming again, and I told her."

"Did she see him again?"

"She did, but we couldn't get the name out of her, do our best."  
 "Why didn't you get him to leave his name when he gave the order?"  
 "There now! is that your and don't you know better than that—don't you, now?"

"Why, I suppose if there was any mischief in it, he wouldn't be very likely to give you the right one."

"There you have it! He did give his name, but when I min stammered at his own name—then look out, says I! But I got the right one for all that, I've got his name there in my pocket, and no mistake."

"How do you know?"

"Why, you see it was by pure luck, or may be the old one helped along a little, you know son'tin's he helps rogues the wrong way just hear now. I finished the lock with a stick that it was the thing. What's to pay? says he. So much, says I, and with that, he puts with a handful of change, papers, keys, and every thing from his pocket, at once it was getting dark like, he laid it all down among my rubbish on the counter and after he paid me and picked up his trash, I saw he had left a penknife, a little bit of a concern thinks I! 'Bill keep dark,' he never saw it, and just then old Sandy Ferguson stepped in, and the youngster went off like a shot."

"A name on the knife?"

"Isn't there, my boy? all out in full as pretty as a picture."

Let me see it, Bill.

"What will you give me?"

"Oh, none of your fun, uncle Bill. I am serious now. This is a matter of more consequence than you think."

The old man innocently turned round and unlocking a small desk handed a neat and costly penknife to Mr. Catchem, for now the reader may as well know that he was the other person present, if he has not already guessed it.

A grim smile played upon the features of Catchem as he read the name, engraved on a silver plate.

"It is just as I thought. He is the rogue and they will find it out as I told them."

"Then you know about him?"

"I know enough about him. As much as I want to. He is the very one that hid some of old Geor. he Hunt's money in his trunk, and swore to me that he knew nothing about it and all that, and he is wide some of the one I believe that he is innocent as a lamb. But part of your story, Bill, don't hang together. First you went on to tell a long rumour about a young fellow that jilted that girl of Cyphons, now what has that girl to do with this affair?"

"You are always in such a hurry, Jack, that a man hasn't time to put the ends of his story together. You see, when I yddy first got sight on him came up slyly to my old woman—says she, 'that's Gitty's beau what can he be wanting?' But the old woman didn't know about their beaux—you know these gals have so many of them—and she asked the name, but then she wouldn't tell. But last night we found out all about it, and he's the very one that she saw in here that was the cause of all the trouble that poor girl is in and like as not she won't live—thay say she won't."

"Well well here's this pretty little tell tale you keep it snug till it's called for. You can swear to the chap if you see him again, can't you?"

"Never fear of me. I could pick him out among a thousand—I've marked him."

"That's you. Well I must be jogging. So bad luck to you, old fellow."

## CHAPTER XIX.

Time rolls on his steady round, and the fears and hopes which agitate the breast of man, which have pressed his vision forward into the dark future, must, at length have their truth or falsehood tested. And how many of us are there who live alone on the interests of the present moment who have no to-morrow hastening towards us, whose revelations shall crown us with the wreath of happiness, or sink our heaving bosoms into the gloom of despair!

"To-morrow," said James Edwards, as he paced the little room in lodging house where he had spent the most of his time since his return in the country, and in which hour by hour, he had sat and runnated over the tangled maze in which his fate was enveloped, "to-morrow! it will be over—the worst will be known."

He was aroused from his melancholy thoughts by a tap at the door, and Mr. Augustus Hunt entered with his niece Sarah. The greeting between them was cordial, and Mr. Hunt at once entered upon the business that had brought him there. A chill struck the heart of the maiden as she beheld the saddened countenance of her lover. Her womanly pride, however, soon came to her relief, and her whole frame was quickened by its powerful stimulus. There was no time, however, for the indulgence of emotions comparatively trivial.

"And now, my darling," said Mr. Hunt as he took his seat "we must proceed to business, for there will be no time to lose. I have brought you together, that what I say may be said before you both, and then there can be no misunderstanding. To-morrow is coming on fast, and when it comes there will be no time for any new arrangements, and now to the point. I have had a free and full talk with the counsel, and as I have told you before, my darling, and as I have told James this evening they give me encouragement. Now, when an evil is coming upon us, there is no use in shutting our eyes, or turning away our head, it won't keep off the danger nor fit us to meet it. In this case, the consequences of a defeat are too terrible to think of, I need not tell you what condition James would be in

nor is it worth while to try what condition his family would be in, and there is no prospect now but that a verdict must be given against him. When we cannot face an evil, we must fly from it."

Mr. Hunt paused and cast his eye towards James, who was looking at him, every feature strained with the intensity of his interest.

"How can I shun the order which is before me, sir? Surely you would not ask me to do it by flight?"

"There is no other way."

"And what would be the consequences?"

"The consequences I expect to meet. As your surety, I shall be held responsible for the amount of bail that I will readily pay, and moreover, besides that I have now by me \$500 sufficient to carry you far away from here, and to enable you to establish your self in a new place. There will be but little pains taken to search for you and in a short time the whole matter will be forgotten."

James fixed his eye firmly upon Sarah, it possible to pry into the feelings which were working in her breast. Mr. Hunt noticed his searching glance and is though he could look it to the thoughts of the young man, continued—

"This proposal comes entirely from myself, and it is the first idea of the kind that has escaped my lips to either of you."

James at length rose, his countenance was flushed, for he was highly excited.

"I thank you, sir, most heartily thank you, for the liberality of your present offer and for the noble and generous conduct you have manifested towards me in my sad and friendless condition. You shall be remembered by me with gratitude while my mind retains its consciousness. I know well, sir how terrible will be my conviction should I fall beneath the solemn verdict of a jury which from all that now appears, there is every prospect I must suffer. I have a loving mother whose heart is bleeding in anguish at my helpless state, and I have two angel sisters, who would go to prison and death for me. I love them with the full power of my mind and above all these I hold, as my heart's inclination, that lovely being now sitting by your side. To the effect I am not to say I am ready at any time to sacrifice my life. But, sir, dear as these precious treasures are to me, I hold them all as naught when compared with that integrity of heart which I will cleave unto, even to the depths of degradation. To-morrow I am to be arraigned as a culprit, my friends may leave me, my counsel may desert my cause as I expect, and the world may point to me as a recreant to virtue, but at that tribunal I shall appear if God spare my life alone, unfriended if it must be, and if nothing else, I can at least appeal to Him who knows my heart that I am not guilty of the act alleged against me, if it be His will that I suffer. His will be done—but never, never, never, will I do an act that shall be an acknowledgment of guilt."

Sarah threw herself into her uncle's arms.

"Dear uncle, he is right. James is right. Let the will of God be done."

Mr. Hunt was deeply affected by the grasp of the hand of the young man and exclaimed—

"I'll—I'll stand by you come what will."

James parted from Sarah as he had met her. He felt the deep stigma that rested upon him. His heart yearned in it fulness towards her, but he felt that, until his innocence should be made manifest, he would never clasp her as he once.

At the hour appointed for the opening of the court James entered, accompanied by Mr. Wharton and took his seat. Every eye was at once fixed upon him and few who watched his composed look, and his open, manly countenance could spy those secret sinister marks, which are so often said to look about those lineaments which characterise the man and distinguish the rogue even through all his disguises. A few moments after the prisoner entered the judge took his seat and the preliminaries of opening the court in settling the jurors. He took place then the counsel for the prosecution arose, and stated the grounds upon which the indictment had been made, and which brought the young man before them as a prisoner. He explained the circumstances of the loss which Mr. Hunt had met with and the reasons for believing the prisoner guilty, and concluded by saying,—"I expect to prove to you gentlemen of the jury, the different circumstances just related, in so clear a manner, that I think you will be forced to the conviction that the prisoner is guilty."

He then sat down, and commenced calling the witnesses. Mr. Gerardus Hunt was first sworn and examined. He testified to the fact of his having deposited the money in the chest of his knowing it to be there for some time subsequent, that on the morning of—November 1st, on searching for the same, it was not to be found. Also as to the circumstance of a strange key being found in the door of the room where the chest was kept. "And I wish you gentlemen of the jury, to bear this circumstance in mind, for I shall prove to you, by another witness, that this key belonged to a closet in the room where the prisoner slept."

He then examined him as to the key of the iron chest, where he kept it, the peculiar construction of the key, &c. and then showing it to the jury, said—  
 "There, gentlemen, is a curiosity and I will venture to say, not one of you has ever seen its fellow, or anything like it. The jury examined it with care, put one or two questions to the witness and seemingly, satisfied themselves that it was rather unique, and not likely to have a counterpart in the city. The witness was then turned over to the opposing counsel, who, after some examination, inquired of him whether he had any reason to suspect the prisoner as a person who could be guilty of such an act, previous to the time when the money was found in his trunk?"

"No sir, not the least in the world."

"That is all, sir."

Mrs. Hunt next appeared, and was particularly examined as to the habits

of herself and husband in regard to the keeping of the keys, and many things were elicited before the jury, which satisfied them that although they kept the key of the closet with much safety, still there were other keys in the house which would open it, and that a member of the family, if so disposed, might have access to the closet.

The countenance of Theodore lighted up as this witness retired, as though he could see an opening by which an object might be accomplished favourable to his client.

The niece of Mr. Hunt, Miss Sarah Pearsall, was next called, and as she advanced to the witness box, every eye was drawn towards her with deep interest. Some were attracted by a knowledge of the fact that she was so deeply concerned in the fate of Edwards, and others by the graceful beauty of her countenance.

"May I ask you, Miss, a few questions?" demanded the defendant's counsel.

"Certainly, sir." And as she cast her eye in the direction of her questioner, it met that of her cousin Rudolph who had just entered and taken a seat among the witnesses. He was very pale and evidently did not feel at ease, perhaps an unexpected subpoena he had received to be present was not agreeable. It had not been his design to witness the trial, and he had also understood that he had been subpoenaed by the counsel for Edwards.

"May I ask you, Miss Pearsall, in reference to visitors at the house of your uncle? You have lived many years in his family, I believe?"

"Yes, sir, from my childhood."

"You have frequent visitors doubtless at your uncle's? Are there not some who are very much at home in the family?"

"There are, sir, certainly," and her eye again rested on Rudolph.

"Some of these have access to all parts of the house—are, in fact, almost members of the family?"

"If your lordship pleases—and the opposite counsel, rising in haste, and looking at the judge, "I object to that question."

"Mr. Berry," said the judge, "what do you wish to establish by these questions?"

"May it please your lordship," said Theodore, rising with much animation, and speaking with a confidence that he had not hitherto assumed, "there is a deep mystery about this unhappy transaction, and I wish to expose to your lordship and to these gentlemen some of the secrets of this family. I believe your lordship will instruct these gentlemen that if a reasonable doubt exists in their minds as to the guilt of my client, that doubt shall be removed in his favour. I wish to prove to your lordship and to these gentlemen that there were those who by intimacy with this family might avail themselves of access to all its privacies with even more assurance than my client, and if I can also have a motive—a justifiable motive to be sure—and one which I proved, might induce its object to eternal infamy if I can prove—"

"Have you any proof direct Mr. Perry that would establish the fact as to who it was that perpetrated the crime charged against the prisoner?"

"Not direct, your lordship, but—"

"Then let us hear the other witness called by your lordship."

The counsel for the present took no notice of Betty's remark, but immediately arose, laid aside her book, and came forward with inelastic steps, the broad frill of her decent looking cap flying back as she walked, and her face reddening like a true laughter of fun.

"What is your name, my good woman?"

"Betty, sir, is my name."

"What else? that is not all your name, is it?"

"It is all that's sadful! I'll answer to it, my day."

"But we want the whole of your name, you were not christened Betty, is it?"

"That's more nor I can answer, you must be the one to know."

"My good woman," said the judge, "do you want your name just as it is?"

"Please your lordship, and that's what I never did in my life. I put makes a bit of a cross, and that's the end of it. But sir, my name is Manahan, Elizabeth Manahan, or Betsy Manahan, or Betty, but Betty's good enough, and it's the most convenient to me."

"Well, Betty, how long have you lived in the family of Mr. Hunt?"

"Eight years coming next Christmas, in the truth."

"You have been there all the time that Mr. Edwards was in the family?"

"It's true, sir, I have."

"Did you see much of him?"

"Did I see him? I see him every day, how could I be living there, and not see him?"

"Well, did he go much about the house? Was he not occasionally in different parts of the house?"

"I can't say but he was."

"You mean by that, that he did go into the different rooms—sometimes into the kitchen, and sometimes into the bedrooms or closets just as my member of the family might do?"

"Upon the life of me, if I can just say that I ever saw him, as your honour says, in the bedrooms and the closets, no no, I'll tell you the truth. He would sometimes just as he was passing the kitchen door put his head in and say, 'Good morning, Betty, or 'Good evening, Betty, for I'll say it afore his face and behind his back that a rare gentleman he was, and not afraid to speak to a poor body like this black or white."

"Well, Betty, you remember the circumstance of Mr. Edwards, I say, or the key of his room being found in the door of the vault?"

"I do, sir."

"You are certain it was in the key?"

"Ah, sir!" heaving a sigh "it was even so."

"And how do you account for its being there?"

"That I don't know, sir, it's past my comprehension."

"But you saw the key there, and knew the key to belong to the closet in Mr. Edwards's room?"

"Yes, sir, I know the key well."

"Is this the key, Betty?" handing her a small key. Betty examined it and giving it back, said—

"It's the very same, sir, and there is the very mark he made upon it with his own hand. And then, as requested Betty told the whole story, which she had related in the apprehension of Edwards. The account she gave of the affair seemed to affect the judge and the jury rather unfavourably towards Edwards, and his counsel felt that, if possible, some effort must be made to counteract it for Betty, by her strong sympathy for James manifested in her sighs and ejaculations, left a decided impression of her fears that all was not right, and as soon the counsel signified that he was done with the witness Betty said Theodore, "you would not wish the court to understand that you think Mr. Edwards really did open the vault-door with the key?"

"Oh bless your soul!" lifting up both her hands at the same time, "it's the furthest from my thoughts that it is—no, I'd cut my tongue off first."

"Well, Betty, I did not believe you thought so, only I wished to let these gentlemen know that you did not think so."

"If it's my mind that they're wanting, I'll give it, and fear nobody."

"We don't wish your opinion my good woman," said the judge. "Mr. Berry, if you have no more questions to put to the witness she may stand down."

The testimony for the prosecution now closed, and Mr. Berry arose immediately to open his case.

There was a sudden hush throughout the assembly, and every eye was fixed upon the young man who now stood forth to make his last effort for one whom he had undertaken to serve, not only as a counsellor, but as a friend, the strong emotions which his countenance betrayed, the solemn, measured tones with which his exordium was spoken, plainly told that he felt the responsibility of his situation, and the value of the interest for which he was about to plead. He recapitulated in brief the account which had been given till after just as the testimony had declared it to be. He denied nothing. He then went on with the history of young Edwards, touched with most feeling burning interest on some of the leading points of his life, told them of his filial piety, of his untiring diligence in the discharge of his duties, and his spotless reputation, and continued—

In this city lived a young man of pure and noble mind, he was destitute of that which the world calls wealth, but he was rich in the qualities of a generous heart, and in the possession of mental abilities and those personal attractions, which combine to throw around their possessor charms which make their way to every heart. His days were devoted to the faithful discharge of those duties which he owed to his employers, to whom he felt bound by strong obligations, and his evenings to the cultivation of an active mind. Within the limited circle which he called his home, was one whose attractions of mind and person were the theme of all who knew her. As kindred elements, when brought in contact, blend and mingle according to the harmonies of nature, these spirits blended their beautiful sympathies, and rested happy in each other's love.

Within the same circle was one not devoid of external graces, nor of many collateral advantages. He was in a fair and prosperous business, and before him arose the prospect of almost certain wealth. He had too, a cultivated mind and winning manners, but he wanted an honest heart. The warm affections which fire the soul with its purest ardour, he knew nothing of. Virtue and loveliness had no charms for him.

With the spirit of him who viewed our happy parents in their new and blissful home, and planned their union, he cast an evil eye upon this youthful pair. No outward signs had yet been given that their affections were united, and as to himself, he was unknown. He saw, or thought he saw, the girl, and in every selfish passion was aroused. A lovely being who for her own sake he had never cared for, became to his covetous mind a thing of great value when likely to be wrested from his grasp. His plan was fully laid. No compassion for one who had ever been to him as a friend, could stay for a moment the cursed design. A blotted reputation is a fair substitute for the assassin's dagger, and with all the hellish art of him he served, around this unsuspecting victim he wove a net of cruel cords, and with all the coldness of a icy heart his victim fell a prey. Gentleman, I see you doubt the truth of what I tell you, you doubt that, in this world, a being can be found so wicked and black at heart. But stay your judgment, I have a sequel to relate, no fiction of the brain, no spurious child of an excited imagination—but truth in all its sad reality.

There is now lying on a bed of death, in hourly expectation of the final summons, a lovely female—the wife of an honest and industrious mechanic—trained in principles of strictest virtue, and with a mind spotless as the purity of her sex. She was in the heyday of youth and health and possessed of more than an ordinary share of personal attractions. This monster came across her humble path. He migrated himself into her favour by months and even years of attention. He won her heart and then when in all its honest purity it stood on his honour, he mocked its sacred affections, laughed to scorn its virtue and its truth, and because he could not break through the strong barrier which these had built around her, left her—left her—with her young life in a crushed and shattered state.

As the speaker uttered this last sentence, he had almost shrunk a full up on Rudolph Hunt. Pale as though the life blood had for ever fled, Rudolph started to his feet. A buzz of astonishment swept over the court, followed by the voice of the high constable calling it. Silence in the court.





SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.

No author of the present time occupies a more distinguished position in the annals of the literary world than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, one of the most popular and successful of modern writers. His gentleman is the third and youngest son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Richard Woburn Lytton of Knebworth Park, Hertfordshire. Both these are very ancient families. The Bulwers have possessed lands still held by them in Wood Dilling, Norfolk, since the Conquest, and Knebworth has been the property of the Lyttons since the reign of Henry the Seventh when it passed into the hands of the first Dr. Lytton in Dorsetshire, thence to that king and governor of Boulogne Castle.

Like a great many men of genius Sir Edward was indebted for the first dawn of his talents to his mother, Mrs. Lytton, a lady of superior attainments, who was accustomed to recite to him passages from the poets, which gave him a love for reading and composition at an early age. In one of his dedications he pays a grateful tribute of affection to his parent for her maternal solicitude.

Between the age of thirteen and fifteen, when most youths are seeking amusement and distraction from school studies, Bulwer made his debut in the literary world by the publication, in 1826, of a volume of poems and translations entitled *Weeds and Wildflowers*, for which he had been preparing by attentive reading and steady application to the rules of composition. This was followed in 1827, by *Paul Clifford* and his first prose work and *O'Neill*—both bearing evident marks of genius but with immaturity of style that awoke severe criticism. He was sent, after attending various schools and receiving private tuition to Cambridge, first to Trinity, and afterwards to a fellow commoner to Trinity Hall. At the University, the young student distinguished himself by the extent of his activities and his insatiable attention, and at the competition of verse poem on sculpture, he carried away the honours. There was ample encouragement for his literary predilections at Cambridge.

A writer in *Bentley's Miscellany* says—

"He belonged to a club set up for the purchase of old English books, of which Whewell then in command fellow, and now Master of Trinity and Professor Milnes were the heads. Metaphysic was somewhat fashionable amongst the young thinking men, and the usual appendage of political economy was not neglected. The Union Debating Society was then at the height of its fame. A brilliant little club it was and has turned out considerable men, to wit, Thomas Babington Macaulay, the present Lord Grey, Kennedy, the head master of Shrewsbury. One who died a lord of the Treasury, Praed, the wit, and thought to be the best speaker, Cockburn, Charles Buller, and Charles Villiers. About ten or twelve years ago there was published a little book called *Conversations at Cambridge* which pleased and reflected the spirit of that debating club, and in which Bulwer occupied a conspicuous place. At the Union he was considered a fair speaker, but not first-rate, pretty much what is to be said of his parliamentary career. He threw more information into his speeches than most of the others and was held to be a sort of authority on English history. He was subsequently made president of the society. To give the reader some faint notion of

this society than that of an ordinary debating club, we may mention, that Macaulay, even after having taken his degree, came up from London to speak there."

In 1828 appeared *Pellam*, which in spite of the determined opposition of some critics, who ridiculed what they considered the frivolity of the subject, maintained its position as a favourite novel, and has since gone through several editions. Besides being a work of considerable entertainment, there is much real wit and truth in its pages—

"He is a keen observer, and he looks  
Quite through the dreeds of men."

The author, however, in a second edition of the book, considered some explanations of his intentions necessary, and thus announced them:—"Nor have I indulged in frivolities for the sake of frivolity, under that which has the most semblance of levity, I have often been the most diligent in my end avours to inculcate the substances of truth." "By treating trifles naturally, they may be rendered amusing, and that which adherence to nature renders amusing, the same course may also render instructive." In the same preface he thus alludes to the hostility of the reviewers—"I knew not a single critic and scarcely a single author when I began to write, and I have never received to this day a single word of encouragement from any of those writers, who were considered at one time, the dispensers of reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own country disdained to recognise my existence."

It is a singular fact that this novel, which evinces a deep insight into human character, and the experience of a man of the world, was written before the author came of age. In 1829, the *Disowned* and *Duenna* were published, and in the year following appeared *Paul Clifford*, a work said to be based upon some adventures with gipsies, during which Mr. Bulwer obtained that knowledge of their peculiarities with which he has invested his romance.

The brilliancy of his genius made Bulwer a recipient of parliamentary honours, and he was elected a member for St. Ives, in Cornwall. Although no orator, he gave practical proof of his ability to sustain his senatorial duties. He brought forward the motion for a repeal of the taxes on knowledge and the committee on the state of the drama which finally resulted in his bill for the protection of dramatic copyright. The first motion ended in the reduction of advertisement and stamp duties on newspapers. After the Reform Bill, he sat for Lincoln, and on several occasions zealously advocated the public interest.

The novel of *Eugene Aram*, one of the most admired of Bulwer's productions, appeared in 1832—succeeded, in the following year, by *Godolphin*, or *The Old England and the New* and *The Pilgrims of the Rhine*. About this period he also undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, published by Mr. Colburn, but after a period of two years relinquished that office and went abroad. The fruits of a journey to Naples was the *Last Day of Pompeii*, a work of remarkable vision and genius, which has enjoyed a world-wide reputation.

To enumerate all the works that have proceeded from the prolific hand and active pen of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton would occupy too much of our space sufficient to say that he is the most distinguished of writers, and one whose genius is reflected in every department of literature whether history, fiction, poetry, or the drama. Of *Ullens, its Rise and Fall*, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1837, a reviewer of Mr. Grote's *History of Greece* observes—

"It is true," he says, "that Bulwer shrinks from the completion of his brilliant work on *Ullens*. He excuses himself that the ground is already occupied we have leave to ascribe to him that such a supposition is perfectly erroneous—that there is abundant need of his and of other men's works, that such a supposition would have infinitely more plausibility with regard to the earlier portions of the history than to these more stirring times which he has undertaken to depict. His work is written for the general reader, not the scholar, and is done with a distinctive point on view. True it is that his rejection in the lighter fields of literature has damaged the reputation of his history. Because while his reputation as a novelist is against him with school boys the nature of his work is against him with the majority of his old readers. Nevertheless, there seems to be but one opinion respecting its merits by those who have read it, which we have done three times. It should not be left a fragment."

His later works of fiction consist of *Runeas*, *The Siege of Granada*, *Ernest Mallart* and the sequel, *After the Mysteries*, *Night and Morning*, *Zanoni*, *Last of the Barons*, *Lucrèce*, *Harold*, and *The Carbons*. The dramatic compositions are the *Duchess de la Vallée*, *Lady of Lyons*, *Richieu*, *Money*, *The Sea Captain*, *Not Bad as we Seem*. The poems, besides those already mentioned, are *Lines*, *Translations of the Poems of Schiller*, *King Arthur*. Besides this list, are various essays and biographical sketches, published in the magazines, a *Life of Laman Blanchard*, a pamphlet on the *Water-cure*, *The New Timon*, &c.

The *Monthly Chronicle* was undertaken with the combined editorial talents of Bulwer, Dr. Lardner, and Sir David Brewster, but after a year's trial, the publication was abandoned.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is still in the prime of life, with powers of intellect that seem to gather fresh strength from exertion. He married Rosina, daughter of Francis Massey Wheeler, Esq., of Lisard Connel, Limerick.

The merits of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton as a poet have been overlooked in the popularity attached to his works of fiction. Several of his compositions are, however, of great sweetness and beauty.

(C 101) 1 (1998-10)

## OBSERVATIONS ON NATURAL HISTORY

I think their hearts with heavenly souls inspired"—DRYDEN

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life, and as my reading has very much been among books of Natural History, I cannot find it collecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation, the arguments for Providence drawn from the Natural History of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

When we call the principle which makes very different kinds of things to be regarded in the same way, the structure of its nature, and direct it to the same purpose, it is the same in all. It cannot be made to be otherwise, under pain of making it inconsistent with itself. I have found the next remark shall be the same, to the tying of a tie with all the other neckties of the same species. It cannot be a forever more. I concluded with it, as great advantage more than buildings would be different as ours, according to the different use, so that they would agree to them lives.

[illegible]

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing the utility of animals in the name of its only own pride and prejudices, if it will not all them the use of it facility.

With what caution does the hen provide for her young! If one intrudes unpermitted and disturbs them from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary attentions, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedom, and quitting her care for above two hours together, but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches with how much solicitude and tenderness does

But, at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is, indeed, absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species, and when the birth appears to be different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it, while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, loved to catch the head of it to call them out of an element that is so fatal to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principles which act in the different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it a movement in something we have no knowledge of to me, as I believe, says the poet, it designates the immediate direction of Providence, and the representation of the Supreme Being, is that which determines all things in the world, or rather, as Aristotle says, quoted by Thomas Aquinas, it is that which is the cause of all things, as he says, *Deus est causa prima* — the first and the chief cause. Whom I tell what to call it, it is a movement which directs them to such food as is proper to them. I must not naturally avoid whatever is noxious or is stolen from the flock. I observed that a mouse no sooner falls from its hole than it is immediately seized upon and it applies itself to the feast. I observed that a cat, when it saw a mouse, as thrown upon any of the little mice, it would catch it very sure upon the hint of any thing that it saw. I observed that a dog, when he observed that it is a day, he would go to the door and sit down without any fear or apprehension, and that a cat, when it saw a mouse, it would go to the door and sit down without any fear or apprehension.

I shall add to these general observations, an instance which Mr Locke has given us of Providence, even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the mearest and the most dejectible in the whole animal world. "We may say, 'Behold, from the mink of an object, or could we find, that it has not so many not so quick senses as a man, or several other animals, nor, if it had, would it, in that state and measure of its sense, bring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to it, or from the object wherein it is distant, it perceives good or evil.' And would not quickness of sensation be useless to a creature, if it could be still there, chained



*My worthy friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room."*

and once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it.

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. Locke another out of the learned Dr. More who cites it from Cardan in relation to another animal which Providence has made defective but at the same time has she in its wisdom in the formation of the organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. "What's more obvious and evident than a mole?" and yet, what more plausible argument of Providence than she? the members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life, for her dwelling being under ground there nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can hardly agree whether she have any sight at all or no. But for me, what he is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very minutely conferred upon her, for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs but broad fore feet armed with sharp claws. We see by the event to what purpose they are, she so wittily working herself under ground and making her way first in the earth, as they that be hold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body, and her fore feet are broad that she may scoop away mud beneath at a time, and little or no tail she has because she causes it not on the ground like the rat or mouse of whose kindred she is. But live under the earth and is fun to dig her self a dwelling there. And she in making her way through so thick an element which will not yield easily to the iron or the water it had been danger to have drawn so long a train behind her, for her enemy might fall upon her rear and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full possession of her work.

I cannot forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature who I remember somewhere in his works\* of crabs that though the mole be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) he has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light but of nothing else and is so formed that this idea is probably partial to the animal. Whenever he comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as even the most imperfect works of nature, and if Providence shows itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and completed in their several faculties according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our Royal Society would compile a body of natural history, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original birth and education its peculiar habits

and allures with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services then studies could do mankind and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true such a natural history, after all the disquisitions of the learned would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable anticks and stratagems are acted in the "howling wilderness" and in the great deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which we not only cannot see without, nor made with the help of the finest glasses, than of such are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety in its proper station.

I allude to his given us an admirable sketch of natural history in his second book concerning the *Nature of the Gods* and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions that it lifts the subject above vulgarity and ridicule which frequently falls on such mere observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

## CHAPTER XV.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY A MAGISTRATE.

All is full of life.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart, his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected, but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to a honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the country assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rode before us, and conversed with them for some time, during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about one hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a finner with his gun twice or thrice a week and by that means lives much



cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man, shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for 'taking the law' of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and crotchets. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and I must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been giving his fellow traveller in account of his muling one day in such a hole, when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-a-one, if he pleased, might "take the law of him" for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot, and after having paused once, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong, by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was seated before Sir Roger came, but notwithstanding all the intrigues had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them, who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had set with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with the great appearance of solemnity which so properly a company such as this administration of our laws, when, after in hours sitting I observed, my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was sitting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, until I found he had putted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and integrity.

Upon his first rising, the court was hushed, and a general whisper running through the country people, that Sir Roger "was up." The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country, gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most. At the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his comeliness, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of having him minks of their estate. When we were moved upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the knight's family, and to do honour to his old master had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign post before the door, so that the knight's head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment, and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be added with a more deprecating look, that it was too great an honour for any man under a duke, but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be in the charge of it. Accordingly, they got a painter by the knight's direction to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features, to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's sighting, told him in my hearing, that his honour's head was brought back last night with the alteration that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this man's face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence, but upon the knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, that "Much might be said on both sides."

These several adventures, with the knight's behaviour in them, give me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

(I continue.)

ANIMALS.—Before rain swallows fly low, dogs grow sleepy and eat grass, water-fowl dive much, fish will not bite, flies are more troublesome, toads crawl about, moles, ants, bees, and many insects, are very busy, birds fly low for insects, swine, sheep, and cattle, are uneasy, and even the human body

## INTEMPERANCE IN POETS.

A GREEK poet has said, "It is pleasant to be mad now and then." Plato assures us, that "No man who was not somewhat beside himself, had ever found his way through the portals of the muses." Aristotle has a similar remark on the intimate relation subsisting between genius and madness, and the same sentiment has been echoed by an English poet of later time. We agree with Messrs. Plato, Aristotle, &c., so far as to admit that poets have often evinced a strange taste for melancholy, misery, and madness, but whether this is a necessary state of mind, or a morbid and sickly impulse, is another question. It is owing to this unfortunate proclivity for madness, we suppose, that so many of the children of song have fallen victims to the intoxicating cup. They wished to become mad, that they might enter "the portals of the muses," and there was certainly no easier or more expeditious way to accomplish their purpose than that which they adopted. They sought glory at the bottle's mouth. It was not so much the pleasure of drinking, as the pleasure of being drunk, which seduced them from the path of sobriety. There is to this day the flavour of wine and gin about their works, and their names have come down to us, embalmed in—fourth-proof spirits.

Byron as a prominent example in point—we all know whence he was wont to draw his inspiration. Burns had a similar taste. Pope remarks, that Parnell "was a great follower of diams, and strangely open and scandalous in his debaucheries." Pope also tells us, that "Cowley's death was occasioned by a mean accident, while his great friend, Dean Pratt, was on a visit with him at Chertsey. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of the time, made them too welcome. They did not set out on their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep, they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever, and carried him off." Pope himself, according to Dr. King, hastened his end by drinking spirits. Indeed, in the time of Queen Anne, drunkenness was rather popular and fashionable than otherwise. In the manuscripts of the British Museum, there is a letter from the private secretary of the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough, addressed to Pope, which begins thus—"Sir, my lady the Duchess being drunk, was unable to see you when you called yesterday." Shakespeare and Ben Jonson sometimes drank too hard, and, if the vicar of Stratford upon Avon may be credited, the former died of a fever contracted at a "merry meeting" with Jonson and Drayton. Prior was not free from the charge of intemperance. We are told that the temper of Addison was jealous and taciturn until thawed by wine. Dryden, in his youthful days, was conspicuous for sobriety, "but for the last ten years of his life," observes Dennis, "he was much acquainted with Addison, and drank with him even more than he ever did to do probably so far as to hasten his end." Lamb was a victim to the habit, and his left a touching confession of the misery it occasioned him. Colridge was addicted to the free use of opium, and his gifted but erratic son Hartley, was an inveterate drunkard. The last days of Thomas Campbell were embittered by his habits of too great conviviality, to use no harsher name.

This list might be extended to any desired length, and not a few poets of our own land might be added to the number, but we must desist. Of late years, we believe, the custom of seeking inspiration at the bottle has become less common. Either Apollo has so far reformed his "code of practice" as to dispense with the qualification of madness in those who woo the muses, or else our modern poets do not all come fully up to his requirements. It is to be hoped that the day of rum inspiration has for ever passed away. Strong drink has slain its thousands of mighty men, in every department of human pursuits, but the holocaust of genius and talent is not always to continue. Poets are not always to be like "maenads dancing in their chains."—ho

—gaze upon the links that hold them fast  
With eyes of anguish, excrete their lot  
Then shake them in despair and dance again!

The fatal effects of alcoholic liquors upon the intellect will no longer admit of a question. It is now beginning to be understood, that to stimulate the mind by fiery potions, is like cutting down the vine to gather the fruit. Who can calculate the loss which the literature of the world has sustained, from the intemperate habits of so many of its brightest lights? Could the world behold the tribute of human brains which Biechus has exacted as porters to the "heavenly wine," the sight would send a thrill of horror and astonishment to every heart, and lead every one to exclaim, "Why was this waste?"

INTRODUCTION OF CATTLE AND HORSES INTO AMERICA.—When Winslow was sent to England as agent for the colony in 1623, he brought back, on his return, three heifers and a bull. These were the first neat cattle introduced into the colony. About twenty years after this, we find horses are spoken of. The record concerning them was made in 1644, when we learn that a mare, belonging to the estate of Stephen Hopkins, was valued at six pounds sterling. Three years subsequent, a colt was appraised at four pounds sterling. Ten years later, the court passed an act that every freeholder who should own three mares, and who would "keep one horse for military service, should be freed from all military service, training, and watching." During the time that the colony was without horses, it was not an unusual thing for them to ride upon bulls. In 1665, the court presented Philip, the Indian chief, with a horse. "It would gratify curiosity to know in what manner King Philip, and the natives in general, were affected by the first sight of horses and cows. Their minds must have been overwhelmed with astonishment to see men riding on horses and bulls."

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

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PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR  
FALLACIES.

## No XXI.—"ALL LAWYERS ARE ROGUES."

From the very general reception of the notion conveyed in the old  
 offensive words, it would almost appear that in honest hearts is so much  
 stamped an idea as John Doe or Richard Roe—whose names were entered in  
 the legal proceedings, for ever being summoned to appear and answer  
 ever so gently—more visionary than the belief of Mrs. Hemans of whose  
 lament and umbrellas there were some traces. In ancient times, it seems to  
 have been considered not quite an impossibility that such a being could  
 exist, but so very rare that when found they made a sort of fun and  
 dedicated churches to his memory. But even this suit, when choosing a  
 patron for the lawyers, he himself unfolded, lighted upon the devil. The  
 story is thus told in an old book—"When I lived, it came going with a  
 Roman to see some antiquities, he showed me a chapel dedicated to one  
 St. Ivo—a lawyer of Britannie, who he said, came to Rome to reside the  
 Pope to save the lawyers of Britannie a patron, to which the Pope agreed,  
 that he knew of no saint but what was disposed of to other pious men, at  
 which St. Ivo was very sad and earnestly begged of the Pope to think of  
 a better one. At the last, the Pope proposed to St. Ivo that he should  
 go round the Church of St. John de Latere, blindfolded, and, after he had  
 said to many Ave Marias, that the first saint he layd hold of should be his  
 patron, which the good lawyer willingly undertook, and at the end of his  
 Ave Marias, he stooped at St. Michael's altar, where he layd hold of the  
 devil under St. Michael's feet, and cried out—"This is our saint, let him be  
 our patron." So, being unblinded, and seeing what a patron he had  
 chosen, he went to his lodging so dejected, that, in a few months, he died,  
 and coming to heaven's gates, knocked hard, whereupon St. Peter asked  
 whom it was that knocked so loudly. He replied that he was St. Ivo, the  
 advocate. "Away away," said St. Peter, "there is but one devil due to heaven  
 - there is no room for you lawyers." "O but, said Ivo, I met that  
 honest lawyer who never took fees on both sides, or ever pleaded in a bad  
 cause, or did I ever set my nails by the cause or lived by the sins of other  
 people." "Well then," said St. Peter, "come in." And thus he came  
 down to Rome the honest lawyer was enrolled among the number of the  
 saints. We have not been without something parallel to this in our own  
 country, for Ben Jonson has left us an epitaph on the "pious lawyer  
 Justice Randal" who kept us all in peace, and always was so good as to  
 keep us from going to law—he best man that ever lived. Ben Jonson's  
 epitaph is this—

God's works will run now and then—  
 If a lawyer and a saint in him

Well, we have found that our saying is not quite so true—let us must  
 strike it out of the word "all" and then it will stand—"Lawyers are rogues."  
 This is still rather a comprehensive kind of condemnation and requires a  
 qualification of some kind. If, for instance, we were to say "Some lawyers  
 are rogues" we should probably not be far from the truth, but then, this  
 would be no more than could be said of any profession—whether humanity,  
 physic, or law, or for any trade—rogues are to be found in all. But then,  
 we do not stigmatize a whole profession because "some rogues" are  
 occasionally found in it—except indeed the profession of the law, and here,  
 we believe, we often make the lawyers answer for the sins of the law, and  
 heap upon their heads those enormities which ought to be confined to the  
 system of which they are the ministers. How long, says Mr. Brougham,  
 "for the self-same wickedness, shall the inferior in power and opulence—  
 the inferiors who are but the instruments—be excused, and the superiors,  
 who are the authors of it, adored? Attorney, solicitors—were they the  
 makers of judge-made law? were they the makers of the system of technical  
 procedure? were they the makers of the law of evidence?" No, but

unfortunately for their reputation, they are the parties with whom the public  
 have the most intimate connexion—through whom all payments are made,  
 in whose bill appears all the fees to counsel, all the charges from the officers  
 of the court, all the payments made to auctioneers, officials, and clerks—and  
 he is thus made the party on whom the client looks as the greedy monster  
 that swallows up his substance. Hence, with that large portion of the world  
 who never look beneath the surface, the attorney is made the "scape-goat" for  
 the sins of the law, hence, too, the popularity of our saying, and a belief in  
 the roguery of all lawyers. The extent to which this prejudice is carried is  
 shown in a marked manner by an anecdote told of Foote, the comedian,  
 which would scarcely have been considered witty if it were not for the  
 existing prejudice. "A gentleman in the country, who had just buried a  
 relation, an attorney, complained to Foote of the great expenses of a country  
 funeral. "Do you bury attorneys here?" gravely inquired Foote. "Yes, to  
 be sure—how else?" "Oh, we never do that in London?" "No?" exclaimed  
 the other, much surprised—"why how do you manage then?" "When the  
 patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room, overnight, by himself, lock  
 the door, throw open the sash, and, in the morning, he is entirely off!"  
 "Indeed," said the gentleman, amazed—"and pray what becomes of him?"  
 "Why that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural  
 causes. All that we know of the matter is, that there is a strong smell of  
 him in the room the next morning."

Of this, however, we are quite certain that the thick-headed obstinacy of  
 their clients is very often more to blame than the roguery of the lawyer. We  
 remember an instance of this where a small farmer was entirely ruined in a  
 dispute about four-pennyworth of apples. In this case the farmer owed his  
 ruin to his own obstinacy. He owed a neighbour fourpence for apples, there  
 was no mistake about it, but he would not pay. All blood arose between them  
 in consequence, and the other party determined to enforce his claim by law.  
 It was in the days of the old County Court practice. A summons was issued,  
 and the farmer brings it to a lawyer, that he might enter an appearance for  
 him. This lawyer finding that he really owed the money, recommended him  
 to pay it at once, and flatly refused to undertake his defence. Not satisfied  
 with this, he sought another lawyer, who gave him the same recommendation,  
 but when he found that the man was determined to find some lawyer to  
 fight for him, and the action for him, he consented to enter in person.  
 The lawyer at the opposite side was unfortunately one of those to whom the  
 world is indebted for the perpetration of our follies—he was by no  
 means a scrupulous man. As soon as he had got the unhappy farmer in  
 court, he determined to make an example of him. The proceedings of the  
 County Courts in those days, though dilatory and expensive in the extreme,  
 were nevertheless not expensive enough to suit the purposes of this lawyer,  
 so he brought the four-penny case moved by *certiorari* to one of the superior  
 courts. The costs were multiplied rapidly, and when execution issued  
 against him he had to pay, together with the fine for his debt, upwards  
 of an hundred pounds for his costs. This ruined him and drove him to  
 emigrate to America. "Ah, sir," said he one day meeting the first lawyer  
 who had sent him, "I wish I had taken your advice. Yes," said the  
 lawyer, "I did say you do. But all I get for giving you honest advice is  
 the consciousness of having done right. It is such men as you who drive  
 my lawyer to act contrary to what they know to be right, for if they  
 advise you in any way and it be contrary to your prejudices and opinions, you  
 immediately employ some one else and set him down as a stupid fellow, and  
 talk of him as such among your companions and intimates, to his serious  
 damage. The honest lawyer gets not even thanks for his honest advice, but  
 frequently loses a profitable client by it. There are many Dantes Dimmonds  
 in this world, who when advised contrary to their prejudices, exclaim  
 "Well, sir, your honesty is so agreeable to me, I will take some other advocate."  
 But it is not lawyers they must be prevailed to give them the luxury of a law-  
 suit at the least possible expense.

Sir Walter Scott, no mean authority on the influences exercised on legal  
 morality by outward circumstances, has put these remarks into the mouth of  
 an able, able, and intellectual lawyer. "It is the pest of our profession that  
 we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every  
 sort of feeling newly pointed and grinded, they turn down the very caulkings  
 of their animosities and prejudice as smiths do with horses' shoes in a  
 white heat. Many a man has come to my garret vnder, that I have at first  
 longed to put him out at the window, and yet at length have discovered that  
 he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and,  
 of course, very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself that if our pro-  
 fession seems more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is because  
 we witness them in that channel in which they can most freely vent them-  
 selves. In civilized society law is the chimney through which all that smoke  
 which rises itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put  
 every one's eyes out no longer, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes  
 get a little scoty." If the external influences of the litigants on legal  
 morality be thus strong, the internal influences of legal education are still  
 stronger. The spirit of advocacy is essentially one-sided, its object is not  
 the attainment of general truth, but the particular advantage of a certain  
 person from constant practice this produces a narrowness of mind and an  
 obliquity of perception, that is unfavourable to the moral being. This again  
 is increased by the continued series of actions in which the law deals, and  
 which not only have a tendency to nupur the reverence for truth, but ulti-  
 mately lead to the practice of mendacity. A famous orator of old says  
*Concessum est oratoribus aliquid mentis in iustis*, which our legal orators  
 translate into "It is allowable to lie a little in stating your case."

"For fees to any form they mould a cause,  
 The worst is in merit, and the best has flaws,  
 The guine is made a criminal to draw."

[illegible]

protection of innocence and maintenance of justice. And it will generally be found that it is the honest indefatigable lawyer who, in the end, is most successful. There is a story told of an attorney, who, on the marriage of his son, gave him a portion of five hundred pounds, and handed over to him a Chancery suit, and some common law actions as the foundation for a fortune. In about two years the son asked his father for some more business. "Why I gave you that capital Chancery suit," replied his father, "and then you have got a great many new clients, what more can you want?" "Yes, sir," replied the son, "but I wound up the Chancery suit, and have given my client great satisfaction, and he is in possession of the estate." "What, you unprovident fool!" rejoined the father, indignantly, "that suit was in my family for twenty-five years and would have continued so much longer if I had kept it. I shall not encourage such a fellow." And so the son, for his honesty, was deprived of all future help from the father. But it turned out in the end, that in a few years the father died in comparative poverty, while the son, who continued to give satisfaction to his clients, who kept no Chancery suits lingering on for twenty five years, retired at length from business to a handsome estate that he had purchased with his honest gains, and lived respected by all for his integrity.

We hope the day is not far distant when we shall see this long standing reproach wiped off from the profession, that in honest lawyer will be no longer looked upon as a "rare bird," and now, when we have black swans in every aviary, and common to our waters, we may find honest lawyers running in Westminster Hall, and penetrating through the fogs of the Court of Chancery, while the dishonest practitioners who disgrace our Courts and discredit the law itself, finding the sources of their income fail, are driven into obscure holes and corners to herd with other impurities that there do congregate.

## THE PLOUGHING OF THE SWORD.

The light of the world  
 Did not light the candle deep  
 And the candle found it out  
 A candle of light was set  
 It is not of the world  
 It is not of the world  
 A candle of light was set  
 It is not of the world

And I'll fly wildly w  
The d fitt r stle  
And I'll with revenge,  
And I'll ne u t f l f  
I'll I'll sc r o c t h l i n d  
D o n n u l t r e  
A l f r i t a w a y t h e b i r d s i p r e s e  
I l t i n w o u l d c o u l t r e

N o l l t e r e j n s e r t l  
W t l l e t h i d u n " i r r a r  
H a r k l t t h e r u l f n a m e d t  
I k e b e s u r g e i t i l r e

With tramp and clang the warrior Ice  
 With the red wine press tread  
 And heavily roll the loaded wine  
 With their burdens of the dead

They re p with n nder us rickle  
Mid the shrill trumpet cry  
Till the mightiest an tle lowest  
In equal ruin lie  
Till the scintillating culture wh t his took  
Where the blood pools blot the green,  
And the gaunt hyena rovs at night  
His dire repast t gleam

They store their mace and  
In history's garner will  
A reeking overflow of crop  
Of crime and woe and pride  
The woe was in the man's tear  
The evil in the tyrant's night  
And the cry of souls too vile to  
As they take their fearful flight

## THE BOY AND THE BRICK

A 101 hearing his father say, "I was a poor rule that would not work both ways, said — If father applies this rule about his work I will test it in my play

So setting up a row of bricks, three or four inches apart, he tripped over the first, which striking the second caused it to fall on the third which overthrew the fourth and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbour which sto d next to him. I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will, and his neighbour. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise

Here, father, said the boy, "is a good rule 't will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son said the father, 'Tricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up'

I ather, said the boy, "does the first brick represent or resemble the first Adam?"

The father replied in the following *Moral* — "When men fall, they love company, but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

**VISUAL DECEPTION.**—Let a room be only lit by the feeble gleam of a fire, almost extinguished and the eye will see with difficulty the objects in the apartment, from the small degree of light with which they happen to be illuminated. The more exertion is made to ascertain what these subjects are, as by fixing the eye more steadily upon them, the greater will be the difficulty, in accomplishing it. The eye will be painfully agitated, the object will swell and contract, and partly disappear, but will again become visible when the eye has recovered from its delirium.



## ONWARD!

**PLEASURE GROUNDS FOR THE PEOPLE**—There is a bill in the House of Commons to empower the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings to enclose and lay out Kennington Common as "pleasure grounds" for the recreation of the public. The Commissioners are to be empowered to purchase the toll house, and they may accept subscriptions for the purpose of laying out and improving the inclosure for the recreation of the public. The common is to revert to the Duchy of Cornwall if not maintained as pleasure grounds for the recreation of the public.

**SLATE SAWING**—An invention has been patented by Mr. Stirell, of the Cwmorthin Quarries, for sawing slate slabs. By this contrivance circular saws, at the time they revolve, are moved forward while the slab is stationary, and is there cut into any required lengths and breadths. There is an easy method of raising or lowering the saws at pleasure, of making any number of cuts at one and the same time, &c. According to the *Ninth Wales Chronicle*, recent experiments of a successful nature have been made with this machine.

**ROYAL PATRONAGE OF SCIENCE**—Letters from Copenhagen furnish an example of the favour which learned pursuits and learned societies find in the eyes of the Danish great. At the last meeting of the Society of Northern Antiquities the king not only presided, but exhibited a collection of bronzes, and delivered a discourse on the subject of them. Only a few days ago, as will be observed in the newspapers, our own Prince Consort presided at a lecture on cotton, delivered by a Manchester manufacturer at the Society of Arts. These examples serve to suggest that literature and the arts are about to receive a larger social recognition than they have hitherto attained. Happily, there are many other signs to the same effect amongst ourselves.

**THE WORKS ENGAGED IN BY THE VICEROY OF EGYPT**—The pious Viceroy has spent £270,000 in making a carriage road across the Desert to Suéz, and large sums in improving the Nile navigation. His new undertaking, the construction of a railroad from Alexandria to Cairo will it is said, probably cost a million sterling. The works are progressing rapidly; nearly fourteen miles of the embankments have been completed, and about 10,000 men are at present employed along the line. It is probable the Pacha will insist on a distribution of the labour along the entire distance, as he is desirous Cairo should equally share with Alexandria the advantage of early communication with the interior. Through the Delta to Benneh and thence to Cairo, a distance of about seventy miles the labour required in formation will be comparatively light, owing to the existence of well formed macadamized road for most of the way, and a great portion of which, with slight alterations, will serve to lay the "permanent way" on. The works are being pressed on with great vigour, and 3,000 men drafted from the ships of war in harbour (which have been laid up) have been sent to aid in and to hasten their completion.

**GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF DESIGN**—Along with estimates of the year there is laid before Parliament a letter dated March 10, addressed to Mr. Henley, the President of the Board of Trade, by the superintendents of the department of practical art, Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave. The letter refers to the principal objects pointed out in the minutes of the Board of Trade of the 10th February, as constituting the business of the new department, viz. 1. The promotion of elementary instruction in drawing and modelling, 2. Special instruction in the knowledge and practice of ornamental art, 3. The practical application of such knowledge to improvement of manufactures. On each of these heads the superintendents offer various suggestions, and make their remarks on the best methods of carrying out the objects of the Board of Trade. A tabular statement is appended, showing the present condition of the various Government Schools of Design throughout the country, with an account of the number of pupils, the fees, expenses, instruction, and other statistical details. The letter is ably drawn up, and the Committee of Council, having expressed a general agreement in the views contained in it, have ordered it to be communicated to the managing committees of local technical schools for their guidance.

**ENCOURAGEMENT TO LABOUR**—The annual circular of the list of prizes proposed for the "Hitcham House and Mechanics' Horticultural Society" having been sent to us, we take the opportunity of calling attention to the excellent plans adopted for the improvement of the rural population of that district by the Rev. Professor Henslow and his coadjutors. Professor Henslow offers a spade, digging spade, fork, scythe, rake, and hoe, respectively, to the tenants of the six best cultivated of the cottage allotments in his parish. Both neatness in cultivation and variety in cropping will be taken into account for the prizes, the award of which is committed to two gentlemen from Stowmarket who will occasionally go over to examine the allotments. A great variety of prizes, of amounts ranging from half a crown to sixpence, are offered for the best specimens of particular flowers, vegetables, and fruits. For honey, in the hive or other vessel, there is a prize, and "no prize will be awarded for any obtained by burning the bees." Rural botany is not forgotten amidst the more practical competitions. Professor Henslow offers three prizes to the children of the parish school "who shall name most flowers, and answer best some questions about them in the wild flower nosegays." How much good might be done in many districts by country clergymen, if the intelligent desire were more frequent to promote the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of those under their charge. —*Literary Gazette*

## STATISTICS

**IMPORTATION OF EGGS**—It appears, from the annual returns relating to trade and navigation, that in the year ending the 31st of January last the number of eggs imported was 115,562,236, being an increase on the preceding year, when the number was 105,689,060. In the year ending the 31st of January, 1851, the duty was £38,577, and in the year ending the 31st of January last, £42,119.

**THEATRES IN PARIS**—It appears from a recent return that Paris, in 1680, only possessed one theatre, and in 1690, three, under Louis XV. it had only six and under Louis XVI. ten, notwithstanding the domestic disturbances or foreign wars of the Republic and the Consulate, the number rose to 11. But in 1807, a decree of Napoleon reduced it to 8. From 1810 to 1820 the number never exceeded 14. In 1832 it became 21, and in 1838, 42, but in 1840 it fell to 23. In 1849 it rose to 25, and in the next year fell to 23, at which it now remains.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN HOSPITALS**—It is not perhaps, generally known that Paris, with a population of 1,000,000, has upwards of 10,000 beds in its hospitals, whereas London, with a population of 2,000,000 and an annual mortality of 476,000, has only 5,000 beds. St. Peterburg, with a population of 476,000, and an annual mortality of 10,000 to 11,000, has 6,000 beds. Vienna, with a population of about 400,000 and an annual mortality of 16,000 to 17,000, has 3,700 beds. Berlin with a population of 365,000 and an annual mortality of 8,000 to 9,000, has 3,000 beds. Warsaw with a population of 150,000, has 4,000 beds, and Manchester with a population of 360,000, has 193 beds. The above statement does not include the beds for the sick in the poor houses of the continental towns, or in the workhouses of London.

**STATISTICS OF LONDON**—If the streets of the metropolis were put together they would extend 3,000 miles in length. The main thoroughfares are travelled by 1,000 omnibuses and 3,000 cabs, employing 40,000 horses. In 1849 the metropolis had consumed 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullock, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, and 5,000 pigs. On market alone supplied £1,024,400 worth of game. London, in the same year ate 3,000,000 salmon, which were washed down by 43,200,000 gallons of porter and ale, 2,000,000 gallons of pints and 66,000 pipes of wine. 13,000 cows are yearly required for milk and reckoning two gallons a day for every cow we have left 7,000 gallons of London peculiar consumed by the London inhabitants. 60,000 gas lights fringe the streets. London's retail or wholesale supply is the enormous quantity of 14,383,328 gallons per day. It is said that the employed in lamping annually to London 3,000,000 tons of coal, there are no fewer than 23,517 tailors, 28,670 boot makers, 10,000 milliners and dressmakers, and 14,701 domestic servants.

**THE CORPORATION OF LONDON**—Some returns respecting the City of London, obtained by Sir Benjamin Hall, have been printed. In the 26 wards of the City of London there are 26 Aldermen and 206 common councilmen. On the register of payment of electors voted in the City in the year of 1849 there were 20,422 persons, 12,240 householders and 7,312 lodgers, whereas in the year 1844 the number was 18,993 of which 11,214 were householders and 7,779 were lodgers. The number of persons on the register of municipal electors for 1849 is as follows in the following wards—Aldersgate 173, Aldgate 222, Bassishaw, 86, Billingsgate 163, Bishopsgate, 174, Bread Street 120, Bridge, 134, Broad Street, 361, Candlewick 11, Castle Baynard 202, Cheap, 163, Coleman Street, 226, Cordwainer 111, Cornhill 128, Cripplegate within, 256, Dowgate 90, 1 ringed in within, 476, Farringdon within, 783, Ludlow, 297, Lincolns, 82, Portico, 263, Queenhithe 72, Rower, 270, Vintry, 85, and Walbrook, 88.

**FRENCH LITERARY STATISTICS**—The publication of the last number completes the volume of the *Journal de l'Éducation* for 1851, shows the literary statistics of France for the year which has just closed. They do not differ much from those of 1850. But the difference, however small, is on the right side. The total number of books, new papers, pamphlets, and works of all kinds published during the year is 72,200—showing an increase of 142 on the preceding twelvemonth. 6,817 works have been published in French, in which are included 47 written in the different provincial dialects. Among the works published in foreign languages we notice 65 German, 68 English, 93 Spanish, and 160 Italian publications. Of these, 1,219 were printed in Paris alone, and 3,087 only in the departments, Algeria furnishing 44 for her share. Reprints and new editions figure in the list for 1,677, leaving 5,673 works which may be considered new. 182 geographical maps and plans, 3,961 engravings and lithographs, 866 pieces of vocal music, and 1,509 works of instrumental music, complete the intellectual and artistic harvest of France for 1851. The labours of French journalism are well looking back to. Of the 166 newspapers which enlivened the past year, and many of which were its offspring, nearly three fourths have ceased to exist. Besides the *Tribune Chronométrique*, are *Le Moniteur des Écrivains*, the *Journal des Fleurs* and the *Journal de Conchyliologie*, the *Almanac*, the *Revue Gastronomique* and *L'Art de la Gastronomie*, the *Journal des Fleurs*, and lastly, the *Journal des Solutions Grammaticales*, the titles of which sufficiently indicate the particular classes of readers to which they were addressed. The dramatic world of France—fortunately for the dramatic world in all other countries—has not been inactive. The year 1851 shows a brilliant array of 263 works written for the French stage—35 dramas, 14 comedies, 12 operas or lyrical dramas, 5 ballets, and nearly 200 vaudevilles make up the number.



## MINIMAL RECURSIONS

$I$  On the left side of  $P$ , without the

AFTER my pison has thro n two l up n cll tcl him doubl th number f points on on c f th n dlt it th n ltr him multiply this sum by n and tll th nml f points n th cth lce to t. This being done d tcl him to tll you th nml n ltr n ltr th n out on c 25 th nml nml will be a nml c n ltr n f gaur - the first of whi h to the left i the number of points i t h c, n the second figur to the right, th number n th cth

Suppose, for example, that the number of points of the first dice which may appear is 2 and that of the other, that is to say the total of the points of the two, there be 11 and that sum which is 9 be multiplied by 5 the product will be 45 to which if we add 5 the number of points on the other dice it will make 15. Then if 2 be taken out of this number, the remainder is 13 the figure of which 2 is the number of points of the first dice and the second figure 3 is the number of the other.

**NOUN**

A party seated round a table are each to be supplied with various strips of paper, and small square pieces. On the long pieces are to be written single questions—on the square, nouns. The two sets are to be severally collected, and mixed in two trays, then each draw a question and a noun. They are to answer the question in rhyme, introducing the noun. I can remember one or two specimens from among a party of school girls. One drew the question—'How many children had David?' and the noun 'talent.' Another—"Where have you been to day" and the noun 'wood.' The answers are veritable copies—of course not to be criticised—

The number of David's children I confess,  
I do not know—nor can I even guess  
But had I half the *talent* David had,  
My sorry rhyme would not have been so  
bad

To day I've been taking a very long walk  
With a friend in Carendon wood  
Who, all the way did nothing but talk—  
Like a volatile nun in a hood

H. S. M.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



## THE FOUR OF DIAMONDS—A ROUND OF AMUSEMENT

*O r d e r s m i g h t b e p l a c e d w i t h o u t n e e d o f p a y m e n t*

## INDEX

I velt \teltigh in a r  
 O b i g t w a t e r s f a r  
 N a t u r t f m i n e t k d i g h t  
 A l l i n l u d t a l l i n w h i t e  
 M y j e r s i n f a l l u e n d e r w a i s t  
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 A n d r a g g e m f r o m r i v i n t h e r a l  
 N w a n e i r v i l l o k s o t h u  
 I t w e t i o l i n o f n y a k i

I'm found almost in every garden—  
Nay, in the compass of a farthing  
There's neither chariot, coach nor  
Can move an inch except I will

## NUMERICAL ILLUSTRATION

I can't fit ten letters. Must have  
fit by e-mail put the product last. It will  
be last by e-mail and insert the result  
between. You will then find an indi-  
cator article in every kitchen.

## CONUNDRUMS

I know I don't and all at t  
 Yet all the world can't find out  
 How hundreds have enjoyed the  
 I know  
 They never yet could find out  
 I know

- 1 Why is all a secret be told to a pirate?
- 2 What is the difference between a white  
and a dirty housemaid?
- 3 Why is a castle wall like a jester's  
skirmish?

## ANSWERS TO THE PARADOXICAL QUESTIONS AT P. 17

1 I le Sur / Atc la e (attendance) 3 The tru n 4 It is no strum (nostrum)  
 1 ne 6 A l k l i generally some good stor es in it 8 Because he is A  
 11 It is in at n m 10 G e (w) A 11 A pirug (asp a rog before 9) 12  
 13 It is in cog (i) og 14 A / e rat with an e (Hicrite)  
 1 I eo (i) o X 16 I am a haw (i) mahawk 17 When he makes b'wle 18  
 19 us le a s r mid t at is a w tor (surtut)

Flour), the sun from his birth was a stationer in id-  
 e tin'g ink, and paper he never trades  
 A little stationer's station to which he was bound  
 And his leisure for other employments is so  
 So tantale to turn'd we all very well know,  
 And work'd as le travers'd the world, and from  
 End of (s)ipping and changing it next did appear  
 He embark'd as a *season* (one month in the year)—  
 And a very good May sun to us it is clear  
 To le works all the month our spirits to cheer

20  
A band on I should put to tell,  
If it could speak my last farewell

21 A finer 22 Giving correct likeness 23 Because it is a charger 24 It calls  
for a hungry man to be fed meal 25 It is generally pretty well loaded 26 It is  
binding (deriving)

ANSWERS TO THE PASSAGE OF LAST EVENING.

Page 413.

**PICTORIAL ENIGMA—THE CROCODILE'S LEG**

**ENIGMA — GLASS** 1 Glass is commonly made with sand and an alkali. It is said that the manufacture was accidentally discovered by the burning of some sea-weed on the sands. 2 Window glass 3 Mirror 4 Drinking-glass 5 Microscope and telescope (Crystal Palace) 6 Crystal.

## NUMERICAL FIRE-MILL





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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS No 2**—(Old soft towels, or pieces of old sheets or table cloths make excellent iron wipers. To bleach a faded dress wash it well in hot soda, and boil it until the colour seems to be gone then wash and rinse, and dry it in the sun, it will not quite white repeat the boiling. Flannel should always be washed with white soap and in warm but not boiling water. A hat should be brushed every day with a hat brush and twice a day in dusty weather. Rings that have tones in them should always be taken off the finger when the hands are washed, else they become discoloured. Cold green tea, very strong, and sweetened with sugar will, when not about in saucers, attract flies and delect them. If a clothes closet become infested with moths, let it be well rubbed with a strong decoction of tincture and repeatedly sprinkled with spirits of camphor. The pain caused by the sting of a nettle may be relieved by rubbing the part with rosemary tincture, or a few leaves. The usual remedies for persons overcome with the fumes of charcoal in a close apartment are to throw a little water on the head and to bleed immediately. Two apples in a third or half hour to the soles of the feet. An ever dirty bath and a grate always choked with cinders and ashes are infallible evidences of bad house keeping. To extinguish a fire in the chimney, besides any water at hand, throw on it salt, or a half pint of flour of sulphur as soon as you can obtain it. Keep all the doors and windows tightly shut and lock before the fire places a blanket or some woollen article to exclude the air. Reading in bed at night should be avoided, as, besides the danger of an accident, it never fails to injure the eyes. In escaping from a room on fire, creep or crawl along with your face close to the ground. Children should be early taught how to press out a spark when it happens to reach any part of their dress and also that turning into the air will cause it to blaze immediately. Lime water beaten up with sweet oil is an excellent ointment for burns. All paper screens should be coated with transparent varnish otherwise they will soon become soiled and discoloured. The best lamp oil is that which is clear and nearly colourless, like water. Oil glasses may be removed from a hearth by covering it immediately with thick hot ashes, or with burning coals. Candles improve by keeping a few months. If wax candles become discoloured or soiled they may be restored by rubbing them over with a clean flannel slightly dipped in spirits of wine. In lighting candles always hold the match to the side of the wick and not over the top. In closing a door for a room, avoid that which has a variety of colours or a large showy figure, as it furnishes an opportunity for advantage with such large figured patterns in a small room look still smaller. In buying a carpet, as in everything else, those of best quality are cheapest in the end. The most elegant carpets are those where the pattern is formed by one colour only, but arranged in every variety of shade. A large brick, covered with a piece of carpeting is a good contrivance for placing against the door to keep it open when necessary. A stair-carpet should never be swept down with a long broom, but always with a short handled brush, and a dust-pan held closely under each step of the stairs. An oil-cloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being first swept, it should be cleaned by washing with a large soft cloth and lukewarm cold water. On no account use soap or hot water as they will bring off the paint. Straw matting may be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water and then wiped dry the salt prevents the matting from turning yellow. If an oil painting is hung over the iron nail, the canvas is liable to wrinkle with the heat. Ottomans and sofas, whether covered with cloth, damask, or chintz, will look much the better for being cleaned occasionally with bran and flannel. Furniture made in the winter and brought from a cold warehouse into a warm apartment is very liable to crack. To keep rose wood furniture in good order, it should be rubbed gently every day with a clean soft cloth. Dining tables may be polished by rubbing them for some time with a soft cloth and a little cold-drawn linseed oil. Iron-stains may be removed from marble by wetting the spots with oil of vitriol, or with lemon-juice, or with oxalic acid diluted in spirits of wine, and after a quarter of an hour rubbing them dry with a soft linen cloth. Both silver and plated ware should be washed with a sponge and warm soap

as is every day after using and wiped dry with a clean soft towel. The safest, and in many respects the most pleasant tea pots, are those of china. Wedgwood ware is very apt after a time to acquire a disagreeable taste. Japanned urns and vases should be cleaned with a sponge and cold water, finishing with a soft dry cloth.

**DIET L. H.**—What is the diet most recommended for a person in tolerable good health? (the other questions of our correspondent must wait their turn to be answered)—The model diet for persons in health may be found in that used by persons training for contests of muscular strength and endurance. It consists of the lean parts of beef or mutton roasted or boiled, so as to preserve all the animal juice, farinaceous vegetables potatoes baked or boiled so as to be easily tread and soft comparatively speaking. The meals are taken at stated times and great care is used that too much is not eaten.

**LEARNING LANGUAGES E. T.**—Our correspondent wishes to know the easiest method of acquiring a knowledge of languages. As we have frequent communications of a similar nature from persons who evidently believe that it is some magical road to learning, we wish to undeceive them on this point. It is only by persevering industry and by sustaining the mind resolutely to its purpose we can hope to overcome the difficulties that must be expected and, without this determination the acquirement of a language, in any number of years is impossible. Instead of endeavouring to soften the labour of learning we should rather grapple with its most formidable obstacles. This may be easily accomplished by decision and energy. The late Sir F. Buxton after relating his various efforts in self training says—I had been a boy fond of pleasure and idleness, reading only books of unprofitable entertainment. I became suddenly a youth of steady habits of application and irresistible resolution. I soon gained the ground I had lost and found those things which were difficult and almost impossible to my idleness easy enough to my industry. And much of my happiness and all my prosperity in life have resulted from the change I made at that age. In the same manner, we would recommend all our young friends to train themselves to habits of serious study by will. As Landor says "We enjoy by anticipation somewhat like the power of sailing on a wish, from world to world. Steady application is our ruling principle; and instead of losing time in seeking an evasion from toil we should at once resolutely



TAKE ME BUT BY THE HAND

**SPELLING OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME** (W. W.)—We think that Mr. Charles Knight has satisfactorily settled this question. In the volume of Montaigne's *Essays* by John Florio, in the British Museum there is an undoubted signature of the poet, which is spelt thus—*Willelm Shakespeare*. Sir Frederick Madden has also shown that in the five other acknowledged genuine purchases in existence the great dramatist always wrote his name in this manner. Such autographs are, of course, sufficient authority to decide the matter.

**UTILITY OF SINGING** W. B.—It is ascertained and we believe with some truth that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonary complaints. Dr. Rush, an eminent physician, observes on this subject. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption and thus, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of an academy has furnished me with a remark still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing.

**TO MAKE CAOUTCHOUC VARNISH** H. E.—Melt the caoutchouc in a close vessel, as nearly the temperature to melt lead, and stir it. Oil of turpentine should be carefully added to it, which will render it easily applicable, and leaves the substance, when dry, a firm varnish impervious to moisture. It is an

excellent varnish for preserving iron and steel from rust and it may be removed by a soft brush dipped in oil of turpentine. A solution of caoutchouc in five times its weight of oil of turpentine, and this solution mixed with eight times its weight of drying linseed oil, by boiling forms the varnish usually applied to air balloons.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED**—If STANLEY (pines were brought from France in 1543, and were first used in England by Catherine Howard queen of Henry the Eighth)—G. (thanks)—GLADSTONE (the Scalds were poets and priests of Ireland, whose rhapsodies form the Edda and other poems)—N. PARKER (the words of our National Anthem are said to be of French origin)—G. JARVIS (the three prime materials for making the works are nitre, sulphur and charcoal along with filings of iron, steel copper zinc, resin, &c.)—J. H. T. make peppermint lozenges—in mucilage of gunderago flavoured with oil of peppermint, about 2 drachms mix 2 pounds of sugar, and 2 ounces of starch—1 (the quickest and most certain mode of raising the mulberry tree, is from cutting, of the old branches. Take a branch in the month of March eight or nine feet in length and plant it in a good soil the most approved cultivation however, is from seed)—J. O. U. (soap and water will clean silver—polish with wash leather)—J. PARKER (hology &c.) after a love of water is declared to enter and the construction of language—11 (the quiet use of tobacco debilitates the system)—W. J. H. (HARRIS (many thanks for the letter)—J. GRASS (prospectives of the *House of Commons* may be had from the publisher 69 Fleet Street)—G. J. H. (will receive attention)—M. E. THOMAS (thanks)—H. S. N. (COAK (we have not space for the paper sent)—PART I. 1. of the *House of Commons* are now ready)—A. DINTON (Adelphe is a Greek word meaning a brother)—11 Olympic Games were celebrated every four years in the city of Olympia in Peloponnesus)—FRANCIS (will receive attention)—MURRAY (for particulars respecting advertisements in the *House of Commons* apply to Messrs. Maxwell & Co., No. 11, Lane Lombard Street)—W. R. C. (postcard contributions are so numerous that we cannot publish the least sent)—J. S. 4 (frequently wash the eyes with cold water)—F. A. AVOIR (we think our correspondent is mistaken in his opinion)—K. A. H. (we have no space for the article in question)—B. (Calotype is the name given by Mr. Talbot to his improved photographic method)—J. AMPUS (Fau de cloque is nothing more than aromatized alcohol)—B. BART (the circumference of Mr. Wylde's Model of the Earth in Leicester Square is 188 feet and the extent of surface 10 000 feet)—M. R. (the British Museum contains a copy of the original work of Copernicus *On the Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies*—the mean heat of the human body is 98°, and of the skin 90°)—I. T. (the Jew great coat was 22 inches and the less 18 inches)—J. HUNT (digestion is a process which is not effected in the same period of time in different individuals, in some it is slow in others rapid. In the former, a longer interval between breakfast and dinner is necessary than in the latter)—M. A. (China cement is made by beating a quantity of quicklime into a very fine powder, and through a sieve and having smeared the parts to be joined with white of egg, dust the powder over this and into the edges)—GAMMA (methelgen is probably derived from the Welch *Wydolun* a medicinal drink, and was once the common beverage of a great part of this country)—S. W. (the element can be completely decomposed by heat)—S. W. (the first was brought to England from Italy in 1511)—11 (stoves were introduced from America about 1750)—G. FAYLOR (St James's Palace was formerly an hospital and was made a palace by Henry the Eighth in 1531)—SARAH I. (much heat is not necessary for the flower to be the more the vegetable is exposed)—H. 9 (thanks)—W. R. R. (linch pin may be made with 1 quart of water & 1 pint of oil of seed lac 1 ounce of shell lac 1 ounce of gum sandarach 1 ounce of pine oil 1 ounce of oil of turpentine 1 pound the gums at 1 quart the whole into a stone bottle cork it securely and place it in hot water)—I. C. (the coffee tree is a native of Arabia and other countries of the East)—G. H. (sun-ner is the last season to commence with the shower bath)



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No 28 —Vor I ]

SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.



W l i l e t t f n d l l h ~ f t f l s s t a l t u a s l j h t l e f t e x e l A l l i t o l j t t l o r k u a s  
l a i j f t l l e a i l t t o ~ l t 2 o f p r t h e s t r i c t o r s l t t l t l f t l i t t r e d

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA

## CHALLENGE

Write 1 do 1 the charac — II 2 I

A very large number of those who engage in retail trade find employment in the retail trade. It is a fact that a small fortune can be made in the retail trade. It is only when one has been employed in the retail trade for a long time that one can appreciate the value of the retail trade. When a man has been employed in the retail trade for a long time, he will only use his own hands. But to go through his own hands is to spend the majority of one's years in affliction and then to be called upon in the decline of life to endure poverty is a terrible thing. It is a misery for the reflection that he will only be what he is, and he will find it little better for him to live in poverty.

A broken spirited old man is a silent tale a sight as the hide a d one  
 f is a pleasant one In time there is no con gnation for him tear e  
 the grief as yet before him there is no joy for h e Prince de Leon

I have tried all my life before him there is no room for me. Once at Leon happily failed in his search for the fountain of youth and I no subsequent discoverer has ever succeeded in believing in its existence. The true secret of rejuvenescence is found in the well fed slum of hope; but when the best of one's life have fled and in the past he can find nothing but memories to mock the present, the fountain is too truly a fable to him.

William Vernon was one of these fortunate sons of fortune. He had entered upon mercantile business early in life, had learned little but the routine of buying and selling, had amassed a considerable fortune, and began to think of retiring. But habits had grown upon him for forty years and he was no

I v l i i t y t i t h s l l t t l a c v a t o e x c l d e v i s i o n s  
 i l l l l l n h l y t o g l a i l l i t h a l l e e n h i s  
 i l e t i y l g o n w e l t h y w t h l i m a n i n w a r e d f o r  
 i l l l l l t i r n t A t u a t l y t h e s a m e p r i n c i p l e s , t h e y  
 i l l l l l t l l i f e v i n e v a t i n g p r u d e n c e c o u l d s e  
 r l I h l l t b n l l c l y n o n e c h i l d — l a l b o t

He retired. But his old habits  
 Another year found him again in  
 ut with his old partner, who claimed  
 the he transferred the good will of  
 the jury thought so too and mulcted  
 At a time peculiarly inconvenient  
 the judgment, and, in consideration  
 double the amount of the verdict  
 and while he was yet mourning  
 of his speculations stripped him of half  
 his fortune. He was still a wealthy man but he feared himself poor if  
 he did not as much as before. He deemed he had nothing. He risked his  
 remaining property wildly and recklessly resolved to recover what he had lost,  
 or lose that too. The ambition to realise his threat 'to buy and sell John  
 Falbot before he died' goaded him on continually, and at the end of seven  
 years from the dissolution of the firm of Falbot & Vernon, he found  
 him self protested—ruined—ruined

The nineteenth his son had been rapidly growing up to man's estate. The father's deficiencies in education had led him to take great pains with the education of his son. True he could do little but furnish the money; but money will buy anything even opportunities for learning, and unfortunately nothing else can. Quick parts and a facile temper, enabled him to second, by rapid advancement, the good opinion his teachers formed of him from his handsome face and pleasant manner. He became a fine scholar,









SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, BART.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY was born December 17th, 1778, at Penzance, in Cornwall. His family was ancient, and close the middle class, his father possessed a small paternal estate opposite St Michael's Mount, called *Farial*, on which he died in 1795, after having injured his fortune by expending considerable sums in attempting agricultural improvements. Sir Humphry received the first rudiments of his education at the Grammar-schools of Penzance and Turo at the former place, he resided with Mr Tomkin, surgeon, a benevolent and intelligent man, who treated him with a degree of kindness little less than paternal. His genius was originally inclined to poetry, and there are many raptures of Penzance who remember his poems and verses, written at the early age of nine years. He cultivated this bias till his fifteenth year, when he became the pupil of Dr F Borlase, of Penzance. As a proof of his uncommon mind, at this early age, it is worthy of mention that Davy laid down for himself a plan of education which embraced the circle of the sciences. By his eighteenth year he had acquired the rudiments of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the simpler mathematics metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. But chemistry soon arrested his whole attention. Having made some experiments on the air disengaged by seaweeds from the water of the ocean, which convinced him that these vegetables performed the same part in purifying the air dissolved in water, which land-vegetables act in the atmosphere he communicated them to Dr Beddoes who had at that time circulated proposals for publishing a journal of philosophical contributions from the west of England. This produced a correspondence, in which the Doctor proposed that Davy, who was at this time only nineteen years of age, should resign his plan of going to Edinburgh, and take a part in experiments which were then about to be instituted at Bristol, for investigating the medical powers of fictitious airs to this proposal Davy consented, on condition that he should have the uncontrolled superintendence of the experiments. About this time he became acquainted with Davy's Gilbert, Esq, M.P., a gentleman of liberal scientific attainments, with whom he formed a friendship, and his judicious advice may be attributed Davy's adoption of, and perseverance in, the study of chemistry. With Dr Beddoes he resided for a considerable time, and was constantly occupied in new chemical investigations. Here he discovered the respirability of nitrous oxide, and made a number of laborious experiments on gaseous bodies, which he afterwards published in *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical* a work that was universally well received by the chemical world, and created a high reputation for its author, at that time only twenty-one years of age. This led to his introduction to Count Rumford, and to his being elected Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Institution in Albemarle street. On obtaining this appointment he gave up all his views of the medical profession, and devoted himself entirely to chemistry.

Davy's first experiments as Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, were made on the substance employed in the process of tanning with others to which similar properties were ascribed, in consequence of the discovery made by M Seguer, of Paris, of the peculiar vegetable matter, now called *tannin*. He was during the same period frequently occupied in experiments on galvanism.

To the agriculturist, chemistry is of the first consideration. The dependence of agriculture upon chemical causes had been previously noticed, but it was first completely demonstrated in a course of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, which Davy commenced in the year 1802, and continued for ten years. This series of lectures contained much

popular and practical information, and belongs to the most useful of Davy's scientific labours, for the application of chemistry to agriculture is one of its most important results, and so rapid were the discoveries of the author, that in preparing these discourses for publication, a few years afterwards, he was under the necessity of making several alterations, to adapt them to the unproved state of chemical knowledge, which his own labours had, in a short time, produced.

In 1803, he was chosen a fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1805, a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He now enjoyed the friendship of most of the distinguished literary men and philosophers of the metropolis and other eminent men. At the same time he corresponded with the principal chemists of every part of Europe. In 1806, he was appointed to deliver, before the Royal Society, the Bakerian lecture, in which he displayed some very interesting new agencies of electricity, by means of the celebrated galvanic apparatus. Soon afterwards, he made one of the most brilliant discoveries of modern times, in the decomposition of two fixed alkalis which, in direct refutation of the hypothesis previously adopted, were found to consist of a peculiar metallic base united with a large quantity of oxygen. These alkalis were potash and soda, and the metals thus discovered were called *potassium* and *sodium*. Davy was equally successful in the application of galvanism to the decomposition of the earths. About this time he became Secretary of the Royal Society. In 1808, Davy received a prize from the French Institute. During the greater part of 1810, he was employed in the combinations of oxygenated gas and oxygen, and towards the close of the same year, he delivered a course of lectures before the Dublin Society, and received from Trinity College, Dublin the honorary degree of D.D.

In the year 1812, Davy married the widow of Shuckburgh Ashby Apreece, Esq. A few days previously, he received the honour of knighthood from George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, being the first person on whom he conferred that dignity.

We now arrive at a very important result of Sir Humphry Davy's labours, namely, the invention of the "Safety-lamp" for coal-mines, which has been the means of preserving many valuable lives, and preventing horrible mutilations, more terrible than death, and were this Sir Humphry Davy's only invention, it would secure him an immortality in the annals of civilisation and science. The coal-owners of the Lyne and Wear conceived their sense of the benefits resulting from this invention, by presenting Sir Humphry with a handsome service of plate, worth nearly two thousand pounds, at a public dinner at Newcastle, October 11th, 1817.

In 1813, Sir Humphry was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and vice-president of the Royal Institution. In 1817, one of the eight associates of the Royal Academy in 1819, created a baronet, and he afterwards proceeded on a lengthened tour through Italy.

We could occupy many pages with the interesting details of Sir Humphry Davy's travels and his recent visits of Europe for scientific purposes particularly to investigate the causes of volcanic phenomena, to instruct the miners of the coal districts in the application of his safety lamp and to examine the state of the Herulanum manuscripts and to illustrate the remains of the chemical arts of the ancients. He analyzed the colours used in painting by the ancient Greek and Roman artists. His experiments were chiefly made on the paintings in the baths of Titus, the ruins called the baths of Livia, in the remains of other palaces and baths of ancient Rome, and in the ruins of Pompeii. By the kindness of his friend Canova, who was charged with the care of the works connected with ancient art in Rome he was enabled to set to work with his own hands, specimens of the different pigments that had been found in various excavations which have been lately made beneath the ruins of the palace of Titus, and to compare them with the colours fixed on the walls, or detached in fragments of stucco. The results of all the researches are published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society* for 1815, and are extremely interesting. The concluding observations, in which he impresses on artists the superior importance of permanency to brilliancy in the colours used in painting, are peculiarly worth the attention of artists. On the examination of the Herulanum manuscripts, at Naples, in 1818-9, he was of opinion they had not been acted upon by fire so as to be completely carbonized, but that their leaves were cemented together by a substance formed during the fermentation and chemical change of ages. He invented a composition for the solution of this substance, but he could not discover more than 100 out of 1,265 manuscripts, which presented any probability of success.

Sir Humphry returned to England in 1820, and in the same year he was elected president of the Royal Society, which he retained till the year 1827, when, in consequence of protracted ill health, in great measure brought on by injuries occasioned to his constitution by scientific experiments, he was induced, by medical advice, to retire to the Continent, and resided principally at Rome, where he had an alarming attack of a paralytic nature, but from which he was apparently, though slowly, recovering. Thence he travelled by easy stages to Geneva, without feeling any particular inconvenience, and without any circumstances which denoted the approach of

\* The great objection that has been found of late against the use of Davy's Safety-lamp was the insufficient light it afforded to the miners. This has been remedied by M. Elmin, of Belgium who has constructed a lamp perfectly safe, and giving a light equal to six Davy lamps. It consists of a lamp surrounded by a strong short glass cylinder, surrounded by an iron or brass one, capped with coarse wire gauze, the air for supporting combustion being admitted through fine wire gauze at the bottom, and made to impinge directly upon the flame. This air being only such as is necessary to support the flame, and the combustion being perfect the portion of the cylinder above the flame must always be filled with the products of combustion and never with an explosive atmosphere. The weight of the lamp is by no means objectionable. It is inexpensive, and the power of perceiving the presence of fire-damp is fully equal to the original Davy.





expression which was not usual to it; fierce passions seemed to be arousing. He spoke to Theodore in a strain of great earnestness, and was about to address the associate counsel, when the judge, leaning forward, asked the witness—

"Can you identify the person who employed you to make that key?"

"I can, sir."

"Have you seen him since you have been within the court?"

"I have, sir."

"Is that the man who employed you to make this key?" pointing to the prisoner.

The stillness of death reigned throughout the vast room, as the witness, raising his hand and pointing it, spoke in a distinct and deliberate manner—

"Yes, sir, that is the man; I can swear to him."

An hysterical scream broke the solemn stillness, and Sarah was immediately carried by her friends, senseless, from the room.

"May it please the court," said Theodore, rising and speaking with great energy, "there is some great mistake; the witness did not designate my client; he neither pointed to him nor looked at him."

A hum of voices now buzzed through the court, and for a moment the disturbance, caused by the removal of Sarah and the exit of her friends, made it impossible for the voice of the counsel to be heard.

"Silence, silence in the court!" and the crier struck his staff upon the floor with some violence.

"If your lordship pleases, the witness did not point out my client as one whom he knew."

"Let the witness confront the prisoner."

"Do you recognise that person as the one who employed you to make the key?"

Again every breath was hushed. Edwards raised his keen bright eyes, and fixed it firmly upon the witness. A moment the old man eyed the youth, and then, looking intently around upon the seat where the witnesses had been, appeared much confused.

"I saw him distinctly, your lordship, but a moment ago; this young man I have never seen before."

The audience could not restrain their feelings had become intensely excited, and a murmur of decided approbation filled the room. The judge called, in his clear, calm voice—

"Let the court be cleared, officers; unless silence is charged."

"Silence in the court!" and again the officers were busy with their staves amid the crowd.

The senior counsel for Edwards now arose.

"May it please the court, I rise to move an adjournment of this cause; circumstances have transpired since the commencement of this trial, which throw new light upon this mysterious affair; if time be allowed, my client can now, without doubt, produce testimony which will remove every shadow of suspicion from him. I, therefore, pray the court to grant us an adjournment but for another day."

For a few moments, the counsel for the Crown was in close converse with Mr. Cateham, who had retired with the witnesses when Sarah was carried from the room. He had not, from the first, appeared desirous of going further than his official duty required, and he now rose to address the court, he was evidently as much gratified as though he had been acting for the prisoner.

"May it please your lordships, I have just learned that a full confession has been made by an individual who has left the court, which entirely clears the young man who has been before us, charged with the commission of his crime. I, therefore, relinquish the cause, and pray that a *nolle prosequi* be entered."

It would be in vain to attempt a description of the scene which followed.

The court immediately arose, and all within the bar was in confusion.

The friends of James at once surrounded him, each anxious to testify the warmth of their congratulations. Mr. Wharton seized his hand, while the cars rolled down his venerable face.

"God be praised! God be praised!" he exclaimed. The judge recognised in Mr. Wharton an old friend; he approached him with much cordiality, and their salutation was hearty and long continued. He then took the hand of Edwards.

"Most truly do I congratulate you, my dear sir. You have borne your trial like a true man."

James could not speak; his emotions were swelling at each moment, as wave after wave came rolling in from that ocean of love and interest in which his heart had once bathed with such delight, and from which, of late, only dark and forbidding clouds had swept upon him.

Theodore now advanced from the circle of lawyers, from whom he had been receiving high compliments for his maiden effort. The young men poked steadily at each other, as, with the warmth of friendship, now sealed by life, their hands were clasped. Tears glistened in their bright eyes, the only expression of volumes of thought too big for utterance.

"Sarah! Theodore, where is she?" Without answering, Theodore took the arm of his friend, and accompanied by Mr. Wharton, they left the court, and entered an adjoining room within the building.

Sarah had fully recovered, and had just been informed of the result. As soon as she saw James, she arose, and he hastened towards her.

"James!"

"Sarah!" and he folded her to his bosom in a fond embrace.

No words passed between them. Words could not convey the feelings of their gushing hearts; it was the hour of love, in all its rich and trustful sweetness, without one alloy to taint its bliss.

Mr. Augustus Hunt and Betty were the only friends, besides those who

had just entered, to witness the meeting. The old man was almost beside himself with joy; again and again he took the hand of James.

"It's the happiest day of my life—it's the happiest day of my life—rot the old chest; it has like to have been the death of me. Uncle Geordie's got all his money, too, and he's gone home as happy as a lark."

Betty sat in one corner of the room, keeping a respectful distance, and wiping away the tears of joy that were running down her honest face. James did not forget her: he stepped up and took her hand.

"Well, Betty, things are brighter than when we last met."

"Oh, yes, dear sowl! I told you it would be so."

"Yes, you did, Betty; you had more confidence than any of us."

"And hadn't I good reason to be so, when that dear young fella was prayin' and prayin', night and day, that ye might be delivered; sure was I, it help was to be had, ye would have it. But, oh, dear, Mr. James, it has like to have killed me, and sich a lump as there is here, and go away it won't, do what I will, and that old withered gowk, with his eyes seven ways for Sundays, blinkin' across the room, and sayin' he knew it to be yourself. Oh, Mr. James, I could have smuck him till the breath was out of him, the old blind fule."

"Never mind, Betty, it is all over now."

And Betty pounded on her chest: "Oh, dear! oh, dear—this lump, this lump; it grows bigger and bigger."

## CHAPTER XX.

RUDOLPH had made a full confession of the vile attempt upon the character of James Edwards. A combination of circumstances had produced this result; it was not that his heart had become penitent and overcome by true contrition, but he was conscious of deep villainy. He had found, from the address which had been pointed at him in the court, that through all the specious covering which he had thrown over the exterior, his true character was discovered. He had learned also, that the female witness, who was just ready to be sworn, had, ere she left her home, witnessed the death of that poor trusting girl, who had fallen a sacrifice to his faithlessness. Evils were gathering; about him which he feared to meet, and by a sudden rush of feeling, he had been impelled to make a disclosure to his uncle, the elder Mr. Hunt, at the same time handing him back the money which he had taken from the chest, heaping, no doubt, the gain of that lost treasure would so mollify the feelings of his uncle as to enable him to obtain some advantage therefrom. But he had made a wrong calculation; his uncle Geordie was filled with rage, and it was only through the powerful intercession of Mr. Augustus Hunt that he was not at once delivered into the hands of justice. By his means he was immediately sent from the city, with, however, only a small supply of money, barely sufficient to carry him to America.

James had not been without his suspicions of Rudolph's soundness of heart, and he had, at times, strong surmises that, in some way, Rudolph was concerned in bringing about the calamity which had come upon him; but our first impressions will cling to us, and have an influence over our feelings, even after we are sure that influence is wrong.

He had lent Rudolph that knife on the very day that it had been thus left, as he now admitted not, by design, to outwit him, in case any suspicion should lead the locksmith to inform against him.

Matters had scarcely subsided, after the deep excitement of the day, into the usual quiet of that domestic circle, when James was invited by Mr. Augustus Hunt to step with him into an adjoining room, that they might have a private interview. As they entered the apartment, Mr. Geordie was sitting quietly by the window, looking out at the passing multitude with rather an indolgent stare, as though it were little matter to him what was the absorbing interest that hurried each aboag, while his hands were busily employed twisting and turning his red silk pocket handkerchief into all kinds of shapes.

Mr. Augustus carefully closed the door, and taking a seat by his brother, motioned James to bring a chair and sit near to them.

"That's all, Master James; take a seat, take a seat. We want to talk a little. But is my soul what a day this has been!"

"It has been a bad business—bad business; but you've got all your money again, haven't you, brother?"

"Ye, yes, about all."

"Well, so far, that's good; but it's been a narrow chance for Mr. James, here. What a villain he must be; but he's gone, and that's an end to it."

"I hope so."

"Well, I hope it is; I don't think, brother, he will ever put foot in your sight after the dressing you gave him. He's got enough of Uncle Geordie, I imagine. But now for this other matter. You see, Mr. Edwards," and Mr. Augustus turned his face full upon his brother, although his address was to James, "we have been talking over things a little, and I have been telling my brother some secrets of our family that perhaps I knew more about than he did." It would have been a curious sight just then to watch the contortions which the red handkerchief had to go through. "And we have been thinking, Master James, that this might possibly have been a sad misfortune for you, very sad indeed; you have run a very narrow chance."

"I know I have, sir; and I hope I shall ever remember the kind Providence by which I have been delivered."

"Yes, yes, that is all well enough so far as it goes; but I and my brother feel"—and he looked archly at his brother, while the handkerchief whirled round faster and faster—"I say, I and my brother feel that, seeing all this trouble has come upon you out of our family, as it were, we ought to make you some compensation. You feel so, don't you, brother?"

where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affections imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence to make him self esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore, he was to make his way in the world by his own





diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house, we did not so much as but at a Whig inn, or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into bad bid and bad cheer for we were not inquisitive about the man or the innkeeper, and provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the stillness of his provisions. Thus I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations, the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and a bad lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into a house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of the narrow party-humour. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighbouring market on the other day, (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one district meet once a week,) I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and prettier behaviour than ordinary. But was much surprised, that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote at a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one, which concerns myself. Will Wimple was the other day relating several strange tales that he had picked up, nobody knew a where, of a very great man. Upon my stirring it up, as one that was supposed to be a such thing in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the third of his discourse, and after dinner asked me if Sir Roger in his ear had said anything to him.

It gave me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country, not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, but renders us in manner barbarous towards one another, but is it perhaps our misanthropy, and our breach, it transmits our present passion and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these open divisions, and therefore cannot but bewail, in their first principle, the miseries and calamities of our children.

## CHAPTER XVII

## THE COUNTRY CHURCH

He that is a sportsman, a farmer, a soldier, a tradesman. — Dryden

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we were at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them my friend was in some doubt whether I should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a kind of illegal assembly. But not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor in these occasions, and finding it impossible to find the worst for it, he left it to the night police. But at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischief they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and putting them to ruin. "I have seen," he said, "men hanged upon an gallows," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to hang if the horse loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one that he will be there in the day, our geese can not live in peace for them, if I am present with them with security, his hen roost is sure to pay for it. They generally struggle into these places about the time of the year, and so he hides from servant minds so as to go for husbands, but we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. They are honest and industrious who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being present at the hand-omst young-folk in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is now to lose a knife and a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old pippin for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Such parts are the things they live upon, which they be too very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some of our young jades among them, the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rode up and communicated our hand to them. A Cossack of the crew, after having examined my hand very diligently, told me that I loved civility and in a corner, that I was a good woman's man with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger, alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it, when one of them, who was older and more similitudinous than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life. Upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are in idle baggage," and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should die in of him to-night. My old friend cried, "Fish!" and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long, and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, "She was an idle baggage" and bid her go on. "Ah,

master," says the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache, you have not that snimper about the mouth for nothing." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things, and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road, who was no conjurer as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked, that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vagabonds are very dexterous.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## A SUMMONS TO LONDON.

"Ore more, ye wonda' adieu"

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbour. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion, when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and what it does not he so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom prevails near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here fixed to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind which is in town whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one that I shall cross in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and find town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begun to grow very inquisitive after my name and character, my way of solitude, triflingness, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The names which have been framed of me are various, some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimple, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer, and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not so often come to him in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the county would do very well to make me a present out of my life.

On the other side some of Sir Roger's friends in the old knight's company set up a very different kind of flow, and say they have heard that he is a very sensible man, and that he is in town, do not know but he has brought on with him some discarded Whigs that is sullen and says nothing but "I am out of place."

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among a great flock of people, and among others for a Popish priest, among some for a wizard, and among others for a undertaker, and all this for nothing but that I am in town, but because I do not noot, and hum, and mumble noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells me "that it is my way," and that I am only a philosopher, but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

I therefore and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for strengthening an afternoon to every chance-comer that will be the master of his own time and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall, therefore, retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the city again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there use what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company, with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the inquiry and conclude the inquiry, my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and will give me after his way upon my country life.

"DEAR SIR,—I suppose his letter will find thee picking of daisies, or

smelling to a look of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us curiously afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'y thee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and, if he does not return quickly, will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's men.—Dear Spee, thine eternally, WILL HONEYCOMBE."

(To be continued.)

## THE FLOWER OF THE FOLD.

There is some one abiding place  
On earth, to which we cling,  
There is too, some remembered face,  
That blessings with it bring.  
There is a hope that keeps above,  
The road to which we hold,  
And is there not some heart we love  
Some Flower of the Fold?

Joy! joy! upon the breeze doth come,  
It useth in the lull,  
Of one more link to Home sweet home,  
Another clasp to earth.

A bottle of sweets with in the breast  
Of kindred young and old,  
To welcome in the little guest—  
The Flower of the Fold!

A babe is on its mother's arm,  
In quiet dreamland sleep,  
With infant brow as still and calm  
As sun-burnt on the deep!

A group of children gather round  
With step as light as a bird,  
To watch in that sweet trance profound  
The Flower of the Fold!

A little girl with rosy cheeks,  
And smiling as the sun,  
Is bounding o'er the village green  
As lively as a fawn.

She stoops to pick some weeds to braid  
Within her locks of gold  
And laughingly trips on the maid,  
The Flower of the Fold!

A few more years that happy one  
Has left the pleasant fields,  
And to a distant school is gone,  
Where joy to study yields.  
But summer with its genial train,  
Brings home the world,  
With its joys and well-known strain,  
The Flower of the Fold!

Two graceful forms are in a room,  
A youth of noble air—  
A lovely maiden in the bloom  
Of womanhood—  
Then hand and eye close in embrace,  
Their vows are just been told,  
And joy in that new glory can trace  
The Flower of the Fold!

Alas! how beautiful in death  
That marble brow appears!  
A single day to forget the breath  
Is born on high amidst tears!  
A holy sleep has closed her eyes  
Her youthful heart is cold,  
And dreamingly for ever lies  
The Flower of the Fold!

## A MALAY FESTIVAL.

It was evening, and I was conducted into a large room, with a small space raised off for spectators. Candles were stuck in silver sconces, fastened to the walls in profusion, and garlands of flowers innumerable. Round the room were several old Malays, squatting on mats, and dressed in gala costume. In the centre of the room a quantity of perfume was burning. Three or four younger Malays kept marching round the room, and they and the old gentlemen aforesaid kept up a sort of grunting, whining chorus, which at first I took to be indications of severe pain in the abdominal regions, but was afterwards informed that they were chanting sentences from the Koran. Suddenly, the young gentlemen began to throw themselves about in the most gladiatorial attitudes, singing faster than ever. Thereupon the old gentlemen shouted much louder, as though the internal agonies had vastly increased. Then the young men stripped off their shirts, and I thought they were going to have a regular "set to." My friend Jones, however, cried "Go it!" and ordered to back the little one with the flat nose against the lot. But they were not going to be it all, they only danced, and jumped, and hooted, till they left little pools of sudoric exhalations on the floor. Then a boy came shouting awfully. Jones cried "Turn him out!" and at the same time two of the young men seized the boy, and plunged a sharp instrument, like a meat skewer, through his tongue—at least so it appeared—and they led him round to the admiring spectators with the skewer projecting through his tongue. Jones pronounced it "too bad," and hinted that he should like to "punch the head" of the fellow that did it, but the boy looked quite happy and contented with his tongue on a skewer, so that no doubt there was some deception, which, however, defied our detection. As soon as this interesting youth had departed, one of the young men took a dagger and plunged it into the fleshy part of his side, just above the hip, and then walked round and showed himself. There were a few drops of blood, apparently flowing from the wound, in which the dagger was left sticking. Jones informed him, gravely, that he would have a terrible "pain in his side," and offered to prescribe for him from a valuable recipe of his grandmamma's. Another man thrust a skewer through his cheek, and came and showed himself also. Then some red-hot chains were brought in, and thrown over an iron beam, when another of the Malays seized them with his bare hands, and kept drawing them fast over the beards. All the while that these exhibitions were taking place, the Malays kept up their hideous shrieking of the Koran sentences, all of them shouting together, and louder and louder as the more horrible the experiment was being tried. The noise, the sight, the weapons, the red-hot chains, together, formed a scene bordering on the diabolical; except that there was such evident jugglery in the whole affair, and the plato was so constantly handed round for money, while the comments of my cockney friend were so absurd, that the ludicrous predominated greatly over the horrible.—*Cola.*

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

### No XXII—"A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME WOULD SMELL AS SWEET."

THIS saying is perfectly true of the rose. We might degrade the lovely flower with whatever vice names the vocabulary of our language can furnish, but still its perfume would remain the same. The thing incense to the skies and filling our senses with delight. But we might give the grudging tulips the name of roses without in the slightest degree diminishing their wretched odour, rendering them less offensive to our nostrils. The fallacy we wish to illustrate under this title is the wrong application of names, the endeavour to make that which in itself is intrinsically good appear to be evil, by attaching to it a name of evil import, and to give a colour to that which is evil, by giving it a name with which are connected good and pleasant associations. The influence of names pervades every part of our social system, it is apparent in the long string of fine applications with which some parents baptize their children, who seem to expect that if they call a child Milton, he will turn out a great poet, that then Nelsons will be naval heroes, and then Alberts, princes of the blood, at least. And some seem to think, that by blending together the names of a number of celebrated characters, they shall endow their child with all the qualities which the various persons who bore those names possessed. We were once present when a clerk trained in a nunnery brought three children to the church to be christened, when the clergyman asked the sponsors to "name this child," the reply was, "Please, sir, to ask the father, I cannot remember it." And the father being appealed to, gave his eldest son the name of "Julius Caesar, Homer, Demosthenes, Rothschild," &c., in the full hope that he would be conqueror, poet, orator, and millionaire. The second son he evidently intended to become the great leader of the Whig party, for when called on for its name, he repeated with greatunction, "Charles James Fox, Russell, Henry Brougham, Melbourne," &c. Thus was he baptized. The third child was a daughter, and the spirit of Tancred and Shalimar seemed to have passed into him as he euphoniously blended the names of their favourite heroines to form an appellation worthy of his child, and she was baptized "Clotilda, Emma, Juliet, Imogen, Cordelia." When to these fine-sounding names was added the family patronymic of Potts, he seemed to us like one striving to give perfume to the tulip by calling it a rose. While on the subject of Christian names we may mention the odd fancies which some parents have for giving queer names to their children: one gentleman we knew christened one of his sons Ching Poo and another Nicky Ben—and it was with some difficulty he was prevented calling a third Old Nick. Another parent left the names of his children to chance, he used to put into a hat a number of slips of paper, on each of which was written the name of some abstract quality, or some favourite political character, and the first two names he drew out of the hat were given to the child; thus, one of his children rejoiced in the names of Radical Roebuck, to the great horror of the Tory parson to whom he was brought to be christened. Charles Lamb, in one of his productions, ridiculed the stupid annoyance which some men feel at having a family name that they conceive to be low or vulgar in sound. He called his farce "Mr. H.," but as the whole fun turned upon the concealment of the name, it was not successful on the stage, being damned the first night, poor Lamb himself sitting in the pit, and hissing with all his might. Mr. H. is a gay bachelor, wealthy and good looking, who had everything to make life comfortable except his name. He was ashamed of this, ashamed of his ancestors for having borne it; he avowed that he had been refused by "nineteen virgins, twenty-nine relicts, and two old maids" on account of his name. He had no hope left but to engage the affections of some generous girl who would consent to take him as Mr. H., without inquiring what the H. really represented. For a long



time he succeeds in concealing his hateful name; but, at length, his vanity leading him to relate a story connected with some duke, he drops out the dreaded appellation accidentally, and the world discovers that his name is "Hogsflesh." The ladies rush off from him in disgust, and he himself is driven to despair, which is cured at last by his receiving the royal license to bear the arms and name of Bacon. This trifling farce is foolish enough, but it serves to bring out the point at which we would arrive, which is, that we attach different values to the same thing, according to the name by which it is called. Hog-flesh and Bacon are one and the same thing, but we attach an idea of vulgarity to Hogsflesh as a name, while that of Bacon sounds respectable, because there was once a Lord Chancellor of that name, whose learning and wisdom were great enough to cover over his many meannesses, and make us forget them through the splendour of his abilities. When he was "Hogsflesh," the perfume of the rose was exactly the same; but, somehow, it did not seem to smell so sweet as when he was called "Bacon."

But if we are guilty of folly as regards the names of persons, we are tenfold more egregiously guilty as regards the names we give to things. Here, indeed, we often strive to degrade the rose, and invest the offensive tulip with its perfume. We have several modes of doing this. If a thing, under its proper name, be indefensible—if it be more obnoxious to our senses than the rankest smelling weed—we endeavour to make the world believe that it is as full of perfume as the rose, by giving it a name that is agreeable. Persecution, for instance, is indefensible—it stinks in our nostrils. No matter under what form the persecution be carried on, or for what objects—political, religious, or moral—for all of these have had their persecutors—we shall ever find that the name "persecution" has, by some accident, entirely dropped out of the vocabulary of those who practise the thing persecution; and in order to give it a rosy colour, and to remove all traces of offensiveness, they call it by another name, and it is known as "*zeal*"—a thing of which we all approve. When Jeffries presided at the "bloody assizes"—as his court in the west, after Monmouth's rebellion, was called—when old men and young, noble ladies and humble peasants, the innocent and the guilty, were condemned in one common judicial massacre, it was *zeal* for the Crown that animated him, but not persecution. When protestant burnt catholic, and catholic burnt protestant—when Henry the Eighth sent both to the stake upon the same hurdle—it was all *zeal* for religion, and not persecution, that lit the fires. They knew not the name persecution, but they gave the thing another name to hide the rankness of the odour, and make the world believe the tulip had assumed the perfume of the rose.

Here in England, there are few things we value more than the liberty of the press. Milton says—"Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, according to my conscience, above all liberties." This liberty we hold so dear, that no man ventures openly to attack it. Still, there are many to whom this liberty is hateful, who would willingly curtail it, and destroy its efficiency; but this they dare not propose to do under the name of the liberty of the press—for they know that it is held as the great palladium of a free constitution. So they call it by another name, and in every direction condemn and attack the *licentiousness* of the press. Everything which comes under the press that is, in any manner, offensive to the ruling few, is at once set down as *licentious*—is passing all due bounds of liberty. We may publish weak and twaddling articles *ad infinitum*, but the moment a bold, powerful, fearless, and truthful argument is put out, our ears are dimmed with the licentiousness of the press, and the necessity for restraining it. The only true and proper censorship of the press is an enlightened public spirit. This will brand all dangerous and false opinions. No state, governed by the rules of justice—no church, founded upon truth—need ever dread the most unrestricted freedom of the press. It is only those who seek to perpetrate injustice, and to propagate error, who clamour loudly against this freedom, which they feel to be as the spear of Phœbus, at the touch of which the injustice is proclaimed, and the error becomes manifest. Milton has most admirably defended the freedom of the press in the *Areopagitica*. "I deny not," he says, "but that it is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true, no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men—how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books—since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed—sometimes a martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the dying of an elemental life, but strikes at the ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself—alas! an immortality rather than a life." So those who set down everything of which they disapprove to the licentiousness of the press would "slay an immortality" in their endeavour to curb its freedom. If it had depended upon those who cry out against the licentiousness of the press to regulate the human mind, what would have been our present

condition? Its whole progress would have been arrested; every new and interesting truth would have been strangled in its birth—every new idea proscribed; a blasting soythe would have been passed over every thought above the ordinary level, and religion, moral, legislation, science, philosophy, would have remained in the darkness of the darkest ages. The rose would never have attained its full perfume, but the stench of the tulip would have predominated.

Of late years, the gardeners have made some alterations in the mode of cultivating the rose; they have increased the variety of sorts, and introduced the practice of grafting them on tall stalks. So that they are not little scrubby bushes, that force us to stoop to examine their beauty, but are brought up to a level with our faces; and we can admire them at ease, and inhale their fragrance without inconvenience. And the people, who think this alteration in the mode of culture gives a pleasing variety to the appearance of the garden, and somewhat elevates the rose, call it an *improvement*. But there are others, who think that all old ways are best; that roses have no business to be poking their beauties in our faces, and forcing us to inhale their fragrance whether we will or not. And these give the alteration a bad name, and call it *innovation*. Well, we have had some gardeners at work among the people, pruning their excesses, cultivating their faculties, unfolding new capabilities, grafting them, as it were, to taller stalks, and elevating them to a level with prouder flowers. And we, who approve of this, who rejoice in seeing the faculties of the people expand, and their mental and moral training already producing fine blossoms, giving promise of rich fruit in the future; who believe the common garden to be more and more adorned as the humble flowers rise above the earthiness around them, and take a loftier station—we call this a *great improvement*. But there are many who look back with a wistful eye to old habits and old times, who prefer the wild rose of the hedges, with its sharp and multitudinous thorns, with its poor and ragged blossoms, to all the advantages which cultivation gives; and who call it *innovation* when we strive to train the straggling branches, and lop off the thorns, to increase its perfume, and multiply its beauty. They have, indeed, been compelled to go so far as to think that a little cultivation is necessary; but it should be the smallest possible quantity: that they should be taught to read sufficiently to be able to spell through their Bible, is looked upon, not only as an improvement, but as a duty. That they should know enough of figures not to make a mistake when sent to market by their masters, is an improvement; but any attempt to give them a knowledge of men and things, is an innovation. Thus it turns out, that there is something in a name, after all, and that men attempt to degrade the rose *improvement* into a tulip, by calling it *innovation*.

In another form they seek to elevate the tulip into a rose by a different kind of change of name, by the application of a vague generality, which is ambiguous, inasmuch as it may be good or bad, according to circumstances. Mr. Bentham says, in speaking of these vague generalities, "Take, for instance, the terms, *government, laws, morals, religion*. The *genus* comprehended in each of these terms may be divided into two species—the *good and bad*; for no one can deny that there have been and still are in the world, bad governments, bad laws, bad morals, and bad religions. The mere circumstance, therefore, of a man's attacking government or law, morals or religion, does not of itself afford the slightest presumption that he is engaged in anything blamable; if his attack is only directed against that which is bad in each, his efforts may be productive of good to any extent. This essential distinction the defender of abuse takes care to keep out of sight, and boldly imputes to his antagonist an intention to subvert all governments, laws, morals, or religion." Thus, for instance, if any one proposes to alter the present distribution of the funds of the Church, to pay the working clergy better, and the great dignitaries not quite so much, the word *establishment* is immediately pressed into the service, as being neither entirely rose, nor yet a definite tulip, but holding a sort of middle term between the two, can be applied to both, and we are told that he who proposes this alteration seeks to overthrow the establishment, and thus this vague generality is made to defend the bad parts of the establishment, by leading to the inference, that all who wish to alter these, wish to overthrow all good establishments. The word *Constitution*, again, is another of these vague generalities which men apply in this form. Whenever they like any practice that has obtained in the State they call it "*constitutional*," whenever they dislike any practice or contemplated change, they call it "*unconstitutional*." Thus, if we propose that Lord St. Leonards should preside in the Court of Chancery without a load of horsehair on his head, we should be immediately attacked by some as subverting all the principles of our matchless Constitution; as giving an unconstitutional preference to human hair over horsehair and whalebone, and bringing all our venerable institutions into discredit. And the same feeling is extended to graver matters than wigs, and is made the defender of every abuse in the state. "Among the several cloudy appellations," says Mr. Bentham, again, "which have been commonly employed as cloaks for misgovernment, there is none more conspicuous in this atmosphere of illusion than the word *order*." It may mean either a rose or a tulip, for the worst *order* is as essentially *order* as the best. The tyranny of a Caligula or a Nero was *order*, just as much as the government of Lord John Russell or Lord Derby; and any attempt to dethrone Caligula or Nero would have been a subversion of *order*, of the established order of things. And under our own government, not very many years since, we have seen men who assembled for the purpose of obtaining a remedy for the grievances under which they suffered, cut down by scores under the plea of maintaining *order*. It is true, *order* was maintained; but not many years elapsed, before the things they complained of were removed, and a better order introduced. Even at the present day, in a neighbouring land, we have a striking example of what is meant by *order*, when used by power to declare its will. Louis Napoleon, the Prince

President, has overthrown the constitution he had sworn to preserve, tyrannized over the Assembly chosen by the people, set up his own will as the law of the land; and all this, he gravely tells the people, is for the maintenance of order. Here order is used to give a perfume to the tulip, and lead men to mistake it for a rose.

In social life, too, we are continually bewildered and led astray by the endeavour to make other things smell as sweet as roses, by calling them rosy names. A man of gallantry, for instance—what a rosy hue the sound has, how redolent of perfume how full of all that is elegant and graceful! I follow this same man of gallantry into a court of justice, where he is sometimes dragged, and all the fine outside is swept away, and he is seen to be the adulterer, the destroyer of man's peace and woman's happiness. See the *bon vivant*, the good liver, with face as rosy as his name, and underneath you have the foulness of the tulip in the glutinous and excess that brutalize and degrade him. As Tim Otter called his three drinking cups, the bull, the bear, and the horse, so do we give all kinds of pet names to the excesses in which too many indulge. We invite a friend to muddle his senses with drink, and call it hospitality, we get drunk with him and call it good fellowship, we lose all consciousness, all thought, and feeling, and call it being jolly. Give these things their proper names—call a spade a spade and the illusion vanishes. But we go on for ever, striving to perfume the tulip by calling it a rose—for ever seeking to delude ourselves as to the reality of things by substituting for them vague and deceptive names.

## SELF-CONFIDENCE

WHEN Sir Walter Raleigh in a meditative mood scribbled the line, 'I fear would climb but that I fear to fall,' he was, doubtless, screwing his courage to the sticking place. His royal mistress added, 'If thy heart fail thee do not climb at all.' This trait stung him to the quick. His watering place was not a desert and permanently fixed.

Disappointments throw weak minds off their balance, the strong and the wise perceive that they are from without and make use of them for their own advantage. Instead of continuing under the dark and sullen clouds of discontent, they emerge into clearer light, and go on with more cheering alacrity. It has sometimes been remarked that great occasions produce great men. Not so, the great men already are such, they only want occasions to call forth their talents. Give them a fair field, and the confidence which belongs to true greatness will enable them to prove their strength.

There is an immense difference between self-confidence and self-conceit. When the young artist Correggio, first saw the beautiful paintings of Raphael and exclaimed, 'I too, am a painter,' it was not arrogant self-conceit, it was the consciousness of similar power.

Admiral Nelson was exceedingly piqued when he was a young man because he was not mentioned in a newspaper paragraph, in which an action was briefly described where he had been present. "Never mind," said he, 'I will one day have a Gazette of my own.' The consciousness of courage and naval skill prompted this proud resolution. Self-conceit is a worn in peacock's feathers. Self-confidence, the soaring eagle. You may have been puffed up into overweening conceit of yourself by the flattery of others, but nothing, excepting the internal conviction of power, can give you self-confidence.

It is a real in some marvellous story  
Boite léger de strage and vague

of a man who was cast upon a desert island among a people who had lost their king. The story says not how he became a runaway, but when the people saw the stranger they fancied he was their sovereign, and immediately placed the glittering crown upon his brow, and the golden sceptre in his hand.

The king lies the lord that wears a crown

the head of the hapless runaway must, indeed, have been uneasy, and the hand that had lately held the plough or grasped the blacksmith's hammer, must have trembled as it lifted the sceptre.

Many a time in life would he have relinquished these emblems of power and with them the pretence that had been thrust upon him. But, no, he was their king, and a king he must remain.

It is a mistake to fight with direful consequences that a man can only be respectable or distinguished, by belonging to one of "the learned professions."

As for the honour of different vocations, there never was a truer sentence than the stile one of Pope—still now, because it is so true—

Act well your part there all the honour lies

And it is the just boast of our own country that in no civilized nation is the force of this philanthropic maxim so nobly illustrated as in ours thanks to our glorious institutions.

When the celebrated Governor Morris, of America, left college, he lost no time in deliberating on the choice of a profession, for he seems to have destined himself for the law, from the time of his first reflections on the subject. His ancestors had gained renown in this career, and it was natural that his inclination should lead him in the same direction. He knew, moreover, that his success in life, his fortune and fame, his future usefulness and consideration, depended upon his own efforts.

"Naturally active sanguine in his temperament, conscious of his powers, and not wanting in ambition, he had an early and continued confidence in

himself, which enabled him to command all the resources of his mind, and to convert them, on any given occasion, to the best account. In fact, this self-confidence was one of the remarkable features of his character through life, and perhaps its tendency was rather to err on the side of boldness and presumption, than on that of timidity and reserve. But there are few more enviable qualities of the understanding, than the power of ascertaining its own bias and strength, and of causing these to unite and co-operate in the attainment of a difficult object. No man had this power in a greater degree than Governor Morris, nor exercised it with more skill and effect. He has often been heard to say, that in his intercourse with men, he never knew the sensation of fear or inferiority, of embarrassment or awkwardness. Although this almost daring self-possession, which never forsook him, may, at times, have deprived his manners of the charm which a becoming diffidence and gentleness of demeanour are apt to infuse, yet as a means of advancement in the world it must be allowed, when properly regulated, to take the precedence of any other quality."

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride.

Self-confidence must have its foundation in self-knowledge. A proper, a just estimate of one's abilities, alone can ensure that confidence, which is neither arrogant nor presumptuous.

It might have been supposed by some persons, who were contemporaneous with the poet Milton, that he possessed an arrogant confidence in his own genius, but time, the best test, has proved that he did not over-estimate his abilities.

He says, "These abilities wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed." Yet so conscious was he of the 'gift,' that he deems himself prepared for a 'work' not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, but to be the result of a steady and constant effort, of the vigorous pursuit of the truth, of the trenchant fury of a rhyming pen, nor to be obtained by the invocation of some Memory and her seven daughters. But by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and to his own seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

But notwithstanding this consciousness of power and this acknowledgment of the source from which it was derived Milton expected success, without vigorous effort on his own part? No, read, young man, for your special benefit, what he says of his mode of life. "My morning haunts are where they should be at home not sleeping or concocting the stuffs of an irregular feast, but up and stirring in winter, often ere the sound of any bell wake men to labour or devotion, in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors or cause them to be read till the attention fails, or memory have its full freight then, with useful and generous labours preserve the body's health and hardiness to render light on the mind and not a slavish obedience to the mind, to the end of religion and our country's liberty."

See it at last!

The self-confidence which accomplishes the end designed success is not founded upon self-puffing or self-exaggeration—but upon true consistent self-knowledge, and self-respect.

PIRATES IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.—"There was no time for thinking, action, and not consideration, was necessary. The ice was closing around us, and the squadron at last sailed miles in advance, again it was mist through, or over this neck the ice must go. Sailing was useless—a mere waste of time, there was no other way but to give it the 'steam.' 'Go a head full speed,' was the word of command 'at once' she goes the concussion is terrific the vessel trembles from her keel to her top. The stubborn element bends and cracks but does not break. 'St' p her! 'Turn astern!' let us try it again. 'Go a head with all speed' you can give her!' The greater portion of the crew is now upon the ice to assist in clearing away. She comes she comes with a full force and she breaks the ice breaks—hurrah! A piece thirty feet square is drifted off he is mischievous from underneath the main floor, making a wonderful clearance. Grapnels over the bow, hook on the pieces, take a turn on land 'turn astern, st' p her, unhitch the grapnels the manœuvre was repeated over and over again with similar success until the noble craft seemed no longer a piece of mechanism, but a thing of life. Some forty tons burst landing on and crushing the barrier that opposed it. To the spectator the scene is novel and interesting the men-o-war men hurrahed and laughed at the sport, while 'hoary-headed experience'—those veterans who had grown grey in Arctic service—stood gaping with astonishment at the 'ice destroyer' smashing a floe six feet thick as if it had been a sheet of glass. She now makes rapid progress and final effort the barrier is broken, she is through she is free in the silent shores of Melville Bay echo the astounding cheers of a hundred scamen as she dashes with lightning speed towards her consort the *Assistance*. For three days was the *Itrepi* adrift from the squadron, but during that period she performed feats unparalleled in the annals of Arctic navigation. No human perseverance, no degree of physical energy no known mechanical power, save the 'strong arm of steam,' could have enabled us to regain our position."—From the Admiralty Records of the late Arctic Expedition.

MOTIVE POWER.—A method of obtaining and applying motive power by counterbalance weights so arranged as to counterbalance each other during the return stroke of the engine, and thereby to require little or no expenditure of power in returning to their original working positions, has been patented by Mr Faulkener, of Chesham.



## CHARADE.

Before my first my last appears,  
 You'll "Tally-ho!" assail their ears,  
 Over they leap with terrible glee—  
 A sport, poor fox, that is end for thee!

The fox is caught, and his brush is  
 borne  
 By the huntsman, sounding his mellow  
 horn  
 And that brush which oft sped through  
 the gale,  
 In a shop in my whole shall be placed  
 for sale

## MENTAL RECREATIONS

If I find the number of deals a person may play at the game of Whist, with out  
 holding the same cards twice

In all combinations, if from an arithmetical decreasing series, the first term  
 of which is the number out of which the combinations are to be formed, and  
 the common difference of which is 1, there be taken as many terms as there  
 are quantities to be combined, and these terms be multiplied into each other  
 —and if from the series 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., there be taken the same number of  
 terms, and these be multiplied into each other—the quotient arising from the  
 division of the first product by the second will be the number of combinations  
 required

Now, as the number of cards played with at whist amounts to 52 and 13  
 of these are dealt to each person, we are to find how many different  
 combinations of 13 can be formed out of 52. Conformably to the rule,  
 therefore, multiply 52 severally by 51, 50, 49, and so on to 41, which will  
 give 3,951,212,643,911,209,680,000 for the product. Then multiply 1, 2, 3,  
 &c., to 13 into each other and the product will be 6,227,020,800. The  
 former product, being divided by the latter, will give 635,013,559,600 for a  
 quotient, which is the number of different ways 13 cards may be taken out  
 of 52, and, consequently, the number required

A question something similar to this though much more difficult to be  
 resolved, is, to determine the number of fifteens that may be made, as in the  
 game of cribbage, out of a common pack of 52 cards, which is found, by  
 computation, to be no less than 17,264.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS

1  
 A word transpose, whose music greets the  
 ear  
 With concord of sweet sounds, harmonious,  
 clear;  
 Another sound is now heard, at which we  
 start—  
 A sound appalling to the feeling heart.

2.  
 Complete, I am seen in air;  
 Beheaded, I'm juice of the pine;  
 Reversed, am but vermin ye fair,  
 My meaning now quickly divine

3.  
 Complete, I am hypocrisy; beheaded,  
 an insect, curtailed, a drinking vessel,  
 and a very common verb

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE NINE OF CLUBS—'SMALL PLAY'

## ENIGMAS.

1  
 Never sleeping still awake  
 Pleading most when most I speak  
 The delight of old and young,  
 Though I speak without a tongue  
 Nought but one thing can confound me—  
 Many voices joining round me  
 Then I fret and rave and gabble,  
 I like the labourers of Babel  
 Now I am a dog or cow—  
 I can bark or I can low  
 I can bleat or I can sing  
 Like the warblers of the spring  
 Let the love sick bard complain—  
 I can mourn the cruel pain  
 Let the happy swain rejoice—  
 And I join my helping voice  
 Both are welcome grief or joy—  
 I with either sport and toy  
 Though a lady I am stout  
 Drums and trumpets bring me out  
 Then I clash, and roar and rattle—  
 Join in all the din of battle  
 Joy with all his loudst thunder  
 When I'm vexed can't keep me untried  
 Yet so tender is my ear  
 That the lowest voice I fear  
 Which I dread the courtier's fate  
 When his nectar is so of date,  
 For I hate a silent breath  
 And a trumpet is my death

2  
 Sprung from the noblest meanest race,  
 I being lost in every place—  
 Newcastle Chester London Dover,  
 In short the universe all over  
 I valued likewise in my station  
 I'm of use to by all the nation  
 Not Proteus self had half my shapes,  
 A lion a horse and there an ape  
 A king sometimes I am and throw  
 My smiles on little folks below  
 Sometimes his consort queen I stand,  
 With flaming sceptre in my hand

3  
 Fired with the fury of the war,  
 I now ascend Belshazzar's car,  
 As Rodney, or as Elliot ride,  
 With ship or cannon by my side,  
 Or, mounted on the horse poetic,  
 Defiance dart at every critic,  
 In form of Shakspeare, Jonson, Pope,  
 Who surely never had a hope  
 This rather world again to rhyme in,  
 Or give their quills another prying  
 A coach and six sometimes I run  
 At others glow a golden sun  
 Descending thence I seek the spot  
 Of tinker grim and rise pot  
 Or friendly to the cobbler's news,  
 I stand confessed, a pair of shoes  
 I mark a friendly invitation  
 To every being in the nation  
 Say reader, whence I really came,  
 And give my motto form a name!

4  
 An agonious workman once made a spit  
 Five hundred turkeys were roasted on it,  
 All well roasted and all at one time,  
 All very fat and just in their prime  
 But here comes the wonder—for, what do  
 you think?  
 All the roast meat at once was turn'd into  
 drink!

## CHARADE

A country enrich'd by my first,  
 While peace and prosperity reign,  
 My yet be reduced to the dust,  
 If pleasure ascendancy gain

My second has never been seen  
 Nor ever by stratagem bound,  
 But yet in all countries has been  
 And only is known by a sound

There is not a seafaring soul,  
 That has to the Indies been borne,  
 But owes to the aid of my whole  
 His safety and speedy return

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

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## PICTORIAL ENIGMA—PRIDE

ENIGMAS—1. A PEN 2. A CIRCLE

NUMERICAL PUZZLE—LID

## CONUNDRUMS

1. Because a secret is always meant for a private ear (privateer).
2. One is a foul domestic, and the other a domestic fowl.
3. Because it is a battlement (battle meant).



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

WHY is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon? Because she is a *Cut-las*.

WHAT is the difference between the sun and bread? The sun rises in the east, and bread rises with the yeast in it.

"WILL you lend father your newspaper, sir? *His* only wants to read it." "Yes, my boy, and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"

"SAY," said one little urchin to another—"does your schoolmaster ever give you a reward of *rust*?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merit two."

A MAN, in the country, in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud-hole. He did not discover his mistake until he attempted to kick.

"WHY is the letter *d* like a ring?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was as dull as the generality of his sex in such a situation. "Because," added the damsel, with a modest look, "we can't be wed without it."

A MUSICAL gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by two bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio*, "I should rather im *gini*," said the unfortunate gentleman, "you wish for a *catch*!"

A GENTLEMAN, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

BURKE was a complete failure, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan. ~~At the gentleman's~~ brought us the knife—but where is the fork?

A FARCE was produced in Hannister's time, under the title of *IV and Water*. "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" inquired the anxious author at his side. "What fate!" said Hannister, "why what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

AN Irishman was brought before a judge, for taking too much beer. The judge asked him if he had any excuse for his conduct. To which he replied—"Ah! your honour, the shameful conduct of wife and children has brought many a man to his *beer*!"

AN Irishman, in contending for the antiquity of certain families in his native country, urged, as a proof, that from time immemorial a certain constellation had borne the name of *O Ryan* (Orion), adding—"Sure and everybody knows that it was a prize fighter he was, and that's how he came by the belt!"

THE MODEL HUSBAND.—Mrs Smith has company to dinner, and there are not *stewberries* enough, and she looks at Mr S with a sweet smile and offers to help him, (at the same time kicking him gently with her slipper under the table,) he always replies—"No! I think you dear, they don't care with me."

SOME poetaster wrote the following. — Long is that morn that brings no eve, tall is the corn that no cobbs leave. Blue is the sky that never looks yellier, hard is the apple that never grows meller, but I nger and bluer, and hard i, and tall, is my own lady love—my adorable Poll. P.S.—The author has since died in great agony.

A LADY, well known in the fashionable vicinity of Portland Place always accosts a stranger with—"I think I have seen you somewhere!" which often leads to a clue for her finding out the history of the party. One evening, she played off the same game on a gentleman, who replied—"Most likely, madam! for I sometimes go there."

THE initial letters of the Latin names of the kings of Bonaparte's family, form the Latin word *Nihil*, (nothing), and this used to be called the genealogical acrostic —

Napoleonic  
Bonaparte  
Hieronimus  
Joachim  
Napoleon

AN anecdote is told of a captain in the service, since dead, that whilst carrying out a British ambassador to his station abroad, a quarrel arose of the subject of precedence. High words were exchanged between them on the quarter deck when, at length the ambassador, thinking to silence the captain, exclaimed—"Recollect, sir, I am the representative of his majesty!" "Then, sir," retorted the captain, "recollect, that *here* I am *more* than majesty itself. Can the king seize a fellow up and give him three dozen?" Further argument was useless, the diplomatist struck.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S REPOSE.—"Why art thou sad, my love, to-day?—what grief is burning o'er thy heart? Why dost thou droop and turn away, and why do tears unbidden start?"—When first I wooed thee in thine *alcove*—thy *Erin*, emerald of the deep—I saw thee, sweetest, only smile, not even thought that thou couldst weep. The sun of summer lights on earth, the zephyr's kiss is on thy cheek, all nature calls thee back to mirth, then leavest, "prythee, love, so weak!"—While thus I spoke, my bosom's queen, one deep, fond glance upon me stealing, exclaimed—"Be jabsers, but you're green! *Keenions*, sure, I'm *after* peering!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is this difference between these two temporal blessings—Health and money, money is the most envied but the least enjoyed, health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied, and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

HOW TO OBSERVE.—It is far more difficult to observe correctly than most men imagine. "To behold," Humboldt remarks, "is not necessarily to observe, and the power of comparing and combining is only to be obtained by education." It is much to be regretted that habits of exact observation are not cultivated in our schools; to this deficiency may be traced much of the fallacious reasoning, the false philosophy, which prevails.

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet,  
Restrain the passion a lawless riot,  
Devoted to domestic quiet,  
Be wisely gay;  
So shall you spite gage's flat,  
And mock decay.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—How many singers are aware that they have an eight feet organ pipe in their throat? An American writer says—"How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet, it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ eight feet in length, and the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness (without the aid of the organ) is, as all know, a very little thing, yet with the contraction and expansion of the throat, it will utter a scale of seven notes and divide every whole tone into a hundred parts."

DON'T TALK ABOUT YOURSELF.—Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of a company, it shows a sad want of mental cultivation. Excessive self-interest is a sort of *emphysema*, always repulsive. Some folks can't tell what is related or what is said upon any subject without using the singular pronoun *I*—as, when *I* was a boy, *I* was at the head of my class, and *I* never was surprised—*I* can dive deeper, *I* can stay under longer, and *I* can come up drier—*I* can, than anybody else *I* ever saw—*I* can *I*—*I* think *I* am rather *k* in *I* do—*I* do. Really, what think you of such a specimen?

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF WAR.—"I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one in a victory, but I also confess, that even then the sight of a fallen battle-honoured only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick, and now that I am older in life, I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence in not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but on the contrary in endeavouring to destroy each other as it were. I have done this myself with such a pity!" What I thought at fifteen years of age I still think. War and the pain of death which so cruelly draws upon itself, are but organized barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state, disguised or ornamented by ingenious institutions and false sequence."

## THE EXAMINATION

(From the *Gita* of Pythagoras.)

I ET not soft rain cloud my eyes,  
Nor I have recollecteth thine,  
The time of actions through the day  
What have my feet marked out their way?  
What have I left where'er I've been,  
I am all I've left—from *Il* I've seen?  
What know I more, that swells the knowing?  
What have I done with the long?  
What have I sought that I should shun?  
What duties have I left undone?  
Or into what new follies run?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That leads to virtue and to God!

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—Take earnestly hold of life, as capricitated for, and destined to, a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labour or a profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward, to the new ground that ever rims up to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's necessities, if will and actions are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this internal principle—a principle that cannot fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance, is unmanly. Every man should strive to be a creator instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect, want dignity and discipline. They prefer to wield the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging their own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the power in him and the Providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit coffers of gold. This spirit of self-reliance, once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest among men.

## ONWARD!

**CHLOROFORM AN ANTISEPTIC**—It has been established beyond doubt, that chloroform is a powerful agent in preserving meat from putrefaction—*Annals of Pharmacy, &c*

**RUSSIAN RAILWAYS**—The Emperor of Russia has 10,000 men at work almost night and day on the line from St Petersburg to Warsaw. All the rails are to be delivered by the end of July, and the locomotive contracts are already signed. So also has the contract for the construction of the line from Moscow to Warsaw; and for the rails 140,000 tons have been purchased in this country.

**STEAM PLOUGH**—The following account of a steam plough, described in the *New York Courier*, places all others in the distance. It is the invention of a native of Cromarty, in Scotland—"Mr Alexander T. Watson has devised a locomotive steam ploughing machine, which, if the operator desires, will also do the work of sowing and harrowing at the same time. The model exhibited by him, at 88, Wall street, is constructed to drive twelve ploughs, and in land suited to its operations a single machine will work over from thirty to forty acres a day."

**THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF DESIGN**—According to the new arrangements recently announced, there is to be no more making up for the award of prizes by a temporary competition amongst the students, the whole of the drawings, models, &c., executed in the school, after a whole session being now to enter as elements in the award. In original design the choice of subject is to be left to the invention, taste, and pursuits of the students, though certain subjects of local manufacture are recommended. The designs also must be executed in the school. This school is said to be making satisfactory progress.

**THE NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION**—We have already published several articles on the use of phosphate of lime in pulmonary disease. This new remedy for one of the most fatal diseases of our race is attracting much notice, but sufficient time has hardly elapsed to determine the result of experiments now in progress, though we hear of some cases of recovery under the new treatment. A correspondent mentions the following case, which will be read with interest by those who are suffering from pulmonary complaints—"A friend of mine has been using it for the past three or four months, in the case of a member of his family, with the most gratifying success. The patient, who has long been an invalid, and was so far reduced (having all the attendant indications of confirmed consumption) as to be confined to his bed or an easy chair, has been so much restored as to ride and walk out daily, his cough and nearly all the other unfavourable symptoms having forsaken him. Care should be taken to obtain pure and *offensive* Cod Liver Oil—much of the article sold being unfit for use—the object being to have it act as food rather than medicine, and thereby afford nourishment to the system."

**DRESSING STONE BY STEAM**—"We paid a visit yesterday," says a New York paper, 'to the works of the Empire Stone-dressing Company. The stone (mainly brown, from the Portland quarries, near Middleton, Connecticut) is hoisted by steam-power directly from the vessel in which it reaches our city, lowered upon a tram road and drawn into the shop, where it is fastened in or appropriate beds or carriages, and so drawn gradually under the cutters, which, in the most approved machines are four, revolving in a circle, and cutting away the stone to the depth of an inch, or more if required, at the rate of about two cubic feet per minute. There are six machines employed in the Empire Works, and the number will, doubtless, be increased to twenty or thirty within a short time, as the demand for dressed building-stone is practically unlimited. Each machine will dress from 300 to 500 feet per day, according to the width of the blocks. After leaving, the stone is very speedily polished and finished off by a different machine, in which the chip or dust made by cutting is used as scouring sand."

**PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN IRELAND**—The reports of the new colleges in Ireland continue to present the evidences of a degree of harmony, usefulness, and prosperity beyond the hopes of even sanguine advocates of education. The system did not at first present itself to the Irish mind with any false attractions. On the contrary, it was introduced in such a way that the small objections to it were apparent to all, while the blessings which it promised seemed distinct and doubtful to all except an enlightened few. Hence it began modestly. Its progress was slow, and is still not so rapid as to cause any fears for its permanence. But the history of its growth is interesting and encouraging to all who feel, as we do, that education is the truest of all reforms. Take the Belfast College as an example of this steady progress. The *Report* states, that there is a very marked improvement with regard to the number of matriculated students. In the first year there were only 89; the number rose to 108 in the second year, and in the present year it was 119. There is also a considerable increase in the fees derived from the students. In the first year they amounted to £1,200, in the second to £1,300, and in the present to £1,443. The full number of scholarships founded in the college is 30 junior scholarships in the faculty of arts, 6 in that of medicine, 3 in that of law, 2 in the department of engineering, and 4 in that of agriculture. There are, besides, 10 senior scholarships; but as they are to be held by students in the fourth year of their course, they have not yet come into existence. The "discipline" is described as perfect. No student has been brought before the council for misconduct, and notwithstanding that the professors and the students are of various opinions in religion and other matters, "the greatest harmony pervades every department." Here, at least, there is some gleam of hope for Ireland.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## AUTHORS.

How many great ones may remember'd be,  
Which in their days most famously did flourish,  
Of whom no word we hear, not sign now see,  
But as things wip'd out with a sponge do perish,  
Because they living cared not to cherish  
No gentle wit, through pride or covetise  
Which might their names for ever memorise!

*Spenser's Ruins of Time.*

Let authors write for glory or reward,  
Truth is well paid, when she is sung and heard.

*R. Corbet, Bishop of Norwich.*

He that writes,  
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites  
His judges than his friends, there's not a guest  
But will find something wanting, or ill drest

*Prologue to Sir R. Howard's Surprizal.*

Much thou hast said, which I know when  
And where thou stol'st from other men;  
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts,  
Are all but plagiary shifts—*Butler's Hudibras.*

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules,  
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools;  
Yet sure the best are more severely rated,  
For fools are only laugh'd at—*See one hated*  
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor,  
But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war  
Why on all authors then should critics fall,  
Since some have writ and shown no wit at all?—*Pope*

Authors alone, with more than savage rage,  
Unnat'ral war with brother authors wage—*Pope*

None but an author knows an author's cares,  
Or fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

*Couper's Progress of Error.*

'Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print,  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.—*Byron*

## AUTHORITY.

A man in authority is but as  
A candle in the wind, sooner wasted  
Or blown out than under a bushel.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.*

Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,  
Not from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;  
But our past life when virtuously spent,  
Must to our age those happy fruits present—*Denham*

Authority kept up, old age secures,  
Whose dignity is long as life endures—*Denham*

Authority bears off a credent bulk,  
That no particular scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the braver—*Shakspeare's Measure for Measure.*

Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it-self,  
That skins the voice of the top—*Shakspeare's Measure for Measure.*

Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep!—*Shakspeare's Measure for Measure*

My soul aches  
To know, when two authorities are up,  
Neither supreme, how soon confusion  
May enter twixt the gap of both and take  
The one by the other.—*Shakspeare's Coriolanus*

## AUTUMN

Then came the autumn, all in yellow clad  
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,  
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad  
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore  
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore,  
Upon his head a wreath that was enfold  
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,  
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,  
To reap the ripened fruit the which the earth had yold.  
*Spenser's Faery Queen.*



### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS No 3.**—To clean looking glasses, first wash the glass all over with clean lukewarm soap suds and a sponge. When dry, rub it bright with a buckskin and a little prepared chalk finely

powdered. A mahogany frame should be first well-dusted and then cleaned with a flannel dipped in sweet oil. Bronzed chandeliers, lamps &c., should be merely dusted with a feather-bush, or with a soft cloth, as washing them will take off the bronzing. To clean knives and forks, wash the blades in warm (but not hot) water, and then rub them lightly over with powdered rotten-stone wet to a paste with a little cold-water, then polish them with a clean cloth. A good blacking for stoves may be made with half a pound of black lead finely powdered, and (to make it stick) mix with it the whites of three eggs well beaten; then dilute it with sour beer or porter till it becomes as thin as shoe-blackening; after stirring it set it over hot coals to simmer for twenty minutes, when cold it may be kept for use. For cleaning bristles belonging to mahogany furniture, either powdered whiting or scraped rotten-stone mixed with sweet oil and rubbed on with a buckskin is good. The best covering for a kitchen floor is a thick unfigured oil cloth, of one colour. Meat may be kept several days in the height of summer, sweet and good, by lightly covering it with bran, and hanging it in some high or windy room, or in a passage where there is a current of air. A good cold cream may be made thus: oil of almonds one pound, sweet and white lard of each one pound, spermaceti and white wax one ounce, melt them in a boiling water bath, and rose or orange-flower four ounces, essence of lavender or bergamot thirty-five drops. When velvet gets plushed from pressure, hold the parts over a basin of hot water with the lining of the dress next the water, the pile will soon rise and assume its original beauty. A tight boot or shoe goes on easier when thoroughly warmed by turning the soles next to the fire. All kinds of glass vessels and other utensils may be purified and cleaned by rinsing them out with powdered charcoal. All householders would exercise a wise precaution against fire, by directing that the last person up should perambulate the premises previous to going to bed, to ascertain that all fires are safe and lights extinguished. Should a fire break out in a chimney a wetted blanket should be nailed to the upper ends of the mantel piece, so as to cover the opening entirely when the fire will go out of itself. All flannels should be soaked before they are made up first in cold then in hot water in order to shrink them. Worsted and lamb's wool stockings should never be mended with worsted or lamb's wool, because the latter being new it shrinks more than the stockings, and draws them up till the toes become short and narrow, and the heels have no shape left. Preserved ginger is made by scalding the young roots till they become tender, then peeling them in cold water, frequently changing the water, and after this they are put into a thin sirup, from which, in a few days, they are removed to the jars, and a rich sirup poured over them. When much pastry is made in a house, a good quantity of fine flour should be kept on hand, in dry jars, and quite secured from the air, as it makes lighter pastry and bread when kept a short time, than when quite fresh ground.

**INVENTION OF GLASS.** Thomas—Pliny gives the origin of glass making thus.—As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not finding nitre stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of nitre for that purpose, the fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass.

**PREJUDICES.** J C.—In the multifarious communications that come under our notice, we often observe with regret how many are influenced with erroneous impressions, the result of deep-rooted prejudices that no reasoning could possibly remove. We have not space to point out the folly and injustice of such ideas, but the subject shall hereafter occupy our attention. One correspondent inquires gravely whether the French people are not proverbially selfish, and whether the industrial energies of the Americans are not inferior to those of England &c? The questioner probably belongs to the same school as the Londoner, who, during an excursion to Bristol, was

shown everything remarkable there, whether the production of nature or art. "But as every object in that city was in his estimation unequal to any of a similar kind in London, he was at length led to St Vincent's Rocks. On being asked what he thought of these stupendous monuments of natural magnificence, he replied, "They are diverting enough, but they are nothing to the London rocks!"

**EMIGRATION.**—Having received several letters from correspondents, requesting our opinion on the subject of emigration, we offer a few general observations, which will apply to most of the cases brought under our notice. Appreciating the importance of the question, and not being acquainted with the circumstances of the individuals who have requested our advice, we have invariably declined issuing an opinion which might probably involve serious consequences. There cannot be a doubt that to many, emigration presents a vast field for the development of industrious habits;—for, as the old world is over-crowded—

"Some have meat, a I cannot eat  
While son a can eat, I but I have no meat."

and the smiling prospect of abundance elsewhere, is a powerful inducement to the overtaken and needy denizens of our large capitals. The following excellent remarks of Mr. M. Gregor are worth consideration. "It is a matter of the first importance to consider, before deciding on expatriation whether one can obtain, by industry and integrity, a tolerably comfortable livelihood in the country of his nativity, whether, in order to secure to his family the certain means of subsistence, he can willingly part with his friends, and leave scenes that must have been dear to his heart from childhood, and whether in search of independence, he can entail upon his family the inconveniences of a sea voyage and the fatigue attending the object of his search. If he can resolve upon facing these difficulties and enduring many privations there are not wanting, to stimulate his efforts examples of men who must have encountered and have overcome (equally, if not more disheartening hardships before they attained a state of comfortable affluence. We leave these observations to the judgment of our readers. To those aspirants who are seeking to better their condition in their own country, we would recommend the following, as



A NICE OFFERING FOR A YOUNG MAN

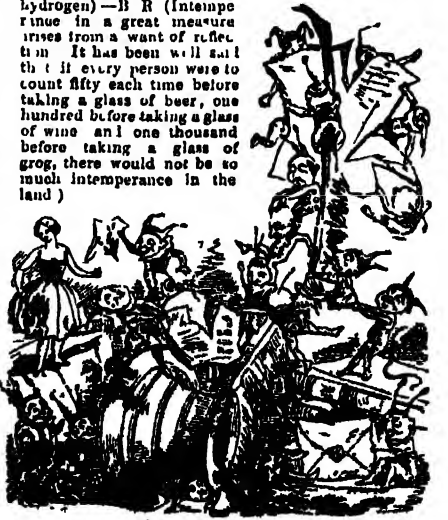
**BUOYANCY OF THE BODY IN WATER.** S J.—There is no doubt by attending to proper instructions, that persons falling into the water and unable to swim may float for a time until assistance is obtained. The following direction is simple and useful. An individual in this strait should carefully avoid raising his hands above the water, and then by moving them under water in any manner he chooses his head will rise high enough to enable him to breathe freely, if he moves his legs, as in the action of walking up stairs more of his body will rise above the water, which will allow him to use less exertion with his hands. To this we may add that by throwing back the head and shoulders, so as to thrust out the chest to its greatest extent, and keeping it in that position, the volume of air contained in the lungs will be so much increased, as to add very considerably to the buoyancy of the upper part of the body. This alone would enable some people to float without using any motion of their limbs.

**HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.** J Simpson.—Many and various are the ways and means to promote happiness in a family. A cheerful manner, a kind word, a readiness to oblige, can always diffuse a pleasing influence around. "I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every man he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or unpleasant, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. 'No secret, Dr.' he replied, 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when

I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

**COFFEE A DISINFECTANT.** W M.—Numerous experiments with roasted coffee, prove that it is the most powerful means, not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time, was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room, exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a dung pit, so that sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee roaster although the cleaning of the dung pit continued for several hours after. The best mode of using the coffee as a disinfectant is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes a dark brown tint when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cess pools, or lay it on a plate in the room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J W C (the Transfigured Playing Cards, when completed in the *Home Companion* will be published separately).—M D FRANKS (the manuscripts are declined. The *Home Companion* can be forwarded to Australia if proper directions are sent).—P W (almond soap or glycerine).—W W P (if future arrangements will obviate the inconvenience).—BOCCACCIO (we shall consider the proposition).—W H CALDER (Atom is derived from the Greek words meaning 'not to cut'—one of the elementary particles of matter, and so small as to be incapable of further division).—VULCANUS (the field is open to all).—I RUTTS (the lines are good, but we have no space to insert them).—SEMPER LUDM (all will depend upon the power of the instrument).—J B D (a few bread crumbs and change the water daily).—A FATHER (the obligation to register is, we believe, imperative. Prudence would dictate it is necessary to a parent, independent of the statutory knowledge required by the state).—CALLELA (thanks).—OMEGA (thanks).—J L W (the proverb is "Many moles, &c.").—J H K (strawberries are mentioned by Theophrastus and other writers. In the Roman as well as the middle ages, children slept in them at night, when they were confined by bands across and covered with a quilt).—CIVIS (General Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo was a South Welshman).—JUNA (White Conduit House derived its name from an old stone conduit, which was erected in 1041).—WELLS (The reason why leaks are worn by Welshmen, is said to be derived from a victory obtained over the Saxons by Cadwallader, a Welsh prince in the sixth century. The Welshmen, to distinguish themselves from their enemies, and the more readily to know each other wore leaks).—B (Canada is stated to have obtained its name from the Spaniards, who when they landed in that quarter, repeated the words *aca nada*, nothing here, meaning that it no gold was to be found, of which the Indians caught the sound).—J W (coaches were introduced into England by Fitz Allan, Earl of Arundel, in 1480).—H L W (the spring alluded to is that near Wigan in Lancashire, the water of which burns like oil. This phenomenon arises from the fumes of inflammable air or hydrogen).—B R (Intemperance in a great measure arises from a want of reflection. It has been well said that if every person were to count fifty each time before taking a glass of beer, one hundred before taking a glass of wine and one thousand before taking a glass of grog, there would not be so much intemperance in the land).



Printed by WILLIAM KILLMER, 24, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN HENRY, 69, Fleet Street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 29.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"He advanced rapidly to her side, took her hand in his, carried it to his lips, and, sinking upon one knee, looked up into her face, and whispered impetuously and passionately—'What is my fate?' You told me you would accept me—do not—nay, you can not reject me!"

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA

(Continued from page 436)

AFTER some discussion about the costume &c., his guests took their leave and drove away, leaving the young painter to think long and earnestly of the vision of loveliness just flitted before him. He sat for some time without moving or taking his eyes from the picture—but it was evident, from the vacancy of his gaze, that he saw nothing around him. He was not in love—it was rather too soon for that. But he had seen another page of human existence—another glimpse of beauty had been given him, and in his rapt thought it was sinking into his heart, and taking its place in his imagination. His life had been a very secluded one—secluded, too, none the less because half of a large city had passed before his eyes in unbroken succession. He had known them as an artist who had been employed by them, they were his customers—not even his patrons—for he knew their approach to him had been prompted, not by love for his art, but by vanity. Among this crowd many of the beautiful and gay had sat to him—such as are called beautiful at least; but among them all he had never seen a face which concentrated his thoughts even as an artist. Among them all, various and even opposite to each other as many of them were, he had never recognised one line of poetry—one tone of the music to which his soul could vibrate. The sight of all the gaiety and fashion around him, attractive as it would have been to many, had created no wish to mingle among them, he had kept aloof, even when his fame as an artist would have opened every door to him.

Cara's was not only a new face to him—it was almost a new world; and the sight of it almost reconciled him to the life of a portrait painter. He said truly that he would paint it with a pleasure no face had ever given him. But still he was not in love—at least not in the manner of feeling called love. He could love a beautiful object for its beauty, and yet have no wish

to possess it. His love was the love of a painter, and perhaps it would go forth with as much fervour for a stately tree, swinging and sighing in the wind or calmly sleeping in the sunlight as for a lovely woman. To have lost the opportunity of painting Cara's face, would have been a severe disappointment to him, he revelled in the very idea of painting it, and yet never thought the possession of that face could or might be sought to him, but an object to be painted.

He was not in love, then, in the meaning usually attached to the term; and yet he might be, too. She had come very near his heart when she admired and appreciated his picture—the picture of which he was so jealous. But Mr. Thorpe had admired it too, and appreciated its excellence as thoroughly as she did he, therefore, love him likewise? No; for he was not a woman and, though eminently a handsome man, he had not the beauty which the painter loves. Nor, if the face of Cara had belonged to Thorpe, would Vernon have had the same feeling towards it. It was not, therefore, only because the face was a beautiful one, that he desired to paint it; but, also because it belonged to a woman—one who combined with it all the softness and sweetness of her sex. Still, we say again, he was not in love—as yet.

He sat for a long time without moving. He then arose, took the "Sunset," gazed on it for a moment, enveloped and tied it, wrote "Miss Cara Falbot" on the paper, went out with it, and returned without it. He had sent it to her!

"She is the first who ever appreciated it," he said, "and she shall have it." But she was not the first. True, she had at once entered into the beauty of the painting at first sight, but Thorpe had fully valued it before she saw it, and he had called her attention to it. Allen did not know that; but if he had known it, would he have acted differently? We cannot tell. What would have been, had circumstances been changed, we can never know even of ourselves. It is probable, however, that he would have acted precisely as he did.



assumption; and thus the matter stood at the period of the commencement of our story.

As they left the painter's studio, Thorpe noticed that Cara was silent and thoughtful; and this was by no means a manner which he was fond of seeing. Indeed, the less she thought the better he was pleased, and least of all did he like to see that object produced by an interview with a handsome young gentleman.

"Mr. Vernon seems to have made an impression," said he, as he handed her into the carriage, and stepped in after her.

"Upon me? Why?" she asked.

"You seemed absent," said her companion, "a mood you are not much given to."

"Do you mean that as an admonition to be more serious?"

"Oh no," said he, "you please me best as you are best pleased to be."

"Well," said she, somewhat pitifully, "I am glad you do not wish to pursue the Mentor yet."

"Yet?" said he, in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"Nothing," she answered quietly, "at least, I hope, nothing."

"Homo!" asked the driver.

"No to Major Bryce's."

Thorpe made no further observation for some time, but the glitter in his eye showed that he had not forgotten her words.

"Come," said Cara, at last, "do talk to me—I feel lonely."

"Lonely Cara?" he said, reproachfully.

"O pahaw!" she exclaimed, I am sorry to say, even petulantly, "why do you persecute me with your jealousy? I can never make even the most common-place complaint but you catch me up as reproachfully as if I had uttered treason. Why should I not feel lonely, when my only companion will not say a word to me?"

"Cara," said Thorpe, with a gravity which he knew perfectly how to assume, "you know I would do anything in the world to save you from even the merest weariness."

"O well," she interrupted him somewhat softened, "let us no more about it. I was wrong no doubt, and you are you to notice my childishness so seriously. Let us forget it."

"I can forgive you, Cara," he commenced, but she broke in—

"I did not ask for that—I did not ask for that!" I only said let us forget it—and you seem to lie in wait for me as if you were cross examining a witness. Pray, Morris, when you talk to me, throw off a little of the lawyer."

"Cara," said he, slowly, "if my presence is not agreeable I will leave the carriage, and see you when you are in better spirits." He pulled the check string as he spoke, and the coachman drew up.

"By no means," said Cara, quickly, "drive on, George, Mr Thorpe has changed his mind." The driver cracked his whip, muttering at the fickleness of "big people," and Cara turned to Thorpe. "Morris," she said, gently, "I will ask your forgiveness now, will you not pardon me? I was too unreasonable—I do not know what ails me."

"Willingly," he said, smiling affectionately, and pressing the hand she had laid upon his arm. "willingly, Cara, but you try me very severely."

"I daresay, now," she said laughingly, withdrawing her hand, "that you were only trying me, and did not intend to leave the carriage at all."

"I thought you would relent before I got entirely out," said he.

"Then," said she, becoming serious again, "the next time you attempt it I will let you go—so be careful."

He had not time to reply before the carriage drew up, with a jerk in front of a large, three storied, stone house, with large windows, and yellow inside blinds. This was the residence of Major Bryce whose wife was a relative of Thorpe's mother and it whose house his sister was then residing. By a singular coincidence the Major was himself a cousin of Allen Vernon's deceased parent.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"We saw a nettle but a hettle and the faults of fools but folly —CORTOLANUS

As Cara and Thorpe entered the drawing-room at Major Bryce's, they were met by his sister Maria, a tall, fine-looking girl of about twenty years, who was in all things, except the difference necessarily produced by the difference of sex, an exact counterpart of her brother. There was, perhaps, less goodness expressed in her face, and in its stead might be traced the haughty superciliousness which in him was kept sedulously hidden. She seemed more intellectual, too, than she was, and had she been older might, with not a tittle of her brother's learning have played the "blue" with some success. The same traits which prevented her governing the pride of her character, likewise prevented her emulating him in attainments. Perhaps, the only real difference between them was a difference in the degree of patience. With this exception, she was not only a very agreeable but a very fascinating woman—sufficiently well read to mingle in, and even lead a literary circle, and yet not too learned to be tolerated.

She received Cara with the affectionate simplicity of an intimate friend, with none of the familiarity likely to impair her influence—kissing her kindly on the cheek, and leading her to a seat, while she occupied another herself. Her brother walked away to a table and looked over a pile of newspapers. A moment afterwards the door opened and Miss Bryce entered, rushing like a whirlwind up to Cara, and almost smothering her in her embrace. She was large, not tall, fleshy and round—sufficiently so, indeed, to have made her movements a little more dignified. Instead of this, however, she adopted a manner which might have suited a fairy, or which might have been tolerated in Cara, but was in her incongruous and absurd. Her appearance was that of a fine lady manufactured by the milliner, and the

character of her form was almost entirely lost in a becoming and rolling about under her clothes as if they could be moved it even to the intolerable shape God has given the shoulders, deep in the chest, thick in the wrist, and had an abundant fashion of wearing more clothes than were rationally given them—when there hundred yards was a small allowance for a woman in full dress. Long arms and large hands and feet, completed a form less adapted to the gentleman bearing than one in a thousand. Accompanying this coarseness was a face differing in the essential features from the appropriate, and expressing a character very different from what one would have expected from her form. One feature alone kept up the resemblance, this was her nose, which expressed the violent exaggeration and mingled sentimentality and coarseness of her character. Her eyes were large, deep, and expressive, of a dark grey hue, approaching to the blue, and set wide apart. In their expression they were soft, womanly, and sometimes delicate but among men they lost this character, and became inviolable, bold, and sometimes equivocal. Her mouth was large and well-filled with strong white teeth, and when she talked her lips took the line of the upper lip of which she conversed—expressing compassion, affection, religion, contempt, and every other passion predicable upon her gross nature. Her forehead was high and firm, surmounted by a mass of dark hair; her nose was thick, but smooth and round, apparently driven down like a post between her immense shoulders. Her most prominent mental characteristic was self-esteem, exaggerated into superciliousness, combined most unaccountably with an illegitimate reverence for the opinions of others, a constant tendency to become maudlin, and a superlative admiration of genius on a small scale. Her strongest passions were love of notoriety, however obtained, and of sympathy for imaginary unhappiness. Her chief sentiment was a strong desire for confidence, and she loved nothing so well as a confidence as complaisance to burn incense to her vanity, an easy temper to bear with her endless whims, and dulness to be blind to her repeated coarseties.

With all these dangerous and disgusting qualities, one would have supposed her position in society would be insecure. But nothing could be less true. She was sustained by the gentlemen, to whom her free manners were extremely fascinating. If she thought her footing becoming precarious, she would have a series of faintings each time falling into the arms of some gentleman, and waking with the most dove-like tenderness in her eyes, and the most fervent expressions of gratitude. With all this liberality of her person, she never did anything positively to compromise herself, and thus kept clear of any demonstration from her own sex, except the contempt which the majority of them did not scruple to express. She was sustained by the opposite sex; and whatever may be the thought, they can sustain any one who avoids positively compromising herself.

After she had almost smothered Cara, and at last let her loose, she suddenly perceived Thorpe. She ran to him, and taking his hand, pressed it in hers warmly, and looked up into his face with one of those dying looks with which she usually recovered from a fainting fit. Thorpe returned the pressure, and looked as if he would like to press her lips to his, had Cara not been present. As it was, he let her, still holding her hand, to the sofa where Cara sat, and left her. At the same moment her father entered.

Where or how Major Bryce had got his majority no one knew. He had served in the war of 1812, with Great Britain, and had been appointed by the colonel of his regiment, in which he was a subaltern, to the post of regimental quarter master, and when he came home he consequently bore the title of captain. Soon afterwards he had received an accession of wealth by his marriage with a woman whose wealth was her only recommendation to the poor quarter-master, (now discharged,) and, having become rich he was of course, advanced in military rank. At all events, he was now a major, by courtesy, and had been for many years. He was a short, thick set man, of about fifty, with a large, good-humoured face, and an immense pair of red whiskers, now fast verging towards the gray. His countenance was rough even coarse, (he had Scotch blood in his veins,) and florid full of health and vigour. He was somewhat fat, but his step was alert and quick, and his bearing soldierly. His small, gray eyes twinkled almost merrily, and his large mouth, opening with a kindly smile, showed two rows of strong long, but not very clean teeth. Mingled with his manners was a sort of brusqueness, which sometimes seemed rudeness; and in his mode of conversation there was sometimes a little pomposity—a habit which had grown upon him while he was a rich man, and he was, consequently, listened to as an oracle. "While he was a rich man," we said, for now he was not so. His daughter's reckless extravagance, in which she tried to compensate the coarseness of her appearance by the fineness of everything around her, combined with the major's want of capacity for "management" (a strange anomaly in a man with Scotch blood in his veins,) had gradually reduced his wealth to very narrow limits, and, at this period, he was seeking about for some means of reuniting his coffers.

As he entered the room he advanced briskly to Cara, (and the old gentleman had been eight years a widower,) kissing her upon both cheeks. He next shook hands with Thorpe, and seated himself beside his sister.

"Upon my word!" said Maria, "if you go on, at this rate Mary may look for a stepmother before she is a year older!"

"And why not?" said the old gentleman. "Wouldn't I make a good husband for any of you?"

"Certainly, if you are not over sixty, I'll take you myself," said Cara.

"Sixty!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I'm scarcely more than fifty!"

"Oh!" said Maria, "that's worse than I thought—"

"Because that number means much more, and through all classes, the young and the young, think in love, while it may in money."

"At fifty," said Thorpe, "love for love is rare, 'tis true."



"Yes," said Cara, looking at Morris archly—

"But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,  
A good deal may be bought for fifty louis."

"Oh, Jupiter!" exclaimed the old man, "if you all quote poetry on me, I must give in, for I never could remember a line in my life."

"Then," said Cara, "I withdraw my pledge; I never could bear a man who could not occupy a whole evening in recitation."

"And, besides," said Thorpe, "she is particularly full of poetry now; we have just visited the studio of a very poetical portrait painter."

"Your description is better than your meaning," said Cara, quickly.

"Cousin Morris never liked poetry," said Mary solemnly, as if she had been imparting a secret peculiarly within her knowledge.

"Indeed!" said Cara, opening her eyes very wide.

"We have been to the studio of young Mr. Vernon," said Thorpe to the major. "Do you know him?"

"Do I know him?" said the latter, pompously drawing himself up. "Was not his mother my second cousin?"

"Indeed I don't know," said Morris, gravely.

"Well, I do," said the major. "Certainly, I know him! he is my daughter's third cousin, sir!"

"Oh! father!" exclaimed the young lady referred to. "That common painter my cousin!" And she held up her large hands in horror at the idea.

"A common painter, did you say?" asked Cara, almost angrily. "Did you ever see him, or any of his works?"

"She refers to his occupation," interposed Thorpe, "and not to the man."

"And what have you to say against his occupation?" pursued Cara. "Is it not respectable—nay, honourable and intellectual in a very high degree?"

"Indeed, I don't know," said Mary, shrinking from the discussion, because she felt incompetent to continue it.

Thorpe interposed again—without noticing Cara's warmth.

"More portrait painting," said he, "can only be an intellectual occupation when the artist has intellectual faces to paint; and even then it cannot compare with the production of such works as the one we saw, Cara, representing a sunset."

"I would like to possess that picture," said Cara.

"You will hardly ever be so fortunate," said Morris. "He seems to value it too highly to part with it. Nothing, I think, short of love for you would enable you to secure it."

"Even that," said she, laughing, "is not impossible."

"Certainly not," said Thorpe; "on the contrary, rather."

"Is he painting your portrait?" asked the major.

"He will soon," she answered; "we take the first sitting to-morrow."

Having prevented an angry discussion, Morris walked away to the table, and again looked at the newspaper.

"You will see by the paper, there," said the major, "that we are likely to have some difficulty on the Rio Grande."

"Yes," said Thorpe, reading on, "our government can scarcely avoid a war now—"

"Even if she wishes to do so," interrupted the major.

"Which she does not," added Thorpe; and he read on through a long account of the capture and murder of Captain Thornton, just before the declaration of war in 1846.

"We may look for a proclamation, I think, soon," he said, as he finished the account, and laid the paper quietly down. The major looked as if he could say more, but was silent.

"Suppose war should be declared," said Maria to the latter, "would you think of rejoining the army?"

"That depends upon circumstances," said he, cautiously.

"That is," said Cara, "if you should be appointed brigadier by the President you would go; if not, you would stay."

"My aspirations are not so high," he replied.

"Then you have aspirations?" said Maria.

"Expectations would be the more proper word," the major answered, mysteriously; and turning to Thorpe, he added, "I want to speak to you, Morris, privately, before you leave the house."

"I am here on attendance," said the latter, "and my movements depend upon Miss Cara."

"Then come with me now," said he; "she will wait, I am sure."

"That depends upon how long he stays," said Cara.

"Oh, we will not be absent a moment," and they passed out.

"I have positive and reliable information," the major commenced as soon as he had shut the door behind him, "that our government has been expecting a rupture with Mexico for several weeks; and in evidence of it, read that letter."

Thorpe took the letter and found it to be an intimation from a gentleman in one of the departments, who might be supposed to speak *ex cathedra*, that the President was already casting about among "citizens of known patriotism and capacity," to find persons "adapted to fill important stations in the army, in the event of a war with Mexico." The letter went on to detail with brevity the stations to be filled until it came to the head of quarter-masters; and then came the gist of the communication. It was hinted that, if he would accept a post in that department, it would be at his service. An immediate answer was requested, and the letter closed. A postscript, however, contained information no less important, and was in these words:—

"I think I hazard nothing in saying that, in the event above anticipated, your State will be called upon for a number of volunteer regiments. Possibly the timely notice of this may enable you to do the country service more effectual than if it came to you through the usually tardy channels."

(To be continued.)

## LOVE'S TRIALS; OR, MISTAKEN EVIDENCE.

(Continued from page 461.)

### CHAPTER XXI.

THE shades of night were just closing in, as Edwards landed on the opposite shore. The stage-house stood upon the high ground a little back from the river, and could only be distinguished, through the large trees which surrounded it, by the light from two of its windows. He threaded his way along the winding path which led up to the house, followed at some distance by his attendant, whom he had previously instructed should not be seen by Rudolph, if it proved that he was still there.

James could not help feeling a little trepidation as he found himself drawing near the place where he had reason to suppose the unhappy young man then was. As he approached the building, a long, low house, he saw a light but from one end, which proved to be the bar-room. He entered without knocking. The bar-keeper was sitting before the fire, and two or three men, apparently stage drivers and ostlers, were resting on the benches in different parts of the room. The former at once turned towards him.

"Is there a young man here from the city, intending to take the stage in the morning?"

"There is a young man here who expects to take the early stage, but where he is from, I don't know."

"Is he about the house?"

"He has gone to his room; he asked for a light a few minutes since."

"Can you show me the room?"

The young man hesitated a moment.

"Why, yes; I can show you the room."

He took a light and led the way into a small passage, and from thence into that appeared to be the hall of the house. Several doors opened into it, to one of which James was directed; he knocked gently, and a voice, which he recognised as Rudolph's, called—

"Who's there?"

"A friend; James—James Edwards."

The door was immediately opened, and Rudolph stood before him; his brow was knit, and his whole countenance stern and cold.

"May I ask your special business in thus intruding upon me?"

"I come as a friend, Mr. Hunt."

"Indeed! then why so formal, you have always called me Rudolph."

"Pardon that inadvertence, Rudolph, but believe me that as a friend I have sought you."

"Come in, then, and be seated."

James took a chair, and Rudolph, closing the door, looked it and put the key in his pocket. James noticed the act, and, for an instant, unpleasant thoughts rushed into his mind; but they could not rest there; strong in the consciousness of the purity of his intentions, his mind retained its firmness. Rudolph did not take a seat, but kept walking about the room, apparently attending to matters connected with his departure, for James heard him clasp the lock of his valise and fasten it; he, at length, walked up to where James was sitting.

"You say you have come as a friend; may I know what your friendly designs are?" As he said this, he did not look at Edwards, but kept his eye fixed upon a piece of paper which he was folding, evidently with no other design than that of affording a diversion to his sight from an object that was not agreeable to him. He shrunk from the clear, honest gaze of Edwards.

James arose and extended his hand, but Rudolph did not notice the act, or did not wish to commit himself.

"Believe me, Rudolph, I have no feelings toward you but those of perfect kindness, and my errand to you now is an errand of love."

"Edwards, I don't want any of your cant; it may answer for young girls and old women, but I tell you, candidly, I don't want to hear it; you have come here, I suppose, to condole with me, that through you I have become an outcast from society." Rudolph's voice grew harsher and louder as he said this, and he turned his face full upon Edwards; a contemptuous sneer was visible, as well as fierce and deadly passion; his brow was knit, his eye distended, and his teeth compressed.

"What is there you can bring by way of consolation to me?" he added.

"I bring you, Rudolph, my forgiveness, and you cannot but feel that you have endeavoured to do me a dreadful evil; but I most heartily forgive it all; and I bring you a message from your uncles that may give you hope for the future."

"You bring me forgiveness! And who asked your pardon? You tell me that my uncles may still aid me, and perhaps through your intercession? You who have wormed yourself into favour with those whose friendship was my birthright, and have now come to triumph in my misery."

"Rudolph, you do me great injustice, and you know you do. God is my witness that I have never sought to injure you, and my sole object here to-night is—"

"Edwards, your words are idle, they are wasted upon me; this world is not wide enough to contain us both; take that, and defend yourself!" drawing a pistol from his breast, and handing it to James, at the same instant cocking another and taking deadly aim. "I shall count five, and fire; so be quick." [See Engraving, p. 368.]

James was horror-stricken for a moment, but as Rudolph began to count, he threw the pistol which had been put into his hands, across the room, and rushed towards Rudolph to wrest the other from his murderous grasp. But Rudolph anticipated his attempt and fired. James fell to the floor; Rudolph sprang to the window, opened it, seized his valise, and was out in an instant.

The noise of the pistol soon brought the members of the family to the door; as it was locked, and no answer made to their call, it was burst open. James lay weltering in blood, and apparently dead or dying. They, however, raised him and placed him upon the bed, and by using what means they had on hand to revive him, he was enabled to give some directions; his attendant was despatched to the city to inform his friends and order medical aid, and an express was sent to bring his mother and sisters.

Mr. Tightbody, who had arrived expressly to learn the result of the trial, was beginning to be very impatient, as the evening was wearing away, and James had not made his appearance, when a loud knock at the street door, and a hasty call for Mr. Wharton, as soon as the servant opened it, started the two worthies, who were deeply engaged in conversation. Theodore immediately stepped into the passage.

"The man wants the Rev. Mr. Wharton."

"Mr. Wharton is here; do you wish to see him?"

"He is wanted at Mr. Hunt's as soon as possible; there is some great trouble, and they wish him to come as quick as he can."

Mr. Tightbody did not exactly understand the nature of the summons which Mr. Wharton had so suddenly received, but was glad of an opportunity to slip off, inwardly resolving that nothing should any longer impede his progress towards home. His mind was glowing with the glorious idea of being the first to communicate the good tidings. He had not relished the plan which Mr. Wharton had proposed, and would, in some way, have willingly declined it. He was not by nature or habit a waterman, and when he reached the ferry stairs, and saw how dark the night looked, and how very black was the water, except where the white caps occasionally glittered in the distance, giving tokens of a fresh breeze upon the open stream, he heartily wished that he had started earlier.

"Rather a fresh breeze to-night!" As he said this the boatmen were resting on their oars, and waiting for their passenger, the only one who was to cross.

"It's a gettin' late, and if all's ready, we're off."

Mr. Timothy sprang in, hastily took the seat assigned him, and putting one hand on each side of the boat, held on with a tight grasp.

"There seems to be considerable wind!"

"It's a freshen' up some; there'll be more a stirrin' afore we get over."

On landing, it had become, to use Mr. Tightbody's own words, "exceeding dark," and the lights which shone from the house were not of much use beyond the line of trees which surrounded it, as only an occasional glimmer could be seen through the openings in the thick branches. All at once, however, he stopped, and if it could have been possible, just then, to take cognizance of the matter, it would have been seen that Mr. Timothy was very pale. His eyes had for some time been widely stretched, in order to take in all the rays of light that were to be had; but now he opened them, if possible, wider still; then he rubbed them, and peering into the mist before him, began to feel the cold chills creeping up his back, and the hat fairly moving on his head.

He would have spoken, but the creature was one of such a questionable appearance that he really felt unable to do so; and it was very near to him. Nothing separated them but the little ditch which ran by the side of the road, Mr. Timothy being in the middle of the road, and the object which thus alarmed him, standing by the fence, and apparently holding fast to it. [*See Engraving, p. 401*] The road near this struck off to the stage-house, and Mr. Timothy, after standing awhile and gazing at the spectre, his thoughts by no means becoming more reconciled to its appearance, very gently, and by almost an imperceptible movement, began to move towards the house. Could it be possible! was he correct?—was the thing really advancing towards him? He quickened his pace; but there it was, keeping about the same distance, and moving along after him with noiseless steps.

It was no time for trifling, he made more speed—skipped once or twice. The creature gained upon him; he started into a race, and just then a whisper came upon the cold night air—"Master." Mr. Timothy fairly flew, and without stopping for leave or license, burst, in all his trepidation, straight into the bar-room.

The room was, by this time, well filled, for the report of the tragedy which had been enacted that evening had spread through the neighbourhood.

"What the dickens is the matter now?" said a fat old gentleman, who started from his chair and held it up before him, while all were more or less agitated, and looked at the intruder in a very inquisitive manner.

Mr. Timothy was too much out of breath to do anything in the way of explaining matters. He walked up to the bar, and then from that to the fireplace, and so around the room, until it became a matter of doubt with some whether he was not a subject for some lunatic asylum, and had just escaped. Presently he stopped near to the fat old gentleman, above mentioned, and they both looked at each other for some little time without speaking.

"You have ran hard, sir! Anything happened?—been frightened?"

"Oh, no—oh, no, not at all."

"You came in such a kind of a hurry, neighbour, that I didn't know what was to pay; and seeing there's been such doings here a-ready to-night, it kind a startled me; one murder is enough for one night."

"What!—what is it you say? Murder!—was it a—"

"No, it isn't just a murder yet, but p'rhaps it may turn out something like it; ah! you heered of the young man as was shot in this very house not an hour ago!"

"Shot?"

"Yes, shot with a pistol, and the fellow's cleared out."

"Hollo! hollo, bring out a light here, some of you." All rushed to the door, for the call was a very loud one, and the utterer of it seemed to be alarmed.

"What is it, Bill?" called out one of the footmen.

"Bring a light here quick, will you; get bet; you, you," and the man, with his hat on, flew through the door, all making way for him, while just behind him, and clinging to his coat tail, was a small-sized lad, all head and legs, and no body; he was under bare poles, with no mortal covering but a white under garment.

There was great confusion in the bar-room, and some even went out at the first opening that presented itself. Mr. Timothy was not lucky enough to get out, so he went up into one corner, and there stood, casting a look of the most unreserved astonishment at the poor object that had thus pounced into the room.

The fat old gentleman who had been talking with Mr. Timothy, still kept fast hold of the chair, and as it happened that the lad made towards him, and tried to get behind him, he raised his weapon aloft, and was going to make sad work with somebody's head, when his hand was attracted by Mr. Timothy.

"There's no danger, sir, no danger; I know him."

"You do, hey!"

"I do, sir; there is some great mistake. Charles! how is this?—what do you mean, running round in this shape, and—and—alarming folks; where are your clothes, sir?"

"I don't know, master."

"Don't know! What business had you to strip yourself in this shape?"

"I didn't do it, master; he did it all."

"Charles, don't lie, now; tell me the truth." The youth had squatted down, and was trying to make the most of what little covering he had; he raised one hand.

"It sivilin' truth, master; he took 'em all off, and then he drew off with carriage and horses. Whew! they go spankin' along, just like wind."

"My gracious! Charles! Gentlemen—a lamp—a lantern! Will any of you go with me? The carriage and horses gone! Where?—who look them?—you scoundrel, tell me quick, or I'll take every bit of skin off you. Who took them?"

Mr. Timothy looked round for the man who had gone for a lantern.

"He's a coming," said the fat gentleman, "but I think now, I can unravel this whole mystery. You left a barouche and pair of horses under the shed at the corner, in charge of this—this—boy, or man, I don't know which; he looks like a little of both; didn't you, sir?"

"I did, sir, and a fine span it is too."

"Exactly so; that fellow who shot the man in this house, has, no doubt, taken the liberty to take a ride with that same team; they will help him on his way, pretty considerable fast; now, that is my guess."

Mr. Timothy seized the lantern, and bestowing his overcoat upon Charles, went forth to see what was to be seen.

## CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. EDWARDS and her two daughters had passed a day of mental agony; they could do nothing to aid him on whom their earthly hopes rested, and could only wait with patience the result, whatever it might be.

It was at the hour of midnight, when her watching ear heard the distant rumbling of a carriage. Nearer and nearer it approached; her very heart rested its beat; it stopped at the gate, and in an instant more, loud knocking at the door aroused each inmate of the little family.

"Does Mrs. Edwards live here?" said a young man to the widow herself, who had gone calmly forward to meet the messenger of weal or woe.

"She does; I am Mrs. Edwards." The face of the youth paled as he looked into her beautiful, yet sorrow-stricken countenance.

"Your son, madam, has sent for you to come to him immediately; he has been severely injured, and may not recover."

"Injured! How? By what means? Tell me—tell me quick."

"Indeed, madam, I can tell you but little about it; I was sent off in great haste. He has been shot by some person, and is now lying very low at a house near the ferry."

"How has the trial terminated? Can you tell me?"

"I know nothing about it, madam."

To describe the conflict of contending thoughts and feelings, is not within the power of a common pen. The effect produced was, that which often fills the soul, when amid the war of elements, an awe pervades it that hushes all other feelings into quiet. God, in his terrible might, seems near, and man must be still.

The mother and sisters looked at each other in calm, mute agony, and at once prepared to go on their sad journey.

Mr. Wharton, accompanied by Theodore, was soon at the mansion of Mr. Hunt; a carriage was in waiting at the door, and there was an appearance of confusion in the passage as though persons were preparing to depart.

As they entered the dwelling, Sarah flew to Mr. Wharton.

"Oh, Mr. Wharton! James!—James!" She almost fell into his arms, and her feelings broke forth in sobs and tears.

Mr. Augustus Hunt saw the agonised look of Mr. Wharton, and immediately led him on one side, and in a few words communicated the heart-rending intelligence.

"The Lord's will be done." He stepped up to Sarah, and affectionately embracing her, "Let us be still, my child; this last evil is not worse than the first. We can better afford to lose our dear James, than to see him an outcast, with a stain of deep disgrace on his character for life; better death than an ignominious doom. But let us hasten to him!"

"My dear uncle, I must go; you will not refuse me!"

"You shall go, my darling."

They were soon at the ferry; the night was dark, and the heavy waves

rolled along by the sea-breeze, which was now quite fresh, dashed against the leag piers, as their little boat shot into the open stream; not a word was passed from any of the little company; thoughts too engrossing held them bound in close communion with itself. The rough water upon which they tossed, and the spray that occasionally flew over them, they heeded not, but it seemed a long time before the rowers raised their oars, and moored on the opposite shore.

As they entered the dwelling, the first inquiry was,—

"Is the young man alive?"

"He is."

The surgeon accompanied by his assistant, immediately repaired to the room where James was still lying.

Mr. Wharton, Mr. Augustus Hunt, Sarah, and Theodore retired to await the professional report.

How much of life is sometimes compressed within a short half-hour! What thrilling anxieties work up the very depths of the soul! raising the excited feelings, now upon the pinnacle of hope, and now plunging it down—down to darkness and gloom, like the shadows of the grave!

At length, the foot of the surgeon was heard approaching the room. Every eye was fixed with eloquent intensity upon him as he opened the door, but not a sign could they read upon his calm, cold countenance.

"He has had a narrow escape!"

"Then you think he can possibly recover, doctor?" said Mr. Wharton stepping up to him.

"Yes, sir; I think he will undoubtedly recover, but he must be kept quiet, he has lost much blood."

Mr. Wharton and Sarah were first permitted to enter the sick chamber.

The door was opened by the attendant, and they stood by the side of him they loved so much, and looked upon his pallid countenance, almost marked with lineaments of death. No word was spoken. He looked up at Sarah, and smiled! She stooped over him, and kissed his fair forehead, and then whispered in his ear—

"I shall stay with you, James."

It was ascertained that the express which had been sent for Mrs. Edwards and her daughters, would probably arrive by nine o'clock the next morning, and Mr. Wharton, anxious to relieve their troubled minds, resolved upon an early start, that he might meet them on their way.

That morning broke in all the beauty of a clear, bright sky, and bracing air; as the yellow streaks of light were shooting up from the east, this true-hearted friend stepped forth to go on his errand of love. James had slept well, he was much refreshed, and all danger was felt to be past. The joyful hope that filled the breast of Mr. Wharton, inspired him with the elasticity of youth, and five miles were soon passed over, and he had reached the tavern where he designed to await the little company of mourners. A carriage, driven rapidly, was soon despatched, and he advanced beyond the premises as he wished not to expose to the public gaze the uterine motions of that agonised group. As the vehicle approached he motioned the driver to stop. His cheerful countenance at once inspired their hopes.

Oh, Mr. Wharton! Mr. Wharton! James lives?

"Yes, he lives and will no doubt recover. All is well, praise God my dear madam, your son is cleared from every blot upon his name and his body, we trust, will soon be healed of the injury he has received."

Silently the mother's heart sent forth its gushing notes of praise to Him who power and presence she had so long so ardently implored, and then its fullness was poured out in tears of holy joy, fondly the lovely sisters clasped their mother in their arms, and mingled the overflowing of their happy hearts with hers.

Soon was the distance passed that separated them from the spot towards which their yearnings would have hastened the speed of an angel's wing.

As they entered the hall of the house, Sarah was there with her bright smile to meet the new friends of her heart.

Mary hastened towards her.

"Is this Sarah?"

"And is this Mary?"

And they were clasped together in a fond embrace.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Edwards, as she folded the happy, noble girl to her heart, "may Heaven's best blessings rest upon your noble conduct to my dear James."

### CHAPTER XXIII

MAY is, in general, a beautiful month, it has its squalls, and showers, and softens its chilly days; but it has bright suns that send their gladdening warmth not only upon the opening flower, but even to the very heart of man. It has sparkling days, such as inspire hope and love, and kindly feeling, they thaw away the frosts of winter, and free nature from her icy chain. Few can feel gloomy on a bright, warm May day.

It was on one of these days, the brightest that some ever remember to have seen, about nine o'clock in the morning, two carriages filled with smiling faces stopped at the door of the mill house, and more than one neighbour stepped to their window to see what was going on.

From the first carriage an elderly gentleman alighted, the same who had been seen superintending the repairs, &c. he was easily recognised, for he had a remarkably round face, and his eyes twinkled very fast. Any one who had once seen the face, would be apt to remember it. But he was now arrayed in quite a gala dress; for he had on a blue coat and brass buttons, drab kerseymerie small-clothes, and white top-boots. He sprang in a lively manner from the carriage, and gave his hand to a beautiful girl who needed, however, but little assistance, for she came forth with the grace of a deer,

and bounded up the steps and into the house, as though the very stones had been a spring to send her forward.

And next, he handed forth a lady of more advanced years, although from the ease and elasticity of her step, she might have equalled the younger in rapidity of movement. But her demeanour was staid, elegant, and in perfect keeping with the manners of one who might have reached the age of forty.

Taking his hat, which was a broad-brimmed beaver, from his head, the elderly gentleman gave his arm to this last-described lady, and she ascended with him into the house.

The second carriage now drove up, and a young man, well dressed, stepped out, and gave his hand to the lady who had been sitting beside him. He certainly seemed proud as she took his arm and entered the house; and well he might be, for a lovelier girl of nineteen could not have been found in many an assemblage of earth's beautiful ones.

And from that same carriage, came afterwards another young man of fair form and manly look. His countenance was rather pale, but it may have appeared so in contrast with his hair, which was very dark, and his eye so keen and vivid. He gave his hand to another fair one by whom he had been seated; but in an instant the elderly gentleman was by the carriage.

"Sally dear, lean on my arm. James must not exert himself."

"Oh! I do not lean on him, uncle, see, I help to support him, although he will not acknowledge that he needs any assistance."

The young man smiled at the dear one who clung to his arm, and who evidently was not an oppressive burden to it, as they ascended the steps.

As the last pair entered the house the old gentleman closed the door, and the carriages drove off.

For a short time the parties walked from room to room, and from one nook and corner to another, until the whole had been surveyed. When the two young persons who had entered the house last, and for whom all this preparation had been made, came up walking arm-in-arm, to the old gentleman as he stood reclining against the mantel shelf and looking about with a very happy and contented air.

The young man put forth his hand, and it was grasped in a very friendly manner while the lovely fair one by his side threw both her arms around the neck of the old man, silently weeping tears of happiness.

"Mr. Hunt, I know not what to say, nor how to express the emotions which fill my heart. Your kindness has followed me so long, has been manifest in so many ways, and especially in this last token of it—this beautiful house which you have fitted up with so much care."

"Not a word, James, not a word, you will be good children to me, I have no fat of it."

"We have not, my dear sir, but one more wish, to make our happiness complete. And it is this, that you will consent to make this house your home. Sarah and I pledge to you all that two faithful children can do, to make you happy."

A moment he wiped away the tears which had started freely as James spoke.

"I have made up my mind so to do, here, I wish to live and die, but everything here is yours, and at your disposal. You and Sarah are sole master and mistress. God bless you!"

The little party that witnessed this scene of domestic interest, was each a deeply concerned spectator.

It was the bridal party of James Edwards and his beloved Sarah. They had been married the previous evening at the house of Mr. George Hunt, and were now taking possession of their new home.

Mrs. Edwards and her two daughters, Theodore Berry and Mr. Augustus Hunt, had accompanied the happy bride and groom.

Theodore Berry and Mary Edwards had been special attendants upon the wedding ceremony, and there is every reason to believe that, before long, some kind friends will be invited to perform the same happy office for them.

Mrs. Edwards will remain a few days with the happy pair, and then return with her daughters to take possession of the white cottage, which James has purchased for her as a permanent home.

The first happy day had been passed, cheerful lights were throwing their radiance through the ample parlours. Mrs. Edwards and her daughters were seated together upon the sofa, while James and Sarah were walking to and fro, recounting some of the scenes upon which their memories loved to dwell.

"Well, my son! I think that I and your sisters can say you have fully redeemed your pledge, faithfully have you provided for us when your means were very small, and now, in your abundance, you have made us rich partakers. That home, which you have purchased for us, will be precious, a thousand fold precious beyond its moneyed value."

"My dear mother, I beg you to make no mention of what I have done, I promised a great deal, and have had a disposition to do as I engaged, but my own agency has been very trifling. The Lord has brought about all this, and I have been but a mere instrument in His hand."

"Yes, James, that is all true. The Lord has raised you up friends, and shielded you from enemies. He has blessed you as few young men are blessed, you have the present comforts of life, and the prospect of future wealth. But I wish your dear Sarah joy in the husband she has chosen, more from what I know of your devotion as a son, than for all your other bright prospects."

"And, my dear mother," said Sarah as she took the hand of Mrs. Edwards, and looked up with all her lovely spirit beaming from her bright countenance, "I value him more on that account, than for all the wealth we have in prospect. It was the support of my confidence in my darkest days, and it was the foundation of my joy when, yesterday, I united myself for ever to him."



Continued from page 14

**FAREWELL TO COVER**

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I was to leave London the next day, his house was ready for the appointment. On the evening, and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the house at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the house, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my name what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mey Beary, a stable, the eldest son, and the widow her mother, a recruiting officer who took a place because they were to go; a young squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to), Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb, from Sir Roger to Governor's." I observed by what he said of myself that according to his office, he dealt much in truth-telling; and doubted not but that there was some foundation for his reports of the sort of company as well as for the physical account he gave of me.

We were in so no little time fixed in our boats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled in and out of the city all day. I did not move above two miles, when the fellow asked the captain what he had in his recruiting? The officer with a frankness he believed very successful told her that in need he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his war in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word, continued he, I am a soldier, and to his plain is my character. You see me, madam, young, sound, independent, like me yourself, widow, or give me a wife, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha! This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left to say but to fall flat as I could, which I did with all speed. Come, said he, let me upon it, I will make a wedding at the next town we all will be glad to see you in who has fallen asleep, to be the first to rise, and (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, thus, say saint, who, I warrant understands what's what as well as you or I, allow shall give the bride herself.

Here Ephraim presented the captain, with a happy and uncommon impudence, which can be conceived and support itself at the same time ones. "Fith, friend, I thank thee, I should have been a little unpertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the chusing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs; but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruff, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckoning, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes upon the stand, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the night we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The sportsmen we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the malice of them, but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that

His time, however, was not spent in impertinences, which to the one part of his acquaintance, to the other a suffering. What, therefore, when the first vessel arrived in London, had to me an air, and manner, which denoted a good breeding. "Upon the young lady," said he, "I have taken an extraordinary and surprising how delightful it is to me, and how he delighted himself as follows — "There is no person in the world who expresses so much a good mind, and a good heart, as a young lord upon meeting with strangers, especially such as are distinguished by uncommon compositions to him: such a man, I think, is more than worth a hundred of simplicity and ignorance, however they may be the eyes of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will rather make it his superiority and boast, that he may not be painful unto himself. A good friend, equal to his master, to the sufferer, "then and I am to part, and he, and, perhaps, we may never meet again. But he desired, as a plain man, modest and unassuming, but true to the point, therefore do not think such a man is a threat terrible for thy grief, but need a sign as a contemptible man, and such as thee and I meet, with such a man as we ought to have. I have said other, you should not believe me as a miserable creature, but should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me."

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it having heard him say more than once in private discourse that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

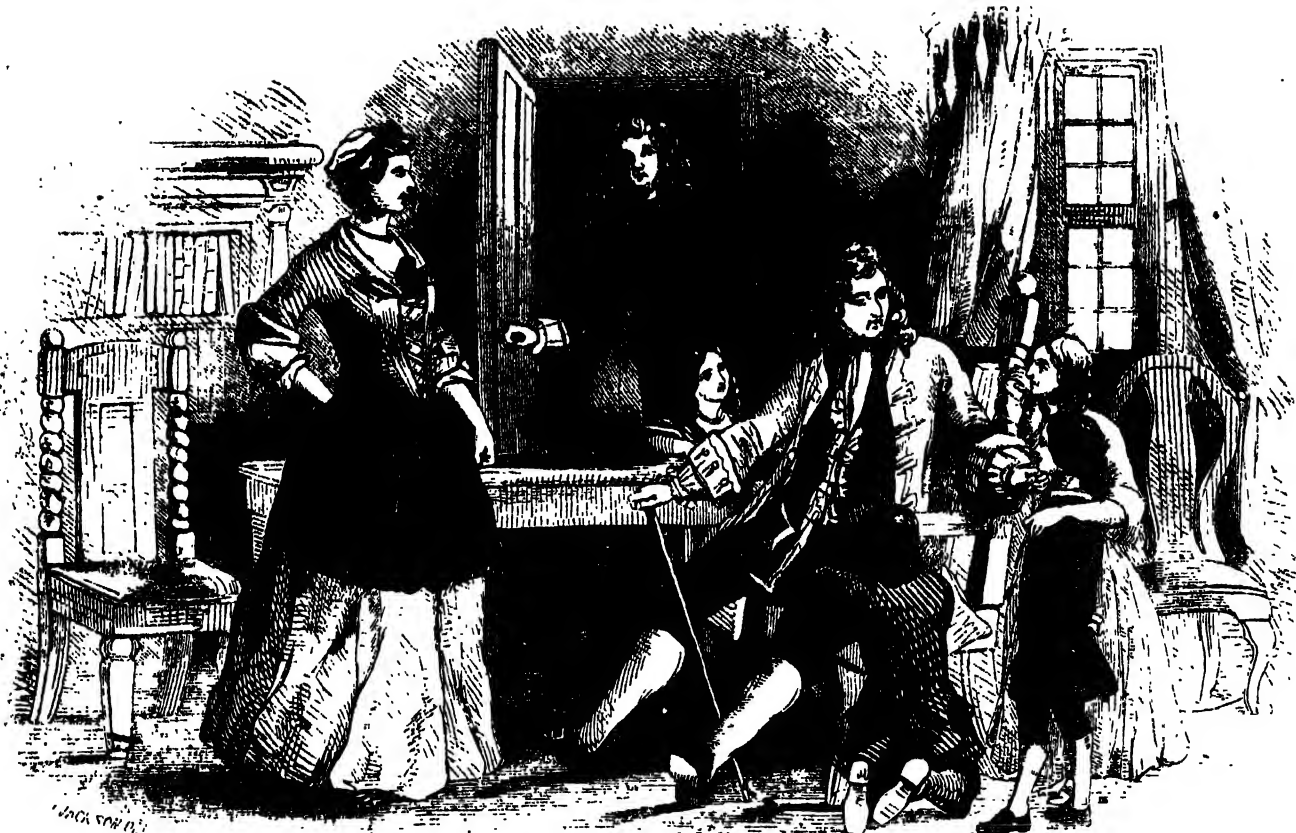
I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his job and I presented me in his name with a tobacco stopper, telling me that Will had been by all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who had good principles, and amity. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country, he informed us that Moll White was dead, and that about a month after her death, the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his lums. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed at his house during the holidays for Sir Roger after the traditional custom of his ancestors always kept up in house at Christmas. "I learned from him," that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about thirteen very liberally amongst his retainers, and that, in particular, he had sent a string of hog's-puddings with a sack of candles to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," said Sir Roger "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead, uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not got their warm fires, and Christmas gambols, to support them. I love to relieve the poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a pile of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and amusing and

\* The prince was at this time in London, and much grieved by the queen and her courtiers.



"Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him."

another. Our friend Will Wimple is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks on these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect; for that a rigid dissenter who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having despatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist, Sir Andrew Freepport. He asked me with a kind of smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the pope's procession?" But without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence did so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general; and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's *Chronicle*, and other authors, that always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and, accordingly, waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, than he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement*,\* with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands; inasmuch, that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,  
We must descend into the silent tomb."

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a

\* A periodical paper of that time.

great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's *Chronicle*, which he had quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freepport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call on him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always slaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable, upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtue of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When, of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon good Mrs. Trueby, telling me that the widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed such gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," said Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, and told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobaccoist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand

that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudeley Shovel—a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again, after the same manner—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a block-head—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle*."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend (after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar) sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that, if Will Wimple were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and, upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed, with some surprise, had a great many kings in his work whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### SIR ROGER AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

"Those are the likeliest copies, which are drawn From the original of human life."—ROSCOMMON.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the *Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had I not been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that, if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same word which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirke. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and as well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralise (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SIR ROGER AT VAUXHALL.

"A benighted garden, but by vice maintained."

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice, and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-gardens, in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating, he would stay below till I had done. Upon my

\* Now known by the name of Vauxhall.



coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his striking her little boy on the head, and bidding him be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather help him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Spring Gardens. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. "A most heathenish sight," says Sir Roger; "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow."

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a "Good-morrow," or a "Good-night." This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence, even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us on the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us, what queer old Put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us "That if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that Her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land."

We were now arrived at Spring Gardens, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrant of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppy by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a Maak, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's commands with a peremptory look.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### SIR ROGER, THE WIDOW, WILL HONEYCOMB, AND MILTON.

"The greedy lioness the wolf pursues,  
The wolf the kid, the wanton kid the browse."—*DRYDEN.*

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jugged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunting laugh; "I thought, knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambléd into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success."

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old 'Put' forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood."

"I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards."

"A few months afterwards I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler."

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb."

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively; and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their heart; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side."

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had she not been carried off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

"Oh! why did God,  
Creator wise! that peopled highest heav'n  
With spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature! and not fill the world at once  
With us, angels, without need of female?  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind! 'Tis mischief hath not done befall'n,  
And more than shall befall, immutable  
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex. For either  
He never shall find out fit mate; but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain  
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
By a far worse: or if she love, with child  
By parents; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet already link'd, and woe-lock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SIR ROGER PASSES AWAY.

"Mirror of ancient faith,  
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth."—*DARWIN.*

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly affected every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense; Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life, at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with

many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer, when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution:—

"HONOURED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-session, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is preposterously said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loves, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,—HONOURED SIR, your most sorrowful servant, EDWARD BISCUIT.

"P.S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

END OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

St. PAUL'S CLOCK.—A writer in the *Foreign Quarterly* thus describes the machinery of this great London clock:—"The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end is one hundred weight; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dial is eight feet, and the weight of each seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures, two feet and two and a half inches. The finetoned bell, which strikes, is clearly distinguished from every other bell in the metropolis, and has been distinctly heard at the distance of twenty miles. It is about ten feet in diameter, and is said to weigh four and a half tons. The bell is tolled on the death of any member of the Royal family, of the Lord Mayor, Bishop of London, or Dean of the cathedral. The whole expense of building the cathedral was about a million and a half pounds sterling."

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

### XXIII.—"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

"PUNCH" has lately been giving us some pictorial illustrations of this fallacy, in which the respectable Mrs. Baker will insist on every friend of hers being also the friend of her mischievous cur: no matter how great the annoyance or the mischief occasioned by the yelping little animal, it must be loved; if they would preserve the friendship of Mrs. Baker. And, in the present day, we cannot walk the streets without meeting some fair young creature, with every attribute that might provoke to love, tenderly carrying in her arms some shaggy little poodle, or silky spaniel, on which she lavishes her caresses, and stares at you with a look that plainly says, "Love me, love my dog." If a handsome figure catches your eye in a carriage, and you strive to get a glimpse at the face, you are certain to find a grim terrier or other canine monstrosity thrusting its head out of the window and blocking up your view exactly at the critical moment. There may be some little excuse for carrying these snarling pets in their arms in the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, where dog-fanciers abound whose admiration of canine nature is often too strong for their virtue; but we fear there is a sort of dog-star frenzy, a kind of canicular madness raging which is extending even into country districts, where the poor little animals might be allowed to jump and frisk about without any great danger of being snapped up by some hirsute man in corduroys. It was but the other day, in a country town, we saw a young lady parading the streets with great dignity, followed by a tall footman bearing in his arms an ugly little white poodle; and ever and anon the young lady would turn back to caress and kiss the little monster as it lay in the footman's arms. We hardly knew which most to pity of the three, the flunkey, the dog, or the lady. We understood she had only lately become rich enough to keep a footman, and we conclude did not know exactly to what use to put him. At all events she was giving due notice to all who might be inclined to become her suitors, that her affections must be won through her dog. "Love me, love my dog."

This custom of fondling and carrying about brutes appears to have prevailed in ancient as well as in modern times, for Plutarch commences his life of Pericles with this anecdote of Cæsar:—"Cæsar having accidentally seen certain rich strangers at Rome carrying about in their bosoms and fondling the cubs of dogs and apes, asked them if their wives did not bring forth children, rebuking them in the tone of a prince, and with great severity, for wasting upon brutes the affections innate in human nature, and due only to man." And Plutarch goes on to reason upon this inordinate love for brutes, and to contend that those who set their love on low and base things entirely neglect both the beautiful and the useful. If Cæsar or Plutarch had lived in these our days, and witnessed the onresses that are lavished on the brute creation by the fairer portion of the sex, they would have lamented over this waste of affection, this giving to brutes what was due to man, and denounced it in no very measured terms. And we are not quite certain but some satirical and ill-natured reflections might have been passed on those young ladies who are fond of kissing their dogs in their footmen's arms. If the proverb had been known in their days, it would most probably have elicited the commentary that those who strongly insist on people loving their dogs, would not be very likely to have any love given to themselves.

"In the intercourse of life," says Charles Lamb in one of the brilliant essays of *Elia*, in which he treats this very subject, and into which we should not have ventured to enter after him but that he had confused in one species of these canine boreas, and left untouched a very large portion of the kennel—"in the intercourse of life, we have had frequent occasions of breaking off an agreeable intimacy by reason of these canine appendages. They do not always come in the shape of dogs; they sometimes wear the

more plausible and human character of kinsfolk, near acquaintances, my friend's friend, his partner, his wife, or his children. We could never yet form a friendship—not to speak of more delicate correspondences—however much to our taste, without the introduction of some third anomaly, some impertinent dog affixed to the relation—the understood dog in the proverb. The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it." And then he goes on to describe sundry kinds of "dogs" that appear in the shape of tall cousins, stupid brothers, tiger aunts, and viper sisters, whom you are compelled to endure if you would partake of the society of those to whom you are attracted, but whom you can never meet without one or other of these canine appendages. "Cannot we like Sempronia, without sitting down to chess with her eternal brother? or know Sulpicia without knowing all the round of her card-playing relations? Must my friend's brethren of necessity be mine also? must we be hand in glove with Dick Selby, the parson, or Jack Selby, the calico-printer, because William Selby, who is neither, but a ripe wit and a critic, has the misfortune to claim a common parentage with them? Let him lay down his brothers, and it is odds but we will cast him in a pair of ours (we have a superfluous) to balance the concession. Let F. H. lay down his garrulous uncle; and Honorius dismiss his rapid wife, and superfluous establishment of six boys—things between boy and manhood—too ripe for play, too raw for conversation, that come in impudently staring their father's old friend out of countenance; and will neither aid nor let alone the conference, that we may once more meet upon equal terms, as we were wont to do in the disengaged state of bachelorhood. It is well if your friend or mistress be content with these canicular probations. Few young ladies but in this sense keep a dog. But when Rutilla hounds at you her tiger aunt, or Ruspina expects you to cherish and fuddle her viper sister, whom she has preposterously taken into her bosom, to try stringing conclusions upon your constancy, they must not complain if the house be rather thin of suitors. Seylla must have broken off many matches in her time, if she insisted upon all who loved her loving her dogs also."

However annoying these kindred dogs may be, there is also a still larger class who insist, that if we love them, we shall also love their dogs, of whatever breed they may happen to be—whether they be little crooked-legged pugs, with tails curled so tight that they cannot close their eyes, or rough Skye terriers, called handsome from their very ugliness—whether they be those graceful and stupid Italian greyhounds, for ever gnawing up and destroying whatever comes within their reach, or a grave poodle, in a judge's wig, walking on its hind legs. Among the human dogs that are often forced upon our love, whether we will or no, none are more detestable than the breed known as toadies—sometimes answering to Byron's description:—

"Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Propagated thence to deck her mistress' bed;  
Next—for some gracious service unexpress'd,  
And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
Raised from the toilet to the table, where  
Her wondering betters wait behind her chair.  
With eye unmov'd, and forehead unabash'd,  
She dines from off the plate she lately wash'd;  
Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie—  
The genial confidante, and general spy."

Sometimes not quite so low in origin, but with a cringing spirit that makes them odious to all but the favoured recipient of the toadyism, who insists that every one shall regard the cunning flatterer with the same feelings as herself. "Love me, love my dog." Servilia was a young lady of very moderate means, and most immoderate desires, which she found it impossible to gratify in her original station. She had some considerable mental powers and attainments, and her introduction to the rich, and somewhat eccentric, Religiosa, gave her an opportunity for bringing her talents into play. Most completely did she succeed in fixing herself in the affections of the great heiress; she played upon all her foibles, she fostered all her weaknesses, she flattered every latent spark of vanity, she won her way into her affections, until the house and purse of the heiress were more at the command of Servilia than of Religiosa herself. So strong had become the influence of Servilia over the mind of Religiosa, so powerful were the fetters in which she had bound her, that Religiosa could not move without Servilia being ever at her side. "Love me, love my dog," was the test she applied to all her friends. Nowhere would she visit without Servilia. Her aristocratic friends, who valued the many good qualities of Religiosa, for a time put up with the nuisance of being bored with the company of Servilia whenever Religiosa came to visit them; but the fawning manners of the "dog" became at length unendurable, and Religiosa received several hints that the company of Servilia was not desired. Servilia, in the meantime, had been continually insinuating that this old friend of Religiosa laughed at some of her notions, and that another old friend denied her pretensions to knowledge—that one lady spoke disrespectfully of her, and another turned her into ridicule. The seeds of distrust were thus sown between Religiosa and her old friends, and when she found they disliked Servilia, and refused to receive her, she was quite prepared to quarrel with them because they could not "love her dog." Servilia had now complete control over the mind of Religiosa, and she endeavoured to use this control for her own permanent establishment in life. Religiosa had a nephew, who was the heir to her vast wealth. This young man—many years younger than herself—Servilia determined to marry. The "love me, love my dog" theory, had been so strongly inculcated in the mind of the young man, that he believed he was best ingratiating himself in the affections of the aunt by showing affection towards her "dog." Servilia—well knowing how flattering it is to a very young man to be loved by a clever woman older than himself, and the

influence which such a woman could exercise over him—laid herself out to attract him. Religiosa was perfectly blind to the schemes of her whom she had thus fostered; she looked upon the interest which Servilia took in the proceedings of her nephew only as another mark of her attachment to herself, and the little familiarities to which she was occasionally witness between them, seemed to her only the natural consequence of the great love they both of them bore to the aunt and the patroness. She could not conceive the possibility of the "dog" she had cherished so fondly attacking her in the tenderest point—for Religiosa was of high birth, and proud of being so born; she was anxious that her nephew should connect himself highly, and maintain the importance of the family. We may easily guess the feelings of dismay with which, at length, she discovered the designs of her intriguing friend. The young man had found himself entangled in a web that sat not easily upon him, but which he could not break. Some young friends had penetrated the schemes of Servilia, and continually ridiculed them before him, so that, instead of feeling flattered by her love, he was disgusted. She saw the time was come for "a bold stroke for a husband," and she played her game boldly. She claimed his hand from her friend in fulfilment of a promise which she avowed he had made her, and which Religiosa had sanctioned by her tacit allowance of the love she must have seen. And if the young man himself had not lost some of his infatuation, she might have succeeded; but he had been ridiculed out of all feeling for one whom his companions irreverently called an old woman, and was only too happy to second his aunt in getting rid of her altogether. The promise was easily disproved; Servilia was dismissed from the companionship of Religiosa; sent back into her former obscurity—not, indeed, without a provision for the future, for Religiosa was both generous and just, and willingly paid the penalty of her misplaced confidence. But she was for ever cured of insisting that other people should see with her eyes; her old friends were welcomed back, and were never more greeted with the phrase—"Love me, love my dog."

There are some people whose "dog" is not a separate animal from themselves, but is carried within themselves; and they insist upon our loving this disagreeable part of themselves as much as their more agreeable and amiable parts. Nay, they are continually calling out and exhibiting this most tormenting feature in their character for public admiration and love, in preference to all that is good and valuable. These are the men of crotchets. Their language is not—"Love me, love my dog," but "Love me, love my crotchet;" and they are quite prepared to quarrel with their best friend whenever this crotchet interferes between them. Like the lady with her toady, they can never be persuaded to leave their crotchet at home. It must go with them into every society, to be a pest and nuisance in every company. They have earned for themselves the generic appellation of borses, and in their endeavours to make us love their "dog," they generally succeed in making us hate the very name of it, and to lose all regard for themselves. We remember once being pounced upon by one of this class. Knowing him to have been a man who had seen a good deal of the world, had mixed in some of the best society of the metropolis—the wits, scientific and literary—and, when he chose, had a happy knack of retailing the good things he had heard in their society, we willingly yielded ourselves up to him for some hours. Unfortunately for our comfort he had a crotchet, which he insisted should be our crotchet also. He had become interested in some horrible combination of mineral substances, from which some atrocious kind of paint was to be made, that was to beat all other kinds of paint out of the market—that was to eat into iron, and become a part of the metal—make wood more indestructible than stone, and convert stone itself into something, the like of which the world had never seen. For four long hours did he strive to make us "love his dog," to believe in his crotchet. Instead of witty sayings of clever men, we heard nothing but paint. We had all his squabbles about the patent; all his dealings with the trade; all the jealousies which painters felt at his discovery, which was certain to ruin their trade, for when once used it lasted for ever; hence the conspiracy of the painters to prevent its use, and his intrigues to sell it in spite of the painters. Uncasually did his brush move on covering everything with paint; black paint and white, red paint and grey, mingled for ever in his speech, until, at last, in our despair, we imagined ourselves to be converted into a paint-pot—a mere receptacle for his hideous compounds, and were about to fling ourselves against the wall, that we might be no longer capable of containing any more of the villainous mixture. "Love his dog!"—we have scarcely been able to endure the sight of a picture since, and have avoided him as carefully as we should have avoided one of his newly-painted walls with a court suit on our backs.

When we are attacked by one of these tormentors who will force us to "love his dog" whether we will or not, the only way that we know to prevent being worried by his dog, is to adopt a dog of our own for the nonce, and set that upon him; the odds are, that if you skilfully manage your "dog," you will drive the enemy away. There were few men more open to attacks of this worrying kind than Sir Walter Scott; he was persecuted by those who hunted with whole packs of dogs—young ladies with albums, pestering him to write something in them, and fancying their albums must be loved as well as themselves, they are such pretty delicate things: inquisitive travellers, who would insist on his standing on his hind legs, like a well-bred lion, for their amusement, and expected to be loved for the very pertinacity of their curiosity. Then he was worried with professed wits, who would retell their stale jokes, and imagine that they and their jokes were equally to be loved. In general, he rather piqued himself "upon being one of the best conditioned animals that ever was shown since the time of him who was in vain defied by the Knight of the Woeful Figure; for I get up at the first touch of the pole, rouse myself, shake my mane, lick my chops, turn round, lie



down, and go to sleep again." But sometimes he could not stand the worry of the "dog," and defended himself, not by turning Maïda loose upon his opponent, but by adopting a dog of the same breed as his opponents, only stronger and more enduring. He gives a ludicrous account of one of these contests in one of his letters to his son's wife:—"I had proceeded thus far in my valuable communication, when, lo! I was alarmed by the entrance of that terrific animal, a two-legged boar, one of the largest size, and most tremendous powers. By the way, I learned from no less an authority than George Canning, what my own experience has since made good, that an efficient boar must always have something respectable about him, otherwise no one would permit him to exercise his occupation. He must be, for example, a very rich man, (which, perhaps, gives the greatest privilege of all)—or he must be a man of rank and condition, too important to be treated *sans cérémonie*—or a man of learning, (often a dreadful bore)—or of talents undoubted—or of high pretensions to wisdom and experience—or a great traveller—in short, he must have some tangible privilege to sanction his profession. Without something of this kind, one would treat a boar as you do a vagrant mendicant, and send him off to the workhouse if he presumed to annoy you. But when properly qualified, the boar is more like a beggar with a badge and pass from his parish, which entitles him to disturb you with his importunity, whether you will or no. Now my boar is a complete gentleman and an old friend, but, unhappily for those who know him, master of all Joe Miller's stories of sailors and Irishmen, and full of quotations from the classics, as hackneyed as the post-horses of Melrose. There was no remedy—I must either stand his *smack* within doors, or turn out with him for a long walk, and, for the sake of elbow-room, I preferred the last. Imagine an old gentleman who has been handsome, and has still that sort of pretension which leads him to wear tight pantaloons and a smart half-boot, neatly adapted to show off his leg; suppose him as upright and straight as a poker, if the poker's head had been by some accident bent on one side; add to this that he is a dogged Whig; consider that I was writing to Jane, and desired not to be interrupted by much more entertaining society. Well, I was *had*, however, fairly caught, and out we sallied, to make the best we could of each other. I felt a sort of necessity to ask him to dinner, but the invitation, like Macbeth's 'Amen,' stuck in my throat. For the first hour he *gave* the lead and kept it; but opportunities always occur to an able general, if he know how to make use of them. In an evil hour for him, and a happy one for me, he started the topic of our intended railroad; *there* I was a match for him, having had, on Tuesday last, a meeting with Harden, the two Torwoodlees, and the engineer on this subject, so that I had at my finger end every cut, every lift, every degree of elevation or depression, every pass in the country, and every means of crossing them. So I kept the whip-hand of him completely, and never permitted him to get off the railway again to his own ground. In short, so thoroughly did I bore my boar, that he sickened and gave in, taking a short leave of me. Seeing him in full retreat, I then ventured to make the civil offer of a dinner. But the railroad had been breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper to boot—he hastily excused himself, and left me at double quick time, sick of railroads, I dare say, for six months to come."

In whatever form our "dogs" may be reared, tiresome kinsfolk, fawning dependants, troublesome crotchets, stupid prejudices, or any other of the numerous shapes which they may assume, to insist upon "love me, love my dog," is certain to end in hatred of the "dog," and dislike of the "me."

**A COLD FIG.**—The late Earl of Bristol (Bishop of Derry) was in the habit of taking a bath. He had given orders to his valet, an Irish giant, to call him in the morning for that purpose. One day, his lordship being very sleepy, could not be induced to rise, but feeling himself at breakfast unwell, and attributing it to his non-compliance with his usual custom, "Teddy," said he, "you know what benefit I have derived from bathing; and you know very well, that when a man is inclined to sleep, he'll sacrifice anything to enjoy his bed. Another morning, when you find me unwilling to rise, take me up in your arms—you are strong enough—and carry me to the bath!" "Very well, sir," said Teddy, "I'll remember it." The following morning it rained again, and Teddy, true to his duty, came into the earl's chamber, and awoke him to take the bath; but his master was as little inclined to rise on this occasion as before, and moreover, felt displeased at being so hastily summoned from a beautiful pantomime that was performing in the playhouse of his brain. But Teddy was not to be put off or got rid of, and insisted on his getting up. "I tell you I shall not rise this morning, sir," said the earl. "But you must rise." "Must! get out of the room, you rascal!" "By the powers! I'll do no such thing." "Am I not your master?" "Don't I know it is for your health?" "I command you, sir!" "Yes, but please your grace, you are either not awake now, or you're not sensible of what you're saying; and if I let you sleep now, don't I know very well that at breakfast you'll be scowling me again, as you did yesterday? So come along, my lord, 'tis no use your kicking and bawling; you must come and bathe yourself." Saying which, he quietly took the earl up in his arms, as he would a lapdog, and carrying him to the tub, plunged him in it. The latter knowing it was no use to struggle in such a situation, when the shock was over, called for soap and towel. At breakfast the earl was rather gloomy, and could not acquaint his family with the cause, till Teddy came in, who nodding his head and rubbing his hands in great glee, approached him and said, "Well, my lord, I managed to wake you this morning!" "At these words," said he to me, "my features relaxed, and I could not deny the poor fellow the approbation he expected."

## STATISTICS.

**DISTILLATION OF SPIRITS.**—It appears from a parliamentary paper, printed on Monday the 5th of January last, there were 24,548,687 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom. The duty paid on proof spirits for home consumption in the year amounted to £6,017,318, 7s. 4d. At the end of the year given (5th January last) there were 179,005 gallons actually warehoused under the Excise lock. In bonded stores on the 5th of January there were 7,024,313 gallons of spirits.

**POST OFFICE RETURNS.**—The following is a return of the number of cities or towns in Great Britain and Ireland, in 1851, contributing more than £10,000 to the revenue of the Post Office. Thirteen places, it will be seen—of which ten are in England, two in Scotland, and one in Ireland—contribute more than £10,000.

|                      | £       | s. | d. |                     | £      | s. | d. |
|----------------------|---------|----|----|---------------------|--------|----|----|
| London . . . . .     | 953,663 | 17 | 10 | Bristol . . . . .   | 25,115 | 7  | 2  |
| Liverpool . . . . .  | 75,926  | 6  | 4  | Leeds . . . . .     | 16,932 | 9  | 10 |
| Manchester . . . . . | 60,070  | 13 | 9  | Hull . . . . .      | 15,497 | 10 | 8  |
| Dublin . . . . .     | 47,466  | 18 | 4  | Newcastle . . . . . | 11,441 | 0  | 11 |
| Glasgow . . . . .    | 43,414  | 5  | 2  | Bath . . . . .      | 11,349 | 4  | 6  |
| Edinburgh . . . . .  | 42,623  | 2  | 7  | Sheffield . . . . . | 10,408 | 3  | 9  |
| Birmingham . . . . . | 28,805  | 6  | 3  |                     |        |    |    |

The two most curious points elicited by this return are, the monster greatness of London over Liverpool and Manchester, and the quantity of letter-writing that is going on among old ladies and retired officers at Bath.—*Literary Gazette.*

**OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE LAST CENSUS, 1851.**—The official returns of the last census, 1851, and the Registrar-General's reports of "Births, deaths, and marriages," afford materials for inferences calculated to affect materially our future progress and welfare. The future is foreshadowed by the past; and we may safely act in many circumstances, from a consideration of what has gone before, as if we knew, under Providence, what would occur hereafter. Events which we deem accidental and irregular, viewing only part of their cycle, are found to be orderly and consequent, when we see their whole course. The facts collected throw much light on the circumstances affecting the prosperity and health of the people, and suggest the means of lessening sickness, lengthening life, and guarding against the evil effects of death, in a pecuniary point of view, on those who are left behind. Two statistical charts, one for London, the other for England and Wales, have recently been compiled by Mr. C. Cooke from the returns we have mentioned, and other authorities. These give, in a readable form, much information, which, in the barrenness of figures alone, would be passed by; and they place forcibly before the inhabitants of this metropolis many startling facts little thought of. Few, for example, know that in every seven minutes of the day a child is born in London, and that in every nine minutes one of its inhabitants dies! The population of London is, roundly, 2,362,000. If the averages of the past fifty years continue, in thirty-one years from this time as many persons as now compose its population will have died in it; and yet in about thirty-nine years from this time, if the present rate of progress continue, the metropolis will contain twice as many persons as it does now. The whole population of Liverpool in 1851 numbered 255,000; while the increase of inhabitants in the metropolis, between 1841 and 1851, was 413,000. It is truly marvellous! Where will it stop, and how food and shelter are provided for these masses, are subjects for speculation. The fact that one in every three persons who die in England falls by consumption—that insidious and invincible scourge of this country—is very striking, especially when we remember the influence which the nature of the air we breathe must have in producing it, and the extent to which sanitary improvements might affect it. Statistical returns prove beyond a doubt or question, that those who dwell in confined, unventilated, badly-drained, and over-crowded habitations, live a much shorter time than those who are more favourably situated in this respect. When persons observe the large number of houses building on all sides of London, the question is often asked, where are the tenants to be found? In truth, however, the number of houses building scarcely keeps pace with the present increase of the population, and in fifty years hence more than double the number of houses existing in 1851 (307,722) would be required to keep pace with the geometrical progress of the living. "To a casual observer," says the author of the charts to which we have referred, "comparatively few houses seems unoccupied in London. The census returns give five in every hundred, not including those building. The additional houses required for habitation in the year 1852 will number about 6,151; in the following year, 6,268; and so on increasing. But although the inhabitants of this vast city have increased in ten years twenty-one per cent., the inhabited houses indicate an increase only of seventeen per cent.; which proves the masses are either more densely packed together than ten years ago, or that the houses recently constructed are more commodious and of larger dimensions." A walk through the older districts of London shows a large number of houses uninhabited, even in streets where, but a few years ago, it would have been scarcely possible to obtain a house on any terms. The unavoidable inference is, knowing the number of houses built, and the increase of the population, that the inhabitants are worse lodged than they were—the houses more crowded. In Birmingham there were 27,272 inhabited houses in 1841, 2,958 uninhabited, and 226 building; and 1851, 34,076 inhabited, 1,663 uninhabited, and 436 building. In Liverpool, 1841, 32,079 inhabited, 971 uninhabited, and 469 building; and in 1851, 36,360 inhabited, 3,276 uninhabited, and 90 building. In Manchester, 1841, 32,814 inhabited, 2,745 uninhabited, and 172 building; and in 1851, 36,562 inhabited, 1,193 uninhabited, and 167 building.—*Builder.*

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Practice flows from principle; for, as a man thinks, so will he act.

The thinking man hath wings; the acting man has only feet and hands.

The storms of adversity are wholesome; though, like snow-storms, their drift is not always seen.

"My pills," cried Bolus, "all disorders end!"

"And patients, too!" exclaims his doubting friend.

The following is the title to an advertisement, in an Irish newspaper, of a washing-machine:—"Every man his own washerwoman!"

## ON A BALD HEAD.

My hair and I are quite, d'ye see—  
I first cut my hair—it now cuts me.

A NAUT REPARTEE.—"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin, of a gentleman with a "shocking bad un" on. "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Why, because I think it's a long time since it had a nap!" was the reply.

"Doctor," said a man to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and continued for half an hour without knowledge or understanding." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that—many people continue so all their lives."

TIPPLERS often say they drink ardent spirits to drown melancholy. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, gives them a proper answer:—"As good be melancholy still, as drunken beasts and beggars;" from which proposition, we think, few sober men will dissent.

Quorn Tom, "My book is full of fire,

It sparkles like a jewel;"

"Yea," cries his friend, "that's truth entire,

It is the best of fuel."

A LINGUIST.—A raw Scotchman, who had evidently not been long from "Aberdeen awa," went into a shop in the city, the other day, and inquired "Whilk is the way to the Minoaries?" "They speak Dutch next door," was the immediate reply.

A JESTER, in the court of Francis I., complained that a great lord threatened to murder him if he did not cease joking about him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

A FAPER of Bangor, Maine, gives the following specimen of Yankee grandiloquence:—"Tell about drummin'—now d'ye ever hear Ben Biglick's drum? He was a coolor, I tell ye, for real sentimental stuff; drummin' round a corner, and such like—he'd drum the coat-skirts off anything ever I heard."

LINGUISTS.—Once on a time, a Dutchman and a Frenchman were travelling in Pennsylvania, when their horse lost a shoe. They drove up to a blacksmith's shop, and no one being in, they proceeded to the house to inquire. The Frenchman rapped, and called out—"Is de smitty mittin'?" "Shtand back," says Hans, "let me shpeak—Ish der blackemit's shop en de house!"

AT the theatre one evening, behind the scenes, Suett observed a performer put something under his cloak, and asked him, "What he had got there?" "Oh, only my dagger," answered the player. Suett, however, drew out a small bottle, and having ascertained that it contained his favourite beverage, drank the contents, and returned him the bottle with these words—"there's the sheath."

CAT-o'-NINE-TAILS.—The captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A sailor, who, from misconduct, had been ordered a flogging, saved his back by presenting to his captain the following petition:—

"By your honour's command

A culprit I stand—

An example to all the ship's crew;

Am plinon'd, and stript,

And condemned to be whipt,

And if I am flogged—tis my due.

A cat I am told,

In abhorrence you hold—

Your honour's aversion is mine:

If a cat with one tail

Makes your stout heart to fail,

Oh, save me from one that has nine!"

An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, at Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode high, as fast as I possibly could, several times around a large factory—just to take old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast, that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, and was twice in danger of riding over myself!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

MINUTENESS OF ATOMS.—A grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years, and will have lost little of its weight.

JOHN WESLEY'S OPINION OF A CHANCERY BILL.—The following passage occurs in the journal of the Rev. John Wesley, under the date of Thursday, 27th of December, 1744:—"I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery; and here I first saw that foul monster, a Chancery Bill! A scroll it was, of forty-two pages, in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines! and stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lines (many of them, too, quite foreign to the question), as I believe would have cost the compiler his life, in any heathen court, either of Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country!—this is the English method of redressing grievances!"

THE HUMAN FACE.—"The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of humanity. We are little aware of the influence which it constantly exerts. If the dumb animal on whom man exercises his cruelty—if the horse or the dog, when suffering by a blow from the violence of man, could turn upon him with a human look of indignation or appeal, could any one resist the power of the mute expostulation? How extraordinary, too, the difference of expression in the human face, by which the recognition of personal identity is secured. On this small surface, nine inches by six, are depicted such various traits, that among the millions of inhabitants on the earth, no two have the same lineaments of face. What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were alike!—if fathers did not know their own children by sight, nor husbands their wives! But now, we could pick out our friend from among the multitudes of the assembled universe."

WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.—In many cases, this amounts to robbery. A short time since, at a village in the neighbourhood of London, a committee of eight ladies, who managed the concerns of an institution which had been formed for the relief of the neighbouring poor, agreed to meet on a certain day at eleven o'clock precisely. Seven of them attended punctually at the appointed hour; the eighth did not arrive till a quarter of an hour after. She came in according to the usual mode, with "I am very sorry to be behind in the time appointed, but really the time slipped away, without my being sensible of it; I hope your goodness will excuse it." "One of the ladies, who was a quakeress, replied, "Truly, friend, it did not appear clear to me that we ought to accept thy apology. Hadst thou only lost a quarter of an hour, it would have been merely thy own concern; but in this case, the quarter must be multiplied by eight, as we each lost a quarter; so that there have been two hours sacrificed by thy want of punctuality."

## MORAL DISTICHES.

(From the *Gnomology* of Gregory Nazianzen.)

Light be thy bark to sail life's stormy sea,  
Too large a cargo sinks itself and thee.

Devote thy soul a temple to thy God,  
The Deity will there make his abode.

Trust not to wealth, it comes and goes for ever,  
In ceaseless currents like a rapid river.

To words, as to thy life, attention pay,  
The former goes, the latter wastes away.

Man, know thyself, and whence thy life is given,  
And thus regain the archetype of heaven.

Day follows day; time flies, no trace remains,  
But the poor soul a life eternal gains.

THE WAY TO MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY IN EVERY MAN'S POCKET.—At this time, when the general complaint is that "money is scarce," it will be an act of kindness to inform the moneyless how they may reinforce their pockets. I will acquaint them with the true secret of money-catching—the certain way to fill purses, and how to keep them full. Two simple rules, well observed, will do the business. First, let honesty and industry be thy constant companions; and, secondly, spend one penny less than thy clear gains. Then shall thy hide-bound pocket soon begin to thrive, and will never again cry with the empty belly-ache; neither will creditors insult thee, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart. Now, therefore, embrace these rules and be happy. Banish the bleak winds of sorrow from thy mind, and live independent. Then shalt thou be a man, and not hide thy face at the approach of the rich, nor suffer the pain of feeling little when the sons of fortune walk at thy right hand; for independence, whether with little or much, is good fortune, and placeth thee on even ground with the proudest of the golden fleece. Oh, then, be wise, and let industry walk with thee in the morning, and attend thee until thou reachest the evening hour for rest. Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul, and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the siltken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand which offers it wears a ring set with diamonds.—*Franklin*.



## CHARADE.

*My first*: how in my hopes attend  
The breaking of its seal!  
What more can test a seeming friend  
Than what it will reveal?

*My second* soon we all shall be,  
Though lofty be our grade;  
And those who live shall surely see  
My *whole* above us cast its shade.



## MENTAL RECREATIONS.

*To tell by the dial of a watch at what hour any person intends to rise.*

DESIRE the person to set the hand of the dial to any hour he pleases, to which number, when he has informed you what it is, add in your mind 12.

After this, tell him to call the hour the index stands at that which he has fixed upon, and by reckoning backwards from this number to the former, it will bring him to the hour required.

EXAMPLE.—Suppose the hour at which he intends to rise be 8, and that he has placed the hand at 5. Then, adding 12 to 5, you bid him call the hour at which the index stands the number on which he thought, and by reckoning back from this number to 17, it will bring him to 8, the hour required.

This recreation may also be performed as follows:—Let 12 cards be placed in a circular order, to represent the dial of a watch, so that an ace may correspond with 1, a deuce with 2, and so on to 11 and 12—the first of which must be a queen, and stand for 11, and the second a king, and stand for 12. Having done this, so that you can recollect the situation of the cards, desire any person to put his hand on one of them, and think on the hour at which he intends to rise; then, adding 12 to the number of this card, in your mind, bid him count backwards, from the hour he thought on to this number, and he will come to a card which, being turned up, shows the number required.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. What singing bird is not pleasant at sea?
2. What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise?
3. Why should the letter F not be used in skinning fish?
4. When does a man of business become a snob?
5. Why would the letter P make an animal a tradesman?
6. Two skating gentlemen got a fall on the ice—Why were they something easy and comfortable?
7. What quantity of land must I rent, to be on an equality with Admiral Napier?
8. Why should a convivial party beware of the letter S?
9. What kind of hooks are not fit to catch fish with?

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



"THE TRAY OF HEARTS."

Our readers may colour the Diamonds and Hearts of the "Transfigured Playing Cards" red, by employing a simple water-colour.

22

10. I have to serve out a ration to mankind—what will be the most beneficial?

11. If a Jack and a John-dory were sleeping in the water together, what fish would you send to awaken them?

## MAGICAL SQUARE PROBLEM.

An innkeeper had nine guests—four ladies and five gentlemen. Upon making inquiry, it was found that their respective ages, added together, amounted to 342 years, and that the ladies, individually, were younger than any of the gentlemen. The youngest gentleman asked Mr. Bonifacio how old he was. He replied, that he could form a square with the nine persons present—by placing three in front, three in the middle, and three behind—so that, by adding the ages of the three persons in each of the different ranks or diagonals, it would be his age, and the age of the gentleman who had put the question, added together. Also, by omitting the youngest gentleman, he could give each lady a partner; and the age of each couple, added together, would be his age. What was the innkeeper's age, the age of the youngest gentleman and the place he stood in the square, and the individual ages of each lady and gentleman forming a couple.

PHILO-PERIODICUS.

## TRANSPOSITION.

My whole, physicians always claim,  
When they successful are;  
Beheaded, I become a name  
For murder and for war.  
Losing another head—oh, save me!  
Physicians, cure!—or death will have me.

## CHARADE.

*My first* is an instrument, which, though small, has more power than any monarch on earth. It is the lover's friend, and the poet's pride, yet has overthrown kingdoms, ruined reputations, set folks together by the ears, and caused more destruction than plague, pestilence, or famine. *My second*, though not quite so mischievous, is very destructive when in improper hands; and my *whole*, though employed against my first, is deemed its friend and improver.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 445.

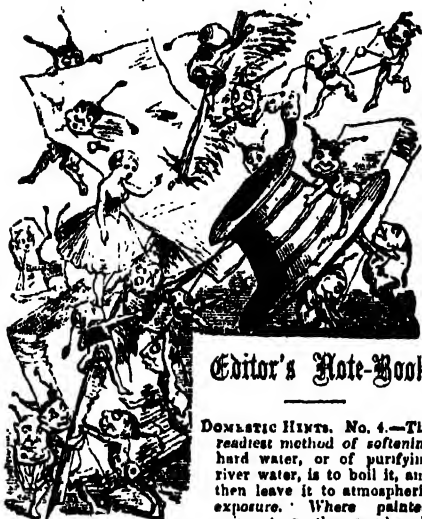
## PICTORIAL CHARADE—HOUNDS-DITCH.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. ORGAN, GLEAN. 2. STAR, TAR, RAT. 3. CART, ART, CRY.

ENIGMAS.—1. AN ECHO. 2. A SIGN-BOARD. 3. TURNSTY COFFIN.

CHARADE.—TRADE WIND.





### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS. No. 4.—The

readiest method of softening hard water, or of purifying river water, is to boil it, and then leave it to atmospheric exposure. Where painted wainscot, or other wood-work requires cleaning, fullers' earth will be found cheap and useful; and, on wood not painted, it forms an excellent substitute for soap. To destroy flies in a room take half a tea-spoonful of black pepper in powder, one tea-spoonful of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in the room on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear. Where a chimney only smokes when a fire is first lighted, this may be guarded against by allowing the fire to kindle gradually. Whenever oil is used for the purpose of artificial light, it should be kept free from all exposure to atmospheric air; as it is apt to absorb considerable quantities of oxygen. If oil is very coarse or tenacious, a very small portion of oil of turpentine may be added. Family clocks ought only to be oiled with the very purest oil, purified by a quart of lime-water to a gallon of oil, in which it has been well shaken, and suffered to stand for three or four days, when it may be drawn off. Where circumstances require a bed to be heated at a moment's notice, a little salt thrown into the warming-pan and suffered to burn for a minute previous to use, will generally be beneficial. Those who wish to ascertain whether their bed be properly aired, will do well to introduce a glass goblet between the sheets for a minute or two, just when the warming-pan is taken out; if the bed be dry, there will only be a slight cloudy appearance on the glass, but if not, the damp of the bed will assume the more formidable appearance of drops, the warning of danger. Flowers and shrubs should be excluded from a bed-chamber. Almost every kind of water, except rain water, will speedily cover the inside of a tea-kettle with an unpleasant crust: this may easily be guarded against by placing a clean oyster-shell in the tea-kettle, which will always keep it in good order, by attracting the particles of earth or of stone. In preparing the fragrant infusion for the tea-table, a good economist will be careful to have the best water, that is, the softest and least impregnated with foreign mixture; for if tea be infused in hard and in soft water, the latter will always yield the greatest quantity of the tanning matter, and will strike the deepest black, with sulphate of iron in solution. In making coffee, observe that the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel, the better it will be. To drive away moths from clothes, wrap up some yellow or turpentine soap in paper; or place an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine in the wardrobe. The white of an egg, well beaten with quicklime, and a small quantity of very old cheese, form an excellent substitute for cement, when wanted in a hurry, either for broken china or old ornamental glass ware. The expressed juice of garlic is an enduring cement, leaving no mark of fracture, if neatly applied to china or glass. Cooks should be cautioned against the use of charcoal in any quantity, except where there is a free current of air; for charcoal is highly prejudicial in a state of ignition, although it may be rendered even actively beneficial when boiled, as a small quantity of it, if boiled with meat on the turn, will effectually cure the unpleasant taint. The housewife who is anxious to dress no more meat than will suffice for the meal, should know that beef loses about one pound in four in boiling, but in roasting, loses in the proportion of one pound five ounces; and in baking about two ounces less, or one pound three ounces; mutton loses in boiling about fourteen ounces in four pounds; in roasting, one pound six ounces. The English, generally speaking, are very deficient in the practice of culinary economy; a French family would live well on what is often wasted in an English kitchen: the bones, drippings, pot-liquor, remains of fish, vegetables, &c., which are too often consigned to the grease-pot or the dust-heap, might, by a very trifling degree of management on the part of the cook, or mistress of a family, be converted into sources of daily support and comfort, at least to some poor passer-by or other, at an expense that even the miser could scarcely grudge.

**TO MAKE IMPRESSIONS OF MEDALS.** Junius.—Make a very clear and distinct impression of your medal in black sealing-wax, and while warm, clip the superfluous wax

neatly off from the edges; mix a little vermilion with common gum-water, and lay it on the sealing-wax with an hair-pencil, taking care to fill all the interstices. Then wipe this carefully off with the finger, but so as to leave the indented parts full of the composition. Then lay a piece of thin post paper, made quite wet through, upon it, and putting it in a small press, give it a moderate pressure. When taken out, the paper will present a beautiful and perfect impression of the medal.

**TO RESTORE HAIR WHEN REMOVED BY ILL HEALTH OR AGE.** Civis.—A trial might be made of onions, rubbed frequently on the part requiring it. The stimulating powers of this vegetable are of service in restoring the tone of the skin, and assisting the capillary vessels in sending forth new hair; but it is not infallible. Should it succeed, however, the growth of these new hairs may be assisted by the oil of myrtle berries, the repute of which, perhaps, is greater than its real efficacy. These applications are cheap and harmless, even where they do no good; a character which cannot be said of the numerous quack remedies that meet the eye in every direction.

**THE EVILS OF WAR.** We do not agree with those melancholy enthusiasts who speculate on the probabilities of an European collision: we confess to a lingering belief that the good sense of mankind is not wholly departed; that the effects of brutal strife are too deeply engrained upon the industrial history and morality of a nation, not to make us shun the fearful scourge. We all know that to carry on the wars of the past century, the currency was depreciated, paper-money was increased, and the circulation, from a few millions, in 1688, to fifty millions in 1815, besides inland bills and notes for 400 or 500 millions. By this means, the taxes, of less than two millions at the Revolution, were increased to seventy millions in 1815, and the annual public expenses from three to one hundred and thirty millions! The vast amount of domestic misery entailed by war is too frightful to contemplate. The stratagems for wholesale slaughter, of daily invention, betray the presence of smouldering passions ready for ignition, but which, we trust, may be quenched by the increasing spread of intelligence. Our artist, who, we may premise, is a staunch advocate of the Peace cause, has given in his ideas upon the subject of



"TAKING A TOWN BY STORM."

**COPAL VARNISH.** S. J.—Reduce two parts of gum copal to a fine powder; wash it repeatedly in water; then introduce it into a flask, and pour over it four parts of pure oil of rosemary; digest the mixture in a gentle heat for three days, after which, add as much highly rectified spirits of wine as is deemed necessary, and suffer it to remain undisturbed until the impurities subside, then decant the varnish.

**TO MAKE PRESERVES KEEP.** H. W.—The secret of preserving them from change is to exclude the air. The easiest way to do this, is to brush over a sheet of paper with the white of an egg, and cover the jar, pressing it down around the edges while moist, and it will cement perfectly tight. It is cheaper, neater, and better than sealing up the mouth of the jar with wax or covering it with bladder.

**RULES OF CONDUCT.** S. B.—We cannot do better than quote the valuable injunctions of that excellent woman, Mrs. Fry, who combined in her character and conduct all that is truly admirable in woman. 1. I never lose any time; I do not think that lost which is spent in amusement or recreation some time every day; but always be in the habit of being employed. 2. Never err the least in truth. 3. Never say an ill thing of a person when thou canst say a good thing of him; not only speak charitably, but feel so. 4. Never be fribble or unkind to anybody. 5. Never indulge thyself in luxuries that are not necessary. 6. Do all things with consideration; and, when thy path to act right is most difficult, feel confidence in that Power alone which is able to assist thee, and exert thy own powers as far as they go.

**STAMMERING.** E. Wilson.—At page 308, we gave some instructions for the relief of impeded speech. To comply with the wish of several correspondents we add the following simple directions, which will be found of great service, if strictly followed. 1. Commence speaking whilst respiring, or in other words, when the breath is going out, and speak slowly. [The stammerer always attempts to speak whilst drawing in breath, but seldom succeeds in uttering a word or sentence until he has taken a full inspiration and begins to respire, when he speaks fluently until he begins again to draw his breath.] 2. Place the tongue flat on the bottom of the mouth, before attempting to speak. [The stammerer's tongue always cleaves to the roof, and is there kept by striving to speak whilst inspiring.] 3. Begin by speaking short sentences and easy words. [The Lord's prayer is a good exercise, as it commences with a word which places the tongue in a good position.] 4. Speak sentences with easy words at the beginning, and terminating with hard words.—By strictly observing the above general rules, we believe that many stammerers may entirely free themselves from any impediment in speaking.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—T. MASON (The first lottery in England was drawn in the year 1688, near the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. It consisted of 40,000 lots at 10s. each).—T. MASON (the sentence occurs in the following couplets, which were written by Butler:—

"For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game,  
Till as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shown upon."

C. R. (many thanks, but the papers are declined).—THOMAS (zoophytes are an order of animals in the Linnæan system, under the class *Ferææ*, or worms, comprehending such as hold a medium between animals and vegetables).—CURTOS (the process of petrification may be thus explained:—A vegetable substance is buried in the earth, and decomposition soon commences; and while the process is going on gradually and obviously, the substance is sometimes likewise surrounded and pressed on by a stony juice. As each vegetable particle dissolves and disappears, a stony particle replaces it, and being moulded in the cavity left vacant, it copies, feature by feature, the organic body).—DELTA (potash is so named from being prepared by evaporating in iron pots the lixivium or ley of the ashes of wood fuel).—T. H. (the Habeas Corpus Act is the 31st Charles the Second, chap. 11).—CHARLES (the air pump was discovered in 1680).—INQUIRER (the German language is the richest in words of any European language, owing to the number and power of its roots or monosyllables).—T. T. (the smoke-jack is said to be of German origin, and as old as the fourteenth century).—THOMAS (a lieutenant in the navy ranks as a captain in the army; a post-captain as colonel; and an admiral as general).—C. (many thanks, but we eschew all interference in politics).—G. LEE (calico was first manufactured in England in 1776).—SUSAN (most of the cosmetics for the complexion are objectionable; many of them are formed from metallic oxides, which are known to be highly deleterious. The best and safest cosmetic, next to plain soap-and-water, is a little good butter-milk, fresh or stale).—W. THOMPSON (a sympathetic, or changing ink may be obtained by writing with nitro-muriate of gold, and afterwards brushing the letter over with muriate of tin in a diluted state. The writing, before invisible, will now appear of an exquisitely beautiful purple colour).—M. M. (the manuscripts are declined).—DEMETRIUS (New Zealand was first discovered by Abel J. Tasman, in 1642).—INQUIRER (Sir John Franklin left for the Arctic regions on the 19th of May, 1845; and on the 26th of July following, was heard from at Melville Bay).—TEMPUS (Baron Humboldt, the celebrated philosopher, was born in 1769).—F. R. (the tree which produces gutta-serena is a native of Malacca and the Malay Islands).—Clio (many thanks for the papers).—GUSTO (articles of a sporting character are declined).—VERAX (we do not interfere in bets).—H. (the only way to acquire success in so is to be industrious. "I have been wondering," observed the brother of Edmund Burke, to a friend, "how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family; but then, again I remember when we were at play, he was always at work").—H. JAMISON (the papers are not suited to us).



Printed by WILLIAM EGLINTON, 93, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BENNETT, 69, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL

No. 30.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1862.

[Price One Penny.]



"Sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine."

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

### CHAPTER I.

*The description of the family of WAKEFIELD.*

I was ever of opinion, that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we great riches with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements, in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the roadside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to

taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred, as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table. So, though we had not very rich, we generally had most happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wings of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we had desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this system, the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of WAKEFIELD known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated with softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy; my sons were active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little cove, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Alexander, who in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with

their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named GEORGE, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who, during her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called OLIVIA. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand god-mother, the girl was, by her directions, called SOPHIA; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country:" "Ay, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed *my coquette* into a pride, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

## CHAPTER II.

*Family Misfortunes.—The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.*

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities; and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and ale-houses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness; but there was a peculiar tenor which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second, or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many voluminous volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy few. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation.

The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston; so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilnot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference.

As Mr. Wilnot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study: they usually read a page and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes with the music-master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together; I only wanted to sling a quatre, and yet I threw dence ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, for the sly looks of my daughter-in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, the completing a tract which I intended shortly to publish in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a master-piece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilnot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance: but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox, I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of sincerity, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband already driven to the very verge of absurdity. You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument." "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. This merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for, I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of assembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secured."—"Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me aascal, or induce me to desave my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances: and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be an husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilnot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy.

## CHAPTER III.

*A Migration.—The fortunate circumstances of his lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.*

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature; but a letter from my agent in town soon came with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction; for premature consolation is but the remembrance of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a-year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to



our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humble circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help; why then should we not learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressing circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and this book too; it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, continued to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and seducement, and that scarcely a farmer's daughter within ten miles round, but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our headle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much civility as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me, has shown me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell (our new companion), walked along the foot-path by the road side, observing with a smile, that as we were ill-mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on

the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman, who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell, "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to attain the qualifications of the soldier and scholar; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that they were fools. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his professions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other settled in decay: he grew improvident as he grew poor; and though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of money he gave promises. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learned to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect; the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation. Approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now, therefore, found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable; he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that—that I forgot what I was going to observe; in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe on foot, and now, though he has scarcely attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his humours are more rational and moderate than before; but still he preserves the character of an humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarcely looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family, when turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue: she must certainly have perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey; my wife observing as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to mate into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

(To be continued.)

DUT OF NAPOLEON.—The frugality of Napoleon was such, that his taste gave the preference to the most simple and the least seasoned dishes; as *coufs au miroir* and *haricots en salade*. His breakfast was almost always composed of one of these dishes and a little Parmesan cheese. As dinner he ate little, rarely of tagons, and always of wholesome things. I have often heard him say, "that however little nourishment people took at dinner, they always took too much." Thus his head was always clear, and his labour easy, even when he rose from table. Gifted by nature with a healthy stomach, his nights were as calm as those of an infant; nature, also, had bestowed on him a constitution so admirably suited to his station, that a single hour of sleep would restore him after twenty-four hours' fatigue. In the midst of the most serious and urgent events, he had the power of resigning himself to sleep at leisure, and his mind enjoyed the most perfect calm, as soon as directions were given for the necessary arrangements. *Anecdotes of the French Court, by M. Bonaparte.*



GOLDSMITH.

THERE are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, few having so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humour, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dished at times with a pleasing melancholy: even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of more loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humour with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.

Oliver Goldsmith was born on the 10th of November, 1728, at the hamlet of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in Ireland. He sprang from a respectable, but by no means a thrifty stock. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, married when very young and very poor, and starved along for several years on a small country curacy and the assistance of his wife's friends. His whole income, eked out by the produce of some fields which he farmed, and of some occasional duties performed for his wife's uncle, the rector of an adjoining parish, did not exceed forty pounds.

"And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

The family of the worthy pastor consisted of five sons and three daughters. Henry, the eldest, was the good man's pride and hope, and he tasked his slender means to the utmost in educating him for a learned and distinguished career. Oliver was the second son, and seven years younger than Henry, who was the guide and protector of his childhood, and to whom he was most tenderly attached throughout life. Oliver's education began when he was about three years old, and at six years of age he passed into the hands of the village schoolmaster, one Thomas Byrne; but a severe attack of the small-pox caused him to be taken from under his care. His malady had nearly proved fatal, and his face remained pitted through life. On his recovery he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin, in Roscommon, and became an inmate in the house of his uncle, John Goldsmith, Esq., of Ballyvaughan, in that vicinity.

Fitted out in a great measure by this considerate relative, Oliver was soon transferred to schools of a higher order, to prepare him for the university; but his proficiency does not appear to have been brilliant. He was indolent and careless, however, rather than dull, but, on the whole, appears to have been well thought of by his teachers. When sixteen years of age, he entered Trinity College, Dublin; but his father was no longer able to place him there as a pensioner, as he had done his eldest son Henry; he was obliged, therefore, to enter him as a sizar, or "poor scholar." It was with the utmost repugnance that Goldsmith entered college in this capacity. His shy and sensitive nature was affected by the inferior station he was doomed to hold among his gay and opulent fellow-students, and he became, at times, moody and despondent.

In consequence of a wild freak which was likely to lead to disagreeable consequences, Goldsmith sold his books and clothes, and sallied forth from his college, intending to embark at Cork for — he scarce knew

where — America, or any other part beyond the sea. With his usual heedless imprudence, however, he loitered about Dublin until his finances were reduced to a shilling; with this amount he set out on his journey. Hunger, fatigue, and destitution brought down his spirit and calmed his anger. In this extremity he conveyed to his brother Henry information of his distress, and of the rash project on which he had set out. By him he was furnished with money and clothes, and prevailed upon to return to college.

The time soon arrived for Goldsmith to apply for orders, and he presented himself accordingly before the Bishop of Elphin for ordination. He was, however, rejected: some say for want of sufficient studious preparation; others attribute his rejection to reports of his college irregularities.

A new consultation was held among Goldsmith's friends as to his future course, and it was determined he should try the law. His uncle Contarine agreed to advance the necessary funds, and actually furnished him with fifty pounds, with which he set off for London, to enter on his studies at the Temple. Unfortunately, he fell in company at Dublin with a Roscommon acquaintance, one whose wife had been sharpened about town, who beguiled him into a gambling-house, and soon left him as penniless as when he ran away from college.

Physic was the next pursuit recommended to him, and in the autumn of 1752 Goldsmith arrived in Edinburgh to commence his studies. He now attended medical lectures, and attached himself to an association of students called the Medical Society. He set out, as usual, with the best intentions; but, as usual, soon fell into idle, convivial, thoughtless habits. His usual carelessness in money matters attended him. Though his supplies from home were scanty and irregular, he never could bring himself into habits of prudence and economy; often he was stripped of all his present finances at play; often he lavished them away in fits of unguarded charity or generosity.

After spending two winters at Edinburgh, Goldsmith prepared to finish his medical studies on the Continent, for which his uncle Contarine agreed to furnish the funds. Although medical instruction was the ostensible motive for this visit to the Continent, the real one in all probability was his long-cherished desire to see foreign parts. Abroad, he was reduced to such misery from want of means, that he was compelled to exercise his talents on the flute to obtain temporary lodging. After two years spent in roving about the Continent, "pursuing novelty," as he said, "and losing content," Goldsmith landed at Dover early in 1756. At length we find him launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few halfpence in his pocket. The first authentic trace we have of him in this new part of his career, is filling the situation of an usher to a school, and even this employ he obtained with some difficulty, after reference for a character to his friends in the University of Dublin.

Goldsmith remained but a short time in this situation, and his next shift was as assistant in the laboratory of a chemist near Fish-street Hill. Through the advice and assistance of Dr. Sleight, he commenced the practice of medicine, but in a small way, in Bankside, Southwark, and chiefly among the poor; for he wanted the figure, address, polish, and management, to succeed among the rich. Soon after, by the advice of Dr. Milner, Goldsmith once more changed his mode of life, and in April, 1757, became a contributor to the *Monthly Review*, at a small fixed salary, with board and lodging; and accordingly took up his abode with Mr. Griffiths, at the sign of the Lunciad, Paternoster Row. In Goldsmith's experience the track soon proved a thorny one; but this literary vassalage, however, did not last long. The engagement was broken off at the end of five months, by mutual consent.

The prolific talents of Goldsmith secured him steady occupation from the booksellers; but his unthrifty habits lost him the benefit of these advantages. It was about this period he secured the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and other eminent literati of the day. "I received one morning," says Johnson, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion; I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The novel in question was the *Picar of Wakefield*; the bookseller to whom Johnson sold it was Francis Newbery, nephew to John. Strange as it may seem, this captivating work, which has obtained and preserved an almost unrivalled popularity in various languages, was so little appreciated by the bookseller, that he kept it by him for nearly two years unpublished! It came out on the 27th of March, 1766; before the end of May a second edition was called for; in three months more, a third; and so it went on, widening in a popularity that has never flagged. Though so exclusively a picture of British scenes and manners, it has been translated into almost every language, and everywhere its charm has been the same. Goethe, the great genius of Germany, declared, in his eighty-first year, that it was his delight at the age of twenty; that it had, in a manner, formed a part of his education, influencing his taste and feelings throughout life, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to end with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the early benefit derived from it.

It is needless to expatiate upon the qualities of a work which has thus

passed from country to country, and language to language, until it is now known throughout the whole reading world, and is become a household book in every hand. The secret of its universal and enduring popularity is undoubtedly its truth to nature, but to nature of the most amiable kind—to nature such as Goldsmith saw it. The author, as we have occasionally shown in the course of this memoir, took his scenes and characters in this, as in his other writings, from originals in his own motley experience; but he has given them as seen through the medium of his own indulgent eye, and has set them forth with the colourings of his own good head and heart. Yet how contradictory it seems that this, one of the most delightful pictures of home and homefelt happiness, should be drawn by a homeless man; that the most amiable picture of domestic virtue, and all the endearments of the married state, should be drawn by a bachelor, who had been severed from domestic life almost from boyhood; that one of the most tender, touching, and affecting appeals on behalf of female loveliness should have been made by a man, whose deficiency in all the graces of person and manner seemed to mark him out for a cynical disparager of the sex.

Goldsmith's comedy of *The Good-natured Man* was completed early in 1767, but was doomed to experience delays and difficulties to the very last; at length it was performed for ten nights in succession; the third, sixth, and ninth nights were for the author's benefit; the fifth night it was commanded by their majesties; after this it was played occasionally, but rarely, having always pleased more in the closet than on the stage. The profits resulting from *The Good-natured Man* were beyond any that Goldsmith had yet derived from his works. He netted about four hundred pounds from the theatre, and one hundred pounds from his publisher. The heedless expenses, however, of Goldsmith, soon brought him to the end of his "prize-money;" he was soon obliged to resume his old craft of book-building, and set about his *History of Rome*, undertaken for Davies. *The Citizen of the World* had already appeared.

The popularity attending the publication of his celebrated poem, the *Traveller*, had prepared the way for the *Deserted Village*, an exquisite picture of village life. The constant drudgery to which he had been exposed by his want of means had a serious effect upon his health, and obliged him to quit London for the country. After rusticating for some time he returned to town in the autumn of 1772, with his health much disordered. His close fits of sedentary application, during which he, in a manner, tied himself to the mast, had laid the seeds of a lurking malady in his system, and produced a severe illness in the course of the summer. Town life was not favourable to the health either of body or mind. He could not resist the siren voice of temptation, which, now that he had become a notoriety, assailed him on every side.

The gaieties of society, however, cannot medicine for any length of time a mind diseased. Wearied by the distractions and harassed by the expenses of a town life, which he had not the discretion to regulate, Goldsmith took the resolution, too tardily adopted, of retiring to the serene, quiet, and cheap and healthful pleasures of the country, and of passing only two months of the year in London. He accordingly made arrangements to sell his right in the Temple chambers, and in the month of March retired to his country quarters at Hyde, there to devote himself to toil. Death, however, was silently stealing apace. An access of a local complaint, under which he had suffered for some time past, added to a general prostration of health, brought Goldsmith back to town before he had well settled himself in the country. The local complaint subsided, but was followed by a low nervous fever. He was not aware of his critical situation, and intended to be at the club on the 25th of March, on which occasion Charles Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, and two other new members, were to be present. In the afternoon, however, he felt so unwell as to take to his bed, and his symptoms soon acquired sufficient force to keep him there. His malady fluctuated for several days, and hopes were entertained of his recovery, but they proved fallacious. He had skilful medical aid and faithful nursing, but he would not follow the advice of his physicians, and persisted in the use of James's powders, which he had once found beneficial, but which were now injurious to him. His appetite was gone, his strength failed him, but his mind remained clear, and was perhaps too active for his frame. Anxieties and disappointments, which had previously sapped his constitution, doubtless aggravated his present complaint and rendered him sleepless. In reply to an inquiry of his physician, he acknowledged that his mind was ill at ease. This was his last reply; he was too weak to talk, and in general took no notice of what was said to him. He sank at last into a deep sleep, and it was hoped a favourable crisis had arrived. He awoke, however, in strong convulsions, which continued without intermission until he expired, on the 4th of April, at five o'clock in the morning, being in the forty-sixth year of his age.

His death was a shock to the literary world and a deep affliction to a wide circle of intimates and friends; for, with all his foibles and peculiarities, he was fully as much beloved as he was admired. Burke, on hearing the news, burst into tears. Sir Joshua Reynolds threw by his pencil for the day, and grieved more than he had done in times of great family distress.

Never was the trite, because sage apophthegm, that "the child is father to the man," more fully verified than in the case of Goldsmith. He is shrewd, awkward, and blundering in childhood, yet full of sensibility; he is a butt for the jeers and jokes of his companions, but apt to surprise and confound them by sudden and witty repartees; he is dull and stupid at his tasks, yet an eager and intelligent devourer of the travelling tales and campaigning stories of his half-military pedagogue; he may be a dunce, but he is already a rhymist; and his early scintillations of poetry awaken the expectations of his friends. He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fiery gifts laid in his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birth-place, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 430).

"This has a little of the 'official' twang," said Thorpe. "You have answered it, of course?"

"Of course," echoed the major, "and have accepted in advance a post as quarter-master. The fact is, Morris, my affairs are not in as flourishing a situation as they have been, and I know enough of this business to be pretty sure of recruiting them in it. But that was not my reason for communicating with you." He paused a moment, and then went on—

"This war, if a war there is to be, will be a popular one, and all who engage in it will derive benefit from it. Now, you are ambitious of a seat in Congress—don't deny it; I know it—and you can secure it in one way only. 'Take time by the forelock;' secure a position in public opinion by taking an active part in the agitation; talk, as you know how, at public meetings, and when the call comes for volunteers, depend upon it you can secure the position of a field-officer—perhaps of the commandant of a regiment. Go to Mexico, exercise your talents, get into a fight, acquire yourself creditably, and come home—my word for it you will overstep men of twice your years, and fifty times your experience in politics."

"Yes," said Thorpe, smiling: "but, major, suppose some Mexican should shoot me? Probably my promotion would have to be sought in a place upon which some people look as being hardly equivalent to the capital—I mean heaven."

"In that, of course," said the major, "you would have to take your chance—but that you would be willing to do, certainly."

"Certainly," said Thorpe—"just as I would have to take my chance afterwards for a seat in Congress."

"But this would make that chance better," argued the major.

"I believe you are right," said Thorpe, after a moment's thought, "and I am very much obliged to you for the intimation. I will begin to act upon it immediately."

"Do so, do so—and, my word for it, you will be benefited."

After some further conversation, they returned to the drawing-room, and found that Cara had gone.

"She is in an awful humour about something, this morning," said Mary; "do tell us, cousin Morris, what it is?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself—in that matter," said Morris, making an ominous pause where we have placed the dash.

He, too, was in "an awful humour," and soon took his leave.

In the meantime, Cara had reached home. On entering a little private parlour adjoining her bed-chamber, which she called her library, she found a package lying on the table, directed to her in dark crimson paint. She tore it open with a trembling hand, and discovered, what she expected—"The Sunset."

"How generous!" she exclaimed—"and to the daughter of his father's enemy, too!" And she ran away to detail the whole story to her father, with a volubility she seldom exhibited.

"I always said there was something good in the boy," said her father. "We must have him among us by some means. How can we manage it?"

The rising painter was too famous to be despised; and, besides, to add him to his circle would be another triumph over old Vernon.

## CHAPTER V.

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid in."—TWELFTH NIGHT.

WITH the earliest rays of the morrow's sun, Vernon was engaged again upon Cara's portrait. The face he had finished, with the exception of a few slight touches, the evening before; he was now to paint her costume and arrange the back-ground. He worked still with the same assiduity and with more rapidity; and by eleven o'clock, the hour at which he opened his studio, the picture was finished. The likeness was perfect, both in features and expression.

There are works, which can be done only under the impulse which makes them desirable; and the flash of genius must be arrested and fixed in the moment of its conception, else it will pass like the shadow of a cloud over a sunny landscape, to return no more. Had Vernon taken a week or a month in which to paint this portrait, he would never have been able to catch the intangible expression, which was, in fact, the soul of Cara's face. He must have been immediately under the influence of her glance—and its power, too, not decreased by habit or dimmed by change—to have caught so perfectly the hovering smile and the ethereal thought of her varying countenance. As a simple work of art, it was by no means a fine picture—the execution had been too hasty for that; but no portrait he had painted had ever so perfectly embodied the original, no face had made the canvass so like breathing nature.

He was still gazing at it, when steps on the gravelled walk in front of the house announced visitors. He opened the door, and the original stood before him, accompanied not by Thorpe this time, but by Major Bryce and his daughter. Allen had seen the major before, but not for several months; and he shook him cordially by the hand. Cara advanced and gave him her hand frankly and unostentatiously; followed by Mary Bryce, who seemed at a loss, whether to treat him condescendingly, as one infinitely beneath her, or reverentially, as one equally her superior. She succeeded admirably in assuming neither character, and impressed him truly, as one whose self-respect was not equal to her vanity, and whose respect for others was mingled with a fear, and defiance of an anticipated assumption of superiority.



"I did not intend," said Cara, "to disturb you so early; but Major Bryce was on his way here, and I availed myself of his escort."

"Then I am much obliged to Major Bryce," said Allen, smiling, "for I was just wishing you were here."

"For what purpose?" she asked.

"To rectify my portrait and prove its features," said he.

"Pa, look here," said Mary to her father, directing his attention to a row of portraits ranged along the wall. The major walked across the room, and Cara and Vernon were alone.

"What portrait?" she asked.

He turned the rapidly-painted picture from the wall.

"What!" she exclaimed; "have you painted that since yesterday?"

"Yes," said he, "do you think it like?"

"If my glass be a true one," she answered, "it is perfect."

"I had thought," said Allen, as they both stood looking at it, "that I would not show you this—"

"Why not?" she asked, quickly.

"But," he continued, "go on and paint another."

"But, why?" asked Cara; "this is certainly as perfect as possible."

"Probably," said he, "as perfect as I can make it; but so soon finished that I will not even have a sitting."

"Well," said she, ingeniously, "is it not so much the better?"

"To you, perhaps," he replied; "but not to me."

"Why?"

But she looked up into his face and waited for no reply. She felt embarrassed, and wished to change the subject.

"I have not thanked you," she said, "for allowing me to be the purchaser of that fine picture—"

"Purchaser!" he said. "Purchaser! You did not buy it from me!"

"No," said she, timidly, "but I supposed you knew from my manner that I coveted it, and—"

"And sent it to you as a purchaser, you would say," interrupted Vernon. "You are mistaken, Miss Talbot; perhaps I took too great a liberty for an acquaintance of only a few minutes' standing. But you were the first who had fully appreciated it, and I sent it to you because you knew the value of it—had soul enough to understand it. If you will not keep it on these terms, I am sorry; but I will accept no price for it."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I would not part with it on any terms! I will keep it most gratefully. But since you have given me the picture, you must do me another favour: come to my father's and show me in what light to hang it."

Allen hesitated, and she perceived it.

"I know," said she, advancing more closely to his side, "I know what you would say, or, at least, what you are thinking; our parents are not friends, &c.; but that ought not to make us enemies."

"True," said he, gazing earnestly at her; "I will come."

"When? Can you not come to-day?"

"I fear not. But to-morrow, perhaps."

"And then," said Cara, jestingly, "we can have our sittings there."

"You must allow me to paint another picture for you," said Allen, "and this one I will keep myself."

"We'll see; but I think I would rather have this than any other."

"But then," said Allen, smiling, "what shall we do at our sittings?"

"Oh," said she, gaily, "we'll find enough to do: talk about painting, and poetry, and sculpture; and then you shall teach me to paint in oils and mix colours. Oh! we'll find enough to do!"

"Well," said Vernon, "so that we have enough to keep us together, I shall be content."

"Miss Bryce, there," said Cara, smiling, "would appear to be half-offended at such a speech as that; perhaps she would slap you in the face;—a pretty formidable demonstration, too—but she would, at the same time, be as much pleased as I am to hear it."

"What's that you are saying to Mr. Vernon about me?" said that young lady, tripping across the room.

"Only justifying myself by citing your example," said Cara.

"I am afraid," said the major, coming forward, "that your sitting will not amount to much to-day, my dear."

"The picture is finished," said Cara, pointing to it.

"That's capital, upon my honour!" exclaimed the old gentleman; "why, you told me you were just about to take the first sitting!"

"And I told you the truth," said Cara; "that picture has been painted since this hour yesterday."

"What? since yesterday!" exclaimed the major; "why, you are equal to a daguerreotypist."

"Oh?" said Mary, tragically throwing her fat hands into the air, "isn't that beautiful?" And she looked as if it were something good to eat.

"Pshaw, Mary!" said her father; "don't be so rhapsodical! Mr. Vernon probably knows the value of the picture much better than you do, you need not enlighten him."

Mary received this somewhat rude rebuke with an exaggeration of wounded feeling truly ridiculous; and began to shake her hands, and agitate her chest, as if about to faint.

"You will soon have a scene to paint," said Cara.

"I hope not," said Vernon, earnestly.

The major understood his daughter's humour, and paid no attention to her. Like most fainting people, as soon as she found her fainting produced no excitement she recovered, and looked as little like swooning as ever. A glance of intelligence passed between Vernon and Cara, in which the major joined by a quiet smile, and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Mary," said the major, after a short pause, resuming the conversation, "you had better return with Cara; she will set you down at home and leave me here; I have some conversation for Mr. Vernon."

"Well," said Cara, "since we are not to have our sitting to-day, I will go immediately, if Mary is ready. Remember," said she to Allen, as they passed out, "I shall expect you to-morrow, to advise me about the painting."

"I will not fail," said the latter; and he and the major were alone.

"I will not detain you long," said that gentleman, as he shut the door.

"My object in calling on you was to ask you how you would like to have an opportunity of painting some of the finest scenery in the world?"

"Rather a superfluous question, I should think, major."

"True, true; I know well enough. Thorpe has told me that he thought you would like it excessively; he says your talents are even better adapted to landscape, than to portrait painting; and he thinks you would like to exercise them."

"What can Mr. Thorpe know about it?" said Vernon, proudly.

"He did not wish me to mention his name," said Bryce; "but he was very forcibly struck by a picture of yours—a sunset—which I have also seen to-day; and he thinks I might be of service to you, and I think so too; and plague it, man, we are cousins, anyhow, and—" the major stopped.

"I am very grateful, major," said Vernon, smiling; "but I do not see how I am to have this opportunity, even by your aid."

"Why, you see, the fact is this—I may as well come to the point first as last—I have information that we are on the eve of a war with Mexico—"

"Of that I presume there is no doubt," said Allen.

"Precisely," continued the major; "no doubt at all, as you will see by reading that letter." He handed him the letter which he had previously shown to Thorpe. Vernon read and returned it.

"Well," the major resumed, "in the event of a war, Mexico will be invaded, and the army, of course, will need quartermasters. I have already written to accept the post spoken of in that letter, in advance, and I shall be with the army. Now, Thorpe says (and I don't doubt it) that Mexico contains some of the finest scenery in the world."

"It does, indeed," said Vernon, thoughtfully.

"Certainly," said the major, glad to be corroborated; "and it is fine scenery you want to paint. Besides, there will be battles, sieges, marches, bivouacs, camps, &c., &c., interminable; then there are the long train of wag-gons—" and the major, filled with recollections, was about to enumerate all the trappings of a marching army, but Vernon interrupted him:—

"All very true, major," he said, "and I should like to paint them all; but, still, I do not see how I am to have an opportunity."

"Well, this is it," said the major, at last: "in my department there are many posts; the best of the you can command, and I shall doubtless be able to give you one which would give you the means of support—I know that, like myself, you are not rich—and, at the same time, would give you leisure to pursue your art as diligently and constantly as you might desire. Let us come to the point—would it suit you?"

"Suit me!" he exclaimed. "It would be precisely what I desire!"

"Then we will consider it settled," said the major. "And now," he continued, to escape Vernon's expressions of gratitude, "you must come to my home to dine to-morrow; we have made you the first visit, and you must return it, you know."

Vernon accepted, and the major left him.

What was Thorpe's design in all this? For it was all arranged by him, and the major and his good heart were really only acting from Thorpe's prompting. He had observed the admiration of Vernon for Cara, and her ill-nature after their visit. He was too sharp-sighted to be deceived; and he at once saw that unless he could withdraw Vernon from her society, into which he seemed likely to enter, his own prospects were null. The war, he hoped, would be declared immediately; in the meantime he had to trust to his own ingenuity, and afterwards to his superior advantage. This sudden and adroit combination was only one example of the kind of strategy he was every day practising successfully.

## CHAPTER VI.

"I cannot be mine own,  
Nor anything to say, if I be not thine."—WINTER'S TALE.

THE further you draw a pendulum in one direction, the further it will swing in the opposite, when you let it go. Men of reserved habits, when their reserve is once overcome, are generally the most social of all. This observation is confined, of course, to those whose habits, (and does not extend to those whose natures) are reserved; for even the pendulum will not swing away from the point where gravitation, (its nature) leads it.

Allen Vernon was only reserved by habit; constitutionally, no man was more social or less morose. He was impulsive, too, and he needed only an attraction to withdraw him, at almost any time, from his solitude. He was somewhat conscious of this, and had avoided everything of the sort. True, he was a poor painter, and therefore but few occasions were afforded him upon which to exercise his self-denial. But now he had become known, was no longer struggling against starvation—he was no longer in absolute need of the world's countenance, and consequently the world began to smile upon him. Napoleon, though called the "child of fortune," strove to owe as little as possible to her favours, conscious that she was most gracious to those who trusted least to her. So it is with every successful man, with regard to what is called "the world." He knows that the more independent of favour he can make himself, the more favours he will receive: that in this, as in all

other things, an equilibrium is established, by the law of which the world will help him, precisely in proportion as he does not want assistance: and he will be absolutely cast off, only when his means of helping himself are absolutely nought.

Allen began to be an object of interest to all the people of fashion who had heard of him; invitations had begun to pour in upon him, even before the period of Cara's visit, all of which he had declined. For some reason, however, as soon as he had made up his mind to take advantage of Cara's invitation, he suddenly felt as though accepting all others. The want of society began to be felt; and he acknowledged to himself that he had been too much alone. He accepted Major Bryce's invitation, not, as might be supposed, because that gentleman had laid him under an obligation, but because of his rapidly-increasing desire for society. The habit of mind produced by seclusion was fast giving way; the removal of the force which had made him solitary, was likely to produce a sudden bound to the other extreme.

"I have been expecting you for some time," said Cara, as Vernon entered the drawing-room on the morning appointed. As she spoke she advanced from the window at which she had been sitting, and gave him her hand with almost childish, but graceful simplicity.

"I am sorry, then," said he, pressing her hand slightly, and taking the seat she pointed to, "that you had not a more pleasant anticipation."

"How?" she asked.

"Something more pleasant to look forward to, I mean——"

"Than a visit from you?" she interrupted. "Oh! nothing could have been more so, I assure you."

"I am afraid you will be disappointed, then," said Allen.

"Oh," said she, smiling, "I am not afraid of that; and I say so to you," she added, with some emphasis, "because I know you are above the flattery which would speak as you do, only to be re-assured by a compliment."

"I am, indeed!" he exclaimed, warmly; "though a compliment from you is the only thing that has really flattered me for years."

"Flattered you out of your favourite picture, did it? Well, if it be so, you shall have it back—or, stay, we can compromise; it shall hang here as yours, while I will have the enjoyment of it."

"No, no," said Allen, catching the spirit of lightness from her, "it is yours, and shall remain so; it is no longer my favourite picture either—I have got a substitute in my affections, in a certain portrait."

"I am afraid I shall have to deprive you of that, too," said Cara: "I have already told my father of it, and he is very anxious to see it."

"I'll take a copy of it, then," said Vernon.

"I'll take a copy of it, then," said she, "if you intend to do so; to be prudent, I should forbid you, and if I were imprudent you would not want my picture."

"But," said Allen, "if you did forbid it, I would not be forced to obey you; I have not sworn allegiance—yet."

"Yet?" said she, looking at him in surprise; "do you intend ever to do so? If you do, you must give me notice: for it would shake my nerves, if it came unannounced."

"Then," said Allen, gaily, "I'll prelude it, as your friend, Miss Bryce, does her commonplaces, with a grand flourish of trumpets; and when you hear and see the signs, expect a storm."

"Nay," said Cara, "if you are of the stormy mood, you had better select Mary for your lady-love."

"I am not very stormy," said Allen. "Let me show you how I should approach you, if I were about to——"

"If you were!" she exclaimed, "and are you not?"

"Let me show you," said he. As he spoke, he passed from the seat he had occupied, and, taking her hand, sank half-kneeling by her side. At the same moment he carried her hand to his lips and looking up, whispered——

"What is my fate?"

"Oh, admirable!" she exclaimed. "You shall be accepted by all means, whenever you do that again."

"Is it a bargain?" said he, half seriously.

"Certainly," said she, "have I not said it, and is it part of a lady's character to be regardless of her word?"

"Remember, then," said he, now quite seriously, "whenever I do the same again, your answer shall be favourable. Is it agreed?"

"Decidedly," she answered; "and now let us go and see the proper light for the 'Sunset.' Ought it to be in a bright light, or should the light be softened?"

"It will make but little difference," said Allen; "for there are no shadows in it, except such as are relative to another point in the picture, which is central. If the light were lateral and vertical, or either, the light in which you place it would be very material; but it is central and horizontal, and therefore depends upon no accessories."

"Is that a principle of painting?" she asked.

"It is only a principle of arranging paintings," said he, as he followed her through a door, and found himself in the most tastefully-arranged and chaste-furnished room he had ever seen. It was small—perhaps not more than fifteen feet square, and lighted by only one window; over which was now drawn a rich, heavy curtain of the finest crimson damask, which lay in folds upon the soft, noiseless carpet. This latter was of the kind called tapestry carpet—a pattern in which the same crimson hue so predominated as, at first sight, to appear plain unmixt red. On closer inspection, however, you discovered that nearly every colour of the rainbow was thrown upon it with almost the art of the painter—all blending and harmonizing in the one hue, presenting no startling contrasts and no tasteless combinations. The singularity of the taste was enhanced, too, by the fact that it was an architectural pattern; and on following the figures with your eye, you found every conceivable sort of building, and every known order of architecture; from

the massive, solemn, and yet attractive Gothic, through the mouldering and yet beautiful Composite, the grave and severe Doric, the simple and graceful Ionic and the ornamental, and sometimes ostentatious Corinthian—through them all even to the stately, yet dreamy and distant Moorish. Here, too, were grand cathedrals, stately temples, graceful porticos, massive churches, Mohammedan mosques crowned by the shining crescent. Beautiful cottages upon the banks of running streams, embowered in willows, with playful children at the door; and winding walks among old oak trees and waving shrubs; quiet lakes, set like islands among hoary, moss-grown rocks; and upon their silent shores were shining temples erected to the guardian spirits of the solitude; here stretched in long perspective a weary desert, and far in the distance stood a cool oasis with its mosque-shaped fountain, and a camel and Arabian travellers asleep; here was a mausoleum, and at one side stood a child with sunny though saddened hair, strewn flowers over the dead; the same winding line which in one place was a gravelled walk, in others became successively, a musical stream, a desert path and the trunk of a stately palm; a spot which in one point of view was a lone leaf waving in the wind, in others became the dome of a mosque, the arch of a ruined bridge, and the gateway of a palace; the mazes of a forest changed as you changed your station, and became at once the nave of a vast cathedral, the hoary trunks became columns, and the foliage the fratted roof; as you traced the lines you were lost in inextricable windings, and you ended by seeing only the first impression—a quivering surface of shadowy forms, all merged in the predominant crimson.

In keeping with the floor were the walls and ceiling, the latter painted with harmonious colours, all varying in broad but ever decreasing lines of waving hues, until they all ended at once, and seemed to begin in the centre. From that centre, calm, serene, and watchful, its almost unearthly brightness increased by the crimson hues, looked down a large, deep-meaning eye, from which half the light in the room seemed to proceed. The walls were covered with paper, of which the predominant colour was a light purple; and hung along three sides of it were some twenty or more pictures, each so placed as to receive and reflect the mellow light of the single window. The furniture was in keeping with the decorations—light, fantastic, and appropriate—bronzes and painted in perfect keeping, and so arranged as to fill the room, and yet not crowd it. The frail ottomans, the light chairs, the small divan, and the miniature tables—each seemed to have been made for each, and all for this room. Even the books on the graceful shelves were bound all in crimson, and preserved the unity of the design.

Immediately in front of the window stood Cara, the divinity who had created and presided over all this chaste magnificence, her face suffused by the crimson hue; and her lips parted by a smile, gazing earnestly at Allen's "Sunset," which stood leaning against the wall, exactly opposite to her. The light, mellowed and deepened by the curtain, fell in rich, soft, luxurious beams full upon the painting—not glaringly, so as to conceal any of its peculiar delicacy of colouring, but strongly, so as to bring out, and thoroughly define, every one of its luminous and splendid outlines.

For a moment Allen gazed upon the scene before him, noticing nothing but the splendour and taste of the accessories. In his circuit of observation his eyes rested upon hers; and arrested, and almost spell-bound, his gaze fixed itself upon her. Had she been an adept in the science of magic, she could not have contrived a situation more likely to make a poet or a painter worship her with all his soul. She looked at him a moment, and her eye fell—she sank half-smiling, half-frightened, upon an ottoman. He advanced rapidly to her side—took her hand in his—carried it to his lips, and, sinking upon one knee, looked up into her face, and whispered passionately—

"What is my fate? You told me you would accept me: do not—nay, you cannot reject me!"

She withdrew her hand suddenly, and covered her face.

"I cannot, indeed!" she murmured. "But I cannot accept you, either! I am——" She hesitated, and then continued rapidly to herself: "Why should I tell him so? I am free!" She was silent, but her breath came thick and fast. By degrees she recovered her composure. She looked up after awhile, and laying her hand on his, spoke:—

"You took me by surprise," she said, gently; "I was not prepared for it—so soon." She smiled again, and continued. "Painters are all alike, I believe—impetuous and startling. But we must say no more of this—now; some other time, perhaps, if you wish—not now. And besides," she added, after a pause, "this is not the place for such things—this is my private drawing-room, and no young gentleman was ever before in it, except——" she stopped a moment, but went on almost immediately. "Well, well—no matter. We came here to talk about that picture—Come, come," she continued, playfully laying her hand on his lips, "don't break out into passionate prayers, like the heroes of novels—praying for hope, &c., &c.; for, like them, if you had it not already, you would not pray for it!"

"Well," said he, smiling faintly—for she had talked him into self-possession again—"at least you have not rejected me; and I may hope, then."

"Hope?" said she, looking round at him in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable—"Hope? Certainly. Why not?"

"You are the strangest creature I ever saw!" he exclaimed.

"Why?" she asked, suddenly; "because I allow a gentleman, whom I have not known three days, kiss my hand, and almost clasp me in his arms? That is a little strange, I must confess."

"Oh! no!" he began.

"Pshaw!" said she, laughing—"I understand you, of course. And now let me say one word—and mind, you are to receive it as a law of the Medes, and never mind protestations—it is this: you are not to mention this subject to me again for twenty days—by that time my resolution will be formed. And remember, you do not know the reason why I make this stipulation. And therefore, you are not to be impatient of it."



"As he reached the door, a printer's boy came along with a bundle of handbills and a paste-pot, and stopping to paste one of them to the side of the house."

"That were impossible," he said.

"Did you not paint my portrait in twelve hours, and is this more impossible than that?"

"I promise!" said Allen, and they turned to the picture. Cara talked about the effect of lights and shades, colours and tints, with as much calmness as if nothing had occurred. Allen, too, soon recovered his composure; and when they returned to the drawing-room, and found Colonel Talbot there, he met him as calmly as if he had known him all his life. As Major Bryce's dinner-hour approached, he took leave, having received and made a decidedly "favourable impression."

## CHAPTER VII.

"He that will have a cake out of the wheat,  
Must tarry the grinding."—*THEOCLITUS AND CÆCÆSIDA.*

"I MUST get this painter out of the way as soon as possible," said Thorpe to himself, as he left the major's. "He is precisely the man to undermine all my plans in life; and I am resolved that shall not be done. If I can get him out of the way a year or two—or even six months—I can so entrench myself as not to fear him. At all events I must prevent her seeing him often, or even at all, if I can, and I can, surely."

We have seen the rapidity and dexterity with which he seized upon the first opportunity to effect his object. Calmly, deliberately, and skillfully, he insinuated his scheme into the mind of the unsuspecting major, who thought he was doing an act dictated by his own goodness of heart. In order the more firmly to secure his success he wrote an application, which he persuaded the major to forward to Washington, (after having it signed by a large number of influential citizens,) setting out his merits, and asking for his appointment to the post of quarter-master. With the interest the major already had at the Capitol, this was sufficient to make him secure.

This was done on the day following Cara's first visit to Vernon's studio; and after posting the petition, Thorpe was vexed to find on repairing to Colonel Talbot's, that Cara had already gone to make her second visit. He was vexed, because he had intended to accompany her; and he trusted to his dexterity and the fact of his being forewarned of the danger, to enable him to escape it, and prevent her being more impressed by the young painter than she was already. "One visit," he however thought, as he turned away, "cannot make much difference; and next time she goes I shall be with her. In the meantime," he continued, after a pause, "Mary is jealous of Cara—thinks I am too attentive to her—I must cultivate that; and to-day the major will invite Vernon to his house. I must be there so that Mary will be induced to lay herself out for him, to pique me—" he paused—"Yes, that will do; and if Mary does not take his attention the case is hopeless; but he is not very experienced, and her free manners must capture him—at least for a time. She will capture herself, too; and then I will draw the major off, and leave them alone, and I am more mistaken than ever I was in my life,

if she does not hurry him into some demonstration friendly to my interests. Maria must do her best, too—at least, must not be in the way. I must drill her beforehand." And he proceeded to arrange his schemes. We have seen how they were prospering. He knew nothing of Vernon's sending Cara the "Sunset," and was so intent upon his arrangements that he did not re-appear at Colonel Talbot's until a few moments after Allen had left there for Major Bryce's.

"You did not wait for me yesterday," he said to Cara; "you must have been in haste to see the handsome painter."

"I was," said she, coolly, "and I suppose you were not; at least, you did not seem to be."

"I was detained," he said, "longer than I supposed, until I looked at my watch—"

"O," said she, indifferently, "it made no difference; you are here now—so make no apologies."

"You were a little petulant, Cara," said he, "when I saw you last, and I see you have not got over it yet. Have I said or done anything to incur your displeasure?"

"You will do something, Morris," said Cara coldly, "if you preserve that tone to me. I think you might be: aside the manner of admonition now; I am old enough to be emancipated."

"Cara," said he, gravely, taking her hand, "if you are displeased with me, I am sorry for it; but I cannot but say that whatever my manner may be, it is prompted by no motive but intense anxiety for your good."

"Well, well," she said impatiently, "I know all that of course; but still I think you treat me too much as if you were the teacher and I the pupil. Now we do not stand in any such relation to each other—I mean we are not in any relation resembling that, and probably will not be—not for a long time at any rate; and you sometimes offend me by assuming too much of the monitor—I cannot bear it."

This was all very plausible; but Thorpe was altogether too clear-sighted not to see, that some other reason was at the bottom of what he very properly called her petulance. His manner was not different from what it had been for a long time—indeed, ever since he had first paid any attention to her; on the contrary, if changed at all, he had assumed less of the admonitory in the last three days than had been his custom. Yet now appeared an impatience, which she had never shown before. She had always received his attentions and admonitions with the docility belonging to her character. His manner, too, was that adopted after mature deliberation, and founded on very accurate and deep knowledge of her character. She was gentle, tractable, and easily accessible to every species of feeling; although when aroused neither he nor any one else could govern or change her; yet, (a seeming contradiction,) this slightly dictatorial manner was that least likely to make her rebel. He had always veiled his more severe censures under deep solicitude; and had generally succeeded in making her believe that it gave him far more pain to perceive, than it did her to be admonished, of any of her very frequent misdeemeanors. Very frequent they were, too, if we were to judge of their



frequency by the number of Thorpe's delicate and well-considered censures. In reality she was never guilty of positive imprudence; but she was sufficiently thoughtless often to act in such a manner as to give one of his ingenuity an opportunity to colour and represent her actions in an unfavourable light. If the policy which induced him to take this course was over-acted, it was only because by its very refinement it required capacities and watchfulness which even he was not able to bring to his assistance. It was only for this reason; for he calculated correctly that assuming that tone would be far more likely to give him the influence he desired than any other course. That influence he had certainly acquired; and up to the present time it had been gradually but steadily increasing—assisted by almost every prominent trait of her light, gentle and impulsive character. To find her impatient of it now, was therefore a new feature of the affair, which would have puzzled a man less acute. He was not, however the least in the dark. He thoroughly understood Cara, and he was not ignorant of any of her movements. When, therefore, she spoke to him as we recorded at the beginning of this ill-timed explanation, he knew precisely, even better than she did, what was moving her. It was not, however, his policy to seem to know; that would have ruined all; but he still pretended to think that nothing but what she had spoken of had any influence in producing her petulance. He bent his head, and cast his eyes upon the floor as if to recall some occasion upon which he had so acted or spoken, as to merit her displeasure.

"I cannot recollect, Cara," he said gently, and his soft, musical voice was still more soft and musical than usual—"I cannot recollect an instance in which I have not spoken to you kindly, at least—certainly I have never felt otherwise; and this you should know."

"Pshaw!" said she, rising, "let us say no more of it. I dare say I was wrong, to be petulant—and this is the second time I have made this acknowledgment to you in three days. You ought to be satisfied with that."

"It is not I, Cara, who am dissatisfied," said he; "I was only regretting that you were displeased with me."

"Well, well," said she, attempting though unsuccessfully to resume her usual light manner, "I suppose you are right, as usual, and I am wrong.—so let us say no more about it."

"Willingly," said he, frankly; "and in future, Cara, I will be careful how I assume the tone of an interested friend."

"Interested!" she exclaimed, "it is time!"—but she did not finish the sentence. "Never mind," she answered to his inquiring look, "I was not about to say anything—only, be sure you do as you say."

He had feathered the shaft with injured friendship, but it had missed its aim. "I must wait," he thought, "and the time will come." He remained with her only a few minutes longer; and bidding her good morning, took his way to Major Bryce's. For the first time in her life, Cara felt relieved on his departure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"The compensation which thou seekest here  
Will be denied."—SHEKESPEARE.

VERNON was received by Major Bryce with the cordial, though somewhat ostentatious courtesy, which marked his manner on all occasions. He met him at the door and took him into his own private room, when he again showed him the letter which he had exhibited to Thorpe; after which he led him away into the drawing-room and impressively introduced him to Miss Maria Thorpe, who sat reading at a window. She laid down her book and came forward a step or two, slightly inclining her head, and throwing a keen glance over Allen, as if to take his measure.

"I believe," said she, in the most insinuating tone conceivable, "I believe I can claim some consanguinity with Mr Vernon. I hope you have enlightened him, major, on that subject?"

"One who has such a right," said Allen, politely, "ought not to need enlightening. I am glad to be reminded of the fact."

"Is Morris to be with us to-day?" asked the major.

"Really I cannot tell," said Maria; "I suppose Mary will know." She smiled significantly, as if to say, "at all events she ought to know, since she is in his secrets." The major felt like a father.

"What is that? I will know," asked Mary, entering the room, like Iser, "rolling rapidly." She was dressed immoderately, wearing twice as much "finery" as would have sufficed to deck out even her enormous size—but all "pitched upon her" and hanging about her in the most ludicrous and *outré* fashion. Not an article of her wardrobe—for she wore one—was put on or worn with either taste or elegance; and the only idea she seemed to have of dress, was the amount of money she could sink in the dry goods on her person. Still, her decidedly fine face would have redeemed the coarseness of her form, had not the affectation and awkwardness of her fairy-like movements, constantly drawn attention to it. As she passed across the room, she suddenly perceived Vernon—apparently, she had not seen him before. She halted "with a round turn," as boatmen say, and rushed towards him.

"How glad I am you are come!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in well acted surprise. "Why did you not tell me Mr. Vernon was here, Maria?" She took his hand, warmly pressing it, and gave him a look of awful tenderness, which he did not understand. She then threw herself violently into a chair, and drawing a long breath, seemed overcome with delight. Maria did not think it necessary to answer her very reasonable question; and a moment afterwards Thorpe entered. With one comprehensive glance as he crossed the threshold, he took in the whole scene, his quick eye dwelling for a moment upon Mary as she sat near Vernon, and then calmly turning away.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, major," said he, seating himself opposite to Mary.

"That question, one would think, ought to have been addressed to the ladies," said Maria, laughing.

"If it had been on a less unromantic subject, you would be right," said her brother; "but, certainly, being detained from eating ought not to offend a delicate woman."

"Is eating, then," asked Allen, "incompatible with delicacy?"

"By no means," said Thorpe; "on the contrary, rather, since there is nothing really more indelicate than pretending abstinence. For nearly all who mince at the table, are far from being so particular afterwards."

"I like to see a woman eat well," said the major.

"And so do I," answered Thorpe; "but eating well has reference to more things than quantity. One woman may eat twice as much as another, and yet the latter may be an hundredfold more gross and indelicate than the former."

"How so?" asked Allen.

"Delicacy," continued Thorpe, to whom the lead in the conversation was as usual tacitly conceded—"Delicacy is a much larger term than quantity, including, say, consisting in manner and form more than in substance. A woman who goes about eating as if the dinner-hour were the hour for which all other hours were made, may not eat more in quantity than she ought to eat; yet, she betrays at the same time, by the manner in which she 'makes a business of it,' that her ideas, and consequently her sentiments, are not above a common animal appetite."

"You must have been much disgusted at some time," said Vernon, "to be so severe in your sketch."

"I have been," said the other, "very often, too."

"Well," said the major, "we must all be on our guard; for some of us may sit for our portraits when we are not aware of it."

"How severe cousin Morris is!" said Mary, in a confidential aside to Allen. Thorpe affected to observe her furtively, and thus encouraged, (the effect he designed to produce,) she became rapidly more and more exclusive and confidential—ostentatiously so, indeed—until she seemed no longer conscious of the presence of any other person but her interlocutor. She seemed to be no longer conscious; but Thorpe observed her now and then casting a side-glance at him, as if to note the progress she made. When she did so, he generally contrived to give her the impression that he was jealously watching her; and this served to quicken her attack. At the same time, he kept up an easy, flowing conversation with the major and his sister, in which he never lost a word, nor failed to preserve the thread.

Vernon was inexperienced, and unsuspicious; so that this assault, horse, foot, and artillery, as it were, almost overwhelped him. He strove, however, to keep up a decent show of seconding her, and became, apparently, as much interested as she was. He spoke fluently and elegantly, and all his eloquence was called out by the deference and interest with which she listened, and the exaggerated pleasure she exhibited in listening. He was in reality, less interested than Thorpe supposed—perhaps less so than he supposed himself—for the suddenness and impetuosity of her onslaught had carried away his defences, and made him join in the advance, without once thinking whether the movement were true or false. She was altogether a new character to him; and, not having been fore-armed by experience, he was at once carried down the tide.

"Let that continue an hour each day for a week," thought Morris, "and my game is won."

But on this occasion it did not last so long. A servant threw the doors open, and announced dinner. Let not the reader be alarmed; we shall not trouble him with a description of the table, the decorations of the room, the liveries of the servants, or the small-talk and large eating of the guests. Of all the modes of spending time together, yet invented by social beings, the dinner-party is the most stupid. Let it suffice, therefore, that the major's table was well-furnished, and that those who sat down to it did justice to the viands. Mary Bryce, especially, notwithstanding the severe remarks of her "cousin Morris," took especial pains to have her plate well provided, and soon unloaded—a process in which she was very skilful. She did not, however, fail to continue her impressive attentions to Allen; nor did she neglect to look occasionally at Thorpe, by way of enjoying her fancied triumph. That gentleman was calm, collected, and polished, both in manner and conversation; but he contrived to put on, in the eyes of Mary Bryce, an uneasiness which was more perceptible in his occasional glances, than in anything else. As the dinner proceeded, this gradually increased; and in exact proportion to this increase, was the openness and freedom of Mary's manner towards Allen. So dexterously did he manage his game, that towards the end of the repast, even the major's attention was attracted from the viands with which his plate was plentifully stocked, to the exclusiveness and pre-occupation of his daughter. He made no remark, however, understanding her reasonably well—a very uncommon knowledge in a parent; but allowed Maria to engross his attention almost as exclusively as Mary had engrossed that of Allen. This relieved Thorpe, who immediately became silent and apparently abstracted—a state of things which Mary did not fail to notice and improve.

When the dinner was over, and they had returned to the drawing-room, Morris pleaded business and departed, apparently not a little displeased. Mary was elated beyond measure, at what she considered the evidence of her success. But a quick observer, who had seen Thorpe when the street door closed upon him, would have thought him as highly elated as she was, and correctly, too.

"The shallow fool!" he muttered, "to think to play upon me!"

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

## No. XXIV.—"FOREIGN FIELDS ARE GREEN."

It is the undoubted privilege of an Englishman to grumble. The growl seems an inherent part of his constitution; physically, morally, and politically he delights in a grievance; and if he cannot find one ready made to his hand, he manufactures one for the occasion, and then, having given it the due accompaniment of growls, he afterwards laughs at the very thing he has made his torment; notwithstanding it had been a source of real annoyance to him at the time. The growls uttered by Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive, on what they were pleased to call *The Miseries of Human Life*, are a good exemplification of the propensity. Sir Walter Scott, in reviewing this publication, says, "The Englishman alone, we think, occupies himself seriously in this manufacture of unhappiness, and seems to possess, almost exclusively, the power of afterwards laughing at his misfortunes; which, however, during their immediate existence, gave him as much torment as ever the crushing an earwig, or beating a jackass, inflicted on the sensibility of a lachrymose German." It is the English only who submit to the same tyranny from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life. In Ben Jonson's time, it was an unmeaning humour to be gentleman-like and melancholy. We believe it is since those days that a cause for that melancholy has been invented. It is only by the present race that the drawing on tight boots, or the extinguishing a candle under your nose, has been found entirely to embitter life. These trifling uneasinesses are now dwelt and commented upon in conversation, as of the highest importance; are considered an excuse for spleen or ill-nature, and, sometimes, almost a reason for doubting the beneficence of Nature altogether. These restless concomitants of life are only valued and cultivated in our gloomy atmosphere. The lively Frenchman either passes them unnoticed, or, if he does perceive them, only moulds them into a pleasantry to amuse his next companion. The haughty Spaniard will not suffer his gravity and grandeur to be broken in upon by such paltry considerations. The quiet Scotchman patiently endures them, without knowing them to be evils; or if he by chance receives annoyances, hereafter goes round about to avoid them. The violent Irishman, either passionately throws them off in an instant, or persuades himself it is comfort and amusement to him to let them continue. The phlegmatic Dutchman hides them from his view by the smoke of his pipe; while the philosophising German, who only feels for all mankind, thinks everything a trifle that affects himself. The sombre Englishman alone contents himself with grumbling at the evils, which he takes no steps to avoid; and, perhaps, the proneness to suicide, that is objected to John Bull by foreigners, might more reasonably be attributed to this indulgence in unhappiness, and domestication of misery, than to the influence of fogs, or the physical effects of sea-coal fires."

It is this petting and nursing of the minor vexations and miseries of life, that has given such general currency to the fallacy that, "foreign fields are green." We have grumbled and growled ourselves into dissatisfaction with everything around us, until it all seems dry and arid to our distempered vision. Nowhere, on the face of the earth, is there to be found such a rich green sward as in the plains and valleys of our fortunate island; and yet we are continually grumbling at them, and imagining that "foreign fields are greener." "Distance gives enchantment to the view," and paints in glowing colours those scenes which charm our imagination, but which fade into hot and brown plains when we approach them. We growl at our climate, at our want of sun, at our fogs, our mists, our rains; we growl when it is hot, we grumble when it is cold; we growl at a moist west wind, we groan at a dry easterly one; clouds or sunshine, wet or dry, hot or cold, every change has

its own appropriate growl; which only ceases, when some importunate foreigner takes the same liberty to abuse our climate, in which we continually indulge ourselves, and then we suddenly find out that it is the finest climate in the world, and transfer our growls to him, for daring to have a suspicion that it is not more excellent than any climate he had ever witnessed. And this habit is not confined to climate, but extends to everything connected with us; we growl at our government, our laws, our taxes; we growl at our ministers, our judges, our excisemen, and our custom-house officers; everybody and everything connected with public affairs comes in for his share of obprobrium and rebuke; and in private life it is pretty much the same—we growl when we are invited to a party, we growl if our friends seem to neglect us; we growl at being pestered with visitors, we growl if nobody calls. Habits, manners, customs, all have their growl, and are unfavourably contrasted with other countries, "foreign lands are green;" but if any one echoes our growls, the national feeling springs up, and we laud our government as the most free in the world, our judges as the most learned and honest, our taxes—confound the taxes—they are heavy, burdensome, obnoxious, bad—but we can afford to pay them, and they are not so very oppressive after all. And as for our habits, manners, and customs—no country in the world is so blessed with all that makes society pleasant and home desirable as ours.

So much for our growling. We will now turn to the general fallacy, that "foreign fields are green." The Latin proverb says, *omne ignotum pro mag-nifico*, "all unknown things are mistaken for magnificent." And thus it is that we are so often led to fancy that "foreign fields are green." We mistake that which we do not know for something better and more green than those things which are familiar to us. We endow the unknown with a thousand good qualities, which we refuse to recognise in the known, although, perhaps, the latter really possesses them, and in the former, they have no existence but in the imagination. An intriguing foreigner, for instance, pays a visit to England; he has some scheme against our pockets, to carry out which, it is necessary he should be received into good society: his curling moustache, his unabashed bearing, his daring compliments, win him the applause of the women, they mistake his assurance and guineas for the essence of good manners, and if he says or does anything that is offensive, it is charitably set down as being so French, or so Italian, that it is quite charming; a poor Englishman doing or saying precisely the same thing, would be set down as so vulgar, that he is unmemorable. The false coin gains currency, where the true metal fails. We choose to suppose that "foreign fields are green," that foreign manners are superior to our own, and we suffer our ignorance to magnify the unknown into some superior excellence. For, in truth, it is our ignorance of the niceties of language, that enables an uneducated and vulgar foreigner to pass himself off as a person of distinction and breeding; while we should detect instantly an Englishman of the same stamp, who attempted thus to impose on us. But the false idioms of the foreign language are not understood, and the broken and imperfect English does not convict them of vulgarity. And thus men, who in their own country would not be received into good society, are often admitted here into the very best; and their presuming manners are thought worthy of imitation, and are called graceful and elegant. "Foreign fields are green," and we ourselves are of the greenest to be taken in by them.

We seem to have a greater propensity to believe in the greenness of foreign fields than other nations; we are a locomotive race, continually roaming over the world in search of wealth, information, or pleasure. No difficulties deter us, no distances checks our ardour: the icy shores of the north seas, the fiery heats of the torrid zone, are familiar to us. In every clime, in every land, we are to be found seeking "those green fields," which, when found, only serve to remind us of the greener ones at home. Go wherever we may, if we open up the treasures of new lands, if we gather stores of information from every clime, if we discover new pleasures to gratify our tastes, still, however, the remembrance of home clings to us, and it is here we look forward to return for the full and free enjoyment of all that we have gained. Wherever we may settle, however "green" may be the "fields," still our home, and all that is associated with that name, is here. We may vilify and abuse it as much as we please, attack its climate, its government, its social restraints, but still there is something about Old England that clings to her wandering sons, and draws us home at last. The green fields of foreign lands are but as the mirage of the desert, even if we gain in them all that the ardour of our youth anticipated; the longing desire for the happy fields of the home of that youth is strong within us, and it is among these we wish to rest. The same feelings which Wordsworth describes on first landing after his continental travel, fills the minds of all Englishmen on their return home, however long may have been their sojourn in foreign fields:—

"Here, on our native soil, we breathe once more.  
The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound  
Of bells;—those boys who in yon meadow-ground  
In white-sleeved shirts are playing; and the roar  
Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore;—  
All, all are English. Oft have I looked around  
With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found  
Myself so satisfied in heart before.  
Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass,—  
Thought for another moment. Thou art free  
My country! and 'tis joy enough and pride  
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
Of England once again."

"Foreign fields are green." Our young imaginations are fired with the thoughts of Greece—the birthplace of liberty, the nurse of poetry and art, of science and of literature. Her fields are green to our thoughts; we long

to visit the land where Homer sang, where Phidias carved his gods; where Socrates and Plato breathed divine philosophy and made it—

"Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets  
Where no rude surfeit dwells."

The land of Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant and gave to Athens equal laws—the land where Leonidas fell, where Miltiades conquered in the cause of liberty—before whose few but free-born sons, the mighty armies of the voluptuous Persian melted away. Athens, and Sparta—the plains of Marathon, the pass of Thermopylae, the Bay of Salamis, are ever "magic words" bringing before us the indomitable hearts of the men who fought for freedom.

"Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould.  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spurs grey Marathon."

We tread on the hallowed land—the mountains, the plains, the sky, are still the same, but man and the works of man are changed. "Human institutions perish, but Nature is permanent." There, where once the arts and learning flourished, the Turk had laid his iron grasp: there, where the spirit of liberty sprung up to enlighten the world, centuries of slavery have degraded man; her fields may be green—still may the olive flourish and the honey abound, but under the rule of the imbecile Bavarian, Greece languishes as under the tyranny of the Turk.

"Greeks only should free Greece,  
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.  
How should the autocrat of bondage be  
The king of serfs, and set the nations free?  
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,  
Than swell the Cossack's prowling caravan,  
Better still toil for masters, than await  
The slave of slaves before a Russian gate."

The Englishman, whatever may have been his early dreams—however he may be inspired with his old poetic lore—however he may admire the sunny skies and balmy air when he looks on the plains of Greece, with their old historic memories and degenerate and base inhabitants, finds his own green fields rise greener in his mind; for here the foot of a despot has never trod—nor here freedom has found a home.

And shall we seek these "green fields" in Italy—

"Thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
A funeral dower of present woes and past,  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by flame,  
And annals graved in characters of flame.  
Oh God! that thou wert in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and could'st claim  
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press  
To bleed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;  
Thou might'st thou more appal; or, less desired,  
Be humbly and be peaceful, undeplored,  
For thy destructive charms; then still unmet,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents pour'd  
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde  
Of many nation'd spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe."

Are her fields more verdant than our own? Ask her sons, who now find that security here which is denied them in their own land. Beautiful are her plains, majestic her mountains, lovely her climate—nature and art combine to pour their choicest gifts upon the land—but man mars all this beauty. We wander over her plains filled with the monuments of the past, the immutable hues of nature are still the same—the gorgeous fabrics of the past still rise in majesty—the chiselled forms of grace and beauty still remain, and modern art strives zealously to equal them; the "thunder-stricken-nurse of Rome" stands as it did in the old days of the Empire; but where are the "iron men?" Noble hearts there yet are among them—some pining in Austrian dungeons—some wanderers and exiles; and savage hordes from Austria's many tongued lands, revel in her palaces and tyrannise over her people. Can "foreign fields be green" with such accompaniments? The music of Italy is drowned by the braying of the Austrian trumpet. And Rome herself, is held against herself, by foreign bayonets. We wander over these fair fields, and feel that we tread upon internal fires that must soon burst out; that the war of liberty against despotism will mar their beauty for a time and change their hue, to be replaced by a brighter destiny. When the "lone mother of dead empires" shall break the bonds in which she is enslaved—cast off the night of ages and of ignorance—and once more the earth shall see

"That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free"

There are, indeed, Englishmen to be found, who find that "foreign fields are green," even in enslaved Italy. The sensual and the selfish, who would shake off the restraints of society—who prefer a life of Sybaritic indolence and indulgence to one of manly energy and action, find, in the luxurious climate of Italy and its lax morality, the only pleasures which they seek; corrupting and corrupt they help to spread the moral contamination over the home they have chosen, and, too often, bring back to sully our own "green fields," the habits which have there become their nature.

Where shall we seek "green fields?" In what country or what clime are they to be found, if not here, where Freedom dwells? In France? In that blood-stained land, whose crime it has been to bring shame on liberty? who neither knew how to use it when obtained, or keep it when in her grasp; who sinks prone into the arms of a tyrant at the first blow. Are her "fields green," ploughed with reeking bayonets, and watered with the blood of citizens? Is her voice heard, stifled at the will of the tyrant? Is there one green spot in that land of shame? Yes; one. The law. The hand of the spoiler has been arrested by the law. The judges of the land have risen above the general corruption—have boldly dared to thwart the tyrant's will; have upheld the dignity of the law, with exile or the dungeon staring them in the face. It is not all barren; "the sap lasts," to bring forth "less bitter fruit." Shall we seek these "green fields" in Spain? the dead corpse of ruin, monk-ridden and benighted, haughty and idle, whose only symptoms of vitality are intrigue, revenge. Shall we seek them in Austria?—poor bankrupt Austria, doubling its necessities by its own tyranny, at the very moment it has most need to lessen them? Or in its victim Hungary, with its bravest driven from the land, and its women tortured with the whip? Shall we seek them in Poland—almost blotted out of the map of the world? In Prussia? In any part of Germany? In Russia, with its plains of Siberia, its knout, and its slaves crouching at the foot of their tyrant? Are the fields in any of these greener than our own? Is there as much happiness, security, and comfort, as here? There may be more favoured climates, with brighter skies and softer air, but the spirit of man becomes enervated in them, and "green fields" never spring up to his hopes, through his own labour and exertion. It is the pains we take to make our fields green, that brighten their hue, and make the verdure lovely. It may be that our hardy sons seek new fields to make green; that they have cleared the forests in the vast continent of America, and changed her dreary solitudes to busy scenes of industry; that they have founded there a great State, and have learned the art of governing themselves; that her fields are green through the labour of the sons of England; that her wide expanse gives labour, and the wealth that springs from labour to that portion of the population of the parent country who have not room at home—that already, though as it were but in her infancy, she plays an important part in the business of the world; and, united with England, forms a barrier to stay the progress of the despotism of rulers, and affords a refuge and a protection to the persecuted of every nation and every creed. But there is one black spot even there with all its boasted freedom; for man claims property in his fellow man, and the prejudice of caste and colour defaces their escutcheon. Again we trace our wandering sons in the far south, peopling there a new continent, undismayed by Columbus; forming new fields and opening new treasures; Australia and California teeming with gold, stand in the place of the fabulous El Dorado, the treasure city of the olden times; and the search, directed by labour, is more successful than that guided only by rapine, which was instituted by the nobles of old. And these new fields, wherever they may be, which are made green by the labour of Englishmen, serve to make our own fields greener at home, by the increased industry, the stirring activity, the extended commerce of the world. The mountains and the sea, these are the natural guardians of freedom. What, though it takes toil to make the mountain valleys green?—the hardy Swiss, wherever he may roam, looks back with longing heart to the snow-crowned hills, and dreams of his verdant valleys, even though the avalanche may be pending over them; he fears but one avalanche—that which should destroy his liberty. What though the paths of the sea are dangerous? The islander in every clime thinks of the happy and safe pastures there, and gathers wealth to adorn his free and dear-loved home. The mountains and the sea are Nature's barriers against wrong; within their rampart, hearts grow strong, and energy is given to hands to labour and to conquer difficulties, and thought is free, and intellect expands, and virtue, and morality, and true piety are the hand-maidens of liberty. The mountains and the sea are its bulwarks.

"Even so doth God protect us if we be  
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,  
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;  
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spoke laws to them, and said that by the soul  
Only, the nations shall be great and free."

A NEWSMONGER is a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a commodity that will not keep; for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. True or false it is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lie; and as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lie serves as well as truth until new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well he is clapped on the back, and fed for it; for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it up; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate.—Butler.



## ONWARD!

**RATIONAL RECREATION FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—The *Leeds Intelligencer* directs attention to an advertisement in its columns, offering prizes of £5, £3, and £2, for the three best essays "On the most desirable plan of supplying innocent and elevating Recreation for the Working Classes." The prizes are to be conferred only on working men, though essays from other persons desirous to promote the objects of the society are also invited.

**REFORMS IN LEGAL EDUCATION.**—In answer to a question in Parliament, the Attorney-General stated what has been done so far by the four Inns of Court in regard to the needful reforms in legal education. The Benchers, it seems, after long consultation, have determined to establish certain professorships and readerships in each of the Societies—liberally endowed, as they can well afford that they should be—in addition to classes for private instruction. Attendance on the lectures delivered will be for the future compulsory; as every student on presenting himself to be called to the bar must hand in a certificate of attendance, and pass a public examination. These new regulations are not to be made retroactive. As an additional inducement to attend the lectures, Sir Fitzroy Kelly announced to the House that the Benchers have determined to endow a number of Studentships, to be given to the students whose conduct is most satisfactory.

**WORKING MEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION.**—An association has lately been formed in London under the name of the "Working Men's Educational Union," the object being the elevation of the working classes in their physical, intellectual, moral, and religious condition. Among the vice-presidents and honorary office-bearers of the society are the names of many who are distinguished for their active and influential interest in the welfare of the working classes, such as Lord Robert Grosvenor, the present Lord Mayor, Hunter, Sir Culling E. Eardley, Alderman Challis, Captain Trotter, R.N., and Mr. Henderson, of Glasgow. Correspondence is to be maintained with Associations in various parts of the country, and the Metropolitan Union will give assistance in the institution of popular lectures, libraries, and mutual instruction classes. One obvious benefit can be conferred by this central Association in the department of lecturing. Their recommendation of known and qualified lecturers, and arranging their visits to different localities, supplying them, perhaps, with diagrams or illustrations, would greatly promote the efficiency and economy of this mode of popular instruction; many such lectures being at present got up with great labour for a single delivery, and the qualification of many of the teachers being limited. We hail with pleasure this movement in a design so important and benevolent.

**GRAND EXHIBITION IN IRELAND.**—The stimulating effect of the Exhibition of last year is very visible in the fact—to which we have already alluded—that the south of Ireland, the quarter that sent least to the Crystal Palace, is making great efforts to have an Exhibition of its own in the course of the summer. Since we last noticed this undertaking, symptoms of great activity have been exhibited for its promotion, and the proposed Exhibition has been opened to all Ireland. Sir Robert Kane, the President of Queen's College, Cork, is one of the most active supporters of the proposal; and after hearing a statement on the subject, Lord Clarendon so much approved of its utility as to give his own private subscription of £50 towards the undertaking. The present Viceroy of Ireland has since been waited on, and he has undertaken to open the Exhibition in person. There has been more canvassing for patronage of this Exhibition than we can quite approve of:—but we are willing to make some allowance on that head for a country that has not yet realised the advantages resulting from steady self-reliance. The utility of the Exhibition will consist in its tendency to awaken an industrial spirit in a locality very backward; and we have reason to think that many parties, not heretofore caring for industrial progress are, in consequence of this movement, beginning to fix their attention on those permanently useful measures which can best benefit Ireland.

**EXTENSION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.**—All who have studied the productions of the daguerreotypist, and all who love the truthful and beautiful, will be glad to learn that one of the most talented American professors has succeeded in attaining a very desirable object, viz., the power of taking large daguerreotypic pictures with the same certainty and the same beauty as the smaller ones. From the first discovery of the art, now some ten years since, improvements have been constantly introduced, alike in the instruments employed, the use of the chemicals, and the management of the light. The result is, that the portraits and pictures now produced have a charm and a perfection wholly foreign to the earlier daguerreotypes. Mr. Mayall, an American artist, who, we believe, has devoted no small sum of expenditure in research and experiments, has at length succeeded in producing daguerreotype views of a most extraordinary size. The American Institution, 433, West Strand, exhibits the valuable results in the shape of an extended series of views of the late Exhibition. The size of the pictures and the delicate beauty of their execution, stamp the productions as the most faithful representations, and certainly as the most accurate and interesting of the many records of the event of 1851. The power of producing large pictures is not, however, confined to fixed scenes of that description; the same power is applicable to ordinary works of portraiture. It has often been regretted that so beautiful an agent as photography should be confined to a mere lookout of Morocco cases; now, that regret must be placed among the things that were, for Nature's vivid and beautiful representations—daguerreotype pictures, may take their place on our walls, framed and mounted, along with the choicest specimens of the painter and the engraver's skill.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## AVARICE.

WHEN all sins are old in us,  
And go upon crutches, covetousness  
Does but then lie in her cradle.—*Decker.*

In all the world there is no vice  
Less prone to excess than avarice;  
It neither cares for food nor clothing;  
Nature's content with little, that with nothing.—*Butler.*

See  
The difference 'twixt the covetous and the prodigal!  
The covetous man never has money,  
And the prodigal will have none shortly!

*Jonson's Staple of News.*

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ  
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;  
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste  
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

*Pope's Moral Essays.*

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquest,  
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!  
The last corruption of degenerate man.

*Dr. Johnson's Irene.*

Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,  
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,  
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;  
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,  
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Pindar.*

The love of gold, that meanest rage,  
And latest folly of man's sinking age,  
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,  
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,  
Comes skulking last with selfishness and fear,  
And does collecting lumber in the rear.—*Moore.*

And greedy avarice by him did ride  
Upon a camel laden all with gold;  
Two iron collars hang on either side,  
With precious metall full as they might hold,  
And in his lap an heap of coin he told;  
For of his wicked self his god he made,  
And unto hell himself for money sold;  
Accursed usury was all his trade,  
And right and wrong ylike in equal balance waide,  
His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste;  
And threadbare cote and cobbled shoes he wore,  
He scarce good morsell all his life did taste,  
But both from backe and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;  
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none  
To leave them to; but thorough daily care  
To get, and night, feare to lose his owne.  
He led a wretched life unto himselfe unknowne.  
Most wretched wight whom nothing might suffice,  
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,  
Whose need had end, but no end coverise.  
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,  
Who had enough, yet wished evermore.

*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

## AWKWARDNESS.

What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?  
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease,  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires,  
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill  
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,  
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

*Churchill's Rosciad.*

Not all the pumice of the poliah'd town  
Can smother the roughness of the barn-yard clown;  
Rich, honour'd, titled, he betrays his race  
By this one mark—he's awkward in his face.

*O. W. Holmes.*



CHARADE.

My first, where sandy plains are spread,  
Fiercely consumes the life  
Of those who o'er the desert tread—  
Far from the cities' strife.

My second, 'mid the cities' strife,  
Consumes the very soul  
Of those who waste their precious life,  
And never find my whole.

MENTAL RECREATIONS.

Several cards being shown to different persons, that each of them may choose one, to name that which each person has fixed on.

THERE must be as many different cards shown to each person as there are persons to choose, so that, if there be three persons, you must show to each of them three cards, and telling the first to retain one of them in his memory, you then lay those three cards down, and show three others to the second person, and so to the third.

This being done, take up the first person's cards, and lay them down one by one, separately, with their faces uppermost. You next place the second person's cards over those of the first, and, in like manner, the third person's cards over those of the second—so that, in each parcel, there may be one card belonging to each person.

Having done this, ask each of them in which parcel his card is, and when he has informed you, you may immediately know which card it is—for the first person's card will always be the bottom one, the second person's the middle card, and the third person's the uppermost one, in that parcel where each says his card is.

This recreation may be performed with a single person, by letting him fix on three, four, or more cards; in which case you must show him as many parcels as he is to choose cards, and every parcel must consist of that number, out of which he must fix on one; the rest of the process being then as above.

CHARADES.

1.  
My first, if you do, you won't hit it;  
My second, if you do, you won't leave it;  
My whole, if you do, you won't guess it.

I am a word of 12 letters. My 9, 6, 7, is the name of an animal; my 6, 9, 2, is a part of a gun; my 6, 1, 10, 3, is the place where money is obtained; my 5, 9, 8, 1, 9, is a lady's name; my 6, 7, 9, 8, is a delicious fruit; my 6, 4, 9, is a garden vegetable; my 11, 12, 2, 3, is a small coin;

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE TWO OF HEARTS.—"WE THREE LOGGERS BE!"

my 6, 12, 2, is a small enclosure; my 6, 4, 6, 7, 8, is an aromatic kind of plant; my 11, 9, 3, is a small animal; my 8, 12, 5, 2, 9, 10, 3, is that which is left; my 6, 7, 8, 1, 8, is the name of one of the books in the New Testament; my 3, 12, 9, is a Chinese plant; my 8, 4, 9, 6, is what farmers do; my 1, 10, 2, is a travellers' home; my 3, 12, 2, is a certain number; my 10, 4, 3, is what fishermen use; my 9, 8, 5, is a part of the human body; my 1, 5, 6, 9, 3, 1, 4, 10, 11, 12, is a bad thing; and my whole is a moral evil.

ENIGMAS.

1.  
A kind of crown much used of old,  
My name most truly will unfold;  
Read back or forward, still the same—  
Now, surely, you'll find out my name.

2.  
What is the longest and shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the slowest, the most divisible and the most extended, the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours all that is small, yet gives life to all that is great?

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING,

Page 463.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. A night-in-gale.
2. Determination.
3. It would make an eel feel.
4. When he is a gent (agent).
5. It would make an otter a potter.
6. They were a pair of allppers.
7. I must take an acre (Acres).
8. Added to their wine, it will make them wine.
9. Pot-hooks.
10. Arbitration.
11. Sturgeon.

MAGICAL SQUARE PROBLEM.

The solution of this problem, as its title indicates, is founded on the properties of the magic square. To form a magic square with the nine digits, the mid number, 5, is taken for the centre, thus—

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | 7 | 6 |
| 9 | 5 | 1 |
| 4 | 3 | 8 |

These nine figures, added together, make 45. Then, if 45 is divided by 3 for a centre, what

will 342 (the ages of the nine guests) give? It gives 38. The square will then be—

|    |    |    |
|----|----|----|
| 35 | 40 | 39 |
| 42 | 33 | 34 |
| 37 | 36 | 41 |

The ladies, individually, being younger than any of the gentlemen, the respective age of each will be 34, 35, 36, 37—consequently, the youngest gentleman's age will be 38, and the place he stood in the square the centre. The lines, or diagonals of the square, added together, make 114; deduct this from the youngest gentleman's age, and 76 will remain, which is the innkeeper's age. To give each lady a partner, so that the united ages of each couple will also be the innkeeper's age, take the youngest lady and the oldest gentleman, thus—

|    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|
| 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 |
| 42 | 41 | 40 | 39 |
| 72 | 76 | 76 | 76 |

TRANSPPOSITION.—SKILL, KILL, ILL.

CHARADE.—PEN-ENNY.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—WILLOW.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

WHAT kind of wine is both meat and drink?—Old port, with a crust.

AN IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives this graphic picture of an irritable man:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

THE common ingredients of health and long life are—

Great temperance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care.—*St. Philip Sydney.*

WHEN Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries, "Richard," said the brutal chief justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

A WEDDING.—A tragic-comic meeting, compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plumcakes, rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God-bless-yo's, and galloping away in a post-chaise and four.

NEVER give up!—if adversity press,  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of—"Never give up!"

"Has that cookery book any pictures?" said Miss M. C. to a bookseller. "No, madam, none," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed the witty and beautiful lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner, if they give us no plates."

"Mr. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts. Do you mean by that, that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't sculpt myself, but I furnish the stone to the man who does." Jones may be looked upon as a distant relation of the Chisel family.

GRITS. GREEK.—*First young gentleman*:—"There! that's a Pileulum, isn't it—that 'un with four wheels?" *Second young Gentleman*:—"No, you bass; that's a Eunetablon. Can't you see the Athktothatron on the step, von stupid whacker?"

"If thy neighbour should sin," old Christoval said,  
"Never, never unmerciful be,  
For remember it is by the mercy of G. I,  
Thou art not as wicked as he."

THE following is the negro's definition of a gentleman:—"Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make every ting workee, only de hog; he, de hog, no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk about, he go to sleep when he please, he liff like a gentleman."

"We have never found," says a contemporary, "that blacksmiths, by conversing with them, are more or less given to iron-y, and somewhat addicted to *nice*. Carpenters, for the most part, speak plainly, but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not infrequently they are *bored*, and often annoy one with their old *saws*."

A CERTAIN parish clerk, whose name we withhold, overheard a school-master giving lessons in grammar. "You cannot place *a*, the singular article," said the preceptor, "before plural nouns. No one can say *a* pigs, *a* women, *a*——" "Nonsense!" cried the clerk; "the prayer-book knows better than you, I should think; and doesn't it teach me to say, every Sunday, *a* men?"

TO DRESS A DUCK.—This may be done in various ways, but it is rather an expensive process. The quickest way is to take the duck to Sagn & Edgar's, and let her choose her own mode of dressing in the feathers, or a garniture of ribbons may be substituted. If the duck is very tender, the dressing may be extremely rich; but when the duck is old, it may be served with common sauce and left quite plain.

## RESPECTABILITY.

"Pray what do you mean by 'respectability'?"  
Is it wisdom, or worth, sir? or rank, or gentility?  
Is it rough sound sense? or a manner refined?  
Is it kindness of heart? or expansion of mind?  
Is it learning, or talent, or honour, or fame,  
That you mean by that phrase so expressive to name?  
"No, no—these are hot, sir, the things now in vogue:  
A 'respectable man,' sir, may be a great rogue—  
A respectable person may be a great fool—  
Have lost even the little he picked up at school—  
Be a glutton, or swindler, deep drowned in debt—  
May forfeit his honour, his best friend forget—  
May be a base grophant, tyrant, or knave—  
But a lively servant, at least, he must have:  
In vice he may vie with the vilest of sinners—  
But he must keep a'cook, and give capital dinners."

A FEMALE servant, sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a four penny piece on the carpet, which she carried to the owner. "You may keep it for your honesty," said he, smiling, and chucking her under the chin. A short time after he missed his gold pencil-case, and inquired of the girl if she had seen it. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "And what did you do with it?" "Kept it for my honesty, sir!" The old bachelor grinned horribly a ghastly smile and vanished.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

MUCH WISDOM IN LITTLE.—"Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any kind of game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run in debt, unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one."

PROGRESS OF MUSIC.—The organ may be traced as far back as Julian the apostate; it was in common use in the Christian churches and convents before the end of the tenth century. A monk, named Guido, is said to have been the inventor of the gamut and counterpoint. The first specimens on record of secular music are those of the Troubadors; some stanzas of one of them, Anslem Faidit by name, composed on the death of our Richard Cœur de Lion, are the earliest extant; these are preserved in the Vatican. There are also three songs of the Châtelain de Coucy, written about the same period. Thibaut, King of Navarre, born about the beginning of the twelfth century, has also left behind him some specimens of vocal melody, not unlike in character to the French airs of the present day. The earliest English song appears to be a contemporary celebration of the Battle of Agincourt, and is the only relic of that period. The Italian *Opera Buffa*, with native singers, was first introduced into this country in 1748.

## ALPHABETICAL MAXIMS

A love all rules observe this—honesty is the best policy.  
B e just to others, that you may be just to yourself.  
C ut your coat according to your cloth.  
Desperate cuts must have desperate cures.  
E nough is as good as a feast.  
F air and softly go sure and fair.  
G entility, without ability, is worse than beggary.  
H alf a loaf is better than no bread.  
I dle folks take the most pains.  
J oke as are as bad coin to all but the jocular.  
K eep your business and conscience well, and they will keep you well.  
L ive and let live; that is, do as you would be done by.  
M isunderstandings are best prevented by pen and ink.  
N ever take credit; and, as much as possible, avoid giving it.  
O ut of debt out of danger.  
P assion will master you, if you do not master your passion.  
Q uick at meat, quick at work.  
R evenge a wrong by forgiving it.  
S hort reckonings make long friends.  
T he early bird catcheth the worm.  
U nmannerliness is not so impolite as overpoliteness.  
V enture not all you have at once.  
X auntine your accounts and your conduct every night.  
Y ou may find your worst enemy or best friend in yourself.  
Z ealously keep down little expenses, and you will not incur large ones.

ANCIENT WRITING MATERIALS.—Books were extremely rare amongst the Scandinavian and northern nations. Before their communication with the Latin missionaries, wood appears to have been the material upon which their runes were chiefly written; and the verb *write*, which is derived from a Teutonic root, signifying to scratch or tear, is one of the testimonies of the usage. The Cymri adopted the same plan. Their poems were graven upon small staves or rods, one line upon each face of the rod; and the old English word *stave* as applied to a stanza, is probably a relic of the practice, which in the early ages, prevailed in the west. In the east, you will find the custom still subsisting; the slips of bamboo upon which the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago now write or scratch their compositions with a bodkin, are substantially the same with our ancient staves. Vellum or parchment afterwards supplied the place of these materials. Real paper, manufactured from the pellicle of the Egyptian reed, or "papyrus," was still used occasionally in Italy, but it was seldom exported to the countries beyond the Alps; and the elaborate preparation of the vellum, upon which much greater care was bestowed than in the modern manufacture, rendered it a costly article; so much so, that a pains-taking clerk could find it worth his while to erase the writing of an old book, in order to use the blank page for another manuscript. Books thus re-written are called *codices rescripti*, or *palimpsesti*. The evanescent traces of the first layer of characters may occasionally be discerned beneath the more recent text which has been imposed upon them; and some valuable fragments of the ancient classical writers have been lately recovered from such volumes, by the patient diligence of foreign antiquaries.



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"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet*.

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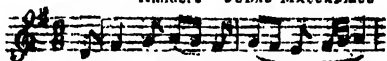
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The Chart, which has undergone a careful revision, shows, by simple diagrams, the number of persons that visited the Exhibition daily, the amount of money taken at the various entrances, the quantity of refreshments consumed, the names of the Royal Commissioners, an account of the origin of the Palace, and its dimensions in feet.

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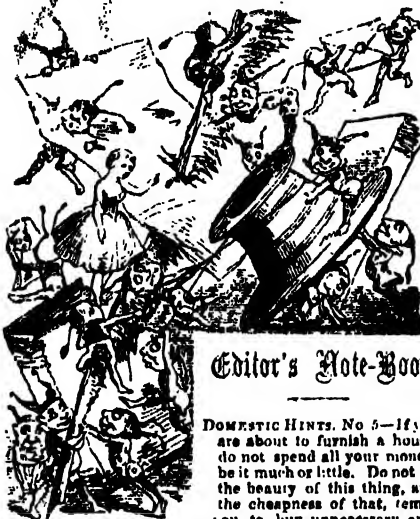
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## NO. 70 of the FAMILY FRIEND,

Price 2d., contains—Chess—Problem and Game; Solution to Problem X. Directions for Sewing Work (continued). Domestic Receipts, DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE:—Furniture, &c. Exhibition Fancy and Needlework—Leatherwork. Second Notice. Miscellaneous—A Brave Boy. Advantage of a Little Knowledge. Carrying home Bundles. Etymology of the Names of Countries. How the Eye is Kept and Washed. Intoxicating Liquors. Letter-Writing. Maxims for Youth. Newspaper on Silk. Old English Superstitions. The Rights of Women; &c. Pastime:—Uncle Robert's Merry Makings:—Enigmas; Transposition; Charades, &c.; Answers, &c. Poetry:—Lines for an Album; Our Baby; The Mother-tongue. Science:—Grandfather Whitehead's Lectures to Little-folk:—Playthings: The Sense of Taste. Trifles—Treasures. Tale:—The World's Opinion, or the Heart's Triple. Work-Table Friend:—Soft Cushion in Tapisserie d'Auxerre; Knitting for Rugs or Mats, (illustrated). By Mrs. Pullan. Appendix:—The Editor and his Friends.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.** No. 5.—If you are about to furnish a house, do not spend all your money, be it much or little. Do not let the beauty of this thing, and the cheapness of that, tempt you to buy unnecessary articles. Doctor Franklin's maxim was a wise one—"Nothing is cheap that we do not want." Buy merely enough to get along with at first. It is only by experience that you can tell what will be the wants of your family. If you spend all your money, you will find you have purchased many things you do not want, and have no means left to get many things which you do want. If you have enough, and more than enough, to get everything suitable to your situation, do not think you must spend it all, merely because you happen to have it. Begin humbly. As riches increase, it is easy and pleasant to increase in comforts; but it is always painful and inconvenient to decrease. After all, these things are viewed in their proper light by the truly judicious and respectable. Neatness, tastefulness, and good sense may be shown in the management of a small household, and the arrangement of a little furniture, as well as upon a larger scale; and these qualities are always praised, and always treated with respect and attention. The consideration which many purchase by living beyond their income, and of course living upon others, is not worth the trouble it costs. The glare there is about this false and wicked parade is deceptive; it does not, in fact, procure a man valuable friends, or extensive influence."

**VARNISH FOR COLOURED DRAWINGS AND PRINTS.** J. Wilson.—Take of Canada balsam one ounce; spirit of turpentine two ounces; mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water, and when dry, apply the varnish with a camel's hair brush.

**TO GET RID OF A BAD SMELL IN A ROOM NEWLY PAINTED.** T. C.—Place a vessel full of lighted charcoal in the middle of the room, and throw on it two or three handfuls of juniper berries, shut the windows, the chimney, and the door close; twenty-four hours afterwards, the room may be opened, when it will be found that the sickly unwholesome smell will be entirely gone. The smoke of the juniper berry possesses this advantage, that should anything be left in the room, such as tapestry, &c., none of it will be spoiled.

**GORDIAN KNOT.** W.—"Why is a certain knot, which cannot be loosed, called Gordian?"—Because Gordias, a king of Phrygia Major, being raised from the plough to the throne, placed the horses, or furniture of his wain and oxen, in the Temple of Apollo, tied in such a knot, that the monarchy of the world was promised to him who could untie it; which, when Alexander, "that tumour of a man," had long tried, and could not do, he cut it with his sword. Such, at least, is the ancient story: if not true, it is certainly ingenious.

**ORIGIN OF BANKS.** G. Austin.—Banks, now so useful, were of Venetian invention; and the first was contrived about 1160, to assist in the transactions of a loan, and called The Chamber of Loans. It soon became the celebrated bank of Venice, and conducted all money transactions. The plan was carried into foreign countries; and the projectors being called Lombards, the great banking street in London is to this day called Lombard-street. Its celebrity led to the establishment of similar public banks at Barcelona in 1401, at Genoa, 1407; at Amsterdam, in 1609; in London, 1694; at Edinburgh, 1695; and at Paris, in 1716.

**ORIGIN OF THE PAYMENT OF SIX HORSE SHOES AND NAILS, BY THE SHERIFFS OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.** T. Lee.—The origin of the payment or tender of "six horse shoes, with the nails thereunto belonging," by the Sheriff of London and Middlesex, at the time of their being sworn into office by the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, is not generally known, even to those to whom the custom itself is familiar. One Walter le Bruin, a farmer, granted to the City of London a piece of ground in the Strand, within the parish of St. Clement Danes, which he had in the year 1288 obtained from the Crown, for the purpose of erecting a forge upon it, at an annual quit-rent of six horse shoes, nails, &c. The piece of ground is not at present in the possession of the city; the custom is, nevertheless, kept up.

**TO MAKE INVISIBLE INK.** R.—Dissolve green vitriol and a few drops of nitrous acid, in rain water. Write with this solution, which, if done with a new pen, will be invisible. Then, if you wish the writing to appear, take a brush and dip it in water, in which some Aleppo galls have been infused, when, upon drawing it over the writing it will become a deep black.

**LONG AND SHORT DAYS.** S. Mason.—At Berlin and London, the longest day has sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm it has eighteen and a half hours; at Hamburg, seventeen hours, and the shortest seven; at St. Petersburg, the longest day has nineteen, and the shortest, five hours; at Torsee, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half, and the shortest, two hours and a half; at Wanderhus, in Norway, the day lasts from the 21st of May to the 22d of July; and at Spitzbergen, the longest day is three months and a half.

**COMPANIONS WELL BOUND.**—We are happy to perceive the warm attachment of our friends, evidenced by their inquiries respecting our arrangements for binding the First Volume. We think it wise of our subscribers to preserve their numbers for this purpose, by which they secure, through the payment of one penny a-week, not merely a weekly number and supply of *scatte paper*, but a weekly number and, at the end of the year, a *Handsome volume* that may be their *Companions* for life, and for their children after them. "Father took in this book, and used to read it to us weekly. Here is his name written by himself, and the date when he had the book bound." "I took in this book when a mere boy, and many pleasant hours it afforded me. Here it is, my children, for you." These are the things we wish to be said of us. We have, therefore, issued a Portfolio for the reception and preservation of the Numbers, that they may be taken out and bound at the year's end. We shall then issue a neat cover at a moderate price, so that our "Companions" everywhere may be known by a respectable exterior. We shall give an elaborate index to the contents, that reference even to small paragraphs may be easy. To the welfare and appearance of books, as well as of men, there is one thing essential, and that, we suggest, is



ELIGANT BINDING.

**ANCIENT PROPHECY OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.** E.—Is it true that some old prophecy of the Electric Telegraph has been discovered?—The passage in question appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, book vii. chap. 4. The words are those of Merlin—"Ere shall hide his apples within it, and shall make subterraneous passages. At that time shall the stones speak, and the sea towards the Gallic coast be contracted into a narrow space. On each bank shall one man hear another, and the soil of the Isle shall be enlarged. The secrets of the deep shall be revealed, and Gaul shall tremble for fear."

**CULTIVATION OF MUSICAL TALENTS.** J. J.—It is scarcely necessary to recommend the cultivation of music, so many are the advantages it confers upon the persevering student. The most powerful minds have found relaxation and delight in sweet sounds. Bacon, Milton, Warburton, and Alfieri, required to hear music previous to settling to work; and the learned French divine, Bourdaloue, invariably played an air on the violin before sitting down to compose a sermon. On the subject of Bourdaloue's fiddle playing we find the following anecdote related:—On one occasion Bourdaloue had to preach a sermon on some very serious topic, and had retired to his room for meditation. Being a few minutes behind the appointed time, he was sent for, when 101 the messengers found him with his fiddle in his hand scraping a lively air, to which he was dancing merrily. On observing his visitors he said, "Pardon me, brothers; but the fact is, I was so depressed in spirits by the terrible subject, that I have been striving to rouse my heart with this little foolery." It is said he never preached a more powerful sermon than the one which followed "this little foolery."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—Davis (many thanks for the suggestions).—G. (the articles are, too carelessly written).—Erecting (the *Geographical Magazine*, called also *Drum*, was discovered by Humboldt on the 13th of March 1781).—J. Watson (a patient of Magellan's nobility confers both a title and political power, such as voting on the making and repealing of all laws, &c.).—BENJAMIN (the *Home Companion* can be forwarded as desired addressed as a newspaper. Odell's *Sheridan* is considered good).—J. MASON (the words apply to notes in music).—W. CLERMONT (the manuscripts are unsuited to our pages. With regard to pursuing literature as a profession, we would strongly dissuade our correspondent from such a course. He should remember what Dryden says:—

"The unhappy man who once has tilled a pen,  
Lives not to please himself, but other men.  
Is always drudging, wastes his life, and blood,  
Yet only drinks and eats a hat you think good.  
What praise sees'er the poetry deserve,  
Yet every fool can bid the poet starve.")

W. T. E. (can be forwarded as a newspaper).—STUDENT (an excellent plan is to keep a diary, in which any striking passages found in the course of reading can be inserted. Cobbett used to say it was desirable for every man to keep a diary, even if he set down nothing more every day than which way the wind blew).—EMMA (the best Windsor soap is made of about nine parts tallow to one of olive oil and soda lye. The scents or perfumes are always added during the melting).—T. BACON (Picaudilly owes its name to a tailor who invented new ruffs, turn-downs, or capes; he built Picaudilly Hall, where Backville-street now is).—EMERSON (Taxidermy requires not only an acquaintance with natural history, but mechanical dexterity).—J. C. M. (the articles necessary for angling are:—Hooks for trolling; the gorge, snap, &c., tied on gimp; winches for running tackle; disgorgers; split-shot; booklets tied on gut of various sizes, to No. 12; hooks tied on hair, from No. 11 to 13; bags for worms; gentle boxes; floats of various sizes; plumbets for taking the depth; baiting-needles; caps for floats; kettle for carrying live-bait; rods for trolling and bottom fishing; drag to clear the line when entangled in heavy weeds; landing-net; clearing-ring; lines of gut, hair, &c., those of four yards long will be found most useful).—GIRSE (we cannot offer advice on matters purely personal).—NUMISMATA (Greek medals and medallions are very rare, few being known of earlier date than the establishment of the imperial power at Rome, and when Greece was under Roman dominion).—JESS (to cure mildew the soil should be neither too rich, nor too freely watered, and every precaution should be taken to prevent the spores of the mildew plants from being communicated to the soil).—I. (Canary birds breed three or four times a year).—PHILANTHROPOS (a Penny Society for the relief of the poor is no new idea, as our correspondent imagines. Several establishments of the kind have been attempted, and have conferred great benefits. We most cordially support any judicious plan for the amelioration of the poor).—L. LAWTON (it is a well known fact that globular glass water-bottles, placed in windows, have acted as burning-glasses).—J. WILSON (a remedy for the removal of insects from a conservatory may be found, without destroying the little intruders, by concentrating tobacco smoke for a few minutes, and then to open the sashes, thus allowing them an opportunity to escape).—J. MASON (telegraph is derived from two Greek words signifying distantly, to write).—JUVENIS (to clean ivory, the best way is to rub it with fine pumice-stone powder, and expose it to the sun's rays for several days under a glass cover).—W. M. (other means than soap for the purification of the skin are highly objectionable. The various washes and wash powders seriously injure the skin, and though in some cases they may cause the disappearance of redness and eruption, these efforts of nature being checked, the system sometimes seriously suffers in consequence. Any of the milder kinds of soaps will be found to answer the purpose of keeping the hands clean, soft, and as white as nature will permit).—SUSAN (to remove a grease spot from silk, scrape some French chalk on the wrong side; let it remain some time, and then brush off).



Printed by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 92, Goswell Street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 68, Fleet Street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 31.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in."

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 467.)

### CHAPTER IV.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES BUT CONSTITUTION.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited town or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, eat pancakes on Shrove tide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas-eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before: on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres

of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures; the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted but of one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness: the walls on the inside were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments, one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws, was regulated in the following manner:—by sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.



As we ~~were~~ with the man, ~~so~~ we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, ~~but~~ returned home to the ~~expecting~~ family; whose smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit and taste our gooseberry wine; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad, Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an halfpenny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I lanced my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I found them still secretly attached to all their former finery; they still loved laces, ribbons, huckles, and eagles; my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday in particular their behaviour served to mortify me. I had desired my girls the preceding night to be dressed early the next day; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out in all their former splendour: their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains huddled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before.—

"Surely, my dear, you jest," cried my wife, "we can walk it perfectly well: we want no coach to carry us now."

"You mistake, child," returned I, "we do want a coach; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us."

"Indeed," replied my wife, "I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him."

"You may be as neat as you please," interrupted I, "and I shall love you the better for it; but all this is not modesty, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by all the wives of all our neighbours. No, my children," continued I, more gravely, "those gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut, for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even with the rich; if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent would be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went with great compassure, that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, played in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and I: the two little ones, and what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

#### CHAPTER V.

A NEW AND GREAT ACQUAINTANCE INTRODUCED.—WHAT WE PLACE MOST HOPES UPON, GENERALLY PROVES MOST FATAL.

At a small distance from the house, my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by an edge of hawthorn and hollyhuckle. Here, when the weather was fine and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape in the calm of the evening. Here too we often, which was now become an occasional banquet, and as we had it but seldom, it diffused a new joy, the propitiations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions our two little ones always read to us, and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sang to the guitar; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk to our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures: every morning awakened us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repaid it with vicarious hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musician, began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and by its panting it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, past us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed in equal haste. At last a young gentleman of a more genteel appearance than the rest came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, topped short, and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction; but was going to salute my daughters, as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learned the lesson of

looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which he let us know his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent around us. He again therefore offered to salute the female part of the family, and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that, with a cheerful air, they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr. Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice, and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed, which she returned with a courtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted; while the fond mother, too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him. My girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern, while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at: my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarcely keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion that it was a most fortunate hit; for that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold our own head, with the best of them; and concluded, she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinkles should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it either, nor why Mr. Simkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank.

"I protest, Charles," cried my wife, "this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits. Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?"

"Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she. "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."

"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but for my own part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking."

These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him.

"Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man who is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible if his views be honourable; but, if they be otherwise!—I should shudder but to think of that. It is true I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character."

I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the Squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour than anything I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue which requires to be corrected is scarcely worth the sentinel.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY FIRE-SIDE

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper; and the girls undertook the task with alacrity.

"I am sorry," cried I, "that we have no neighbour or stranger to take a part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality."

"Bless me," cried my wife, "here comes our good friend, Mr. Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that ran you down fairly in the argument."

"Confute me in argument, child!" cried I. "You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that. I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you'll leave argument to me."

As I spoke, poor Mr. Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man's friendship for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman that would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty.

He would at intervals talk with great good sense; but in general he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them; a piece of gingerbread, or a halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round; he sang us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Duck of Beverland, with the history of Patient Grissel, the adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Boyer. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger—all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him.

"And I," cried Bill, "will give Mr. Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs."

"Well done, my good children," cried I, "hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The rarest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining amongst us. Deborah, my dear," cried I to my wife, "give those boys a bump of sugar each, and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly, we turned the swath to the wind. I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr. Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in hers, and enter into a close conversation; but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr. Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest.

"What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the raptures attending a youth of levity and extravagance. He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor, fallen creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander; their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sneers at his folly; he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful."

Prompted perhaps by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved.

"Whatever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."

"You are right, Sophy," cried my son Moses, "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rattle to slay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And to confess a truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to day, when he conversed with you."

This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh, assuring him, that she scarcely took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness, with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty. Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones: my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother; but little Dick informed me by a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to; for I knew that instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident overturned the whole composition; and it was too late to begin another.

## CHAPTER VII.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED—THE DUTILEST FELLOWS MAY LEARN TO BE COMICAL FOR A NIGHT OR TWO.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The next day, when we were num-

rous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse, but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by-the-by, she herself was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted as us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilnot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception: but accident in some measure relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we:—the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections.

"Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the Squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the Church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?"

"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain.

"Right, Frank," cried the Squire, "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation. For what are tilles and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture, and I can prove it."

"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."

"Very well, Sir," cried the Squire, who immediately smoked him, and winking on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport, "if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"

"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute.

"Good again," cried the Squire; "and firstly, of the first: I hope you'll not deny, that whatever is, is. If you don't grant me that, I can go no further."

"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."

"I hope, too," returned the other, "you'll grant that a part is less than the whole."

"I grant that too," cried Moses; "it is but just and reasonable."

"I hope," cried the Squire, "you will not deny that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."

"Nothing can be plainer," returned the other, and looked round with his usual importance.

"Very well," cried the Squire, speaking very quick, "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."

"Hold, hold!" cried the other, "I deny that: Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"

"What!" replied the Squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says, that relatives are related?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the other.

"If so, then," cried the Squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient *secundum quoad*, or *quoad minus*, and give me your reason: give me your reasons, I say, directly."

"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."

"O, sh!" cried the Squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there I protest you are too hard for me."

This effectively raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who not took it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl who, by education, was taught to value all appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory as if it were her own.

"And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this man will go?"

"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "For my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see; but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument. She observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses.

"And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do. The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I; "it does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit."

"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not: I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage, and am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Contship."

"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts; and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

To be continued

## IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMISTRY.

BY EDWARD L. YOUNG.

THE physical system of every human being may be looked upon as a *chemical laboratory*, in which exactly the same kind of changes are carried on as are produced by the working chemist in his shop, and by means of similar instruments, the main difference being, that here, and elsewhere, the operations of art are coarse and bungling compared with the matchless perfection of nature.

The chemist finds it necessary to dissolve all solid substances; that is, to bring them into the condition of fluids, in order to separate the various elements of which they may be composed. For a like reason, in order to separate the nutritious from the innutritious portions of food, it must first be dissolved or digested in certain cavities or vessels of the body, provided exclusively for the purpose.

The chemist in his laboratory, makes use of knives, rasps, and mortars, to cut, pulverise, and grind down the substances which he wishes to dissolve. The teeth in man perform a similar work; the incisors (front teeth) cut, the molars (double teeth) crush the food, which is to be digested within the system. The principal substances which the chemist uses to bring solids into the state of solution are acids, such as vinegar and oil of vitriol; and alkalies, such as potash or soda. Precisely the same agents are employed by Nature in the living laboratory.

The juice of the stomach is acid, while that poured into the intestines is alkaline; and the class of foods which is not acted upon by one, is dissolved by the other; in both cases, that which is capable of forming blood is separated from that which is not. To aid and hasten chemical action, the operator stirs and agitates the mixtures in his vessels. For a similar purpose, to facilitate digestion, the food in the stomach is kept constantly in motion by a peculiar action of that organ.

As a man is thus, from necessity and nature, a chemist, his bodily system being a chemical apparatus, and each act of eating, drinking, breathing, and digestion, a chemical experiment; and as this chemical action goes on at a rapid rate, involving the conditions of health and disease, and never ceasing for an instant, from birth to death, it is certainly proper that he should understand something of a science of which he is himself so complete and wonderful an illustration.

Few subjects can compare, either in interest or importance, with that which informs us of what our physical being is composed, the character and object of these remarkable changes which incessantly take place within us, and the nature of our relations to the surrounding world.

Physiology, which teaches the structure and uses of the various parts of the human body, is pursued as a regular branch of study in a great number of schools; it should be in all. But physiology is in a large measure dependent upon Chemistry for the explanation of its principles; and the discoveries of every succeeding year tend to make that dependence more and more complete.

Chemistry possesses, also, great interest from its application to the arts of daily life. It is the object of industry in acting upon the outward world to

produce two classes of changes in the materials which it employs. The first are *mechanical* changes, which influence only the *forms* of matter, as in the operations of cabinet-making, and cotton-spinning; the second are *chemical* changes, wrought in the *nature* of the substance used, and altering their properties, as in glass-making, and tanning. In both these cases the changes which take place are governed by certain fixed principles or laws, to which the workman must conform if he would operate successfully.

The principles of mechanics, taught by natural philosophy, are quite generally understood; indeed, as this science considers only the relations of *masses of matter* which readily strike the senses, it was very naturally investigated earlier, and has always been a more popular study than chemistry, which inquires only concerning the relations of *invisible atoms*. Yet the laws which control chemical action are as unchangeable as those which hold the planets in their places; every kind of matter is subject to them, and no vocation in which they are concerned can be pursued to the best advantage unless they are clearly understood.

The farmer, the miner, the metallurgist, the paper-maker, the bleacher, the dyer, the druggist, the soap-manufacturer, the painter, and innumerable other craftsmen, are constantly acting upon chemical substances, constantly dealing with chemical laws, and hence, it is clear, require to know what they are.

Among the various occupations which require a knowledge of this science to be successfully carried on, that most noble, useful, and universal, of all human pursuits—*agriculture*—stands pre-eminent. The farm is a great laboratory, and all those changes in matter, which it is the farmer's chief business to produce, are of a chemical nature. He breaks up and pulverizes his soil with plough, harrow, and hoe, for the same reason that the practical chemist powders his materials with pestle and mortar; namely, to expose the materials more perfectly to the action of chemical agents. The field can only be looked upon as a chemical manufactory; the air, soil, and manures, are the farmer's raw materials, and the various forms of vegetation are the products of manufacture.

The farmer who raises a bushel of wheat, or a hundred weight of flax, does not fabricate them out of nothing; he performs no miraculous work of creation; but it is by taking a certain definite portion of his raw material and converting it into new substances through the action of natural agents; just as those substances are again manufactured, in the one case into bread, and the other into cloth.

When a crop is removed from the field certain substances are taken away from the ground, which differ with different kinds of plants; and if the farmer would know exactly what, and how much, his field loses by each harvest, and how, in the cheapest manner, that loss may be restored, chemistry alone is capable of giving him the desired information.

There are also potent reasons why chemistry should be embraced in a liberal system of mercantile education. The extent to which a vast variety of commercial articles are adulterated for fraudulent purposes, and thus greatly depreciated in value, is little suspected by those unacquainted with the facts. These gross impositions upon the public cannot be arrested by penal enactments; the only effectual way of preventing them, or of sheltering the community from their effects, is for the merchant to possess himself of the necessary knowledge to determine spurious and genuine articles.

It is eminently proper, also, that chemistry should be taught to girls. In the present arrangements of society, domestic duties, either by supervision or direct performance, devolve chiefly upon females; and household operations, such as the preparation and cooking of food for the table, the preservation of fruits and meats, and the various processes of cleansing, can only be best performed when the principles of chemistry are well understood. It is also worthy of consideration, whether substantial information upon this subject might not be beneficially substituted for much of that trivial knowledge which is imparted in fashionable female education.

But besides those more palpable benefits which spring from the application of chemistry to daily business, there are others connected with mind itself, which deserve to be noticed in this place. The superiority of natural sciences over all other objects of study, to engage the attention, and awaken the interest of pupils, is conceded as a fact of experience by the ablest teachers. This cannot be otherwise; for the infinite wisdom of the Creator is nowhere so perfectly displayed, as in the wonderful adaptation which exists between the young, unperverted mind, and the natural world with which it is encompassed.

On one hand there is the realm of nature, endless in the variety of its objects, indescribable in its beauty, immutable in its order, boundless in its beneficence, and ever admirable in the simplicity and harmony of its laws; on the other, there is the young intellect, whose early trait is curiosity, which asks numberless questions, presses into the reason of things, and seeks to find out their causes as if by the spontaneous promptings of instinct.

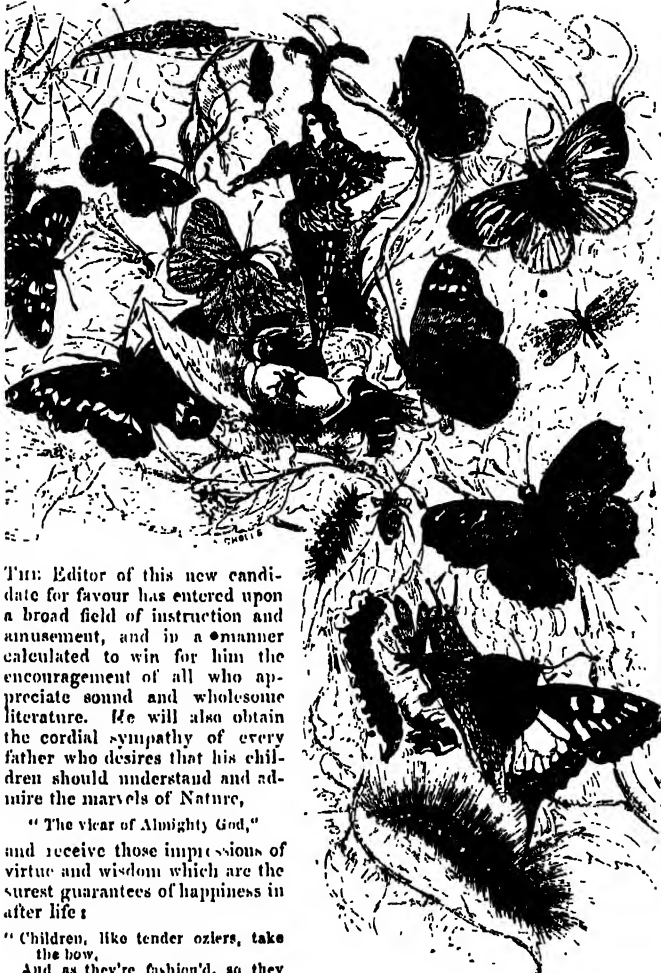
The study of nature is therefore the most congenial employment of the opening mind, and one of its purest sources of pleasure. Every fact that is learned becomes a key to others; every progressive step discloses wonders previously unimagined. The more we acquire, the greater is our desire to learn, while each advance multiplies the sources of delight, instead of exhausting them.

**USE OF MICA IN CHEMICAL ANALYSES ON A SMALL SCALE.**—As mica is not fragile, and does not change in the flame of a taper, it may be employed with much advantage as a support to substances which we wish to expose simply to the flame of a lamp or candle; take a thin plate of mica, which may be easily separated from the mass by a knife, and after each experiment, wipe it with a moist cloth.



REVIEW.

WALKS ABROAD AND EVENINGS AT HOME. No. I.—L. don: J. Bennett, 69, Fleet-street.



THE Editor of this new candidate for favour has entered upon a broad field of instruction and amusement, and in a manner calculated to win for him the encouragement of all who appreciate sound and wholesome literature. He will also obtain the cordial sympathy of every father who desires that his children should understand and admire the marvels of Nature,

"The vicar of Almighty God,"

and receive those impressions of virtue and wisdom which are the surest guarantees of happiness in after life:

"Children, like tender oysters, take the bow,  
And as they're fashion'd, so they always grow."

It is true we live in an age of wonderful progress. Invention is constantly striving to find the quickest and least troublesome way of satisfying our wants and desires, and with regard to literature, there is not a branch of general knowledge which has been left unexplained, or has not been subject to the most patient research. But among the large number of periodical works chiefly devoted to the improvement of youth, and many of which are of considerable merit, we have observed a deficiency in the treatment of some subjects of high interest and attraction, which the work we have now under review seems to supply. The style of the publications to which we allude, is either too prosaic, or ill suited in other respects to the intelligence of the readers for whom they are intended. A gorgeous binding and fascinating engravings are too often made to pass current instead of a sensible and judicious miscellany calculated to improve the mind, and not merely to please the eye.

The "Walks Abroad and Evenings at Home," is a work eminently entitled to meet the object desired. The wonders of the creation are explained in an easy unaffected manner, suited to the comprehension of a child, and yet containing the principal results which the wisest philosophers of past and present times have spent long years of patient toil to investigate and confirm.

The Number before us contains the commencement of a rural tale, entitled "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm," which will be continued through the volume. It consists of sketches of country scenery, written with great spirit, and which are likely to prove very attractive. "Views of the Microscope and Telescope" follow, and this article is a fair specimen of the easy and pleasant manner in which scientific subjects will be treated. "The Awakening of the Birds" is a curious and interesting statement of facts connected with the organization of the feathered tribe. We are glad to perceive also that natural phenomena, respecting which so many erroneous impressions prevail, will occupy a place in the work, and receive careful explanation. "Rapids" form the first subject, and are illustrated by an incident on one of the great American rivers. "Autobiographies of Animals, dictated by themselves," affords an opportunity to a Chimpanzee, or wild man of the woods, relating a diverting history of his own adventures.

But the subject, which we think will more especially interest our readers, is one entitled, "The Adventures of Prince Pretty in the World of Insect Wonders," from the pen of the Editor. In order to describe the minute objects which animate the garden of life—those wonderful creatures that pass unheeded in our daily walks, except by the student and lover of Nature,—the writer has constructed a tale, which we think will become deservedly popular, and will be read with increasing pleasure as the Numbers appear. There is a healthy moral tone throughout the article which we highly commend, as opposed to the stories without any ulterior object of utility commonly offered to the young. The birth of Prince Pretty is thus described:

"A poet sat by the window of a palace. It was not a palace wrought out of costly marble, having Corinthian pillars, and domes, and works of statuary in its vestibule. There were no artificial lakes and fountains before it; no swans gliding upon the surface of still waters, from which leaped fish with golden scales; no peacocks spreading their beautiful feathers to be fanned by the gentle breeze. But it was a palace—a small edifice—so small that it was completely hidden by trees that clustered round it, and seemed to hold it in their arms. From the thatched roof hung many a straw, for the sparrows built their nests therein; and those who looked up to the old chimney might see the martins flitting in and out; that chimney had long been known to them, and many a young bird had been hatched near the spot whence its white smoke ascended in graceful curls."

"At length he thought that the insects found voices which he could understand. Thus it was with him when the Dragon Fly said, 'Come with me to the water's brink, and I will show you wonders that shall delight and edify your soul. You shall stand upon the leaf of a lily, and looking down into crystal waters, shall see a new world composed of creatures of most beautiful and curious forms and colours. You shall see in this miniature world beasts of prey more ferocious than the wolf or the lion; you shall see how they change their shapes and their habits of life—now actively swimming the stream, then lying motionless on its bottom or floating heedlessly about, and, lastly, quitting the water, becoming tenants of the air, more active than the birds, and equally joyous!' And the Bee said, 'Come with me, and I will show you wondrous examples of skill and industry. I will take you into our hive, and give you audience with our Queen; she will command our tribe to pay you homage, and you shall pass through the galleries of our workshops, and see how we build our cells and store them with honey!' And the Ant came and said, 'I will take you to our hills, and you shall witness our skill. We have places of curious construction beneath the ground. You shall see the wonderful architecture of our homes; you shall review our armies, and see how we care for each other, and for our young!'

"These all moved the Poet more and more to vivid imagination and strong desire; and when he heard the cricket's voice appealing to him from his own hearth, he fell into a reverie in which he felt his very nature change. He became a tiny thing, smaller than his smallest finger had been. Before him lay a wardrobe composed of wings and plumes of insects; there were also their weapons of defence, their instruments of labour, their breastplates, and their shields. Habiting himself in some of these, the Poet looked beautiful, and seemed almost to be an insect. He wore a cap taken from a moth's head, and on it he placed two beautiful plumes. Around his body he wrapped a garment made of butterflies' wings; and his pantaloons, which fitted tightly to his shape, were formed of the skins of caterpillars, striped elegantly with green and gold. And thus Prince Pretty, the hero of the Poet's imagination, was born, and he became invested with powers which no human prince ever possessed. Laying himself down upon a leaf which rested upon the oriel, he was lulled to sleep by the song of the nightingale."

The second chapter ushers Prince Pretty into the region it was his desire to visit. A chatty, good-humoured Bee undertakes the kind office of introducing the guest to the Queen of the hive, and gives him many sage counsels on his future conduct, not forgetting to caution the Prince against the drone, who appears to have the character of a lazy vagabond among the bee tribe, and here the opportunity of conveying a good moral to young minds is not lost.

Prince Pretty afterwards holds his levee, which is well described; and after a song of salutation from the assembled insects, he delivers an address, a portion of which we extract:

"Queens, Emperors, nobles, and workers of the Insect race, accept my thanks for the homage you pay me for this brilliant reception on the threshold of your fairy world. Every way I turn, I see beauties that fascinate my sight, and wonders that elevate my soul. It is my intention to devote a short season to intercourse with your several tribes, that I may learn your feelings and habits, and be able to speak elsewhere of the wonderful beauties and powers with which you are blessed. Lead me, therefore, to the hive of the Bee, the nest of the Hornet, the tent of the Leaf-roller, the stores of the Humble Bee, the hill of the Ant, the hermitage of the Gall-fly, the grotto of the Mason Bee, the gondola of the Gnat, the retreat of the Glow-worm, the cocoon of the Silkworm, the pit of the Ant-lion; and, rely upon it, that my intentions are pacific, and that my chief desire is to establish an Exhibition of the Industry and Art of all Insects, for the promotion of useful knowledge and the establishment of proper ties of fraternity between the highest and the lowest grades of God's creatures!"

The conclusion of this address was followed by a loud buzz of applause. The first adventures of the Prince are then narrated. The engravings illustrating these "Adventures" are exceedingly original and pretty. By the courtesy of the Proprietors of the work, we are enabled to give some of them. We must not omit to mention, that a beautiful steel engraving is presented to each purchaser, and that this alone is worth three times the cost of the book.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 173.)

## CHAPTER IX.

"The painted Man shall on his altar set,  
Up to the east in blood!"—H. S. IV, c. 1

PASSED down the street, after leaving the Major's, Vernon paused before one of those odd, dingy frame buildings, which are sometimes allowed to stand for years in the midst of populous and well-built cities. He looked at the sign over the door, as if not quite sure he was at the right place, and saw "Uriah Manning, cabinet-maker," painted in large gilt letters along a weather-beaten sign. From within came the sound of the hammer and the plane, vouching for the truth of the sign; and in more definite evidence, just inside of the door could be seen poles of furniture, arranged in various room-saving modes, reaching quite to the ceiling.

Satisfied with his examination, Allen passed in, and approached a stout, man of square, strong build, and florid, cheerful countenance, who was pushing the plane and accompanying himself with a tune, which he whistled with great apparent relish. He laid down his tools, and as Allen came near him, he leaned against the bench and ceased his accompaniment—not, however, until he came to the end of a bar, which rounded off with the peculiar lengthened notes of a stately march. He was not above the medium height, and as we have said, strongly built; his face was one of those free, open and yet shrewd countenances so often met among the descendants of the Puritans; and about his eye was perceptible a slight leer, good-humoured, however, and attended by an expression of cool determination. His mouth was large and well formed, and the other features of his face corresponded with this sketch in every particular. A small admixture of conceit might be noticed in his bearing, but it was not obtrusive, and rather added to the respect we conceived for him, by giving the idea of self-respect. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and his arms were bare to the elbow; showing a power of muscle and proportion not often met. His clothes were of a material much finer than that generally worn by mechanics at their work, and as Allen approached him he stooped and brushed off a few specks of sawdust which clung to his pantaloons, with his hand. On the whole, his appearance and bearing were grand and free, giving one the idea of a man far above the ordinary level of journeyman mechanics. The reader must not be impatient with this somewhat minute description of an apparently insignificant person; for he should remember that, in almost everything, all our wisdom is insufficient to discover what in fact is insignificant and what important. We can all tell, when the cards are laid down on the table, with their faces upward, upon what precise card the game turned; and it not unfrequently happens, that this pivot-card is one to which very few would have attached the least importance, nay, one which, after the deal, the player was very much dissatisfied with holding. Now, if we have not already showed our hand, the reader does not know, but Hugh Manning, (son of Uriah, of the sign), is, figuratively speaking, precisely this card. We do not say *he is*; we leave that to the end; but in fact, he is really an important character, and is, therefore, fully entitled to the reader's attention.

"How do you do, sir," said he, as Vernon approached, in a free, bold, outspoken, and not unmusical voice.

Vernon returned his salutation, and asked,

"Is Mr. Manning in the shop?"

"No, sir," said Hugh; "you will scarcely ever find him here at this time of the day."

"Well," said Allen, "probably you can do what I wish. I want a little work done on a wardrobe." And he went on to explain, as we will do hereafter.

"Yes," said Hugh, when Allen finished, "I can do it. Where is it?"

"At my house, on Franklin-street, No. 200."

"Your name is Vernon, then?" said Hugh, inquiringly.

"Yes," replied Allen, "I should like to have this done as soon as I can—to-morrow, if possible."

"I shall be busy all day to-morrow," said Hugh, "but I can do it on Thursday, if that will answer."

"Very well," said Allen, and he turned to depart. As he reached the door, a printer's boy came along with a bundle of handbills and a paste pot, stopping to paste one of them to the side of the house.—(See *Engraving, page 472.*)

"What's that, Tom?" asked Hugh.

"The Governor's proclamation," said the boy, pompously, "about the declaration of war!"

"Declaration of war!" exclaimed Vernon.

"Yes, sir; the war with Mexico." And the boy passed on as if the fate of that war depended upon the posting of the handbill.

On reading it, Vernon found it as the boy had said—a proclamation by the Governor of the State, calling for volunteers, in pursuance of a requisition from the President. War had just been declared "already existing" by an act of Congress, and the power to raise fifty thousand troops, was, by the same act, (13th May, 1846,) lodged in the hands of the Chief Magistrate. By the Governor, the officers of the militia were directed to assemble their respective brigades, regiments, etc., and proceed immediately to raise and organize a force, which afterwards proved itself in some of the hardest fought battles on record.

"The President means to invade the country, I reckon," said Hugh.

"I suppose so," said Allen; "fifty thousand men will make a large army—larger than necessary to stand on the defensive."

"I will be in that army," said Hugh; "I have had a spite at those Mexicans ever since their throat-cutting in Texas."

"You express a very common feeling, I apprehend," said Allen.

"I shall go, anyhow," repeated Hugh, as if he had been debating the question, and had thought of some possible objection.

"We may possibly meet there," said Allen.

"Will you go, to?"

"Probably; it depends upon some contingencies, but I think I shall certainly go."

"Then," said Hugh, "we are the first volunteers, for this is the first bill stuck up; it is only three doors to the printing-office."

"I hope your old-clothes will not prevent your coming to repair my wardrobe!" said Allen, smiling.

"Not unless we march before Thursday," said Hugh; and Vernon walked away towards home, resolved at once to communicate with his father in regard to his projected excursion. It is true Major Bryce had not yet been placed by the government in a position to make good his overtures to him; but war was declared at all events, and he doubted not the appointment tendered him, would be given the Major by the time he could make his arrangements. Full of these thoughts he entered his home, and passed immediately into the little room where his father was sitting, looking haphazardly out at the window upon the passengers on the street.

William Vernon—he had recovered his Christian name recently, his son's rising fame having expelled the contemptuous soubriquet of "Old Bill," in a great measure, from his neighbours' mouths—was really not more than fifty-five or sixty years old; but tall and disappointed had added to his apparent age at least ten years. His hair was quite white, his face sunken and vacant, and his gait uneasy and tottering. This, however, arose more from the uncertainty and peevishness of his mind, than from any positive physical decay. He had never been a fleshy, nor a very tall man; but constant fretting had made him even thinner than his wont, and the habit of brooding over his misfortunes had given him a stoop, which materially lessened his moderate height. He was in good health, however; and his movements, though, as we have said, uncertain, were still alert and indicative of considerable strength and activity, for a man of his apparent age. His eyes were a little sunken, but their glance was still sharp and merchant-like, though sometimes vacant, and always a little suspicious. His voice, though sharp and peevish, was still strong and clear. Indeed, had success continued his, he would have had a good promise of twenty years of cheerful life, and a green, respectable old age.

But success was no more for him, and in spite of all the favourable points he have noticed, it was plain enough that the shattered hulk could be launched no more. It was, perhaps better that it should not be; for he had arrived at that point when almost his only pleasure was derived from vague calculations, of how much he could have been worth if he had continued successful, and how many "lucky speculations" it would still require to make him "even with John Talbot."

As Allen entered the room where the old man was sitting, he seemed to be in an unusually complaining humour, and turned to his son with even more than his wonted peevishness.

"Do hand me my slippers, Allen," were the first words he uttered—in a tone which seemed to denote that he was making a last appeal, after having been several times refused. The slippers were within a few feet of him, and he had been sitting with nothing but his yarn stockings on his feet for hours, rather than make the effort necessary to get them.

Allen handed him the slippers without a word, and drew up a chair in a position to converse with him. But the old man began again,

"Where in the world have you been so long?" he asked complainingly.

"Away from home all day with out saying a word, and dinner kept waiting for you more than an hour!"

This charge was true, for Allen had stayed so long at Talbot's that he had no time to return home before Major Bryce's dinner hour, as he had intended.

"I intended to have returned home before dinner, father," said Allen, patiently, "but was detained."

"Well," said the old man, seeing him hesitate, "where and how were you detained?"

"It makes no difference," said his son, "since I am come home. But I dined at Major Bryce's."

"I wouldn't have thought that of you, Allen," said the father with a whine, as if his son had done something very undutiful.

"What, father?"

"To go off dining among those people without saying a word to me about it. It is really too bad!" And he turned with a quivering lip to the window.

"Well, well, don't scold, father," said his son, soothingly, "and I will not go again without telling you. And as an earnest of my good faith I will begin now. I think it very probable, father," he continued, gravely, "that I may take a long journey soon, and probably an uncertain one. War has just been declared against Mexico."

"What is that to me?" interrupted his father peevishly; "unless I had the means I have been robbed of to enable me to profit by it. You are not going to enlist?"

"No, certainly not," said Allen; "but I have been offered employment in the Quarter-Master's department, which will enable me to paint some of the finest scenery in the world, if our armies invade Mexico, as of course they will."

"And you have accepted it?" whined the old man.

"Nay, it is not time yet," said his son, "but I shall do so."

"And you will go away off there, to stay heaven knows how long, and leave me to take care of myself!"

"I have thought of that, too, father," answered Allen. "Ann will stay with you, I have no doubt; and then I can leave you a thousand dollars in money—ample means of support for the twelve or fifteen months I shall be away."

"A thousand dollars!" exclaimed the old man, "where would you get a thousand dollars?"

"No matter, father, so I only get it honestly. You must recollect my art has not been profitable by any means."

This was an evasion. His art had been profitable, indeed; but the greater portion of what he had been able to lay up in four years, had gone to pay for the cottage in which he lived; and borrowing was, therefore, his only resource. He had thought of this long and painfully; but, having consulted Major Bryce, he had at last determined that the advantages of his projected journey would outweigh even the disadvantages of borrowing. It was in part on this business that he had called to see Uriah Manning. That gentleman (this is not exactly his description, but he had money, and, therefore, was so spoken of), had been very successful in his trade; he had been economical, prudent, and grasping; he had loaned money, taken mortgages, foreclosed them, and collected the "last dollar;" he had still kept his shop in operation, long after it ceased to be necessary to his support; he had placed his son at the trade (though we must be just enough to say he had first given him a complete education, as the word is understood), and suffered no opportunity to escape him to make or save even the smallest sum. By dint of hard work, close collections, enormous interest, and a quick, sharp, and grasping intellect, he had succeeded in amassing a fortune equaled by few, and in acquiring the questionable reputation of a noted money-lender. It was from this man that Allen had thought of borrowing a thousand dollars; for which he at last determined to mortgage the cottage, the result of years of labour.

"And what if you should die out there? What would become of me?" peevishly asked his father, when he saw that his son was resolved upon going.

"And what if I should die here, father?" But the old man did not reply, and he continued. "No fear of that, however; and if I should, you will find pictures in the wardrobe in the studio sufficient in value to pay any little debt that may come against me, and perhaps some left. But it is useless to anticipate any such event; I shall guard against it carefully on your account, father."

"O! yes!" the old man began, "I have no doubt."

But why should we further lift the veil to lay bare a scene which was of every-day occurrence—a scene where imbecility and whining peevishness were met by patience, and kindness, and unflinching forbearance? Suffice it that at last the old man was silenced, if not satisfied; and Allen was at liberty to retire to his studio—there to gaze for hours upon the fresh portrait and think of the lovely original.

## CHAPTER X.

"If money go before all ways do he open."—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"And give to dust that is a little gift."

More land than gold he wanted."—THELMA AND CATHARINA.

THE fact that John Talbot was the father of Cara may have had some influence upon Allen's mind; but, at all events, the frequent intercourse he held with the Colonel during the ten days following the last-mentioned, made a very sensible impression, and gave him a much better opinion of him than he had been prepared to entertain. Talbot, too, thought highly of Vernon, and treated him with uniform kindness and confidence. It is true, he had no perception of the intimate and confidential relation established between Allen and his daughter; perhaps, had he seen it, he might not have treated him so kindly. As it was, he seemed to be actuated by a desire to wipe out from the son's memory all the impressions made there by the father; and he was not the less anxious to do so, because he sometimes felt that his own course towards that father might have been a little more lenient. Not that he felt he had done wrong; far from it—he only felt that ancient friendship might have softened the rigour of a prosecution, into which, to do him justice, he had been hurried by zealous lawyers. Even this he did not always feel, and his kindness to Allen was sometimes attributable to a much less worthy motive. The old man, like, perhaps, nearly all who have been successful in his course of life, was vain; and he was flattered by the deference arising from the relation above spoken of in a great measure, with which Allen treated him.

Allen was often at his house—every day indeed—something always accruing to give him an excuse to return oftener than would otherwise have been expected. First came consultations about hanging the "Sunset," then a visit to see how it looked in its new frame, and whether the style of the frame made a change of light desirable; then another visit to see how that light affected it. Afterwards the portrait was to be hung, after several visits to change slight points of the costume to please first Cara then her father. By the time this was completed, he had become an habitual visitor, and scarcely a day passed over without his being at the house. Sometimes he stayed to dinner, and sometimes to tea, and once or twice he had gone out with Cara. He had closed his studio, and laid down his pencil, so that he had leisure at command.

During all this time, Thorpe, as might have been expected, was not idle. He was occupied in the process of enlisting volunteers almost all the time, and in attending to his own interests among them—securing his footing in such a manner as to hold an office of prominence among the first troops raised. But he found time, also, to be very often at Colonel Talbot's, and he generally so timed his visits as to meet Allen there. When he did so,

his manner was cordial, cheerful and friendly, showing nothing of the deadly passion which was every day growing in his heart, as he saw his hold on Cara gradually loosening. He had fully resolved that he would not lose that hold; and he was not incapable of making his success sure by a *coup de main*. This he reserved, however, for a future day, shrinking, with the feeling of every merely unscrupulous man, from any "superfluous sin." He strove, on every occasion (and often succeeded), to make the intercourse between Cara and Vernon merely that of casual acquaintances. He sought the society of Allen, too, as much as he did that of Cara, and even sometimes affected to advise with him upon important affairs, insinuating himself gradually into his confidence by a well-affected identity of feelings, and a skilfully counterfeited sympathy in enthusiasm. Vernon was inexperienced and unsuspicious, lying then, as it were, almost at the mercy of any one thoroughly acquainted with life. Even the hints which Cara sometimes gave him—~~but~~ she was beginning to fear Thorpe—were not sufficient to arm him against cool calculation, eloquence, and delicate management. At the end of ten days, therefore, from the day last mentioned in this veritable history, Allen Vernon was so far in the meshes of Thorpe, that he thought the latter one of the most agreeable and trustworthy men he had ever known.

At this time, Major Bryce received his commission as a Quarter-Master, with the rank of Major in the service of the United States, and immediately notified Allen of the fact, informing him likewise that he was awaiting orders which might make it necessary for him to leave home on a day's warning. He, therefore, wished Vernon to prepare to go with him, and to hold himself in readiness. The arrangement was completed, and Vernon was engaged as a clerk in his office at a very respectable salary, with the understanding that he should be at liberty to follow his parents as a painter at leisure.

"O!" said Mary, tragically, when the Major and Vernon had adjusted their affairs in her presence, "I feel as if I were frightened! Do you not feel serious upon setting out on so hazardous an expedition? See!—how I tremble!" And she held up her fat hand to him, which, of course, he took in his. As he did so, her grasp closed convulsively on his fingers, and she seemed to make a great effort to command herself.

"You are more excited," said Allen, smiling, "than the occasion justifies. The expedition may not be hazardous: indeed, peace may be made before we leave the States."

"O! how I wish it may!" she exclaimed, throwing her eyes up to the ceiling. "But why do you go?" she asked tenderly.

"I go for various reasons," he said; "the chief of which is, that I have no adequate motive for staying."

"No adequate motive for staying!" she said, drawing back from him, as if overwhelmed with astonishment. "Is it possible that you think your friends here do not wish you to stay?"

"I do not know that they do," said Vernon, almost badgered to death.

"Am not I a friend of yours?" she asked, solemnly, laying the aforesaid fat hand on his arm. "Do you not think me a friend?"

"I hope you are," said Allen, wondering what she meant.

"Well," said she, "let me persuade you to stay—let me assure you that you have an adequate reason for staying. Why should you wander far away, among soldiers and such people, to be killed, perhaps?" and she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out some dreadful image, or, perhaps, to make him believe she was weeping.

"You forget," said he, "it is too late to retreat now—"

"I will speak to father!" she exclaimed. "he will not insist upon your going, I know."

"But," said Vernon, hastily, "I do not wish to retreat. Why do you not try to prevent his going—your father's safety is certainly more dear to you than mine?"

"This was a home-thrust, but her tragicals saved her."

"O, I have entreated him to stay, again and again! but he will not listen to me a moment." (We are sorry to contradict a lady; but the fact was, she had never even thought of her father refusing to go.)

What this scene might have led to, we cannot conjecture; but it was cut short by the entrance of Maria Thorpe, who was not aware that Vernon was in the house. As soon as she perceived it she retreated; but the diversion was sufficient to enable Allen to rise and take his hat, beginning an apology for an abrupt departure.

"I must set about my preparations," said he, "for I cannot tell when we may be ordered away."

"You will go, then?" said she, despairingly.

"I have no alternative now," said he, and he was gone, leaving her almost in hysterics; from which, however, she soon recovered.

Allen walked down the street, and again entered the shop where we saw him once before, this time not looking up at "Uriah Manning," in the gilt letters over the door. As he entered without ceremony, then, he met the same young man whom he saw before—not at work, however, but leaning listlessly against a piece of furniture.

"Good morning, Hugh," said Vernon familiarly. "Why are you not in uniform? I heard you were elected a lieutenant."

"So I was," said Hugh, laughing; "but my uniform is not made yet."

"I suppose, now," said Allen, "you will scarcely be willing to finish my job, and I must look for some one else?"

"Why," answered Hugh, "I thought I had finished it."

"So you did," replied Allen, "in part; but I find I have not room enough for all my pictures in the wardrobe, but must have a rack put up in the closet, and use that."

"That is the work of a carpenter," said Hugh; "but since I did part of





*He was dressed in a suit of dingy snuff-coloured broadcloth, and wore a black fur hat, from which the fur had disappeared in many places through long wearing. He wore no spectacles—money-lenders seldom do—and his feet were encased in a pair of slippers, which had likewise seen long service.*

the job I will finish it. I want something to do, anyhow, doing nothing doesn't suit me. I have been used to work too long."

"Can you do it to-morrow?"

"Yes—in the morning."

"Very well. Now, where is your father?—I want to see him."

Hugh led the way through the shop into a kind of counting-room, divided from it by a heavy board partition, and introduced him to his father. The latter was a small, spare, sharp-visaged man, of apparently fifty years of age. His hair was a little mixed with gray, and his face somewhat wrinkled by time. But he was still vigorous and active—his form answering to the mind which animated it, keen, quick, eager and grasping. His eyes were small and dark, and when they turned upon a man, there was, besides their furtive look, an expression of cold scrutiny, as if he was calculating what *per cent.* was the largest he would be able to squeeze out of him. He was dressed in a suit of dingy snuff-coloured broadcloth, and wore a black fur hat, from which the fur had disappeared in many places through long wearing. He wore no spectacles—money-lenders seldom do—and his feet were encased in a pair of slippers, which had likewise seen long service. He was sitting on a low chair, running over an account-book, which lay for convenience upon an old-fashioned low iron safe, instead of the prim, high desk on the other side of the room. But he laid down his pen as Vernon entered, and handed him the chair, taking the safe as a seat for himself.

"Vernon, Vernon?" said he, repeating the name in a quick, inquisitive tone; "the son of Vernon, formerly of the firm of Talbot and Vernon?"

"The same, sir," replied Allen, quietly; "I hope the name will not be any obstacle to our business."

"Names make but little difference to me," said Manning, "unless they are at the bottom of a note. I can remember the time when 'Talbot and Vernon' were the best names in the city for an indorser."

"Well," said Allen, taking advantage of this turn of the conversation, "it is upon some such business that I come. I want to borrow a thousand dollars, and I have been led to believe that I can negotiate the loan with you."

"A thousand dollars?" said the old man, musingly. But Allen continued—

"And I propose to give you a mortgage upon a house, and a list of lots—"

"For how long?" interrupted Manning.

"I would like the note drawn at twelve months, or even longer, if possible; for I may be detained a few months longer."

"Why? are you going to this war, too?" exclaimed the miser.

"I shall be with the army," replied Allen, "and this money I wish to borrow for the use of my father while I am gone."

"And you propose to give a mortgage?"

"Yes," interposed Vernon, "upon property worth three times the sum—the house in which my father lives."

"The money-market is tight," said Manning, as if speaking to himself, "I shall have to charge you ten per cent."

"Very well," said Allen, in a tone which almost made the old man regret that he had not asked twelve.

"But," continued Manning, "you must give me personal security—I do not like mortgages—I have lost by them; real estate is too fluctuating in value."

"I do not know whether I can give personal security," said Allen. "But the property is ample, let its value fluctuate as it may."

"Very well," said Manning, as if his mind were made up; "if it is ample it will secure another man as well as me; and I would prefer a good name on the note to three mortgages."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean," said the old man, "you can give me the personal security, and mortgage the property to your security, to indemnify him."

"But that is double trouble," said Allen.

"I cannot help it," said the money-lender, and he took up his pen.

Allen thought a moment of all whom he might be able to get to do this favour for him.

"How would John Talbot do?" he asked, after a pause.

"Perfectly well, sir," said Manning; "it would be the old names of Talbot and Vernon—only Vernon would come first this time."

"Draw up the note then," said Allen, "as you wish it, and I will see him."

It was done, and taking it Allen left him.

Five minutes' walk brought him to Talbot's, and a few moments afterwards he found himself seated beside Cara in the little withdrawing-room, where he had first told her of his love.

"I have just completed my arrangements with Major Bryce," said he, "and now I want to see your father on a matter of business."

"You are not going to tell him—?"

"O! no!" said her lover; "don't be alarmed—I have not had permission to say all I wish to you, much less to him. The twenty days are little more than half gone."

"True," said she; "I had forgotten. But when do you leave us?"

"Whenever the Major is ordered away," said he. "If it should be before the expiration of the twenty days, you must take off the prohibition."

"Perhaps I will," said she, gaily; "but I hope there will be no necessity for that."

"I hope there will," said he, quietly.

"Why so?"

"Because I will be sooner at liberty to speak what I wish."

"Why," said she, laughing, "you have said it a thousand times already!"

"Yes; but then I have no answer yet, my dear Cara."

"That you cannot have until the time I fixed," said she, gravely.

"I suppose I must submit," said he, rising; "but I must see your father now."

"Then you did not come to see me?" said she.

"Oh yes I did!" he said, eagerly; "if you had not been here, I would not have thought of coming to see him."

"Very well," said she, gaily; "you will find him in the library;" and she accompanied him to the hall, which he crossed and entered the library. So the "Colonel" called it, though the only books there were such as pertained in some way to his business.

Vernon found him sitting in a large arm-chair, with several letters lying open before him, which he had apparently been reading, and over the contents of which he seemed to be pondering. He raised his head as Allen entered, and pushing a chair towards him, bowed gravely, and said, "Good morning."

Some men seem to have an instinctive knowledge when a favour is about to be asked of them; and their manners contract accordingly, like the leaves of the sensitive plant, at the approach of a stranger. Allen thought it was so with Talbot, but he did not pause; for, once resolved, he never changed his mind except upon good reasons.

"I called this morning, Colonel," said he, after returning Talbot's greeting, "to ask a favour of you."

"A favour, eh?" said the Colonel. "I will be glad to do it if I can."

"It is this," said Allen, finding it unaccountably hard to announce it; "I have engaged with Major Bryce to go with him to Mexico. I shall be gone, probably, little more than a year, and I want to make provision for my father during my absence." He went on to state the facts as they were, concluding by offering to secure him against loss, as stated before. Talbot listened coolly; and when he was through, calmly took the note Allen presented, and read it over.

"I will execute the mortgage immediately," said Allen.

"I shall be very glad, my young friend," said Talbot, after a pause, "if I find myself able to do this for you without violating my rules. My rule is this," he continued, a little pompously; "I have done business successfully for more than thirty years—boy and man—and I have never departed from it—I never put my name to any paper for money without seeing clearly that I will have the money at command from my business."

"But," said Allen, "you will not have to pay this; it is only —"

"I understand," interrupted Talbot; "but my rule is, to be prepared to pay it at all events—we can never tell what may happen."

"Very true," said Vernon, "but still—"

"Hear me out," again interrupted the Colonel. "I fear that my funds are all invested for the year to come; but still I may find that a thousand dollars may be spared. I will examine my books when I go to the warehouse, and give you an answer to-morrow, which I hope may be favourable. I shall leave home to-morrow for several weeks, so it had better be done in the morning."

"And the mortgage," said Vernon, "I will have—"

"Never mind the mortgage," said the Colonel, "I do not want it in any event."

Soon afterwards Vernon took leave, highly impressed with the Colonel's good intentions, promising to call again for his answer at twelve o'clock on the morrow.

## CHAPTER XI.

"Who cannot be crushed by a plot?"—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"This is the fruit of craft."

Like him that shoots up high—looks for the shaft,  
And finds it in his forehead.—MIDDELTON.

"Has Mr. Vernon been here this morning, Cara?" said Colonel Talbot, entering the drawing-room a little before ten o'clock on the following morning.

"He never comes so early as this, father," said Cara. "Did he make an engagement to meet you here so early?" and she looked down at the loose, white dress she wore, as if it would be scarcely seemly to be seen by Allen.

"No, not so early," answered her father; "but I thought perhaps he might come. I cannot wait for him, however."

"Why," said Cara, perceiving that he was dressed, apparently for travelling, "you are not going till afternoon?"

"I have received letters this morning, my dear," he said, "which make it necessary for me to go by the morning train. I shall have to stop and see him as I go to the station." Kissing his daughter hastily, he hurried out of the room, and, soon afterwards, she saw him get into a carriage and drive away for the railroad station.

A little before the same hour, Vernon was sitting in his studio, retouching a last work, when the door opened, and Hugh Talbot entered.

"Good morning, Mr. Vernon," said he; "I have brought the rack: shall I put it up immediately?" He turned and brought in a kind of frame with skeleton shelves, evidently made to support pictures. In this he designed to deposit his paintings until his return.

"Yes," Vernon replied; and rising, opened a small closet on the south side of the room, very near the south-eastern corner. In order to open the door, he had to move a small table, which stood under the front window, and, upon which, among paints, brushes, crayons, and other articles of his pursuits, were writing materials. The opening disclosed was, perhaps, four feet wide and three feet deep, and around three sides of it were ranged pins, apparently for the purpose of hanging clothes.

"I want the rack so placed," said Allen, "as to admit of a painting being

slid in and lodged thus," showing him with a piece of prepared canvass on the upright frame.

"Exactly," said Hugh, "I understand."

"Let me help you to place it before I leave you," said Allen, "for I shall not probably return before you will have finished it."

They accordingly lifted the frame within the closet, where a nail or two fixed it temporarily, and Vernon left him. Hugh went whistling about his work, and soon had the pins knocked off and sawed down, to clear his way. While he was thus occupied, a loud knock at the door announced a visitor, and without hesitation Hugh called out—

"Come in!"

"Is Mr. Vernon at home—Mr. Allen Vernon?" asked Colonel Talbot, in a voice of considerable importance.

"No, sir," said Hugh, and went on with his work.

"Then I shall have to leave it here for him," said the Colonel hastily.

"Leave what?" said Hugh, bluntly.

"I will write a note for him," said the Colonel, his eye lighting on the paper, and catching at any escape from leaving a message with such a "plebeian" as this bluff mechanic. He accordingly sat down by the table, and taking a sheet of paper, wrote as follows:—

"Thursday Morning, 10 o'clock.

"DEAR MR. V.—On examining the state of my affairs, I find it impossible to accommodate you. With the security of this valuable property, however, I doubt not you can easily have it done. I am called away so as not to be able to redeem the appointment. Hoping you may find no difficulty in so doing, I remain,

"Your most humble servant and friend,

"J. TALBOT."

He then took a note from his pocket-book (the same which Vernon had signed and left with him), and laid them both together open on the table.

"Tell Mr. Vernon I left that for him," said he to Hugh.

"Didn't you sign your name to it?" said Hugh, quietly.

"Yes, certainly," said the Colonel, "what's that to you?"

"Oh nothing," said Hugh; "only if you did, what's the use of my telling him? I suppose he can read?"

The Colonel did not deign to reply, but, with a measured and stately tread, left the room, with Hugh's laugh ringing in his offended ears. Hugh laid down his tools, ceased laughing, and looked out of the window at his retreating figure.

"The pompous old aristocrat!" he exclaimed, "to leave his messages with me, as if I were his servant!" And his mind recurred to his recent elevation to the post of second-lieutenant. He stood musing over the thousand pleasant images this thought brought up so teasingly, until Talbot's carriage was out of sight. Just as he was turning from the window, the gate opened again, and Hugh saw Thorpe enter.

"Humph!" said he to himself; "there comes another of them—as great an aristocrat as old Talbot at heart, only a demagogue to boot. I'll not subject myself to another insult, any how." Muttering these words, he stepped into the closet, with the purpose of letting Thorpe go away without seeing him, if he came in; and pulled the door of the closet as nearly to as he could get it, just as Thorpe, having knocked and received no answer, opened the door and entered.

As usual, when he entered a room, Thorpe's eye took in the whole with one sweeping glance.

"Not at home," he muttered; and taking up a pen, he sat down in the chair which Talbot had left but a few minutes before, with the purpose of leaving a note. He had actually written "Thursday Morning, 10 o'clock," when his eye fell upon Talbot's note.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, taking it up, "what's here?"

He read first the note signed by Vernon, and then Talbot's card two or three times. His hand sank back upon the table, and his eyes fixed for a moment upon a spot on the table. He then coolly took up the pen again, and looking from one to the other, wrote under "Allen Vernon" the name of "J. Talbot." He then compared them closely and muttered to himself—

"This is lucky, indeed! Old Manning himself, sharp as he is, will never detect that—and, then, I have him and—her."

He smiled placidly as if complimenting himself, as indeed he was, and coolly doubled up Talbot's note and placed it in his coat pocket. He then resumed the pen and wrote again—

"Dear Mr. V. On making the examination of my affairs, I find I can do you the favour.

Your friend,

"J. TALBOT."

"He never saw much of his writing," he again muttered; "and besides that is a very fair imitation." He took the paper again from his pocket and compared them. Smiling again, he replaced it in his pocket and rose from the table.

"It was a lucky thought to learn the old man's hand," he said, "and now securs me his daughter—and his wealth afterwards."

As he went out and shut the door after him, the door of the closet slowly opened, and Hugh stepped forth.

"Not so lucky, perhaps, as you think, you shameless villain!" he said, advancing to the table and reading the note. "The scoundrel!" he again exclaimed; and he too fell into a fit of thought. But he had not the fault of talking to himself—the weakness of many very deep men, whether in villainy or learning of another sort—and we cannot therefore exactly tell what he thought. His actions must therefore speak for him.

(To be continued.)

## WALKS ABROAD, AND EVENINGS AT HOME.

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR  
FALLACIES.

No. XXV.—HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

WHAT is honour? There seems to us something extremely doubtful and fallacious in this word; and particularly when we hear that it is to be found among thieves. Honour, a name that we give to high and holy things, coupled with the most base and degraded! How is this? We are afraid the world has not yet discovered how to call things by their proper names; that we call some things honourable, which in reality are dishonourable; and that if we had true notions of honour, we should not expect to find it among thieves. We too often put that vague and uncertain thing called "honour" in the place of religion, morality, and virtue, and seem to imagine that a highly educated man can trust himself to its sole guidance, while an imperfectly taught person would be unable to attain what is called a proper sense of honour. This point is curiously put in one of the imaginary conversations of Walter Savage Landor; the speakers are William Penn and the celebrated Lord Peterborough. "Lax morals," Penn says, "may appear for a time opportune and convenient to thee; but wouldst thou wish thy son or thy daughter, if thou hadst one, to experience the utility of them? or wouldst thou choose a domestic, in town or country, as being the wiser or the honester for thinking like thyself?" Peterborough—"It would bring him to the gallows within the year: for such fellows can have no sense of honour to direct them." Penn—"A sense of honour, it appears to me, is that exquisite perception, whereby a man apprehendeth how he may do the most injury to others for the longest time; how he may be most acceptable to society at the least expense or pains. My own sense of it, on the contrary, I would desire to be such as may direct me how to do to others what shall both content and improve them, not concealing my own infirmities, nor exposing them. Among you, a lofty spirit must ever be an inflammable one; and Courage hath not room for Patience at the side of her. Ye pardon everything done against your God, and nothing done against yourselves, which maketh me sometimes doubt whether those who are called liberal may not be peradventure the most illiberal of mankind." Here Lord Peterborough distinctly states that the same mode of thinking in which he indulged would infallibly bring his servant to the gallows in a week, while with him it led to high military commands. The same mode of thinking which made him a great soldier, would make the other a great robber. The possession of, what he calls, the sense of honour preserving him from the evil consequences of his thoughts; the absence of that sense of honour leading his servant through the same thoughts into crimes deserving the gallows. "Special pleading and forgery," says Mr. Bentham, "both spring from the art of writing; with this only difference between them, the one leads to the Bench, the other to the gallows." The special pleader, of course, being animated by a high sense of honour, while the forger is destitute of that guide. What, then, is honour? What is this thing which exercises such a powerful influence over society, which, while it animates the noblest spirits, and preserves them from evil, is found also among thieves? The answer of Penn teaches us that it is something which men estimate, not by any fixed standard common to all men, but by some arbitrary law which they lay down for their own guidance. In every community will be found smaller aggregations of individuals; each of these having interests common to all the individuals of such aggregations, but opposed to the interests of the remainder of the community. These aggregations make laws for their guidance towards each other, without reference to the rest of the community; and these may be called the laws of honour. There will, therefore, be one law of honour for soldiers, another for thieves; one for courtiers, another for courtisans; one for knight and noble, another for the low-born burgesse. Let us go back for an instant to the palmy days of chivalry for an illustration. In those times,

honour was the great object sought,—honour from the body of knights,—from those within the pale of chivalry; those without that pale were deemed incapable of either conferring or taking away honour. The knights lived for the world of knights, and despised and contemned all who had not attained that dignity. Thus a knight was bound to keep his word pledged to a fellow knight; but he might break his word, and his oath too, to a low-born burgesse: just as the profligate man of fashion of the present day feels bound to pay his gaming debts to his gambling associates, even to the uttermost farthing, lest he should be dishonoured; yet he feels no loss of honour in cheating his tradesmen of their honest due, and defrauding them of the goods for which they have had to pay.

Bearing in mind, then, the fact that the so-called laws of honour are made for different sections of the community, we can understand how it has grown into a proverb, that there is "honour among thieves." Thieves, smugglers, poachers, gamblers,—any aggregation of persons within the general community, having interests at variance with that community,—form their own code of laws of honour, to break which is to become dishonoured among thieves, smugglers, poachers, and gamblers. And they have their own code of morality founded upon these laws. Thieves, for instance, banish the commandment which says "Thou shalt not steal," from their code. They do not recognize the policy of it; for they themselves having rarely anything to be stolen, the idea of theft is not odious to them; and not having in their community any very great pretensions to probity, they agree, by a tacit convention, to undervalue that virtue. Like the Arabs of the desert, "whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them," they seem to think they have a right to obtain, by violence or by fraud, a share in the wealth and fertility of the world. And as the Arabs, in the midst of their plundering propensities, are remarkable for their honesty towards the members of their own tribe, in accordance with the old Scottish proverb, that "hawks will not peck out hawks' een," so thieves will rarely be found to rob each other. There must, in fact, be a kind of honour among thieves; for not even a society of thieves could exist without some such bond. But the honour which is valued in such society is not intended to be useful to mankind at large, but only to the thieves themselves. The virtues which they cultivate are not cultivated as virtues, but according to their utility in their profession: thus patience, though it is much valued by them, is not so valued that they may be the better able to endure the ills and crosses of life, but that they may lie in wait for their prey: ingenuity is applauded when exercised in working upon the feelings of some compassionate benefactor, or in devising some cunning device for securing their booty: valour is most esteemed when they have to defend themselves against the officers of justice: fidelity is only useful in screening their companions in some scheme of mischief: honour is given to those who are most successful in villany, or who die game without betraying their associates. It is, then, true that there is "honour among thieves;" but it is a fallacy to suppose that this kind of "honour" is to be regarded with approbation. The expression, "honour," with its very doubtful signification, proves to us, that in ethical and moral matters and relations, it is only a very fine line that divides right from wrong; and that the false application of a right principle leads us into the gravest errors. Let us take for example the term "fidelity," a quality that gives the highest "honour among thieves;" and by its possession creates that sympathy and applause of which every man, in whatever situation he may be placed, is desirous. Without a certain amount of fidelity towards each other, no society could exist among thieves; consequently this fidelity is greatly prized among them. But then it is fidelity to criminal engagements: the principle is right, but the application of it is wrong. And yet the world, generally misled by the right principle, and overlooking its false application, praises this fidelity, even though it be to a criminal engagement; holds up the thief maintaining it to public sympathy; and denounces the man who breaks these criminal engagements as mean-spirited, and devoid of honour. *Fidelity to criminal engagements is repugnance*; and we erect a barrier against repentance when we thus uphold this false notion of honour. When we offer reward for the discovery of crime, the state opens the door to this repentance; but to censure a man for accepting such offer, or to commend him for the refusal of it, is to shut the door in his face, reject his repentance, prevent his return to a better course of life, and increase the danger to the community at large from the community of thieves. Besides, if we analyse this thief fidelity, we shall discover that it does not arise from sympathy towards one another. From those kindly feelings which are deserving respect in whatever station of life they may be manifested, but from their antipathy to government, law, order,—to all the common bonds by which society is held together. There is, indeed, no portion of the community in which so many unexampled and disgusting proofs of heartlessness are to be found: in the depravity of a life of crime it is almost impossible that kindly sympathies should spring up; quite impossible that true honour should exist. Hence we have continually the most frightful examples of the breach of that very fidelity which they laud so highly; proving that the proverb "honour among thieves" has no real foundation.

The evils arising from this mistaken notion of honour, combined with the antipathy to law and government, are nowhere more fearfully exemplified than in unhappy Ireland. The most frightful crimes are perpetrated in open day, in the presence often of hundreds, to whom the criminals are well known; and yet not one of the bystanders will lift a hand to prevent the crime, or give one tithe of evidence to bring the offenders to justice. They may, and often do, hate and detest the crime itself,—their sympathies may be entirely with the wretched victim,—but their antipathy to law and government is too strong for their sympathies, and, under a false notion of honour, they screen the offenders from the power of the law, and the punishment due to their crimes. This fidelity of accomplices towards each other, and of ac-



cessories to criminals, although it may be called "honour among thieves," is in reality one of the greatest evils that afflict Ireland; it puts her without the pale of the law; it fosters a spirit of crime and revenge; it encourages a brutal ferocity; and undermines every bond of society. Neither life nor property can be secure where this kind of "honour among thieves" is held up as deserving of imitation.

Let us now turn to some of the other classes of society in which a similar principle is carried out, and with similarly injurious results. It is not true of every individual man, but it is of aggregations of men, that wherever they are possessed of so much power as to be in a degree independent of the good or ill opinion of other aggregations of men, that they make one moral rule or code of honour for their conduct among themselves, and another and a totally different code of honour for their conduct towards all other persons. We have already alluded to the knights of old, from whom we derive the principal features of the modern code of honour; they were, as a class, so far removed from the other classes of society, that it was easy for them to frame a code of honour without any reference to other people: it was full of courtesy towards each other, and of contempt for the rest of the world. Honour was with them a blood-stained deity; and plunder was the appropriate sacrifice on its altar. Military glory, success in arms, were their darling passions; and the plunder of the weak was their constant employment. So habituated were they to ravage and plunder, that the church was at length obliged to interfere; and what was called the "Truce of God" was invented, which restricted them from plundering, except on one day in the week; but this was not suiting the very active propensities of the knights, the church was obliged to give way, and extend the time for their rapacious plundering, until at length they received the sanction of the church to "rifle, rob, and plunder" for five days and six nights in the week. It was amongst such a society as this that the code of honour was framed; we need not, then, feel much surprised at tracing back the origin of the proverb "honour among thieves" to the palmy days of chivalry. The lax state of morals which then existed made it convenient to the knights to consider many things as honourable, or, at least, not dishonourable, which we of the present day should deem highly disgraceful. Society itself has changed, and no longer consists of men of the two classes of nobles and vassals,—one, to whom honour was due; the other, with whom it was unnecessary to keep faith. And the feelings upon which the old code of honour was founded have undergone a corresponding change. The sympathies of the people, for example, are no longer on the side of the bold offender, who, relying on his personal strength or skill in arms, insulted and oppressed the weaker and less skillful. Physical force has given way to moral power. The change that has taken place in what was deemed honourable satisfaction, the practice of duelling, particularly here in England, affords strong evidence of the improvement in the modern code of honour. Formerly, a gentleman high in station could oppress and insult one in humble life with impunity: he had guarded against any personal consequences, by decreeing that it was not honourable to allow one of an inferior station the privilege of duelling; in fact, that as the inferior had no honour, an insult could be felt by him: honour dwelt only among a certain class; and amongst that class it is now become a general feeling, that a duel is about the worst possible way of giving or receiving satisfaction for an affront, or for maintaining one's honour. A man who would be continually thrusting his duelling-pistol in your face, is avoided as a pest to society; he is no longer considered as a person of high honour, but a disturber of the general peace. If two very turbulent persons of this description quarrel with each other, the world is now inclined to recommend them to adopt the Japanese code of honour, and that one should set the example of blowing out his own brains, which the other, as a point of honour, was bound to follow; and thus rid the world of two quarrelsome blockheads at once. We have, indeed, now contrived to change places with honour and dishonour on this subject. It is no longer considered honourable to offer an insult that can only be maintained by the pistol: public opinion ranges itself on the side of the insulted, and attacks the swaggering bully with opprobrium. It is no longer considered dishonourable to apologise for an offence committed in the heat of the moment, and thus avoid the necessity of a hostile encounter. Public opinion supports this mode of reparation. The world has found out that the habit of appealing to force multiplied insults, and aggravated the evils it was supposed to correct. It did require a bold and manly courage to oppose the prejudices of society on this point,—the prejudices which had become fixed in our minds. Even the philosophic Mr. Bentham had originally some prejudices in favour of duelling; but he outlived them, as he states in his letter to the Duke of Wellington, occasioned by the "Iron Duke's" duel with Lord Wmehalsca. "For my own part, in former days I thought I saw some benefits from it to mankind, and committed the mention of them to writing, and, if I misrecalled not, to the press. On further consideration, I have arrived at the persuasion, that they amount to little, if anything; and that, at any rate, they are, in a prodigious degree, outweighed by the mischievous effects." If such an original thinker as Mr. Bentham was puzzled for a time, it only proves that he did not start from the right point to arrive speedily at just conclusions; but it also proves that whatever be the basis on which we build our reasoning, whether from the principles of religion, or the principles of utility, we arrive at last at the same conclusion as to the injurious effects of duelling, and the code of honour which enforces the practice. "Ill-advised man!" is the commencement of this letter to the Duke; and after stating what we have above quoted, he goes on,—“mere insensibility to danger of pain and death is a virtue which man possesses in joint tenancy with the bull, the bear, and their challenger—the dog. Now, then, if to personal and physical, you add moral courage, I will tell you what to do. Go to the House of Lords; stand up there in your place, confess your error, declare your repentance; say you have violated your duty to your sovereign and

your country; and promise, that on no future occasion whatsoever, under no provocation whatsoever, in either character, that of *giver* or that of *acceptor* of a challenge, will you repeat the offence." We do not mean to attribute all that has subsequently been done to get rid of duelling, to that letter; but since then there has been a gradual diminution of the practice, until now in England it is scarcely ever heard of. A few years since, a couple of bullies from a gambling-house went out to fight a duel, with their dissolute companions forming a ring round them to witness the affair, as if it were a prize-fight. This made duelling vulgar—a kind of "honour among thieves"—and made gentlemen more anxious to avoid being mixed up in such a questionable affair than hasty to rush into them. The reformed Parliament being something more of a people's House than theretofore, with less of chivalry perhaps, but more of sound sense, set its face against the practice; and men boldly refused to go out at the call of every one who imagined himself insulted,—apologising, if they felt they were wrong, and justifying themselves when in the right. Even in the military and naval services it is no longer considered as a necessary test of courage that a duel must be fought. The false code of honour suited to the feudal period, and an uncivilized state of society is replaced by a better,—by one which inculcates sound principles, and not mere physical daring. The old code, engendered of pride and vanity, has sunk under the world's censure; but "who would banish from existence a true sense of honour, and a noble thirst of fame? And how would society lose all its tone, and its true ring, if we were to withdraw from it all those precious metals?"

## THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

A country Squire, of greater wealth than wit,  
(For fools are often bless'd with fortune's smile),  
Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it

In splendid style.

"One thing is wanting," said a friend,  
"for, though  
The rooms are fine, the furniture pro-

fuse,  
You lack a library, dear Sir, for show,  
If not for use."

"'Tis true, but, zounds!" replied the Squire with glee,  
"The lumber-room in yonder Northern wing

(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be  
The very thing.

"I'll have it fitted up without delay  
With shelves and presses of the newest mode,  
And rarest wood, befitting every way

A Squire's abode.

"And when the whole is ready, I'll de-

spatch  
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—  
down,

To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch  
Of books in town."

But ere the library was half supplied  
With all its pomp of cabinet and shell,  
The bonny Squire repented him, and

cried  
Unto himself.—

"This room is much more roomy than I  
thought,  
Ten thousand volumes hardly would

suffice  
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,  
A plaguey price.

"Now, as I only want them for their looks,  
It might, on second thought, be just as  
good,  
And cost me next to nothing, if the books

Were made of wood.

"It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal  
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,  
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal

Its nakedness.

"And gilt and letter'd with the author's  
name,  
Whatever is most excellent and rare

Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same),  
Assembled there."

The work was done; the simulated boards  
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber

stood,  
In binding some, and some, of course, in  
boards,  
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,  
The choicest toms in many an even  
row,

Display'd their letter'd backs upon the  
shelves,  
A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly sur-  
pass'd  
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,

What wonder if the owner grew at last  
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to  
shelf,  
And count'd their titles, that the Squire

began,  
Despite his ignorance, to think himself  
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks  
To backs and bindings, take the hint,  
and sell  
His costly library—for painted books

Would serve as well  
From the Spanish of Yriarte.

PHENOMENON DEPENDING ON THE DIFFERENT REFRACTIBILITY OF LIGHT.—If you hold your finger in a perpendicular direction very near your eye, that is to say, at the distance of a few inches at most, and look at a candle in such a manner that the edge of your finger shall appear to be very near the flame, you will see the border of the flame coloured red. If you then move the edge of your finger before the flame, so as to suffer only the other border of it to be seen, this border will appear tinged with blue, while the edge of your finger will be coloured red. If the same experiment be tried with an opaque body surrounded by a luminous medium, such, for example, as the upright bar of a sash window, the colours will appear in a contrary order. When a thread of light only remains between your finger and the bar, the edge of your finger will be tinged red, and the edge next the bar will be bordered with blue; but when you bring the edge of your finger near the second edge of the bar, so that it shall be entirely concealed, this second edge will be tinged red, and the edge of the finger would doubtless appear to be coloured blue, were it possible that this dark colour could be seen in an obscure and brown ground.—*Hutton's Mathematical Recreations.*

WORTH KNOWING.—It is said that a small piece of resin, dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on a stove (not an open fireplace), will add a peculiar odour to the room, which will afford great relief to persons troubled with a cough. The heat of the stove is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin, and gives the same relief that is afforded by the combustion of the resin. This is preferable to combustion, because the evaporation is more durable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

## ONWARD!

**PANAMA RAILROAD.**—The Panama Railroad was regularly opened for travel on the 15th of March, and passenger trains pass daily over from the Atlantic terminus to the Bujo Soldado. A new city, called Aspinwall, has been founded at the gulf terminus of the road to Navy Bay.

**NATIONAL EXHIBITION IN DENMARK.**—From Denmark it is stated that the capital is about to be endowed with a Crystal Palace, after the designs of Professor Hetsch. This edifice is to occupy a surface of 1,800 square metres,—and is destined for Exhibitions of the Fine Arts and the Industry of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. The funds are provided by an association of Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian capitalists.

**VAPOUR DISPELLING APPARATUS.**—Mr. G. Murrell, of Queen's-road, West, Chelsea, has registered an invention called the "Anti-Mephitical Ventilator, or Vapour Dispelling Apparatus," which possesses the several advantages of curing smoky chimneys, purifying recesses where impure air is likely to be generated; also possessing the peculiar advantage of a reversible action, causing a circulation of pure air through any apartment underground. It has gained the approval of several men of science.

**GREAT EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY IN IRELAND.**—The Munster Exhibition is to open early in the summer, and will be inspected by the Lord Lieutenant, who has become the patron. A sum of £15,000 has been contributed, and the alterations and additions which are being made to the Corn Exchange are progressing, and will shortly be complete. This building, which the trustees have placed at the disposal of the managing committee (with the grounds attached) incloses an area of five acres. The northern hall is 85 feet by 86 feet, leading to a gallery 320 feet long by 30 feet wide, lighted from above.

**KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.**—The task of removing the old buildings in Carey-street and Grange-court from the site of the proposed new hospital proceeds rapidly. The first stone of the new building will be laid by the Earl of Ellesmere, the President of the institution. The new hospital will occupy the extensive site, bounded by Portugal-street, Carey-street, Grange-court, and St. Clement's-lane, of which site the now disused burial-ground of St. Clement's parish will form a part. The new corporation have powers under their Act of Parliament to purchase the houses at the end of Houghton-street, which will be pulled down, so as to open out a direct communication with King's College, and to create a new thoroughfare between the Strand and Lincoln's-inn Fields, thus effecting a great public improvement.

**THE PORTLAND BREAKWATER.**—This great work still progresses. Upwards of 60 tiers of piles, according to the *Sherborne Journal*, are now erected, each being 30 feet apart. The timbers, after pickling till black in a tank, are fitted at the lower end with a large iron screw, weighing 60 pounds, and each pile being now ready for use, is towed off by a boat, the bottom being secured so as not to sink until it gets to the required spot. When arrived there it is let go, the bottom part, of course, sinks, and the pile stands perpendicularly in its appointed place. It is then screwed into the ground from the top by the workmen. A large chimney has just been completed, which communicates with the blacksmiths' shops, where the screws and other iron-works are made. The present contractor, Mr. Leacher, has 1,000 feet to construct. Great advantage is already derived by the shipping which put into the roads from the part already constructed.

**SHUTTING BRICK HOUSES.**—A house, three stories high, has been safely removed 10 feet 6 inches backwards, at the instance of the commissioners for widening the streets of an American town. As possibly the plan might be of use in some of the towns of old England, where the old and narrow thoroughfares are choked by the traffic of our free-trade age, we subjoin the *modus operandi*. Concave cast-iron plates are prepared, the foundation of the wall cut away, and two plates facing each other inserted, with cannon balls between them. On these plates and balls, placed under all the walls, the whole building rests. Three screws are applied, and the whole building is rolled upon them any distance. These plates and balls are removed one by one, and the bricks replaced. It is estimated that the block weighed 7,000 tons. It was rolled on one hundred and twenty balls, and was removed, after the plates were set, in about two hours' time. —*Boston Paper*.

**ECONOMICAL INCREASE OF POWER AND SPEED.**—An exhibition of a mechanical application to hydraulic and steam-engines, invented by Mr. J. Nye, has lately taken place in the presence of several eminent engineers who were specially invited. Mr. Braidwood and staff, with a picked engine from the West of England Fire-office, also attended to test the invention as applied to pumps, with the following results:—Twenty-five men at the West of England engine, throwing respectively 1½ inch and 1¼ inch columns of water, are said to have been beaten by eighteen men at Nye's patent engine. The invention was also shown as applied to a steam-engine of six horses' power, and with a piston working a 6-inch stroke, which is said to have produced a 15-inch throw of the crank in the same time and with less power than would be required to produce a 3-inch throw of the crank upon the old principle. The invention applied to a pile-driving engine, is said to be capable of yielding seven blows of the monkey, struck with the same power and in the same time that the machines hitherto constructed perform one blow.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BANISHMENT.

Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;  
They are free men, but I am banished.

*Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

I've stooped my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;  
While you have fed upon my signories;  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;  
From mine own windows torn my household-coat,  
Raz'd out my impress; leaving me no sign,  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman.—*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.—*Shakspeare's Timon.*

## BATTLE.

Therewith they 'gan, both furions and fell,  
To thunder blows, and fiercely to assaile  
Each other, bent his enemy to quell,  
That with their force they perst both plate and maille,  
And made wide furrows in their fleshes fraile,  
That it would pity any living eye.  
Large floods of blood adown their sides did raile,  
But floods of blood could not them satisfie;  
Both hongred after death; both chose to win or die.

*Spenser's Faery Queen*

• Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;  
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French.—*Shakspeare's King John.*  
A thousand hearts are great within my bosom;  
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.—*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls. —*Shakspeare's King John.*

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,  
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;  
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,  
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.—*Shakspeare's Hamlet.*

And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle sweeten'd,  
With many an inter'd god; deformed rout  
Enter'd and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shiver'd armour strown, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd  
And fiery flaming steeds.—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

The shout

Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.—*Ibid.*  
Now night her course began, and over heaven  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce, imposed  
Her silence on the odious din of war;  
Under her cloudy covert hath retir'd  
Victor and vanquished.—*Ibid.*

Each at the head

Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intended.—*Ibid.*

'T is not the least disparagement  
To be defeated by th' event,  
Nor to be beaten by main force,  
That does not make a man the worse,  
But to turn tail, and run away,  
And without blows give up the day,  
Or to surrender ere th' assault,  
That 's no man's fortune but his fault.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

Hark!—the death-denoouncing trumpet sounds  
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset—  
Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,  
And bathes itself in blood; havoc let loose  
Now undistinguish'd, rages all around;  
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,  
Sees the plain strew'd with subjects truly her's,  
Breathless and cold.—*Howard's Scanderbeg.*



My *first* was shouted in the battle's strife,  
When war, with all its bloody deeds, was  
rife.  
My *second*, amid his weeping friends was  
found,  
When he who cried my *first* lay 'neath the  
ground.  
For he was slain before the fight was o'er,  
And my *whole* sped the tidings that—he  
was no more!

### MENTAL RECREATIONS.

*A curious trick upon the cards, called the ten duplicates.*

TAKE twenty cards, and after any one has shuffled them, lay them down by pairs upon the table, with their faces uppermost.

Then desire several persons to fix their minds on different pairs, and remember of what cards they are composed.

You then take up all the cards in the same order you laid them down; and place them again, one by one, on the board, according to the order of the letters in the following table; beginning with the last card, which you will place at the beginning of the first row, the next card you will place so as to stand in the middle of the third row, the third card the second in the first row, the fourth card the fourth in the same row, the fifth in the middle of this row, the sixth at the end of the second row, and so on.

|   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | U | T | U | S |
| D | E | D | I | T |
| N | O | M | E | N |
| R | O | R | I | S |

Then, by asking each person which row, or rows, the cards he chose are in, you will be able to point them out, by only remembering the words of the above sentence, and the order of the letters of which they are composed.

Thus, for example, if he say they are in the first row, you know that they must be the second and fourth cards, because the letter U occurs twice in that line.

If he say one is in the second row, and the other in the fourth, they must be the fourth cards of those rows; as is obvious from the recurrence of the letter I; and so of any other pair.

### ENIGMATICAL BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS

1. A cunning thief and an article of dress; 2. a colour and a vessel; 3. a quadruped and a gay young lady; 4. one of the elements and an emblem of modesty; 5. a useful animal and part of a lady's dress; 6. a fop and the forest king; 7. a domestic animal and a beautiful colour; 8. to emulate, an interjection, and to prevent; 9. terra firma and to rival; 10. an auxiliary verb.

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS—"THE HIGHEST WALKS OF SOCIETY."

### TRANSPPOSITIONS.

I.  
An insect of the smallest size,  
If you transpose it rightly,  
Will make what all men ought to prize,  
Though valued by them slightly.

II.  
What skins of oranges are call'd,  
If you transpose, will show  
The power that seems most like to death  
Of any that we know.

III.  
Direct, or reverse, you may read me, ye fair,  
The one way a number, the other a snare.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the narrative of the death of Socrates like the upper room of a house?
2. If you give a kiss and take a kiss, what does it make?
3. Why is a man sailing up the Tigris, like one putting his father into a sack?
4. What do we, when, to increase the effect, we diminish the cause?
5. Why is a dog, biting his tail, like a good economist?
6. Why is a feeble old man like a nail driven up to the head in a post?
7. Why is it advisable to cultivate the friendship of a knock-kneed man?
8. Why are blind men like Plato, Socrates, and Seneca?
9. Why is a man who is making cent. per cent. in trade like Ireland?
10. Why are gourmandisers particularly averse to annual parliaments?
11. Why is a lover like a crow?
12. Why is a town in Essex like a noisy dog?
13. What is that which is too much for one; enough for two; but worse than nothing for three?
14. What word is that, which, when a letter is taken from it, makes you sick?
15. Why does the eye resemble a severe schoolmaster?
16. What makes all women alike?
17. Why is a room, full of married folks, like an empty room?

### CHARADE.

Take the name of a thing that your body contains,  
Then scan all your thoughts, and puzzle your brains,  
And add to it a thing, which in valleys is plenty,  
But go to the hills, and you'll find it right scanty;  
And those two together, when you have made known  
To the world, you'll discover a rich trading town.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 477.

CHARADES.—1. MISTAKE. 2. INTemperance.

ENIGMAS.—1. CIVIC. 2. TIME.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—SOL-ACE.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

THESE six—the proud, the niggard, the dissatisfied, the passionate, the suspicious, and those who live upon others' means—are for ever unhappy.

THE heart is a small thing, but desires great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

"I HOLD it to be a fact," says Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world."

THE following knotty question claims the attention of one or all of our debating societies:—"If a man had a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or let go?"

COMPARISON OF SPEED.—The ordinary rate of speed per second

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Of a man chased by a ballist, is . . . . .     | 12 feet |
| Of a dog with a kettle to its tail . . . . .   | 16 ..   |
| Of an oyster at full gallop . . . . .          | 20 ..   |
| Of a snail at a jog trot . . . . .             | 21 ..   |
| Of a Greenwich prisoner's wooden-leg . . . . . | 30 ..   |
| Of a gouty alderman at a [de] canter . . . . . | 38 ..   |
| Of a libel going the circuit . . . . .         | 40 ..   |

"You didn't go to Cork to-day, Paddy?" "Och, no," said Paddy, "I heard a gentleman say there would be an eclipse on the moon here to night, and I staid to see it."

## WATCHES.

"He who a watch would keep,  
This he must do:  
Pocket his watch,  
And watch his pocket too."

A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his boys, in a cold winter morning, what was Latin for cold. The boy hesitating a little, the master said, "A hot sirrah, can't you tell?" "Yes, sir," says the boy, "I have it at my back ends."

## SHYRES OF ENGLAND.

"Essex full of good hoswyls,  
Middlesex full of stryves,  
Kentshire hot as fyre,  
Somerset full of dyre and myre."

A GENTLEMAN, passing along a causeway between two waters, asked an Irishman whom he overtook, if people were not lost there sometimes, seeing that there was no rail to keep them from falling in? "Lost?" answered Pat, "I never knew any body lost here in my life: there have been some drowned; but then, they were always found again."

"I SAY, Bill, what have you done with that horse of yourn?" "Sold him." "What did you sell him for?" "Why, he moved so slow at the last of it, that I got prosecuted half a dozen times for violating the law against standing in the street. The policeman at one time sighted him by a building five times, and couldn't see him move."

## EPITAPH ON SIR C. WREN.

Lay heavy on him, earth, for he  
Laid many a heavy load on thee

A WRETCHED artist, who thought himself an excellent painter, was talking pompously about decorating the ceiling of his saloon;—"I am whitewashing it, and in a short time I shall begin painting." "I think you had better," replied one of his audience, "paint it first, and then whitewash it."

## MILITIA RETURN

E. M. feels quite unfit to serve,  
Being short of strength as well as nerve,  
To take up arms he's most unwilling,  
Though he should need but little drilling,  
For as to March's, let me see,  
He's gone through nearly Thirty-three.

ON one occasion, when John Kemble played Hamlet in the country, the gentleman who acted Guildenstern was, or imagined himself to be, a capital musician. Hamlet asks him, "Will you play upon this pipe?" "My lord, I cannot." "I do beseech you?" "Well, if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as well as I can;" and, to the confusion of Hamlet, and the great amusement of the audience, he played "God save the King."

THE clerk of a country club, who was a schoolmaster, being called on to give a toast, produced the following:—"Addition to the friends of Old England, Subtraction to her wants, Multiplication of her blessings, Division among her foes, and Reduction of her debts and taxes."

Those who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose."—Butler.

## A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

Accept this advice, you who sit down to play,  
The best throw of the dice, is to throw them away.

"SHOULDER ARMS!" exclaimed the captain, in a voice intended to resemble thunder. But the execution of the order was anything but simultaneous; and one man, it was observed, was standing still at ease. Upon being challenged by the captain, why he had not shouldered along with the rest, "What the devil's at the haate?" quoth he, "cauna ye wait till a body tak a snuff?"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

WEEDS EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.—The common groundsel ripens about 52 seeds in each head of flowers; and produces about 10 heads, or 2,080 seeds. The dandelion ripens about 135 seeds in each head, of which it produces about 20, or 2,700 seeds. The sow-thistle ripens about 220 seeds in each head, and produces about 40, thus yielding 11,010 seeds per plant. The annual spurge forms about 180 seed-vessels, each containing three seeds, and therefore produces about 510 seeds per plant. These are, as we have said, very low averages. Now, according to this calculation:—

|                                 |        |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| 1 Groundsel producing . . . . . | 2,080  |
| 1 Dandelion . . . . .           | 2,700  |
| 1 Sow-thistle . . . . .         | 11,010 |
| 1 Spurge . . . . .              | 510    |
| = 16,860 plants                 |        |

which will cover just about three acres and a half of land, at three feet apart. To hoe land costs about, we will say, 6s. per acre; so that the allowing for such weeds to produce their seed may involve an expense of a guinea. In other words, a man throws away 5s. 3d. a time as often as he neglects to bend his back to pull up a young weed before it begins to fulfil the first law of nature.

THE REAL GENTLEMAN.—Not he who displays the latest fashion dresses in extravagance, with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Nor he who cannot control his passions, and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging—who is ready to do you a favour with no hope of reward—who assists those who are in need—who is more careful of his heart than the dress of his person—who is humble and sociable—not irascible or revengeful—who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or indecent words. Such a man is a gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low, he is entitled to the appellation.

CANADIAN METHOD OF HUNTING WILD BEES.—The Canadians adopt an ingenious plan for discovering the trees that are stored with honey. They collect a number of bees off the flowers in the forest and confine them in a small box, at the bottom of which is a piece of honeycomb, and in the lid a square of glass, large enough to admit the light into every part. When the bees seem satiated with honey, two or three are allowed to escape, and the direction in which they fly is attentively watched until they become lost in the distance. The hunter then proceeds towards the spot where they disappear, and liberating one or more of the little captives, he also marks their course. This process is repeated, and the other bees, instead of following the same direction as their predecessors, take the direct opposite course, by which the hunter is convinced he has overshot the object of his pursuit. It is a well-known fact, that if you take a bee from a flower situated at any given distance south of the tree to which the bee belongs, and carry it to the closest confinement to an equal distance on the north side of the tree, he will, when liberated, fly in a circle for a moment, and then make his course direct for his sweet home, without deviating in the least to the right hand or the left. Thus the hunter is very soon able to detect the tree which contains the honey; then, by placing on a heated stick a piece of honeycomb, the odour, when melting, is so strong and alluring, as to entice the bee to come down from their citadel. When the tree is cut down, the quantity of honey found in its excavated trunk seldom fails to compensate the hunter for his vigilance.

HISTORY OF FAIRS.—Fair among the old Romans were holidays, on which there was an intermission of labour and pleadings. Among the Christians, upon an extraordinary solemnity, particularly the anniversary dedication of a church, tradesmen were wont to bring and sell their ware even in the churchyards, which continued especially upon the festivals of the dedicate. This custom was kept up till the reign of Henry VI. Thus we find a great many fairs kept at these festivals of dedications; as at Westminster on St. Peter's day, at London on St. Bartholomew's, Durham on St. Cuthbert's day. But the great numbers of people being often the occasion of riots and disturbances, the privilege of holding a fair was granted by royal charter. At first they were only allowed in towns and places of strength, or where there was some bishop or governor of condition to keep them in order. In process of time there were several circumstances of favour added, people having the protection of a holiday, and being allowed freedom from arrests, upon the score of any difference not arising upon the spot. They had likewise a jurisdiction allowed them to do justice to those that came thither; and therefore the most inconsiderable fair with us has, or had, a count belonging to it, which takes cognizance of all manner of causes and disorders growing and committed upon the place, called *pie powder* or *pedis preteritanti*. Some fairs are free, others charged with tolls and impositions. At free fairs, traders, whether natives or foreigners, are allowed to enter the kingdom, and are under the royal protection in coming and returning. They and their agents, with their goods, also their persons and goods, are exempt from all duties and impositions, tolls and servitudes; and such merchants going or coming from the fair cannot be arrested, or their goods stopped. The prince only has the power to establish fairs of any kind. These fairs make a considerable article in the commerce of Europe, especially those of the Mediterranean, or inland parts, as Germany. The most famous are those of Frankfurt and Lepsie; the fairs of Novis, in the Milanese; that of Riga, Archangel; of St. Germain, at Paris; of Lyons; of Guibray, in Normandy; and of Beauclair, in Languedoc; those of Porto-Bello, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, are the most considerable in America.

**SPASMS IN THE STOMACH, FLATULENCY, AND INDIGESTION, CURED BY HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**—Extract of a letter from Mr. Dalwood, of Goodwood, near Sydney, New South Wales, dated Sept. 14th, 1819:—"To Professor Holloway.—Sir,—Having had experimental knowledge of the good effect produced by your valuable Pills, I consider it my duty to make it known that two years ago my daughter, then sixteen years old, had suffered for a long time with cramps in the stomach, flatulency, and indigestion. I tried various remedies without benefit; but a few doses of your wonderful Pills have restored her to perfect health, and she is entirely free from any symptom of her former complaint."—Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 214, Strand, London.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy—Rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

**EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN KNOWS** how difficult it is to find a tailor who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of each figure, and can suit its requirements with a well-cut, neatly-fitting garment, at which man and taste, being equally guarded, the eye of the observer is pleased with its graceful effect, while the comfort of the wearer is secured. Hence it is that so few feel "at home" during the first day's wear of any new garment, and so many are apparently disposed to appear in clothes, however costly, that never can become adapted to their forms. To remedy so manifest a deformity in costume, FREDERICK FOX adopts this means of making known that he has practically studied both form and fashion in their most comprehensive meaning, and in the course of an extensive private connection has elicited every conceivable development during the past thirteen years, always adapting the garment, whether coat, waistcoat, or trousers, to the exigencies of its individual wearer, and the purposes it is intended to serve, thus invariably attaining elegance of fit with that regard for economy which the purist of the age dictates.—F. FOX, practical tailor, 73, Cornhill, same side of the way as the Royal Exchange.

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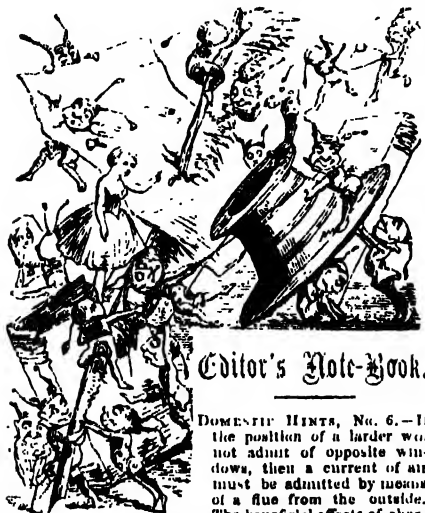
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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 6.**—If the position of a ladder will not admit of opposite windows, then a current of air must be admitted by means of a flue from the outside.

The beneficial effects of charcoal in stopping putrefaction are now well ascertained; fish or meat may be restored by boiling charcoal with them. "Morning's milk," says an eminent German philosopher, "commonly yields some hundredths more cream than the evening's, at the same temperature." That milked at noon furnishes the least; it would therefore be of advantage, in making butter and cheese, to employ the morning's milk, and to keep the evening's for domestic use. It is useful for the house-keeper to know that bread contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92 idem; common beans, 89 idem; peas, 93 idem; lentils, 91 idem; chickpeas, and turnips, the most aqueous of all the vegetables compared, produce only eight pounds of solid matter in 100 pounds; carrots and spinach produce 14 in the same quantity; whilst 100 pounds of potatoes contain 35 pounds of dry substance. From a general estimate it results, that one pound of good bread is equal to two pounds and a half or three pounds of potatoes; that 75 pounds of bread and 30 of meat, may be substituted for 300 pounds of potatoes. The other substances bear the following proportions: four parts of cabbage to one of potatoes; three parts of turnips to one idem; two parts of carrots and spinach to one idem; and about three parts and a half of potatoes to one of rice, lentils, beans, French beans, and dry peas. To test whether flour is genuine, people in the trade generally knead a small quantity by way of experiment; if good, the flour immediately forms an adhesive, elastic paste, which will readily assume any form that may be given to it, without danger of breaking. Pure and unadulterated flour may likewise be easily distinguished by other methods: seize a handful briskly and squeeze it half a minute; it preserves the form of the cavity of the hand in one piece, although it may be rudely placed on the table; not so that which contains foreign substances, it breaks in pieces more or less; that mixed with whitening being the most adhesive, but still dividing and falling down in a little time. A considerable increase on home-made bread, even equal to one-fifth, may be produced by using bran water for kneading the dough. The proportion is three pounds of bran for every twenty-eight pounds of flour, to be boiled for an hour, and then strained through a hair-sieve. Excellent paste for fruit or meat pies may be made with two thirds of wheat flour, one third of the flour of boiled potatoes, and some butter or dripping; the whole being brought to a proper consistence with warm water, and a small quantity of yeast added when lightness is desired. This will also make very pleasant cakes for breakfast, and may be made with or without spices, fruits, &c. There are few articles in families more subject to waste, both in paring, boiling, and being actually thrown away, than potatoes, and there are few cooks but what boil twice as many potatoes every day as are wanted, and fewer still that do not throw the residue away as totally unfit in any shape for the next day's meal; yet if they would take the trouble to heat up the despised cold potatoes with an equal quantity of flour, they would find them produce a much lighter dumpling or pudding than they can make with flour alone; and by the aid of a few spoonfuls of good gravy, they will provide a cheap and agreeable appendage to the dinner-table.

**FLUCTUATIONS OF THE BAROMETER.**—J. Wells.—The following remarks are useful to be remembered.

**The Fall of the Barometer.**—In very hot weather the fall of the mercury denotes thunder. Except in very hot weather, the sudden falling of the barometer denotes thaw. If wet weather happens soon after the fall of the barometer, expect but little of it. In wet weather if the barometer falls, expect much wet. In fair weather, if the barometer falls much and remains low, expect much wet in a few days, and probably wind. N.B. The barometer sinks lowest of all for wind and rain together, next to that for wind (except it be an east or north-east wind). **The Rise of the Barometer.**—In winter the rise of the barometer presages frost. In frosty weather the rise of the barometer presages snow. If fair weather happens soon after the rise of the barometer, expect but

little of it. In wet weather, if the mercury rises high and remains so, expect continued fine weather in a day or two. In wet weather, if the mercury rises suddenly very high, fine weather will not last long. N.B. The barometer rises highest of all for north and east winds; for all other winds it sinks. **The Barometer Unsettled.**—If the motion of the mercury be unsettled, expect unsettled weather. If it stand at much rain, and rise to changeable, expect fair weather of short continuance. If it stand at fair, and fall to changeable, expect foul weather. N.B. Its motion upwards indicates the approach of fine weather; its motion downwards indicates the approach of foul weather.

**SLANDER.**—A correspondent, who subscribes himself a victim to slander, inquires what steps can be taken to punish the defamer of his character. Unhappily for the world, there are so many persons who prey upon the feelings and happiness of others, that the vice of slander is by no means uncommon, and when it is exposed, does not meet with the reprobation it deserves. The love of depreciating the character of our neighbour can have only one ground of defence—a bad one indeed—that a calumniator thinks the good qualities of mind and body of which he endeavours to deprive others, will by the means be transferred to himself by this withering of the reputation of another. But in such a bad stock as the calumniator's, only bitter and sour fruit will grow. How strongly the poet speaks:

"Slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath  
Rides on the posting wind, and doth belie  
All corners of the world."

In truth, we can only recommend to our correspondent the exercise of those rare virtues, patience and forbearance, not admitting, however, an occasion may serve, to meet the slander with



A SLOUT D. NIAL.

**THE ENGLISH BIBLE.** J. Lynch.—Selden, in his Table-Talk, says, "The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation the Bishops' Bible as well as King James's. The translators in this monarch's time devised an excellent plan. That part of the Bible was given to him who was most experienced in such a tongue, and then they met together, one reading the translation, and the others holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues, or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault, they spoke; if not, they read on."

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD "HONEYMOON."** W.—This expression is derived from the Teutonic. Among the Teutones was a favourite drink called *metheglin*. It was made of honey. The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another, *morat*, which was also made of honey, but flavoured with mulberries. The honeyed drinks were used in great abundance at festivals. Among the nobility the marriage was celebrated a whole lunar month, which was called a moon, during which the guests were supplied with the honey drink. Hence this month of feasting was called *anah moon*, or honey-moon, which means a festival.

**THE CHEMICAL BAROMETER.** W.S.—Take a long narrow bottle, such as an old-fashioned Eau-de-Cologne bottle, and put into it two and a half drachms of camphor, and eleven drachms of spirits of wine; when the camphor is dissolved, which it will readily do by slight agitation, add the following mixture:—Take water, nine drachms; nitrate of potash (saltpetre), thirty-eight grains; and muriate of ammonia (sal ammoniac), thirty-eight grains. Dissolve these salts in the water prior to mixing with the camphorated spirit; then shake the whole well together. Cork the bottle well, and wax the top, but afterwards make a very small aperture in the cork with a red-hot needle. The bottle may then be hung up, or placed in any stationary position. By observing the different appearance which the materials assume, as the

weather changes, it becomes an excellent prognosticator of a coming storm or of a sunny sky.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J. SIMPSON (we do not pretend to give medical advice, but in the case mentioned, the complaint may probably proceed from a want of occupation. Armstrong, in his "Art of Preserving Health," says—

"Toll and be strong. By toll the flaccid nerves  
Grow firm, and gain a more compact tone;  
The greener juices are by toll subdued.  
Mellow'd, and subtilized; the vapid old  
Expell'd; and all the rancour of the blood."

**ESSENCE** (benzoin generally constitutes the chief ingredient in the composition of fumigating pastilles, to which may be added any variety of odoriferous substances. The following recipe may be relied upon. Take Benzoin 1 drachm, cascarilla, half a drachm, myrrh, 1 scruple, oil of nut and cloves, of each, 10 drops; nitrate of potash, half a drachm; charcoal, 4 drachms; mucilage of gum tragacanth, enough). **THOMAS** (winter clothes should be laid off late in the spring, and put on early in autumn). **LEWA** (slugging was established in churches A.D. 67). **"The Marseillaise Hymn** is the popular name, erroneously applied, of the national anthem of France). **G. MAYSON** (many thanks for the papers). **L. L.** (the contributions are unsent to our pages). **LEXONOMAS** (a ream of writing, &c., paper consists of 20 quires, but a printer's ream is 24 quires, or 616 sheets). **AWA'VAREY** (treasure trove means in law, money or other treasure found hidden and the owner unknown, in which case it belongs to the Crown. Trove is from the French word *trouver*, to find). **A SURFUSAN** (Dr Adair has recommended to obtain sleep, bathing the feet in a narrow tub, so deep as to reach the knees, gradually increasing the heat by adding hot water, till a gentle sweat is produced. The legs must then be wiped quite dry, and a pair of worsted stockings put on).

**QUESTION** (the discovery of spirits of wine was made about the middle of the twelfth century by the alchemists. These persons treasured up the process as a secret for a long time, and it was not for ages after that it became generally known).—**M.** (alum is not used in bread on account of its quantity, but to disguise a bad quality of flour).—**HUMAS** (locks were known in Egypt upwards of four thousand years since).—**ESQUIER** (the union of England and Scotland took place May 10, 1707. That of Great Britain with Ireland in 1801).—**A WORKING MAN** (for a laquer, take seed, dragon's blood, annatto, gamboge, of each four ounces; saffron, one ounce, rectified spirits of wine).—**JUNJUS** (to make a good black ink, take bruised galls, one pound; green vitriol, eight ounces, gum arabic, four ounces; water, two gallons).—**E** (the signification of the Court of Cassation in France, is the annulling of any act or decision, if the forms prescribed by law have been neglected, or justice has been perverted).—**T. W. G.** (the cotton-gin is a machine to separate the seeds from cotton).—**J. WILSON** (the term *half-pence* is probably derived from the circumstance, that until the time of Edward I., the penny was struck with a cross so deeply sunk into it, that it might, if required, be easily broken and parted into halves and quarters; hence also the term of *farthings* or quadrants).—**S. C.** (a good tooth-powder may be made of orris-root, four ounces; cuttle fish-bones, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; oil of cloves, sixteen drops).—**H. SIMMS** (how to live long is a question beyond the reach of human wisdom; but how to preserve health during the length of days allotted to man by his Creator, may be accomplished with due care and attention. Pope says—

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense;  
Lie in these words—health, peace, and competency  
But health consists in Temperance alone;  
And peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own!"

**JAMES** (an offensive breath may be relieved by washing the mouth every morning with some antiseptic powder, as charcoal, or tincture, as that of myrrh or Peruvian bark. Chewing a piece of mastic is also a good corrective). **EDWIN HILL** (we cannot, of course, estimate builder's work. Our correspondent must apply to a duly qualified person).



Printed by WILLIAM TILLY, Bolt-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 69, Fleet street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 32:—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"The intervals between conversation were employed (by Thornhill) in tracking my daughters' piquet."

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 484)

### CHAPTER VIII.

AN AMOUR WHICH PROMISES LITTLE GOOD FORTUNE, YET MAY BE PRODUCTIVE OF MUCH.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr. Burchell, though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return; but I could not refuse him my company and my fireside. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment; for he wrought among us with vigour, and either in the meadow or at the hay-rick put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say that lessened our toil, and was at once so out-of-the-way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter: he would, in a jesting manner, call her his little mistress; and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbons, hers was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field, and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr. Burchell gave cheer-

fulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar red-breast came and pecked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity.

"I never sit thus," says Sophia, "but I think of the two lovers so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms. There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture."

"In my opinion," cried my son, "the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis* and *Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better; and upon that figure artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends."

"It is remarkable," cried Mr. Burchell, "that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound, without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it right that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever may be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned."

## A BALLAD.

"Tow, gentle Hermit of the dale,  
And guide my lonely way,  
To where you taper ethers the vale  
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
With fainting steps and slow;  
Where wilds, immemorably spread,  
Seem length'ning as I go.

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,  
"To tempt the dangerous glen;  
For yonder fall's less phantoms rise  
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of wand  
My door is open still,  
And though my portion is but scant,  
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share  
Whate'er my cell bestows,  
My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free  
To slaughter I condemn;  
Taught by that Power that pities me,  
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side  
A gulliblest I bring,  
A cup with herbs and roots supplied,  
And water from the spring.

"Then, patient, turn, thy cares forgo;  
All earth-born cares are wrong;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Not wants that little long.

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,  
His gentle accents fall,  
The modest stranger lowly bends,  
And follows to the cell.

I'm in a wilderness obscure  
The lonely mansion lay,  
A refuge to the neighbouring poor  
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath his humble thatch  
Required a master's care;  
The wicket, opening with a latch,  
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire  
To take their evening rest,  
The Hermit summons his little fire,  
And cheer'd his pensive guest.

And spread his vegetable store,  
And gave proof'd, and smiled;  
And skil'd in legendary lore,  
The lag'ring hours beguiled.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
He ticks the kitten's trills,  
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,  
The crackling target's rills.

But nothing could a charm impart  
To soothe the stranger's woe;  
For grief was heavy on his heart,  
And tears bore on to flow.

His rising eyes the Hermit saw,  
With nowling care observ'd  
"And whence, unhappy youth," he said,  
"The queens of thy heart?"

"From better lot than I am doom'd,  
Believe me that thou dost;  
On love for friendship unattain'd,  
On unrequited love."

"Alas! the joys that bloom in bloom  
Are trifling and decay;  
And those who prize the pretty bloom,  
More trifling still they say.

"And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep;  
A shade that follows gently home,  
But leaves the wretch to weep."

"And love is still an empty sound,  
The modern fair-one's test,  
On earth unseen, or only found  
To warm the turtle's nest."

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her upbraidings. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us, and immediately after a man was seen hurrying through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the Squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr. Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsmanlike, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a whisper, observing, that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the Squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
And spurn the art," he said;  
But while he spoke, a rising blush  
This fore-born guest betray'd.

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,  
Swift smiling to the view;  
Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising blush,  
Alternate spread alarm;  
The lovely stranger starts and blush'd  
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger's tale,  
A wretch forlorn," she cried,  
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus invade  
Where Heaven and you reside."

"But let a maid thy pity share,  
Whom love has taught to strive;  
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair  
Companion of her way."

"My father led beside the Tyne,  
A wealthy lord was he;  
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,  
Unnumber'd suitors came;  
Who promised me for imputed charms,  
And fast, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd  
With richest proffers strove;  
Among the rest young Edwin how'd,  
But never took'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,  
No wealth nor power had he;  
Wisdom and worth were all he had;  
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,  
He carol'd lays of love,  
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,  
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,  
The dew of Heaven refin'd,  
Could nought of purity display  
To equal his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine  
Then charms were his, but woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each sickle art,  
Impetuous and vain;  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn,  
In secret, where he died.

"But men the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, sad, desperate, and  
I lay me down and die;  
'Twas so, on me that Edwin died,  
And so for him will I."

"Fond art, Heaven! the Hermit cried,  
And did not he love thee best?  
The wretched fate on him I read  
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd."

"Tum, Asah! a ever do  
My charms, I can't see  
Thy own, thy best friend Edwin knew,  
Rejoice to have me there."

"Thus I have told thee to my art,  
And ever ease I own  
And shall we never part,  
My life! my life's to thee!"

"No, never from this hour to part,  
We'll live and love so true,  
The sigh that rends the constant heart,  
Shall break the Edwin's too."

The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr. Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plot before our door. "Nor can I deny," continued he, "but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect for my reward to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour: "But here," continued she, "is a gentleman," looking at Mr. Burchell, "who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should have in its amusements."

Mr. Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to a harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary; nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest, could thus prefer a man of bad fortune to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are not capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

## CHAPTER IX.

TWO LADIES OF GREAT DISTINCTION INTRODUCED—SUPERIOR FINERY  
FIVE SEEMS TO CONTRIBUTE SUPERIOR BREEDING.

Mr. Burchell had scarcely taken leave, and Sophia had consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out to tell us that the Squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return in, we found our landlord, with a couple of under gentlemen and two young ladies, apishly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We hoped not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr. Thornhill immediately proposed, that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. There was therefore if patched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set of country dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my eldest daughter's very daughter, flaming with red topknots; but an unlucky circumstance was not averted to them, the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and round-about to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a little bowing and chaffing, they at last went merrily on. Our music consisted of two fiddlers, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright. Mr. Thornhill and my child daughter led up the hall, to the great delight of the spectators; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with a much grace and variety, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by avowing me, that though the little child did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally gay, but without success. They swam, sprawled, haggish and fished; but all would not do; the gazers indeed owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as it echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to hie up the hall. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments on a very coarse manner, when she observed, that by the time she was all of a muck of sweat. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr. Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him. The conversation at this time was more varied than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade, for we could talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company; with other terms of praise, such as picture, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical notes. There they once or twice manifested us sensibly by their manner of talking, but that appeared to me the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am so informed that swearing is perfectly unbecoming). Then they, however, threw a veil over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy, and what appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality and high life. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasure they had no right to possess.

"And what pleasures," cried Mr. Thornhill, "do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow? As for my part," continued he, "my fortune is pretty large; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims; but, excuse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be hers; and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit."

I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment.

"Sir," cried I, "the family which you now condescend to favour with your company, has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that, may be attended with very dangerous consequences."

Honour, sir, is our only possession at present; and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful."

I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions.

"As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a coup-de-main."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the 'Squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolled with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond the usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr. Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at last the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The 'Squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties; the girls too looked upon me as if they wished to go. In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

## CHAPTER X.

THE FAMILY ENDEAVOURS TO COPE WITH THEIR DEFTERS - THE MISERIES OF THE POOR WHEN THEY ATTEMPT TO APPEAR ABOVE THEIR CIRCUMSTANCES.

I now began to find, that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows, again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed that rain, too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that walking after dinner would redder their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. First, and therefore of finishing George's shirt, we now had them new-moulding their old pairs, or dourishing upon content. The poor Mrs. Flamboroughs, their former companions, were cast off as mean and vulgar, and the whole conversation now upon high life and high lived company, with picture, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glass.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune telling gipsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny rhyll no longer appeared, than my girls, even running to me for a shilling a-piece to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wet, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling; though for the honour of the family it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets, but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great.

"Well, my girls, how have you sped? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a penny worth?"

"I protest, papa," says the girl, "I believe she deals with somebody that's not right; for she positively declared, that I am to be married to a 'Squire in less than a twelvemonth!"

"Well, now Sophy, my child," said I, "and what sort of a husband are you to have?"

"Sir," replied she, "I am to have a Lord soon after my sister has married the 'Squire."

"How," cried I, "is that all you are to have for your two shillings? Only a Lord and a 'Squire for two shillings! You fools, I could have promised you a Prince and a Nabob for half the money."

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended with very serious effects: we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view, are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case we cook the dish to our own appetite; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising; and as the whole parish asserted that the 'Squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross-bones, the sign of an approaching wedding; at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign of their being shortly stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips; they saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true-love knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town-ladies; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I, "though you need be under no uneasiness about that, you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible; not altogether like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."

"Pooh! Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a snook race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: There are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was well-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail, that they had never been broken to the rein, but had an hundred vees oricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the house-way, which was five miles round, though the foot way was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forwards towards the church; my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted on one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the traps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. He was just recovering from this dismal situation when I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own the present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to barn-dances, and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our home-baked goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before; however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind man's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every flat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot coxles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the shippie. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all, except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of



the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowed, in spirits, and bawling for "fair play, fair play," with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blaney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad; but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were very sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blaney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however boresome himself, is fond of high-level dialogue, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in a maze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a sound, but Sir Tonkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan! bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"*Excuses, my dear Skeggs*," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion."—*Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?"—*Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces, for, except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them."—*Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says another, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?"—*Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write and behave in company; as for the clits about town, there is no bearing them about one."—*Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in a day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blaney, virtue is worth any price, but where is that to be found?"—*Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year, made fifty-six pounds five shillings, English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife therefore was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family.

"I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity, at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts; they

understand their needle, broadstitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill, and know something of music; they can do up small clothes; work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards."—*Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

(To be continued.)

## THE EYES OF ANIMALS.

HUMAN beings have six muscles to each eye, that they may with facility move it on either side, but horses, cows, sheep, and other quadrupeds, which habitually incline their heads to the earth in search of food, have a muscle by which the eyeballs are suspended and supported, and which we do not need. This is a wonderful adaptation to the circumstances in which the creature is placed. For example, the eyes of amphibious animals partly agree with those of the fish and the quadruped. The cat and the tiger, which prowls by night, have a peculiar power of expanding the pupil. The eyes of fish have no apparatus to moisten them, as it would be obviously unnecessary. The eye is adapted to the properties of light, so that it refracts the light, and brings it to a focus on the retina. Our best and most perfect glasses are by no means equal to the human eye. Gnats and flies have a great number of eyes; they can see on every side, without any movement of the organs of vision. Fish have a crystalline, almost round, to fit the eyes to the strong refraction of light in the element in which they live; and though they have no eyelids, their cornea is horny, to defend their sight. The mole has two very small eyes, hid under its velvet coat; these are admirably suited to his mode of living, chiefly under ground. The adaptation of the faculties of animals to their mode of life is wonderful, and we think strikingly displays the wisdom of the Creator. Spiders have four, six, or even eight eyes; they are transparent, like so many gems. They can very readily see on all sides. The lizard, called the chameleon, can move one eye while the other is still, he can fix one on the fly, and the other on the ground. He can glance at all that is behind and before him at once. Lord Brougham remarks of the eyes of birds, that "they require to have them sometimes as flat as possible for protection; and, at other times, as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies, and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales, placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles, or fibres, by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air; and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again, when it would see a distant object, or move nimbly through leaves and twigs.

"This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances; as a cat stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat upon the water." The eyelid is designed to moisten the eye, and to keep it clean; and, to quote further from the same writer, "a singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping, as it were, the glass of the instrument—and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air, and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid; a fine membrane, or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eye-ball, by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string, which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw any thing toward any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once. Tie a string to a stone, and draw it straight toward you with one hand; then make a loop on another string, and running the first through it, draw one string in each hand, not toward you, but sideways, till both strings are stretched in a straight line; you will see how much swifter the stone moves than it did before, when pulled straight forward. Now this is proved, by mathematical reasoning, to be the necessary consequence of force applied obliquely; there is a loss of power, but a great increase of velocity. The velocity is the thing required to be gained in the third eyelid; and the contrivance is exactly that of a string and a loop, moved each by a muscle, as the two strings are by the hands in the case we have been supposing."



SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, BART.

We are indebted to the valuable pages of the *Lancet* for the following:

MR. ALEXANDER BRODIE, of St. James's, Piccadilly, married a daughter of Peter Swan, Esq., M.D. By this marriage he had two children, a son and a daughter. His son, afterwards the Rev. Peter Bellinger Brodie, rector of Winterslow, in the county of Wilts, married Sarah, the daughter of Benjamin Collins, Esq., of Milford near Salisbury. Six children were the fruits of this marriage, and the third son, BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE, is the distinguished subject of the present biographical sketch. The Rev. Mr. Brodie was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county, and possessed of considerable local influence. He devoted himself personally, however, to the education of his children, and the future surgeon was trained under the parental roof. To the habits of steady industry and study, acquired under his father's tuition, Sir Benjamin attributes many of those qualities which have attended him through life, and which have contributed so materially to his success. He left Winterslow in the year 1801, having resolved on the profession of surgery, and came to London to pursue the necessary studies.

He made his *debut* as a private surgeon in a lodging at No. 18, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, nearly opposite to the house occupied by Sir Everard Home, and he continues to reside in the same locality. His assistant-surgeonship at St. George's Hospital lasted fourteen years; but he became full surgeon in 1822, on the death of Mr. Griffiths. He continued to hold this appointment until the year 1840; when he retired, after a connection with the Hospital, as assistant and full surgeon, of 32 years' duration.

Mr. Brodie became for several years the favourite pupil and assistant of Sir Everard Home (pronounced Hume). He was not only his assistant at the Hospital, but assisted him in private practice, and in his anatomical investigations. Home was the brother-in-law of John Hunter. Mr. Brodie eventually took the place of Home as a surgeon in the public eye, and he may thus be considered as in some respects the professional representative both of Denman and of John Hunter, if we may be allowed to trace a professional genealogy so far.

It was from Sir Joseph Banks he obtained, through Dr. Bancroft, who had travelled in Guiana, the supply of the Woorara poison, with which he performed his experiments. After Bichat, these experiments were the first of any importance which had been made since the time of Haller, and they attracted great attention. For the Croonian Lecture, delivered in 1810, and published in the "Philosophical Transactions," he received, the following year, the Copley Medal, which is the highest honour the Royal Society has to bestow; and when Mr. Brodie obtained it, he was only twenty-eight years of age.

Mr. Brodie pursued his career of experiment for several years. The results of his labours are published chiefly in his several papers in the "Philosophical Transactions." They consist of the Croonian Lecture, already referred to, in which it is proved that the action of the heart does not depend entirely upon the cerebral and spinal centres, but can be kept up after these have been destroyed, or their functions suspended, by the continuance of artificial respiration. The facts of this important paper are invaluable; as, however, the nervous system had not at that time been

divided into its cerebral and spinal portions, and their different functions allotted to each, it would be highly interesting to repeat the experiments, with a view to ascertain the precise share of the ablation of the brain, and the medulla oblongata, upon the results.

The most celebrated physiological investigation in which Sir Benjamin ever engaged, is that respecting the influence of the Nervous Centres upon the Generation of Animal Heat. He found that an animal, with the nervous centres removed, or their functions suspended by narcotic poison, lost its power of generating animal heat, even though the action of the lungs was kept up by artificial respiration, and that the power of generating caloric returned with the returning vigour of the nervous centres.

Among the works of Sir Benjamin Brodie, his classical treatise on the "Pathology and Surgery of Diseases of the Joints," and his volume on certain "Local Nervous Affections," will ever hold a high place in surgery; for they mark an era in this department of the profession.

Sir Benjamin Brodie was not in full practice till 1825. At the present time, he is sixty-six years old. He could not be said to take the place of the first surgeon of London until the retirement of Sir Astley Cooper, in 1828. Cooper, as the nephew of Cline, and as the senior of Brodie, took a lead, which it was impossible for any man to pass. But when Cooper resigned the surgical sceptre, there was no one who could pretend to dispute it with Sir Benjamin. Since that time universal consent has given him the first place in the profession.

On the 21st of May, 1816, Mr. Brodie married Ann, the third daughter of Mr. Serjeant Sellon, the present Lady Brodie; by her he has issue, two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Mr. Benjamin Collins Brodie, who succeeds him in the baronetcy, has greatly distinguished himself in experimental chemistry. The youngest son is the Rev. William Brodie.

Mr. Brodie was made a baronet by William IV., upon his promotion to the Serjeant-surgeoncy, on the death of his old master, Sir Everard Home, in 1832, but the patent of the baronetcy is dated August 21st, 1834.

We cannot enumerate all the professional contributions of Sir Benjamin. His various labours show him to have been one of the most incessant indefatigable workers of his time. If his practice had been the most moderate, his other works would have given him a great reputation; but our respect for his genius and industry becomes unbounded when we consider that the multifarious duties of an immense practice have occupied him from an early period of his professional career. Those who know Sir Benjamin, know him to have been most punctilious in the discharge of his hospital duties towards the sick. We have already referred to his connection with Mr. Wilson as an anatomical teacher. He gave a formal course on Surgery at St. George's Hospital, from 1801 to 1830—a period of twenty-two years. From 1813, to within a year or two since, he never missed, save for one year, to give a course of Clinical Lectures, the last course he ever delivered having been published in the *Lancet*, in 1848. He has been one of the largest contributors to the "Transactions" of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, and scarcely any other man has done so much as a contributor to the periodical medical press. His formal treatises on various important subjects of surgery are continually meeting us in new and revised editions. They read as freshly now as when they were first issued from the press, and he may be said to be almost the only living author of a quarter of a century ago, still maintaining his ground. In the never-ceasing flow of medical and surgical knowledge, work after work of the great men of a day are engulfed, it is only those possessing the most sterling talent, the most perfect portrait of nature, which can maintain themselves upon the crest of the wave.

The important posts Sir Benjamin has held, would be enough to occupy the long life of any man of moderate industry and ability. We have seen him as Croonian Lecturer. In 1819 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons; in 1837 he delivered the Hunterian Oration; in 1839 and 1840 he filled the chair at the Medico-Chirurgical Society; last year he was President of the Western Medical Society. For a long series of years he fulfilled the duties of Examiner of the College of Surgeons, and Member of the Council, having only retired from the examinership a few years since. He has also filled the offices of Vice-president and President of the College. He was an *ex officio* member of the Board of Examiners, as Serjeant-Surgeon, but at his wish the Council petitioned her Majesty to abrogate this privilege, and on his retirement it was abolished. At the Royal Society he has been a constant worker, as member of the council, and formerly as member of the Physiological Committee. He has been the surgical attendant of three sovereigns, from George IV. to Victoria inclusive, and no man has charged him that his duties to rich or poor have been ill performed. When we reflect upon all these various works, we must confess the author to be a great man in our profession, and capable of greatness in any walk of life. It is not for us, and during his lifetime, to enter into a critical analysis of his labours; but we have, on the most cursory glance at his career, evidence that he has done quite enough for a deserved and enduring fame. There are some few gifted minds of our generation who have devoted themselves to particular subjects with splendid success; but who amongst us has covered an equal space of ground with the monuments of his labours? Yet Sir Benjamin refers to what he has done in the most modest terms. The ancient Master said, "Time is short, and Art is long; occasion fleeting, experience fallacious, and judgment difficult." These golden words are re-echoed by the subject of our sketch in the preface to one of his works, that on the "Diseases of the Joints." "One principal result of my labours has been, to convince me that life is not long enough for these difficult researches; that the utmost which can be accomplished by the zeal and industry of one individual, is to make such progress in the study of pathology, as may enable those who come after him to carry their inquiries a little further."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 460.)

"Have you finished, Hugh?" inquired Allen, as he entered the dwelling.

"Just got through," said the other, opening the door of the closet.

"O yes," said Allen, examining the work, "quite right, Hugh."

"There's a note on the table for you," said Hugh. "Colonel Talbot commanded me to tell you so; and, being a colonel, of course, he has the right to expect obedience."

"From a lieutenant!" said Vernon, laughing and taking up the note. "Ah!" he read and on reading it, "this is kind indeed! If you are coming home, Hugh, I will accompany you; I want to see your father a moment or two."

As they stepped out upon the walk in front of the door, Hugh's family turned, and he entered the house.

"Let me see if I have all my tools," said he, and having done so, he set the affected to look in it, then turning again he hastily reached up the paper substituted by Thorpe for Talbot's card, and doubling it he thrust it into his pocket. Rejoining Vernon, who was waiting for him without, he walked away with him towards his father's.

They found Uriah in almost precisely the same position as on Allen's former visit, and bearing the same impassible, money-broker exterior. He did not rise as Vernon entered; but, as if deeming his errand, drew a large key from his pocket, and inserted it in the safe.

"I have come to complete our arrangements," said Allen, presenting the note and taking a seat. The old man looked closely at the note a moment, and then opened his safe without a word.

"I suppose you would prefer gold," said he, after looking to his coffee a few moments.

"It will make but little difference," said Allen.

"Better have gold, though," said Manning, and he proceeded to count it out. His son, who had stood in the door checking, observing him until this moment, now turned away, apparently satisfied.

In the meantime Thorpe held his way up the street on his way to Colonel Talbot's—recognizing each acquaintance with a smile on a face as he passed them, but still pursuing his train of thought under an exterior perfectly *degage*.

"This is lucky, indeed," he thought. "All my schemes were crumbling and falling to pieces—even Mary's liberal country and Vernon's inexperience would not save me—and here comes a chance which puts the whole game into my own hands!" and with a placid and self-satisfied smile he pursued his way.

There are very few men who can master sufficient self-command to appear perfectly calm, after committing a crime, it requires very great intellectual powers to conceal from the observation of even the dull and unobservant, the agitation which must attend its commission. But when Thorpe entered the drawing-room and took his seat beside Cara, even those best acquainted with him would not have observed the slightest deviation from his usual bearing and tone.

Cara laid down the book she had been reading, and made room for him on the sofa beside her. He took the book up and examined it—a publication then making some noise.

"This is said to be a very fine composition," said he, "what do you find of it?"

"Very beautiful, indeed," said Cara, quietly, "but very strange. I was just reading a passage here. Let me read it to you."

She took the book, and in her sweet, musical tones began to read a very fine description; coming to the bottom of the page and attempting to turn over, she found the leaves had not been cut. Casting her eye on the table she seemed vexed—as one who has not been under the same circumstances.

"I had a paper-knife here a moment ago," said she.

"Here," said Thorpe, feeling in his pocket and drawing out a paper-knife. "Let me cut it for you." As he took the book a paper fell from his pocket, out of which he had drawn it with his knife, and unconsciously it rolled down upon the floor. The leaf was cut, Cara finished the passage and laid down the book.

"A very strange book," said Thorpe.

"And a very beautiful one, too," said Cara.

Thorpe was not one of the class of lovers who weary their mistresses by interminable visits; and after a short half-hour's conversation he took his leave. Cara went with him to the door, and as she returned her eye fell upon the lost paper. She took it up, and after turning it over two or three times, opened it and read it.

"What could Morris be doing with this?" she said. "That day morning, 10 o'clock. Dear Mr. V. That must be Vernon—and only written an hour ago." She stood still gazing upon the paper and casting about for the explanation of Thorpe's possession of it.

"I don't understand it," she said at last. "I'll keep it—at any rate, till further comes home, or till I see Allen," and opening a box that stood on the table she threw it in and locked the box.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again."—ROMEO AND JULIET

THERE is no nation on earth whose people make their arrangements with so much indifference and rapidity, for a long journey, as the people of the

United States. A journey of a thousand miles calls for no more preparation here, than one of one hundred in an older country; and an absence of six or twelve months is viewed as no unusual or even serious matter. A man crams a few shirts, and a coat, and a pair of pantaloons, into a carpet bag, kisses his wife, or not, as it happens (depending upon whether she is upstairs or below when he starts), drives his dog back into the yard, and sets off on a "jaunt" of two or three thousand miles, with the most complete unconscionableness that he is doing anything at all extraordinary. His friends, seeing him carrying a carpet bag, hail him and ask where he is going. He replies, "Going South" or "Going West," as the case may be, and they turn away, forgetting it in five seconds.

People who belong to older countries do not understand this trait in our character, because it is peculiar to us. They would have a regular "scene" — a *drachma*, a *peripeteia*, and *dolorous farewells*—on setting out upon a journey from London to Berwick-upon-Tweed. And an American "steps down to New Orleans from latitude forty-five, takes a run out to Portchartrain," and returns home, without being asked five questions about all the wonders he has seen. If his land where he lives, in Maine or Virginia, does not suit him, if two years in succession do not yield good crops—if he becomes dissatisfied with his situation, or listens to the account of the West by some one who has seen it, he (in his own words), "pulls up his stakes," and sets out to seek them down again, twelve or fifteen hundred miles farther west. This, too, with all the coolness with which a party of hunters would "pull up the stakes" and remove their camp from an exposed situation, some sheltered nook a mile down the valley.

I recollect reading some years ago an article (I think in the *Edinburgh Review*), upon the Oregon Boundary Question, then in course of negotiation and settlement. The writer of the article seemed to think it a matter of very little consequence to us, and thought we were expending a large amount of patriotism very unproductively. And why? *Because*, said this sapient reviewer, it is impossible that that country should ever be colonized from "the States"—it must be filled up with an European population; and the same difficulties which will prevent its colonization from the eastern side of the continent, will also be found an impassable barrier to the government, and prevent its forming a part of this Republic! And yet, overlooking all the barriers, "impassable" as they are, traversing these deserts, and sitting at night on mountains, and plains, and rivers, and sands, and hunger, and thirst, and wild beast, and savage, one hundred thousand men are now, after the lapse of barely five years from that time, skiving about among the rocks of California for gold, and knocking at the door of the Union with two States governments complete! Europeans do not understand us—they have no standard by which to estimate us. What would they think, for example, of an enterprise lately set on foot by a private individual, to penetrate, with sixty men, into the heart of a country which all the Spanish cavalry, led on by their inordinately thirst for gold, were never able to enter? A little band of men starting on the Atlantic coast, at Corpus Christi in Texas, and travelling fifteen hundred miles into the heart of an utterly unexplored country, supposed to be inhabited by a wild, fierce race of fire-worshippers—kindred of the hapless Aztec—perhaps the fountain from which flowed that unfortunate race!

Does any one, who knows the American character, suppose that the race of gold hunters, quite as adventurous and far better prepared than the old Spaniard, will be long hampered by the narrow line called the Gila River? Can a rivulet curb a people of disappointed miners, with arms in their hands, when the other bank of it promises wealth, and the very essence of their character is encroachment? It is idle to suppose it for a moment. Sonora is already within their grasp; and is it farther from there to Mexico than it is from Washington to California?

The breaking out of this spirit, in 1846, was a grand prophecy of even so to be brought about by this same facility of emigration. Not a state that was called upon, especially the West, where the emigrating people live, failed to raise, at the first intimation of the flag, large numbers more of volunteers than were called for. Not a regiment but was full to overflowing, and hundreds ready to fill it, could they only be permitted. Not a man that went upon that campaign and came back, would not go again and again, with the same alacrity which would mark his step were he on his way home from a long absence. Mexico was invaded by hundreds of thousands of men, raised from among the people by voluntary, even enthusiastic enlistment; and, all along the line of march, may now be found thousands of those men who never came home; not because they were compelled to stay away, but because they found localities and farms upon which to live. Aye, even in the towns of Mexico and all the Texas, along the Rio Grande, there are many who now live on the population, rise to high posts by superior intelligence, and will play, they or their descendants, an important part in future events. The march of our armies into Mexico, was an emigration as well as an invasion, and the rush towards the gold-mines of the West, will yet be found to take the form of acclimatization as well as of an emigration. Twenty-five years—no short quarter of a century—will see our boundary line dropped towards the equator many degrees, and the Panuco will be nearer the line than the Gila, the city of Mexico itself nearer to it than Santa Fé.

The regiment to which our friends attached themselves, was no exception to the general rule. Companies were raised and reported to the State authorities in a single day. Any tree, under which the crowd might assemble, served for a recruiting office, and the crown of a man's hat was a table upon which to write the names of volunteers. Thorpe took the lead in the enlistment of the company to which our friend Hugh Manning belonged, and in the election of officers refused all preferment. It soon became understood that he was looking forward to a higher station; and his company were devoted to him, even more than to their captain—a staunch old soldier, who



had "seen service" in his youth, and was now leaving a large family "to join the ranks of war" in his age. Hugh was elected a second-lieutenant, the other officers were filled, and everything was in readiness to march to the place of rendezvous.

"This is stood thus—nobody who had "volunteered" doing anything but attend the daily "drill," and complaining of the delay, until about ten days after the transactions of the last chapter. At last came an order to march, and leave-takings and exchange of tokens, final arrangements for absence, and notices of places where to muster, occupied the following day.

It was Thursday evening of the third week in May. The battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won—the streets of almost every town in the United States were filled by men in uniform, the crowds of excited citizens; and the scene of our story was not one of the exceptions. The following morning was fixed for departure, and the last visits, (alas! for some of them the last, indeed!) were being made. Major Bryce had received orders to pass immediately to New Orleans, there to await further instructions. And Vernon was to set out with him early on the following morning. He was to join the Major at his own house at six in the morning, and they were to depart by the mail coach.

"All ready for a move in the morning, I suppose, Vernon?" said Thorpe, as they met in the street just at dusk.

"Yes," said Allen; "we start at six—good bye!"

"Why do you not go with us? Ah! yes; I had forgotten; you go to New Orleans, I believe?"

"Yes, good bye."

"I hope we shall meet further on, if not there."

"I hope so; good bye, good bye, until then, at least." They shook hands and hurried on, each in his own direction. Thorpe to a last muster and roll-call before marching, and Vernon to Colonel Talbot's to bid him farewell.

"I began to think," said Cara, as he seated himself beside her, and took her hand, "that you were not coming to bid me good-bye at all."

"And would that have offended you?" he asked.

"Oh! of course not!" she answered; but as she spoke her head drooped upon his shoulder.

"Are you sorry that I should leave you?" he whispered.

"When will you return?" she asked, suddenly.

"At the end of twelve months, perhaps, and it may be longer."

"You must come, when if you can," she murmured; and raising her head with a smile, she continued—"Be sure, if you stay longer, I may forget you."

"I am not afraid," said Allen. "But if you should not have forgotten me, when I return will you then be gone?"

"You have never told me yet whether," said she.

"True," said he; "the twenty days, just up to night—I can tell you now what you know already."

"I know nothing," said she, sitting up, and withdrawing her hand. "Come, now, tell me."

He caught her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

"That is the only reply of you shall have," said he.

"Oh! such rudeness!" she cried; "and without even telling me he loves me!" and she pressed to her face, and affected to be angry. But his earnest, passionate look disarmed her playfulness in a moment.

"Forgive me," she said, seriously. "I was only trying to conceal my grief by an affection of good spirits. I feel really miserable on your departure; and the only way you can cheer me," resuming her smile, "is to take advantage of the expiration of the twenty days."

"I have just been trying to do so," said he. "I need not tell you that I love you; and I know you love me in return. But you are young, and your feelings may change."

"Never!" she exclaimed.

"You think so now," he continued, "and I hope so, but yet one of you age can never speak with certainty without trial and experience. You may not love me so well, perhaps, after a few months' absence, and it would be both cruel and suicidal for me to take advantage of a passion which may not last to—"

"Stop!" she said; "I know what you would say—you think if you leave me for a year, and I love you when you return, you can then rely upon my affection—not otherwise."

"Not that!" he broke in eagerly—"not that. I mean that I do not wish to do anything which the lapse of time, with the changes which it may bring, will stamp as hasty or dishonourable. When I return you will be older, you will have had time to confirm your feelings and assure yourself of their permanence or evanescence; and then—"

"And then?" she asked, smiling.

"Then," said he earnestly, "if you do not change you will be mine—will you not?"

"I am already engaged to be married to another," said she.

"What!" he exclaimed; "engaged to be married to another!" He withdrew his arm and recoiled from her.

"Even so," said she, retaining his hand, however, and leaning her arm on his shoulder, while she smiled in his face. "You are surprised," she continued; but let me explain. The reason why, when you took me so much by surprise three weeks ago, I forbade you to say more about this for twenty days—a command which, by the way, you have but indifferently obeyed—was this: by the wish of my father, a short time ago, I suffered him to tell Morris Thorpe that my hand would be his on my arriving at the age of eighteen; but with this reservation and condition—provided I saw nobody in the meantime whom I liked better. Morris was pleasant, agreeable, and devoted; I liked him better than any one else then, because he flattered me

most and best. But time passed on, and I met you. I will not conceal now, that I loved you almost from the first; and that, when you took me by surprise in that room, I had a hard struggle to avoid avowing it fully. Duty prevailed at last, though, as I have said, after a hard struggle. I thought then, as you do now, that this might be but a whim—a temporary feeling excited by your face, your form, or your talents; and upon such a flimsy foundation—do not blush, you are handsome enough without that, to make a fool of me—upon such a flimsy foundation, I did not wish to do wrong to, or injure the feelings of one whom I had esteemed so long and so well, as I had Morris. I desired to wait for twenty days, to examine my own heart, to sound the depths of my own feelings, so as to be able to act advisedly. You may think this cool calculation was hardly compatible with warm, genuine affection; but if love ever leads us to disregard the rights and feelings of others, even in the smallest thing, I desire never to feel it. I wished to save Morris' feelings, though I loved you none the less, but rather more; for she who cannot respect the feelings of others, has no feelings of her own worth asking for. You did not obey me very implicitly, Allen; but my stipulation excused me from answering; and to own the truth, that object gained, your warm expressions were not distasteful—were, rather, very pleasant to my ears. The twenty days are now past." She paused.

"And now," said Allen, "you are ready to tell me that when I return you will be mine?"

"If you wish it?" said she.

"You do not doubt that?" he exclaimed.

"O, no!" said she; "though, in justice, I ought to doubt you as much as you do me—ought I not?"

"I do not doubt you, Cara," said Allen, earnestly. "It would be almost blasphemy to doubt, now!"

"Well," said Cara, "I do not like blasphemy, so pray do not become one. But do you not think I ought to tell Morris how my feelings have changed before he leaves me?"

"By all means," said Allen.

"I know you would say so," said Cara. "If I had been positively forced I would have told him long ago—or at least, before now. You know the old verse,—

It is sad to be a true friend,  
And sad to be a true lover,  
For good to be up with the old days,  
Before you can say with the new."

In Morris was a very precisely a "love" of mine, old or new, and I now feel that he never could have been."

"He will be here to night, I suppose?"

"He said he would join me at supper, at nine—some business detains him until near that hour."

"You will explain to him then, will you not?" Allen inquired anxiously.

"He will march to-morrow morning at five o'clock."

"I know," replied Cara. "I will explain to-night."

"And then, I trust, you will be mine only!"

But love's conversation, especially upon the eve of a separation, are seldom more true to say one but themselves; and besides, we have no right to suppose their intercourse, further than is absolutely necessary to our story. Let it suffice them, that they passed the hour succeeding in that kind of conversation which all who have passed their second decade will be able to imagine. It is very tender, of course, and full of projects, but not the less happy to them. As the hour approached at which they might expect to be interrupted, Allen rose to bid her farewell. It seems strange that lovers would rather have their promise to them ely at six o'clock than remain together till twelve and be witnesses to their *adieu*. So it is, at all events; and Allen rose to take leave.

"You will not forget me, Cara?" said he, affectionately.

"O no!" she answered, but trembling too. "O no! how could I?"

And she then, he left into his arms and struggled to retain her composure. But few steps were heard in the hall—they always are at such moments, unfortunately—and he released her gradually, and held her from him, gazing earnestly into her eyes, now filled with tears.

"Farewell! then," said he, and turned away.

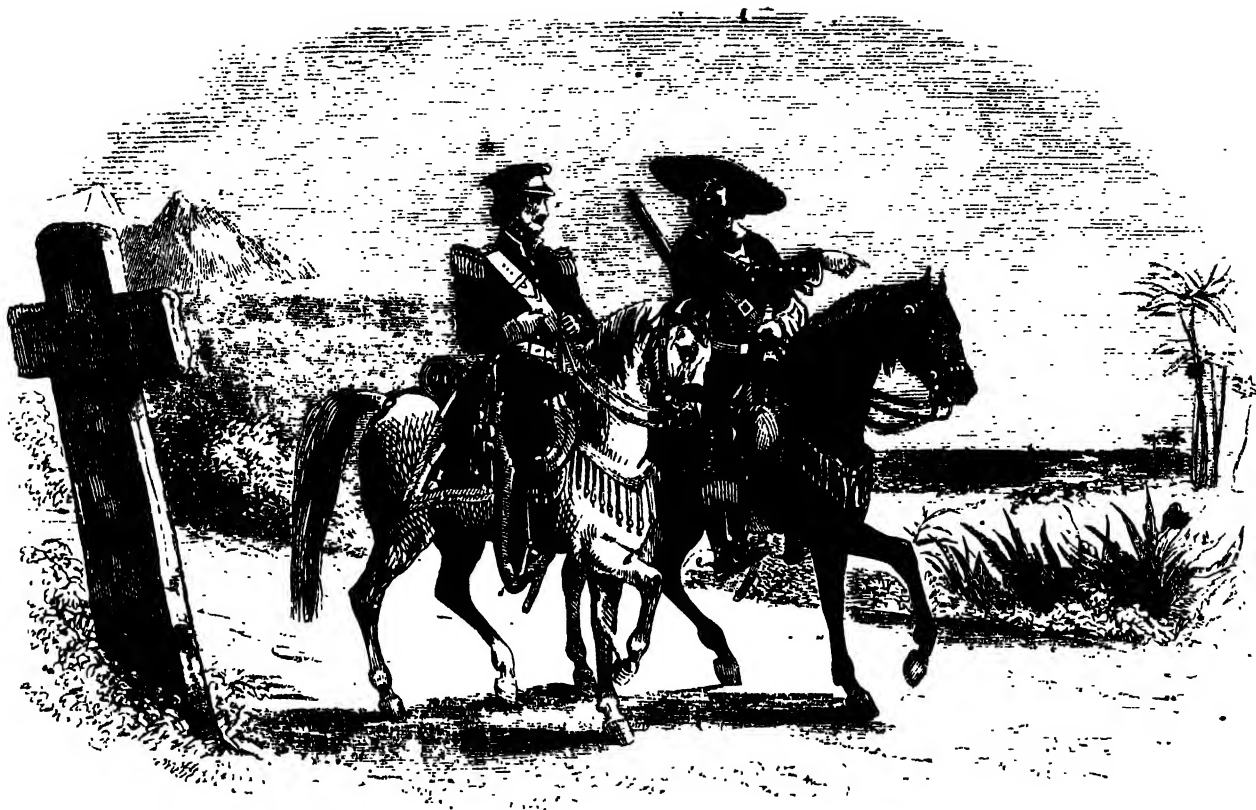
"I'll not forget," she said, and as he passed through the door she retreated hastily into her private parlour.

"Will you not stay to supper with us?" asked Cara's mother, to whom we owe an apology for keeping her in the back-ground.

"Unfortunately," said Allen, "I have an engagement," and hurried on.

But a few minutes elapsed before Thorpe entered, and proceeded immediately and familiarly to seek Cara. She was, however, too much indisposed to appear immediately, and Morris and two gentlemen who were with him, (of one of whom, Mr. Clayton, the reader will hear more in the sequel,) had to content them ely with the company of Mrs. Talbot and Mary Bryce, who was there also. This was dull enough; for the elder lady was never famous for the brilliancy of her conversation, and the younger, after casting her eyes eagerly around the empty room on entering, threw herself upon a sofa and became emulous of Mrs. Talbot's taciturnity. At the end of half an hour, however, Cara appeared, fresh and beautiful as ever, but looking much more grave than usual. It immediately occurred to Mrs. Bryce that it was a very serious matter to part with dear friends for a long time; and the expression of her face straightway changed from the sulky to the funeral. She was soon relieved from her arduous exertions, however, and probably saved the trouble of forcing actual tears by the announcement of supper—the idea of good eating operating on her like magic.

At the supper-table, several attempts were made to get up something like gaiety, but without success. Thorpe was the only person who appeared



"Two horsemen might have been seen riding slowly along a wide and dusty road, which led across an immense plain some fifty miles from Saltillo. They were both young, and both evidently Americans."

really unconcerned; and after a time even he began to fall into the prevailing tone. It is a very common thing in life—what we have looked forward to as a very pleasant meeting, has often turned out cold, spiritless and wearisome, and, moreover, a poor devil has been dragged almost by force to a dinner or a ball, which he nevertheless enjoyed exceedingly. The former was the case with this supper; it had been anticipated by all there as a pleasant reunion of a few friends, meeting the last time for many months—and instead of this it was found dull, stupid, almost lachrymose—after Mary had disposed of a pound or two of the vands at least.

They returned to the drawing-room almost like a funeral procession; and very soon afterwards signs of dissolution began to be seen. Thorpe had brought Mary there—for it did not yet suit his purpose to throw off the mask with her—and he now began to fear he would be hurried away without having an opportunity of saying a word to Cara in private. One of the gentlemen understood him, however, and drew the general attention another way; thus giving him the opportunity he had been seeking for an hour.

"I shall have to take Mary home," he then said hastily, "will you not see me a moment on my way back?"

"I cannot," said Cara, in the same tone, "I am too much indisposed. But here is a note for you, which you can read afterwards." She slipped a paper into his hand, and turned away. Soon afterwards a general shaking of hands took place, Mary at last succeeding in forcing a few tears, though she bade nobody farewell, except those who were not going away.

"You will not see me, then?" said Thorpe, as he took Cara's hand. "I cannot," she replied, and he was gone. Another scene had to be enacted at Major Bryce's door, where Morris kissed Mary innumerable times, and hoped to get away at each embrace. He tore himself away at last, and finally was at liberty to open Cara's note. It ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Thorpe,—I shall have no opportunity to speak privately to you to-night and I am compelled to write. It would not be right in me to allow you to go away under a false impression. You have been accustomed to consider me your future wife; but this arrangement was subject to a contingency, which has now intervened. This being the fact, of course the engagement (if there was one) exists no longer. Forgive me, but believe me, Sincerely your friend,

"CARA TAYLOR."

"If there was one!" he repeated, crumpling the paper in his hand, and striding across the room. "There was, and, by heavens! there shall be again." The next morning they were all "off to the wars."

### CHAPTER XIII.

"Death and danger dog the heels of worth."—TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  
"Away! away! and on we dash."—MAZEPPA.

PASSING over a space of about eight months, more or less, we must ask the reader to accompany us to the seat of war.

During that period, the troops called out by the President had been raised, organized, equipped and formed in divisions—they had marched into the enemy's country, crossed immense deserts, and fought many battles—they had met the enemy upon his own soil, while their own base of operations was more than a thousand miles distant, and had overrun immense provinces. The battle of Monterey had thrown the Mexican forces back more than three hundred miles within their territory, and the advances upon Victoria and Saltillo had driven them to take refuge beyond the immense deserts of *Agua Calientes* in San Luis Potosi. The army of the Centre had crossed the Rio Grande, marched through the length of Coahuila, taken possession of Parras, and returned at the summons of General Taylor to Agua Nueva, twenty-five miles south of Saltillo. The Army of the West had crossed the plains from Independence, taken possession of Santa Fe and the whole State of New Mexico—General Kearny had passed on to California—and Colonel Doniphan was already on his hazardous and romantic march to Chihuahua, where he expected to find General Wool. General Scott had been ordered to Mexico in the November previous, and was now concentrating his forces for the attack upon Vera Cruz, and the march to Mexico. Santa Anna had returned to Mexico in the fall, and was collecting and disciplining the only army worthy of the name, that Mexico raised after the route of *Resaca de la Palma*. There was a lull in the storm, during which each party seemed to nerve himself for a final and fatal struggle. Santa Anna had intercepted General Scott's despatches to General Taylor, detailing in full his plan of operations, and disclosing his plan of attack. But the Mexican General knew the weakness in numerical strength of General Taylor's army; and he calculated that he could sweep the valley of the Rio Grande, and yet return to Vera Cruz in time to meet the attack there. He was therefore straining every nerve, at San Luis, to drill and equip his army, with the view of making a rapid advance and a thoroughly victorious march.

Late in the afternoon of a warm day, in the early part of February, two horsemen might have been seen riding slowly along a wide and dusty road, which led across an immense plain some fifty miles from Saltillo. They were both young, and both evidently Americans. One of them, the shorter and heavier, wore the plain uniform of a lieutenant in the infantry—the costume of the other indicated no special rank or corps; but was rather a mixture of each, the wearer having selected such articles from the uniforms of each army, as were most comfortable and convenient. He wore a plain dragoon jacket, with its yellow stripes somewhat tarnished—a pair of the heavy white cotton pants worn by the infantry, and a pair of red-topped boots over them. His head was covered by a broad palm hat (*sombrero*), and his collar was confined by a plain black cravat. He was above the medium height, and somewhat slender; yet the ease and grace with which he sat his horse, and the dexterity with which he managed him, gave evidence of both strength and activity. His light brown whiskers, and curling moustachios, concealed the lower part of his face; and its upper features were

nearly hidden by the broad *sombrero*. But a calm, clear, and flashing eye of dark brown, and a straight, finely cut nose, with the nostril well opened, were visible between these two concealments; and the smooth, round throat, though embrowned by the sun, redeemed the promise of manly beauty, given by the perfectly-shaped though sun-burned hand.

His companion was as unlike him in form and feature, as in dress. Rather below than above the medium height, he was broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, and long in the arm. His limbs were muscular, brawny, and large; and his features, though far from ugly, answered to this outline. A heavy black beard grew all over the lower part of his face, and even down upon his throat; while the infantry cap he wore gave so little protection from the sun, that the upper features were scarcely two shades lighter. Altogether, his was a form and a face we would have selected as a fair specimen of the army, which was then lying some thirty miles from them, at *Agua Nueva*.

Differing in other respects, they were armed and equipped at almost every point alike. Each wore a heavy cavalry sabre, such as is worn by dragoon officers, with light, well-polished scabbard, and long, crooked blade. The hilts were studded with brass, and hung dangling against the saddle behind the riders. Each wore a pair of pistols, one of which was a revolver; and each had stuck in his belt a long, heavy knife—a provision for almost any emergency, from a hand-to-hand fight to an attack upon the tough fare of the soldier. Each carried a *serape*, or Spanish blanket, tied on behind his saddle, and a large gourd tied to the saddle-bow—one of those singularly-shaped things, which look as if two gourds had grown together at the necks, pushing out another neck from the other end of the smaller one. Each, to complete his equipment, carried a haversack, in which there seemed to be no great store of provisions. The only material difference in their accoutrements was a light rifle, carried by the taller of the two, and a small flask and bullet pouch hung around his neck and under his right arm. They were riding the small horses of the country—those hardy and active animals, as necessary and appropriate to this country as the camel to Arabia. They had been riding without water since morning, without rest, except an hour at noon for refreshment; yet these animals showed no signs of fatigue, but stepped as lightly and as proudly as when mounted in the morning.

As evening approached, the plain over which they had been riding began to diminish in width—the two ridges of mountains upon each hand began to close in, and what in the morning had been a deep blue, scarcely distinguishable from the sky, now began to assume the sterile gray colour of granite rocks, relieved here and there by a grove of pines, a patch of grass, or a long line of moss, where the waters ran over the naked rocks in the rainy season. Every few hundred yards they followed the road around some bold spur of the mountains, jutting out into the plain, and covered with a stunted growth of tree and cactus. Gradually increasing in thickness, as they neared the upper end of the valley, the stunted trees began to appear upon the level plain; and a little farther on, a thick undergrowth, like the heather found farther east, almost closed the view from the road.

It was now that a speck of dust, which had been following them since their start at noon, began to close upon them; and soon after another speck appeared far behind, larger than the first, and gradually gaining on it. A few minutes more, and, had not the undergrowth been too thick to allow it, the horsemen might have seen two other horsemen riding their horses at an easy gallop, and standing erect in the stirrups, instead of sitting upon the saddle as Americans do. They were Mexicans, armed in the fashion of the cavalry of that nation, only without the lance, and wearing no uniform, except the national one: slashed pantaloons, numerous buttons, and exceedingly scanty jacket—the shirt appearing in large folds between the two garments, which, on a Mexican, never meet. They were equipped with *serape*, gourd, and spurs, like the Americans, and rode horses of the same breed.

As they rode easily on, the second cloud of dust rapidly closed upon them; and as they reached the covered ground, where they could no longer see a great distance before them, they suddenly pulled up, and turned to meet the new comers, as if they were of the same party. Six dark, fierce-looking fellows rode forward and halted at a sign from one of the first two. Turning a little from the road, they assembled together near a large cactus, and a hurried consultation ensued. Soon afterwards they all came out again into the road. One of those who had ridden before, a tall, swarthy fellow, with fine, though fierce features, assumed the command, and the six again started on, though very slowly. The other two left the road, one on each hand, and rode for half an hour in a swift gallop; then, slackening up, they slowly and stealthily approached the road.

In the meantime the Americans rode easily forward, talking occasionally of some feature of the grand landscape, but the greater part of the time absorbed in the contemplation of one of those stupendous views so often met in Mexico—where mountains of great height and a rugged grandeur come sharply down upon a dead level, as if they had been dropped there from a great height and had sunk deep into the desert. They had been riding since morning, as we have said, almost without rest; and the whole distance, more than twenty leagues, they had been passing over a flat but dry plain—upon the dazzling surface of which no green thing was visible, except different varieties of the cactus, and an occasional stunted tree; while between these, as far as the eye could reach along the endless level, the parched ground showed a surface nearly white, bounded only by the hazy, silvery sheen of the sun upon the sandy ground in the far horizon. Upon each hand, however, in the morning almost beyond view, but closing up like the movement of the wheeling wings of an army towards evening, stretched ranges of mountains of almost equal heights, and almost equally precipitous. They looked like high walls of green and gray, presenting, at the distance of a few miles, an apparently unbroken surface. But as they gradually came nearer, the lonely riders could make out occasional lines of shadow

deeper than the rest; and within these, though they could not see them, were long, winding, wild ravines, cut in tortuous lines, sheer down into the mountains by ever-running springs and roaring cataracts. In these dark retreats were cool grottoes and pleasant groves hanging over precipices hundreds of feet high; crystal mountain-springs, the waters of which were dried by the parched throat of the earth, long before they reached the plain; high pine forests of great extent, sublime in their loneliness; and moss-covered rocks, upon which no foot but that of the mountain-goat had ever trod. As they came still nearer, these ravines yawned out like the mouths of haunted caverns; and it needed but little stretch of fancy to people the lowering darkness beyond with demons and evil spirits.

Immediately in front of our travellers, at the distance of five or six miles, the two ranges of mountains seemed suddenly to have met and recoiled like strangers in a dark place—leaving a gap, apparently some thirty yards in width, cut almost down to the plain; and over this gap two high peaks, with perpendicular and craggy sides, stood, as if gazing down into a fathomless abyss.

"This, I suppose," said the taller of the horsemen, "is the Pass of Pinones?"

"If we are right in our reckoning," replied his companion, "which I doubt. We must find water soon, at any rate." As he spoke, he disengaged his gourd from the saddle-bow, and held it to his lips. "There goes the last drop of that—and warm as new milk, too."

"We shall not find any water, I think," said the first speaker, "until we pass the mountains there; on the other side there is a small stream."

"Yes; and brackish as the brine in the bottom of a mackerel barrel," said the shorter, with a look of great disgust.

"True; but, Hugh, you ought to recollect that we cannot expect all the blessings of a fine country well-watered, in this parched desert."

"Certainly not," said Hugh, "but still there is good water in Mexico."

"Assuredly," said his companion; "and there may be good water within four miles of us now, endless as seems the sand."

"What good will it do us if we cannot find it?"

"It's a pleasant idea, at the least," said the other.

"And only an idea—there's the misfortune," said the less patient of the couple, spurring his horse forward as he spoke. "We have been making reconnaissances for several days," said he; "and now I am for making another—on our own business this time, too."

As he spoke he turned a little from the path, and galloping hastily to the top of one of the spurs which touched the road, cast a rapid glance upon the plain around him. He gazed forward for a minute, and then turned to trace the road over which they had come. A long line of dust, settling gradually back into the road, from which there was not breeze enough to carry it, attracted his attention immediately. It could not be the dust raised by himself and his companion, for they had ridden slowly; and by the distance over which the dust extended, he knew that they who raised it must have ridden rapidly. Another circumstance caught his eye—for men on dangerous expeditions like theirs have their faculties always on the stretch—the line of dust suddenly ceased about two miles in their rear; much more suddenly than the ground would account for. He bent his eyes eagerly on the spot, but the gleaming sun blinded him.

"What are you looking at so steadily?" said his companion, riding gently up beside him. But his eyes, too, caught the cloud, and became fixed.

"There is something wrong there, Manning," said he, unslinging a field-glass from his shoulder, and levelling it at the spot.

"Let us get down," said Hugh Manning, "we are too conspicuous here." But Vernon still gazed through the glass.

"The mountain is behind us," said he, quietly; "they cannot see us."

As he spoke, the sun suddenly dipped behind the western ridge, and the line of his light ran rapidly up the sides of the opposite *sierra*, as if hastening to the sky. All objects immediately became more distinct on the plain, and the dust was no longer visible.

"Quick!" exclaimed Vernon, striking the spurs into his horse so suddenly as to make him bound at once into the plain, half-way down the slope. "Quick!" he repeated, "ride out of sight; the sun is gone, and they may see us."

"But who are they?" asked Hugh, as they both dismounted, and returned on foot to the hillock.

"Eight Mexicans," said Allen; "pursuing us, too. Do you see that—see those two fellows; they are going to outflank us!"

The whole party were now plainly in view through the clear atmosphere of those elevated regions; and every movement was closely watched by those who were in pursuit.

"Shall we fight or run?" asked Hugh, feeling for his knife and loosening his pistols.

"Both," said Vernon; "run while it will avail, and fight only when something is to be gained."

"But our horses!" suggested Hugh.

"And theirs!" said Allen. "We are as fresh as they, and our horses are the same. If we can get away by running, it is certainly our duty to do so—the information we carry we must take into camp; besides, to stop and wait for a fight would be foolish."

"Come, then," said Hugh, "let us be off."

They had mounted their horses, after looking at their trappings to see them secure, during the conversation; and now galloping lightly down the hill, they regained the road, and sprang away with a speed scarcely to have been expected from their jaded horses.

(To be continued.)



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## THE HOME COMPANION:

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## PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

No. XXVI.—NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING HAVE.

THIS is the common apology for rashness in all transactions. "Nothing venture, nothing have," says the speculator, when he enters upon some undertaking which may considerably increase his wealth, or, on the other hand, may consummate his total ruin; which, to use another proverbial expression, may make him "a man or a mouse." The odds are rather extreme between these two positions. But in the present day men are in such a hurry to get rich, that rash ventures take the place of steady industry and perseverance, and men attempt to obtain in a few weeks or months what formerly required years of application and integrity to effect. Hence we have had, particularly of late years, a furious mania for wealth every now and then; men rashly ventured that they might have, and lost that which they had previously got. The annals of Capel-court would give us a curious insight into the numbers of those who, during the railway mania, were determined to have, however great might be their venture, but who found that they took nothing, and lost much. This sentence was then continually in men's mouths, "Nothing venture, nothing have," and the consequences were, that although some of those who really had nothing managed to climb up the ladder, yet that more who had something to venture speedily reduced their noble to nimpence, and were brought down to cheese-parings, like the mouse. The desire for gain out of the ordinary course of trade, and of extraordinary profits with little trouble, or application, seduces men into these venturous speculations, and they venture upon them without calculating the cost of their venture. The most rash are generally those who have the least to lose; and it increases the risk of those who have something to venture, that, besides the ordinary losses which may accrue in any speculation, they have to contend with mere reckless gamblers who go in to win, but who cannot pay if the tide should turn against them. Many a man who has obtained a competency forgets, when he is entering on a speculation that may be capable of consuming all he possesses, that he is staking ease and comfort against beggary and disgrace.

It may be true, that in all matters of commerce something must be ventured in order to secure a profit: a man who locks up his money in a chest without using it, may keep it, but the bare possession will be of no value to him. But the risks of ordinary traffic are capable of being reduced to a certainty, your venture may be calculated, and, if you are content with a somewhat smaller profit, be to a great extent insured. As far as this goes the proverb is true, that if you venture nothing you will gain nothing. But this is not the sense in which the words are commonly used. They are generally applied by some one who wishes you to enter upon some undertaking in which the profits are described as enormously large, but in which the risks are also enormous. Something as full of peril

As to o'walk a current-caring loud  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear,

where you may possibly get over with safety, but if you fall in, "good night." The excitement of this kind of gambling transaction in trade is as attractive to some men as the gambling at cards, dice, and betting is to others. Like the gentleman who is recorded to have said that the greatest pleasure in life was winning money at cards; and the next greatest pleasure, losing. So these nothing-venture-nothing-have traders seem to think the greatest pleasure in life is making money by some daring speculation; and the next greatest, losing. In all trade there must be speculation to a certain extent; it is the very essence of commerce; but reckless gambling in matters of trade is as injurious as in horse-racing, the hazard-table, or cards. And one species of gambling frequently leads to the other. The same spirit, avarice, animates both; the same principle, "nothing venture, nothing have," directs both.

We pride ourselves here in England on the change that has taken place in the higher classes as regards their general *morale*; and their gambling propensities in particular. Where vice does exist, it does not make that unblushing parade of itself which it did a century ago. No prime minister in these days would venture to lead a woman of notoriously bad character through the crush-room of the Opera, in the presence of the Queen, as the Duke of Grafton did Nancy Parsons; no first lord of the Admiralty would permit his mistress to do the honours of his house, as in the days of Lord Sandwich; we do not see our parliamentary leaders wasting their energies in drunken orgies, or in the excitements of the gaming-table, as in the days of Pitt and Fox, when even men like Wilberforce were seduced within the tempting vortex, when sums so large were staked between private gentlemen, that they did not always remember which had won fifty thousand pounds. "At one period of the play," says Lord Carlisle, who rose in the end a winner of £13,000, speaking of a night of play between himself, Lord Ilchester, and Fox, who was then only eighteen years old, and who won £5,000 the same night; "At one period of the play, I remember, there was a balance in favour of one of those gentlemen (Lord Ilchester or Fox), but of which, I protest I do not remember, of about fifty thousand." Where are the winners?—where are those who act upon our proverb, "nothing venture, nothing have," and venture deeply? Does their venture prosper? See this same Lord Carlisle, who did venture thus deeply, sunk into despondency at the age of twenty-seven:—"I have undone myself," he writes to a friend, after a series of losses, "and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. . . . I do protest to you, that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may be kept in countenance by any number of those of my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment; let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country. . . . If any of our expectations should be gratified in the winter, I cannot expect anything sufficient to balance the expenses of living in London. If I accept anything, I must attend Parliament—must live in London. If I am not treated with consideration, I can live here—if that can be called living, which is wasting the best years of my life in obscurity—without society to dispel the gloom of a northern climate—left to myself, to brood over my follies and indiscretions—to see my children deprived of education by those follies and indiscretions—to be forgotten—to lose my temper—to be neglected—to become cross and morose to those whom I have most reason to love! Except that the welfare and interest of others depend upon my existence, I should not wish that existence to be of long duration." He had ventured all the advantages of birth, youth, talent, fortune, and had gained nothing but bitterness.

Although we occasionally hear of dissipated young men in the higher ranks of society indulging in the penurious habit of gambling, venturing deeply, and gaining a loss, yet the vice is by no means so prevalent in the higher classes as it was formerly. In the last century, a fashionable party was scarcely thought complete without its Faro-table; and lords and ladies, in their own houses, held what was called the Bank, which gave them a decided advantage over the other players, and secured their company under the guise of amusing them. They did not, however, altogether escape the suspicion of foul play, and it became a kind of fashion "to hire a professional gamester at five or ten guineas a night, to set up a table for the evening, as we should hire Lablache for a concert, or Weipert for a ball." Then came the establishment of clubs, in which men associated themselves for the purpose of gaming, like Watiers, for instance, of which all the principal members were ruined, and the club was broken up through the forced expatriation of its supporters. Dr. Butler, formerly Master of the Temple, in one of his published sermons, thus speaks of these associations, and the detestable vice they were intended to encourage. "To this sordid habit the gamester joins a disposition to fraud, and that of the meanest cast. To those who soberly and fairly appreciate the real nature of human actions, nothing appears more inconsistent than that societies of men, who have incorporated themselves for the express purpose of gaming, should disclaim fraud, or affect to drive from their assemblies those among their associates whose crimes would reflect disgrace on them. Surely this, to a considerate mind, is as solemn and refined a banter as can well be exhibited: for when we take into view the vast latitude allowed by the most upright gamesters, when we reflect that according to their precious casuistry, every advantage may be legitimately taken of the young, the unwary, and the inebriated, which superior coolness, skill, address, and activity can supply, we must look upon pretences to honesty as a most shameless aggravation of their crimes. Even if it were possible that, in his own practice, a man might be a fair gamester, yet, for the result of the extended frauds committed by his fellows, he stands deeply accountable to God, his country, and his conscience. To a system necessarily implicated with fraud; to associations of men, a large majority of whom subsist by fraud; to habits calculated to poison the source and principle of all integrity, he gives efficacy, countenance, and concurrence. Even his virtues he suffers to be subsidiary to the cause of vice. He sees, with calmness, depredation committed daily and hourly in his company, perhaps under his very roof. Yet men of this description declaim (so desperately deceitful is the heart of man) against the very knaves they cherish and protect, and whom, perhaps, with some poor sophistical refuge for a worn-out conscience, they even imitate."

It required something more than denunciations from the pulpit to put down this vice, or to prevent men from associating together for gambling purposes. Mr. Crookford was the great reformer, for he succeeded, after a time, in teaching the fashionable world, that however deeply they might venture, they would gain nothing. Within the deserted walls of Western he

first set up his Hazard bank; and then commenced building that magnificent Club which bore his name, which sprung up like a fairy palace, adorned with every art that could captivate the senses, every luxury that could enervate the mind. As in humbler life the gaudy fittings of the gin-shop attract the populace, so the den of vice of the higher classes was adorned with a meretricious taste to appeal to the same sensual feelings under a higher state of cultivation and development. And although the purposes for which these gilded saloons and festal chambers were intended were fully known, the fashionable world flocked in crowds to the decoy; the first men of the day gave the sanction of their names to the undertaking; even the Duke of Wellington, although no gambler, was among the original subscribers; and not to be a member of Crookford's was tantamount to an exclusion from the fashionable circle. "Nothing venture, nothing have," became the recognized motto of the club; but most of the members found those words truly meant, "He who enters here leaves hope behind." Scion after scion of the aristocracy was totally ruined in this luxurious pandemonium. We may form some idea of the enormous sums lost by them, when we hear that Mr. Crookford retired in a few years, having realised upwards of a million of money; and, besides this, having numbers of the aristocracy still indebted to him, it is said, to the amount of half a million more, but which he never expected to receive. He obtained all he could; and like the lawyer who was accused of taking a less fee than the dignity of the profession required, consoled himself with the thought that he took all the rascal had got, and what could he do more? There are many queer stories told of some of the gamblers at these clubs:—One old gentleman obtained the nickname of Neptune, because he once flung himself into the sea in a fit of despair, at being, as he thought, ruined: he was fished out in time, found he was not quite ruined, and his cold-bath did not wash away his propensity, for he played on during the remainder of his life. Another gentleman had the sobriquet of "*Le Wellington des Joueurs*" affixed to him, for his skill; but we are told that even he was not infallible, for "he once lost three thousand four hundred pounds at Whist, by not remembering that the seven of hearts was in." He played at Hazard for the highest stakes that any one could be got to play with him, and at one time was supposed to have won nearly a hundred thousand pounds; but it all went, along with a great deal more, at Crookford's.

We have called Crookford the great reformer in these matters. He had regularly cleaned out the aristocratic frequenters of his club, and retired, as it has been said, "much as an Indian chief retires from a hunting country, when there is not game enough left for his tribe." Upon his retirement, the great establishment dwindled away, and shortly ceased to exist as a Club. But during its existence, it had to a very great extent destroyed the practice of gaming in private houses between gentleman and gentleman. A variety of similar, but inferior, establishments to this of Crookford's, sprang up, and became such a general nuisance, that the law interfered to put them down. So that the result of Mr. Crookford's establishment was the enriching of the founder by the ruin of many families of the aristocracy, the increase of public gaming until it became a public nuisance, and the ultimate suppression of these public gaming-houses. Thus the facilities afforded by Crookford's establishment did much towards destroying the habit of private gambling; and by drawing the attention of the authorities to the evils of public gambling, put down the larger portion of the haunts which ruined so many thousands. But the evil is not eradicated; we hear still of many disgraceful transactions of this kind amongst a few of the aristocracy, and more particularly among the military caste. Yet we believe we are warranted in saying that a very great diminution of the practice of gambling has taken place among the higher aristocracy; that a ban has been placed upon it; that it is now never openly encouraged, but is obliged to hide itself in holes and corners, and is confined to small cliques and coteries, amongst which it is disreputable to be known to be mixed up.

Amongst another class of society, however, it is become a fearful and a rapidly-extending evil. We know not to what extent cards and dice are used among the tradesmen and the working-classes, but the practice of betting on horse-races is become so general, that it requires to be interfered with by the Legislature and the Police, as much as the "hells" or as the lotteries of old. We have the authority of a Committee of the House of Commons for stating, that the gambling spirit which was fostered and encouraged by the old lotteries was productive of the most fearful evils to society. "Nothing venture, nothing have" has brought many a family to starvation and ruin. Let us take the case given in evidence by the Rev. Mr. Gurney, as showing the extent this kind of gambling will carry persons who, had it not been for the facilities and temptations held out by the then existing lotteries (and which facilities, though, perhaps, not quite such great temptations as are afforded by the present numerous betting-offices), might have lived with comfort and respectability, but who, from these kind of speculations, have been reduced to the most abject state of poverty and distress. "I knew," Mr. Gurney states, "a widow, in a good line of business as a silk-dyer, which, I suppose, brought her in about £400 a year clear. She kept a very good house, and I was in habits of intimacy with the family. The foreman she had was in the habit of insuring in the lottery. He was led astray by an acquaintance, and he and his mistress insured to the amount of £300 or £400 in a night, although the foreman had only £80 a year wages. It appeared, on his decease, he had insured immense sums of money within the last year of his life. I found that he had expended upwards of a hundred guineas in the lottery, purchasing one ticket at £16, and insuring away the rest. It came up a blank at last; and I verily believe the disappointment was the cause of his death. He died insolvent, and I acted as his executor, and paid three or four shillings in the pound to his creditors. He had received a great many bills for his mistress, which he had never accounted for, and was the ruin of her also; she was not able to pay three shillings in the pound. She

was obliged to go into an almshouse, and died there in four or five months. They would send all the plate she possessed to raise money to carry on an insurance, which had begun, perhaps, at a low rate. The gentleman who drew the foreman into this practice was himself ruined by it. His wife had an annuity of £400 settled on her; he sold her life interest, and she was obliged to live afterwards upon charity; while her husband, who had formerly kept his carriage, and lived in a good house in Queen-square, spent the last hours of his miserable existence within the rules of the Fleet Prison." Hundreds of similar cases might be cited; among which we find wives robbing their husbands, children their parents, servants their masters; suicides were common, and almost every crime that can be imagined has been occasioned, either directly or indirectly, through the baneful influence of lotteries. This is the never-failing commentary on the text, "Nothing venture, nothing have." Lotteries have been abolished; but the same desire to get money by sudden and illegitimate means, finds food in the numerous "betting offices" which have of late sprung up in every street and alley of this great metropolis, which attract alike the great capitalist and the poor working man. All are for having their venture; and all subject to plunder. The knavery and rascality which has become so mingled with horse-racing, as to drive men of character and respectability from the turf, finds many dupes and victims among the merchants, the tradesmen, the artisans, and, more particularly, the "fast young men" of the present day. It would be a curious and instructive document, if some member of parliament were to move for a return from each of the public officers, of the numbers of young men who had lost their situations through embarrassments brought on by betting—by venturing their little nothings, and finding that they got nothing but disgrace. But one of the worst features of the present facilities for gambling afforded by these "betting offices," is, that tradesmen begin to reckon on them as a source of revenue, and give up their time to the mysteries of "making a book," instead of attending to their legitimate business. They place their dependence on a set of men who were characterized by Nimrod, in his celebrated paper on the Turf, as "the most unprincipled set of thieves and harpies that ever disgraced civilized society." And they foolishly expect they are to gain money in their dealings with them. No man can long retain his honesty when he enters upon such a destructive career: the association with knavery and fraud will soon spread its contamination over him; and the gambling tradesman will swell the list of fraudulent bankrupts. How many of these "betting offices," we should be glad to know, could stand one unfavourable "event"; how many miserable dupes would find the doors of the office, where they had staked their money, closed upon them when they called for payment; the keeper "levanted," and the cash-box gone. The most knowing hands are said to be able to "make a book" that is sure to win, whatever may be the event; this must be at the expense of the dupes whom they draw around them. The whole system is knavery on one side, and folly on the other; and it does not require much knowledge of the betting-ring to be able to calculate pretty safely which will win. "Nothing venture;" that is the portion of the text to stick to in such matters; for as sure as you do venture anything, even though you may gain a trifle to begin with, you will soon find that, in the end, you will "nothing have."

## LANGSYNE.

LANGSYNE!—how doth the word come back  
With magic meaning to the heart,  
As Memory recalls the sunny track,  
From which Hope's dreams were loath to part!

No joy like by-past joy appears:  
For what is gone we grieve and pine.  
We're like spun out a thousand years,  
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,  
When, tottering by a mother's knee,  
Each sight and sound had power to charm,  
And hope was high, and thought was free.

Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—  
How sweetly then life's sun did shine;  
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,  
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound I hear  
The rustling of the summer grove,  
And view those angel features near,  
Which first awoke the heart to love.

How sweet it is, in pensive mood,  
At window midnight to recline,  
And fill the mental solitude,  
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah, where are they who shared  
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?  
Kindly with some bark fortune fared;  
And some have bowed beneath the scythe

Of death; while others, scatter'd far  
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,  
Oh! wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,  
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the Mart can never be  
Again so full of guileless truth—  
Langsyne!—the eyes no more shall see,  
Ah, no! the rainbow hopes of youth.  
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell  
To raise the spirit, and refine.  
Farwell!—there can be no farewell  
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

DENTA.

**MUSIC.**—The exquisite sensations which sweet sounds excite are generally said to be by reason of association. A strain which delighted us in early life, whenever it again meets the ear, will, in some measure, restore to the heart the sunshine and the fresh-breathing verdure of youth. A song, which we first heard from the lips that we loved, will ever after thrill through the heart with joy or sadness, according as the passion has been fortunate or unsuccessful. The chain of association is struck, the electric touch is felt through the whole frame, and thoughts that had long slumbered in the breast start at the magic sound into a sudden and vivid existence. Such is the powerful influence of music, that we have known men steeped in sorrow, and of apparently iron frame, who, at the sound of some uniform melody, have shed tears, and have felt the full force of music like children.

## ONWARD!

**GUTTA PERCHA IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.**—Dr. Graves of Dublin, has used, since last November, a saturated solution of gutta percha in chloroform, as a topical application in various diseases of the skin. The success of this novel remedy has been very remarkable.

**DOMESTIC USE OF GAS FOR HEATING.**—Mr. F. Goddard, C.E., of Ipswich, has, it is said, constructed a small portable asbestos gas stove, for heating apartments, of great simplicity as well as portability, the apparatus being contained in a box 12 inches by 9 inches, and 3½ inches deep; also a protected gas-burner for gas cooking stoves, in which the holes are not liable to be choked up.

**LIGHTNING CONDUCTING.**—A discovery akin to that of Mr. G. Little, which has been made public, is said to have been made by Mr. Roger Brown, of Sheffield; namely, that magnetized steel has pre-eminent power to attract the lightning when used in conductors instead of the ordinary article. By this means, and by multiplying the number of points in the head of the conductor, its attractive power is said to be tripled in intensity, its influence extending to some distance round the spot where it is fixed.

**SECURITY OF RAILWAYS.**—It is proposed to provide locomotive drivers with a looking-glass, by means of which, while looking, as they must do, straight ahead, they might at a glance see if anything were wrong with the train, by signal from the guard or otherwise. This is not a new suggestion, however, and we doubt there are hindrances in the way of its practical adoption, such as steam for instance, and soot, which might obscure the face of a mirror precisely at the moment it was wanted.—An ingenious plan of a self-adjusting train-signal, to be applied to each carriage, and linked, by help of what is called pin and star clutch-boxes, projecting as the buffers do, has been suggested by Mr. H. Dircks, of Moorgate-street.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—There seems to be a prospect of extensive advancement in electro-telegraphic communication. Steamers are capable of plying between Newfoundland and Galway in five days, and in connection with this possibility, New York and London are to be brought within five days' time distance, by means of about 48 miles only of submarine telegraph across the St. Lawrence, &c., on the one hand, and on the other, by the Irish telegraph from Galway and across the Irish channel, which it is said will be laid down and completed, in the current year. A submarine Irish, indeed, it is said, will be laid down during the present month, between Donaghadee and Port Patrick, a route 44½ miles shorter than between Kingstown and Holyhead. Two distinct lines of four wires are to be thrown across the channel, and Downing-street and Dublin Castle are to be united in instantaneous communication. The laying down, too, of the Belgian Telegraph from our eastern shore, is to be gone into without delay as the wire is ready. The line is to run from Dover as far as Nieuport.

The advantages offered by the Submarine Telegraph are now about to be greatly extended, both on the continent of Europe and in this country, by the establishment of two Companies under very influential direction, whose object will be the placing of London, Liverpool, and Manchester in direct and instantaneous communication with all the capitals and important commercial towns of France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia and other parts of Germany. To effect this, besides the Belgian, a second cable will be laid down between France and England. Arrangements have also been made, independent of the Newfoundland scheme, for the collection in Boston and New York of telegraphic messages from all parts of the United States, from whence they can be brought to Liverpool by the mail packets, and thence transmitted through these lines to all parts of Europe. But even this is not all; a well-known American telegraphist is now earnestly engaged in promoting the project of extending the telegraph westward to the Pacific, and is sanguine of being able to have it in operation to San Francisco within eighteen months, provided Congress shall make a favourable response to his memorial asking for right of way through the wilderness, and protection to his wires. He seeks no pecuniary aid, but simply proposes to supersede the present system of forts, at long distances, with large garrisons, by establishing stockades twenty miles apart, each of twenty dragoons. He proposes that two or three soldiers shall ride daily each way from each stockade, so as to transport a daily express letter mail across the continent, while at the same time protecting and comforting emigrants and settlers along the public domain. The distance between Missouri and San Francisco is about 2,300 miles. They do things, as well as speak of doing them, on an immense scale, in America. 3,000 miles of telegraph, in an unbroken chain, between New York and New Orleans, were actually completed on the 9th ult. The *New York Times* of the 10th says:—"Last evening the New Orleans telegraphic operators had a chat, for the first time, wire to wire, with their contemporaries in Hanover-street. New York despatches were forwarded and answers received from New Orleans dated one hour after they were received. Thus a message started from this office, traversed 3,000 miles, and arrived at its destination 60 minutes after it started." Mr. Henry Evans, of New Bedford, U.S., has invented a submarine telegraph wire-rope, of hemp yarns, of any thickness required, the yarns being saturated in a composition that is durable and impervious to water. The four strands of which it is composed are made at the same time. A copper, steel, or iron wire, of any required size, is completely bedded in the centre of each strand, and one also in the heart of the rope, making five wires in all. The cavity of the rope is filled solid with yarns, and then a thick coating of the same is put over the outside, making the rope perfectly round. The whole is then covered with iron or copper rods. The machinery is capable of making a rope of any length without splicing. It may be made to weigh from one to twenty tons per mile.—*Bellid.*

## STATISTICS.

**THE HUMAN FAMILY.**—From a curious statistical digest just published, it appears that the human family numbers 700,000,000; and its annual loss by death is 18,000,000, which produces 624,400 tons of animal matter, which, in turn, generates by decomposition 9,000,000,000 cubic feet of gases, which are cleared away from the atmosphere by vegetable matter decomposing and assimilating them for their own uses. This is an interesting subject for philosophy.

**LEIPZIG FAIR STATISTICS.**—The catalogue of the Easter book-fair at Leipzig contains 4,527 works as published, and 1,163 to be published. This is an increase of 700 volumes compared to the Michaelmas fair, and of 800 more than the last Easter fair. The number of publishers by whom the works have been brought out is 903. One house at Vienna has produced 113, and the Messrs. Brockhaus 95.

**AMERICAN RAILWAY STATISTICS.**—The Railroads of Massachusetts are 1,267 miles long; cost 58,000,000 dollars; have paid in dividends the last year, 2,159,000 dollars, or less than 4 per cent. Sixty-eight persons have been accidentally killed by them, and 30 other persons injured. The earnings have been 7,333,000 dollars, and expenses 4,000,000 dollars; and the average rate of speed for passenger-trains is 23 miles per hour.

**CONSUMPTION OF SPIRITS IN SCOTLAND.**—There has just been printed in a Parliamentary paper some accounts with respect to spirits in Scotland. In 1840 the quantity of spirits made in Scotland from unmalted grain numbered 2,298,692 gallons; and from malt only, 6,522,568 gallons. The revenue derived from malt only in that year, used for making spirits, was £236,903 8s. 7d. There were 117 distillers manufacturing malt spirits, and 10 distillers making spirits from malt and grain at different periods. In 1851 there were 4,315,151 gallons made from unmalted grain in Scotland, and 5,723,513 from malt only. The revenue derived from malt used in making spirits was £214,513 8s. 10d. The total number of distillers in Scotland in the same year was 161.

**STATISTICS OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.**—The annual statement of the tonnage employed in the foreign commerce of New York, has just made its appearance, for the year 1851. We learn from it that the number of arrivals were 3,843, of which 2,353 were American vessels, and the balance foreign. The total number of seamen was 55,835. This does not include the coasting-trade. The increase over former years is very decided, and exhibits, in a striking light, the growing prosperity of the nation at large. But this is not all. The business of 1851, as compared with that of former years, displays a marked advance made by American ships in their competition for the carrying trade. This will appear from the following Table, giving a comparative statement of the foreign commerce of New York from 1846 to 1851 inclusive:

| Calendar Year. | No. of Arrivals. | Tons, American. | Tons, Foreign. | Total Tons. |
|----------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------|
| 1846 - - -     | 2,292            | 496,761         | 185,404        | 682,165     |
| 1847 - - -     | 3,147            | 605,482½        | 333,537        | 939,019½    |
| 1848 - - -     | 3,060            | 657,794½        | 367,321½       | 1,025,116½  |
| 1849 - - -     | 3,227            | 734,908½        | 414,096        | 1,148,104½  |
| 1850 - - -     | 3,333            | 807,500½        | 411,766½       | 1,219,337   |
| 1851 - - -     | 3,840            | 1,144,485       | 479,566½       | 1,624,051½  |

**STATISTICS OF STRIKES IN BRITAIN.**—In 1836, the operatives of Preston, to the number of 8,000, struck work for thirteen weeks; and the loss, in a mere monetary point of view, to the town and trade of Preston was calculated at no less a sum than £107,196, whilst from 20,000 to 30,000 individuals were reduced at once to starvation. In the same year, the cotton-spinners of Glasgow struck for a period of seventeen weeks. The total loss to Glasgow amounted to £194,500. In 1834, the result of the combination of colliers in Lanarkshire, and the two adjoining counties, was equivalent to a tax on the inhabitants of £189,000, for a period of eighteen months, besides a loss to the colliers themselves, their employers, and others, during a strike of six months, of £189,000. In this strike, it is also calculated that between 40,000 and 50,000 human beings were rendered destitute. Trade strikes have always proved injurious to the country in which they have occurred; and it is to the interest of every labouring man to avoid combinations of this character.

**STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.**—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings, and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady-bird can fly twenty millions of times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 260 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.—*Bucke.*





## CHARADE.

My first may to a lady be a comfort or a bore.  
 My second, where you are, you may for comfort shut the door.  
 My whole will be a welcome guest  
 Where tea and tattle yield their zest.

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*The Universal Traveller; or, a new way of playing at Jack of all Trades.*

THE traveller quits the room; all the rest fix respectively on the country they wish to represent, somewhat in this fashion;—A Turkish lady twists a handkerchief for her turban, and with a stick appears to be smoking a pipe as she reclines on a cushion. A German student may be represented with mock knapsack, book, turned-down collar, and singing a Rhine song; a German lady should be knitting with feet on a stove. A Laplander, warmly wrapped, should be shown by appearing to drive rein-deer, which may be represented by chairs turned down, and a hearth-rug over his knees. A Gipsy's tent may be easily contrived, and other countries similarly personated; and when all are ready, the traveller comes into the room, and endeavours to guess what nation each represents by their appearance, occupation, &c.

## CHARADES.

I.  
 My first in woods or forests green  
 In all its beauty may be seen;  
 And also where the crackling blaze  
 Its cheerful ruddy light displays.  
 My second, deep beneath the ground,  
 By gloomy toil is sought and found;  
 Then wrought with skill in various forms—  
 The warrior's arm, or maid adorns.  
 See yonder vessel, how she drives!  
 Fast o'er the foaming sea,  
 She nears the land—alas! I fear,  
 My whole she'll quickly be.

II.  
 My first is to a yoke attached,  
 And borne from door to door;  
 If you my second wish to find,  
 The zodiac explore.  
 Now take an atlas, mark the page  
 That gives the Atlantic Ocean;  
 And if you search with diligence,  
 You'll find us, I've a notion.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE ACE OF DIAMONDS—"A ROUGH DIAMOND."

## PARADOXES.

I.  
 How can a mechanic file a square hole with a round file, and fill up an oval hole with a round stopper?

II.  
 Mathematicians affirm that, of all bodies contained under the same superficies, a sphere is the most capacious; but surely they have never considered the amazing capaciousness of a body whose name is now required, and of which it may be truly affirmed, that supposing its greatest length nine inches, greatest breadth four inches, and greatest depth three inches, yet under these dimensions it contains a solid foot.

## PROBLEM.

Divide into two equal parts eight gallons of wine, contained in a cask, with a five-gallon measure and a three-gallon measure.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is an impertinent fellow like a waterman?
2. Why is your father's mother like the tallest soldier in the foot-guards?
3. Why is a beggar like a barrister?
4. What precious stone is like a door?
5. Why is a peach-stone like a regiment?
6. Why is an angry person like a loaf?
7. Why is London like the letter E?
8. Why is a wedding ring like eternity?
9. Why is the human mind like sealing-wax?
10. What burns to keep a secret?
11. Why is a thinking man like a mirror?
12. Why is a sycophant like the hands of a clock?
13. What is that which ties two people together, and touches only one?
14. Logs I have none, and yet I go and stand;  
 And when I go I lie, witness my hand.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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## PICTORIAL CHARADE.—ON-WARD!

ENIGMATICAL BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS.—1. FOX-GLOVE. 2. BLUE-BELL. 3. HARE-BELL. 4. WATER-LILY. 5. COWSLIP. 6. DANDELION. 7. DOG-ROSE. 8. VIOLET. 9. GROUND IVY. 10. MAY.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. MITE, TIME. 2. FEELS, SLEEP. 3. TEN, NET.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because it is an Attic story.
2. A re-bus.
3. Because he is going to Bag-dad.
4. We snuff the candle.
5. Because it makes both ends meet.
6. Because he is in-arm.
7. Because a friend in-kneed is a friend indeed.
8. Because they feel-loss-of-eyes (philosophize).
9. Because his capital is doubling (Dublin).
10. Because they cannot put up with short commons.
11. Because he has an attachment to carry on (carriage).
12. Because it's barking.
13. A secret.
14. Music.
15. Because it always has a pupil under the lash.
16. The dark.
17. Because there is not a single person in it.

CHARADE.—LIVER-POOL.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

**HOW TO GET RID OF YOUR CORNS.**—Rub them over with toasted cheese, and let three or four hungry mice nibble them for a night or two.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a *bit* too long."

**TACT.**—The art of wheedling a rich old relation, winning an heiress, or dismissing duns with the payment of fair promises.

**TASTE.**—The art of discerning the precise shades of difference constituting a bad or well-dressed man, woman, or dinner.

It was told Lord Chesterfield, that Mrs. M——, a tarmagant and scold, was married to a gamester; on which his lordship said, "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

A GENTLEMAN, just married, telling Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his *dear wife*,—"She is truly your *dear* wife," replied the wit.

FELIX MCCARTHY, of the Kerry militia, was generally late on parade,— "Ah, Felix," said the sergeant, "you are always late." "Be asy, sergeant Sullivan," was his reply; "sure some one must be late."

A PRINTER observing two bailiffs pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked, "that it was a new edition of 'The Pursuits of Literature,' *unbound, but hot-pressed*."

In the newspaper account of an inquest held on the body of a glutton, who died by devouring part of a goose, the verdict, *suffocation*, was printed with more truth than was intended, *stuffed*.

COLONEL M——, of the Perthshire cavalry, was complaining, that, from the ignorance and inattention of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet,"—"and *trumpeter*, I presume," said a lady present.

THE equivocality of many of the names of places in Scotland, has given occasion to a very amusing saying regarding a clergyman. "He was born in the parish of *Dull*, brought up at the school of *Dunse*, (*quasi* Dunce,) and finally settled minister in the parish of *Drone*!"

ONE meeting an acquaintance, who was a printer by profession, inquired of him, "If it was true Mr. ——— had put a period to his existence?" "No, no," replied the typographer, "he had only put a colon, for he is now in a fair way of recovery."

LIE LEWIS, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," said he, "to kill game on my manor but myself, and I'll shoot you, if you come here again." "What," said the other, "I suppose you mean to make game of me?"

**ADAMS.**—A ledger kept by ladies for the entry of compliments, in rhyme, paid on demand to their beautiful hair, complexions fair, the dimpled chin, the smiles that win, the ruby lips, where the bee sips, &c., &c.; the whole amount being transferred to their private account from the public stock.

SYDNEY SMITH, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion, that of all nations, Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said, that he had evidently made a great mistake, and that his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

## THE NOSE.

'Tis very odd that poets should suppose  
There is no poetry about the nose.  
When plain as is the nose upon your face,  
A noseless face would lack poetic grace.  
Noses have sympathy; a lover knows  
Noses are always *touch'd*, when lips are kissing;  
And who would dare to kiss where nose was missing?  
Why, what would be the fragrance of a rose,  
And where would be our moral means of telling  
Whether a vile or wholesome odour flows  
Around us, if we owned no sense of smelling?  
I know a nose, a nose no other knows,—  
'Neath starry eyes, o'er ruby lips it grows;  
Beauty is in its form, and music in its blows!

**BUSINESS TECHNICALS.**—The language of Price-Currents, in commercial newspapers, is often amusing, and it is not uncommon to see announcements somewhat like the following:—Railroad Stocks, though *languid*, are beginning to *look up*. Feathers are *heavy*, but Lead is growing *light*. Spirits are *low*, in prospect of a new law, but Cordials are *rising*. Oranges are *flat*, but Figs are becoming more *firm*. Dry Goods are a *drag*, and Domesticates are *slack*. Lumber is *short*, and holders are more *stiff*. Flour is *dead*, but Hops are *quick*. Nails are *dull*, and all Provisions *dished* for the present. Cattle, neat, are *brisk*, and Swine *easy*. Coal is *fair*, and Wood has a *better feeling* since the cold set in. Wool is *lively*, and Cotton *beginning to move*. Molasses *sticks* in first hands; Candles are *tending upwards*. Fish are *steady*, and Hump in *less demand*. Hides, salted, are *smarter*, but Indigo holders look *blue*. Hops are *less active*, and Crash is *more quiet*. Soap, common, rubs *hard*; Ashes abundant and *fine*. Teas, black, hold their *grounds*, but Greens are quite *flat*. Hay is *down*, and Hoops are getting *tight*. Limes are unusually *slack*, and Spice is *scarce*. Specie is *below par*, but Brass still commands a *premium*.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

**TACT.**—One of the most important applications to which the philosophy of mind may be subservient, is the sagacious exercise of the power of analysis, in avoiding subjects of conversation, and even words and actions, from which suspicion could extract any simple that forms a part in its own unhappy combinations; more particularly, in guarding against any remark which could suggest to another a train of ideas, the reverse of that which policy would dictate or humanity prompt.

There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bowet;  
In every herb on which you tread  
Are written words, which rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,  
To hope, and holiness in God!

**POWER.**—The passion for power is one of the most universal; nor is it to be regarded as a crime in all its forms. Sweeping censures on a natural sentiment cast blame on the Creator. This principle shows itself in the very dawn of our existence. The child never exalts and rejoices more than when it becomes conscious of power by overcoming difficulties and compassing new ends. All our desires and appetites lead aid and energy to this passion, for all find it a source of gratification in proportion to the growth of our strength and influence. We ought to add, that this principle is fed from nobler sources. Power is the chief element of all the commanding qualities of our nature. It enters into all the higher virtues; such as magnanimity, fortitude, and constancy. It enters into intellectual eminence. It is power of thought and utterance which immortalizes the products of genius. Is it strange that an attribute, through which all our passions reach their objects, and which characterizes whatever is great or admirable in man, should awaken intense desire, and be sought as one of the chief goods of life?

## MOTTOES FOR SUN-DIALS.

By the Rev. W. Lisle Bowker.

MORNING SUN.—*Tempus volat.*

Oh! early passenger, look up—be wise,  
And think how, night and day, TIME ONWARD FLIES.

NOON.—*Dum tempus habemus, operamur bonum.*

Life steals away—this hour, oh man, is lent thee,  
Patient to "WORK THE WORK OF HIM WHO SENT THEE."

SETTING SUN.—*Redibo, tu nunquam.*

Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking now—  
He shall return again—but never thou.

**THE ATMOSPHERE.**—The pressure of the atmosphere upon bodies is at the rate of 2,232 pounds weight upon every square foot, or upwards of 15 pounds upon every square inch. The question arises:—What benefit does the creation derive from so enormous a pressure? It is by this pressure that the force of the circulating juices, or the elastic force of the air contained in the blood of animals, or in the sap of plants, is prevented from too much distending their arterial vessels. Winds may be said to be caused from an imperfect equilibrium of the atmosphere, which equilibrium is from the tendency to maintain an equal pressure. A column of air, whose base is a square inch, and the height that of the whole atmosphere, weighs 15 pounds; and the weight of air is to that of mercury as 1 is to 10,800; whence it follows that if the weight of the atmosphere be sufficient to raise a column of mercury to the height of 30 inches, the height of the aerial column must be 10,800 times as much, and consequently a little more than five miles. But as the air is capable of expansion, it renders this calculation extremely erroneous, and therefore, philosophers have had recourse to another method, in order to determine the height of the atmosphere; namely, by a calculation of the height from which the light of the sun is refracted, so as to become visible to us, before he himself is seen in the heavens. By this method it was determined, that at the height of 45 miles, the atmosphere had no power of refraction; and consequently, beyond that distance was either a mere vacuum, or the next thing too it, and not to be regarded. In a word, it appears that the absolute height of the atmosphere is not yet determined. The beginning and ending of twilight, indeed, show that the height at which the atmosphere begins to refract the rays of the sun, is about 45 miles. But if meteors be bodies of real fire, how could that fire be continued at so great a height as many of them are seen, without air to support it? That is one of the objections raised against the foregoing calculation of the real height of the atmosphere.

**THE FARMER'S CREED.**—We believe in small farms and thorough cultivation. The soil loves to eat, as well as its owners, and ought therefore to be nurtured. We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making both the farm and farmer rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things, and therefore in deep ploughing, and enough of it—all the better if with a subsoil plough. We believe that the best fertility of any soil is the spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence—without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl or plaster, will be of little use. We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm-houses, good stock, and good orchards. We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a clean cupboard, dairy, and conscience. We firmly disbelieve in farmers that will not improve; in farms that grow poor every year; in starved cattle; in farmer's boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmer's daughters unwilling to work; and in all farmers who are ashamed of their vocation.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS**  
I have effected a wonderful CURE OF LAMENESS OF FIVE YEARS' DURATION.—Extract of a letter from Mr. Drandairil, of Turks' Island, Bahamas, dated August 3, 1851.—"To Professor Holloway.—Sir, I suffered during five years from lameness, occasioned by a severe cold, which confined me to my room for two years and a half, during which period I tried various remedies, but derived no benefit whatever from them. I was then recommended to try your excellent medicines, and from their use I have experienced the greatest relief. They have proved most efficacious in my case, as I am now enabled to walk without assistance, and am entirely free from pain."—Sold by all Druggists, and at PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 254, Strand, London.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel of proclians the man."—*Hamlet*.

**EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN KNOWS**

How difficult it is to find a tailor who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of each figure, and can suit its requirements with a well-cut gentlemanly fitting garment, in which ease and taste, being equally regarded, the eye of the observer is pleased with its graceful effect, while the comfort of the wearer is secured. Hence it is that so few feel "at home" during the first day's wear of any new garment, and so many are apparently doomed to appear in clothes, however costly, that never can become adapted to their forms. To remedy so manifest a deformity in costume, FREDERICK FOX adopts this means of making known that he has practically studied both form and fashion in their most comprehensive meaning, and in the course of an extensive private connexion has clothed every conceivable development during the past thirteen years, always adapting the garment, whether coat, waistcoat, or trousers, to the exigencies of its individual wearer, and the purpose it is intended to serve, thus invariably attaining elegance of fit with that regard for economy which the spirit of the age dictates.—F. FOX, practical tailor, 73, Cornhill, same side of the way as the Royal Exchange.

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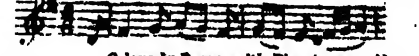
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### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 7.

**Boiling.**—The most stupid of culinary processes is not often performed in perfection; it does not require quite so much nicety and attendance as roasting; to skim your pot well, and keep it really boiling (the slower the better) all the while—to know how long is required for doing the job, &c., and to take it up at the critical moment when it is done enough—comprehends almost the whole art and mystery. This, however, demands a patient and perpetual vigilance, of which few persons are unhappily capable. The cook must take especial care that the water really boils all the while she is cooking, or she will be deceived in the time; and make up a sufficient fire (a frugal cook will manage with much less fire for boiling than she uses for roasting) at first, to last all the time, without much mending or stirring, and thereby save much trouble. When the pot is coming to a boil, there will always, from the cleanest meat and clearest water, rise a scum to the top of it; proceeding partly from the foulness of the meat, and partly from the water: this must be carefully taken off, as soon as it rises. On this depends the good appearance of all boiled things, an essential matter. When you have skimmed well, put in some cold water, which will throw up the rest of the scum. The oftener it is skimmed, and the cleaner the top of the water is kept, the cleaner will be the meat. If let alone, it soon boils down and sticks to the meat; which, instead of looking delicately white and nice, will have that coarse and filthy appearance we have too often to complain of, and the butcher and poultry are blamed for the carelessness of the cook in not skimming her pot with due diligence. Many put in milk, to make what they boil look white; but this does more harm than good: others wrap it up in a cloth; but these are needless precautions. If the scum be attentively removed, meat will have a much more delicate colour and finer flavour than it has when muffled up. This may give rather more trouble—but those who wish to excel in their art, must only consider how the processes of it can be most perfectly performed. A cook who has a proper pride and pleasure in her business, will make this her maxim and rule on all occasions. Put your meat into cold water, in the proportion of about a quart of water to a pound of meat; it should be covered with water during the whole of the process of boiling, but not drowned in it; the less water, provided the meat be covered with it, the more savoury will be the meat, and the better will be the broth in every respect. The water should be heated gradually, according to the thickness, &c., of the article boiled; for instance, a leg of mutton of ten pounds weight should be placed over a moderate fire, which will gradually make the water hot, without causing it to boil for about forty minutes; if the water boils much sooner, the meat will be hardened, and shrink up as if it was scorched—by keeping the water a certain time heating without boiling, its fibres are dilated, and it yields a quantity of scum, which must be taken off as soon as it rises, for the reasons already mentioned. "If a vessel containing water be placed over a steady fire, the water will grow continually hotter, till it reaches the limit of boiling; after which, the regular accessions of heat are wholly spent in converting it into steam; the water remains at the same pitch of temperature, however fiercely it boils. The only difference is, that with a strong fire it sooner comes to boil, and more quickly boils away, and is converted into steam." Such are the opinions stated by Buchanan in his "Economy of Fuel." There was placed a thermometer in water at that state which cooks call gentle simmering—the heat was 212°, &c. the same degree as the strongest boiling. Two mutton chops were covered with cold water, and one boiled fiercely, and the other simmered gently, for three quarters of an hour; the flavour of the chop which was simmered was decidedly superior to that which was boiled; the liquor which boiled fast, was in like proportion more savoury, and, when cold, had much more fat on its surface; this explains why quick boiling renders meat hard, &c.—because its juices are extracted in a greater degree.

**PAPIER-MACHÉ.** W. JAMES.—A name given by the French to an artificial substance, applied to many useful and elegant purposes. It is made of the waste cuttings of paper, boiled in water, and beaten to a pulp in a mortar. It is afterwards mixed with size to give tenacity to the paste, and when brought to the proper consistency it is

pressed in moulds of an infinite variety of forms; and thus made into tea-boards, trays, snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, &c. which are afterwards coated with pigments, varnished and ornamented.

**PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.** G. S.—Our correspondent should refer to the various rules we have given in the HOME COMPANION on this important subject. Sir William Paulet, who died in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at the age of ninety-seven, gave the following answer to a person who had inquired how he had preserved his health:

"Late supping I forbear:  
Wine and excesses I forswear:  
My neck and feet I keep from cold:  
No marvel then, though I be old  
I am a willow, not an oak;  
I bend, but never hurt with stroke."

**THE TRUE WAY TO RISE IN THE WORLD.** J. T.—It is only by glodding active habits of industry that we can hope to win our way through life. The race may be arduous but it is one which will well repay the competitor. Barrow justly says, "A noble heart will disdain to subsist like a drone upon honey gathered by others' labour; like a vermin to slich its food out of the public granary; or like a shark to prey upon the lesser fry; but will rather outdo his private obligations to other men's debt and toll, by considerable service and beneficence to the public; for there is no calling of any sort, from the sceptre to the spade, the management whereof with any good success, any credit, any satisfaction, doth not demand much work of the head, or of the hands, or of both." Milton, who, during an active life in the most troublesome times, was unceasing in the cultivation of his understanding, thus describes his own habits:—"Those morning haunts are where they should be, home, not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labour or devotion; in summer as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read till the attention be weary, or memory have its full draught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render light, to clear, and not lumpy obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty." Any man who does not profit by such noble examples is an enemy to the public weal, and is consequently



BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

**GAME OF DRAUGHTS.** J. MEER.—The nine laws for regulating the game of draughts are as follows:—1. Each player takes the first move alternately, whether the last game be won or drawn. 2. Any action which prevents the adversary from having a full view of the men is not allowed. 3. The player who touches a man must play him. 4. In case of standing the huff, which means omitting to take a man when an opportunity for so doing occurred, the other party may either take the man, or insist upon his man, which has been so omitted by his adversary, being taken. 5. If either party, when it is his turn to move, hesitate above three minutes, the other may call upon him to play; and if, after that, he delay above five minutes longer, then he loses the game. 6. In the losing game, the player can insist upon his adversary taking all the men, in case opportunities should present themselves for their being so taken. 7. Persons not playing, are not to advise, or in any manner interfere with the game of either party. 8. To prevent unnecessary delay, if one colour have no pieces, but two kings on the board, and the other no piece but one king, the latter can call upon the former to win the game in twenty moves; if he does not finish it within that number of moves, the game to be relinquished as drawn. 9. If there are three kings to two on the board, the subsequent moves are not to exceed forty.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—W. PATRICK W. (We shall be glad to receive the papers.) MATHEW (Laughing gas is the appellation given to nitrous oxide, and is made by putting three or four drachms of nitrate of ammonia, in

crystals, into a small glass vessel, which being held over a spirit lamp, the crystals will melt, and the gas be evolved. Having thus produced the gas, it is to be passed into a large bladder having a stop-cock; and the person who wishes to experience its effects, should first exhale the atmospheric air from the lungs, and the cock being placed to his mouth, it is turned, and he at once inhales the gas.) CIVIS (Blaze-lane, Bucklersbury, is the vulgar appellation for St. Oystin's.) H. GARYSON (We have not space for directions on carving. Mr. Kitchener observes, that a prudent carver will cut fair, and regulate his help by the number he has to divide them amongst, taking into this reckoning the quantum of appetite the several guests are presumed to possess. For other particulars we refer our correspondent to the "Cook's Oracle.") TIMOTHY (The greatest and surest preserver of health is cleanliness.) JESSIE (To make cold cream, take oil of almonds, one pound; white wax, four ounces; melt, put into a warm mortar, add by degrees, rose water, one pint; it should be very light and white.) IMAZUKAN (The word comma is derived from the Greek, and properly designates a segment, section, or part cut off from a complete sentence. Semicolon is derived from the Latin *semi*, which means half, and the Greek *kolon*, which signifies a member.) EMPYROS (The celebrated riddle of the Sphinx in classic story was this, "What animal walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon, and on the three in the evening?" The answer is *Man*, who, in infancy or the morning of life, walks or creeps on his hands and feet; at the noon of life he walks erect; and, in the evening of his days, or in old age, supports his limbs on a staff.) SYRISO (Climax consists in an artful exaggeration of all the circumstances of some object or action, which we wish to place in a strong light.) S. J. (Vignette is a French term, used to designate the descriptive or ornamental picture sometimes placed on the title-page of a book, sometimes at the head of a chapter, &c.) RUSTICUS (We can offer no suggestions respecting the golden lands of Australia, beyond advising our correspondent not to leave a comfortable certainty for the chances to which all are liable, of ill-success and misery. He should remember:

"Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be pecked up in a glittering grief,  
Or wear a golden sorrow.")

W. THOMAS (begin with some elementary works. Dr. Gregory's "Outlines of Chemistry," will be found very useful.) C. E. S. H. (will appear in an early Number.) G. C. (the first Number is now sold.) HENRICUS (the quotation from Hudibras is correct.) WAO (The extract is from Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel.") J. BARBARA (We do not know of any work on the subject.) EYON (We are strong lovers of peace, and have therefore no desire to waste the time of our correspondent, nor our own. Butler's opinion of an argument is worth remembering:

"This jargon, heathenish invention,  
Is good for nothing but contention;  
For as in sword and buckler fight,  
All blows do on the target light;  
So when men argue, the greatest part  
Of the contest falls on terms of art,  
Until the fustian stuff be spent,  
And then they fall to th' argument.")

H. M. (Cherries, pippins, and the apple called golden rosettes, were first planted in England in 1553, at Tenham, near Milton, in Kent, in a piece of ground about 166 acres in extent, called the Breunet, by Richard Harris, hunter to King Henry VIII.) D. JANKINS (Dr. Pretty, an English physician, appears to have found a very simple means of arresting the hicough. It is sufficient to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.)



Printed by WILLIAM TYLEN, Bolt-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT,  
69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 33.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms."*

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 500.)

### CHAPTER XII.

**FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD.—MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.**

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme:

"Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

"What! only pretty well?" returned she. "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town. This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear Charles, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my lady Blarney vastly; so very

obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"

"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter, "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months."

This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a plan well fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually throes them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to

entrusted him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters, sitting in their room, Moses for the fair; trimming his hair; brushing his buckles, and looking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. (See engraving, page 481.) He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck, good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."

To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger seven-pence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, watches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a wassel with her purse, as being the most lucky;—but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and taking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he, though he had observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost discretion, this air of diffidence highly displeased my wife.

"I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more discretion than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."

"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of it myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will."

As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repetition, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by beginning to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his best of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing.—Just as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back!"

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings, and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds, five shillings, and twopence, is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of paltry green spectacles?"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain; or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I; "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence! for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

"I know, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known his company."

"Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "bring me some stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a provoling sharper, who observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell.

"Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

## CHAPTER XIII.

MR. BURCHELL IS FOUND TO BE AN ENEMY. FOR HE HAS THE CONFIDENCE TO GIVE DISAGREEABLE ADVICE.

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantages to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable that you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a Giant and a Dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go and seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the Dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen very little injury, who lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor Dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the Giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the Dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded giants, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The Dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but, for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the Giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel, who was relieved, fell in love with the Giant, and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The Giant, for the first time, was foremost now; but the Dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Whether the Giant came, all fell before him; but the Dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the Dwarf lost his leg. The Dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the Giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport! let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.' 'No,' cries the Dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser; 'no, I declare off; I'll fight no more: for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.'"

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it; Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all. She knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future.

"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her more, "as for secret reasons, you are right: I have secret reasons, which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave, therefore, now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country."

Thus saying, he took up his hat, nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to approve.

"How, woman," cried I to her, "is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that there were the kindest words; and to me the most unpleasant, that ever escaped your lips."

"Why would he provoke me, then?" replied she; "but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well! He would prevent my girls from going."



to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter's company here at home. But whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he."

"Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?" cried I; "it is very possible we may mistake this man's character, for he seems upon some occasions the most finished gentleman I ever knew.—Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?"

"His conversation with me, sir," replied my daughter, "has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else, no—never! Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor."

"Such, my dear," cried I, "is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men, and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice."

What Sophia's reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased, at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little; but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent; it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## FRESH MORTIFICATIONS, OR A DEMONSTRATION THAT SEEMING CALAMITIES MAY BE REAL BLESSINGS.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon, Mr. Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated therefore in full council what were the easiest methods of raising money, or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough, without his companion, and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye; it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above mentioned, at the neighbouring fair; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back, to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual form, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him: a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home: a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money: a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots: a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right; and St. Gregory, upon "Good Works," professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergymen, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse we were shown into a little back-room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation: my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man, "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman, hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was in any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous

monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

"Sir," cried I, "the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr. Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great. You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say, successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age."

"Sir," cried the stranger, struck with awe, "I fear I have been too familiar; but you'll forgive my curiosity, sir: I beg pardon."

"Sir," cried I, grasping his hand, "you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you'll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem."

"Then with gratitude I accept the offer," cried he, squeezing me by the hand, "thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy! and do I behold—"

I here interrupted what he was going to say; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects: at first I thought he seemed rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem; for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much.

"Ay, sir," replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment, "ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages.—What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world!—Banchoniaton, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara kai aetelaton to pas*, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser,—Asser being a Syriac word usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglai Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser,—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd; for as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world; so he attempted to investigate.—But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question."

That he actually was; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had anything to do with the business I was talking of; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made an observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject, therefore, inensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair: mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced; and, in half an hour, struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbour Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman, having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country. Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour,

"If that be the case, then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together: I remember I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop on one leg farther than I."

A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability. The draft was signed, and put into my hands; and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late: I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I "Ephraim Jenkinson?"

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too,—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek and cosmogony, and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ah," continued he, "he has but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it away whenever he finds a scholar in company; but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come,—in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears, Mr. Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies, having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours, too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ALL MR. BURCHELL'S VILLAINY AT ONCE DETECTED.—THE FOLLY OF BEING OVERWISE.

THAT evening, and a part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarcely a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinions best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr. Burchell, with whom it had been seen, and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects; but what particularly engaged our attention was a sealed note, superscribed, "The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle." It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broken open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family, and at their joint solicitation I read as follows:

"LADIES,

"THE bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes: one at least the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed, for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided."

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed, indeed, something applicable to both sides in this letter, and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written, as to us; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had met with; nor could I account for it in any other manner than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in to tell us that Mr. Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles; to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness; to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with a sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down.

"A fine day, Mr. Burchell."

"A very fine day, Doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain by the shooting of my corns."

"The shooting of your horns!" cried my wife in a loud fit of laughter, and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke.

"Dear Madam," replied he, "I pardon you with all my heart, for I protest I should not have thought it a joke had you not told me."

"Perhaps not, Sir," cried my wife, winking at us; "and yet I dare say you can tell how many jokes go to an ounce?"

"I fancy, Madam," returned Burchell, "you have been reading a jest-book this morning, that steeple of jokes is so very good a conceit; and yet, Madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."

"I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her; "and yet I have seen some men pretend to understand that have very little."

"And no doubt," replied her antagonist, "you have known ladies set up for wit that had none."

I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself.

"Both wit and understanding," cried I, "are trifles without integrity; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many; for what is genius or courage without a heart? An honest man is the noblest work of God."

"I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope," returned Mr. Burchell, "as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties; so should that of men be prized, not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods through life without censure or applause? We might as well prefer the tame correct paintings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence; on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And indeed Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular, thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power, where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel and cowardly, whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations sound well," returned I, "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, Sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, Sir, this pocket-book?"

"Yes, Sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance, "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."

"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay, never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know this letter?"

"That letter," returned he; "yea, it was I that wrote that letter."

"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully presume to write this letter?"

"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do is to swear at the next Justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book and so hang you all up at this door."

This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch, that I could scarcely govern my passion,—

"Ungrateful wretch! begone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness! begone, and never let me see thee again! Go from my door, and the only punishment I wish thee, is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormenter!"

So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the elapsa with the utmost composure, left us quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villainies.

"My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices."

Guilt and Shame, says the allegory, were at first companions, and in the beginning of their journey, inseparably kept together. But their union was soon found to be disagreeable and inconvenient to both: Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at last consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner; but Shame being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which in the beginning of their journey they had left behind. Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, Shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remainings."

(To be continued.)

AMBITION'S FATE.—In the historic page, you, of course, find hundreds of men celebrated in their victories: amongst others, Alexander, Philip, Cæsar, Hannibal, Pompey, Anthony, Pyrrhus, Sylla, Selenus, and, in your own time, Napoleon. But it is equally true, that in the page you find it recorded, that in all campaigns, the conduct of all and each of these individuals was governed by ambition, not patriotism—personal aggrandisement, not the good of their subjects or fellow-countrymen. And what was their several rewards? Alexander and Hannibal, a cup of poison; Anthony died the death of a suicide; Pyrrhus was killed by a brick, thrown by a Spartan woman; Sylla was killed by vermin; Philip, Cæsar, Pompey, and Selenus, were assassinated; and Napoleon died on the rock of St. Helena, an exile from his country.



SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THIS distinguished statesman was born in the parish of Dore, in the county of Inverness, in the year 1766. His father was John Mackintosh, Esq., of Kellachie, who, during the first years of a long military life, served in the German war in the same regiment with Major Mercer, well known as the author of a small volume of elegant poetry.

When young Mackintosh was thought old enough to be placed under male tuition, he was sent to the school of Fortrose, in Ross-shire, where talents were elicited and observed, which gave encouragement to his friends to determine upon his receiving a university education. Accordingly he was placed in King's College, Old Aberdeen, where he passed through the usual course of study and discipline with the greatest credit. From Aberdeen he repaired to the University of Edinburgh, in which he spent three years, chiefly in medical studies, preparatory to taking up the degree of doctor of medicine, and applying himself to a regular practice in that profession. Robertson and Smith, Clark and Brown, were then in the zenith of their fame at Edinburgh; and in addition to the study of medicine, he was won by their celebrity to an attention to their several works, and his early and profound study of them laid the foundation for that mature knowledge of men and things for which this able man has so long been renowned. His mind became soon and seriously directed towards general literature; moral, political, and speculative philosophy; in fact, almost every subject in preference to that which he had first taken up, and which at no period of his life he very diligently cultivated. He received his medical degree in the year 1787, just at the time that he began to resolve on abandoning the profession, and devote his life to more miscellaneous investigations and pursuits.

On visiting London, in the year 1789, he was induced, by the excitement of the public mind on the subject of a Regency, to write and print a defence of the claims of the Prince of Wales to the unfettered and unrestricted exercise of the functions of Regent. This was his first essay as an author. The work, however, passed into oblivion almost from the press; and the author, foiled in this effort to obtain political celebrity, repaired to the continent to renew his medical studies, and prepare himself for some settled plan of life and action.

The period of his arriving in France gave a decision to his political creed and character, at the same time that it diverted his attention from the further study of medicine. The Revolution had commenced, and as yet had given no symptom of its proceeding beyond a struggle for rational and constitutional freedom. Mr. Mackintosh was impressed in favour of the early system of the first movers in that great affair, and soon set about his famous "Vindication" of the men and their principles, which acquired for him the friendship of Mr. Fox, and an early celebrity among the Whigs of England. The chief object of the pamphlet was to counteract the effect of Mr. Burke's "Reflections;" and although that gentleman was naturally displeased at any opposition to his favourite views, the work was written with a spirit and talent which even he was constrained to admire, and which gained for Mr. Mackintosh the friendship of that renowned philosopher and statesman.

Anxious for some regular plan of disposing of his time Mr. Mackintosh,

in 1792, entered himself as a student of Lincoln's-Inn, was soon called to the bar by that society, and commenced the practice of the law. Scarcely had he entered upon this new career, than a severe domestic affliction befel him, in the loss of his wife, to whom he had been married but about three years. She was a Miss Stuart, of Edinburgh, and her death left him a mourning husband with the care of three daughters. This heavy calamity rendered as great a variety in his pursuits as possible requisite for his excitement and relief; and among them he betook himself to the study of the law of nations, in which he is supposed singularly to have excelled. Having digested the subject, and the plan of a course of lectures upon it, he applied to the benchers of Lincoln's-Inn to allow him to deliver them in their hall. The spirit of party at that time ran remarkably high, and threw considerable obstacles in the way of his purpose. A political motive and design were ascribed to the proposal, and some few Tory zealots insinuated that he only aimed to establish the revolutionary principles in this country, which had resulted in such dreadful excesses among the French. A complete refutation of the calumny was given in the publication of the Introductory Lecture, which he printed under the title of "A Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations."

This publication answered the writer's purpose in every respect. The ability and acuteness it displayed, ensured him the attendance, on his Lectures, of a large number of the wisest men of the age and nation; while the air of candour and truth that pervaded it gave the lie to every charge of a revolutionary purpose, and every apprehension of an injurious effect. Not only did Mr. Fox and his friends lavish their praises upon the author, and prepare to listen with favour to his lectures; but even Mr. Pitt, then, a bencher of Lincoln's-Inn, repelled the charges of his assailants, and spoke of the discourse in terms of decided and warm approbation.

In the year 1798, Mr. Mackintosh entered into a second marriage with the daughter of J. B. Allen, Esq., of Cressilly, in the county of Pembroke. The fruits of this marriage were two daughters and one son.

The prosecution of M. Peltier, in 1803, for a libel against Bonaparte, then first consul of France, and the ally of this country, must be well remembered. The trial took place, at the instigation of Bonaparte, in the Court of King's Bench, and is a memorable event, if it were only on account of the distinguished men employed in it. Mr. Perceval, afterwards first minister of state, was then attorney-general, and conducted the prosecution; and Mr. Abbott, (late Lord Tenterden, and chief-justice in that court,) was second counsel on the same side. Against this array of talent and power, Mr. Mackintosh appeared as the single counsel in Peltier's defence; nor had the defendant any reason to regret the choice he had made. It gave the zealous and ingenious young lawyer an admirable opportunity for introducing with effect his favourite topics—the bright prospect held out by the dawn of the French revolution—the disappointment of the hope it inspired by the horrors in which it terminated—the adventurous and ambitious career which Bonaparte was pursuing—and the military despotism which was likely to be established upon the minds of Gallic liberty. On these and other points Mr. Mackintosh spoke with an energy and excellence far surpassing every hope that had previously been formed of his professional powers, and which established his fame as an advocate and orator of the highest rank.

From this period, if not some time before, he was viewed by the ministry as an individual who might be employed, with advantage to his country, in some important office of her wide dominions. The recordership of Bombay was offered to him, and, after some hesitation, he accepted the appointment, and spent nine years in the service of that presidency with great ability and effect. To his communications in the *Asiatic Register* we are indebted for several valuable facts relating to the island, its government, and its inhabitants—the latter were computed by him, with greater probable accuracy than by any other writer of that time, to be about one hundred and fifty thousand. We believe that Dr. Buchanan was materially indebted to his researches, for assistance in his voluminous works on India. A severe illness obliged him to return to England in the year 1811; when he might have been employed in some high station at home, had not his principles prevented the union it would have required with the friends of the late Mr. Pitt, who were then in power, with Mr. Perceval at their head.

Sir James Mackintosh—for he was now a knight—entered the House of Commons, as representative for the county of Naism, in Scotland, in July, 1813. His first parliamentary efforts, we must confess, somewhat disappointed even his most sanguine friends. But if he failed to please on this occasion, Sir James amply redeemed his reputation in the following year, when he delivered one of the most eloquent speeches, on the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, ever heard in parliament.

His great parliamentary effort was directed to the amendment of the criminal code—a task begun by the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly, and taken up as a solemn bequest by his friend and representative. His first motion on the Criminal Laws, relative to the capital punishment of felony, was introduced by a speech very superior, both in point of style and argument; and he was supported in his call for a committee by several very able members, particularly Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Buxton, and Mr. Scarlett. The result was a signal triumph over the ministers who opposed the motion, by a majority of nineteen—147 voting in his favour, and 128 against him.

We have not room to follow this great senator through all the subjects on which his ardour and eloquence were expended: In the following years, the Admiralty privileges—the Church of Scotland—the affairs of Naples—the Congress of Laybach—the condition of Sicily—the Catholics of Ireland—the oppression of the Greeks—the Juries of Scotland—the conduct of the Scottish Lord Advocate—the government of New South Wales—together with his chief subject, the Criminal Code—called forth his talents, and gave occasion for the House to witness the ardent perseverance of his spirit in defence of general liberty, union, and happiness. Other measures were



sely advocated by him, though with less immediate success; he lived long enough, however, to see many of them called into action. The measure of Catholic Emancipation he rejoiced to see carried, though it was by his enemies; and the important measure of Parliamentary Reform, which was brought forward by his political friends, he advocated with all his powers, and saw nearly passed into a law before he closed his eyes upon all sublunary scenes.

In the year 1822 Sir James was elected, in preference to Sir Walter Scott, the rival candidate, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and was re-elected without difficulty the following year.

The eminent literary talents of Sir James Mackintosh require no eulogium. The portrait published of his "History of England from the Reformation to the Death of Queen Mary"—his "Biographical Sketch of Sir Thomas More"—and the numerous historical articles he wrote for the *Edinburgh Review*, show the accuracy of his critical abilities, the justness of his views on political subjects, the comprehensive powers of his understanding, and the candour and liberality of his character. But it was not to historical inquiries that his mind had been singly or even chiefly directed. Few, if any, surpassed him in the extent, variety, and correctness of his knowledge in every department of moral and political science. His continuation of Mr. Stewart's "Dissertation on Ethics" is a magnificent monument of multifarious and extensive reading, nice discrimination, candid judgment, and profound speculation on subjects the most difficult and most interesting to mankind. As a politician, Sir James Mackintosh always appeared amongst the foremost to vindicate the rights, to extend the knowledge, and to promote the happiness of the people. As a barrister, he was distinguished by one of the most splendid discourses ever delivered in an English court of justice. As a judge, his decisions were remarkable for their soundness and discretion, and their accordance with the various systems of national law he was called upon to administer. As a parliamentary orator, the vehemence of his argument was tempered by the gravity befitting one who had filled a judicial situation; but he was at all times the eloquent and copious expounder of liberal opinions, the advocate of humanity, and the enemy of cruelty, persecution, and oppression. His eloquence was of that warm description which is congenial with the truth and diffusion of generous sentiments. He had great disadvantages to contend against as a speaker. Amongst the most prominent was a harsh voice, a strong provincial accent, and an uncouth delivery. But the warmth of his feelings, the power of his language, and not unfrequently the depth of his reflections, enabled him to triumph over every defect; and though it was late in life when he entered the House of Commons, he acquired a reputation, a popularity within its walls, such as many have not been able to acquire under circumstances much more favourable. Yet it may be said with truth, that his mind was better fitted for philosophical investigation than for active political warfare. The natural bent of his understanding led him on all subjects to the investigation of principles, and the habit of philosophical arrangements he had acquired, aided by a strong and retentive memory, left him at all times in full possession of the extensive knowledge he had treasured up. His temper was calm and placid, his conversation that of a man of letters, rich and varied, and fraught with anecdotes. His disposition was obliging, perhaps to a fault, and led him often to sacrifice to others the time that had better been bestowed on the prosecution of those studies in which he was so eminently qualified to excel. No man was less habitually attentive to his private interests; and though he passed his life in a state far removed from affluence, no temptation ever induced him to abandon the principles or desert the political friends of his youth. In the domestic circle, he was a man of warm and amiable affections; and in Christian society he shone as the advocate of whatever was sacred and hallowed. Whatever he believed to be instrumental in advancing the cause of truth and goodness, that he highly prized and conscientiously supported.

His last illness was but short. The attack of which he died may be said to have originated in an accident. In the year 1832, Sir James, while at dinner, attempted to swallow a portion of the breast of a boiled chicken; but the morsel remained in his throat, and gave rise to several distressing symptoms in deglutition and respiration. At the end of two days the obstruction was removed by an emetic, and it was found to consist of the flesh of the chicken, with a portion of thin bone, upwards of an inch in length, embedded in its centre, and projecting at one side in a sharp point. The effects of the accident completely unsettled his general health. He afterwards laboured under increasing debility, and occasional attacks of severe pains in his head, shoulders, and limbs. A few days before death the pains suddenly ceased. Febrile symptoms set in, and the head became affected. Although this change was not, and in a great measure subdued, by the treatment prescribed by the medical gentlemen in attendance, the consequent debility was too great for his constitution to resist, already oppressed by the weight of sixty-six years.

At the present moment great efforts are being made to raise a fund for the purpose of erecting a monument to this eminent British statesman and lawyer. A preliminary meeting has been held at Lansdowne House, attended by some of the most distinguished literary men of the present day, under whose auspices, it is hoped, a suitable testimonial will be erected, to record the virtues and genius of Sir James Mackintosh.

**ANTICIPATED PLEASURE.**—Pleasure owes its greatest zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a schoolboy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour. Now that is true of schoolboys is equally true of men. All they differ in is the price of their fiddle.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 505.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

"Bootless speed;  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies."—MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.  
"The night is coming on fast."—FESTUS.

OUR friends, whom we thus met again in a strange land, had been actuated by the restless spirit, engendered in a body by long inaction; and, at their own request, had been allowed to accompany a reconnoitring party, set out five days previous to the day upon which we again find them riding along over a wide plain. They had been separated from their companions, by an accident which does not concern us, and had stumbled, while following unintelligible directions (the only directions they ever gets in Mexico), upon the information, which they supposed their companions had not acquired—namely, the presence in that quarter of a large body of well-appointed cavalry, afterwards ascertained to be the advance guard of Santa Anna's force, under General Mina. With this information, which they erroneously supposed they were alone in the possession of, they had, for three days, been endeavouring to make their way to Agua Nueva, a place keeping numerous parties of the enemy, they surrounded themselves with, to trust the speed of their horses, when they discovered the danger of their position.

"Their horses must be much faster than I suppose mine," said Allen, as they rode forward at a quick pace, "if they have us beating."

"What puzzles me," said Hugh, "is why they have not come up with us, and attacked us on the plain."

"There's nothing to puzzle you in that," answered Vernon; "there they could only attack us openly."

"Yes; but they are four to one, and whatever that proportion may be between two armies, here, where the numbers are eight and two, they might be pretty sure of victory, even in an open plain."

"True," said Allen; "but I suppose each one of these fellows values his whole skin, and they want to capture us without damage to themselves."

"That they shall not do, anyhow," said Hugh coolly; and he examined each of his weapons successively.

"Well," said Allen, with a smile, after watching the scrutiny, "are they all in order?"

"Perfectly," said Hugh; "powder as dry as my throat."

"The latter, I suppose, wouldn't object to a little moisture?"

"Perhaps not," said Hugh; "nor be very particular about the kind of moisture, either."

They rode on thus for several miles, talking lightly, as if they were in no danger, and each rather holding in the spirit of his horse than urging him forward.

"What do you think was the object of those two fellows?" asked Hugh, making a gesture to indicate the Mexicans.

"To get ahead of us, I presume," said Allen, "and begin the work to be finished by their friends as they came up."

"Let us ride up this hill and get a view of the road." As he spoke he pushed his horse up the hill, followed by Allen. They turned round on the summit, and gazed along the road over which they had just passed.

"There they are!" exclaimed Vernon. "There! just in the shadow of that large bush, beyond the second point."

"I see them. What are they about?"

"Consulting, I suppose, about what is to be done," said Allen, "when they ought to be doing it with all their might."

As he spoke, the cluster of men, scarcely more than a mile from them, suddenly rode out into open view, and they could distinctly see one of them point his sword towards them. A moment afterwards they all took the road at a pace which promised speedily to overtake the chase.

"Let us be off," said Allen; and plunging down the hill, on the other side, they set off at the top of their speed.

"We have nothing to trust but our heels now, I see," said Hugh; "and if they fail, we must fight."

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," said Allen, striking his spurs into his horse's flank as they again reached the level road. But, as he spoke, his horse sprang forward, came down upon a cactus leaf, which lay in the road, and slipping, fell full upon his head, doubling his neck literally under his body, and throwing his rider far over his head. He struggled once or twice, and then his limbs stretched out, and he was still. Hugh checked up his horse so suddenly as almost to share the fate of his companion; and before Allen could rise, he was beside him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously; "are you hurt?"

"My arm is broken, I believe," said Allen. "Get on your horse, Hugh, and ride on. I will lay in the chaparral here till you bring assistance. Three or four hours will bring you to Agua Nueva."

"No, no!" said Hugh. "You get up behind me—"

"That won't do," said Allen, hastily; "it would only insure the loss of both our lives; and besides, I could not ride now."

"I'll not leave you, at all events," said Hugh. As he spoke he drew a knife from his pocket, and cut a large branch from a bush, and approached his horse. Fixing the branch securely in the crupper, he gave the animal a sharp blow with the flat of his sword, and started him off at a gallop. The bush fell against his legs, and frightened him into a swift pace. Hugh watched him until he disappeared along the road, plunging and running with maddened speed. Then, returning to his companion,

Allen threw himself upon the ground, and Hugh kept continuing to



"In front of the house of Bonaro and his daughter Catharina was a kind of arbour, so disposed as completely to conceal the walls from any eye on the opposite side of the ravine."

stopping, from time to time, to gaze forward and listen. He proceeded thus some two hundred yards, when he suddenly came in view of a large fire, built on the side of the road, and burning as if recently supplied; but not a soul was to be seen near it—not even a sentinel. The fire illuminated the chaparral for several yards around it, and threw the glare of its light along the road, almost to the spot where he stood. He lay flat upon the ground, and attempted thus to penetrate the darkness; but though he could see a long distance into the chaparral, no sign was to be seen of any living thing about it.

"The stupid fools," he muttered to himself, "I wonder if they think any American is ass enough to venture up into that light."

He lay still, seeing through the stratagem at once, and kept his eyes fixed upon the illuminated space.

"They must have smoked our trick, and are lying there to shoot us as we pass. Well, they are determined to have light enough, anyhow, though that defeats its own object—it burns too brightly to be mistaken for a long-deserted fire."

As he lay thus silently canvassing the stratagem, his ear caught a slight noise just without the circle of light, and about one hundred yards from him. Soon afterwards the bushes slowly parted, and although the fire was now burning low, his posture enabled him to see a dark form pushing through. He halted, and turning his head, listened attentively for several minutes, and then came forward into the light. It was the same Mexican who led the pursuing party. He stopped, and listened again, inclining his ear to the ground. Apparently satisfied, he walked quickly towards the fire, and threw on it a bundle of furze branches. Having done so, he stepped quickly back, and again all was still and silent as before.

Hugh waited to see no more. He rose quietly and cautiously to his feet, and walked stealthily back to his companion.

"We must leave the road," said he; "the cut-throats are waiting for us in the chaparral, and they will soon be seeking us. Let us go back a short distance, and then take off to the left."

"Why not to the right?" said Vernon, as he rose painfully from the ground; "we can reach the pass sooner in that way."

"Because the *hombre* I saw was on the right," said Hugh, "and they would certainly not be on both sides; we thus lessen the chances of being discovered."

"You think they would not be fools enough to arrange themselves so as to fire into each other?"

"I hope not," said Hugh, leading the way back.

They walked perhaps a quarter of a mile on the road, and then turned off to the left, pursuing a course as nearly perpendicular with the road as possible. Pushing their way cautiously among the chaparral, and occasionally coming in contact with the needles of a heavy cactus, they walked on for nearly a mile. At the end of that distance, they found themselves

rapidly ascending the plateau which descends gradually from all these ridges to the plains. The thick undergrowth, however, still continued so as entirely to shut them from view without; and now and then they found mingled with it a trunk of the so-called palm. Hugh tried to get a view to the rear, by climbing a tree, Allen lying down again in excruciating pain upon the ground.

"We must go further up," said Hugh, descending; and they again resumed their walk. After walking nearly another mile their progress was suddenly stopped by a deep ravine, which cut obliquely across their path; and on looking over the side, they found it strongly illuminated, though from whence they could not discover. At the same moment they were hailed by a sharp female voice in front.

"*Quien va la?*" was called out in shrill though musical notes, and at the same moment they caught a view of a female figure wrapped in a light cloak, standing a few yards before them, in an attitude denoting surprise and fear.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Therein be them full fair did entertain,  
Not with such forged shows, as fitter been  
For courting fools, that courtesies would faine,  
But with entire affection and appearance plaine."—*FABRIC QUEENE.*  
"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture, dignity and love."—*PARADISE LOST.*

"Amigos," answered Allen, whose Spanish was much more ready than Hugh's.

"Americanos?" asked the woman.

"Si, Senora," answered Allen; "but still friends, and in distress."

"Soldados?" she again asked.

"Si, Senora," broke in Hugh, "*y oficiales*. The Mexican women all respect officers," he continued aside to Allen.

"I hope you not claim officers yourself, therefore?" said the woman, in English quite as pure as was Hugh's Spanish.

"We do not, indeed," replied Allen. "We were endeavouring to escape from a party of cavalry who were pursuing us, when my horse fell with me, and broke my arm. They are pursuing us yet, and we are unable to fight them; so you see our distress is real."

As he spoke, he advanced towards her, and threw his sword at her feet.

"See!" said he, "we throw ourselves upon your mercy."

She looked at him timidly by the light which now streamed upon him from below, and still seemed half inclined to fly. She was reassured, however, and was almost immediately joined by another—a venerable-looking old man, with long, white hair, and a calm, grave, and almost melancholy countenance. He was dressed entirely in black,—wearing, instead of the



national blanket, a loose flowing robe, and instead of the usual *sombrero*, a cap nearly in the shape of a priest's mitre.

"What is it, Catharina?" he asked, as he slowly climbed the bank.

"All right," said Hugh; "that voice is as good as the sight of a squadron of Harney's dragons."

There is much, very much, in the tones of a voice almost as much as in the lines of a face; and this voice was full and strong, though soft, kind, and musical, with, perhaps, the slightest possible touch of trepidation.

"Two Americans," said Allen, advancing immediately, "claim your hospitality. We are in distress, and your face and voice deceive me much, if we are turned away without relief."

"Relief is due to every fellow being in distress," said the old man, in English, "of whatever nation he may be."

Allen briefly told the story of his accident, and asked for shelter until he could find the means of returning to his friends.

"I was educated in the United States," said the old man musingly, "and have been kindly treated there, where I needed kindness."

"Then," said Hugh, "you will not refuse us what we ask?"

"What I have, you shall have," said he. "I cannot promise you very good entertainment; but such as our retreat affords I will cheerfully give. You seem to be suffering, sir?"

"I am, extremely," said Allen faintly. "I fear my friend has bound my broken arm too closely."

"Catharina," said he, turning to the female, who had stood looking on with an air of interest, "run down and prepare the couch in the south room, this gentleman will need it."

As she turned to obey her father, for such he was, Hugh, who had been watching her with some interest, caught a side view of as fine a face as is perhaps ever met among that race. He was particularly startled by seeing that she had hair of a light auburn—a colour as rare among this people almost as among the Indian tribes. A high forehead, a straight nose, and a small mouth and chin were all he could see; and yet even this partial view remained before him after she had disappeared, like the shape of the sun when the eyes are withdrawn from it. The old man stood a moment gazing down the mountain.

"That fire, I presume, marks the place where your enemies are?" said he. Hugh turned, and could now see a fire some three miles from them and apparently far below the level on which they stood.

"Yes," he replied, "eight men are waiting there to murder us."

The old man sighed as he turned away, as if incurring over the horrors of war. But his attention, as well as that of Hugh, was immediately attracted to Allen. The arm of the latter had become so painful as to be intolerable. He had sunk upon the ground, as the reaction from excitement withdrew his strength, and was now insensible.

"Let us carry him down," said the old man; and taking him carefully up, they bore him down the rapid descent.

As they turned a kind of shoulder in the rocks, some twenty feet below the surface upon which they had been standing, a singular and wild scene broke upon the view. Immediately in front of them stood a long house, the perpendicular rock of the ravine forming the back wall, from which the thatched roof slanted to the front. The house was narrow and low, almost entirely covering the ledge upon which it was built, and itself concealed from view from above, by long and tangled masses of moss, and overhanging bushes and vines. In front of the house was built a kind of arbour, so disposed as completely to conceal the walls from any eye on the opposite side of the ravine; and the vines which grew upon the roof were trained to wind along the rough cedar posts and hang gracefully over the ledge among the long festoons of silvery moss. The building itself was of stone, roughly hewn, and cemented together with something which looked like clay—the sharp corners of the rocks standing out so as to give the house almost the appearance of a mere pile of stones. It was scarcely two steps from the front wall to the edge of the rock; and, falling over that edge, one would have gone down hundreds of feet before reaching the bottom.

The fire which our friends had first seen was now burning low; and served only to illuminate the inside of the arbour at the end of which it was built, and a few feet beyond. Over the abyss of the ravine brooded the most impenetrable darkness, and from this spot even the sky looked dim and far, as one sees it from the bottom of a well. The old man led the way into the arbour and along its full length. At the other end, after passing three doors, he pushed open a fourth and stepped in.

Catharina stood within, arranging a soft couch, over which was spread a coverlet of the snowiest whiteness; and on a thin projecting stone, almost like a small mantel piece, stood a small silver lamp, the chain of which dangled almost to the floor. The walls were hung with a light wavy fabric of pale pink colour, which now looked nearly white; and the floor which was the natural rock, had been by some process worked almost perfectly smooth and level. The ceiling was white and blue alternately, in strips of the same fabric with the hangings, so arranged as to meet upon the level rafters and thus conceal the mode of fastening. The only visible furniture in the room was the low bedstead, a divan set against the wall, covered with cushions of the prevailing pink hue, and a large chest, carefully covered with an oiled canvas cloth; in front of the divan, intended for the feet, was laid a kind of mat, formed of the fibre of the *maquay* plant. Over the head of the bed was hung a crucifix, and from a loop in the hanging depended a small rosary of gold and ivory beads. Opposite to this hung a picture of the Virgin, painted in oil, in which the painter had caught the heavenly and rapt look upward, so often seen in Catholic paintings. Upon the divan lay a Bible, and from the end of the ribbon, which served as a marker, hung a small gold pencil, the head set with an emerald of great size.

It was Catharina's room which she was thus giving to a stranger, and she looked in all respects the appropriate mistress of the place. She had thrown off the light cloak which she wore at first, and now appeared in a loose, white dress, slightly tied at the waist, and betraying the undulations of her form at every movement. She was exceedingly fair; a complexion probably heightened by the pale hues about her; and as the light of the lamp fell upon her face, Hugh thought it glanced from her smooth skin, as from polished marble. She was above the medium height, and her straight and graceful carriage made her seem even taller than she was. Her hair, as we have said, was light auburn, and now hung in rich, waving masses entirely unconfined, except by a narrow band across her forehead, over a neck white and smooth as alabaster, and shoulders round and polished. Her arms were bare to the elbow, showing the clearest skin and most perfect contour. Her eyes were large and of the softest blue; while around her full, red lips played a smile of winning softness. As they bore Allen in, however, this smile gave way to an expression of grave concern; and as her eyes met Hugh's the latter thought her expression that of an angel come to comfort him in distress. Hugh was not constitutionally very poetical; but all the romance in his nature was now called forth, tinging his manner, affecting a voice not naturally unamused, and softening features always prepossessing.

"Has he fainted?" she asked, as they laid him on the bed.

"Yes; bring some water," said her father.

She drew the hangings aside and revealed a recess within, where, upon a smooth stone projecting from the natural wall, stood a silver pitcher and several goblets of the same material. She filled one of these with water from the pitcher, and dropping the curtain again the recess was entirely concealed.

"Sprinkle it in his face," said her father, "while I remove this jacket," and he proceeded to do so, giving directions to Hugh now and then to assist him.

Catharina sprinkled a few drops in Allen's face, after which she moistened her fingers in the goblet, and rubbed them gently over his forehead and temples.

"Give him a few drops to drink—get some fresh," said her father.

Handing the goblet to Hugh she got another and passed out at the door and around the corner of the house. Here was a small, silvery fountain trickling out from among the rocks, and running across and over the ledge, reaching the bottom of the ravine only in light spray. She held the goblet under the jet and ran back into the room, where now the old man was removing the bandages from Allen's arm. She held the goblet to his lips, and he soon began to give signs of returning animation.

"He has not had any water since early this morning," said Hugh.

"Early yesterday morning," said Catharina; "it is nearly sunrise."

"His voice was soft, gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman!" and the apparent sharpness which alarm had given it was no longer perceptible.

"I had forgotten," said Hugh, gazing earnestly at her.

"You had better assist," said she, pointing with a quiet smile at Allen. "My arm is not broken."

"True," said Hugh; "I hope it never will be—nor your heart either."

"The *caballeros* of Monterey say I have none to be broken," said she.

"They are mistaken, I am sure," said Hugh earnestly; but the old man called him to the side of his friend, and Catharina passed out into the open air.

"These bandages," said the old man, "have been tied far too tight—and over-exertion has thrown your friend into a fever. Fortunately, my poor skill is sufficient to dress the arm properly, and I hope to manage the fever, too. But he will not be well enough to be removed, perhaps, for a month or more."

"If he is only safe," said Hugh, "that will make no difference."

"That I think he will be," said the other. "We are living here during the troubles, having been driven from Monterey by the approach of your army, and we see none except one female servant, and, once in a week, a man in my service, who brings us supplies from Saltillo."

"When does his visit occur?" asked Hugh.

"I expected him last night," said he; "and his not coming was the cause of our being up so early. The fire you saw was a beacon to him, in case he had lost his way on the mountain."

"Can he be trusted?"

"We need not trust him at all," said the other. "He only stays an hour or two and returns to Agua Nueva for the night."

"Where are we, Hugh?" asked Allen, attempting to rise.

"You must not rise," said Hugh, laying his hand on his breast. "We are among friends, and safe for the present."

"I remember now," said Allen, sinking back.

"You must try to sleep," said the old man. "Let us remove his clothes, sir, and then leave him; nothing will do him so much good as sleep."

Allen submitted quietly; and almost before they had undressed him, he was in a deep, torpid sleep. Hugh and the old man passed out, and the latter drew the heavy door gently too.

(To be continued.)

THE mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is, indeed, no blessing of life that is, in any way, comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

**SYMPATHY.**—To find one who hath passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, of hope or fear—one that hath no memory of the past and no thought of the future—one that hath no sympathy with humanity, and no feeling in common with the rest of the species.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER TO THE "HOME COMPANION."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

With No. XXXIV. will be published a carefully prepared Sheet (uniform with the "HOME COMPANION"), with Illustrations, of RULES, HINTS, CAUTIONS, and DIRECTIONS, that will assist in preventing, checking, or curing Disease. By A DISTINGUISHED HOSPITAL SURGEON.

### EXTRACT FROM THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION:

"My object is to furnish such rules, hints, cautions, and directions, that, if followed, will assist in preventing, checking, or curing disease; alleviating pain; and perhaps preventing death or serious permanent injury, likely to result from accidents, imprudence, or wilfulness. We know that medical aid cannot always be commanded at once, especially in country towns or villages; and for want of proper directions, many a life or limb may be lost, or rendered permanently useless. Therefore, to obviate such disastrous results, I have compiled the following pages, which will furnish ample directions for all the common emergencies, diseases, and accidents, that are likely to come under the notice of an individual during their career in life; and, in order to make the directions more explicit, I have occasionally introduced neat little woodcuts. It should be borne in mind by every one that reads these pages, that I do not attempt to instruct them in the treatment of serious diseases or accidents. Books will not supply this information; it is only to be acquired by practice and thought. My object is, 1st, To enable people generally to distinguish a disease or accident of a serious kind from one that requires only a simple remedy, so that professional aid may be sought immediately; 2nd, To enable all persons to treat simple diseases or accidents; and 3rd, To enable any one to act in emergent cases, until such time as medical aid can be procured."

## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## THE SOCIETY OF ARTS AND THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.

THE extension and improvement of the various societies that have been formed for the diffusion of information among the people, under whatever names they may be called,—such as Scientific and Literary Societies, Mechanics' Institutes, and Athenæums,—is a most grave and interesting question, that well deserves to be thoroughly discussed and understood. Hitherto these societies have been left to their own unassisted efforts, without any organized system for their development. In small towns they generally spring up from the efforts of two or three energetic individuals, are carried on for a short time with vigour; and, the novelty over, dwindle down into comparative inactivity. The real advantages of these institutions do not seem to be yet fully appreciated; the class for whom they were particularly intended have not so fully availed themselves of their benefits as might have been expected; the artisans and working classes, particularly in the smaller towns, have been rather shy of them, and they have received their principal support from a more wealthy class, for whose convenience a larger amount of their funds has been devoted to the expenses of the common reading-room department, than is consistent with the real objects of these institutions, and lectures, aiming more at amusement than sound practical instruction, have become common among them. The reason of this is obvious: the directors, in order to gain support from the higher classes in these small towns, who look upon themselves as above the need of instruction, have been compelled to study what will attract them, more than what is most to the advantage of the humbler classes of society, or than what in reality would be the most beneficial for the very classes whose taste they now cater for. At present, scarcely anything like a systematic course of lectures, fully examining and explaining any given branch of science or literature exists. On the contrary, the object seems to be to crowd as great a variety of subjects as possible into a course of lectures, without the slightest regard to their congruity with each other. Thus we have a lecture on the atomic theory, followed by one on the writings of Charles Dickens, and that succeeded by a grave treatise on probabilities, and followed by one on Dibdin's songs. A strange medley, if intended for instruction; but supplying, as these institutions do, the only thing in the shape of public amusement in many country towns, the variety may be charming enough, if it is not very instructive.

Still with all their imperfections these institutions have done much good; they have afforded the means of thought to many,—they have excited in many the desire for information and knowledge,—they have placed the means of gratifying their desire within the reach of many who otherwise might have remained in enforced ignorance. And even taking them at the very lowest, they have opened an innocent source of gratification and amusement. It is, however, most desirable that a higher tone should be

given to them, and new life, as it were, infused into them. Those who have taken the deepest interest in their formation and extension, and the first to see the deficiencies under which they labour, and are most anxious to devise some systematic measures of improvement to be adopted. With this view, Mr. Harry Chester,—who was one of the originators, and, since the commencement of the Society, has been the President of the Highgate Literary and Scientific Institution,—wrote a letter in November last to Mr. Grove, the Secretary of the Society of Arts, with the view of calling the attention of the Society to the question, and to invite them to join in making an effort to develop existing institutions of this class, to create new ones, and to affiliate them on the Society of Arts. In speaking of the present state of these institutions, he says: "There is now scarcely a town or considerable village which has not its institution under some form and name; but, with very rare exceptions, the institutions are generally in a languishing condition, both as to funds and as to usefulness. I do not mean to assert that they are of no use; but merely that they are not half as useful as they might be. The Exhibition has given us some very significant hints that it is not only the education of our poor children that needs to be improved; high and low, rich and poor, old and young, have all an education question to be solved; have all a very real and urgent need of knowledge, and of knowledge of that kind which a literary and scientific institution, if fully developed, is well calculated to assist in affording." The three principal defects in existing institutions he thinks, are:—First. They are not sufficiently practical in their aims. Secondly. They are isolated, and have no means of combining with other institutions for the public good. Thirdly. They have no connection with the great central associations which pursue, under national auspices, the objects of literature, science and art. Under each of these heads he gives some excellent suggestions, which we may again refer to; he sums up, however, with propounding the means for giving combined action to the different institutions: "What we want, however, is a central office in London, to which we could apply for advice, information, and assistance. Such an office might form an extensive staff of lecturers; men eminent in their special subjects, might collect illustrative specimens and diagrams, and, on application, supply the local institutions with lecturers and lectures on almost any subject." And he suggests that the Society of Arts should take up the matter, as, "above all others, the Society of Arts appears to be a Society with which institutions might unite, by affiliation, with mutual advantage."

This letter was at once taken into serious consideration by the Council of the Society of Arts, and a committee, with the Marquis of Lansdowne at its head, was appointed to frame a course of proceeding with reference to the objects recommended by Mr. Chester. A series of questions were drawn up, and sent to a very large number of the institutions; and a very considerable proportion of these having expressed their cordial approval of the general idea of a combination of many local institutions in union with the Metropolitan Society of Arts, it was determined by the Council of that Society, that a Conference should be held between the representatives of Institutions and the Society, with the view of agreeing upon the best modes of proceeding in reference to the wants and wishes of the institutions, and to the Society's means of meeting them.

This conference met on Tuesday, the 18th of May, under the Presidency of the Marquis of Lansdowne; and we give names of the noblemen, public men, and other gentlemen, connected with literature, science, and art, who attended and sanctioned the proceedings of the day, both by their speeches and their presence, as an indication of the deep interest that is felt by men of all ranks and parties in the progress and improvement of these Societies. The peers present were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Harrowby, Earl Granville, and the Bishop of Oxford. Of members of the House of Commons, there were Lord Ebrington, the Right Hon. Milner Gibson, the Right Hon. H. Tufnell, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Hume, Mr. Moffatt, and Mr. Strutt. Among the gentlemen connected with literature, science, and art, were the Very Rev. Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir David Brewster, Sir C. Lyell, Sir J. Bolleau, Dr. Lyon Playfair, Professor Mosely, Professor Soley, Mr. Babbage, Rev. Dr. Booth, Mr. Harry Chester, Mr. Cole, C.B., Mr. C. Wentworth Dilke, Mr. Leonard Horner, Mr. Hullah, Mr. Charles Knight, and Mr. Tooke.

The proceedings of this conference must be regarded merely as the preliminary step to a great contemplated improvement. The resolutions proposed and unanimously agreed to were mere general resolutions confirmatory of the expected advantages of the union, and the general principles on which it should be formed. The first resolution, which was moved by Earl Granville, and seconded by Mr. Strutt, was as follows:—"That the success of literary and scientific institutions, and mechanics institutes, in the cultivation of literature, science, and art, and in the diffusion of useful knowledge, might be powerfully promoted by the combination of many institutions in union with the Society of Arts, on the basis of perfect security to the continued independence of the institutions, and the freedom of their self-government." The immense number of these institutions scattered throughout the kingdom, and their influence upon adult education, cannot fail to be greatly improved by union and combination among themselves; and this combination can only be effected by having some central society as the medium of communication, and certainly no better choice could have been made than the Society of Arts, which is fairly entitled to the honour of being considered as the parent of most of the various literary, scientific, and artistic associations which have sprung up in this country. We are told that at present the literary and scientific institutions, and the mechanics' institutes, number upwards of 70,000 members, and that 850 of these societies have responded to the queries sent out by the Society of Arts, and expressed their desire for

such union. We need no further proof of the desirability of such union. The great object must be to carry it out upon principles which shall allow the most perfect freedom of action to the individual institutions; and this principle, we are bound to say, is recognised by the Society of Arts in its widest extent. The Marquis of Lansdowne, in the speech in which he opened the proceedings of the meeting, distinctly and emphatically disclaimed, on the part of the Society of Arts, the slightest desire to impose anything like control over the regulations of any society. "The basis of such a combination," he says, "must be the perfect independence of every individual member; and all that is sought on one side to be obtained, and on the other to be granted, is the true and useful communication of knowledge." Earl Granville also said, "That there was not the slightest intention on the part of the Society of Arts, to constitute themselves a governing body; their only aim, on the contrary, was to be a medium of communication, and to act ministerially. The want of union among those local institutions had been greatly felt in different parts of the country. It was no part of the scheme, however, that these different societies should be in any manner interfered with by the parent society. The object was to enable the local societies to do by co-operation what they could not do so well, if at all, if left to their individual exertion." In fact, every sentence which fell from every member of the Society of Arts, during the whole conference, distinctly and fully repudiated all idea of interference with the internal management of local societies. We put this part of the case as clearly as we possibly can, because it was perhaps natural enough that a degree of jealousy should exist in the minds of some of the provincial societies, that they might become swamped by the influence of the Society of Arts; that any degree of interference on the part of that Society would endanger their independence of action, and that an attempt might be made to enforce one particular mode of proceeding upon all the local societies, without regard to the difference of objects, and wants in different localities. In fact, the notion of centralization might have been raised into a bugbear to deter the local societies from entering into this union. The Marquis of Lansdowne touched upon this point with his usual clearness and perspicuity: he says, "There have been great doubts, great conflicts, and great difficulties with regard, perhaps, to one of the greatest of all public social questions—the centralization of power. I believe that as to the utility of the centralization of knowledge no doubt can be entertained. I therefore believe that by putting those societies, scattered as they are in different parts of the country, into communication with the parent society here, great good will be effected, and no inconvenience will be suffered; that there may be created here a fund of information and of knowledge, upon which all the societies may be constantly and usefully drawing, without affecting their own independent action; and that, whereas all institutions in this country have been from time to time accused of a desire to fortify and support themselves, pecuniarily speaking, out of the consolidated fund, you will here create a consolidated fund of knowledge, upon which all parties may draw, without the least risk of its becoming bankrupt." The explanations that were given—the mode of proceeding that was shadowed out—the whole bearing of those connected with the Society of Arts, completely removed every vestige of this jealousy from the minds of the representatives of the different institutions, and satisfied them that the only object which the Society of Arts proposed to themselves, by aiding this movement, was the increased utility of these institutions, and the extension of sound knowledge and practical information among the self-educating adult population.

The next point to which we purpose alluding, is that connected with the mode in which it is proposed to remunerate the Society of Arts for the trouble that will be imposed on them in conducting the affairs of the proposed union. The resolution referring to this subject was necessarily, in the present state of the movement, conceived in mere general terms. It was moved by Mr. Milner Gibson, and seconded by Mr. Hume, "That the pecuniary conditions of union should be calculated to protect the Society from loss, and to afford to the institutions the full value of the payments which they may make." At the meeting, however, which took place on the following day, several suggestions were made, which gave some indication of the amount of compensation which the Society of Arts thought necessary, as well as the mode in which they thought it most convenient it should be paid. There were many grave objections urged to anything like a sliding scale of payments, varying according to the members of each institution; and these objections seemed to convince the far greater portion of the delegates present of the inconveniences that would arise from such a mode of payment. The mode which the Society of Arts themselves thought the most convenient was at once a proof that they did not seek to draw largely from the funds of the institutions, and that they were prepared to give more than they took. Their suggestion was, that the president, or other analogous officer of the institution, should become a member of the Society of Arts, the annual subscription to which is two guineas. It was thought that in most instances the president himself would pay this subscription, without drawing upon the funds of the local institution, and thus that the various local institutions would derive all the benefits of the union, without any tax upon their funds. The representatives, however, seemed to think that few things are worth having that are not worth paying for, and a very general feeling was manifested, that whatever the subscriptions might ultimately be, the institutions themselves ought to pay them. In many instances it was urged, that the President was a mere honorary officer, selected for his local influence to give the weight of his name to the institution, but who took no active part in its proceedings. That in some cases he would not be the person they would select to represent their interests at the meetings of the Society of Arts, and that they should prefer some other member of their society to be chosen for that purpose. There was this difficulty, however, which would arise from the choice of any other person than the president; in most cases the president is a permanent officer,

and he, once elected a member of the Society of Arts, would continue a member without the necessity of going to a ballot every year for his re-election, which, as the Society of Arts is a chartered body, would be absolutely necessary, if the local institutions were continually changing their delegates. Great inconveniences would arise thus. It was suggested, however, that these might be avoided, and satisfaction given to the institutions, by, in addition to the president, or other analogous officer, becoming a regular member of the Society of Arts, the institutions were allowed to nominate a representative to such special meetings of the Society as were appointed for the transaction of any business connected with the union. Some such plan as this, we have no doubt, will be finally determined on. In the mean time we may take it as an indication of the expenses to be incurred by the local institutions through joining the union, and we have no hesitation in saying that the proposals of the Society of Arts are characterized by extreme liberality, and that the advantages which the various institutions will derive from this union are infinitely greater in value than the pecuniary compensation required.

We have not left ourselves space to enter into the various points embraced in the memoranda of replies upon which the third resolution was based; and we only refer to it at present for the purpose of noticing some of the suggestions which fell from Mr. Tuffnell in seconding the resolution. These suggestions had reference to the supply of parliamentary papers, reports of committees, with the evidence taken before them, and other proceedings which are ordered by the Houses of Parliament to be printed, and which are generally known as "Blue Books." These contain an immense mass of information from the very highest sources, and would become most extensively useful if circulated among the different literary and scientific institutions. Mr. Tuffnell strongly recommends that petitions should be sent to Parliament praying that these publications may be forwarded to the different mechanics' institutes and other societies. We would go still further than this, and ask that every Government publication should be thus supplied to these institutions. There are many works of high scientific character printed at the public expense, the diffusion of these among the different societies would be productive of much advantage, and may be fairly claimed from any government as part of the educational expenditure of the kingdom. No time should be lost in preparing petitions to this effect, and urging their members to enforce them.

What was, properly speaking, the fourth resolution, was, in fact, the second that was moved to suit the convenience of the Bishop of Oxford, to whom it was entrusted. It was to the effect, "That this meeting is of opinion that literary and scientific institutions and mechanics' institutes are calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality, by the cultivation of literature, science, and art, and by the diffusion of useful knowledge; and that this meeting earnestly invites all classes to unite in supporting and improving such institutions, and extending their powers of doing good." Such a resolution as this, moved and seconded by such men as the Bishop of Oxford and the Earl of Harrowby, will go a great way to remove many of the prejudices which still exist, unfortunately, in the minds of some people as to these institutions; for we fear there are still some to be found who disapprove openly of these institutions, and others who have some "secret, unexpressed suspicions that there is something like contradiction or opposition between religion and the highest development of literature, science, and art." We trust that these persons will come round to the opinions so earnestly delivered by the Bishop of Oxford, "that the highest development of the whole man depended upon the equal application of all his several powers, and it was because he believed that the alliance of science, literature, and art, carried out with religious feeling and religious restraint, would be in the highest degree advantageous: that he rejoiced to be honoured that day—he would not say in convincing one single man—but in being the instrument of gathering together the expressions of your common sympathies in support of an almost self-evident proposition."

This scheme is now fairly launched, and that, too, under the highest auspices in the land. At the close of the conference, a deputation waited on Prince Albert, who has taken a lively interest in the proceedings, and who expressed his entire satisfaction and concurrence with the movement. We have no doubt, but that by it a great impetus will be given to these societies in particular, and to the general improvement and self-education of the adult population in all succeeding times. We cannot conclude this part of the subject better than in the words of Lord Carlisle, in his speech after the dinner, of which the conference partook together:—"We are all aware that in a neighbouring country—in the great capital of France—there was last week celebrated what was termed a great national festival in their field of Mars, the splendour of which was insured by all that great military preparation, consummate artistic skill, complete despotic power, and a pomp imperial in all but the name could confer upon it. It must have been as rich and brilliant a scene to the eye as could well be conceived; but we can tell our gay and gallant neighbours that we do not envy them their gleaming standards, or their golden eagles, while we offer an asylum to the literature and genius which they have cast forth,—while we make a home for the liberties which they have annulled,—while we pursue what we conceive to be the more legitimate ends, and the more worthy way of empire,—the intellectual, the social, the moral, and the religious improvement of the whole bulk of our people. Such are the ends we would pursue when we lay the foundation of another edifice devoted to popular instruction and enlightenment. We hope it may lead to the successful cultivation of another portion of the great peaceful field; and around the altar that we presume to erect, we do not seek to plant military standards, or to see the glare of burning steel—we seek to crown it with fruits and flowers, the beautiful creation of Nature."



## ONWARD!

**IMPROVED VERTICAL BORING LATHE.**—Messrs. Gale and Fenson, of Upper Thames-street, have patented a new description of hand boring and drilling lathe. The drill crank works in a sliding frame, moving up or down in a guide rod, at the top of which is a screw to regulate the distance according to thickness of material operated on. The pressure screw acts above the crank in the usual manner, and below the upper arm of the bracket is a small fly-wheel, which regulates and facilitates the motion.

**CHEAP INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.**—The Society for promoting a system of Cheap International Postage has not laboured in vain. Already, we are given to understand, the Government has taken the matter up,—and the authorities at St. Martin-le Grand are engaged in considering the details of a plan with a view to its adoption, if considered feasible. The main features of the scheme now under discussion are—a great reduction of the present oceanic rates, and their equalization for all countries falling into a certain class.

**BATHS AND WASHHOUSES.**—From accounts of the model establishment in Goulston-square, Whitechapel, recently printed, it appears that for 1851 there is a surplus of £281 14s. 4d., besides £80 odd expended in reducing the annual assessment of Whitechapel parish from £500 to £200. The number of bathers was 156,311, of whom 14,397 were women, and 286 children. In 1849, the number of female bathers was only 4,695. The Committee are now issuing to subscribers and the public, tickets for gratuitous distribution to poor families.

**IMPROVED LUBRICATOR FOR MACHINERY.**—A patent has recently been obtained by M. B. Coquatrix for a lubricator, consisting of a box containing the oil, from the bottom of which a tube descends directly on to the bearings, and on the top of this tube a boss is cast, with a screw thread turned in it, into which a thumb key, with a conical point, is screwed, so that the annular aperture formed in the tube by the insertion of the key can be instantly closed, when the machinery is at rest. By raising the key by unscrewing, the conical point serves to regulate the supply from one to as many drops per minute as may be required. In fitting on this lubricator, it is only necessary to take off the old and insert the patent one instead.

**REPRODUCTIVE EMPLOYMENT OF PAUPERS.**—A very numerous attended meeting has been held in the Town-hall, Manchester, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of presenting a petition to Parliament in favour of such an alteration in the laws for the relief of the poor as will enforce the general adoption, as far as practicable, of reproductive employment of the destitute, in lieu of total idleness, or useless taskwork, with the view of reducing the heavy burden of poor-rates, and abating the demoralising consequences resulting from the present system." The Mayor presided, and the principal speakers were clergymen, who met the arguments usually urged in favour of idleness in workhouses, and carried the sense of the meeting, in various appropriate resolutions, entirely along with them, notwithstanding the endeavours of a few speakers to uphold the present state of things.

**NEW MODE OF CONSTRUCTION FOR RAILWAYS.**—Mr. Henson, of the London and North-Western, has patented a mode of construction for rails, by which greater stability, with an equal amount of elasticity, is said to be given, and a saving caused of the serious expense on the old system of laying the rails on rigid bearings, as well as of the wear and tear and injury to locomotive and rolling stock. This rail is of a conical form, expanding at the base. In place of going crosswise, like a bar-bridge, from one sleeper to another, Mr. Henson's rail is supported throughout its length upon a longitudinal sleeper, connected at intervals by wrought-iron tie-rods on transverse timbers. The advantages of Mr. Henson's invention are described to be "fewness of parts, great reduction in cost of maintenance, and unquestionable safety to passengers."

**A NEW MATERIAL FOR ILLUMINATING LIGHT-HOUSES.**—Dr. Gesner, of New Brunswick, discovered some time since, in one of his geological surveys, a large deposit of bituminous matter, not unlike asphaltum in its appearance and quality. This substance he has employed for the purpose of making gas-lights, which he finds very easily done. He has also successfully applied it to the purpose of making a brilliant light in lighthouses upon the coast. The lighthouse at Meagher's Beach has been placed by government under his charge. He has illuminated it at a charge of £19 per annum, making a saving of £50 per annum. The doctor proposes to furnish the other houses in the same manner, so that a saving of £15,000 a year would be effected by this means. He also states that he can erect lights along the shore, without expensive houses, by raising poles and placing the lights upon them.—*American paper.*

**SOMETHING OF A BRIDGE.**—The *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser* says:—"A bridge is now in course of completion on the Buffalo and New York City Railroad, where it crosses the Genesee River, near Portageville, which, when completed, will be 230 feet high and 500 feet span. Stone piers, set on the rock are carried up 30 feet high from the bed of the river, a few rods above the upper falls. From the top of the piers the woodwork rises 200 feet; and, so perfect is the model of the bridge, which may be seen on the ground,—that not the slightest tremor or motion is apprehended under the heaviest train of cars that may ever have occasion to pass over it. Over 80 tons of iron will be consumed for bolts alone in the construction of this mammoth piece of mechanism. The timber from 160 acres has been purchased. It is calculated that 210 acres will afford timber enough to complete the bridge."

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BATTLE.

Even like an arrow on the wind he rode  
His winged courser, and with noble daring  
Swept with his chivalrous escort past our front,  
Even at the stormy edge of chafing battle.—*Sir A. Hunt's Julian.*

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war;  
The labour'd battle sweat, and conquest bled.—*Lee's Alexander*

A thousand glorious actions that might claim  
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,  
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.—*Addison's Campaign.*

It was a goodly sight,  
To see the embattled pomp, as with the step  
Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on,  
To see the pennons foling their long waves  
Before the gale, and banners, broad and bright,  
Tossing their blazonry.—*Southey.*

Then more fierce  
The conflict grew; the din of arms—the yell  
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—  
The groan of death, commingled in one sound  
Of undistinguish'd horrors; while the sun,  
Retiring slow beneath the plain's far verge,  
Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.—*Southey's Madoc.*

Yet more! yet more! how fair array'd  
They file from out the hawthorn shade,  
And sweep so gallant by!  
With all their banners bravely spread,  
And all their armour flashing high,  
Saint George might waken from the dead,  
To see fair England's standard fly.—*Scott's Marion.*

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!—*Longfellow.*

Then said the mother to her son,  
And pointed to his shield—  
"Come with it, when the battle's done,  
Or on it, from the field."—*R. Montgomery.*

## BEARD.

It has no bush below;  
Marry a little wool, as much as an unripe  
Peach doth wear:  
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.  
*Suckling's Goblins.*

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face;  
In cut and dye so like a tile,  
A sudden view it would beguile;  
The upper part thereof was whey;  
The nether, orange mix'd with gray.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

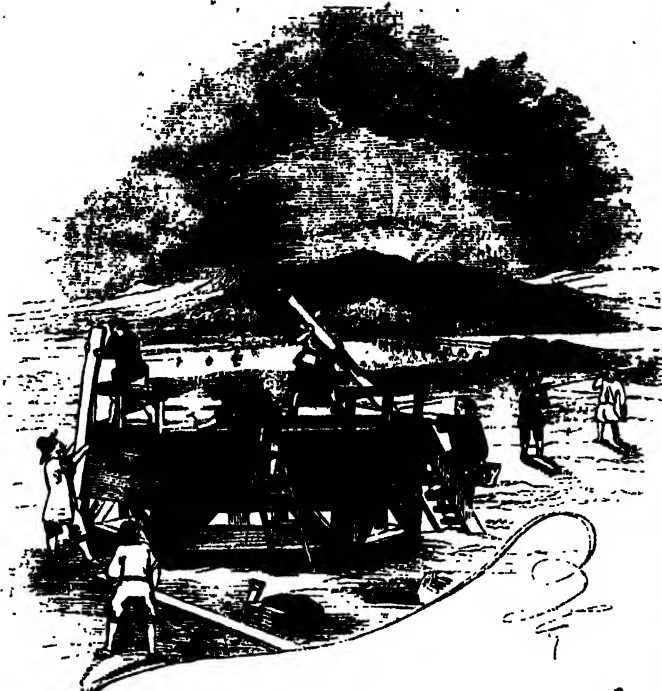
## BEAUTY.

Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,  
Forth-looking through the windows of the east,  
When first the fleecy cattle have begun  
Upon the pearled grass to make their feast.—*Spenser.*

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell,  
For she the daughters of all women's race,  
And angels eke, in beautie doth excel,  
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious face,  
And more increas'd by her own goodly grace,  
That it doth far exceed all human thought,  
Ne can on earth compared be to aught.  
—*Spenser's Hymne of Heavenly Beautie.*

Beauty's a slipp'ry good, which decreaseth  
Whilst it is increasing: resembling the  
Medlar, which, in the moment of his full  
Ripeness, is known to be in rottenness.  
Whilst you look in the glass, it waxeth old  
With time; if on the sun, parched with heat; if  
On the wind, blasted with cold. A great care  
To keep it, a short space to enjoy it,  
A sudden time to lose it.—*Lilly's Sappho.*

Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew,  
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,  
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth show;  
And straight is gone, as it had never been.—*Daniel.*



## CHARADE.

My first, a messenger of gladness;  
My last, an instrument of sadness;  
My whole looked down upon my last and  
smiled—  
Upon a wretch disconsolate and wild.  
But when my whole looked down and smiled  
no more,  
That wretch's frenzy and his pain were o'er.

## MENTAL RECREATIONS.

*A Quantity of Eggs being broken, to find how many there were, without remembering the Number.*

An old woman, carrying eggs to market in a basket, met an unruly fellow, who broke them. Being taken before a magistrate, he was ordered to pay for them, provided the woman could tell how many she had; but she could only remember, that in counting them into the basket by twos, by threes, by fours, by fives, and by sixes, there always remained one; but in counting them in by sevens, there were none remaining. Now, in this case, how was the number to be ascertained?

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

I.  
WHATEVER you do to guess my whole,  
You'll never guess it right;  
And, when transposed, if now not seen,  
Yet still 'tis felt in sight.  
Behead, transpose, then let it be.  
Or you the answer ne'er will see.

II.  
My whole's of no consequence,  
Light as the air;  
Yet it's eaten with gusto,  
As soon will appear.  
Curtail and transpose,  
And a fair one now see,  
Who, when I am whole,  
Is sure to do me.

III.  
My whole in London's gay saloons  
In various forms is seen;  
In silks and satins,—even stone—  
In colours all, I ween.  
Behead, transpose, now go to church,  
And me you'll surely hear;  
And, often, too, at cottage hearth,  
When eventide draws near.

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THE ACE OF HEARTS—"A HEARTY DINNER."

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is London milk like a Bank of England note?
2. When does a criminal appear to the worst advantage?
3. When ought a rogue to be the richest man in England?
4. When is a horse not worth a shilling?
5. Why are women's stays the greatest speculators in the City of Mortality?
6. Why ought the use of candles to be forbidden in religious assemblies?
7. Why is a postman in danger of losing his way?
8. Why are the Goodwin Sands like a staunch teetotaler?
9. What flower most resembles a bull's mouth?
10. What would be likely to give the best report of a fire?
11. What part of a locomotive train ought to have the most careful attention?
12. When are clouds in danger of being turned over?
13. When is a plant to be dreaded more than a mad dog?
14. When is a horse in danger of taking cold?
15. Why cannot the Chelsea Pensioners hold a general meeting?
16. Why is an eagle sometimes placed in the choir of a church?
17. What was most plentiful in Noah's ark?
18. When is a newspaper like a delicate child?
19. When did Queen Victoria take the greatest interest in the potato crops?

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 509.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE.—MUFFIN.

CHARADES.—1. ASH-OER. 2. CAN-ARIES.

PARADOXES.—1. A piece of pliable metal being doubled, by applying a round file to the double edge, and filing a half-square gap, on opening the metal a square will appear. Again, if two corners and an edge, at the end of a miser's iron chest be filed away, with a round, or any other, file, there may be an exact square hole left. And further, if a cylindrical body be cut obliquely, the plane of the section will be an oval; and consequently a round body, situated obliquely in an oval hole will completely fill it. 2. A shoe.

PROBLEM.—Fill the five-gallon measure out of the cask; fill the three-gallon measure out of the five-gallon measure; return the contents of the three-gallon measure into the cask; pour the two gallons which remained in the five-gallon measure into the three-gallon measure; again fill the five-gallon measure out of the cask, and fill up the three-gallon measure out of the five-gallon measure. There will then be left four gallons in the five-gallon measure.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. He puts in his ear? 2. Because he is a granny-dear. 3. Because he bleeds. 4. A gate. 5. It has a kernel. 6. He is crusty. 7. It is the capital of England. 8. It has no end. 9. It is capable of receiving any impression. 10. Cooling-wax. 11. Because he reflects. 12. He is time-serving. 13. A wedding-ring. 14. A clock that does not keep time.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A LADY asked her physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain? "No," said he, "for nobody who has any brains ever takes snuff."

ONE asked his friend, why he married so little a wife? "Why," said he, "I thought you had known, that of all evils we should choose the least."

A QUACK doctor, in one of his bills, said he could bring living witnesses to prove the efficacy of his nostrum, "which is more," says he, "than others in my line can do."

It being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended that it was *Linch*. "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*."

This is a good world to live in,  
To lend, to spend, and to give in;  
But to get, or to borrow, or keep what's one's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known.

"WHY are you like a crazy jnan, my dear?" asked a wife. "Don't know," replied the husband, scratching his head. "Why," replied the wife, hitching up closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, "I'm your other self, and you are beside yourself."

AN auctioneer, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following candid observation:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus the Roman Founder; but whether he was a brass or iron-founder, I cannot tell."

WHEN Foote was at Salt Hill, he dined at the Castle; and when Partridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him his name. "Partridge, an't please you," said he. "Partridge!" returned Foote; "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your bill."

A FELLOW coming from the top of the Alleghanies to New York, in winter, was asked whether it was as cold there as in the city. He had probably been at some march of intellect school, for he glanced at a thermometer. "Horribly cold," said he, "for they have no thermometers there, and, of course, it gets just as cold as it pleases."

FROM AN OLD ALMANAC.—*Tempus Fugit.*

War begets poverty—poverty peace;  
Peace makes riches flow—fate ne'er doth cease;  
Riches produces pride—pride is war's ground;  
War begets poverty—and so the world goes round."

A BOAT ascending the Ohio river was hailed by another boat, when the following dialogue ensued:—"What boat is that?" "The Cherrystone." "Whence came you?" "From Redstone." "Where are you bound to?" "Limestone." "Who is your captain?" "Thomas Stone." "What are you loaded with?" "Millstones and Grindstones." "You are a hard set to be sure; take care you don't go to the bottom. Farewell."

MR. PRYSE GORDON relates, in his curious *Autobiography*, that a sailor having thought proper to enclose the parish churchyard of Deskford, near Cullen, in order to keep it decent, his executor placed a tombstone over him after death, on which was the following epitaph:

"Hic jacet Joannes Anderson, Aberdoniensis."

Here his latinity failed him, and the sequel was in English,

"Who built this churchyard dyke at his own expenses."

BURNS was one day in a gentleman's library. The collection was very fine; but the owner happened to be a man not the most able in the world to appreciate the contents. After some conversation with Burns, he expressed himself as being particularly anxious about the bindings of his books: he liked to see books with a handsome exterior. Next morning, the wicked poet was found to have left the following couplet on the library table:

Free through these books, ye maggots, make your winding;  
But, for the owner's sake, oh spare the binding!

A PRISONER being brought up to Bow-street, the following dialogue passed between him and the sitting magistrate:—"How do you live?" "Pretty well, sir; generally a joint and pudding at dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "You may be as witty as you please, sir; but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do?" "Tolerably well, I thank your worship; I hope your worship is well."

A GENTLEMAN walking in the fields with a lady, picked a blue bell, and taking out his pencil, wrote the following lines, which with the flower, he presented to the lady:

This pretty flower of heavenly hue,  
Must surely be allied to you;  
For you, dear girl, are heavenly too.

To WHICH the lady replied:

If, sir, your attachment be true,  
I'm sorry that I look so blue.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

WAR BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—1141, one year.—1161, twenty-five years.—1311, fifteen years.—1224, nine years.—1294, five years.—1339, twenty-one years.—1368, fifty-two years.—1422, forty-nine years.—1492, one month.—1512, two years.—1521, five years.—1549, one year.—1557, two years.—1562, two years.—1627, two years.—1666, one year.—1680, ten years.—1702, eleven years.—1744, four years.—1756, seven years.—1776, seven years.—1793, nine years.—1803, eleven years. And, lastly, 1815, when this calculation was made, and the war then subsisting fourteen years; making, within a period of 700 years, 266 years of desolating war!

"How various his employments when the world  
Calls idle; and, as idly, is return,  
Esteems that he is an idler too!  
Friends, books, and pen, and perhaps his pen,  
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,  
And Nature, in her cultivated bow,  
Dread'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—  
Can he want occupation who has these?  
Will he be idle, who has much to enjoy?"

COWPER.

SPIDER'S THREAD.—In the introduction to entomology, by Kirby and Spence, there is a very curious description of the process by which the spider weaves its web. After describing the four spinners, as they are termed, from which the visible threads proceed, the writer goes on to mention that these are the machinery through which, by a process more singular than that of "rope-spinning, the thread is drawn. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space often not bigger than a pin's point includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one-tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus, a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope composed of at least four thousand strands. But to feel all the wonders of this fact, we must follow Leuwenhoek in one of his calculations on the subject. This renowned microscopic observer found, by an accurate estimation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine, that four millions of them would not exceed in thickness one of the hairs of his beard. Now we know that each of these threads is composed of above four thousand still finer. It follows, therefore, that above 16,000 millions of the finest threads which issue from such spiders are not, altogether, thicker than a human hair. It has long been a question among philosophers, whether it is possible to render the labours of the spider subservient to the benefit of mankind. In the earlier part of last century, Bon, of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful gray colour. The predacious habits of these animals, however, would seem to oppose an effectual barrier to their being bred up in sufficient numbers to render such a manufactory at all productive. The following arguments against the probability of any permanent or real advantage resulting from this attempt, were published by Reaumur, whom the Royal Academy had deputed to inquire into the matter. The natural fierceness of spiders renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. Four or five thousand being distributed in cells, fifty in some, one or two hundred in others, the big ones soon killed and eat the smaller ones, so that in a short time there were scarcely above one or two left in each cell; and to this inclination of devouring their own species is attributed the scarcity of spiders, when compared with the vast number of eggs they lay. Reaumur also affirms that the web of the spider is inferior in strength and lustre to that of the silk-worm, and produces less of the material fit for use. The thread of the spider's web can only bear a weight of two grains without breaking; and the bag sustains the weight of thirty-six grains; the thread of a silk-worm will bear two drachms and a half, so that five threads of the spider are necessary to form a cord equal to that of a silk-worm; and as it would be impossible to apply these so closely together as to avoid leaving any empty spaces, from which the light would not be reflected, the lustre would consequently be considerably less; this was noticed at the time the stockings were presented to the society by M. de la Hire. It was farther observed, that spiders afford less silk than silk-worms, the largest bags of the latter weighing four grains, the smaller three grains,—so that 2,304 worms produce a pound of silk. The bags of a spider weigh about one grain; when cleared of the dust and filth, they lose about two-thirds of that weight. The work of twelve spiders, therefore, only equals that of one silk-worm; and a pound of silk will require at least 27,648 spiders. But as the bags are solely the work of the females, who spin them to deposit their eggs in, there must be kept 55,296 spiders to yield one pound of silk; and this will apply to the good ones only, the spiders in gardens barely yielding a twelfth part of the silk of the domestic kinds. Two hundred and eighty of them would not produce more than one silk-worm; and 662,555 such spiders would scarcely yield a pound of silk!



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But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

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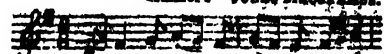
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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 8.—**  
**BOILING (continued).**—Reckon the time from its first coming to a boil. The old rule of fifteen minutes to a pound of meat, we think rather too little; the lower it boils, the tenderer,

the plumper, and whiter it will be. For those who choose their food thoroughly cooked (which all will who have any regard for their stomachs), twenty minutes to a pound will not be found too much for gentle simmering by the side of the fire; allowing more or less time, according to the thickness of the joint, and the coldness of the weather; always remembering, the slower it boils the better. Without some practice it is difficult to teach any art; and cooks seem to suppose they must be right, if they put meat into a pot, and set it over the fire for a certain time—making no allowance, whether it simmers without a bubble, or boils a geyser. Fresh killed meat will take much longer time boiling than that which has been kept till it is what the butchers call ripe, and longer in cold than in warm weather; if it be frozen, it must be thawed before boiling as before roasting; if it be fresh killed, it will be tough and hard, if you stew it ever so long, and ever so gently. In cold weather, the night before you dress it, bring it into a place of which the temperature is not less than 45 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. The size of the boiling pots should be adapted to what they are to contain; the larger the saucepan the more room it takes upon the fire; and a larger quantity of water requires a proportionate increase of fire to boil it. In small families, we recommend black tin saucepans, &c., as lightest and safest; if proper care is taken of them, and they are well dried after they are cleaned, they are by far the cheapest; the purchase of a new tin saucepan being little more than the expense of tinning a copper one. Take care that the covers of your boiling pots fit close, not only to prevent unnecessary evaporation of the water, but that the smoke may not insinuate itself under the edge of the lid, and give the meat a bad taste. If you let meat or poultry remain in the water after it is done enough, it will become sudden, and lose its flavour. Beef and mutton a little under done (especially very large joints which will make the better hash or broth), is not a great fault—by some people it is preferred; but lamb, pork, and veal, are uneatable, if not thoroughly boiled—but do not overdo them. A trivet, or fish-drainer, put on the bottom of the boiling pot, raising the contents about an inch and a half from the bottom, will prevent that side of the meat which comes next the bottom from being done too much, and the lower part of the meat will be as delicately done as the other part; and this will enable you to take out the contents of the pot without sticking a fork, &c., into it. If you have not a trivet, use four skewers, or a soup-plate laid the wrong side upwards. Take care of the liquor you have boiled poultry or meat in; in five minutes you may make it into excellent soup. The good housewife never boils a joint without converting the broth into some sort of soup. If the liquor be too salt, only use half the quantity, and the rest water; wash salted meat well with cold water before you put it into the boiler. **ROASTING.—Beef.**—The noble sirloin of about fifteen pounds (if much thicker the outside will be done too much before the inside is enough), will require to be before the fire about three and a half or four hours: take care to spit it evenly, that it may not be heavier on one side than the other; put a little clean dripping into the dripping-pan (tie a sheet of paper over it to preserve the fat), baste it well as soon as it is put down, and every quarter of an hour all the time it is roasting, till the last half-hour; then take off the paper and make some gravy for it, stir the fat and make it clear; to brown and froth it, sprinkle a little salt over it, baste it with butter, and dredge it with flour; let it go a few minutes longer, till the froth rises, take it up, put it on the dish, &c. Garnish it with slices of horse-radish, scraped as fine as possible with a very sharp knife. A Yorkshire pudding is an excellent accompaniment. **Ribs of Beef.**—The three first ribs, of fifteen or twenty pounds, will take three hours, or three and a half; the fourth and fifth ribs will take as long, managed in the same way as the sirloin. Rapier the fat and the thin part, or it will be done too much, before the thick part is done enough.

**OWNERS OF GLASS-MAKING.**—J. E.—The art of making glass was introduced into England from France in the year 674, for the use of churches and monasteries. Bene-

diet Biscop, who in that year founded a monastery, and attached to it an elegant church of stone, after the Roman manner, prevailed on some glass-makers in France to come over and glaze the windows. These artificers not only performed the work assigned to them, but also taught the English how to make windows, lamps, and drinking vessels. Before that period, the windows of houses and churches were filled either with linen, cloth, or lattices of wood; and even in the 13th century, glass windows in private houses were very rare.

**MUSICAL EDUCATION.**—A "LOVER OF HARMONY" desires to know the title of a work containing instructions for acquiring a knowledge of the violin, and we happen to have one recently published before us at this moment, which appears to combine the requisite qualities. It is "Dean's Violin Tutor," a very desirable guide to that instrument, and containing all the necessary exercises, scales, &c. As we have similar inquiries on the same subject, these observations will be of general application. While on this harmonious topic, we would strongly recommend all aspirants for musical distinction to confine their introductory practice to places strictly private, in order that the ears of their friends and neighbours may not be exposed to the harsh discords of first attempts. We have the misfortune to reside in the vicinity of an amateur, who is constantly wailing the goddess of song with ineffectual gasps of a trombone, which produces anything but soothing or exhilarating effect on the locality. Beyond the impression conveyed by such efforts, of strength of lung and perseverance, the unfortunate performer obtains nothing but illwill, and wishes we dare not repeat. Owen Feltham says, "Music is good or bad as the end to which it tendeth; we must therefore pronounce against it, when this

"Sweetest source of purest pleasure," is perverted into a



**BASH: ATTEMPT ON THE PUBLIC EAR.**

**TO TAKE CARE OF GOLD FISH.**—G. HUTTON.—It is a mistake to suppose that gold-fish kept in glass globes require feeding. They have the singular property of subsisting on the invisible animalculæ of the water; and though they will eat bread or vermicelli if given to them, they are much better without it. It is necessary, however, to change the water every day; as clean fresh water is indispensable to their existence, when confined in a small space. To do this, empty the globe into a large basin, pouring the fish along with the water. Wash the globe very clean inside and out, making it look perfectly bright and clear, and fill it with fresh water. Then catch the gold fish in your hand (doing it very carefully, to avoid hurting them), and instantly transfer them to the globe of clean water. Gold-fish, in winter, should always be kept in a warm room. It is not well to have more than two fish in one globe.

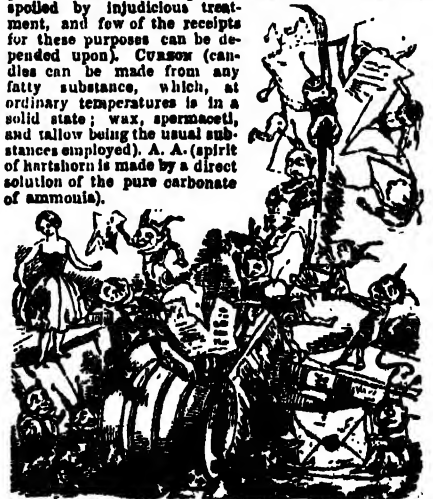
**IMPROVEMENT OF THE VOICE.**—ANNE H.—We do not know of any particular rules for the preservation and improvement of the voice, beyond the requisite precautions necessary for general health. Practice can alone render singing perfect. A weekly newspaper in the course of a humorous critique upon singing says, "Singers will, perhaps, smile when they find what ascetic lives are expected of them. They are enjoined the utmost moderation in eating and drinking. A too warm dinner is to be avoided for the sake of the stomach—A very cold one also, for the conservation of the tooth—a light repast neither hot nor cold is permitted. Fat is not to be chewed, but eschewed—pickles and lemonade are to be shunned. In fact, all aliment that is hot, fat, sweet, sour, or sharp—all relishing bits, are injurious to the voice." We cannot, however, recommend such a severe regimen to our fair readers.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—DENTRALS (rumor stops) should be kept moderately moist with a drop or two of sweet oil; a little cream tartar, and a few drops of sweet oil rubbed well in, will give the glass a fine edge. JACOB M. (to join glass together, take a little isinglass

and melt it in spirits of wine; it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass, so that the fracture will be almost imperceptible! The greatest care is necessary that the spirits of wine shall not boil over into the fire. CUNZONS (the original name of the Bull and Mouth was Boulogne Mouth, in allusion to the town and harbour of Boulogne; this change is indebted to cockneyism). M. (India-rubber can be dissolved in mineral oil). INDAN (the cause of a red sunset may be thus explained. The vapour of the air not being actually condensed into clouds, but only on the point of being condensed, it bends the red rays of the sun towards the horizon, where they tint the floating clouds). JUVENUS (for "lost ball" at cricket, or for the ball being stopped with the hat of one of the fieldsmen, the striker is entitled to three runs). S. C. R. (fowls which are kept for the producing of hens and chicks, and are not being fattened, should be fed regularly twice a day in the same place, which should be sheltered from wind and rain). M. (alum buckets are easily made. Make a small basket of iron wire, then take some lamp cotton, untwist it, and wind it round every portion of the basket. Then mix alum in the proportion of one pound with a quart of water, and boil it till the alum is dissolved. Pour the solution into a deep pan, and in the liquor suspend the basket, so that no part of it touch the vessel, or be exposed to the air. After being left for twenty-four hours it will be found perfectly crystallised). BRUNAR (the iguanodon is an extinct fossil, herbivorous reptile, seventy feet or so in length, discovered in the strata of the Tilgate Forest by Dr. Mantell). MANSION (paw-brokers are required to take out a license, and are allowed to charge interest at from 15 to 25 per cent., with other fees for duplicates). J. MANSION (a lunar month is the time in which the moon revolves about the earth). THOMAS (the mineral caoutchouc found in England is a variety of bitumen, which much resembles India-rubber in softness and elasticity. It is produced near Castleton in Derbyshire). IGNOAMUS (fee-simple is land which a man holds to himself and his heirs for ever, who are called tenants in fee-simple). HOUSEKEEPER (emery and oil will effectually remove rust from iron). PARMY (the great body of students in every college are what are called pensioners. They pay for their commons, chambers, tuition, &c., and with frugality and steadiness on the part of the student, £150 a year will suffice at the University). A LAWREN (the lines are good, but not of sufficient excellence to merit encouragement. Our correspondent should remember George Colman's lines:

"Then much in dramas did I look;  
Much slighted time and great Lord Coke;  
Congreve best Blackstone hollow;  
Shakspeare made 'All the Statutes' stale,  
And in my crown no 'pleas' had Hale  
To supersede Apollo.")

H. W. (the duty on tea amounts to three millions per annum). JUSTITIA (attached to Christ's Hospital there are seven exhibitions of £70 each to Pembroke College, Cambridge, and one of £80, every seventh year, to any college at Oxford, and there are other advantages attending education at this school, particularly the Times scholarship). QUARRY REPTILIVUS (the clerks of the principal short-hand writers in London are paid according to the quantity of their work, and a rapid and able hand may earn as much as £300 a year. It requires, however, some years of laborious practice to become proficient). MUGGLETON (it has been established by the experience of many individuals, that the human body is lighter than water, and consequently will float by nature; but that the art of swimming must be acquired to render that privilege useful). MARIA LUTSOME (eau-de-Cologne may be made by mixing in a bottle half an ounce each of the following: oil of sweet marjoram, oil of thyme, essence of violets, essence of carnations, and six drops of oil of cinnamon. Add to this mixture a pint of inodorous or absolute alcohol, then cork, and shake it well). J. C. (it is better to send all soiled oil paintings to experienced picture-cleaners, as a picture might be irretrievably spoiled by injudicious treatment, and few of the receipts for these purposes can be depended upon). CUNSON (candles can be made from any fatty substance, which, at ordinary temperatures is in a solid state; wax, spermaceti, and tallow being the usual substances employed). A. A. (spirit of hartshorn is made by a direct solution of the pure carbonate of ammonia).



Printed by WILLIAM TILLEN, Bell-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 69, Fleet street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 34.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"After reading I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove." \*

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 516).

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE FAMILY USE ART, WHICH IS OPPOSED WITH STILL GREATER.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family was easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were recalled in the atmosphere of the playhouses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet (see engraving, page 497), or sometimes in setting my two little ones to box, to make them sharp, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned that my wife laid a thousand schemes to

entrap him; or, to speak more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well-knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the 'Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impentration, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his alowness was attributed sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family; my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise.

My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flam-borough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I paid much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner,—for what could I do?—our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn



with seven, strange, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus, and the painter desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomach and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green Joseph, richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather. Our taste so much pleased the 'Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed; another thought it more resembled a real bottle; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in many. The 'Squire's portrait being found united with ours, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense, and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends, to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit; but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies, and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: as our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr. Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to tempt him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it, by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr. Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr. Spanker. To this the 'Squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands: "But heaven help," continued she, "the girls that have none. What signifies beauty, Mr. Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue, and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not, what is she? but what has she? is all the cry."

"Madam," returned he, "I highly approve the justice, as well as the novelty of your remarks, and if I were a king, it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide."

"Ah, sir," returned my wife, "you are pleased to be facetious; but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for a husband. But now that you have put it into my head seriously, Mr. Thornhill, can't you recommend me a proper husband for her? She is now nineteen years old, well grown and well educated, and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts."

"Madam," replied he, "if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity; such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband."

"Ay, sir," said she; "but do you know of any such person?"

"No, madam," returned he, "it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she's too great a treasure for one man's possession; she's a goddess! Upon my soul, I speak what I think, she's an angel!"

"Ah, Mr. Thornhill, you only flatter my poor girl; but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager; you know whom I mean, farmer Williams; a warm man, Mr. Thornhill, able to give her good bread; and who has several times made her proposals (which was actually the case); but, sir," concluded she, "it should be glad to have your approbation of our choice."

"How, madam," replied he, "my approbation? My approbation of such a choice? Never. What! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing? Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice! And I have my reasons."

"Indeed, sir," cried Deborah, "if you have your reasons, that's another affair; but I should be glad to know those reasons."

"Excuse me, madam," returned he, "they lie too deep for discovery, [laying his hand upon his bosom]—they remain buried, riveted here."

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion; but I was not quite so sanguine: it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them; yet whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of farmer Williams, who, from my daughter's first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### SCARCELY ANY VIRTUE FOUND TO RESIST THE POWER OF LONG AND PLEASING TEMPTATION.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr. Williams pleased me, as he was in easy circumstances, prudent and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion; so that in an evening or two he and Mr. Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger; but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character, pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr. Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and with a pensive air took leave, though I own it puzzled me to find him so much in pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After many of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fitful gaiety.

"You now see, my child," said I, "that your confidence in Mr. Thornhill's passion was all a dream: he permits the rivalry of another, every way his inferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration."

"Yes, papa," returned she, "but he has his reason for this delay: I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours."

"Olivia, my darling," returned I, "every scheme that has been hitherto pursued to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself, nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr. Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me, and my tenderness as a parent shall never influence my integrity as a man. Name then your day; let it be as distant as you think proper; and in the mean time, take care to let Mr. Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever."

This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr. Williams, in case of the other's insensibility; and at the next opportunity, in Mr. Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr. Thornhill's anxiety; but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought and spent in tears. One week passed away; but Mr. Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely; and instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace, and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family at night were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future; busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost.

"Well, Moses," cried I, "we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family; what is your opinion of matters and things in general?"

"My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing tubs for nothing."

"That we shall," cried I, "and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits into the bargain."

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

"He has taught that song to our Dick," cried Moses, "and I think he goes through it very prettily."

"Does he so?" cried I, "then let us have it: where's little Dick? let him up with it boldly."

"My brother Dick," cried Bill, my youngest, "is just gone out with sister Livy: but Mr. Williams has taught me two songs, and I'll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, the *Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?"

"The elegy, child, by all means," said I; "I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my life, grief you know is dry, let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry-wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me; and Sophy, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little."

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song,  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran  
Where'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,  
But when a pique began,  
The dog, to gain some private ends,  
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,  
The wond'ring neighbours ran,  
And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad  
To every Christian eye:  
And while they swore the dog was mad,  
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That show'd the rogues they lied,—  
The man recover'd of the bite,  
The dog it was that died.

"A very good boy, Bill, upon my word, and an elegy that may be truly called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop."

"With all my heart," cried my wife; "and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginsons blow out a candle; that there were none of the Grogans but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story."

"However that be," cried I, "the most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiacs is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lapdog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I, "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife: and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting?"

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a year; but our English wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother, "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives."

"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent would come over to take pattern from ours; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own. But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life; and, Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence. I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth. He has no such fire-side, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us. While we live, they will be our support and our pleasure here; and when we die, they will transmit our honour untainted to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song: let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia? That little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert."

Just as I spoke, Dick came running in—

"O, papa, papa! she is gone from us, she is gone from us; my sister Livy is gone from us for ever!"

"Gone, child?"

"Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise, and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her; and she cried very much, and was for coming back; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said, 'O, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone!'"

"Now then," cried I, "my children go and be miserable; for we shall

never enjoy one hour more. And, O may Heaven's avenging fury descend upon him and his!—thus to rob me of my child!—And sure it will be taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to heaven. Such sincerity as my child was possessed of!—But all our earthly happiness is now over! Go, my children, go and be miserable and sorrowful; for my heart is broken within me."

"Father," cried my son, "is this your fortitude?"

"Fortitude, child!—yes, he shall see I have fortitude! Bring me my pistols. I'll pursue the traitor: while he is on earth I'll pursue him. O, as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain! The perfidious villain!"

I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms.

"My dearest, dearest husband!" cried she, "the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has wisely deceived us."

"Indeed, sir," resumed my son, after a pause, "your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother's comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character, thus to curse your greatest enemy: you should not have cursed him, villain as he is."

"I did not curse him, child, did I?"

"Indeed, sir, you did; you cursed him twice."

"Then may Heaven forgive me and him if I did! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies! Bless be His holy name, for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child!—To undo my darling!—May confusion seize—Heaven forgive me, what am I about to say?—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how charming; till this vile moment all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died!—But she is gone, the honour of our family contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off; perhaps he forced her away? If he forced her, she may yet be innocent."

"Ah, no, sir," cried the child, "he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast."

"She's an ungrateful creature," cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, "to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents without any provocation, thus to bring your gray hairs to the grave; and I must shortly follow."

In this manner that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint, and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm. I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness. The next morning we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches.

"Never," cried she, "shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer: she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us."

"Wife," said I, "do not talk thus hardly: my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours; but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner she returns from her transgressions the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity, but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice, again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there. My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff; I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE PURSUIT OF A FATHER TO RECLAIM A LOST CHILD TO VIRTUE.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill Castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter: but before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman, whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr. Burchell, and that they drove very fast. This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young 'Squire's, and though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately. He soon appeared with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement, protesting upon his honour that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr. Burchell, who I recollected had of late several private conferences with her: but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt his villainy, who avowed that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company. Being driven to that state of mind in which we all are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not

have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way; but received no accounts, till, entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the 'Squire's, and he assured me, that if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend upon overtaking them; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day, I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant appearance, all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue! I thought I perceived Mr. Burchell at some distance from me; but, as if he dreaded an interview,—upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more. I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever, the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home: however, retired to a little ale-house by the road-side; and in this place, the usual seat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for nearly three weeks; but at last my constitution prevailed, though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children: he called himself their friend; but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted, but he was in haste to be gone; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance, and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr. Thomas Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face; for he had published for me against the Deuterogonists of the age, and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a day. My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored, and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them: as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please. Still, as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake; but when I came up with it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes and other theatrical furniture to the next village, where they were to exhibit. The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. "Good company upon the road," says the proverb, "is the shortest cut." I therefore entered into conversation with the poor player; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I disserted on such topics with my usual freedom: but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue, who the Drydens and Otways of the day?

"I fancy, sir," cried the player, "few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden's and Rowe's manner, sir, are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century; Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare, are the only things that go down."

"How," cried I, "is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?"

"Sir," returned my companion, "the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character, for that is none of their business; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name."

"So then, I suppose," cried I, "that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than of nature?"

"To say the truth," returned my companion, "I don't know that they imitate anything at all; nor, indeed, does the public require it of them: it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it, that elicits applause. I have known a piece, with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity, and another saved by the poet's throwing in a fit of the gripes. No, sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste; our modern dialect is much more natural."

By this time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprised of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us: for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the improbability of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered, and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company,

or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play. Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a Parliament-man at least; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DESCRIPTION OF A PERSON DISCONTENTED WITH THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT, AND APPREHENSIVE OF THE LOSS OF OUR LIBERTIES.

THE house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot; and we soon arrived, at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern: he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned; an elegant supper was brought in, two or three ladies in easy dishabille were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated; for he asserted that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last *Monitor*? to which replying in the negative, "What, nor the *Auditor*, I suppose?" cried he.

"Neither, sir," returned I. "That's strange, very strange," replied my entertainer. "Now I read all the politics that come out. The *Daily*, the *Public*, the *Ledger*, the *Chronicle*, the *London Evening*, the *Whitehall Evening*, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton's boast; and, by all my coal-mines in Cornwall, I reverence its guardians."

"Then it is to be hoped," cried I, "you reverence the King?" "Yes," returned my entertainer, "when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I'll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think, only, I could have directed some things better. I don't think there has been a sufficient number of advisers: he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner."

"I wish," cried I, "that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution, that sacred power, which has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the same cry of liberty; and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale."

"How," cried one of the ladies, "do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants? Liberty, that sacred gift of heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons!"

"Can it be possible," cried our entertainer, "that there should be any found at present advocates for slavery? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons? Can any, sir, be so object?"

"No, sir," replied I, "I am for liberty, that attribute of God! Glorious liberty! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings. I would be a king myself. We have all naturally an equal right to the throne: we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas! it would never answer; for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning than others, and these became masters of the rest; for as sure as your groom rides your horse, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit, and some are born to command, and others to obey, the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or still farther off, in the metropolis. Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind also are of my way of thinking, and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible; because whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves; and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume their primeval authority. Now the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition."

To be continued.



## INCREASE OF HEAT IN SUMMER.

SUMMER may be said to be the season of growth, as spring is of reproduction. Those organized existences, which burst into life in the latter season, are either brought to maturity, or, at least, invigorated and expanded, in the former; and, in both seasons, the peculiar character of the weather is most wisely adapted for the intended object. The state of the atmosphere, during the progress of the summer months, presents itself as an appropriate subject of consideration, in entering on the study of this season.

The sun is now approaching the northern tropic, having, in the month of March, passed from the south to the north of the equator. He is rising high in the heavens, and thus pouring his rays more directly on this part of the earth, which, according to a principle already explained, causes his influence to be more powerful; and what much adds to this influence, is the greater length of time in which he remains above the horizon. In the depth of winter, we enjoyed his presence little more than seven hours out of the twenty-four. In the beginning of summer, this period is increased to upwards of fifteen hours; and in the middle of it, he daily lingers with us two hours longer still. There is thus not only a great direct increase, but a great accumulation of heat. The mode in which this effect is produced, may be shortly mentioned. The rays of the sun, or whatever the influence may be which generates the heat, in passing through a perfectly transparent medium, do not increase the temperature of that medium. They seem to require resistance to produce this effect. It is not therefore till they reach the earth, that their power is very sensibly exerted. In striking upon the opaque surface of our globe, they give out their qualities. Light and warmth are produced and reflected. The earth and the atmosphere are thus both subjected to their influence. These become heated, the one by conduction, the other by reflection. Now, it is obvious, that while the intensity must be in proportion to the directness with which the globe is struck by the sun's rays, the accumulation must be in proportion to the length of time during which the influence continues. Hence, there is a double cause for the summer's heat,—the height to which the luminary rises in the heavens, and the length of the day compared with the night. These causes operate in an increasing ratio. Day after day the accumulated heat receives fresh accessions. Every time the sun's influence is repeated, it penetrates deeper below the surface, and is more intensely reflected into the already heated atmosphere. This effect continues even after the direct solar heat has begun to be diminished; and it is not till several weeks after the sun has begun to take a retrograde motion, that the temperature is at its maximum. In June, the sun reaches his greatest height, and begins to decline, but the heat continues to increase till the middle or end of July.

But there are various circumstances besides warmth, which constitute summer weather. The mechanism of the atmosphere is very complicated, and the adjustments which it requires are exceedingly nice, and, considering merely the nature of the powers employed, we may well add, hazardous. Any change in the relative proportion of one of the principles, is calculated to produce a powerful effect on all the rest; and were there not a regulating power of consummate wisdom, it might be expected that the balance would be overset, and that the most disastrous consequences would ensue. Let us look for a moment at the constituents of the atmosphere, and this will become apparent. The air, which forms the chief part of the atmosphere, is composed of two substances, held together merely by mechanical admixture, which are of very different properties, and which require to continue united in the precise proportion they actually bear to each other, in order to be capable of sustaining animal and vegetable life. Were that proportion destroyed even in a slight degree, the air we breathe would be instantly converted into a deadly poison. Now, it is well worthy of remark, that, although in the functions both of animal and vegetable life, and in the process of combustion, a great and apparently unequal consumption of these two substances takes place, the proportion between them is always maintained, and that notwithstanding any difference of temperature. Heat expands, and cold contracts them; but they are not thus disunited, or in any way disturbed in their proportions. On the contrary, it is probably in some degree owing to the alterations of heat and cold, which keep up a constant motion in this wonderful fluid, that the necessary balance is maintained.

Another ingredient in the atmosphere is moisture. This is very sensibly acted on by heat. It is the principle of heat which evaporates the moisture from the earth, and causes it to mix with the air, and to float in it, sometimes as an invisible fluid, sometimes in the form of clouds, and which at other times causes it to be precipitated in the form of rain. Now, the remarkable circumstance is, that although heat is the agent in these operations, the change of temperature does not so affect the process as to cause the operations to cease, or very materially to disturb them. Evaporation goes on both at a low and a high temperature, and in both states clouds are formed and rain falls. This is owing to a very peculiar provision, obviously imposed by consummate wisdom. The air is made capable of containing vapour in a certain proportion to its temperature; and it is not till it be saturated that the evaporation from the surface of water ceases, or that deposition takes place. The temperature of the air in winter does not, indeed, admit of the same quantity being held in solution as in summer: but up to a certain point it is equally capable of sustaining it in the one case as in the other. Evaporation, therefore, takes place in very cold weather, even from ice and snow; and the water thus infused into the air is carried up into the higher regions, till it reaches the point where the temperature is such as to correspond with the quantity of moisture. Precisely the same process takes place in summer,

with this difference, that the evaporation is much more abundant, and the air, owing to its increased temperature, is capable of containing a far greater quantity in solution. Again, the point of deposition is regulated by a similar law, with a similar difference. Deposition does not take place either in winter or summer, till the air is more than saturated; but this effect is produced at very different temperatures, according to the quantity actually held in solution, so that a very slight degree of cold will form clouds and cause rain in summer, compared with what is necessary to occasion the same phenomena in winter. Hence the processes of evaporation and deposition are made, by this very peculiar law, always to bear a relation to the actual temperature of the season; and such a balance is kept up between these processes, as is admirably suited to the wants of vegetable and animal life.

I may add to all this the properties of the atmosphere, by means of which it is made the vehicle of light and sound, and the means of respiration. The changes which the air undergoes by the operation of heat and cold, might easily be supposed, and might even perhaps, reasoning without the aid of experience, be expected to produce a material alteration on such properties. But although these changes are so considerable in different seasons, and in different climates, we do not find that the laws either of vision or of acoustics are in any material degree affected by them,—or that the action of the lungs, either in man or the lower animals, is impeded or deranged.

In attending to the complicated nature of the atmosphere, and the various important functions it has to perform, and in considering the diversified modifications, it must necessarily undergo by the alteration of its temperature, both in the various latitudes of the globe, and in the different seasons of the year, it does seem impossible to doubt that the uniformity of its properties, and of its salutary influences under all these modifications, has been provided for, by what Whewell, considering that subject in a more extended view, justly calls "a most refined, far-seeing, and far-ruling contrivance." So many opposing forces, and the mingling of such subtle and fearfully active elements, appear in the most quiescent state to require amazing prospective skill for their regulation and controul; and when we find them, even under the influence of extensive changes, still harmoniously combining their powers for the general good, we cannot but perceive that all this could not be effected but by the same paternal hand which originally called their powers into action.

—Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.

## MY MOTHER.

'T was in the autumn's dreary close,

A long, long time ago;  
The berries of the briar-rose  
Hung bright above the snow,  
And night had spread her shadow wild  
About the earth and sky,  
When calling me, her orphan child,  
She said that she must die.

She rests within the quiet tomb,

The narrow and the chill—  
The window of our cabin home  
Looks out upon the hill.  
O, when the world seems wild and wide,  
And friends to love me few,  
I think of how she lived and died,  
And gather strength anew.

THE FARMER'S FIRST LESSON IN CHEMISTRY.—A class has been formed at a place "down East" for the study of agricultural chemistry. The plan of instruction is catechetical. The following lesson is founded on the responses delivered at one of its recent meetings. Mistakes, they say, afford often a valuable lesson; if so, it is hoped that the lesson subjoined will be of great value. Chemistry is keepun' a doctor's shop. An atom is a morsel of summut—a bit o' dust, or zand, like. The weight of an atom is the heft on up. Light is accordin' as it need be—day-light, moon-light, or candle-light. Heat is that are what comes out o' the fire. The effect of heat is, roastin' meat, boilin' taters, burnin' your fingers, if you get so close to it. Lightning is a thunderbolt fallin' out o' the clouds—a thunderbolt is a thing like a clinker. An acid is any sort o' sour stuff like vinegar or vargas. An alkali is a foreign name for summut or other, may be for a pig. Potash is ashes from under a pot. Soda is stuff washerwomen use. Ammonia is one o' them fine names as your gentlefolks gives their darters. If you put sulphuric acid to lime, and make sulphate o' lime, why, of course, if you add it to oats you get sulphate o' oats. A simple body means a simpleton, Silly Billy at the poor-house. The laws of chemical union is like the laws of any other union, pretty strictish. Chemical affinity, attraction, cohesion, composition, decomposition, analysis, synthesis, is a parcel of outlandish gibberish. Justus Liebig is some Frenchman.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley himself narrowly escaped being a baker; here was a decision upon which hung in one scale, perhaps, the immortal interests of thousands; and, in the other, the gratification of the taste of the good people of Giggleswick for hot rolls. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey; here was this wretched ape wielding in his paw the destinies of nations. Then, again, how different in their kind, as well as in their magnitude, are these consequences from anything that might have been *a priori* expected. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl of eighteen; and are long "The Reformation beams from Bullen's eyes." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland, and the inheritance, which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a schoolboy (as Mr. Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military—and, we trust we may now add, its civil and political—glory.—*Quarterly Review*.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 531.)

## CHAPTER XVI.

"For she was full of amiable grace."—SHAKESPEARE.

As Hugh stepped out upon the rock below the house, he found that the sun was already up, though his beams could not reach the spot where he stood for several hours. Directly in front of him rose the high mountain-range, which had been on his left throughout the previous day's ride; and at his feet yawned an almost bottomless chasm, which the rains and melting snows of long ages had washed deep down into the rocky *sierra*. Towards the left, or down the ravine, the chasm opened wider; and far in the distance, spreading almost endlessly, his eye ranged over the sterile plain, across which the morning sun was shining in yellow radiance. To the right, the ravine rose rapidly into the ridge, and seemed to reach almost to the summit; while, far down in its fathomless bed, ran a narrow, thread-like stream, dried up long before it reached the plain. Above the head of the ravine, upon the very crest of the mountain, were long ranges or thin groves of tall pines and cedars, now illumined on their evergreen leaves and branches by the risen sun. The silence was deep and unbroken, save by the trickling sound of the small fountain, which was immediately behind him; and the only visible motion in all that solitude, was this thread-like rill, as it sprang over the ledge, and was dissipated in fine mist, which the light morning air wafted into his face.

As he stood gazing upon this peaceful scene, his attention was attracted by a light footstep, and Catharina stood beside him.

"You admire the view?" said she.

"It is a perfect vision," he replied, "which is, however, only complete when the solitude is broken by you."

"You are as complimentary as a *cavallero*," said she, laughing; "I scarcely expected that from an American."

"And why not?" Hugh asked. "Is it because they are less gallant, or more honest, than the *cavalleros*?"

"O! more honest, I would hope!" she exclaimed. "But surely gallantry is not incompatible with honesty?"

"No," said Hugh, "not precisely; but I believe they are seldom found together."

"It is so in your country, too, then?" said she. "I had hoped it was not so."

"It is indeed so, *senora*," answered Hugh. "But you speak as if you had often thought of my country."

"My father has told me much of it," she replied, "and I have read more. But you have not told me your name."

"Manning," said he; "Hugh Manning. I think you will find it difficult to pronounce."

"O, no!" said she; but the attempt justified the fear of Hugh; for nothing could have been more incorrect than her pronunciation, as nothing could have been more charming to Hugh than her earnest attempt. There is nothing harsh in the accent of a Spaniard when speaking English—nothing even ludicrous, as there generally is in the unsuccessful attempts of foreigners to master our eccentric accent. There seems to be no affinity between the two languages, and yet the Spanish seems only to prepare the tongue to give a lisping softness to the English. A soft voice, and a pretty face, bearing the earnest, naive expression which a Spanish girl always assumes when trying to articulate our rough sounds, are concomitants which add greatly to the interest of such a conversation. Byron says,

"Tis pleasing to be schooled in a stranger's tongue,  
By female lips and eyes;"

and not less pleasing is it to be the teacher. Hugh was not exactly in this position; but he smiled when she made a blunder, which was not seldom, and thought how pleasant it would be to remain here a month or two, and teach those rosy lips a better English. For we have not given the words of Catharina as she spoke them, much less could we interpret on this cold paper the artless earnestness and smiling patience with which she endeavoured to make herself understood. She comprehended the language when spoken by another, as Hugh understood Spanish. Neither was capable of speaking the language of the other; but each persisted in speaking only the foreign tongue, and each thought it very pleasant thus to correct the other's blunders, and smile at ludicrous mistakes.

"They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong  
They smile still more, and then there intervene  
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss."

But in this instance there were none of the latter as yet, whatever the intimacy which grew so fast might lead to if pursued. They talked of the view before them—of the mountains, and the cedars, and the solitude. They talked of the war—of battles, and sieges, and bloody deeds; and then, by contrast, were suggested scenes of peaceful quiet like this, where not a sound of war had ever come. Catharina told him her history, and explained the reasons why they were living thus far from the haunts of men, in a scene so wild. Her father had been a priest, she said, having been educated in the United States by the Jesuits. But time had opened his eyes to the folly of the vows he had taken, and gradually undermined his faith. He was even thinking of flying from his duties, and betaking himself to solitude, when the Jesuits had been by law expelled from the country. This gave him an excuse for a step which he had been on the point of taking without excuse. He affected to prefer his country to his order, and had accordingly been excommunicated. He had gladly seized that opportunity to rid himself of trau-

mels which galled him; and immediately upon becoming free from his vows, he hastened to the United States, and married a lady whom he had loved in silence while his vows forbade him to speak, and the affection for whom probably had no small weight in forming his conclusion. He brought his bride to Monterey, where he had a large property, which the Law of the Expulsion re-vested in him, and he lived happily for a year. At the end of that time Catharina was born, and her mother died, almost at the moment of her seeing the light.

Of all these events she spoke but briefly, for she really understood but little of them; but into her own personal history she went more at large than we shall do, and far more than was to have been expected after an acquaintance of but a few hours. Her father had lived at Monterey, she continued, from that time to the present, suspected and shunned by the more fanatical, but deeply respected by all who knew him intimately. He seemed to take a pride, too, in keeping in remembrance the reason for which he was suspected, by habitually wearing a costume very nearly like that which he had formerly worn as a priest. This was in part habit, which had made this costume most comfortable to him, and, in part, contempt and scorn of those who carped at him. His proud, shy character, had been heightened by his grief, and seclusion was the natural consequence of his position. His daughter had grown up beautiful and stately as a palm-tree, reproducing before him the soft, northern loveliness of his dead wife; added to the proud bearing of the southern. She was an heiress, moreover; and Mexico is even a stronger example than our own country of the influence of wealth. Had her father practised "the Black Art," which many fit that country do not think exploded, his daughter, or rather his daughter's wealth, would have been sought by many suitors. None of these, she said archly, had touched her heart, because she knew they cared less for her than for her *haciendas*; and she preferred the freedom of a maiden to the license of a wife.

Time had rolled on, and the war with the United States commenced. General Taylor had marched on Monterey, and was about to assault it, when her father was surprised to find his name—Andrew Bonaro—among those who were suspected of being friendly to the advancing Americans. "More in sorrow than in anger," he had at once left the city for one of his *haciendas*. But he was a marked man; and but a few days passed in this retreat, before a detachment of roving soldiers, who were at least half robbers, took possession of the place, and he was forced to leave it. He now bethought him of this solitary place, which he had built during the first year of his widowhood, and where he had once proposed to spend the remainder of his days, and leaving his property and possessions in the hands of the Americans, he had repaired thither resolved not to appear again in the world until the storm of war should have passed.

Catharina told this history, not as we have written it, but in detached portions elicited by repeated questioning from Hugh, during a walk of more than an hour up and down the narrow terrace.

"Then your name is Catharina Bonaro?" said he, as she finished.

"Yes," said she. "But I have kept you too long here—you must need repose, and I must go and make you a cup of coffee."

"Let me help you," said Hugh; "I am not fatigued in the least."

"No, no," said she, laughing; "I know you *must* be fatigued; and, besides, you could not help me if you were not. You would only hinder me; it has been so long since I have seen a young *cavallero*, to talk to, that I should forget the coffee altogether."

"So much the better," said Hugh; "then we could talk all the time."

"You must remember," said she, with mock gravity, "that you are my guest, and as such must obey all my commands; of which my first is, that you lie down while I bring your coffee to you, and then give yourself up to repose for the day. Come, I will show you."

"I wish all who command me were as easy to obey," said Hugh.

She looked wonderingly at him, but did not reply.

"I mean," he continued, "that I will obey you more cheerfully than any superior officer, who has a right to command me."

"Your army is in but a dangerous position," said she, "if your soldiers do not obey their officers more cheerfully than you do me. Come."

She led him back along the terrace, and past the door within which Allen was still sleeping heavily; and pushing open the next, she told him to enter. The room was of the same size as the other, but less elegantly fitted up, though still neatly and even richly furnished, considering the appearance of the walls and the scene outside. A neat white couch, very nearly like that in the other room, stood in the corner, and a divan covered with dark, crimson silk, stood against the wall. Hugh did not wait to see more, for Catharina closed the door, and left him in the dark. He heard her go away singing, in a clear, melodious voice, one of the simple though monotonous airs of the country. He threw himself upon the couch, and disposed himself to sleep. A moment afterwards, however, Catharina entered, and, leaving the door open, brought him a steaming cup of coffee.

"Drink this," said she. "Father says you must sleep before you eat."

He took the cup, and drank the coffee with a relish he had never before known.

"Now," said she, taking the cup, "lie down and sleep till I call you."

## CHAPTER XVII.

"weariness  
Can ensue upon the faint, when restive sloth  
Flies the down pillow hard."—SHAKESPEARE.

How much inclined Hugh was to prefer Catharina's society to the arms of Morpheus, when he once yielded to the influence of the drowsy god, he sleep became deep and dreamless.

Whatever may be said about the hardships of a soldier's life, and the inestimable blessings of a peaceful lot, it may well be doubted, whether the aggregate of his enjoyments be not equal in amount to the blessings of a calmer existence. The watchfulness and violent exertion of his waking hours enhance his enjoyment of repose, when it comes, and, making a soldier lie down upon a naked rock with a keener relish than a man who presses a bed of down. God has created us all, and stands equally in just relation to all; whatever obligations it has been His will to impose upon Himself by the lot of creation, be they great or small, are due to us, at least in this world, in an equal degree. He has, therefore, established a law, which every blessing and every evil shall be so graduated and proportioned in itself and in its consequences, that each will receive an equal amount of worldly enjoyment; and, being both beneficent and omnipresent, He has been able so to form us, that as much happiness to the poor and apparently unfortunate, may be compressed into a day, or even a moment, as with the poorest of apparently more fortunate neighbour is spread over a whole lifetime. He has been able so to make us, too, that the satisfaction, the aspiration, even a thought, shall repay to the unblest, his want of a thousand more physical comforts. Good and evil, enjoyment and affliction, are like the two bullets in a well; as the one goes down the other rises, and the rise of one is always in exact proportion to the fall of the other. If my enjoyments are "few and far between," I appreciate them the more keenly; and my appreciation leads directly to their rareness—the sense of happiness may be so sublimated as to concentrate the feelings of years in one single moment. If, on the contrary, I am blest with many blessings, inasmuch that each day only rises to bring the daily enjoyment, the frequency blunts the keenness of my feelings, and habit dilutes over many days the fruition which, in the other case, occupies but a single moment. Recurrence weakens and dilutes—rarity subtilizes and concentrates.

It is so in the life of the soldier, as in all other things. The battle, in which death and terror and excitement string the nerves and exalt the imagination, renders doubly sweet the peacefulness of the following day; the weary march of mile upon mile and league upon league, makes the heart swell with delight as he throws himself upon his hard pillow and sleeps to dream of home and friends. I know of no pleasure in life equal to that the foot-sore soldier feels when, after a long, hot, monotonous day's march, he first comes in sight of the fluttering *quidons* which mark his encampment for the night; and even the thought that on the following morning he will again set out upon a march equally severe, only admonishes him to enjoy his present repose—makes it far sweeter than any gained beneath a roof. There is no tossing uneasily from side to side, upon that couch—no weary wakefulness, which makes the night an age and the stillness a mockery. No restless longing for morning disturbs the soldier's sleep; and the *réveille* which calls him from his slumber, though it calls him also to renewed exertion, only reminds him that it calls him from an enjoyment which shall come again—which will come again, too, not as a mere habit which chains him to a torturing routine of lying down sleepless and rising up listless, but as a positive pleasure, heightened and enhanced by the labours of which this *réveille* is the herald. And even when his duties require him to watch through the long hours of the night, with a slumbering host about him, he looks forward to the hour of relief; and when it comes, he lies away to his comrades with the bounding consciousness of a duty performed and past. It has been observed—we have ourselves observed—that the soldier who has not closed his eyes during the night before, will perform a long and weary march with as much speed and alacrity, and with as little fatigue as he who has slept the usual number of hours; and this is true of whole regiments, too, observed in succession. The explanation is to be sought, no doubt, partially in habit; but much more credit is due to the moral influence exercised by the bounding feeling of being relieved, and the consciousness that when he reaches his quarters for the night, a term of sweet repose awaits him.

Hugh and Allen had been awake for many hours, during which they had passed through excitement, fatigue, and danger. They were now safe, at least for the present; and Hugh threw himself upon the couch prepared for him, with a keenness of enjoyment only known to the tired sons of toil, or the travel-worn wayfarer. The sleep of his friend was not so deep; but he was not well. The fever of his veins troubled his dreams; but he, too, slept deeply, though somewhat torpidly. Let us fill up the time of their unconsciousness with some brief account of the time during which we lost sight of them.

Hugh had marched with his company to the place of rendezvous, when the companies were formed into regiments and organized by the election of field-officers. There Morris Thorpe had endeavoured to secure a colonelcy; had, indeed, so nearly succeeded, that his opponent (a man of age, experience, and long service), had found it necessary to compromise with him. By this arrangement, Thorpe secured the position which he had originally in view—the lieutenant-colonelcy. He well knew that he was not old enough, or sufficiently well known, to hope for the first office, and the success of his intriguing surprised himself as much as it did others. The second office, moreover, pleased him far more than the first, in itself; and it was only in order to secure it, that he pushed his pretensions forward for the colonelcy. There are just two offices in an army which are desirable—the second office in a regiment, and the second office in a company. They combine, each in its sphere, good rank and absence of responsibility. If any officer in a volunteer corps has an opportunity to ingratiate himself with his men, and thus prepare for a peaceful campaign (the object for which many of them enlist), it is he who fills either of these posts. He can pursue his schemes of popularity; and yet strictly do his duty—a course not very hard to pursue; for there is an officer above him who bears all the odium of discipline, and

whose popular acts are generally referred to the counsels of his second in command. Thorpe knew this; and he arranged his plans accordingly—succeeding, as he generally did.

Hugh had entered the army inexperienced, young, and accustomed only to the routine of civil life. His education was, however, as we have said, far more liberal than that generally received by young men in his station, and his natural powers were very much above mediocrity. He was particularly distinguished for quick observation, and a sound, good sense, which made his applications sound and practical. He was, at first, of course, entirely unused to his new life. But of all animals man most easily adapts himself to new situations; and it was not more than three months from the day of his enlistment, before he had become perfectly at ease in his new harness, and had rubbed off a great part of the external roughness and inexperience accumulated in an obscure position. His mind was far from the change; and what had been only a strong, practical intellect, obscured by routine and want of opportunity, now became a firm, steady, and rapid intelligence, full of observation and expedient. The life of a soldier, whatever may be its tendencies in a moral point of view, doubtless necessarily to evolve all there is in a man's intellect. A camp is a hospital for the mind, as well as vice, is forced into conformity with a rapidly changing and powerful influence of civil life. "In vino veritas" is an old saying, but it is true notwithstanding the fact that when intoxicated men are generally said to be "disguised;" and with a small variation, the truth might be applied to a camp; for there, whatever is in a man will come out. Men who have been supposed, while in civil stations, to be among the best disposed and most estimable, upon a short trial here, have been found to be the most utterly worthless—mere drones, who add nothing to the efficiency of an army, but really detract from its force, by depreciating its moral tone. And the converse is also true. Men taken from the gutters and grog-shops, unpromising materials, one would have said for any purpose—men apparently abandoned to every vice, and too far sunk in laziness and corruption ever to be otherwise reformed, have, under the transforming rod of military discipline, become sober, orderly, well-disposed, and efficient men. I speak not of isolated instances, but of large numbers of both classes—numbers large enough to form a rule, not to be classed among exceptions.

Allen had gone to New Orleans with Major Bryce, as we have already seen. There the latter had received the "further orders," for which he was instructed to wait; and those orders had directed him to repair to the Rio Grande, to be assigned to duty. In due time he arrived there, and was assigned to duty with a column then moving upon Camargo. Allen had accompanied him as his clerk, occupying the greater part of his time, however, in sketching the scenery, and studying the character of the country through which they passed. In Camargo, the Major had been employed among the dilapidated wagons and broken-down horses and mules, which lumbered the town, while Taylor marched towards Monterey. After the city was taken, the Major, with the volunteers, was ordered up. Thence he moved up with the command of General Worth; and when the larger part of Taylor's army was withdrawn by General Scott for his expedition against Vera Cruz, the Major had been ordered off with them. His accounts were, however, to be settled before he left, and he was still in Saltillo at the period of Allen's expedition with the reconnoitering party. The time set for Allen's return came, and the Major was compelled to set off without him. We have seen the reasons of his delay; and now let us return again to Basil's cottage.

The silence of the scene resembled the sacred stillness of a Sabbath morning in the country—a stillness now made audible by the low sighing of a whispering southern breeze, which crept along the plain and stealthily ascended the mountain side. It was light, as the summer breezes of the north, scarcely moving a leaf, and only perceptible by its weird rustling among the branches, and its almost inaudible murmuring far down in the recesses of the deep ravine. There were none of the sounds which in a northern climate come to disturb the enchantment of a still day. Among the few low trees, there were no birds to carol forth their joy—from the thick copse came no cheerful songs to greet the sunlight. Neither the bleating of sheep, nor the lowing of herds, reminded one of country life. Far up the mountain slope could here and there be seen a wandering goat, browsing upon the low bushes, or springing now and then from rock to rock; and farther on, lying like a collection of snow-flakes upon the brown grass, and shining in the sun which had reached them, though it penetrated not the valley and the plain, could be discerned a flock of these animals, walking listlessly about, or standing in groups in the calmness of the morning; but in that wide prospect, no other sign of life was visible. On the plain the morbid stillness was no less deep; the sun had not yet come to obscure the view, and the eye ranged over an almost interminable level, where nothing broke the monotony but an occasional stunted tree or desolate-looking cactus. Towards the east; as towards the west, the ridge of mountains towered many thousand feet, rugged in the granite hues of ages, and crowned by tall pines and ghost-like cedars; and between the dark trunks of these, relieved in sharp, decided outline against the sky, shone the bright sunlight, brushing out in full the crooked branches and waving foliage which it tipped with golden fire. Over all, like an intangible, deep blue, canopy, was arched the glorious sky of that pure atmosphere, penetrated and pervaded by the mingling light, bending towards the opposing ridges in ever-changing hues; now bands of pale orange, springing like the rainbow from ridge to ridge; now banners of fading green, shooting far up into the fathomless firmament; now patches of purple, and white, playing round the craggy summits, and now a lightning flash of all combined, rushing along the rocks, and breaking out in showers of diamonds shivered into dust; and then again, the whole mountain surface of the earth heavenly blue.





"Have you any news to tell me?" inquired Thorpe of the Mexican. The Mexican made the usual gesture of his nation—shaking one finger in front of his face, and replied "nada," or "none."

Bonaro sat upon a rustic bench before the door, within which Allen slept; and his long, silvery locks uncovered, and slightly moved from time to time by the gentle morning air, streamed down about his temples and upon his cheek, presenting the picture of a patriarch, upon whose life no shadow has been cast, except that which every thoughtful spirit wears in view of the sins and miseries of his fellow men. He was reading a large silver-clasped book; but from time to time he laid it down, and entering the house, carefully examined the pulse of his patient. Catharina passed several times in and out of the house, singing softly in unison with the trickling of the fountain at the end of the house, apparently intent upon assisting the old female servant, Marola, in the preparation of the few viands the house afforded. The woman confined herself to the house, not for fear of being seen, although her dress was scanty enough, nor because she wanted nothing from without, for Catharina carried to her the twigs used for fuel and an occasional vessel of water; but apparently from a love of the smoke which filled the room, and which had wrinkled and darkened her already parchment-like skin, until it seemed to be incapable of further change. Her face was, however, redeemed by the invariable small, black, twinkling eye of the race, and by long, straight, raven hair which fell loosely upon her scantily-covered shoulders, without the least confinement. A chemise of white cotton stuff, confined at the waist, and eked out by a red flannel petticoat of no extravagant longitude, and old, dilapidated, slipshod rough shoes, completed a costume which was never changed. Her head, when she went into the sun, was covered by a coarse, brown mantilla, which also served to envelope her bare arms and shoulders. She was, in short, a fair specimen of the class of Mexican *peons* who are not only not superior in condition or character, but are, in many respects, positively inferior to the slaves of the southern States. She seemed to notice nothing that went on around her, except by an occasional furtive glance of her quick, black eye; and even the approach of her friends, and their reception, had called forth no other sign from her pinched and wrinkled features.

An hour passed away thus quietly, when Catharina called her father in to their morning meal. Silence while eating is among the Mexicans, a national trait; and though old Bonaro was sometimes an exception, made so probably by his residence in the States, he was on this morning taciturn as his countrymen usually are. Catharina too, was indisposed to conversation; so that the frugal meal was despatched in silence. Having given directions that his guests were not to be disturbed for two or three hours, he resumed his book and his seat upon the bench. Catharina gave instructions to Marola for the preparation of a substantial meal for the Americans when they should awake. "Having assisted her with more than usual attention, she took a small volume from the recess in the room where Allen was sleeping; and, taking up the field-glass which lay upon the divan, she went out, and climbing the path, down which she had preceded our friends, disappeared over the cliff. Everything became still again—even Marola was so quiet in her preparations as not to disturb the calm—and the old man could hear the heavy breathing

of his guests within, at the bench where he was sitting. The sun came over the Eastern *sierra*, and dashed down into the depths of the ravine, obliquely illumining its opposite wall, and changing the light frost which lay upon the leaves into crystals, and amethysts and diamonds. The wind slightly increased in force, and sighed among the thickets, or moaned within the recesses of the ravine, and whispered among the vines and flowers of the arbour. On the summit of the nearest mountain it seemed to be higher; and as the fitful moaning rose and fell, in the intervals of silence, the old man could hear it roaring among the waving pines like a distant cataract. The risen sun began to make his influence felt; for the goats upon the mountain sought the shade of stunted palms, or wandered slowly down the precipitous rocks and disappeared within the beds of torrents now dry. The cottage was yet within the shade; but the breeze from the plain came breathing the warmth of barren deserts; and relaxing with its delicious softness, seemed to invite repose. The old man closed the book and laid it on the bench; then sinking slowly on it, he stretched himself at length and slept.

Catharina ascended the steep path which led to the level above, and walked a few paces from the edge of the rock. Here she seated herself at the foot of a large tree, and, opening her book, disposed herself as if to read. But the print, large and plain as it was, made no impression on her mind, and the book lay upon her lap unheeded. She might have been absorbed by the vast and various view before her: or she might have been occupied with any one of the "thick-coming fancies," which haunt the brain of youth. Probably it was the former, for at intervals of a few minutes she adjusted the glass and slowly swept the landscape, from the top of the mountain opposite and above her, to the far, fading outskirts of the sea-like plain below. If she was searching for anything, it was apparently not found; for she laid down the glass each time and relapsed into thoughtfulness. Thus employed, if employment it can be called, she continued for several hours—apparently unconscious of the existence of any one on earth, even herself.

In the meantime, at the end of about two hours, the old man's slumber was broken by Marola, who announced that she had at last prepared a breakfast for the strangers—and according to his directions, in case of necessity, a bowl of gruel for the invalid. Upon being called, Hugh sprang to his feet and accompanied Bonaro to Allen's room. The latter was still sleeping, but his face was flushed, and the occasional uneasy motion of his limbs denoted fever. The old man quietly felt his pulse, and laying the arm down shook his head and led Hugh out of the room.

"He has a fever," said he, "and must not be disturbed."

"Is there any danger?" asked Hugh.

"I hope not," said Bonaro, "but I cannot tell yet."

"At all events," said Hugh, seating himself at the table, "I shall not leave him until he is out of danger." The old man retired, and Hugh betook himself to the viands prepared for him—consisting chiefly of young kid's flesh, beans, and thin corn-cakes—to each of which he did ample justice.

Washing it down with a cup of coffee, he took up Allen's rifle and strolled or rather climbed up the path taken by Catharina.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I pray you tarry; pause a day or two before you hazard."—SHAKESPEARE.

"An honest tale speeds best being plainly told."—SHAKESPEARE.

"You seem to be absorbed," said Hugh, as he approached and took the seat Catharina mentioned him to at her side.

"I have just been thinking of my mother," she replied. "She was of your country, and died, as I told you, when I was born. I have never seen the United States; but a feeling, which I cannot explain, has made everything that relates to them an interest associated with her memory."

"Every American, then, ought to be your friend," said Hugh. "I can speak for one at all events."

"You mean yourself," said she, "and yet you have not known me a day. But it does not follow, because I feel an interest in Americans that they should all be my friends. Friendship is not a matter of feeling half so much as of association and habit. If feeling produced feelings, fancy there would be little unhappiness in the world—certainly there would be no suffering of what we call 'unrequited affection.'"

"You might be correct," said Hugh, with a smile, "if no one person ever excited affection in more than one breast. But one so likely to excite love as you are, would reason more correctly if she took into the account the force of her own charms as an 'example.'"

"I like compliments," said she; "when they are neatly turned, especially. But that is not to the purpose; for I believe that no one person ever did excite a pure, true, and lasting affection in more than one breast. It is true more than one may pretend affection for the same object; but it seems to me not only probable but certain, that all but one are either deceiving others or themselves."

"Your theory has one advantage, if no other," said Hugh: "if it is not capable of proof, at least it cannot be disproved."

"That is but a weak commendation of it," she replied; "for the same might be said of the wildest vagaries. But it is not true. My theory is susceptible of the same proof which sustains more than half of the received opinions of the world. Look at the cases in which you think you see its contradiction. Let two men pretend, or even sincerely believe themselves in love with the same woman. In every case you will find that one or the other afterwards finds that he has been entirely mistaken: that the love he mistook for a real passion, was only the scattered drops of a full heart, whose whole plenary tenderness is now poured out on another and entirely different altar—and unfortunately in too many cases this galling consciousness comes to him who has secured the prize, equally as it has come to him who thought himself miserable, but was in reality blest, in his disappointment."

"Do you think this never happens to the other sex?"

"Assuredly, even oftener than to the first," she replied. "Women have more fancy (though not more imagination), than men. Their lives are such, both inwardly and in their station in society, that they become far more liable to self-deceit; their impressibility combines with their impatience, and fancy lends enchantment where too often the real magic has never come. There are more dissatisfied wives in the world, than there are disconsolate husbands."

"I should think the number would be equal," suggested Hugh.

"And so they would be," she rejoined, "if, as you suppose, the one necessarily produced the other; but it is not so. Men's pursuits are so absorbing, and, forgive me if I say, both their perceptions and their feelings are often so blunt, that an unhappy woman, if she have sense enough to know the folly and hopelessness of discovery, can very easily conceal her discontent, and make her husband think her the happiest of women. Men's vanity and complaisance, too, make them easily blinded by affectionate words and actions, even though these have their source no deeper than the lips."

"One would suppose," said Hugh, after a pause, "that instead of being young as you are, you had passed a long life in wedlock?"

"That," said she, "is only because it is generally believed that the only way of acquiring wisdom is by experience; whereas one learns more by observation, and still more by reflection."

"At least you must have thought a great deal about marriage?"

"I have had nothing else to do, the greater part of my time," she replied. "But you are wrong in supposing that I have been led to think about it, by any idea of soon entering the state myself."

"I am glad to hear it," said Hugh; "and yet—"

"And yet, what?" she asked, looking around as he hesitated; "and why are you glad?"

"I do not know," said Hugh, with some hesitation; "but I felt relieved when you said so, because the idea of your thinking of marriage seemed to threaten that ere long I should cease to see you."

"Why," said she, surprised and blushing, "our meeting has been only an accident; and as soon as your friend can be removed you will leave us, and we shall most probably meet no more."

"He is not likely to be able to move for some time," said Hugh.

"You say that as if you rejoiced at his misfortune," she exclaimed half reproachfully, but still smiling as if not ill pleased.

"Goodness forbid!" he exclaimed in his turn. "I rejoice not at his ill fortune, but at my good fortune."

"And you consider it good fortune to be confined here among the mountains for perhaps a month or more?" she pursued.

"If I were confined alone, I would not so consider it," he said with marked emphasis.

"You are determined I shall understand," returned Catharina laughing, "and I do; but you Americans all go so fast, I can scarcely keep up."

"That's a way we have," said Hugh, relapsing at once, at the allusion, into the soldier.

"Well," said she, gravely, "we have travelled quite far enough in this direction, for the present; let us take some other path."

"You think it would be wrong to listen to an enemy?" said he.

"By no means," she replied. "Truth and honour should be respected and beloved in friend and foe. But it is truth and honour only which are entitled to even a respectful hearing."

"You do not think me capable—" he began.

"I think nothing about it," she interrupted, somewhat sharply. "But I have heard that the Mexican ladies are lightly considered in the American camp; and I am determined neither to do, nor permit anything to justify the opinion. You should recollect, Senor, that we are acquaintances of only a few hours; and that the guest should treat his host with as much deference as he receives hospitality."

Hugh was dumb. She had spoken in a voice and manner as unlike her former light gaiety, and as different to even her more grave tone, as night is to day. He did not know how he had offended her; because he could not know the horror with which a pure mind would shrink from anything, which it supposed tended to class it with those so lightly esteemed as were Mexican women by the Americans. In truth, he had not offended her at all; though by no means in love with him, so soon, she was really much pleased with his free, soldierly bearing, and his fine manly form and features. And it was because of this very interest, for which there was also another reason to be adverted to hereafter, which she began to feel gaining upon her, that she felt anxious about his good opinion—but she was unwilling to encourage his warm expressions, in the fear that he might infer unfavourably from her complaisance. Her face was flushed, for she had spoken warmly;—she began to think too warmly,—for Hugh gazed in her face with undisguised admiration, but with an expression of deep concern. She turned her face to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"You must not think me ill-natured, Senor," she said in a voice of winning softness; "for I have been so hurt by the relation of the conduct of your soldiers to the peasants of this country, that I even think a common civility an attempt to bring me down to their level."

"The opinions of the army," said he, "are based upon what they have seen; and I would willingly believe that these are only the lowest."

"They are indeed!" she broke in eagerly; "they are indeed! And yet the Americans ask 'Can any good come out of Nazareth?' just as if they had seen all there is to be seen in the country. But they should remember the words of one of your own rugged writers—whose works my father sometimes reads to me—'Even a Russian steppe has tumult and gold ornaments,'—and should not conclude, that, because only the low and degraded have abided the approach of an invading army, whom they have been taught to believe barbarians, therefore there are none but the low and degraded."

"I, for one," said Hugh, "am very far from believing so: for I have a proof of the error before me."

"I told you before," she replied, "that I liked compliments; but you must not forget what I have said since."

"You said we had travelled far enough in this direction for the present," said Hugh. "I infer that at some future time we may resume the path."

"That depends upon you, not upon me," she rejoined. "Let us deal plainly. I do not know that anything you have said, or anything you were about to say, was intended as more than an amusement, which, Heaven knows, you may need long before you leave us. I rather incline to believe that was the sole motive, and though I do not like it, I can still forgive it. Hear me out—I know what you would say. If you were seriously disposed so suddenly to pronounce words, which ought to be spoken only upon mature reflection, the time may come, when, if anything connected with me shall be of the least importance, you will thank me for not allowing you to proceed. But if that time should not come—" and here her voice trembled, but she recovered its firmness and went on—"if you should upon reflection wish to renew the subject, speak plainly, and I will not interrupt you. In the meantime, remember that I am here, the defenceless daughter of one who treats you kindly—that your arms are in possession of my country—and that it would be an abuse of the hospitality shown you, to press upon me any such subject. Is it agreed?" She extended her small, soft hand with a smile which Hugh could not have resisted if he would. He pressed it in his and was silent.

"It is a bargain, then!" said she, taking up the field glass which lay upon the ground beside her. "And now let me examine that spot yonder, where there seems to be some one moving."

There was something so dignified, and yet so candid, open and womanly in all this, that Hugh could not either doubt its sincerity or question its propriety. He may not have been entirely in love with her, as yet; but he was much nearer to it than when he sat down, and with much better reason than can generally be given for the same state of feeling. He turned his eyes in the direction of the telescope, and after looking a moment, could plainly distinguish something moving among the low trees at the distance of a little more than a mile.

\* Catharina was a little mistaken about the country of this writer—it is Carlyle.

## SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER TO THE "HOME COMPANION."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

With No. XXXIV. will be published a carefully prepared Sheet (uniform with the "HOME COMPANION"), with Illustrations, of RULES, HINTS, CAUTIONS, and DIRECTIONS, that will assist in preventing, checking, or curing Disease. By A DISTINGUISHED HOSPITAL SURGEON.

### EXTRACT FROM THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION:

"My object is to furnish such rules, hints, cautions, and directions, that, if followed, will assist in preventing, checking, or curing disease; alleviating pain; and perhaps preventing death or serious permanent injury, likely to result from accidents, imprudence, or wilfulness. We know that medical aid cannot always be commanded at once, especially in country towns or villages; and for want of proper directions, many a life or limb may be lost, or rendered permanently useless. Therefore, to obviate such disastrous results, I have compiled the following pages, which will furnish ample directions for all the common emergencies, diseases, and accidents, that are likely to come under the notice of an individual during his career in life; and, in order to make the directions more explicit, I have occasionally introduced neat little woodcuts. It should be borne in mind by every one who reads these pages, that I do not attempt to instruct them in the treatment of serious diseases or accidents. Books will not supply this information; it is only to be acquired by practice and thought. My object is; 1st, To enable people generally to distinguish a disease or accident of a serious kind from one that requires only a simple remedy, so that professional aid may be sought immediately; 2nd, To enable all persons to treat simple diseases or accidents; and 3rd, To enable any one to act in emergent cases, until such time as medical aid can be procured."

## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### ON WALLS.

Our great dramatist made a certain wall so kind and accommodating in temper as to open a chink for the love-intercourse of Pyramus and Thisbe; and walls in general (except those of prisons and fortifications) are by no means such harsh and obdurate things as might be supposed by those who have never studied their resources. One of the most thoughtful and original of writers on architecture (Mr. Ruskin), has given the world some matter on this subject worth its attention, and traced historically the decline from significant beauty to false and tasteless ornament, and thence into baldness and unmeaning formality,—changes traceable to, and concurrent with, a departure from æsthetic principles in general matters, and, in particular, to a decline in earnestness and spirituality of religious habits and ideas. But it is not our present purpose to attempt any profound dissertation on the scientific part of this subject. We content ourselves with a light and superficial glance at our walls outside and in, and with such didactic observations as are suggested by them on the principle of the association of ideas.

The house-wall is surely a thing with a meaning, which might be, and should be, beautifully expressed; and as its origin dates from the time when humanity in general left off its early nomadic propensities, and developed the instinct of a love of home, one might expect that the history of houses and of house-walls would exhibit a series of changes, in perfect consistency with the changing habits and increasing needs, of those who dwell within them. Man is not of the order mollusca, with his house tied to his body, and therefore, of necessity obliged to change its form and size, to correspond with his growth and development; but we might expect that men would do by free-will something analogous to what the mollusk does by necessity, and that in an age of luxury and refinement in material matters, they would seek to have substantial dwellings as well as costly-furnished ones, and to make changes without, correspondent with changes within.

In our own country, perhaps more than any other, the house-wall has fallen into degeneracy. It is a most wretched, feeble scion from the bold, vigorous stock of its Saxon and Norman forefathers. Once solid and stalwart, with broad foundations, massive breadth, and buttresses that were both a grace and a support, it has now declined into a state so thin, and weak, and rickety, that on windy nights most of our common and middle-class dwellings so rock and swing, as to threaten a catastrophe like to that spoken of in the nursery rhyme:

"When the bough breaks, the cradle shall fall,  
Down comes cradle, baby, and all."

The old maxim, "all the same a hundred years hence," certainly cannot

apply to modern houses. Such flimsy things were never intended for a hundred years, nor half of that period; and long before its close, these ghastly, ailing tenements of bricks and mortar will have passed away, and "leave not a wrack behind." Let us hope, however, that some tasteful builders or architects will spring up in our metropolis, and in all the provinces, to reform our domestic buildings, and make our homes weather-tight and substantial.

Close to the outer wall of buildings, in country or suburban districts, there stands the garden-wall convenient for fruit-trees and climbing flowers, and a pretty-enough object when covered with the ivy, the jessamine, and the rose; but, when bare in the winter time, painfully monotonous and uninteresting in its long unbroken uniformity. And yet it would not be difficult to make even a garden-wall in some degree an object of beauty. Sometimes various-coloured bricks might be used, the panelling of wainscot be imitated by well-proportioned indentations, and tasteful cornices and top-ornaments be made to relieve the monotony of a long unvaried line. Field and garden-walls, however, have been generally left to mere bricklayers,—a class of persons who, though probably "regular bricks" at their trade (to use a slang phrase of compliment), are, notoriously, not very highly cultured in the art of combining grace with utility. But the fault does not lie altogether with the bricklayers, nor even principally. Those who employ them are more to blame in the matter. Walls, with few exceptions, have hitherto been erected from no other than mere utilitarian motives, with no mingling of artistic and picturesque ideas. They are mere barriers to distinguish *meum* from *tuum* in the matter of landed property. They are an application of the rule of "division" to prevent the too frequent use of the opposite rule of "subtraction." Fruit and vegetables are apt to disappear from gardens, "oft in the stillly night;" and when the owner has been at some pains to produce them, it is natural that he should find that, as the schoolboys phrase it, "multiplication is vexation;" particularly when the thing multiplied is stolen from him. Hence the erection of the wall, to mark off the dividends for the rightful divisor. Garden-walls, however, are by no means insurmountable barriers. Many a roguish lad scales them in the autumn evenings, in search of apples and apricots; and adventurous lovers regard them as nothing, when beckoned to by lily hands and shining eyes at a chamber window. To tender conversation and impassioned love-songs they have been regarded as offering but very slight obstacles indeed. Mr. Barney Brallaghan, in his serenade to Judy Callaghan, says, "There's only the wall between us." Only the wall! And what's that, when love warns a man with a voice and a purpose?

Passing from the garden into the house, we will speak for a moment of the interior walls. Here the flimsiness of structure is partly concealed by a coat of plastering, over which is hung, in regular lines, a sort of wrapper or dressing-gown of farthing paper docted with grotesque patches of various colour. In this matter, however, of mural decoration by means of paper, a very considerable improvement has taken place within these few years; and there are now many papers of the cheapest and commonest kinds, which, in regard to design and contrasts of colour, are not without the merit of taste and the effect of beauty. There are, however, some classes of buildings in which we think paper might be advantageously dispensed with altogether, and the walls lined in the inside with encaustic or ornamented glazed tiles. The material is cold, and at first suggestive more of a dairy or a cellar than a parlour. But this prejudice will pass away, when it is remembered that such tiles might be rendered in the highest degree ornamental,—thus producing the effect of beauty; that they are infinitely cleaner than paper,—thus promoting comfort and tidiness; that they would give an air of coolness to the apartment in summer time; and that, even in the winter, heat from the fire would be more equably diffused over the room, owing to the radiating power of glazed and shining surfaces.

In a subsequent article we shall say something recommendatory of adorning our walls with prints and pictures. In the present, we are on less poetic ground; and our purpose now will be realized if we succeed in directing the attention of a few to the flimsy style of modern building, and in exciting a desire for substantiality, cleanliness, neatness, and convenience, coupled with as much grace and variety as can be consistently associated with specific ends of utility. We invite all reformers in these outward domestic matters to continue the battle vigorously against ugliness and flimsiness,—to "hang up their banners on the outward walls," inscribed with better principles of taste, and comfort, and convenience, than are at present acted upon.

### THE MAN

Is a man a bit the better  
For his riches, golden gains,  
For his acres and his palace?  
If his inmost heart is callous,  
Is a man a bit the better?

And if a man's no bit the better  
For his coffers and his mines,  
For his "purple and fine linen,"  
For his vineyard and his vines,  
Why do thousands bow the knee  
And cringe in mean servility,  
If a man's no bit the better?

Is a man a bit the worse  
For a lowly dream of rage?  
Though he owns no lordly rental,  
If his heart is kind and gentle,  
Is a man a bit the worse?

And if a man's no bit the worse  
For a poor and lowly stand,  
For an ever empty pocket,  
And a brawny working hand,  
Why do thousands pass him by  
With a cold and scornful eye,  
If a man's no bit the worse?

WOMAN.—There is nothing, indeed, by which we are through life more profited than by the just observations, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women.



## THE LUNGS, AND RESPIRATION.

MAN has a necessity for the atmosphere around him; without it he cannot exist. The power of locomotion is given to enable him to change his atmosphere at will. This power does not belong to man alone; it is the necessity of all animated beings, from the smallest insect to the monsters of creation. Whence this necessity?

It arises out of the process of digestion. To this we shall hereafter recur; but at present we may briefly say, that when food is taken a large amount of an element called carbon is received into the system. There is always contained in food more of this element than is required for the wants of the body, and the surplus has therefore to be gotten rid of, and the process of breathing, or *respiration*, is one important means to attain the desired end.

Respiration is an aëration of the system. By it the external air is introduced into the body, and brought into contact with its extremest parts. And throughout the animal kingdom there are distinct organs for performing this important office.

Among the family of fishes this is accomplished by a thin membrane, prolonged into tufts, or fringes, so arranged as to expose the greatest amount of surface to the water, each filament containing two vessels, one for the ingress and the other for the egress of the water.

It is while the water is passing through this membrane that it is robbed of its pure air, which is received into the blood-vessels spread along these fringes, or *gills*.

Fishes respire externally. Not so with land animals; their breathing is internal, and is carried on by passages and chambers, into which the air is drawn, and on the sides of which the blood is distributed in a minute network of vessels, called *capillaries*, from their size.

In the leech and the earth-worm, aëration is carried on by a series of little air-cells, disposed along each side of the body, one for each segment. In insects, instead of these sacs, there is a system of prolonged tubes ramifying through the body, and carrying air into its minutest portions.

The oyster respire by gills, like the fish, but, unlike it, the gills have no connection with the mouth. In frogs and reptiles the lungs are simple sacs, with little subdivisions into cells, a small amount of aëration sufficing for them.

In birds a large surface is provided for aëration, by subdividing the lung into minute cells, and also by the addition of air-bags, placed in various parts of the body, and even in the centre of the long bones. Thus a large air-surface is given in a little space, and the body rendered proportionably light.

In no class of animals, however, is the minute subdivision into cells, and the mechanism by which a continual supply of air is provided, so perfect as in the mammals, at the head of which Man is placed.

Respiration is carried on by man in the upper parts of the chest, in the cavity of which are placed the lungs—a pair of sponge-like bodies made up of a cluster of minute cells, which have the power of dilating or contracting, and on the sides of which the minute capillary blood-vessels are distributed.

These cells open into a narrow tube, which widens as it passes upward, receiving additional tubes from the same lung. The main tube passing still higher up, unites with the one from the lung on the opposite side, forming a wide air-tube, called the *trachea*, or windpipe, which, passing into the neck, terminates in the mouth.

The cells and tubes are bound together by a thin cellular membrane, and covered on the outside by a smooth, polished, lining membrane (the *pleura*), which, after investing these organs, lines the inside of the ribs, and allows the lungs to move freely in the space allotted to them.

The air-cells are too small to be delineated; they vary in size from one-twentieth to a two-hundredth part of an inch in diameter, and therefore are so numerous in a single lung, thereby exposing so large a surface of membrane to air, that it has been calculated to exceed twenty thousand square inches in an average-sized man.

Breathing consists of two acts: the first, that of drawing in the external air—*inspiration*; the second, that of driving out an equal volume of air—*expiration*. To inspire, the bony chest has to be dilated. This is accomplished by the muscles of the chest and back, with those attached to the shoulder, which co-operate together, and, by contracting, raise and pull out the ribs, thereby enlarging the cavity of the chest. The muscles between the ribs (intercostal) assist in this action very materially.

The lungs, in the healthy state, completely fill the cavities assigned to them; so that when this cavity is enlarged a vacuum is produced, which can only be filled by a corresponding enlargement of the lung; and to accomplish this, the air rushes down the trachea, and passes to the remotest air-cells.

The lung thus obtains a large space for dilatation, by the elevation of the ribs; but it is further increased by the action of the diaphragm, or midriff—a muscle which is spread across, inside, and below the lungs, separating them from the contents of the abdomen. This muscle, when not in action, is arched upward into the chest, diminishing the space there; but when it contracts, it becomes flatter, pressing down into the abdomen, and affording greater space for the lungs. We become unpleasantly conscious of the existence of this muscle whenever it contracts spasmodically, as in hiccups.

When the lungs are thus filled to the utmost with air, those muscles cease to contract any more, their fibres relax, and the bony chest sinks down to its original dimensions; the dilated lungs are pressed upon, and the excess of air is expelled out by the windpipe. This constitutes *expiration*. It is almost a passive act, being little else than the cessation of the muscular action which produced inspiration. In both acts the lungs have been quite passive, they being filled or emptied, not by any act of their own, but solely by the amount of the dilatation and contraction of the walls of the chest.

These motions of the chest are continually going on, and in general it may be stated that from fourteen to eighteen respirations occur in the minute, and every fourth or fifth inspiration is drawn deeper than the others. In young and nervous persons these acts are more quickly performed, as are they also in inflammation of the lung; while in fever, and a few other conditions of the body, its movements become remarkably slow.

Having now described the parts which perform the office of drawing in the air, and the mechanism by which it is performed, it remains to be shown what are the alterations produced in that fluid, and the effects upon the frame dependent on the alteration.

Each inspiration draws in about twenty cubic inches of air; the same bulk is expired immediately after. This is equal to 266½ cubic feet in twenty-four hours; and as a man ought not to breathe the same air twice, it is evident what a large amount of fresh air every one requires to be surrounded with.

The pure air which is inspired is made up, in round numbers, of 79 parts of nitrogen, and 21 of oxygen. The air which is expired has not this composition, but is very nearly 79 parts of nitrogen, and 20 parts carbonic acid; the rest being a little air unaltered.

The change produced in the air in the lungs is the apparent loss of the oxygen, and its being replaced by carbonic acid. But as carbonic acid itself is made of one part of carbon and two parts of oxygen, it is clear that the latter is not wholly lost, but only that portion which is replaced by carbon, or about one-third of the whole quantity of oxygen present in the air. The remainder, however, by being united with carbon, is rendered unfit for further use.

To the lungs, then, oxygen is taken in, and a nearly equal amount of carbonic acid is given off, the latter being the most appropriate form in which carbon could be thrown off the lungs.

Carbonic acid is that air which escapes in fermentation, which flies off from soda-water, and which may be had in abundance when an acid is poured on marble. It puts out a light, and if a man attempt to breathe it in quantity he is suffocated. It may be breathed when diluted, but it then poisons the system, and lowers the general health. In any case it is obnoxious. The death produced by descending vats and closed cellars is caused by this gas.

A healthy man expires daily nearly 18,000 cubic inches of this deadly gas, which for himself or others to breathe again, even in a diluted form, is injurious. From this, with the foregoing calculation, it appears necessary that each individual, for healthy existence, should have the expired air containing this large quantity of carbonic acid completely removed from reach of breathing; and should also be supplied with 266 cubic feet of fresh air in the same time.

We are here led to perceive the high importance of ventilation; for it is not sufficient for health that a room should contain the quantity of air requisite for the support of its inhabitants during a given time. After they have remained in it but a part of that time, the quantity of carbonic acid which its air will contain will be large enough to interfere greatly with the due aëration of their blood, and thus cause oppression of the brain, and other morbid affections that arise from an accumulation of carbonic acid in the circulation.

Another requisite necessary for healthy respiration is a roomy chest, a capacity sufficient to admit the necessary quantity of air into the lungs. The labouring man, and he who exercises the muscles of his chest, possesses this requisite; not so the sedentary citizen, or the woman who, copying a faded ideal of beauty, compresses her chest between the bones of stays. She not only prevents its attaining its healthy size, by pressure, but hinders the muscles from contracting, and thus suffers them to dwindle away; and the result is, she cannot take a full breath, for the ribs cannot be raised except the muscles contract strongly, and this cannot be accomplished by weak atrophical muscular fibres.

**AN OYSTER.**—The life of a shell-fish is not one of unvarying rest. Observe the phases of an individual oyster, from the moment of its earliest embryo life, independent of maternal ties, to the consummation of its destiny, when the knife of fate shall sever its muscular chords, and doom it to entombment in a living sepulchre. How starts it forth into the world of waters? Not, as unenlightened people believe, in the shape of a minute, bivalved, protected, grave, fixed, and steady oysterling. No; it enters upon its career all life and motion; flitting about in the sea as gaily and lightly as a butterfly or a swallow skims through the air. Its first appearance is a microscopic oyster-cherub, with wing-like lobes flanking a mouth and shoulders unencumbered with inferior crural prolongations. It passes through a joyous and vivacious juvenility, skipping up and down, as if in mockery of its heavy and immovable parents. It voyages from oyster-bed to oyster-bed, and, if in luck, so as to escape the watchful voracity of the thousand enemies that lie in wait, or prowl about to prey upon youth and inexperience, at length, having sown its wild oats, settles down into a steady, solid, domestic oyster. It becomes the parent of fresh broods of oyster-cherubs. As such it would live and die, leaving its shell, thickened through old age, to serve as its monument throughout all times—a contribution towards the construction of a fresh geological epoch, and a new layer of the earth's crust—were it not for the gluttony of man, who, rendering this sober citizen of the sea from his native bed, carries him unresisting to busy cities and the hum of crowds. If a handsome, well-shaped, and well-flavoured oyster, he is introduced to the palaces of the rich and noble, like a wit, or a philosopher, or a poet, to give additional relish to their sumptuous feasts. If a sturdy, thick-backed, strong-tasted individual, fate consigns him to the capacious tub of the street-fishmonger, from whence, doled with coarse, black pepper and pungent vinegar, enlarded partly after the fashion of an Egyptian king, he is transferred to the hungry stomach of a costermonger.

## ONWARD!

**IRON STEAM-SHIP BUILDING AT LIVERPOOL.**—An order has been received in this country for the construction of thirty iron steam vessels for the Danube Steam Navigation Company. They are to be of large dimensions, and of substantial materials. The order has been distributed so as to give employment in Liverpool, the Clyde, and Newcastle.

**SWIMMING APPARATUS.**—The *Washington Telegraph* states that Mr. De Bibery has invented one of the most important life-saving and swimming apparatus we have ever seen. Application has been made by Mr. De B. for a patent. It is a kind of frock or doublet, and interlaid with small metallic boxes, inflated. This doublet may be worn as an overall on shipboard, and it is impossible for the wearer to sink below the shoulders, and Mr. De B. asserts that a person may remain in the water any length of time, and the water has no effect whatever on the buoyancy of the dress.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—A submarine telegraph between Holland and England is projected. The Dutch Government have granted to Mr. A. Ruysenaers a concession for its establishment. Mr. Ruysenaers is now engaged in forming in London a Company for carrying it out. This line would render our telegraphic communication with the Continent independent of the French and Belgian lines (which war, or other contingencies, may any day close against us). The Dutch and Prussian Governments take a lively interest in its success. The business of the French and English submarine line is said to be so increasing, that it is proposed to have, in all, between this country and the Continent, exclusive of the Holland line, sixteen lines of wire at work. As the lines multiply, might they not be made of a less ponderous and expensive description, even though less durable? The temporary damage of one or two merely out of a considerable number, would be little or no public inconvenience, while, on the contrary, the convenience of the public would be greatly promoted, and capital saved by multiplying cheap lines.

**RAILWAY JOTTINGS.**—In a paper lately read before the Institute of Civil Engineers, Mr. B. Poole proposed various measures for the economisation of our railway system throughout the country. The first of his proposals is that the whole of the railways in Great Britain should be worked in four divisions or amalgamations. The North Western, Great Northern, Great Western, and South Eastern and Western; the apportionments of territory to be arranged by the uninterested Companies. Second. The Companies to reserve in their own hands the maintenance of way, instead of paying contractors. Third. To manufacture their own rails, chairs, and spikes. Fourth. The whole rolling stock in the kingdom to be amalgamated, and made common to all lines, each division contributing to maintenance, according to its traffic. Various other measures are recommended, among which are—Tenth. By the manufacture of gas at the large stations, a saving of from 30 to 40 per cent. might be effected. Eleventh. The application of steam, where practicable, at stations, to supersede horse or manual labour. Thirteenth. All brass-work to be painted over, to save the expense of polishing. Fifteenth. Exclusive use of two or more wires of the telegraph, not only for the transmission of ordinary messages, but to ascertain each morning the exact position of the rolling stock of the country, in order to conduct its distribution with economy and despatch. The paper concluded with a proposal for a general classification of trains, separating each class, and running them at different speeds, whenever practicable.

**THE CALORIC SHIP "ERICSSON."**—It was stated a short time since, that a ship was building in New York, to which a new motive power was to be applied, viz., caloric. A New York letter in the *Transcript* gives some interesting particulars in regard to this new power, and the ship which is to be propelled by it. The correspondent says:—"On Saturday I visited the engine manufactory of Messrs. Hogg and Delamater, of this city, and had the privilege of inspecting Ericsson's caloric engine of sixty horse power, while it was in operation. It consists of two pairs of cylinders, the working pistons of which are 72 inches in diameter. Its great peculiarities consist in its very large cylinders and pistons, working with very low pressure, and in the absence of boilers or heaters—there being no other fires employed than those in small grates under the bottoms of the working cylinders. During the eight months that this test-engine has been in operation, not a cent has been expended for repairs or accidents. It is a beautiful and imposing object, and conveys the idea of power and symmetry much more impressively than the largest steam-engine that I have ever seen. The leading principle of the caloric engine consists in producing motive power by the employment of the expansive force of atmospheric air instead of that of steam, the force being produced by compression of the air in one part of the machine, and by its dilatation by the application of heat in another part. The great advantages claimed for this improvement, are the saving in fuel, and its entire safety. A ship carrying the amount of coal that the Atlantic steamers now take for a single trip could cross and re-cross the Atlantic twice without taking in coal. A slow radiating fire without flame is required, and this can be best supplied by our own anthracite. An explosion cannot happen to the caloric engine—the only result from neglect will be the stoppage of the machinery. If these great desiderata are really found, and can be successfully applied, the world may look for another revolution in ocean navigation equal to that produced by the application of steam. The Ericsson is a beautiful model, 2,200 tons burthen, and will be ready for sea by October. The machinery is described as of the most perfect kind. The cylinders are 108 inches in diameter—72 inches larger than those in the Collins steamers.—*Boston Journal*.

## STATISTICS.

**NEWSPAPERS IN RUSSIA.**—There are in Russia 130 Slavonian journals and periodicals, of which 9 are political, and 53 official papers, published by the various ministerial departments of the empire; 6 periodicals are devoted to military sciences, and there are 3 medical, 5 industrial, and 12 agricultural periodicals. The Polish journals which are published in Russia amount to the number of 22.

**POPULATION OF MONTREAL.**—The census of Montreal has just been published, the total number of inhabitants is 57,715, divided into the following classes:—Canadians of French origin, 28,020; Canadians of other origin, 12,494; Irish, 11,738; Scotch, 5,160; English, 2,858; natives of the United States, 919; French, 133; natives of other countries, 405. Of the whole population, 41,463 are Roman Catholics.

**STATISTICS OF POPULATION IN FRANCE.**—The *Westminster Review*, January, 1851, gives the following conjectural classification of the French population:—Millionaires, 50,000; rich men, 200,000; in easy circumstances, 550,000; in moderate circumstances, 4,200,000; gaining a decent but uncertain subsistence, 6,000,000; gaining a scanty and uncertain subsistence, 16,000,000; living in extreme indigence, 5,000,000; paupers, thieves, and prostitutes, 4,000,000. Total, 38,000,000.

**SPIRITUOUS AND MALT LIQUORS MADE IN THE UNITED STATES.**—A table compiled from the Census returns gives the product of spirituous and malt liquors in the United States, during the year 1850. From this table we learn that the amount of capital employed during that year, exceeded 8,000,000 dollars, and that over 42,000,000 gallons of whisky and "high wines" were produced, besides 6,500,000 gallons of rum, and 1,177,924 barrels of ale. Of this vast river of liquid fire annually poured forth, the States of New York and Ohio produce about one half.

**DURATION OF LIFE AMONG THE CLERGY.**—The following is an extract from the *Medical Times*:—"This paper was the first of a series of communications which Dr. Guy proposed addressing to the Society on the duration of life among the members of the several professions. A preliminary inquiry into the subjects, based on facts extracted from the Obituaries of the *Annual Register*, was brought under the notice of the British Association in September, 1846, and was subsequently published in the ninth volume of the Statistical Society. In that essay it was shown that the clergy are longer lived than the members of other professions, though they do not live so long as the population of England, and not so long by several years as agricultural labourers. The facts contained in the present communication tended to confirm the results established in the former essay, by showing a very favourable duration of life among the clergy; but detailed comparisons of one profession with another were necessarily reserved till the completion of the contemplated series of papers. The essay was illustrated by several tables; among others, by tables comparing the clergy of cities and towns with those of rural places, the married with the single clergy, and the clergy of past times with those of the present day. It resulted from these tables, which were admitted to be based, on some points, on too small a number of facts, that the clergy of rural districts had an advantage of more than two years over those in cities and towns, and the married of more than five years over the single. The duration of life among the clergy in the last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady, with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age, at death, of popes, archbishops, bishops of the Established Church, and Romish saints. The popes, being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age, exceeding that of the archbishops and bishops by about one year, the latter surviving the Romish saints by about two years. This abbreviation of life in the case of the saints of the Romish calendar, may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted."

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**—The organ-builders of England may be taken at 400 in number, and putting their gross returns at £500 per annum each, we have £200,000 a year in this branch alone. The materials used by them are pine, mahogany, tin, and lead. The materials employed by the pianoforte maker are oak, deal, pine, mahogany, and beech, besides fancy woods; baize, felt, cloth, and leather, brass, steel, and iron. Of the two leading houses in this branch, the Messrs. Collard sell annually 1,600 instruments, and the Messrs. Broadwood 2,300, which at the very low average of 60 guineas, gives as the annual business of these two firms only, about £250,000. If the whole number of pianoforte makers of London, about 200, is taken into account, the annual return in his trade cannot be less than £1,000,000. Violins, and instruments of that class, are almost entirely imported, the prejudice being in favour of the foreign makers. The annual import duty on them is probably not less than £45,000. The cost of the wind instruments required for a regimental band, exclusive of drums and fifes, was said to be £224, and as there are in all about 400 regiments, the capital represented by these is nearly £100,000. The number of workmen employed by Messrs. Broadwood and Collard respectively, is 575 and 400, these are all more or less skilled workmen, some of them to a very high degree. It is probable that the wages of the artisans employed in this trade do not amount to less than £500,000 per annum. The great power exerted by music is evidenced by the large number of musical and choral societies, both instrumental and vocal, which exist, as well as the large and increasing audiences which are attracted to their public performances. There can be no doubt that that influence is in a right direction, and that by it the social and moral condition of the people is being elevated and improved. In the fifteen years during which the Sacred Harmonic Society has been established, 271 concerts have been given, attended by more than 510,000 persons.



CHARADE.

ON a jaded hack, with a bony back,  
My *first* was wisely laid,  
And were it not for this, the trot  
Would sorely have tired the maid.  
A youth rode by with a laughing eye,  
And ere its cost was reckon'd,  
He caught the maid, who was not dismay'd,  
Although he stole my *second*.  
But an old man saw this breach of law,  
And it sadly vex'd his soul,  
So he straightway went and gave punish-  
ment,  
By confining the maid with my *whole*.

PARLOUR PASTIME.

*Rhyming Cards.*

PROVIDE a hundred slips of thin cardboard, about two inches long, and one inch broad; upon these write in a clear legible hand all sorts of miscellaneous words, provided they are substantives and adjectives. Deal three cards to each person, without knowing what words you give out; and when every one present is supplied, they are each to make two or more lines of doggerel rhyme, in which the three words are to be brought in, however incongruous. Before reading their verse or couplet, the three words must be audibly announced. Suppose the following amongst the set of words:—"Wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie, robin, chair, table, thunder, wind, rain, piano, dancing, bridle, horse, cat, &c., and suppose the first three words on the list to fall to one person—he reads, for example (when every one else is prepared), wheelbarrow, gardener, mince-pie:

"Having put my wheelbarrow away,  
I was glad to hear the garden-er say,  
Your mother has on the table set  
A hot mince-pie for her darling pet."

PROBLEM.

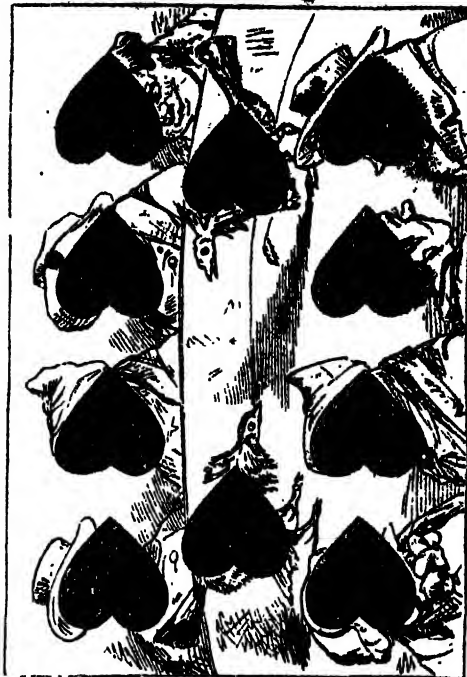
Two fav'rite fields near to my dwelling lie,  
Their soil the same in depth and quality:  
The furthest distance, twenty acres measures;  
The nearest, ten, but fraught with latent treasures;  
For, till'd alike, this yields me as much grain  
As does the first, though full as big again.

CHARADES.

My *first* I have said—in a very short word;  
My *next* were wise men, of whom you have heard;  
My *third* is a plural noun, o'er the world spread;  
My *whole* both enlivens and puzzles the head.

When trav'ling my *first*, you pick-up my *second*;  
But my *whole*, the extent of your journey is reckon'd.

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



TEN OF HEARTS—"FAIR-PLAY IN FOWL SPORT."

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What peer resembles a candle almost burnt out?
2. Why is a dancing-master like a tree?
3. Why is death like a man breaking your windows?
4. Why is the human race very good-natured?
5. If you wished to buy a white horse where would you go for it?
6. What club is most like a pair of snuffers?
7. Why is the best inn in England most disagreeable?
8. What liquor is most catching?
9. Why is the Thames a lazy river?
10. Why is a woman who comes into the room in a great bustle like asbestos?
11. When is a compliment like a skylark?
12. Why are many innkeepers' wives like generals?
13. Why are seeds when sown like gate-posts?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Complete, I'm a house that's built entirely for a brute;  
Behaved once, I'm an article that well your house does suit;  
Behaved twice, I'm always disability's reverse;  
Now promptly, ye sagacious ones, my easy name rehearse.

Complete I am a miserable hut; behead and transpose me, I am the bane and happiness of mankind; dissect and transpose me, the more you take from me the larger I grow, and I hope you will not fall into me.

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 525.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—SUN-BEAM.

PROBLEM.—This is the same thing as to find a number, which being divided by 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, there shall remain 1, but being divided by 7, there shall remain nothing; and the least number, which will answer the conditions of the question, is found to be 301, which was therefore the number of eggs the old woman had in her basket.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. LEFT, FELT, LET. 2. TRIPLE, FLIRT. 3. DRAPEY, PRAYER.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it's not current without the water-mark. 2. When he's shown up in the noose (news). 3. When he has full possession of the stocks. 4. When it's worth less (worthless). 5. Because they kill by contract. 6. Because they are wicked lights. 7. Because he is guided by the directions of strangers. 8. Because they never take anything when they are dry. 9. A cowslip. 10. A garden. 11. The tender part. 12. When they let fall the reins (reins). 13. When it's a snapper. 14. When it's a clothes horse, and has to bear many changes. 15. Because these would always be some members missing. 16. Because it's a running reed. 17. Preserved pease (pease). 18. When it appears weekly. 19. When Her Majesty went to K.-land.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A COFFIN (said an Irishman) is the house a man lives in when he is dead.  
The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.  
FAIR dealing is the bond and cement of society.

INTELLECT is not the moral power—conscience is. Honour, not talent, makes the gentleman.

ONE hole neglected in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will do to mend it at once.

## EPIGRAM ON EPIGRAMS.

What is an epigram? a dwarfish whole,  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

A DUBLIN meretz, recommending a piece of silk to a lady for a gown, said, "Madam, it will wear for ever, and make a petticoat *afterwards*."

AN Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it; "Och," answered he, "sure I've nothing to do but pull the string and wake myself."

"Nay pr'ythe, dear Thomas, ne'er rave thus and curse:  
Remember, you took me, 'for better for worse.'"

"I know it," quoth Thomas, "but then, Madam, look you,  
You prove, upon trial, much worse than I took you."

A CERTAIN bishop declared one day, that the punishment used in schools did not make boys a whit better, or more tractable; it was insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow it made a boy smart.

## PHILANTHROPY.

Hast thou power? the weak defend;  
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend;  
Rich?—remember Him who gave;  
Free?—be brother to the slave.

CATO, the Censor, only repented of three things during his life—to have gone by sea when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive, and to have told a secret to his wife.

"MR. JONES, you said that Mr. Rozin was a composer. Does the Court understand from that, that he was a writer of music?" "No, sir-c, he's called a composer because he never talks to a man without putting him to sleep." "Crier, call the next witness."

THE farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beaten by another, who had several so thin that they would crawl out through the cracks in their pen. He finally stopped their fun by tying knots on their tails.

Law sergeants are a grateful race,  
And all their actions show it;  
Their purple garments come from Tyre,  
Their arguments go to it.

A SCOTCH blacksmith being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—"When the party who listens disna ken what the party who speaks means; and when the party who speaks disna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics."

A FELLOW some time since exhibited a scull at a fair near London as the scull of Oliver Cromwell. A gentleman observed that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a large head, and died almost an old man. "I know all that," said the exhibitor, undisturbed, "but you see, sir, that was his scull when he was a boy."

A LADY, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher, to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam?" said the butcher; "you wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

THE Honourable Thomas Erskine was one evening taken suddenly ill at Lady Payne's: on her expressing a hope that his indisposition might not be serious, he answered her in the following impromptu:

'Tis true I am ill, but I need not complain,  
For he never knew pleasure who never knew Payne.

MR. PITT having made a moving speech in the House of Commons on the subject of the French invasion, the minister remarked, in a large dinner-party which happened soon after, that it was very right in the premier to alarm us. "How so?" was universally asked. "Why, our whole safety lies in our being all alarmed."

A GENTLEMAN having occasion to call upon an author, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It was hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied the writer, "for 'tis here I make my bread."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

NUMBER OF EYES IN THE BEETLE AND THE HOUSE-FLY.—The eyes of insects are imperishable, and many of them seem put into a multitude of little planes or facets, like the facets of a diamond, and have the appearance of net-work. Each of these facets is supposed to possess the power and properties of an eye; and Leuwenhoeek counted *three thousand one hundred and eighty-one* of them in the corner of a beetle, and *eight thousand* in those of a house-fly!

## SYMPATHY.

THERE is a tear, more sweet and soft,  
Than beauty's smiling lip of love;  
By angel's eyes first wept and oft  
On earth by eyes like those above:  
It flows for virtue in distress,  
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here;  
'Twas given, and 'tis shed, to bless—  
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

FRUITS OF EARLY RISING.—The preface to the last volume of Rev. Dr. Barnes' "Notes," which has lately appeared, mentions a fact which is worthy of being remembered by those who are accustomed to excuse themselves from the performance of any great and useful work for the "want of time." Dr. Barnes has published in all sixteen volumes of biblical "Notes," during the composition of which he has had the charge of a large congregation in Philadelphia; and yet he has not suffered his authorial labours to infringe upon the duties of the pastoral office. These sixteen volumes, he informs us, "have all been written before nine o'clock in the morning, and are the fruits of the habit of rising between four and five o'clock." From the first, he has made it an invariable rule to cease writing precisely at nine o'clock; and now he finds his formidable task accomplished, and has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been permitted to send forth more than 250,000 volumes of commentary on the New Testament, and that probably a greater number has been published abroad. All this has been accomplished in hours which the majority of men waste in bed, in idle listlessness, or in getting ready for the labours of the day.

NUMBER OF DAYS THE DIFFERENT WINDS BLOW IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR.—From an average of ten years, of the register kept by order of the Royal Society, it appears that at London the winds blow in the following order:

| WINDS.               | DAYS.     |
|----------------------|-----------|
| South-west . . . . . | 112       |
| North-east . . . . . | 68        |
| North-west . . . . . | 50        |
| West . . . . .       | 53        |
| South-east . . . . . | 32        |
| East . . . . .       | 26        |
| South . . . . .      | 18        |
| North . . . . .      | 16        |
|                      | <hr/> 365 |

It appears from the same register, that the south-west wind blows, at an average, more frequently than any other wind during every month of the year, and that it blows longest in July and August; that the north-east blows most constantly during January, March, April, May, and June, and most seldom during February, July, September, and December; and that the north-west wind blows oftener from November to March, and more seldom during September and October, than any other months.

## DISSECTION OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS.

|                                      |           |                      |         |                 |           |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------|---------|-----------------|-----------|
| Books in the Old Testament . . . . . | 39        | In the New . . . . . | 27      | Total . . . . . | 66        |
| Chapters . . . . .                   | 929       | . . . . .            | 260     | . . . . .       | 1,189     |
| Verses . . . . .                     | 23,214    | . . . . .            | 7,959   | . . . . .       | 31,173    |
| Words . . . . .                      | 529,489   | . . . . .            | 281,258 | . . . . .       | 810,697   |
| Letters . . . . .                    | 2,728,100 | . . . . .            | 838,380 | . . . . .       | 3,566,480 |

## Apocrypha.

|                    |     |                  |       |                 |         |
|--------------------|-----|------------------|-------|-----------------|---------|
| Chapters . . . . . | 183 | Verses . . . . . | 6,081 | Words . . . . . | 152,185 |
|--------------------|-----|------------------|-------|-----------------|---------|

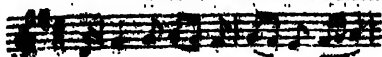
The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is Psalm 117. The middle verse is the eighth of the 118th Psalm. The middle line is the 2nd of Chronicles, 4th chapter, and 16th verse. The word and occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times. The same in the New Testament, 10,684. The word *Jehovah* occurs 6,855 times.

Old Testament.—The middle book is Proverbs. The middle chapter is Job 29. The middle verse is the 1st of Chronicles, 20th chapter, between the 17th and 18th verses. The least verse is the 1st of Chronicles, 1st chapter and 1st verse.

New Testament.—The middle book is the 2nd of Thessalonians. The middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of Romans. The middle verse is the 17th chapter of Acts, and 17th verse. The least verse is the 11th chapter of John, verse 36. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet in it. The 19th chapter of the 2nd of Kings, and the 87th of Isaiah, are alike.

N.B. Three years are said to have been lost in this serious but idle calculation.

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But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet*.

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comfort of the wearer is secured. Hence it is that so few  
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### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 2.—

**ROASTING (continued).—**Ribs of Beef boned and rolled.—When you have kept two or three ribs of beef till quite tender, take out the bones, and skewer it as round as possible (like a fillet of veal); before they roll it, some

cooks egg it, and sprinkle it with salt stuffing. As the meat is more in a solid mass, it will require more time at the fire than in the preceding receipt: a piece of ten or twelve pounds weight will not be well and thoroughly roasted in less than four and a half or five hours. For the first half hour it should not be less than twelve inches from the fire, that it may get gradually warm to the centre: the last half hour before it will be finished, sprinkle a little salt over it, and if you wish to froth it, flour it, &c. **Mutton.**—As beef requires a large round fire, mutton must have a brisk and sharp one: if you wish to have mutton tender, it should be hung as long as it will keep; and then good eight-tooth, i.e. four years old mutton, is as good eating as venison. The leg, haunch, and saddle, will be the better for being hung up in a cool airy place for four or five days at least; in temperate weather, a week; in cold weather, ten days. A leg of eight pounds will take about two hours: let it be well basted. A chine or saddle, i.e. the two loins, of ten or eleven pounds, two hours and a half: it is the business of the butcher to take off the skin and skewer it on again, to defend the meat from extreme heat, and preserve its succulence; if this is neglected, tie a sheet of paper over it; baste the strings you tie it on with directly, or they will burn: about a quarter of an hour before you think it will be done, take off the skin or paper, that it may get a pale brown colour, and then baste it, and flour it lightly to froth it. A shoulder—of seven pounds, an hour and a half; put the spit in close to the shank-bone, and run it along the blade bone. A loin of mutton, from an hour and a half, to an hour and three quarters. The most elegant way of carving this, is to cut it lengthwise, as you do a saddle. A neck about the same time as a loin. It must be carefully jointed, or it is very difficult to carve. The neck and breast are in small families commonly roasted together; the cook will then crack the bones across the middle before they are put down to roast; if this is not done carefully, they are very troublesome to carve. A breast, an hour and a quarter. A haunch, i.e. the leg and part of the loin, of mutton: send up two sauce-boats with it; one of rich drawn mutton gravy, made without spice or herbs, and the other of sweet sauce. It generally weighs about fifteen pounds, and requires about three hours and a half to roast it. **Mutton, Venison fashion.**—Take a neck of, good four or five year old South-down or other mutton cut long in the bones, let it hang, in temperate weather, at least a week: two days before you dress it, take allspice and black pepper ground and pounded fine, a quarter of an ounce each, rub them together, and then rub your mutton well with this mixture twice a day: when you dress it, wash off the spices with warm water, and roast it in paste. **Veal.**—Veal requires particular care to roast it a nice brown. Let the fire be the same as for beef; a sound large fire for a large joint, and a brisker for a smaller: put it at some distance from the fire to soak thoroughly, and then draw it nearer to finish it brown. When first laid down it is to be basted; baste it again occasionally. When the veal is on the dish pour over it half a pint of melted butter: if you have a little brown gravy by you, add that to the butter. With those joints which are not stuffed, send up forcemeat in balls, or rolled into sausages, as garnish to the dish, or fried pork sausages: bacon and greens, are also always expected with veal. **Fillet of Veal** of from twelve or sixteen pounds, will require from four to five hours at a good fire; make some stuffing or forcemeat, and put it under the flap, that there may be some left to eat cold, &c. to season a hash: brown it, and pour good melted butter over it. Garnish with thin slices of lemon, and cakes or balls of stuffing, or duck stuffing, or fried pork sausages, curry sauce, bacon and greens, &c. A loin is the best part of the calf, and will take about three hours roasting. Paper the kidney fat, and the back: some cooks send it up on a toast, which is eaten with the kidney and the fat of this part, which is more delicate than any other. If there is more of it than you think will be eaten with the veal, before you roast it cut it off, it will make an excellent sweet pudding: take care to have your fire long enough to brown the ends.

**CHILTERN HUNDREDS.**—S. B.—The three hundreds of Deoborough, Stoke, and Burnham, in Bucks, are called the "Chiltern Hundreds," and take their name from the Chalk Hills which run through Bucks and the neighbouring counties. The property of these Hundreds remaining in the crown, a steward is appointed at a salary of 20s. and all fees, which nominal office is accepted by any Member of Parliament who wishes to vacate his seat.

**PISCATORIAL AMUSEMENTS.**—A correspondent has favoured us with a long dissertation against angling, which he terms "an idle, foolish, art, unworthy any man of sense, &c.;" opinions from which we altogether dissent. The real, true-hearted contemplative angler is to be envied,—he who can read in the rippling stream and the smiling fields, lessons of wisdom and love, denied to those who are engrossed in the harassing perplexities of business. In all ages and countries this noble pastime has been pursued as a healthful means of enjoyment and profit; let us listen to what a lady can say in its praise. In the "Book of St. Alban's," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1490, is a treatise on sporting by Dame Julian Berners, prioress of the nunnery of Sopwell, and in which, speaking of fishing, she observes:—"If his sport fall him, the angler at the least hath his wholesome walk, and is merry at his ease,—a sweet air of the sweet savour of the mead flowers that maketh him hungry,—he heareth the melodious harmony of fowls; he beholdeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods: which me seemeth better than all the noise of hounds, the blast of horns, that hunters, falconers, and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surely then is there no man merrier than he is in his spirit." Nor must we forget the sweet invitation of the old poet who sings:

"Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will some new pleasures prove,  
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,  
With silken lines, and silver hooks."

Of course there are contingencies that sometimes interrupt the angler's pleasures, but he will take care to secure a spot in which he can indulge in quiet reflections, free from the horns of any dilemma, and which affords all the advantages of



A RURAL RETREAT.

**TRUE FRIENDSHIP.**—G. LAWSON.—A definition of true friendship is not difficult, though unhappily the requisite ingredients are rare. According to Pliny the old Roman friendship was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal was union of hearts, a fine flower that grew in several parts of the empire; sincerity, frankness, disinterestedness, pity, and tenderness, of each an equal quantity: these were all blended together with two rich oils, which were called perpetual kind wishes and serenity of temper; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the desire of pleasing, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. This cordial, thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it: and what is very remarkable (says our author), it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it. This fine recipe has been most grossly adulterated by the moderns.

**REAL VALUE OF DREAMS.**—W.—There cannot be a doubt, as our correspondent reasonably supposes, that dreams may be applied to useful purposes. Dreams are affected by the state of our health, by the manner in which we have passed the preceding day, by the general habits of life. We may learn from them, therefore, to correct many improprieties in our conduct; to refrain from meat, or drink, or exercises, which have unfavourable effects on our constitutions; to resist in due time evil habits that are stealing upon us, and to guard against hopes and fears which suit us for the duties of life. Above all, we ought to remember that the dream of health and innocence is sound and refreshing; and the dream of pleasure and delight.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—N. GREEN (the Calvinist) were called Huguenots from a pretended ghost said to haunt an old castle called Hugo's Tower, and thus became

the popular term with which mothers frightened their children when naughty. **RUSTICITY** (Mrs. Chisholm's address is at the Family Colonization Loan Society, 2, Charlton-terrace, Islington. This Society holds Monday evening meetings for the information of intending emigrants). B. H. (walking on foot is more serviceable to health than either carriage or horse exercise; for both body and mind are enlivened by walking; and even when carried to an extreme, it has often been found of great use in nervous diseases). G. WILSON (the best remedy for weak eyes is bathing them in pure cold water; it both refreshes and strengthens them). **ARTISAN** (a good white varnish may be made for using upon paper, wood, and linen, by mixing gum juniper, one pound, Strasburgh turpentine, six ounces, rectified spirits of wine, two pints). **GUZARRO** (the standard measure of length is a yard, and of liquids a gallon). H. (the committee of Australian colonists recommend that as little baggage and as much money as possible be taken out. No goods on speculative investments. A workman should take his tools, and a family may take linen, plated goods, knives and forks, but no wooden furniture). **INQUIRY** (taking the young and the old together, it is found that twenty-six years is the average age at which people die in London. In England and Wales only, 120,000 persons are always slowly dying of consumption). H. C. S. (the heat makes about seventy-five beats in a minute, during which time it sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the arteries and veins). **DAVIN** (over-exercise of the body is injurious. The great object should be so to blend exercise and repose, as to ensure the highest possible amount of bodily vigour). W. W. (the Royal Academy at Woolwich is an institution similar in character to that at Sandhurst, for the instruction of young men in the sciences in which they must be examined previously to being admitted into the artillery and engineer corps). **CLERK** (about 800 clerks are employed in the Bank of England; the patronage is shared among the directors). **GROUNDS** (papers are declined). **RUGBY** (cricket is usually played by eleven persons on each side, though a less number is sufficient). **CRIER** (Barbican took its name from a watch-tower which was destroyed in the year 1207, by Henry III.). S. (the common strawberry is a natural dentifrice, and its juice, without any preparation, dissolves the tartarous incrustation on the teeth, and makes the breath sweet and agreeable). **HENRY** (to restore the manuscript, take a hair pencil and wash the part which has been effaced with a solution of prussiate of potash in water, and the writing will again appear if it has not been destroyed). **PANCUS** (the best and most economical plan for securing a professional musical education is to obtain admission to the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, where a list of the regulations may be had). **JUVENIS** (notwithstanding is a preposition). Q. (the cleanest and most generally useful fuel is charcoal of wood, or coke, neither of which give out any smoke, or impart any flavour). J. MASON ("let well alone" is an excellent saying, and ought to be remembered by our correspondent. To relinquish a positive engagement for an uncertain and supposed benefit would be unwise:

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft-removed family,  
That thrives so well as those that settled be.")

**CARVE** (the barometer varies less in summer than in winter because the temperature of our island is so nearly equal to that of the torrid zone, that its state is not much disturbed by interchange of currents). C. (as a preventive of corns, the size and figure of the shoes ought to be strictly attended to by making them sufficiently large, and of a shape corresponding to that of the foot). **PAISE** (if a servant hired for a term quit his service before the expiration of it, he loses all his wages). S. (doors shrink in dry weather because the moisture is absorbed from the wood; and, as the particles are brought closer together, the size of the door is lessened, or, in other words, the wood shrinks). **BEWARE** (among other useful works on Australia are "Wilkinson's Working Man's Handbook to South Australia," Haygarth's "Bush Life in Australia," Chambers' "Emigrant's Manual," &c.). **AMMIX** (a mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will prove an excellent cleanser of the teeth). **LOTA** (etching is a method of working on copper, wherein the lines or strokes, instead of being cut with a graver, are eaten with aqua-fortis).



Printed by WILLIAM TILLY, Bolt-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 69, Fleet-street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 35.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 432).

An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry; for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich, and they have also at the same time all the emoluments arising from internal industry; so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate, and all such have hitherto in time become aristocratical. Again the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth; as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition; by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessities and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune but in purchasing power. That is, differently speaking, in making dependents, by purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the

people; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves, the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a large number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called *the people*. Now it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble: for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system, and they ever moving in the vortex of the great; will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left is, to preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection; for he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are to

dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms; to flatter them with sounds, and abuse them with privileges; but if they once desert the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for monarchy, sacred monarchy; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed Sovereign of his people; and every diminution of his power in war, or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much; it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of those pretended champions for liberty in my time, yet do I not remember one that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant."

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good breeding; but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer.

"What," cried he, "then I have been all this while entertaining a Jem in parson's clothes! but, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson."

I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken.

"Pardon!" returned he in a fury: "I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences: Sir, I insist upon it."

I was going to repeat my remonstrances; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out,

"As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home!"

It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours.

"Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house, to me and my companion, "my wife and I am your most humble servants; but, I protest, this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation."

However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us, and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George, but whose match was broken off as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy.

"My dear sir," cried she, "to what happy accident is it that we owe an unexpected visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Dr. Primrose for their guest."

Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stopped up, and welcomed me with the most cordial hospitality. Not could they forbear smiling, upon being informed of the nature of my present visit; but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr. Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days; and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind in some measure had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber, and the next morning early Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired, with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George?

"Alas, madam!" cried I, "he has now been nearly three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fire-side at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy upon us."

The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us in to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the "Fair Penitent," which was to be acted that evening, the part of Horatio by a young gentleman who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and avowed that he never saw any who did so fair for excellence. "Acting," he observed, "was not learned in a day; but this gentleman," continued he, "seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down." This account, in some measure, excited our curiosity, and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the play-house, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre, where we sat for some time with no

small impatience to see Horatio make his appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of his sensations of their own, when I found it was the unfortunate son. He was going to bow, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immovable. The actors behind the scene, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him; but instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I do not know what were my feelings on this occasion, for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description; but I was soon awakened from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot, who, pale, and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr. Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach and an invitation for him; and as he persisted in his refusal to appear again upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr. Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty, and often would ask questions without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE HISTORY OF A PHILOSOPHIC VAGABOND, PURSUING NOVELTY, BUT LOSING CONTENT.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs. Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her that a stick and wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth that he could boast of.

"Why, ay, my son," cried I, "you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."

"Yes, sir," replied my son; "but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her; and, indeed, of late I have desisted from the pursuit."

"I fancy, sir," cried Mrs. Arnold, "that the account of your adventures would be amusing: the first part of them I have often heard from my niece; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation."

"Madam," replied my son, "I promise you, the pleasure you have in hearing will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them; yet in the whole narrative I can scarcely promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found fortune at one time, the more I expected from her another; and being now at the bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London, in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward."

"Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin. 'Ay,' cried he, 'this is indeed a pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?' 'No.' 'Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?' 'No.' 'Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?' 'Yes.' 'Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,' continued he, 'I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning, what do you think of commencing author, like me? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade. At present I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence; all honest, jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised; men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

"Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposals; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false, indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imitated

by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, ye powers, what fancied importance I put upon my quill while I was writing! The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat, self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I, "and what subject did you treat upon? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy. But I interrupt; go on, you published your paradoxes: well, and what did the learned world say to your paradoxes?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies; and, unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification, neglect."

"As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happened to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give to the world of Propertius with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, 'I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals,—upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creole arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,' continued he, 'I live by vanity and laugh at it. But between ourselves, I am now too well known: I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.'"

"Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling, as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?"

"O no, sir," returned he, "a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius, there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection, condescend to solicit it."

"Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philantros, Philalethes, Philutheros, and Philanthropos all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I."

"Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer's attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade."

"In the midst of these gloomy reflections as I was one day sitting on a bench in St. James's Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the University, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow."

"What did you say, George?" interrupted I. "Thornhill, was not that his name? It can certainly be no other than my landlord."

"Bless me," cried Mrs. Arnold, "is Mr. Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend to our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly."

"My friend's first care," continued my son, "was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes, and then I was admitted to his table, upon the footing of half friend, half underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left hand in his chariot when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when he had a mind for frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding; to carry the corkerew; to stand godfather to all the butler's children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble, and, if I could, to be very happy."

"In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place, by nature, opposed me in my patron's affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for plumping and pedigree. As this gentleman

made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduity. As flattery was his trade, he practised it with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron's desire of flattery increased, so every hour being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request, and though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and soon after had the pleasure of finding that the lady was only a woman of the town; and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his recommendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles; for the looks of the domestic ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read, and after pausing some minutes, 'Pray, sir,' cried he, 'inform me what you have done for my kinsman to deserve this warm recommendation. But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits; you have fought for him; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices. I wish, sincerely wish, that my present refusal may be some punishment for your guilt; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Everything was grand and of happy contrivance: the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his hand the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom: sure his genius must be unfathomable! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself! No, it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he! No, it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. 'Are you,' cried he, 'the bearer of this here letter?' I answered with a bow. 'I learn by this,' continued he, 'as how that—' But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card, and without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door. Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot door with large strides, when I hallooed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer half of which only I heard, the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate."

"My patience," continued my son, "was now quite exhausted; stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into her lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half a guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me; but in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr. Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr. Crispe kindly offers all his Majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year, for which promise all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell (for it had the appearance of one) with the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr. Crispe, presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts: but Mr. Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation; and indeed he was the first man who for a month past had talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for everything in the world. He paused awhile upon the properest means of providing for me, and slapping his forehead as if he had found it, assured me, that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew by my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure; there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly therefore divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand



pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he."

"As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never choose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin, in listening to the office-keeper's promises: for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. 'But,' continued he, 'I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be very easily put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam. What if you go in her as a passenger? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, 'by this time, or the deuce is in it,' I confidently assured him of that; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed with an oath that they were fond of it to distraction; and upon that affirmation I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and after having paid my passage with half my movables, I found myself fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets in Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself therefore to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing; but certain it is I overlooked it.

"This scheme thus blowing up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again; but falling into company with an Irish student who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turning upon topics of literature (for by the way it may be observed, that I always forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects), from him I learned that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

"I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burden of my movables, like Æsop and his basket of bread; for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities; but of these I offered to convince him by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus: 'You see me, young man; I never learned Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short,' continued he, 'as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.'

"I was now too far from home to think of returning; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice, and now turned what was my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me more extraordinary, as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

"In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality, when passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin, to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and I believe not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there, which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and antiques of all kinds for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a cognoscento so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules: the one, always to observe the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. 'But,' says he, 'as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I'll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.'

"With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went, therefore, to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of

pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best of fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions; for when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more important assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

"When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor; and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman's governor, but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding in money concerns much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him an apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion: all his questions on the road were, how money might be saved; which was the least expensive course of travel; whether anything could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London? Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe how amazingly expensive travelling was, and all this though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he inquired the expense of the passage by sea home to England. This he was informed was but a trifle compared to his returning by land; he was therefore unable to withstand the temptation; so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked, with only one attendant, for London.

"I now, therefore, was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England, walked along from city to city, examined mankind more nearly, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the best government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches in general were, in every country, another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself, as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

"Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was going forward; but on my journey down my resolutions were changed, by meeting an old acquaintance, who I found belonged to a company of comedians that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it; that acting was not to be learned in a day, and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven for some time from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE SHORT CONTINUANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AMONGST THE VICIOUS, WHICH IS COEVAL ONLY WITH MUTUAL SATISFACTION.

Mr son's account was too long to be delivered at once; the first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr. Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me, with a whisper, that the Squire had already made some overtures to Miss Willmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr. Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour; and after a short time his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea he called me aside to inquire after my daughter; but upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Willmot or my son; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved my prudence and precaution, desiring me by all means to keep it a secret:

"For at best," cried he, "it is but divulging one's own infamy; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine."

We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the Squire in, to stand up at country-dances; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His address, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt than real inclination. I had even the satisfaction to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr. Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me: we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr. Arnold; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr. Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr. Thornhill came to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two.

"As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, "I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure."

This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of: I readily, therefore, gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use dispatch, lest in the meantime another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress—for Miss Wilmot actually loved him—he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing.

"And now, my boy," cried I, "thou art going to fight for thy country; remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy, and imitate him in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

The next morning I took leave of the good family that had been kind enough to entertain me so long, not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr. Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and to forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's company over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle, Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses, and after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out unrewarded and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there? to which he only replied in an ironical way, by drinking her health.

"Mr. Symmonds," cried she, "you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished; while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long: whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop."

I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a courtesy, and drinking towards my good health.

"Sir," resumed she, "it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it when the house is going out of windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back; he'd as lief eat that glass as pudge after them himself. There, now, above stairs, we have a young woman who has come to take up his lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money by her over civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it."

"What signifies minding her," cried the host, "if she be slow she is sure."

"I don't know that," replied the wife; "but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."

"I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump."

"In a lump!" cried the other, "I hope we may get it in any way; and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps, bag and baggage."

"Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect."

"As for the matter of that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sassafras. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow."

Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room overhead: and I soon perceived, by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly:

"Out, I say; pack out this moment! tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for this three months. What! you trumphy, to come and take up an honest house without cross or coin to bless yourself with; come along I say."

"O, dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest."

I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. (See engraving, page 518.)

"Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom! Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all."

"O my own dear,"—for minutes she could say no more—"my own dearest good papa! Could angels be kinder! How do I deserve so much! The villain, I hate him and myself; to be a reproach to such goodness. You can't forgive me, I know you cannot."

"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee! Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia!"

"Ah, never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But alas, papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself."

"Our wisdom, young woman—," replied I.

"Ah, why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name."

"I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

The landlady now returned to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown a room where we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation.

"That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable though private proposals."

"Villain, indeed!" cried I: "and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr. Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake. Mr. Burchell never attempted to deceive me; instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr. Thornhill, who I now find was even worse than he represented him."

"Mr. Thornhill!" interrupted I; "can it be?"

"Yes, sir," returned she; "it was Mr. Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who in fact were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London. Their artifices you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr. Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first suspicions of Mr. Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded: but he can triumph in security; for he is rich, and we are poor. But tell me, my child, sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour."

"What!" interrupted I, "and were you indeed married by a priest, and in orders?"

"Indeed, sir, we were," replied she, "though we were both sworn to conceal his name."

"Why, then, my child, come to my arms again; and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before; for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connection."

"Alas, papa," replied she, "you are but little acquainted with his villainies; he has been married already by the same priest to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned."

"Has he so?" cried I, "then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow."

"But, sir," returned she, "will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy?"

(To be continued.)

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 537.)

"It is Ignacio," said Catharina; "you had better be concealed, for we do not know whether we can trust him."

"Who is Ignacio?"

"He is the man who brings us supplies from Saltillo once a week. I do not know much of him, except that he has a face which is far from expressing honesty or generosity; for I always judge men by their faces, whether justly or not."

"Then the first glance is enough to determine you," said Hugh.

She smiled, and replied—

"We are both thinking of the same thing, I perceive; you think if I judge so rapidly, there is no reason for referring you to another day. But you forget; I do not do so on my own account so much as upon yours. And besides I form my opinions, not my feelings, in this way."

"I submit, of course," said her companion, "but always and I protest that you are wrong in expecting time to effect a change."

"Well, well," she said rapidly, as she rose to her feet, "I must hide you now, and talk to you some other time."

She led him a few steps back upon the path over which they had come, and passed through a short avenue where the chaparral encroached upon and overhung the path. Coming out where the way turned down the cliff towards the house, she turned suddenly to the left, entering a thicket by holding the bushes back with her hands.

"Here," said she stopping at the end of a few paces, and opening the foliage—"here is a fissure of our domain you have not seen."

Hugh advanced to her side, and found himself on the brink of a chasm cut by the waters to the depth of near sixty feet, but so concealed by the bushes on its edges as only to be discovered by parting the tangled branches. It was more than twenty feet wide, too, and seemed to extend a long distance both up and down.

"Did we cross this?" he asked.

"Yes," said she; "the little opening there is over a bridge built so long ago as to be overgrown by the vines, and blended with the ground on each side. If you will stoop a little you can see it."

He did so, and found that two points of rock jutted out from each side of the chasm, and approached each other so nearly as to admit of two large flat stones being extended at an angle of about fifty degrees—one on each side, and resting with their upper ends against each other, thus forming a kind of arch, being two sides of a triangle. On these the earth had been thrown so as to fill up the opening level with the ground on each side; and from this earth had sprung various kinds of shrubs, briars, and vines, so as to answer the purposes of screen and balustrade.

"How far does this ravine extend?" asked Hugh.

"It is a branch of the larger one which the house overlooks," she replied, "and runs into it at both ends, about half a mile above, and the same distance below the house. This is its shallowest point; the waters have washed it out above to within fifty feet of the bed of the main arroyo; but below there is a waterfall, in the wet season, of more than one hundred feet in height."

"Then the house is on an island," said Hugh, "connected with the mainland only by this bridge?"

"Yes," said Catharina; "but there is a path down the bed of this chasm by which we can reach the bottom of the great ravine; it is, however, not accessible from below without assistance from above. The path is reached by a stone door which opens at the back of the recess you saw me enter in the room where your friend lies."

"It is admirably situated for defence," said Hugh.

"And," said she, "its capabilities in that way may soon be tried."

"How do you mean?"

"I saw two men besides Ignacio," said she, "apparently following him—perhaps led by him; and these men may be the same who were pursuing you."

"If they are only two," said Hugh, with a smile, "we shall have no necessity for throwing down the bridge."

"If they are alone—perhaps not," she replied. "But I hear them coming; I must run down and warn father."

"I will go with you," said Hugh; but she stopped him.

"You remain here," she said, "I cannot conceal more than one; but if you hear me call, you may come as soon as you wish. *Adios*, then," and giving him her hand, which he carried to his lips, she smiled at the gesture, and left him.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Come to visit you"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Fast bind, fast find."—TALBOT

"Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed"—IDIB.

By the time Catharina reached the house, and warned her father of the approach of strangers, Hugh could hear footsteps and voices not more than fifty yards from him, on the other side of the ravine. One dark, short Mexican, dressed in the usual costume of his class and country—slashed pants, serapes and sombrero—preceded two others, and led a mule heavily laden with various supplies, such as beans, flower, cornmeal, and fresh pork. The two behind him Hugh could possibly have recognized if he had seen

them—they were the same respectable couple who had followed him and Allen on the day before. They were, however, now afoot, and apparently bent upon a peaceful mission; for the broken conversation which passed between them and Ignacio, denoted that they were attracted by the prospect of finding something to eat.

"I see no rancho near here, *hombre*," said the taller of them, as they came near the bridge. "I think we had better stop and cook some of that meat here."

"It is right here, *senor*," replied Ignacio, with the same tone and gesture he would have used had it been five miles away.

"Humph!" said Hugh to himself; "I wish he were no nearer to the truth than these fellows usually are."

The words were spoken aloud, and reached the Mexican's ear, though indistinctly. He started, and raised his carbine to his face, as if to fire into the bushes. But no further sound followed, and apparently reassured he walked on. Ignacio tied the mule on the inside of the bridge, and relieving her of her load, took part of it in his hands and descended to the house. The two men followed him, and they passed out of Hugh's hearing.

As they reached the little terrace on which the rancho was built, they manifested considerable surprise; but a moment afterwards old Bonaro came out of the door next to them, and invited them within.

"Are you not Andreas Bonaro of Monterrey?" asked the leader.

"I am," said the old man. "And who are you?"

"Miguel Perez, of San Buenaventura; I am hunting cattle among the mountains, and had got out of provisions, when we met your man, Ignacio, and came along with him to throw ourselves on your hospitality."

"Are you not the Perez who has a beef contract with the Americans?"

"The same, *senor*." The man replied as if in justification, "But what could I do? They took my cattle and I could not prevent it—I had better have pay for the cattle, than lose them without, certainly."

"I do not blame you," said Bonaro; "you need not justify yourself to me. Marola," he continued, turning to the female, "prepare something to eat for Ignacio and the *Senors*—they will excuse me for a while." So saying he pointed to rude benches, ranged along the south side of the room, on which the two men seated themselves, and passed out.

He had hardly gone out of hearing when Marola approached close to Perez and in a low voice whispered—

"He is gone to hide *Los Americanos*."

"*Los Americanos*!" said Perez in the same tone. "Are these Americans at the rancho?"

"*Si, senor*," said the woman, gazing at him with her furtive eyes, as if she would have penetrated his soul. "Two of them."

"Two of them?" he repeated, turning to his companion with an inquiring glance. "There may be our men, and this explains their escaping us so completely. When did they come here?"

"This morning early," she said; "one of them had his arm broken and is now in bed in the south room. The other walked out with Catharina several hours ago."

"Is he very sick?" asked the Mexican.

"I do not know," said the woman; "but he is in bed."

"Can we not take them ourselves?" whispered the Mexican to his companion. "If we can secure the one who is well, the other will give us no trouble. Where did you say the other is, *muger*?"

"On the mountain somewhere," she replied; "I saw Catharina come in alone a few minutes ago."

The leader turned again to his companion, and a whispered conference ensued, inaudible to Marola, but not to Catharina. The latter first locked the door of the room in which Allen lay, and then passed into the next room, where Hugh had slept. Soon afterwards, re-appearing, she entered the third room, which was hung with red instead of white, but in other respects corresponded with the second. She approached the north side of the room which adjoined that in which the men were, and drew aside the hangings about midway of the wall. This disclosed an open doorway, into which she stepped, dropping the hangings noiselessly behind her. She was thus separated from the men only by a heavy Spanish blanket which was fastened across the doorway on the side of the kitchen. She reached this place about the time her father left the room, and was therefore an ear-witness and in some degree an eye-witness of the conference in the other room. By bending down she could distinguish the words of the confederates; and soon learned that if they could gain access to Allen's room they would at once secure him, and then await the approach of Hugh. She observed that they spoke of them by name, as if they knew them; and that it was only Hugh whom they wished to kill. "These men do not belong to General Minon, then," she thought, "and they are actuated by treachery, not patriotism." Her resolution was taken in a moment.

Lifting the curtain again, she softly passed back into the third room, and sought her father. A hurried consultation ensued, and she entered the room where the men were still seated.

"Is your name Miguel Perez, *Senor*?" she asked as she entered.

"*Si, Senora*," the other replied as he took off his sombrero.

"Are you the same who has a beef contract with the American commissary?" she pursued.

"*Si, Senora*, the same," he again replied.

"Then you are a friend to the Americans?" she again asked.

"*Si, Senora*," he replied once more; "nothing would please me better than to have an opportunity of showing it."

"You will pardon my caution," she said after a pause; "it is necessary that I make no mistake. There are two Americans here in distress, having been chased by some of General Minon's cavalry; and one of them is very



sick. He recollects your name, however, and says you can be trusted. Who is this you have with you?"

"Antonio Rey, my assistant," the man replied, "he is as worthy of trust as myself. Will you tell me who the American is?"

"I doubt not you are equally trustworthy," she replied calmly. "The name of one of the Americans is Vernon; the other name I cannot pronounce."

"Manning, is it not?" said he. "They left the camp together."

"You know them, then?"

"I have seen them both," said the man.

"Well," said Catharina, "Mr. Vernon wishes to send word to his friends of his situation: will you go with me to his bedside?"

"Willingly," said he; "but Antonio knows him better than I do, and speaks English better. Perhaps he had better go with us."

"Very well," said she, "let us go. You had better leave your carbines here; he is feverish, and they might annoy him."

The men laid down their guns, and Perez glanced stealthily at Marola and then at them. She nodded slightly, and they followed Catharina. She led them out into the arbour, and past the second door. Opening the door of the room in which Hugh had slept, she passed across it and held back the hangings of the opposite side. She thus disclosed a massive stone door, high and narrow, made of one heavy slab, secured on the outside by a strong iron bolt let into the solid rock. This bolt she slipped back and pushed the door open. Within they could see a small room with a high ceiling and three sides. It was dimly lit by a small grated window, about as high as a man's head; and in the obscurity they could just see a bed on which some one seemed to be lying.

"We put him here for greater security," she said, as she stood aside with her hand on the bolt, to allow them to pass. This they did eagerly towards the bed; but before they were half way across the room they heard the door close behind them; and on turning they found themselves prisoners! Catharina had drawn the door close, and slipped the bolt into its socket—thus securing it so safely that the strength of ten men could not have moved it the breadth of an hair. Perez sprang to the place, but found that the slab was so neatly fitted that even the point of his sword could not enter the crevice.

"*Cuajo!*" he exclaimed, fiercely, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said Catharina, from the other side, "that you are prisoners; and that we will not allow you to play the traitor."

He saw at once that his plan was discovered, and that he had been outwitted. After in vain endeavouring to persuade her to open the door, making every conceivable pledge of good behaviour, he at last desisted in despair, when she assured him solemnly that he should not see the outside of the door again, until the Americans were in safety. He turned with a deep curse to the bed; and was not surprised to find it empty. Catharina had, in fact, in anticipation of what afterwards happened, thrown the clothes together in such a manner as to present at first glance the appearance of being occupied. Perez thrust his sword angrily into them, and then threw it down upon the floor. He advanced to the window and looked out; but the view was bounded by the perpendicular side of the ravine, some twenty feet from him; and from the window he could see neither top nor bottom.

"This is a handsome termination of our enterprise," he said bitterly, as he turned and seated himself upon the bed.

The other shrugged his shoulders and approached the door.

"At any rate," said he, slipping a large bolt, corresponding to that on the outside, "if we cannot get out, they cannot get in."

"That is some consolation, truly," said the other still more bitterly.

In the meantime Catharina called her father, and leaving him to guard the door, she ran lightly up the path to Hugh.

"I have them safe," said she, laughing, as she approached him quietly seated on the ground.

"What have you done?" he asked, rising. "And who are they?"

"The men who were following you. I have caged them where they cannot escape. Come, you shall be their jailor."

"Splendidly done!" he exclaimed as she related her stratagem, "and you are a real heroine!" He threw his arm suddenly around her, and in spite of her struggles kissed her cheek.

"I differ from most heroines, however," said she, extricating herself and springing some paces from him; "for I am not fond of kissing, even from heroes like yourself."

There was a flash in her eye which, notwithstanding a faint smile, Hugh saw denoted anger.

"Pardon me," said he softly, "I had forgotten."

"You must not forget again," she said gravely, "and on that condition alone I forgive you now. Another such attack and I open the door to your enemies."

"I would rather fight them than offend you," said he, "and therefore I accept the condition—for the present."

"Why do you say, 'for the present?'"

"I was only repeating your own words," said Hugh, smiling.

"True, true; I had forgotten."

"You must not forget again," said Hugh, "and on that condition alone, I forgive you now."

"I am not likely to forget," said she smiling again, "if you wish me to remember."

"You must not doubt, either," said he.

"Well, well," she said, "let us adjourn the discussion, and go to see our prisoners."

Moving toward him the door, she next took him through Allen's room,

where the latter still slept heavily, and into the recess from which we saw the take the goblets. Here she pushed open a small door, and they stepped out upon a narrow ledge, which overhung the bed of the ravine some forty feet, and ran along the face of the wall about half that distance.

"By that window," said she, "you will have to feed your prisoners."

"Were there not three of them?" he asked.

"Only two," said she. "Ignacio is in the house somewhere, but father will see that he does no harm."

"And Marola?" said he.

"We must watch her." And they returned to the front of the house.

## CHAPTER XX.

"Arcades ambo," *id est*, blackguards both."—BROWN.

"I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo, by special charge."—SHAKESPEARE.

"NECESSITY knows no law;" and perhaps the necessity of following the course of a story is the most inexorable of all necessities. How often have we—in the first years of our novel-reading, when the passage through the land of fiction was like a walk on a dewy morning in summer—how many, many times have we been hurried away by this arbitrary necessity, from pleasant passages of love, or exciting tales of wondrous adventure, to follow the fortunes of some prosy, matter-of-fact personage or character, whose bosom never owned the "grand passion," or whose heart had no extra bound for "hairbreadth 'scapes," or wonderful adventure! And this, too—oh! unreasonable and capricious "necessity!"—just when the lover was taking his mistress' hand, or when some murderous villain was stealing round a corner, or through a dark passage, upon his unsuspecting victim! When we did not know, but, on returning to the scene again, we would find the lovely, blue-eyed heroine fainted utterly away, or the unconscious hero weltering in his blood! If Bulwer and James, *et id omne genus*, could hear the one-thousandth part of the censure they have received for this sin, or could they know how many pages of "fine writing" have been skipped, and inconsistently consigned to oblivion, we verily believe they would strive to "mend their ways!" Strive they might, with all their great strength, but ineffectually: for it is unfortunately true, that even in the best-told stories, there is often a "dire necessity" for suddenly and even provokingly shifting the scenes.

To such a point have we come in our turn. We must leave our friends in their precarious situation—a situation rendered more precarious than they knew, by the numerous scouting parties already pushed forward towards the American lines by General Minon—and look into General Taylor's camp at Agua Nueva. General Wool's column, which had been started on an expedition to Chihuahua, but, as every sensible man foresaw, did not get there—had been marching and countermarching between Buena Vista, Encantada, and Agua Nueva, at intervals of two or three days, and was now, with the troops left to Taylor by Scott's requisition, encamped at the place last mentioned.

Agua Nueva is a mere collection of ranchos, standing at the head of the same valley, upon a lower terrace of which Saltillo is built. The two ridges, which bound this valley upon the east and west, approach each other at Buena Vista, so as to leave a space of scarcely two miles between them. Assuming the appearance of a level plain, the valley extends in almost equal width some fifteen miles farther to the south, to Agua Nueva, which is the head of the valley; and directly in the space between the ridges, throwing itself boldly up into the air, and almost filling up the valley, stands a single peak, isolated and pine-covered, bounding the view, and frowning sternly down upon the plain below. Immediately to the south opens the Paso (of Agua Nueva), through which runs the road to San Luis de Potosi; and upon the west, on the northern side of Agua Nueva mountain, opens another pass, through which runs the road to Zacatecas and the northern States.

Between, and at about equal distances from these two openings, directly at the foot of, and almost under the mountain, was pitched the American camp; its right in the direction of the Zacatecas road, and its front to the south. The ground was perfectly level, crossed here and there by small irrigating canals; and along these canals was almost the only shrub or bush upon the plain. There was plenty of ground, and the camp was therefore widely extended. The tents of the different regiments bore, painted in black, the name of the State from which they came; and at the quarters of each colonel fluttered the regimental colors. The tents, flags, and accoutrements generally, like the clothes of most of the soldiers who were visible, denoted rough service in a foreign land; for perhaps an army less completely supplied with clothing was never got together. The arms, however, which were either stacked in the company streets, or stood leaning against racks, glistened in the evening sun, giving evidence of strict discipline and soldierly bearing; while the long chain of sentinels, covering at least a square mile of land, paced slowly upon their posts, and seemed to be guarding the repose of the camp within. The sun, even at that season, was very warm; and, consequently, but few of the men were visible without the tents. Could the eye have penetrated these canvas walls, the soldiers would have been found engaged in all the varieties of amusement which contribute to pass the time, among which dice and cards would have been found to bear no mean rank. Here and there an officer in uniform might be seen standing at the door of a tent, or walking leisurely along the lines; but these were either among those who pride themselves upon their embroidery, or those on duty for the day; for while encamped in that climate but few can be studiously dressed. Little groups sat around the guard-tents, or hastily paraded now and then at the approach of a superior officer; but no other sign of bustle or excitement was visible throughout the encampment. The whole scene wore an air of

listless repose, amounting to inactivity; and there really was an indifference which would have been dispelled could they have known what was passing within a short day's journey of their guard-lines.

The regiment to which the course of our story leads us, was encamped somewhere between the extreme right and extreme left—information quite sufficient for our present purpose, and we hope equally satisfactory to the reader. At the usual distance in the rear of the line of tents occupied by the company officers, were the regimental headquarters. A large and remarkably fine *marquise*, with its curtains raised and festooned, and a small pennon flying in front, was fronted by another smaller tent, and between them were seated three or four officers. We have nothing to do with any of them but Lieut.-colonel Thorpe, and we will therefore pass them with slight ceremony. Our acquaintance was listening with some interest to a conversation in which he took no part, wherein the adjutant was detailing what he had seen in the course of a recent reconnaissance.

"You could hear nothing of Manning and Vernon?" asked the colonel of the regiment.

"Nothing definite," said the adjutant. "But two Americans were seen to pass along the plain beyond the pass of Pinones about two weeks ago; and, from the description, I am inclined to think it must have been them."

"They are probably lost before now, at all events."

"Perhaps they may have fallen in with Major Gaines' party, and thus been taken prisoners with him."

"I scarcely think they could have been so fortunate," said the colonel; "I fear they have been murdered."

"O, they'll turn up some of these times," said Thorpe. "They were neither of them men to get themselves caught easily."

"Well," said the colonel, "I hope so, but I fear they are lost."

He rose as he spoke, and passed into his tent followed by the adjutant. Thorpe raised his fine figure and, adjusting his sword-belt, walked forward towards the front of the camp. As he left the line of tents he made a slight sign to a Mexican, dressed as a *vagabundo*, or cow-herd, who had walked past the colonel's quarters several times during the foregoing conversation. The latter seemed not to notice him, but immediately started off in the direction of the front-guard house, and soon afterwards passed out. The lieutenant-colonel, who was field-officer of the day, approached the guard, had it paraded, and, dismissing it, spoke to the captain in command—

"What Mexican was that I saw pass out?"

"One of the quarter-master's *vagabundos*," replied the captain, "who has a pass signed by General Wool."

"Have him brought back," said the colonel; "or, stay! I will question him myself."

So saying he called twice or thrice to the Mexican, following him towards the mountain. But the Mexican walked on till he entered the thicket which grows luxuriant here, when, looking back to ascertain whether he could be seen from the camp, he turned leisurely round and waited for Thorpe to come up.

"Have you any news to tell me?" inquired Thorpe of the Mexican.

The Mexican made the usual gesture of his nation—shaking one finger in front of his face—and replied "*nada*," or none. (See engraving, page 536).

"Why are you here, then?" asked Thorpe, bending his cold eyes upon him, with an expression which at once determined that he was the master, the Mexican the slave.

"I mean, Senor," said the Mexican hastily, "that I cannot tell you what you wish to hear; but I can tell you where they are to be found."

"They! Who?"

"The two men—the lieutenant and the other."

"Well, go on."

"They escaped us by some means on the plain beyond the pass of Pinones, and for a day or two we could not—"

"I know all that," interrupted the colonel; "you came to camp to see if they had returned; and you went back to find them. Tell me what you have discovered."

"I went back," he continued, "but could not find Perez and Rey, who were searching the mountain on the west."

"Have you found them yet?"

"No, senor," he replied, "and I think they must have been taken by some scouting party of General Miion."

"And where are your comrades?"

"They are all gone back home. Nobody but Perez could keep them together, especially without pay."

"And you only continue to serve me in the hope of reward," said Thorpe abruptly; "I understand that."

"Oh! Senor!" exclaimed the scoundrel, as if injured in the point nearest to his heart—his good name—accompanying the exclamation with extravagant gesticulations, expressive of fidelity, humility, and injured innocence.

"Well, well," said Thorpe impatiently, "never mind your honour, but give me your information. Where are they?"

"In the mountain," replied his agent, at once resuming his air of quiet inferiority. "I searched the mountains for miles upon miles, going from the plain to the peaks—O! numberless times!"

"And at last you found them?" again interrupted Thorpe.

"Si Senor, I at last found a *ranchero* hid in a ravine, where I suspected they were hidden. I watched it several days, and at last discovered the lieutenant walking out with the daughter of the *ranchero*, on the mountain."

"Why did you not shoot him at once?"

"Because, Senor, I could not trust my gun so far! and you know, if I had missed my aim—"

"I understand," said Morris; "if you had missed him, he might not have missed you. But how far off were you?"

"O, a long way! too far to shoot with certainty."

"You might say that if you were within ten paces."

The man shook his finger again, and commenced a very voluble panegyric upon his steady hand and unerring aim; but Thorpe cut him short—

"Come," said he, "no boasting; but tell me what you did."

"I watched him until he went back, trying all the time to get closer, but without success. When they turned their backs, I was afraid to shoot for fear of killing the girl instead of him; and so I waited for another chance."

"Were they so close together, then?" asked Thorpe, smiling.

"Each had an arm around the other," said the Mexican, "so of course I could not fire without danger to her."

"If you could have killed them both at one shot," said Thorpe with a sneer, "I presume her death would not have troubled you much."

"His death might have consoled me for hers," said the villain. "But I was too far off at any rate."

"And why are you here now?"

"Your excellency is so impatient," said the fellow.

"Don't excellency me," said Thorpe, sternly; "but tell your story straightforward and at once: and let it be true, or I will have you hung to the first tree high enough to stretch you."

The fellow cowered humbly and went on.

"I came on this side of the pass to get provisions, and went back to watch again. On the second day, I got close in upon the house and watched it for several hours. I saw no one but an old man and the young girl until nearly sunset; when the lieutenant came out from under the arbour, supporting Senor Vernon, who looked very pale, and walked feebly and with great difficulty."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Thorpe.

"He seems to have been sick," said the fellow, "and he had one arm in a sling. I told you before how his horse had fallen, when we supposed they had both rode the lieutenant's horse. Well, I suppose he must have had his arm broken then."

"This explains Manning's not returning to the camp," said Thorpe.

"After walking several times up and down the rock," continued the fellow, "they returned to the house and I saw them no more."

"And what is the reason you did not shoot him this time?"

"For the same reason as before," said the fellow, "too far off; and, besides, I could not have got them both."

"I care nothing about the other," said Thorpe, abruptly. "If Manning is out of the way, the other cannot trouble me."

"I came away the same night," the Mexican went on, "to get assistance. There is no danger of their going away from there; for Senor Vernon does not look as if he would be able to move for a month."

Thorpe cast his eyes upon the ground and mused for several minutes, the Mexican waiting patiently for him to speak. The deepest thinkers in the world are the greatest villains; and it is only because villainy and success are not coupled in the nature of things, that their combinations are so often broken.

"Well," said he, raising his eyes at last, "I suppose it is useless to expect you to do this business alone. Don't interrupt me—I know all you would say in justification of your cowardice. And you must, therefore, have assistance. Hire four men—men, mind, that you can trust; take them with you, make what bargain you choose, and when you satisfy me that Manning is dead, you shall have five hundred dollars. But, remember, my name is not to be given to these men—no, not even thought of, until you come for your reward. Vernon you need not touch, unless it becomes necessary in order to the death of the other. And now, let me see you no more until it is done."

He turned as he spoke the last words, and without looking round, walked leisurely towards the guard-house. The Mexican stood gazing after him until he disappeared; and then going further into the thicket, brought out a horse, mounted him, and rode rapidly away.

Thorpe's anxiety to dispatch Hugh, though it may surprise the reader, was very easily explained. In a fit of spleen (such as citizen soldiers often indulge in while being brought into the harness of discipline), caused by some arbitrary order of his superior, Hugh had been imprudent enough to say that if Lieutenant-Colonel Thorpe knew all the information that he, Hugh, was possessed of, he would be a little more careful in his tone. This happened to be spoken in the presence of one of those sycophants so common in volunteer corps, and was carried forthwith to the ears of the party interested. The talebearer had been set to pump Hugh; and though all he could get were certain dark insinuations about "closets," and "doors ajar," these were quite sufficient for Thorpe's quick penetrating intellect. He at once recollected hearing Vernon say that Hugh was to remodel the closet in his room; and, at the same instant, he came to the conclusion that Hugh had been a witness of his villainy. With such a man as Thorpe, this was sufficient; he immediately resolved upon Hugh's death; and they were his agents who had pursued them on the plain, as we have seen.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"Love, well thou knowest, no partnership allows."—PRISON.

"All in a moment, through the gloom were seen,  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colors waving: with them rose  
A forest huge of spears and thronging helms."—PARADISE LOST.

Above Bonaro's cottage (to which we will trouble the reader to return with us), almost directly over it, there grew out of the cleft of the rock a stunted



*"Hugh armed himself carefully, and repaired to the top of the rock to watch the approach of their enemies."*

plantain tree, very little higher than a tall man, but spreading its enormous leaves around its wind-blasted trunk, and forming thus a deep shade. Beneath its foliage the rock sloped towards the south a few feet, and then fell suddenly four fathoms, to the level over which the fountain flowed down upon the terrace below. At the foot of this tree lay a large, loose rock, originally intended for the masonry of the house below; but it had not been used for that purpose, and had now lain for nearly twenty years in the same position. Its surface was covered with moss, running over it in every conceivable shape of entanglement, and hanging in gay little fringes and festoons from the edges and corners. A species of ivy, too, which grows luxuriantly among these mountains, had mingled its dark leaves and bright tendrils among the moss; and more ambitious or more affectionate than the latter, had climbed the trunk of the plantain two or three feet, apparently endeavouring to shelter it from the bleak mountain air. It had, however, seemingly abandoned its loving purpose at that height, and drooped in wreaths and waving masses back upon the ground. The large stone was thus converted into a cushioned seat, large enough for two or three persons; and the foliage of the plantain spread above to protect them from the sun, with its deep green canopy.

Late in the afternoon, about three days after Thorpe's interview with the Mexican, Hugh and Catharina sat upon this stone. They were conversing earnestly, though at intervals, during which they gazed abstractedly towards the plain, of which their position commanded a full view. Beneath, on the terrace in front of the house, sat Allen and old Bonaro—the former pale and emaciated, though evidently convalescent. They were conversing, also, at broken intervals, of the merits of the contest between the two countries at war; but their conversation is not material to our story.

"When do you think of leaving us?" asked Catharina, after a pause of several minutes' duration.

"As soon as Allen is well enough to travel," said Hugh. "I wish I could persuade your father to go to Saltillo."

"If he left this place," said she, "he would not stop this side of Monterey; and we would be farther apart than ever."

"O no!" said Hugh. "If you were there I could see you oftener than I can here; and besides that will be on our road home. You could meet me there and go with me better than from here."

"You forget," she said smiling; "I have not yet consented to go with you at all."

"True," said Hugh; "but you *will* consent. Your excuse of not understanding English well enough, is no longer admissible."

"But you may not want me," said she gravely. "You know I told you I had something to say, before I gave a final consent; and that may change your wishes."

"No fear of that, no fear of that!" said Hugh hastily. "Let me hear it now, and before an hour we will be pledged for life."

"Be not too sanguine," she said calmly; "for if you should change, it will be only the more painful to us both."

"Let me hear it, then," said he, "if I must hear it; and you shall soon see how easily I am changed."

"Very well, Senor," she replied; "then listen, and do not interrupt me until I have told all. I have already related the larger part of my history: indeed all of it, except this one passage. In my language to you since we met, you think,—and justly too, for I will not disguise it now,—that you have assurance of a more than ordinary interest which I feel for you. You assumed the fact, however, before it was so; for I must tell you that the feeling has grown upon me gradually, almost imperceptibly, as I each day detected, or thought I detected, traits and feelings and sentiments which are of interest to me for the reasons I am going to state. You think, no doubt—all lovers do—that this feeling of interest is one entirely new to my heart, that no similar sentiment has ever agitated it, and that you are therefore in possession of the first gushing tenderness of my youth. But this is not precisely true."

"What!" exclaimed Hugh, raising himself from his reclining posture.

"You must not interrupt me," she said, drawing him gently down; "let me finish my story. I have loved, or, at least, I have been deeply interested, before—though purely and briefly. I am among those who believe that one may so love more than once. We are interested in the objects of our affections, by certain qualities which either they possess or we imagine they possess. Sometimes we love for external appearances, forms or features; but it is only because of an instinctive impression we have, that the qualities we love and admire are indicated by those external things. The love we conceive is, therefore, a feeling which exists in, and is part, of ourselves; which may exist, and does exist, long after the personal object is withdrawn. It will be dormant, because the object is not near to call it out; but it will be not the less a feeling; because it is an admiration or affection for certain traits or qualities with which we sympathize, and which we may love independently of their material embodiment. After the withdrawal of the first object, then, let another object be presented, who either possesses, or who we imagine possesses, the qualities we love: our affections will go forth again upon this new object, as warmly and as purely as upon the first. Nay, even more warmly; because, having been once called into activity and then smothered, the feeling will gain force by restraint, as the waters do while pent up; and when the gates are opened again, the flood will come with accelerated speed and increased violence."

"Now this is precisely the case with me."

"I believe I have told you that my mother was from the United States, where my father met her and married her. I do not recollect her, as I have said before; but my mind has been led, by my father's conversations, to dwell with almost exclusive interest upon everything relating to your republic. No stronger claim upon my sympathies could be presented than belonging to the country of my mother—the people of no other nation, if they came as invaders, could induce me to hold the least communication with them. In all my reflections about men and their national character and national histories, the Americans have been excepted from every general rule, to be



thought of alone, as a people for whom there is no parallel. When your army arrived in our country, my father resisted before it, but it was not from hatred or fear, but to avoid an unjust suspicion. Like him, I sometimes think I do not properly resent your invasion; but if it be so, I cannot help it; nay, I do not even regret it.

"If, then, even when you come upon my native soil as enemies, I cannot properly resent it, you can imagine of how much more interest to me an American must have been, when he came only upon a peaceful visit, and came recommended also as a relative of my mother. He was handsome, generous, and noble—combining, too, with his moral excellence a fine and thoroughly-developed intellect. He was brave, even to rashness, free and open in his bearing, delicate and considerate in his feelings. He came to our house in Monterey, stayed with us two or three months, and then accompanied us during the summer months, to my father's hacienda, south of the city. It was here that I first began to feel interested in him. We were constantly together, either riding along the valleys or climbing the mountains, and spending whole days among the cliffs and forests. I had never before been intimate with one of the other sex, and it was but natural that my feelings should become interested in one like him, in the position we occupied. It would be an ungrateful task for you to listen to me relate how much I felt for him, or how happy I was in his society; though, I doubt not, the recollection of that happiness was made more tender, by its tragical termination. I will hurry on.

"We had been two months at Rinconada, during which we had explored every sheltered valley and climbed every mountain peak, within ten miles of us. There was but one place of interest we had not visited. It was a waterfall, where a narrow stream, during the wet season, sprang boldly over the side of a cliff and was dissipated into mist and rain ere it reached the rocks at a great depth below. We had been waiting for a rain to add to the waters, so as to make the cascade worth visiting; and at last one Sunday evening brought a heavy storm. Early on Monday morning we set out, with no attendants except our boy, who carried a picnic dinner for us.

"We reached the flat rock beside the stream about twelve o'clock, where the foaming torrent poured over with its swollen current, and dashed down through mid air full two hundred feet. We sat down upon the sod under the shade of a cedar to view the fall, and to open Diego's basket. Up to this time no explanation had passed between us in regard to our mutual feelings; but I think I am not wrong when I say each under tood the other. We had been seated thus, after our repast, for several minutes in silence; but I thought I saw in his looks, and in his actions, that a declaration was trembling upon his lips. Indeed, he had begun to speak in tones which I could not misunderstand, when a flower attracted his eyes, growing upon the very edge of the cliff, and just within the water. He approached it hastily and stooped to take it, when his foot slipped upon the wet rock, and at one plunge he went headlong over the frightful cliff."

She covered her eyes with her hands, as if in recollection of the scene; but in a moment she recovered and went on.

"He was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below. I ran to the edge of the rock to look over, but was pulled violently back by Diego. I will not dwell upon the details, nor upon my grief, made deeper, as it were, by the circumstances, than perhaps it would have been in others; they are painful to recall, and would not be pleasant for you to hear. He was buried at Rinconada, and since that day I have not visited the place. It is now more than two years since, and I am young, I soon recovered my tranquillity and ultimately my cheerfulness. But since then an affliction deep and warm for the noble traits I found in him, though I cannot say that it was ever matured for him personally, noble as he was, has lain dormant in my heart. Time passed and I met you. In you I found the qualities I admired in him. My heart became interested, though it is only within a few days that I have become certain that I love you. If I did not remember him with regret, you could have no assurance that I will not forget my love for you as soon.

"You now know my whole history. Before I say more, I must know whether that knowledge affects your feelings."

"And yet," said Hugh, placing his arm around her waist, "when you ask, you know perfectly well, it does not."

"I think so," said she; "but I must have the assurance from your own lips."

"Then take it," said he, pressing his lips suddenly to hers. "I love you not only as much, but more than before, for your truth and candour."

"Yet," she said, "that very candour, while it makes you love me more, as I am, may still make it impolitic that you make me other than I am."

"You mean my wife?" said he, inquiringly. "It could not be so. I love you more, if possible, than before, and I am, therefore, more anxious to make you mine."

"And when do you wish me to be so?"

"As soon as you will consent to it," said he; "or at least as soon as my term of service shall be out."

"When is that?"

"On the last day of May next. I shall then return home, and will take you with me."

"That is," said she smiling, "if I will go."

"Oh! I know you will go. Will you not?"

"But you may be killed in the meantime," she pursued.

"In that case," said Hugh laughing, "I shall not go; nor you, either. But there is no fear of that, if you will only say you will go."

"Well, well," said she, as if impatient to be rid of the subject, "I will go."

Hugh clasped her in his arms; and pressed his lips again to hers.

"Come, come," she said, "that is enough for to-day. And now let us

see what that great dust is upon the road yonder. It looks like an army to me.

Hugh took up the glass which lay upon the ground beside him, and directed it where she pointed.

"They are lancers!" he exclaimed. "And yonder follows some infantry, and there is artillery too! A long line of lancers again, and more infantry and artillery! And there are mules, too, pack mules, and droves of cattle, and away in the distance seems another large body of lancers! Why this must be Santa Anna in full force."

He ran the glass several times up and down the long line of dust, which extended from a point nearly opposite to where he sat, full twelve miles away upon the plain. The glittering lance-heads, with their fluttering pennons of variegated hues, the masses of horses and riders just visible in the dust, the long columns of infantry with their muskets shining in the evening sun, the heavy guns tied on the backs of mules, or trundled along on clumsy carriages, the numberless pack mules, the masses of men of all arms in the distance, and the numerous banners and colours of corps, all denoted the march of a strong army. Staff officers and orderlies were seen galloping from corps to corps, or halting on the road for some regiment or brigade to approach; and near the centre of the column rode a group of officers in brilliant uniforms, and shining accoutrements, denoting the general and his staff. It was indeed "Santa Anna in full force," with more than twenty thousand men, marching to crush the handful of volunteers, then lying at Agua Nueva under General Taylor.

"Who are these?" said Catharina suddenly, "here to the left," pointing in the direction named. Hugh turned the glass, and after gazing a moment sprang to his feet.

"They are approaching by the path," he said, "and are led by some one who knows the road! It is time to put our design in force."

So saying, he sprang down the rock, and in less than a minute stood beside the bridge over the chasm. Parting the bushes he stepped in to the brink of the ravine, and lifted a stout wooden bar which lay with one end sharpened, ready for use. Thrusting the sharp end between the rocks which supported the bridge, and using the edge of another rock as a fulcrum, he gave the lever a sudden pull towards him. The flat rock moved and a seam opened across the bridge; another pull, and the rock gradually loosened. Falling over on one side the bridge lost its support, and tumbled, a mass of rocks, bushes and earth, to the bottom of the chasm. By this means the house was perfectly isolated, with only the secret outlets for approach.

"Let them cross that if they can," said Hugh; and he threw the bar down the chasm, and they both hastened out of view.

(To be continued.)

## THE FLOWERS.

There is a legend old as earth,  
But beautiful and true,  
Which tells us how the flowers had birth,  
And whereto came the dew.

When Eve, through Satan's sore deceit,  
Touched the forbidden tree,  
And tempted her "good man" to eat,  
The Lord came angrily.

And straightway banished from Eden's bowers  
These first-born sinners forth,  
Away from all its smiling flowers—  
Upon the barren earth

But plying ere to Heaven he pass'd—  
His angels—brothers true—  
O'er all the earth their footprints cast,  
And hill, and vale, and glen,

Sparkled with flowers—Earth's starry  
spheres—  
And ere they fled from view,  
They strew'd the flowers with pitying tears,  
Which since has pass'd for dew.

And thus, though paradise was lost  
By first of human kind,  
Their children know, though sorely cross'd,  
God's love is left behind.

WORSHIP OF ANIMALS.—One of the most remarkable features of the Egyptian Mythology, was the worship of animals. They imagined that some animal partook of the nature of their celestial deities, and were therefore entitled to divine honours. Thus when the worship of the moon had become established, and her increase and diminution superstitiously considered, it was thought to bear some analogy to the dilating and contracting pupil of the cat's eye, and puss was accordingly deified. In the same manner the asp and the beetle became sacred, because they were supposed to exhibit some faint images of particular deities. The hawk was dedicated to Osiris; the ass, the crocodile, and the hippopotamus to Typho; the serpent, or dragon, to Nephtis. Every element was laid under contribution; and men, women, bulls, cows, rams, goats, dogs, cats, snakes, crocodiles, frogs, beetles, and innumerable others, were all included in the sacred catalogue. Ophelatria, or serpent worship, was very famous; and was celebrated with the most horrid rites. To this animal human victims were immolated. Richardson, in his researches in Egypt, discovered a tomb at Biban al Melook, in which there is a representation of six men sacrificed at one time. The walls of their tombs are frequently covered with representations of this island; as may be seen by consulting the volumes of the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge" devoted to "Egyptian Antiquities," and Dr. Taylor's recently published work on the subject. The bull was sacred to Osiris; and was called Apis. It was to be black, with a square piece of white on the forehead. Many years sometimes elapsed before an animal could be found exactly answering this description. When Cambyse, the son of Cyrus (called in Scripture Ahasuerus), invaded Egypt, he desired the priests to show him their god. They immediately, with much pomp, led Apis before him. Cambyse, enraged at their stupidity, drew his dagger, and thrust it into the animal's thigh, of which wound poor Apis died. The priests were shocked at his profanity, and predicted the most direful calamities in consequence.

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER TO 'THE  
"HOME COMPANION."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

With No. XXXIV. was published a carefully prepared Sheet (uniform with the "HOME COMPANION"), with Illustrations, of RULES, HINTS, CAUTIONS, and DIRECTIONS, that will assist in preventing, checking, or curing Disease. By A DISTINGUISHED HOSPITAL SURGEON.

EXTRACT FROM THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION:

"My object is to furnish such rules, hints, cautions, and directions, that, if followed, will assist in preventing, checking, or curing disease; alleviating pain; and perhaps preventing death or serious permanent injury, likely to result from accidents, imprudence, or wilfulness. We know that medical aid cannot always be commanded at once, especially in country towns or villages; and for want of proper directions, many a life or limb may be lost, or rendered permanently useless. Therefore, to obviate such disastrous results, I have compiled the following pages, which will furnish ample directions for all the common emergencies, diseases, and accidents, that are likely to come under the notice of an individual during his career in life; and, in order to make the directions more explicit, I have occasionally introduced neat little woodcuts. It should be borne in mind by every one who reads these pages, that I do not attempt to instruct them in the treatment of serious diseases or accidents. Books will not supply this information; it is only to be acquired by practice and thought. My object is; 1st, To enable people generally to distinguish a disease or accident of a serious kind from one that requires only a simple remedy, so that professional aid may be sought inmediately; 2nd, To enable all persons to treat simple diseases or accidents; and 3rd, To enable any one to act in emergency cases, until such time as medical aid can be procured."

THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS UPON THE WALL.

THERE are two kinds of beauty connected with natural and artistic objects; the one a beauty inherent and *per se*, the other a beauty of associated ideas and feelings. Some writers, of whom Mr. Alison may be considered the chief, have come to the conclusion that *all* our pleasures of taste, all our impressions of beauty, are grounded upon this principle of association. The entire correctness of this may well be doubted; but there can be no doubt of its being partially true, and that in all philosophical theories of beauty, this principle of association must be taken in as an essential element. A happy thing it is for us,—a merciful susceptibility of our nature, that we are able sometimes to link a beautiful thought or feeling with but an indifferently beautiful object, and to extract, not exactly sunbeams from cucumbers, but sermons from stones, and good from everything. Powerful among this class of suggestive things are pictures in a room. They might do much for the rustic and the labourer; but not only for them, but for that immensely large class, also, who occupy the broad margin between the rich and the poor—the small-salaried clerk and inferior tradesman; a class who have to maintain a worldly appearance with marvellously little of worldly means. Expensive works of art are, of course, quite out of the question in homes like these; but there are such things as cheap prints, and paintings of moderate value, which, without any great merit of execution, exhibit a beautiful scene or incident, and exhale poetic influences to awaken holy associations of ideas.

We remember once, after a day of difficulty and sorrow, drinking tea in the parlour of a small neat dwelling, in the suburbs of the metropolis. The walls were decorated with prints, framed and glazed, the whole value of which was, perhaps, not over £5, but which, owing to a pervading beauty of sentiment, was of more value to the looker on than many of the productions of the magistrates of the artist world. We thought it very delightful, we remember, after a day of disappointment and care spent in London streets, amidst all its excitement and hurly-burly, its noise and confusion and feverish antagonisms, to repose the eye upon a coloured print representing a rural scene. It was on the shore of a lake in Switzerland; the time was evening, and the golden light of the declining sun glittered in a long path of glory over the calm water. Conspicuous on the mountain slopes, on its borders, rose a picturesque building, which seemed to be an old time-hallowed chapel, with ivy round its pointed windows and downy moss clustering on its roof and walls. A little below stood the scattered dwellings of the hamlet; the cattle wended homeward from the pasture, and a rosy maiden in lace bodice, standing on a knoll of the high land, might be imagined as singing the Ranz des Vaches, and beckoning her herd to the homestead. Now all this

was done in a very plain and homely manner, and there was nothing whatever in the execution to throw an artist into ecstasies, or tempt him into comparisons with the masters, ancient or modern; but, for all that, there was a sort of blessedness about the humble picture,—a suggestion of stillness and repose, a heavenly hush for both the struggles of the spirit and the toils of the body, peculiarly needful and appropriate to contemplate in contrast to the din and strife and soul-absorbing competition of the feverish city.

On one side of this picture hung a chalk drawing, very respectably done, a copy from some old head of the Redeemer, conceived as under suffering. Here the agonized, but patient and resigned, features led back the imaginative gazer, through a long vista of centuries, to the time when children clustered round the knees of Him who blessed them; when the high road to Jerusalem resounded with tumultuous "Hosannas,"—when the garden of Gethsemane witnessed His tears of agony, and the Hall of Judgment rung with the scoffs and insults of a brutalized rabble, whilst their wretched victim "answered not a word." The whole sequence of that gracious life passes in review, from the disputations in the Temple to the bleeding on Calvary; and the heart that sinks under the sorrows and trials of the present time revives, and fortifies itself with courage in remembering his sufferings and the gentle heroism with which they were borne.

On the opposite side of the Swiss scene before described, hung a very fair print of Shakspeare. This, again, was richly suggestive. That noble arch of forehead; those deep, full, eloquent eyes, that earnest mouth, all conspire to testify that this was a man,—a myriad-minded man. And when the mind recalls the immense variety of his creations, the versatility of his genius, the wondrous breadth of his observation and sympathy; when the awakened fancy unfolds its panorama of enchanted isles, forests of Arden, Windsor meads enlivened with the gaiety of merry wives; the rolling ocean bearing on its rough waves the cradle of the gentle Puritia; wild and blasted heaths and stormy battle-plains; Mortia's villa, and the moon-lit bank where sounds of music crept into lovers' ears; Venetian banquets, glittering with light and sounding with music and revelry, where Romeo loved and Juliet gave her heart away, the garden where they wed, and the tomb where they died,—When the fancy envelopes itself with these scenes, and innumerable others, suggested by the portrait of Shakspeare, does not the narrow thought swell into magnitude? Do not confined sympathies expand?—and does not a selfish selfishness melt into a generous glow at the joys and sorrows of all humanity?

On an opposite wall of the room hung the representation of a large, Indian, outward bound, struggling in a violent gale of wind. How sublime the terrors of the scene! The vessel on its beam-ends in a trough of boiling surge, the splintered masts, the torn fluttering sails, the dark night all around, with massive storm-clouds hurling from their black bosoms long, forked flashes of lurid fire! With such a picture do there not arise ideas of Him "who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand," "who maketh the clouds his chariot, and rideth on the wings of the wind"? What generous sympathies well from the heart towards the "wet sea-boy in an hour so rude," the brave mariner at the helm, the calm captain on the poop, the awe-struck passengers—some thinking of home and the tranquil life of their early days contrasted with their present danger,—some stupefied with terror, and some calmly resigned to death even in the dark gurgling water. 'Tis but fancy's sketch; but of such fancies beautiful emotions may be born.

There were other prints in the room, of more or less interest; but enough of description has been given to illustrate the moral suggestive value of pictures in the room. We mean, of course, pictures with a certain poetry of meaning about them; not flaring portraits of kings and queens and generals; not theatrical monstrosities, representing Mr. Wallack as *Pizarro*, or O. Smith as *Three-fingered Jack*; not disgusting representations of Tom Spring and Dutch Sam; not vulgar drawings of prize heifers and over-fed pigs;—none of these things, but prints, humble in character and inexpensive it may be, but with some pregnancy of subject, some suggestions of love and peace and beauty and goodness, leading the beholder to endeavours to make life fairer in this world and fitter for a world to come.

H Y M N.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay, of various green.  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
"Our beauties are but for a day."  
I praised the sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold:  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye

Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
"Our days of light are numbered."

Oh God, oh good beyond compare!  
If thus thy meagre works are fair!  
If thus thy beauties glid the span  
Of ruffled earth and sinful man!  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where they redeem'd shall dwell with thee!

CHIEF.—When the game of chess was first invented, the emperor of China sent for the inventor, and desired him to teach it him. The emperor was so delighted with the game, that he told the inventor whatever he should demand should be given him as a remuneration for his discovery. To which he replied, that if his majesty would but give him a grain of corn for the first square of the chess-board, and keep doubling it every check until he arrived at the end, he would be satisfied. At first the emperor was astonished at what he thought the man's modesty, and instantly ordered his request to be granted. The following is the sum total of the number of grains of corn, and the number of times they would reach round the world, which is 360 degrees, each being 69½ miles:—18446743573783086315 grains; or, 3354461821 times round the world.

## ONWARD!

**CITY IMPROVEMENTS.**—It is under consideration to run a new street, sixty feet wide at least, parallel with Old Change, down to the river side, and in a direct line with the east side of St. Paul's Churchyard, and to throw a new bridge across the Thames, to be communicated with by the proposed street. The cleansing of the streets, on the "continuous cleansing system," at an extra expense of £7,000 a year, is also spoken of.

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—The electric telegraph operations which have for some time been in progress in this establishment are now completed, and a system of communication is effected between the various offices. The rooms of the Governor and Deputy-governor are by this means placed in direct communication with every important department where business is transacted, and secrecy of communication is obtained by the use of Dering's patent apparatus for this purpose; so that a message intended for one particular office cannot be read at any of the others.

**DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART.**—Classes for the study of specialties are now being formed at Marlborough House, and the arrangements are already completed for the class of artistic anatomy, to which Mr. Townsend has been appointed professor, he having had the superintendence of the same class at Somerset-house. The means of study are much more commodious than at Somerset-house, there being separate rooms for the drawing, painting, and modelling classes. The classes are now opened, and there were a considerable number of applications by students. Those who have passed through the classes at Somerset-house, and are reported as competent, are privileged to attend at less than half the fees paid by strangers. We understand that the next classes which will be ready for opening, are those for the drawing of practical construction and architecture.

**PROPOSED GRAND MODEL OF EUROPE.**—A grand project has been proposed at Paris by the Abbé Moigno, a scientific writer of some note. It is to establish in the Bois de Boulogne, at the gates of the capital, a model in relief, of Europe, with all its towns, cities, rivers, lakes, railways, mountains, and forests. Each country and each town would occupy space exactly proportioned to their real extent; every mountain would resemble, in geological construction and form, that which it would represent; and every river and railway would be of real water and real iron, and in length so many yards to the mile. This singular model would occupy several acres. The expense of forming it would, it is admitted, be enormous; but that, the Abbé contends, is an unimportant consideration, compared to the instruction it would afford not only to youth, but to people of all ages and professions, and to the striking addition it would prove to the curiosities of the *grande ville*.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—The Irish sub-marine line of telegraph, by Portpatrick, is in progress of formation. Betwixt Dumfries and Carlisle the line will run along the turnpike-road.—The Magnetic Telegraph Company, it appears, have completed their communication to Wigan, Bolton, and Manchester, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Arrangements are making to connect by it Bury and Preston; and, ere long, London will be reached by it, probably on the Great Northern line.—On the 1st of June the sub-marine electric telegraph between Howth and Holyhead was completed, and messages were transmitted from Dublin to London. The cable consists of a single copper wire, perfectly insulated by gutta-percha, and protected by an outer covering of iron galvanized wires. To secure further safety from the action of the tides and the sharp rocks, the non-coating is double for a considerable distance from each coast.

**NEW VOLTAIC BATTERY.**—A party of scientific gentlemen were recently invited by Mr. Martyn Roberts to witness a voltaic battery of new construction, and professedly of great economy, which he has at present in action in the neighbourhood of Great Portland-street. The battery consisted of fifty plates of tin, about 6 inches by 4,—each plate being adjusted between two plates of platinum of the same size. These were placed in stoneware cells about two feet deep, which were filled with diluted nitric acid. The object of these deep cells was to obtain a marketable product which should be sufficiently valuable to cover the cost of the agents employed to effect the development of electricity. The upper stratum of nitric acid acts on the tin, and forms with that metal an oxide, which falls off from the plate the moment it is formed, and is precipitated as an hydrated oxide of tin to the bottom of the cell. This oxide is combined with soda; and as stannate of soda is extensively employed in dyeing and calico-printing, it is stated that this product will yield a profit of 20 per cent. on the cost of the battery by which it is produced;—but this is a point which we are not at present in a position to determine. The electrical action of the fifty pairs of plates was considerable. The current was employed to exhibit the electrical light,—and the effects produced were certainly very brilliant. It was not possible to compare it with the result obtained from a Grove's battery, but we judge their powers to be nearly equal. An experiment made on the decomposition of water gave about seven cubic inches of the mixed gases, oxygen and hydrogen, per minute. We cannot but regard this very ingenious arrangement as an improvement on the ordinary batteries, as far as economy is concerned, where an electric current is required, since the stannate formed must always be of considerable commercial value. It is curious, too, that the stratum of fluid in the immediate neighbourhood of the voltaic plates is kept uniformly of the same specific gravity, notwithstanding that the acid is rapidly removed. The oxide of tin formed takes down water with it, and at the same time establishes a current by which fresh acid is supplied to the plates. We were informed that the battery continued in most uniform action for sixteen hours.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BEAUTY.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,  
So much as those which on a lip I see:  
And more affection bear I to the rose  
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.—*Randolph.*

No autumn, nor no age ever approach  
This heavenly piece, which Nature having wrought,  
She lost her needle, and did then despair  
Ever to work so lively and so fair.

*Massinger and Ford's Fatal Downy.*

Do not idolatize; beauty's a flow'r  
Which springs and withers almost in an hour.

*William Smith's Hector of Germany.*

Heav'n meant that beauty, Nature's greatest force,  
Having exceeding pow'r, should have remorse;  
And, and it, the world should so enjoy,  
As both might overcome, but not be try'd.—*Lord Orrey's Henry V.*

My beauty, though 'ont mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

*Shakspeare's Love's Labour's Lost.*

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!  
It seem she hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

*Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

Beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*Shakspeare's Much Ado about Nothing.*

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

*Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly,  
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,  
A brittle glass that's broken piecemeal.  
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.—*Shakspeare.*

Give me a look, give me a face,  
That makes simplicity a grace.  
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free!  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art;  
That strike mine eye but not my heart.—*Ben. Jonson.*

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

Beauty stands  
In the admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat and shank into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd.

*Milton's Paradise Regained.*

What is beauty? Not the show  
Of shapely limbs and features. No.  
These are but flowers  
That have their dated hours,  
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.  
'Tis the stainless soul within  
That outshines the fairest skin.—*Sir A. Hunt.*

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her features,  
Seem'd to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love  
Himself in love.—*Dryden's Love Triumphant.*

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.—*Thomson's Seasons.*

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion;  
The tincture of a skin, that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.—*Addison's Cato.*

O she is all perfections!  
All that the blooming earth can send forth fair;  
All that the gaudy heavens could drop down glorious.

*Lee's Theodosius.*

The bloom of opening flowers' unsullied beauty,  
Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
And looks like Nature in the world's first spring.

*Rowe's Tamerlane.*





## CHARADE.

My first the sturdy reft by the sturdy blow  
Of him who by my second hither came,—  
No more the comforts of his peaceful home  
to know—  
Guilty and exiled, doom'd to lasting  
shame.  
But they who trusted to his faulty soul,  
Far more than he must now endure my  
whole.

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*The Mock Newspaper.*

THIS game, when there is a large family party assembled in one house for the Christmas holidays, affords a rich fund of amusement. An editor is appointed, who receives and copies on to a large folio sheet of paper all sorts of contributions; this publication, which is produced and read aloud once a week to a laughing audience, being entitled, the *Court Journal*; or, *Saturday Delight*, and containing mock advertisements, daily news, verses, leading articles, sporting intelligence, &c., &c., all of which may relate to the home doings of the contributors, and be playfully sprinkled by their proper names disguised, good-natured jests upon their employments, &c., and giving lively accounts, under different headings, of the particular amusements, occupations, events, &c., which have distinguished each week.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.

I.  
My whole, industrious, wends his way  
His daily task to meet;  
Behead, transpose, I'm now a sound  
Of music strangely sweet;  
Behead, I take my iron path,  
With swiftness past belief;  
Behead, to drooping nature come,  
From heaven with kind relief.

II.  
In schools I'm met with ev'ry day;  
Transpos'd, you've stories fraught with wonder,  
Again transpos'd, I'm sour, you'll say;  
Again, you'll learn to rob and plunder.

## III.

Read me forwards, I'm the highest point of every thing; read me backwards, scarcely any thing is deeper.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



SEVEN OF CLUBS.—"A CLUB DINNER."

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Whom are soldiers most admired by an infant?
2. What sense places you most in a disagreeable acquaintance?
3. Why is a holeful face like the alternate parts taken by a choir?
4. In what bath ought monkey to bathe?
5. With what tree would a donkey write?
6. What cities in Somersetshire would be most valued in the East?
7. Why is a castigation like a bee gathering honey?
8. What town would be most useful in crossing a river?
9. With what musical instrument would you catch fish?
10. Why have the people in Norfolk no need to build castles in the air?
11. Why is the capital of a pillar like a cannibal?
12. Why is the letter N like that Roman emperor who rejoiced at the burning of his city?
13. What is a leg of mutton like a town in Buckinghamshire?
14. What city in Cambridgeshire was a time of old?
15. Why is a gaunt belonging to an old woman like a wat'ring star?
16. Why is the letter U in a merry mood, like an agreeable sound?
17. When is a rat like a drinking vessel?
18. If little Tom stood on your corn, what musical instrument do you name?
19. Why is the pressing of a love-letter to your lips like a nightmare?
20. Why was the Jewish treasure of six pints like a Greek poet?
21. If you request the letter S to move, what title do you name?
22. Who are the two largest ladies in America?

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 541.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE.—PARDON.

PROBLEM.—Because corn and trees always grow perpendicular to the horizon, an hemispherical hill of twenty acres surface will bear no more of either than a level field of ten acres surface, being equal to the horizontal and circular basis which the said hill stands upon. And no more pales are required to fence over any hill than would be required to fence over the level basis of the same, were the hill entirely removed, i. e. both pallings being carried over the same horizontal direction.

## CHARADES.—1. IMAGINATION. 2. MILESTONE.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. The Earl of Wicklow. 2. Because he is full of bows (boughs). 3. Because he puts an end to your pains. 4. Because they are man-klad and woman-kind. 5. To the White Horse Cellar (cellar). 6. The Pickwick. 7. Because it's inconvenient. 8. Gin. 9. Because it's to bed all day and all day. 10. Because she's incombustible (in come bustible). 11. When it is high. 12. Because they are rulers of hosts. 13. They are planted in the earth to propagate (prop a gate).

## TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. SEABLE, TARE, ABLE. 2. HOVEL, LOVE, HOLM.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

SOMEbody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotclman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting.

A PERSON, who lived in constant fear of the *boobies*, having absconded, one of his acquaintances *asked* what was the reason of his absence? to which he replied, "Why, sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being apprehended."

JACK BANNISTER, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had been in Cork. "No," replied the wit; "but I saw a great many drawings of it."

"SHALL I cut this loin of mutton saddlewise?" said a gentleman carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridlewise, for then we may all chance to get a bit in our mouths."

"I WILL forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a duist and warm orator, to the president of a banquet, in an argument. "I accept it," replied the philosopher; "my title among friends has a value."

"I HAVE lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the *trachea*, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

THE following sound advice occurs in an almanack:—"If you wish to have a shoe of durable materials, you *should* make the upper-leather of the mouth of a hard drinker; for that never lets in water."

AN Earl Marshal was found fault with by his sovereign for some minor arrangements at a coronation. "Pardon your majesty," said he, "I hope to do better next time."

"WHAT is your opinion of this gentleman's conduct?" said some one to a whiskered Irish captain of dragoons. "I think it *highly* low," answered he, with a tremendous grin over his stick.

SIR C. MURRAY asked Tom Gannon what he thought of Keon's acting? "I like his dying scenes best," replied Tom; "he acts the dead man to the very life."

A GENTLEMAN threatening to beat a dog, which barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman who was present, "would you beat the poor dumb animal for making a noise?"

AN ENTERPRISING BEGGAR.—*Benevolent Old Lady*.—"Sally, alive, child! what do you want two pails of cold victuals for? you had only one yesterday." *Little Girl*.—"Yes, ma'am; but mother's taken bacchet since."

MR. ARRETHUS was one day descending upon the advantages of a public education for boys, when he concluded by saying, "And what think you of Etou? I think I shall send my son there to learn manners." "It would have been as well, my dear," responded his wife, "had you gone there too."

WISCHILL tells a story of a stranger meeting an Irishman leaning against a post, watching a funeral procession coming out of a brick house at his side, when the following dialogue ensued:—"Is that a funeral?" "Yes, sir, I'm thinking that it is." "Anybody of distinction?" "I reckon it is, sir." "Who is it that died?" "The gentleman in the coffin, sir."

AN old farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house, and would be much obliged to him if he would give him permission to cut down what would answer the purpose. The landlord answered peremptorily, "No." "Why, then, sir, will you give me enough to build a barn?" "No." "To make a gate, then?" "Yes." "That is all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."

THE education necessary to qualify an Arkansian editor for the duties of his office, is said to be the following:—Two months' practice with a hair-trigger rifle at a target, one hundred paces distant; six weeks' practice in swinging a two-foot bowie knife; six or seven months' experience in coggie, cabbiting, and rough-and-tumble kicking at the election. These qualifications will enable the possessor of them to write political and sensational articles with impunity.

A SOLDIER, about to be sent on an expedition, said to the officer directing the drafts, "Sir, I cannot go, because I—stutter." "Stutter?" says the officer, "you don't go to talk, but to fight." "Ay, but they'll p-p-put me on p-g-guard, and a man may go ha-ha-half a mile, before I can say, Wh-who goes there?" "Oh, that's no objection, for there will be another sentry placed along with you, and he can challenge, if you can fire." "Well, b-b-but I may be taken, and run through the st-st-stomach, before I can cry, Qu-qu-quer!"

"WELL, I was talking the other day about periodicals, and says I to a few *Family Friends*, whom I'm always glad to see, and who had formed a sort of *Home Circle* around the fire-place, after they had left their *Chambers*,—as my good old Tutor used to remark,—What can be more delightful than *Walks Abroad, and Evenings at Home*? You come in half wearied, and put the *Journals* to bed, because their *Family Pastime* is over; then, taking a cup of tea, you enjoy cheerful *Household Words* about *Familiar Things*, until your face shines like a *Mirror*. When your talk is over, if you still have a *Leisure Hour*, you can employ it profitably by reading the *Pleasant Pages of The Home Companion*."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

CHANGES OF THE KALIDOSCOPE.—The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes this wonderful instrument will admit. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, &c., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 162,880,899,576 years and 800 days, to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing; amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity. Or, if you take only 12 small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 23,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations. However exaggerated this statement may appear to some, it is actually the case.

ART OF SWIMMING.—Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the buoyant weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking (or rather of walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the hands even with his hands or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

God of the fair and open sky!

Hus gloriously above us springs

The teated dome of heavenly blue

Suspended on the rainbow's wines!

Each brilliant star that sparkles through,

Each gilded cloud that wanders free

In evening's purple radiance, gives

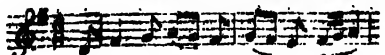
The beauty of its praise to Thee.

FACTS ABOUT MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If milk is therefore desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad, flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm; and on that account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The reason has its effects: the milk in the spring is supposed to be best for calves, in summer it is best suited for cheese, and in autumn the butter keeping better than that of summer. Cows less frequently milked than others give rich milk and consequently much better. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The best drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.

CLOVES.—Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Molucca, or Spice Island, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very ends of the branches. The cloves we see are the flowers gathered before they have opened, and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a round head, which is the true petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, enclosing a number of small stalks or filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is in fact, the flower-cup, and the unripe seed-vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves be soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften and readily unroll. The smell of cloves is very strong and aromatic, but not unpleasant. Their taste is pungent, acrid, and lasting. Both the taste and smell depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odour and taste in consequence is much weakened by this proceeding.

MORAL BEAUTY.—I have said a great deal about prospect and landscape; I will mention no action or two, which appear to me to convey as distinct a feeling of the beautiful as any landscape whatever. A London merchant, who, I believe, is still alive, while he was staying in the country with a friend, happened to mention that he intended, next year, to buy a ticket in the lottery; his friend desired that he would buy one for him at the same time, which, of course, was very willingly agreed to. The conversation dropped, the ticket never arrived, and the whole affair was entirely forgotten, when the country gentleman received information that the ticket purchased for him by his friend had come up a prize of 20,000*l*. Upon his arrival in London, he inquired of his friend where he had put the ticket, and why he had not informed him that it was purchased. "I bought them both the same day, mine and your ticket, and I flung them both into a drawer of my bureau, and I never thought of them afterwards." "But how do you distinguish one ticket from the other? and why am I the holder of the fortunate ticket more than you?" "Why, at the time I put them into the drawer, I put a little mark in ink upon the ticket which I resolved should be yours; and upon re-opening the drawer, I found that the one so marked was the fortunate ticket." Now this action appears to me perfectly beautiful; it is *le beau ideal* in morals, and gives that calm, yet deep emotion of pleasure, which every one so easily receives from the beauty of the exterior world.—*Sydney Smith*.

"Handel's" *Judas Maccabæus*.



O love-ly Peace, with Plen-ty crown'd

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But not expressed in fancy - rich, no gaudy.  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man." - *Banquet*.

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 10.—**  
**ROASTING (continued).—**A  
shoulder of veal from three  
hours to three hours and a  
half; stuff it with the force-  
ment ordered for the fillet of  
veal, in the underside. Neck,

best end, will take two hours. The same part is best  
made into a pie or broth. Breast, from an hour and  
half to two hours. Let the calf remain till it is almost  
done, then take it off, to brown it; lard, flour, and  
froth it. Veal Sweetbread.—Trim a fine sweetbread,  
it cannot be too fresh, parboil it for five minutes, and throw  
it into a basin of cold water; toast it plain, or beat up  
the yolk of an egg, and prepare some fine bread crumbs.  
When the sweetbread is cold, dry it thoroughly in a  
cloth, run a lark spit or a skewer through it, and tie it  
on the ordinary spit: egg it with a paste brush, powder it  
it well with bread crumbs, and roast it. For sauce filed  
bread crumbs round it, and melted butter with a little  
mushroom catsup and lemon juice, or serve them on  
buttered toast, garnished with egg sauce, or with gravy.  
**Lamb**—is a delicate, and commonly considered tender  
meat, but those who talk of tender lamb, while they are  
thinking of the age of the animal, forget that even a  
chicken must be kept a proper time after it has been  
killed, or it will be tough picking. Useful experience  
has warned us to beware of accepting an invitation to  
dinner on Easter Sunday, and unless commanded by a  
thorough bred gourmand, our incisors, molars, and  
principal viscera, have protested against the imprudence  
of encountering young tough stringy mutton under the  
misnomer of grass lamb. To the usual accompaniments  
of roasted meat, green mint sauce or a salad is com-  
monly added; and some cooks, about five minutes before  
it is done, sprinkle it with a little minced parsley. Grass  
lamb is in season from Easter to Michaelmas. Mince  
lamb from Christmas to Lady-day. When green mint  
cannot be got, mint vinegar is an acceptable substitute  
for it. Hind quarter of eight pounds, will take from an  
hour and three quarters to two hours; hasty and froth  
it. Fore quarter of ten pounds, about two hours. It is  
a pretty general custom, when you take off the shoulder  
from the ribs, to squeeze a Seville orange over them, and  
sprinkle them with a little pepper and salt. Leg of five  
pounds, from an hour to an hour and a half. Shoulder,  
with a quick fire, an hour. Ribs, about an hour to an  
hour and a quarter; joint it nicely; crack the ribs  
across, and bend them up to make it easy to carve.  
Loin, an hour and a quarter. Neck, an hour. Breast,  
three quarters of an hour.

**TO REMOVE THE STAINS OF INK.—**W. JENNINGS.—The  
stains of ink, on cloth, paper, or wood, may be removed  
by all acids; but those acids are to be preferred, which  
are least likely to injure the texture of the stained sub-  
stance. The muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times  
its weight of water, may be applied to the spot, and after  
a minute or two washed off; repeating the application as  
often as may be found necessary. Less risk attends the  
use of vegetable acids. A solution of the oxalic, citric,  
(acid of lemons), or tartarous acids, in water, may be  
applied to the most delicate fabrics without danger of in-  
juring them; and the same solution will discharge  
writing but not printing ink. Hence it may be employed  
in cleaning books, which have been defaced by writing  
on the margin, without impairing the text.

**HEALTH OF THE MILLION.—**"A MECHANIC" complains  
of ill-health engendered by the unwholesome air of a  
factory in which he is engaged; and he desires to know  
what remedies can be adopted to counteract this evil.  
We are glad to have an opportunity of recommending a  
very useful and cheap publication, issued by the Metro-  
politan Working Classes' Association, the "Manual of  
Public Health and Domestic Economy," in which our  
correspondent will find his inquiries answered, and a  
large amount of valuable information besides.

**THE GAMUT.—**J. KELLY.—Guido d'Arezzo, a monk of the  
13th century, in the solitude of his convent, made the  
great discovery of counterpoint, or the science of  
harmony, as distinguished from melody; he also  
invented the present system of notation, and gave  
those names to the sounds of the diatonic scale still  
in use—*ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*, these being the first  
syllables of the first six lines of a hymn to St. John the  
Baptist, written in monastic Latin; and they seem to  
have been adopted without any special reason, from the  
capable of the musician.

**METHOD OF ASCERTAINING THE STATE OF THE LUNGS.—**  
S. W.—Persons desirous of ascertaining the true state of  
their lungs, are directed to draw in as much breath as they  
conveniently can; they are then to count as far as they  
are able, in a slow and audible voice, without drawing in  
more breath. The number of seconds they can continue  
counting must be carefully observed; in a consumption  
the time does not exceed ten, and is frequently less than  
six seconds; in pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from  
nine to four seconds. When the lungs are in a sound  
condition, the time will range as high as from twenty to  
thirty-five seconds.

**MESMERISM.—**G. W.—The discoverer of the supposed in-  
fluence of magnetism, Anton Mesmer, was born in 1734,  
at Merzburg in Swabia. He is said to have derived the  
art of curing disease by the use of the magnet, from a  
Jesuit, Father Hehl, who had practiced it with some suc-  
cess. Many theories have been propounded in order to  
embrace the facts of animal magnetism. Mesmer and  
his immediate followers attributed them to the action of  
a subtle fluid in the bodies of animals, which enabled  
them to exercise an influence on each other at a distance,  
just as a magnet affects iron; but some experiments by  
Mr. Braid acquit for the phenomena, by supposing that  
there is "a derangement of the cerebro-spinal centres,  
and of the circulatory and respiratory and muscular sys-  
tems, induced by a fixed state, absolute repose of body;  
fixed attention, and suppressed respiration, concomitant  
with that fixity of attention." However this may be,  
for

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"  
we invite the attention of our correspondent and our  
readers generally, to the attractive representation here  
given of a most undoubted instance of



ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

**LIVING WITHIN OUR MEANS.—**G. WILSON.—Emigration,  
persons who cannot contrive to subsist on a respect-  
able income, can only open a wider field for vexation and  
disappointment. Habitual want of prudence will pro-  
duce the same results everywhere. No one can feel in-  
dependent unless his expenditure is within the limits of  
his income, whatever that may be. The comfortable  
feeling of balancing our expenditure so as to save a  
little is to be envied. The homely story of the man who  
kept his accounts so accurately as to balance them to a  
shilling at Christmas, has often been told. On one occa-  
sion, upon a careful calculation, he found that, after  
every allowance, his expenditure had exceeded his in-  
come to the amount of twelve pence sterling! This was to  
him a matter of serious regret. He looked round his fire-  
side, and noticed a recent addition to it on the mother's  
knee, which made him look rather grave; but turning up  
his eyes towards Heaven, he happened fortunately to cast  
them up the chimney, where he espied a stick of bacon  
that had unwittingly been omitted in his inventory of  
stock in hand, a sight which instantly drew a balance in  
his favour, and like the famous Dumpty ditch of old, if  
not the reward, was at least the harbinger of domestic  
peace and content.

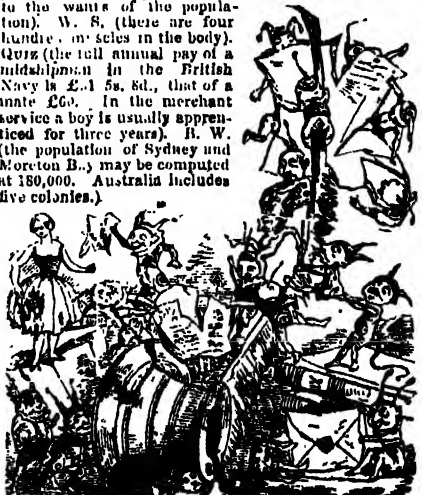
**COMPOSITION OF THE AIR.—**J. WELLS.—The air is com-  
posed of oxygen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, and watery  
vapour. Of these, the oxygen and nitrogen form by far  
the greatest part. The existence of carbonic acid is  
proved by exposing a vessel of lime water for some time  
to the air; a white crust is formed on the surface, which  
is carbonate of lime, formed by the carbonic acid in the  
air, uniting with the lime, for which it has a strong af-  
finity. The presence of watery vapour is proved by filling  
a tumbler with water fresh drawn from the well in a  
warm day; the outside of the tumbler will be covered with  
moisture, which is formed by the condensation of the  
watery vapour in the air by the cold surface of the glass.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—**G. JAFFE (the wages of a  
shepherd in Australia vary from £20 per annum to £25,  
with dwelling and rations. They may become more  
or less, however, as contingencies occur). CLER-  
CUS (the appointment of a chaplain in the Royal Navy is

to be obtained, like other appointments, in the same ser-  
vice, through the First Lord of the Admiralty. The pay  
attached to this office is £100 per annum. E. STEAM is  
invisible; but when it comes in contact with the air,  
being condensed into small drops, it instantly becomes  
visible). BIPED (the Victoria Regia was discovered in  
one of the rivers of British Guiana in 1837). H. C. (the  
only difficulty of a transatlantic telegraph between Eu-  
rope and the United States, is to provide the requisite  
funds. The undertaking is practicable). SIBYRS (the  
number of stars seen through the telescope is supposed  
to exceed eighty millions). C. (papers are doctored).  
JOVYNS (Mount Blanc is the highest of the range of the  
Alps, and is 15,000 feet). MATA (to clean brushes, dis-  
solve half an ounce of pearlash in a pint of boiling water;  
pass the brush through it until cleaned, then pour over it  
some boiling water). EMMA (whatever may be the virtues  
of some cosmetics, they can be of little effect where the  
skin is not kept in good order by regulation of diet, due  
attention to health, &c. Any disease of the system  
renders the skin harsh and dry, and cosmetics cannot  
therefore do much good). J. WELLS (the office of the  
Government Emigration is 15, Park-street, Westminster).  
D. LEASE (lowness of spirits is frequently occasioned  
by ill-health. We should strive to overcome melancholy  
by wise reflections and incessant occupation).—

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
While every smile right merry draws one out."  
M. (leeches should be kept in a very cool place, and the  
water which is put to them should be as nearly as possible  
of the temperature of that which is taken away). J.  
EDWARDS (Batiste, or cambric, derives its name from  
Baptista Chamberlaine, who brought it into vogue in Flan-  
ders, in the 13th century). W. (in the Admiralty, the  
junior clerk commences at a salary of £90 per annum,  
and has no increase for three years, when there is an  
increase of £10 a year till the maximum of the class is  
attained, which is £300). F. WILKES (an anagram is the  
change of one word or phrase into another, by the trans-  
position of its letters). THOMAS (in the army, officers  
salute by dropping the point of the sword, also by lower-  
ing the colours and beating the drum). In the navy,  
salutes are made by discharges of cannon, striking the  
colours or topmasts, or by volleys of small arms. Ships  
always salute with an odd number of gun, and galleys  
with an even number). F. GIBSON (the use of oil freely  
and constantly has a tendency to give the hair a dark ap-  
pearance. Such also is the effect of all pomades. This  
result may, in a great measure, be prevented by using  
alternately with the oil a mixture of borax and camphor). J. H. M. (reading at meals is prejudicial. It  
is a bad habit to call the brain into active exercise while  
the stomach requires an increase of circulation, and an  
unusual quantity of nervous energy). C. (the electro-  
galvanism owes its origin to the discovery of Dr. L.  
Galvani, an eminent Italian philosopher in 1789). D.  
(ants may be relieved by washing the floor, walls, &c.  
with a solution of alum and arsenic). G. F. MASON (the  
eagle on reading desks in churches is symbolical of the  
companions of St. John). J. HENNING (experience is the  
best remedy for nervous complaints).

"The wise for cure on exercise depend,  
God never made his work for man to mend."  
LENO (enclosing the bed with curtains is opposed to  
healthy sleep. The fact that a caged bird will soon die  
if hung up in the interior of a bed enclosed with cur-  
tains, either during the night or shortly after the sleepers  
have risen, is a sufficient proof that the air is so vitiated  
that it is not fit for the support of life, and shows the  
necessity of providing for its escape and constant re-  
newal). W. SPRAY (any invention for a better supply of  
water to London, would of course meet with ready sup-  
port). The quantity of water consumed daily in the  
great metropolis is equal to the contents of a lake fifty  
acres in extent, and of a mean depth of three feet, and  
yet this enormous quantity is by no means proportionate  
to the wants of the popula-  
tion). W. S. (there are four  
hundred miles in the body).  
QUIN (the full annual pay of a  
midshipman in the British  
Navy is £21 5s. 6d., that of a  
mate £26). In the merchant  
service a boy is usually appren-  
ticed for three years). R. W.  
(the population of Sydney and  
Moreton Bays may be computed  
at 180,000. Australia includes  
five colonies).



Printed by WILLIAM TYLEN, Bolt-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT,  
69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 36.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"Let us cut the cord. Let this car be abandoned in space!"

## A VOYAGE IN A BALLOON.

In the month of September, 1850, I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. My passage through the principal cities of Germany had been brilliantly marked by aërostatic ascensions; but, up to this day, no inhabitant of the Confederation had accompanied me, and the successful experiments at Paris of Messrs. Green, Godard, and Poitevin, had failed to induce the grave Germans to attempt aerial voyages.

Meanwhile, hardly had the news of my approaching ascension circulated throughout Frankfort, than three persons of note asked the favour of accompanying me. Two days after, we were to ascend from the Place de la Comédie. I immediately occupied myself with the preparations. My balloon, of gigantic proportions, was of silk, coated with gutta-percha, a substance not liable to injury from acids or gas, and of absolute impermeability. Some trifling rents were mended: the inevitable results of perilous descents.

The day of our ascension was that of the great fair of September, which attracts all the world to Frankfort. The apparatus for filling was composed of six hogsheads arranged around a large vat, hermetically sealed. The hydrogen gas, evolved by the contact of water with iron and sulphuric acid, passed from the first reservoir to the second, and thence into the immense globe, which was thus gradually inflated. These preparations occupied all the morning; and about eleven o'clock the balloon was three-quarters full; sufficiently so,—for as we rise, the atmospheric layers diminish in density,

and the gas, confined within the aërostat, acquiring more elasticity, might otherwise burst its envelope. My calculations had furnished me with the exact measurement of gas required to carry my companions and myself to a considerable height.

We were to ascend at noon. It was truly a magnificent spectacle, that of the impatient crowd who thronged around the reserved enclosure, inundated the entire square and adjoining streets, and covered the neighbouring houses from the basements to the slated roofs. The high winds of past days had lulled, and an overpowering heat was radiating from an unclouded sky; not a breath animated the atmosphere. In such weather, one might descend in the very spot he had left.

I carried 300 lbs. of ballast, in bags; the car, perfectly round, four feet in diameter, and three feet in height, was conveniently attached; the cord which sustained it was symmetrically extended from the upper hemisphere of the aërostat; the compass was in its place, the barometer suspended to the iron hoop which surrounded the supporting cords, at a distance of eight feet above the car; the anchor carefully prepared;—all was in readiness for our departure.

Among the persons who crowded around the enclosure, I remarked a young man with pale face and agitated features. I was struck with his appearance. He had been an assiduous spectator of my ascensions in several cities of Germany. His uneasy air and his extraordinary pre-occupation never left him; he eagerly contemplated the curious machine, which rested motionless at a few feet from the ground, and remained silent.

The clock struck twelve! This was the hour. My companions *de courage* had not appeared. I sat in the dwelling of each, and learned that each had started for Hamburg, another for Vienna, and the third, still more fearful, for London. Their hearts had called them at the moment of undertaking one of those excursions, which, since the ingenious experiments of aeronauts, are deprived of all danger. As they made, as it were, a part of the programme of the fête, they had feared being compelled to fulfil their agreements, and had fled at the moment of ascension. Their courage had been in inverse ratio to the square of their swiftness in retreat.

The crowd, thus partly disappointed, were shouting with anger and impatience. I did not hesitate to ascend alone. To re-establish the equilibrium between the specific gravity of the balloon and the weight to be raised, I substituted other bags of sand for my expected companions, and entered the car. The twelve men who were holding the *aérostat* by twelve cords fastened to the equatorial circle, let them slip between their fingers; the car rose a few feet above the ground. There was not a breath of wind, and the atmosphere, heavy as lead, seemed insurmountable.

"All is ready!" exclaimed I; "Attention!"

The men arranged themselves; a last glance informed me that everything was right.

"Attention!"

There was some movement in the crowd, which seemed to be invading the reserved enclosure.

"Let go!"

The balloon slowly ascended; but I experienced a shock, which threw me to the bottom of the car. When I rose, I found myself face to face with an unexpected voyager,—the pale young man.

"Monsieur, I salute you!" said he to me.

"By what right—?"

"Am I here? By the right of your inability to turn me out."

I was confounded. His assurance disconcerted me; and I had nothing to say in reply. I looked at him, but he paid no regard to my astonishment. He continued:

"My weight will disturb your equilibrium, monsieur; will you permit me—"

And without waiting for my assent, he lightened the balloon by two bags of sand, which he emptied into the air.

"Monsieur," said I, taking the only possible course, "you are here,—well! you choose to remain,—well! but to me alone belongs the management of the *aérostat*."

"Monsieur," replied he, "your urbanity is entirely French; it is of the same country with myself! I press to imagination the hand which you refuse me. Take your measures,—not as it may seem good to you; I will wait till you have ended—"

"To—"

"To converse with you."

The barometer had fallen to 29 inches; we had attained a height of about 600 metres,\* and were over the city, which satisfied me of our complete quiescence, for I could not judge by our motionless flag. Nothing betrays the horizontal voyage of a balloon; it is the mass of air surrounding it which moves. A kind of wavering heat bathed the objects extended at our feet, and gave their outlines an indistinctness to be regretted. The needle of the compass indicated a slight tendency to float towards the south.

I looked again at my companion. He was a man of thirty, simply clad; the bold outlines of his features betokened indomitable energy; he appeared very muscular. Absorbed in the emotions of this silent suspension, he remained immovable, seeking to distinguish the objects which passed beneath his view.

"Vexatious mist!" said he, at the expiration of a few moments.

I made no reply.

"What would you? I could not pay for my voyage; I was obliged to take you by surprise."

"No one has asked you to descend!"

"A similar occurrence," he resumed, "happened to the Counts of Laurencin and Dampierre, when they ascended at Lyons, on the 15th of January, 1784. A young merchant, named Fontaine, scaled the railing, at the risk of upsetting the equipage. He accomplished the voyage, and nobody was killed!"

"Once on the earth, we will converse!" said I, piqued at the tone of lightness with which he spoke.

"Bah! do not talk of returning!"

"Do you think, then, that I shall delay my descent?"

"Descend!" said he, with surprise. "Let us ascend!"

And before I could prevent him, two bags of sand were thrown out, without even being emptied.

"Monsieur!" said I, angrily.

"I know your skill," replied he, composedly; "your brilliant ascensions have made some noise in the world. Experience is the sister of practice, but it is also first cousin to theory, and I have long and deeply studied the *aérostat* art. It has affected my brain," added he sadly, falling into a *somnolence*.

The balloon, after having risen, remained stationary; the unknown consulted the barometer, and said:

"Here we are at 800 metres! Men resemble insects! See, I think it is from this height that we should always look at them, to judge correctly of their moral preponderance. The Place de la Concorde is transformed to an immense ant-hill. Look at the crowd piled up on the quays. The Bell-

\* A French inch is equal to 25.35 English inches.

Ministère. We are above the *Parc des Minimes*. The *maison* is not only a white line dividing the city, and this is the *maison*, which looks like a white thread grown between the two banks of the river."

The atmosphere grew cooler.

"There is nothing I will not do for you, my host," said my companion. "If you are cold, I will take off my clothes, and lend them to you."

"Thank!"

"Necessity makes laws. Give me your hand,—I am your countryman. You shall be instructed by my company, and my conversation shall compensate you for the annoyance I have caused you."

I seated myself, without replying, at the opposite extremity of the car. The young man had drawn from his great coat a valise; it was a work on *aérostation*.

"I imagine," said he, "a most curious collection of engravings and caricatures appertaining to our aerial mania. This precious discovery has been at once admitted and ridiculed. Fortunately we have passed the period when the *Mongoliers* sought to make factitious clouds with the vapour of water; and of the gas affecting electric properties, which they produced by the combustion of damp straw with chopped wool."

"Would you detract from the merit of these inventions?" replied I.

"Was it not well done to have proved by experiment the possibility of rising in the air?"

"Who denies the glory of the first aerial navigators? Immense courage was necessary to ascend by means of those fragile envelopes, which contained only warm air. Besides, has not *aérostatic* science made great progress since the ascensions of Blanchard?"

We were advancing towards the south; the magnetic needle pointed in the direction of Frankfurt, which was flying beneath our feet.

"Perhaps we shall have a storm," said the young man.

"We will descend first."

"Indeed! it will be better to ascend; we shall escape more surely," and two bags of sand were thrown overboard.

The balloon rose rapidly, and stopped at 1,200 metres. The cold was now intense, and there was a slight buzzing in my ears. Nevertheless, the rays of the sun fell hotly on the globe, and, dilating the gas it contained, gave it a greater ascensional force. I was stupefied.

"Fear nothing," said the young man to me. "We have three thousand five hundred toises of respirable air. You need not trouble yourself about my proceedings."

I would have risen, but a vigorous hand detained me on my seat.

"Your name?" asked I.

"My name! how does it concern you?"

"I have the honour to ask your name."

"I am called *Erostratus of Empedocles*,—as you please. Are you interested in the progress of *aérostatic* science?"

He spoke with icy coldness, and I asked myself with whom I had to do.

His gestulations, also, were so furious, that the car experienced violent oscillations; I had much difficulty in restraining him. Meanwhile, the balloon had encountered a more rapid current. We were advancing in a southerly direction, at 1,200 metres in height, almost accustomed to this new temperature.

"There is Darmstadt," said my companion. "Do you perceive its magnificent chateau? The storm-cloud below makes the outlines of objects waver; and it requires a practised eye to recognise localities."

"You are certain that it is Darmstadt?"

"Undoubtedly. We are six leagues from Frankfurt."

"Then we must descend."

"Descend! you would not alight upon the steeples!" said the unknown, mockingly.

"No; but in the environs of the city."

"Well, it is too warm; let us remount a little."

As he spoke thus, he seized some bags of ballast. I precipitated myself upon him; but, with one hand, he overthrew me, and the lightened balloon rose to a height of 1,600 metres.

"Sit down," said he, "and do not forget that Brioschi, Biot, and Guy-Lussac, ascended to a height of 7,000 metres, in order to establish some new scientific laws."

"We must descend," resumed I, with an attempt at gentleness. "The storm is gathering beneath our feet and around us; it would not be prudent—"

"We will ascend above it, and shall have nothing to fear from it. What more beautiful than to reign in heaven, and look down upon the clouds which hover upon the earth! Is it not an honour to navigate these aerial waves? The greatest personages have travelled like ourselves. The Marquis and Comtesse de Montalembert, the Comtesse de Podenas, Mlle. La Garde, the Marquis de Montalembert, set out from the Faubourg St. Antoine for these unknown regions. The Duc de Chartres displayed much address and presence of mind in his ascension of the 15th of July, 1784; at Lyons, the Comtes de Laurencin and de Dampierre; at Nantes, M. de Luyne; at Bordeaux, D'Arbelet des Granges; in Italy, the Chevalier Andreati; in our days, the Duke of Brunswick,—have left in the air the track of their glory. In order to equal these great personages, we must ascend into the celestial regions higher than they. To approach the infinite is to comprehend it."

The rarefaction of the air considerably dilated the hydrogen, and I saw the lower part of the *aérostat*, suddenly left open, become by degrees inflated, rendering the opening of the valve indispensable; but my fearful companion seemed determined not to allow me to direct our movements. I resolved to pull secretly the cord attached to the valve, while he was talking



# A VOYAGE IN A BALLOON

with animation. "I feared to pass with whom I had to do. It might have been too horrible. It was about three o'clock of an hour when I had left Frankfort. I was in the middle of the night when I was about to descend." "Have you lost all hope of making your plans succeed?" said I, with great apparent interest.

"All hope is lost," he answered, despairingly. "I wounded my passions, caricatures, those blows with the foot of an ass have dashed me. It is the eternal punishment reserved for innovators. See these caricatures of every ge with which my portfolio is filled."

I had secured the end of the valve, and stooping over his works, concealed my movements from him. It was to be feared, nevertheless, that he would notice the rushing sound, like a waterfall, which the gas produces in escaping.

"How many jets at the expense of the Abbé Miolan! He was about to ascend with Jaumet and Bredin. During the operation, their balloon took fire, and an ignorant populace tore it to pieces. Then the caricature of *The Curious Animals* called them *Miolan, Jean Miati, and Gredin*."

The barometer had begun to rise; it was time! A distant muttering of thunder was heard towards the south.

See this other engraving," continued he, without seeming to suspect my manoeuvres. "It is an immense balloon containing a ship, large castles, houses, &c. The caricaturists little thought that their absurdities would one day become realities. It is a large vessel; at the top is the helm with the pilot a box; at the prow, *maisons de plaisance*, a gigantic organ, and cannon to call the attention of the inhabitants of earth or of the moon, above the stern the observatory and pilot balloon; at the equatorial circle, the barracks of the army; on the left the lantern; then upper galleries for promenades, the sails, the wings, beneath, the cafts and generatore-houses of provisions. Admire this magnificent announcement. 'Invented for the good of the human race, this globe will depart immediately for the sea ports in the event, and on its return will announce its voyages for the two Poles and the extremes of the Occident. Every provision is made, there will be an exact rate of fire for each place of destination; but the prices for distant voyages will be the same 1 000 louis. And it must be confessed that this is moderate sum considering the celerity convenience and pleasure of this mode of travelling above all others. While in this balloon, every one can divert himself as he pleases dancing, playing, or conversing with people of talent. Pleasure will be the soul of the aerial society. All these inventions excite laughter. But before long if my days were not numbered, these projects should become realities."

We were visibly descending; he did not perceive it!

"See this game of balloons; it contains the whole history of the ærostatic art. This game, for the use of educated minds, is played like that of the Jew with dice and counters of any value agreed upon which is to be paid or received, according to the condition in which one arrives."

"But, I resumed, 'you seem to have valuable documents on probation?'"

I am less learned than the gods! That is all! I possess all the knowledge possible in this world. From Phædon, Icarus, and Archimedes, I have searched all comprehended all! Through me, the ærostatic art would render immense services to the world if God should spare my life! But that cannot be."

Why not?"

Because my name is Impeccable or Erostatius!"

I shuddered! Fortunately the balloon was approaching the earth. But the danger is the same at 50 feet as at 5,000 metres! The clouds were advancing.

"Remember the battle of Fleurus, and you will comprehend the utility of ærostatics! Contelle, by order of the government, organized a company of ærostatists. At the siege of Maubeuge, General Jourdan found this new method of observation so serviceable that twice a day, accompanied by the General himself, Contelle ascended into the air. The correspondence between the ærostatist and the ærostatists who held the balloon, was carried on by means of little white, red and yellow flags. Cannons and carbines were often aimed at the balloon at the moment of its ascension, but without effect. When Jourdan was preparing to invest Charleroi, Contelle repaired to the neighbourhood of that place, rose from the plain of Jumet, and remained taking observations seven or eight hours, with general Morelot. The Austrians came to deliver the city, and a battle was fought on the heights of Fleurus. General Jourdan publicly proclaimed the assistance he had received from ærostatic observations. Well! notwithstanding the services rendered on this occasion, and during the campaign with Belgium, the year which witnessed the commencement of the military career of balloons, also saw it terminate. And the school of Meudon, founded by government, was closed by Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt. 'What are we to expect from the child which has just been born?' Franklin had said. But the child was born alive! It need not have been strangled!"

The unknown had his forehead in his hands, reflected for a few moments, then, without raising his head, said to me:

"Notwithstanding my orders, you have opened the upper valve!"

"I let go the cord."

"Fortunately," continued he, "we have still two hundred pounds of ballast."

"What are your plans?" said I, with effort.

"You have never crossed the sea?"

"I have frequently sailed, but never from my veins."

"Is that so?" said he, "that we are being wafted towards the Atlantic! That is only a streamlet. Higher! we shall find other currents!"

And without looking at me, he lightened the balloon by several hundred pounds.

"I allowed you to open the valve, because the Allegiance of the gas threatened to burst the balloon. But do not do it again."

"I was alarmed."

"You know the voyage from Dover to Calais made by Blanchard and Jeffries? It was not an accident. On the 7th of January, 1785, in a north-east wind, their balloon was filled with gas on the Dover side, contrary to their plans, when an error in equilibrium compelled them to throw out their ballast, retaining only thirty pounds. The wind carried them slowly along towards the shores of France. The permeability of the flames gradually consumed the gas to escape, and at the expiration of an hour and a half the voyagers perceived that they were descending."

"What is to be done?" said Jeffries.

"We have passed over only three-fourths of the distance," replied Blanchard, "and at a slight elevation. By ascending we shall escape the contrary winds. Throw out the remainder of the ballast."

"The balloon regained its ascensional force, but soon re-descended. About midway of the voyage, the aeronauts threw out their books and tools. A quarter of an hour afterwards, Blanchard said to Jeffries:

"The barometer."

"It is rising! We are lost, and yet there are the shores of France!"

"A great noise was heard."

"Is the balloon rent?" asked Jeffries.

"No! the escape of the gas has collapsed the lower part of the balloon."

"But we are still descending. We are lost! Everything not indispensable must be thrown overboard!"

"Their provisions, arms and helm were thrown out into the sea. They were now only 100 metres in height."

"We are remounting," said the Doctor.

"No, it is the jerk caused by the diminution of weight. There is not a ship in sight! Not a bark on the horizon! To the sea with our garments!"

"And the unfortunate men stripped, but the balloon continued to descend."

"Blanchard," said Jeffries, "you were to have made this voyage alone; you consented to take me. I will sacrifice myself for you! I will throw myself into the water, and the balloon, relieved, will re-ascend."

"No, no, it is frightful!"

"The balloon collapsed more and more, and its convexity forming a gun-chute, forced the gas against its sides and accelerated its motion."

"Adieu, my friend," said the Doctor. "May God preserve you."

"He was about to take the leap, when Blanchard detained him."

"One resource remains to us! We can cut the cords by which the net is attached and cling to the network; perhaps the balloon will rise. Ready! But the barometer falls! We remount! The wind freshens! We are saved!"

"The voyagers perceived Calais! Their joy became delirium; a few moments later, they descended in the forest of Guines. I doubt not," continued the unknown, "that in similar circumstances you would follow the example of Doctor Jeffries."

The clouds were unrolling beneath our feet in glittering cascades; the balloon cast a deep shadow on this pile of clouds, and was surrounded by them as with an aureole! The thunder growled beneath our feet! All this was frightful!

"Let us descend! exclaimed I."

"Descend, when the sun is waiting as yonder! Down with the bags!"

And he lightened the balloon of more than fifty pounds. At 3,000 metres we remained stationary. The unknown talked incessantly, but I scarcely heard him; I was completely prostrated while he seemed in his element."

"With a good wind, we shall go far, but we must, especially, go high."

"We are lost!"

"In the Antilles there are currents of air which travel a hundred leagues an hour! On the occasion of Napoleon's coronation, Garnerin let off a balloon illuminated with coloured lamps, at eleven o'clock in the evening! The wind blew from the N. E. the next morning at daybreak the inhabitants of Rome salute its passage above the dome of St. Peter's. We will go farther!"

I scarcely heard him; everything was buzzing around me! There was an opening in the clouds!

See that city my host said the unknown "It is Spire. Nothing else!"

I dared not lean over the railing of the car. Nevertheless I perceived a little black spot. This was Spire. The broad Rhine looked like a ribbon, the great roads like threads. Above our heads the sky was of a deep azure; I was benumbed with the cold. The birds had long since forsaken us; in this rarefied air their flight would have been impossible. We were alone in space and I in the presence of a strange man!

"It is useless for you to know whether I am taking you," said he, and he threw the compass into the clouds. "A fall is a fine thing. You know that there have been a few victims from Pilatre des Roitiers down to Lieutenant Galle, and these misfortunes have always been caused by imprudence. Pilatre des Roitiers ascended in company with Rochain, at Boulogne, on the 18th of June, 1785. To his balloon, inflated with gas, he had suspended a mongolfier filled with warm air, undoubtedly to save the trouble of letting off gas or throwing out ballast. It was like putting a chafin-dish beneath a powder-cask. The imprudent men rose to a height of four hundred metres and encountered opposing winds, which drove them over the ocean. In order to descend, Pilatre attempted to open the valve of the Ærostat; but the cord of this valve caught in the balloon, and tore it so that it was emptied in an instant. It fell on the mongolfier, overturned it, and the imprudent men

were dashed to pieces in a few seconds. It is frightful, is it not?" said the unknown, shaking me from my torpor.

"I could reply only by these words:

"In pity, let us descend! The clouds are gathering around us in every direction, and frightful detonations reverberating from the cavity of the aërostat are multiplying around us."

"You make me impatient!" said he. "You shall no longer know whether we are ascending or descending."

And the barometer went after the compass, along with some bags of sand. We must have been at a height of four thousand metres. Some icicles were attached to the sides of the car, and a sort of fine snow penetrated to my knees. Meanwhile a terrific storm was bursting beneath our feet. We were above it.

"Do not fear," said my strange companion; "it is only imprudence that makes victims. Olivari, who perished at Orleans, ascended in a mongolier made of paper; his car suspended below the chafing-dish, and ballasted with combustible materials; became a prey to the flames! Olivari fell, and was killed. Momment ascended at Lille, on a light platform; an oscillation made him lose his equilibrium. Momment fell, and was killed. Bittorf, at Mannheim, saw his paper balloon take fire in the air! Bittorf fell, and was killed. Harris ascended in a balloon badly constructed, the valve of which was too large to be closed again. Harris fell, and was killed. Sadler, deprived of ballast by his long stay in the air, was dragged over the city of Boston, and thrown against the chimneys. Sadler fell, and was killed. Cocking descended with a convex parachute which he pretended to have perfected. Cocking fell, and was killed. Well, I love them, those noble victims of their courage! and I will die like them! Higher! higher!"

All the phantoms of this necrology were passing before my eyes. The rarefaction of the air and the rays of the sun increased the dilatation of the gas; the balloon continued to ascend! I mechanically attempted to open the valve; but the unknown cut the cord a few feet above my head. I was lost!

"Did you see Madame Blanchard fall?" said he to me. "I saw her, I—yes, I! I was at Tirolli on the 6th of July, 1819. Madame Blanchard ascended in a balloon of small size, to save the expense of filling; she was therefore obliged to inflate it entirely, and the gas escaped by the lower orifice, leaving on its route a train of hydrogen. She carried, suspended above her car, by an iron wire, a kind of firework, forming an aureola which she was to kindle. She had often repeated this experiment. On this occasion she carried, besides, a little parachute, ballasted by a firework terminating in a ball with silver rain. She was to launch this apparatus, after having lighted it with a lance, a few, prepared for the purpose. She ascended. The night was dark. At the moment of lighting the firework, she was so imprudent as to let the lance pass beneath the column of hydrogen, which was escaping from the balloon. My eyes were fixed on her. Suddenly an unexpected flash illuminated the darkness. I thought it a surprise of the skilful aëronaut. The flame increased, suddenly disappeared, and reappeared at the top of the aërostat under the form of an immense jet of burning gas. This sinister light projected over the Boulevard, and over the quarter Montmartre. Then I saw the unfortunate woman rise, twice attempt to compress the orifice of the balloon, to extinguish the fire, then seat herself in the car and seek to direct its descent; for she did not fall. The combustion of the gas lasted several minutes. The balloon, diminishing by degrees, continued to descend, but this was not a fall! The wind blew from the northeast and drove her over Paris. There were, at that time, in the neighbourhood of the house, No. 16, Rue de Provence, immense gardens. The aëronaut might have fallen there without danger. But unhappily the balloon and the car alighted on the roof of the house. The shock was slight. 'Help!' cried the unfortunate woman. I arrived in the street at that moment. The car slid along the roof, and encountered an iron hook. At this shock Madame Blanchard was thrown out of the car, and precipitated on the pavement! She was killed!"

These histories of fatal augury froze me with horror. The unknown was standing upright, with bare head, bristling hair, and haggard eyes.

Illusion was no longer possible. I saw at last the horrible truth. I had to deal with a madman!

He threw out half the ballast, and we must have been borne to a height of 7,000 metres! Blood spouted from my nose and mouth.

"What a fine thing it is to be martyrs to science! They are canonized by posterity!"

I heard no more. The unknown looked around him with horror, and knelt at my ear.

"On the 7th of October, 1804, the weather had begun to clear up a little; for several days preceding the wind and rain had been incessant. But the ascension announced by Zambecarri could not be postponed! His idiot enemies already scoffed at him. To save himself and science from public ridicule it became necessary for him to ascend. It was at Bologna. No one aided him in filling his balloon; he rose at midnight, accompanied by Andreoli and Grossetti. The balloon ascended slowly; it had been sent by the wind, and the gas escaped. The three intrepid voyagers could observe the state of the barometer only by the aid of a dark lantern. Zambecarri had not eaten during twenty-four hours; Grossetti was also fasting."

"My friends," said Zambecarri, "I am benumbed with the cold; I am exhausted; I must die;" and he fell senseless in the gallery.

"It was the end," said Grossetti. Andreoli alone remained awake. After long efforts he succeeded in arousing Zambecarri from his stupor.

"What is there now?" "Where are we going? In which direction is the wind? What time is it?"

"It is two o'clock!"

"Where is the compass?"

"It has fallen out!"

"Great God! the lamp is extinguished!"

"It could not burn longer in this rarefied air," said Zambecarri.

"The moon had not risen; the atmosphere was plunged in horrible darkness."

"I am cold, I am cold, Andreoli! What shall we do?"

"The unfortunate men slowly descended through a layer of white clouds."

"Hush!" said Andreoli; "do you hear—"

"What?" replied Zambecarri.

"A singular noise!"

"You are mistaken!"

"No!—Do you see those midnight travellers, listening to that incoherent, prehensible sound? Have they struck against a tower? Are they about to be precipitated on the roofs? Do you hear it? It is like the sound of the ocean!"

"Impossible!"

"It is the roaring of the waves!"

"That is true!—Light! light!"

"After five fruitless attempts, Andreoli obtained it. It was three o'clock. The sound of the waves was heard with violence—they almost touched the surface of the sea."

"We are lost!" exclaimed Zambecarri, seizing a bag of ballast.

"Help!" cried Andreoli.

The car touched the water, and the waves covered them breast high. To the sea with instruments, garments, money! The aëronauts stripped entirely. The lightened balloon rose with frightful rapidity. Zambecarri was seized with violent vomiting. Grossetti bled freely. The unhappy men could not speak; their respiration was short. They were seized with cold, and in a moment covered with a coat of ice. The moon appeared to them red as blood. After having traversed these high regions during half an hour, the machine again fell into the sea. It was four o'clock in the morning; the bodies of the wretched aëronauts were half in the water, and the balloon, acting as a sail, dragged them about during several hours. At daybreak, they found themselves opposite Pesaro, five miles from the shore; they were about to land, when a sudden flaw of wind drove them back to the open sea. They were lost! The affrighted barks fled at their approach. Fortunately a more intelligent navigator halted them, took them on board, and they landed at Ferrara. That was frightful! Zambecarri was a brave man. Scarcely recovered from his sufferings, he recommenced his ascensions. In one of them, he struck against a tree; his lamp, filled with spirits of wine, was spilled over his clothes, and they caught fire; he was covered with flames his machine was beginning to kindle, when he descended, half-burned. The 21st September, 1812, he made another ascension at Bologna; his balloon caught in a tree; his lamp set fire to it. Zambecarri fell, and was killed! And in the presence of these high facts, shall we still hesitate? Not the higher we go the more glorious will be our death!"

The balloon, entirely unballasted, we were borne to incredible heights. The aërostat vibrated in the atmosphere; the slightest sound re-echoed through the celestial vaults; the globe, the only object which struck my sight in impensity, seemed about to be annihilated, and above us the heights of heaven lost themselves in the profound darkness!

I saw the unknown rise before me.

"This is the hour!" said he to me. "We must die! We are rejected by men! They despise us! let us crush them!"

"Mercy!" exclaimed I.

"Let us cut the cords! let this car be abandoned in space! The attractive force will change its direction, and we shall land in the sun!"

Despair gave me strength! I precipitated myself upon the madman, and a frightful struggle took place! But I was thrown down! and while he held me beneath his knee, he cut the cords of the car!

"Ode!" said he.

"Mercy!"

"Two! three!"

One cord more, and the car was sustained only on one side. I made a superhuman effort—rose, and violently repulsed this insensate.

"Four!" said he.

The car was upset. I instinctively clung to the cords which held it, and climbed up the outside. The unknown had disappeared in space!

In a twinkling the balloon ascended to an immeasurable height! A horrible crash was heard. The dilated gas had burst its envelope! I closed my eyes. A few moments afterwards a moist warmth reanimated me; I was in the midst of fiery clouds! The balloon was whirling with fearful rapidity! I felt myself swooning! Driven by the wind, I travelled a hundred leagues an hour in my horizontal course: the lightnings flashed around me!

Meanwhile my fall was not rapid. When I opened my eyes, I perceived the country. I was two miles from the sea, the hurricane urging me on with great force. I was lost!—when a sudden shock made me let go; my hands opened, a cord slipped rapidly between my fingers, and I found myself on the ground. It was the cord of the anchor, which, sweeping the surface of the ground, had caught in a crevice! I faint, and my lightened balloon, resuming its flight, was lost beyond the sea.

When I recovered my senses, I was in the house of a peasant, at Harderdek, a little town of Gualdre, fifteen leagues from Amsterdam, on the banks of the Zuiderzee.

A miracle had saved me. But my voyage had been but a series of imprudences against which I had been unable to defend myself. May this terrible recital, while it instructs those who read it, not discourage the explorers of the routes of air.

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 54b.)

"My dear," I replied, "if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not return against him. In all human institutions a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good; as, in politics, a province may be given away to secure a kingdom; in medicine, a limb may be lopped off to preserve the body; but in religion, the law is written, and inflexible, never to do evil. And this law, my child, is right; for otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you, my dear; go on."

"The very next morning," continued she, "I found what little expectation I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infancy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view I danced, dressed, and talked; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young Baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, Sir, how his ingratitude stung me? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked around me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by, I took a place, it being my aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here, where since my arrival, my own anxiety and this woman's unkindness have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much; but mine are greater than theirs, for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman! this has gone to her heart; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

## CHAPTER XXII.

OFFENCES ARE EASILY PARDONED WHERE THERE IS LOVE AT BOTTOM.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove by every persuasion to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country, through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other, and that the misfortunes of Nature's making were very few. I assured her, that she should never perceive any change in my affections, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage: however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fire-side with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labours of the day were all retired to rest; the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door;—all was still and silent;—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness; when, to my amazement, I saw the house burning out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter; and all rushing out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their screams. But it was only to objects of new terror; for the flames had by

this time caught the roof of our dwelling, part after part continuing to fall in, with the heaviest and with silent agony; looking on as if they expected to blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones; but they were not to be seen. "O misery!" I then cried, "where are my little ones?"

"They are burnt to death in the flames," says my wife calmly; "and I will die with them."

That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. "Where, where are my children!" cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which they were confined. "Where are my little ones?"

"Here, dear papa, here we are," cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while just as I was got out the roof sunk in.

"Now," cried I, holding up my children, "now let the flames sweep on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are; I have saved my treasures. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy." I kissed our little darlings a thousand times; they clasped up round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wiped her tears.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames, and after some time began to perceive that my arm to the shoulder was scorched in a terrible manner. I was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our room. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance; but all they could do was to stand like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters' fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our outhouses with kitchen utensils; so that by daylight we had another, though a wretched dwelling to retire to. My honest next neighbour and his children were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of my family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place: having therefore informed them of the particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our losses. I thought we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been more difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men.

"Ah, madam," cried her mother, "this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late; but I hope heaven will forgive you."

During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed with instant submission,—

"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all: I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demand the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the downhill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

NONE BUT THE GUILTY CAN BE LONG AND COMPLETELY MISERABLE.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible, and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particularly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors; but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected him in such a manner, as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety now had taken strong possession of her



mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her mother, brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, left plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for her's, collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reasoning could suggest.

"Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturno, the child with a sudden spring leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This bare resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit soon after his heart. They were married; he rose to the highest posts; they lived long together and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent: after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege and the city at length was taken. Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors upon this occasion to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were at first general; executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturno, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress, but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty could confer on each, were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter; but she listened with divided attention, for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt, and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr Thornhill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot, for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity before me to express his contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction: such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat, if possible, the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr Wilmot's with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account, but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour: the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen. Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing, and they usually rode out together in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the Squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other; concluding, that he could not help thinking Mr Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

"Why, let him, if he can," returned I, "but, my son, observe this bed of straw, and this shivering roof, those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread; you have gone home, my child to all this, yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situation. O, my children, if you could but learn to commun- with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little

regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught by call life a passage, and themselves the travellers! The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home, the wicked, but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile."

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution; but appearances deceived me, for her tranquillity was the language of over-wrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness among the rest of the family, nor was I displeased at seeing them once more brightly lit at ease. It would have been unjust to damp their satisfactions, merely to console with resolute melancholy or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus once more the tale went round, and the song was demanded, and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## FRESH CALAMITIES

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season, so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank; where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart, instead of clouding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father."

She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic as moved me

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray  
What charm can soothe her melancholy  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye  
To give repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is to die!

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice from sorrow gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all; but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, denouncing and shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity.

"Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe: so age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this, nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had anything criminal in it?"

"Go," cried I, "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this!—And so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion!"

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy, and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time, and what is more, she may keep her lover beside for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal, for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villainy can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage.

"Avoid my sight, thou reptile!" cried I, "nor continue to insult me with thy presence—Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this; but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequence of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard, nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent: it is certain he knows his duty, for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage, which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot; it is even the request of my charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all. As to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to; and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wretchedly, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. O, and what fortune has given thee,—beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and

leave me to weep, to grieve, and to sorrow. Yes, answered he, I will, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity; and though, then, that my punishment, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me."

Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with the apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference, which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his insolence; he had already struck the blow, and now I stood prepared to repel every new effort; like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to repel the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now, therefore, entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure;—the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

"Why, my treasures," cried I, "why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him; but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right; and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure!"

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner, bidding me prepare to go with them to the county gaol, which was eleven miles off.

"My friends," said I, "this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me; and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow; but if it must be so—"

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious, and desired my son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime my youngest daughter prepared for our departure; and as she received several hints to use dispatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

## CHAPTER XXV.

NO SITUATION, HOWEVER WRETCHED IT SEEMS, BUT HAS SOME SORT OF COMFORT ATTENDING IT.

We set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other, while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell, not for her own, but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and swearing they would never see their minister go to gaol while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude. My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures. But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

"What, my friends!" cried I, "and is this the way you love me? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me? Which is your ringleader? Show me the man that has thus seduced you."

At first he did not feel my recriminations. Alas! my dear daughter, when you return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me, I shall yet, perhaps, see day ere you in greater dignity here, and contented in the great life more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I see my son so immutably attached to me, that not one here shall be wanting."

They now seemed all repentant, and melting into tears, came one after the other to bid us farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward without meeting any farther interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village, for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the gaol.

Upon entering, we put up at the inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment, strongly grated and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four-and-twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected upon my entrance to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery; but it was very different. The prisoners looked all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in muttering or clamour. I was apprized of the usual perquisites required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison soon was filled with noisy laughter, and profaneness.

"How," cried I to myself, "shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy."

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort, which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the gaol, in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it: for if good, I might profit by his instruction; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong understanding, sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called, or more properly speaking of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

"That's unfortunate," cried he, "as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apartment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bedclothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a gaol in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar:

"That the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said '*Ton hominem nire, et dos tui estioris*;' and in fact," continued I, "what is the world if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, sir," returned my fellow prisoner, "*the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanchoniathon, Memoth, Berossus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, 'Anarchon ara kai atelutalon to pan,' which implies—*"

"I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?"

At this demand he only sighed.

"I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse?"

He now at once recollected me; for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before.

"Yes, sir," returned Mr. Jenkinson, "I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flamborough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes; for he tends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man; for you see," continued he, showing his shackles, "what my tricks have brought me to."

"Well, sir," replied I, "your kindness in offering me assistance when you could expect no return, shall be repaid with my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr. Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose, the first opportunity; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request; and as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

"Well, sir," cried he, "all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bedclothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect; for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty.

"Sir," answered he, "you are little acquainted with the world; I had not that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every hair from seventeen to seventy. Ah! sir, had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But rogue as I am, still I may be your friend; and that perhaps when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from further conversation by the arrival of the

gaoler's servants, who came to call over the prisoners names, and lock up for the night. A fellow also with a bundle of straw for my bed attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage, into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my Heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A REFORMATION IN THE GAOL. TO MAKE LAWS COMPLETE, THEY SHOULD REWARD AS WELL AS PUNISH.

NEXT morning early, I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bedside. The gloomy sight of everything about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity, and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge the family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed; but could only find one apartment, which was hired at a small expense for his mother and sisters, the gaoler with humanity consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

"Well," cried I, "my good boys, how do you like your bed? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears?"

"No, papa," says Dick, "I am not afraid to lie anywhere where you are."

"And I," says Bili who was yet but four years old, "love every place best that my papa is in."

After this I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health; my wife was to attend me; my little boys were to read to me.

"And as for you, my son," continued I, "it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages as a day-labourer will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength; and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then this evening to look out for work to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support."

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there when the execrations, lewdness, and brutality that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved therefore once more to return, and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by my perseverance. Going therefore among them again, I informed Mr. Jenkinson of my design, at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued with my natural solemnity to read on, sensible that what I did might mend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this; that I was their fellow prisoner, and now got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane; because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal.

"For be assured, my friends," cried I, "for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship, though you swore a thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you? He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths, and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter."

"If I stand ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another Master, who gives you fair promises at least to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after seeking a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only deceive, and then hang you; but he deceives and hangs, and, what is worse of all, will not let you loose after the hangman is done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience, some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some hopes of making a reformation here; for I had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the power of reason, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr. Jenkinson begged leave to add his thanks to mine, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family; for as they came to my apartment, they were in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson, at the first interview, therefore, was struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her parents did not expect to be heightened; and my little ones did not pass unobserved.

"Alas! Doctor," cried he, "these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this."

"Why, Mr. Jenkinson," replied I, "thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals; and if they be good it matters little for the rest."

"I fancy, sir," returned my fellow prisoner, "that it must give you great comfort to have all this little family about you."

"A comfort, Mr. Jenkinson!" replied I; "yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them."

"I am afraid then, sir," cried he, "that I am in some measure culpable; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses), one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and taking him by the hand, with a smile, forgave him.

"Yet," continued he, "I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face, to think me a proper mark for deception."

"My dear sir," returned the other, "it was not your voice, but your white stockings, and the black ribband in your hair, that allured me. But no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

"I suppose," cried my son, "that the narrative of such a life as yours, must be extremely instructive and amusing?"

"Not much of either," returned Mr. Jenkinson. "Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end."

"Indeed I think, from my experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood; when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man; at fourteen I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cunning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and one way or another generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a gaol myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with his curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

(To be continued.)

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.—A hundred years ago Lord Chesterfield was the most admired of England's gay and voluptuous grandees. But whilst others were envying him, his wit, his splendour, and his popularity, the weary libertines was thus pouring forth his chagrin: "I have seen the silly rounds of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures in the world, and consequently know their futility, and I do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas they who have experienced always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare; but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and adoration of the ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look back upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help whether I will or no."





"The men stood back as Thorpe approached, and he caught sight of the Mexican's face. He wore his arm in a sling, and his face seemed to have been burnt with powder."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA

(Continued from page 554)

### CHAPTER XXII

I do suspect you, Madam,  
But you shall do no harm —SHAKESPEARE  
The enemy's in view draw up your powers —IBID  
'Be not dismayed fear nurses up a danger,  
And resolution kills it in the birth' —PHILLIPS

WHEN Catharina and Hugh reached the terrace, they found the old man and Allen sitting calmly in front of the house, and Ignacio preparing larvae at the lower end of the arbour. He had come in two days before and having been detained by Bonaro, he had fortunately taken the precaution to bring his mule round, and leave her in the ravine below the house. Marola was, as usual, within, seeming to have little sympathy with anything external.

Catharina hastily communicated what they had seen and done above, and a council was immediately held to determine upon the measures best to be taken. Allen was growing strong again, so that he was quite able to move if it were decided to take that course. The bridge being broken down, no immediate danger was to be apprehended, unless the attacking party were strong enough to storm the place by the path from below. This was, however, difficult, and, without assistance from above, inaccessible if properly defended. But Bonaro wished, above all things, to avoid strife, and was therefore for flight as soon as it should become known that the men came with hostile intent. Of this there could be but little doubt, for Hugh had managed, in the course of the two or three weeks during which he had fed his two prisoners, to worm out of them the facts—first, that they were induced to make their attempt by some one in the American army; whose name they would not disclose, though he had no difficulty in divining who he was, second, that it was known to them that he and Allen had not escaped to the camp; and third, that they had confederates, whose orders were to search the mountain in every direction.

Added to the stealthy manner in which the men were approaching these facts left little room for doubt that they were the confederates spoken of, and the number of stragglers generally following a force so large as they had seen marching by, convinced Hugh, that if their enemies needed assistance, they would have little difficulty in finding it. The sight of the Mexican army, too, made him extremely anxious to return to his regiment. He was, therefore, for flight also; and this course was at once decided upon.

Two difficulties arose. First, how were they to procure the means of travelling? The mule of Ignacio was the only animal they possessed, and they had to travel by a circuitous route, to avoid the army. It was full forty miles around the mountain to the pass of Palomas, on the east of Saltillo—a

distance too long to be undertaken either by Catharina or by Allen. To attempt to obviate this difficulty, it was agreed that Ignacio should proceed forthwith to the plain, and endeavour to buy horses or mules from the traders in the rear of the army, or to seize whatever animals he might find at large. This was by no means so hopeless a scheme as it would appear; for in Saltillo Anna's haste, and following his line of march, there were quite as many horses as men, besides a large number of mules.

Ignacio immediately set out by the secret path down the bed of the smaller ravine, and the party turned their attention to the second difficulty—how to dispose of their prisoners? It was soon agreed that Marola should be taken with them to the plain, and then sent back to release them. No notice had been taken of her treachery, if so it might be called, from a half-consciousness the old man had, that she had only acted in accordance with her instincts of patriotism—a feeling which he was the less disposed to punish, because he did not possess it himself.

Having decided upon these points, and agreed upon a time for Ignacio's return, Catharina went with him to draw up the rough, raw-hide ladder, used to pass the cliff at the end of the smaller ravine, and Hugh armed himself carefully, and repaired to the top of the rock, to watch the approach of their enemies. (See engraving, page 553.) Climbing the path so often mentioned, he concealed himself in the chaparral, and arranged a place through which to get a view. Seating himself upon a large, round stone, he carefully examined the lock of his rifle, and then betook himself to his duty of watching. An hour passed away, and no sign of the presence of any one but himself met eye or ear. The sun had disappeared behind the mountains, and the short twilight of those latitudes was fast closing the view. There was, however, yet light enough to enable him to see objects at a considerable distance. Sitting hidden in the bushes, even to one whose thoughts were as fully occupied as were his, was no very interesting employment to such a man as Hugh, and the impatience of his temper began now to appear. He rose to his feet, and endeavoured to get a wider view, but the bushes obstructed his sight. He then stepped out upon the rock, and had the rashness even to approach the place where the bridge had stood. A flash and a loud report came suddenly from the thicket, not thirty yards from him; and a musket ball whizzed past his ear, so closely as to make him spring suddenly to one side. Quick as thought, however, he fired his piece into the bush, and an arm thrown suddenly up, and a heavy fall, seemed to indicate that his shot had told. At the same moment a tall Mexican, springing from the bushes and ran forward to the very brink of the chasm, levelling and firing an escapee as near as almost to burn him with the powder. Hugh's cap sprang off his head, almost cut in two, but he was not wounded. As the assassin sprang to regain the thicket, Hugh fired his pistol at him, but the haste with which he saved the latter, as they had just saved the former. Hugh gained the other pistol about the same moment with his antagonist, and immediately loaded his rifle.

"Keep back out of range!" he called out to his friends whom he now

heard rushing up to the brink. "We are safe enough for the present—they cannot cross the ravine."

He waited a few minutes, until the increasing darkness enabled him to go down unperceived, when he hastily returned to the house, and walked straight to the door within which he had confined his prisoners. He drew the door hastily back, and threw the door wide open: seizing a torch, he entered in, and found the room as he had expected—empty.

"The scoundrel who fired the escopet at me," said he, "was that yellow-skinned cattle-thief; I knew him at a glance."

"How could they have escaped?" said Old Bonaro.

"Where is Marola?" asked Allen suddenly.

"Here she is," said Catharina, who had run for her as soon as she saw what had happened.

The woman came forward, led by her young mistress, with that look of astonished ignorance, so easily assumed by the lower classes of her race. To all Bonaro's fierce questions, she returned for answer only a shake of her head and a reiterated denial that she knew aught of the matter. It was, however, plain that she knew more than she pretended; and there was even a kind of triumph in the wrinkle of her small black eye, only repressed by the fear that Hugh would smother his threat to throw her over the precipice in front of the house. This could not be long borne. Bonaro seized her roughly by the arm, and thrusting her into this empty room, drew the door to and bolted it.

"What's to be done now?" said Allen, laughing with Hugh, whom the most pressing danger could never restrain.

"First," said Hugh, "I am for something to eat; and, Catharina, come in, since the work is in limbo, I must look to you. We can consult over our coffee."

Catharina smiled and tripped away. Returning a moment afterwards she announced that their supper was already made, and called them to it.

"Do you remember Rugold Dalgetty?" asked Hugh, as they seated themselves round the table.

"Yes; what of him?" said Allen.

"It was a lesson," said Hugh, answered Hugh, "taught me by the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North and the Bulwark of the Protestant faith, to be careful always to lay in for a siege." Now, I see no reason why we should not do full justice to Marola's viands, since, if we have to leave this, probably plenty to eat before starting will not impede our journey."

"There seems to be a good deal of the *non sequitur* about the latter part of the remark," said Allen; "for it seems to me we are laying in for a retreat rather than a siege."

"Only a sortie, only a sortie," said Hugh, helping himself to a reasonably large piece of broiled goat's flesh.

"I hope," said Bonaro, "there are not many of the Dalgetty stamp in your army; for, if I remember aright, it was another of his maxims 'always to quarter on the enemy.'"

"I doubt the policy, and even the humanity, of doing anything else," said Hugh bluntly. "War will sooner be brought to a close, and fewer lives will be sacrificed, when there is no puning nonsense allowed to interfere with the plain duties of the soldier. It is the most cruel policy imaginable, to attempt to mingle peace and war. If the 'horrors of war,' so called, do not come home to the people of an invaded country, their government cannot be forced to a peace; for the governors are of course always beyond danger. The march of an invading army through a country, which they religiously spare, is a blessing to that country, of which they are not over anxious to be rid. You must make war distinct from peace, and keep peace separate from war; you must make war a real curse, and an invasion a real evil; else you have no assurance that the same outrages, for which you are now fighting, will not be repeated again and again; even if your mistaken humanity does not so protract the present war, as to destroy more lives than would be destroyed by the most unbridled licence. Half-measures denote half-men; and to proclaim war with one breath, and then preach humanity and lenience with the next, is to mingle things which will not mix; you produce a state of things which is neither peace nor war, but infinitely more cruel than either. The appearance of war mars the beauties of peace, and the affection of peace destroys the rough virtues of war."

"Perhaps you are right," said the old man, with a sigh. "But I hope the time is not distant when peace will be no longer an affectation."

"I will join you in that hope most heartily," said Hugh, resuming his eating, which in his warmth he had superseded, and glancing at Catharina, who was gazing at him in surprise.

"Hugh is disposed to find fault with our government," said Allen, "for not prosecuting the war more vigorously; or for not making it more sensibly felt by the invaded people. And I apprehend that with any other people for an enemy he would be right. The only legitimate object of a war is an honourable peace; and the former is justifiable only when the latter cannot be maintained. In order to secure such a peace, he thinks the people ought to be made to feel the difference between the two states. But he forgets that, in Mexico, there is less sympathy between the people and the rulers, than in any other country on earth—that at least one-third of the people do not even know who is at the head of affairs, and that probably they will scarcely hear of one revolution before another has taken place—like the woe in 'Hamlet,' one convulsion

doth tread upon another's heel,  
And fast they follow."

"That is only another reason for drubbing them into attention to their domestic affairs," said Hugh. "If they would exercise the rights guaranteed to them by the theory of their government, they would have a sound,

steady, and true republic, whereas they now have only a shifting, revolving succession of petty revolutions, which are merely personal to their chiefs, and end in nothing but a change of masters."

"There is much truth in that," said Bonaro, mournfully; "but I fear carrying the theory of war to the doors of men who know little, and care less about their government, will do little to make our country better or our government more stable. We are cursed with a horrid swarm of military chieftains, who, though good at making local conquests, and their rivalries bid fair to make our country unmanageable for many years to come. I hope the many successes of this war may not lead the same curse upon your country. I am told that already a party in the Senate is bringing the name of General Taylor forward for the Presidency; and that of younger generals will be given before the close of the war. These military claims may give your country much trouble and dissension."

"The men who rush the Presidency in the United States," said Allen, "must go through the regular channels; and an attempt to cut them off by violence or undue compulsion of any kind would ruin us as much as being in it."

"That is true, now," said Bonaro; "but you are in the habit of electing men to that post for military services alone, and while it will have the attention of a president, a few years might elapse before we agreed that the man who is the most successful general is entitled to the presidency. From that it is but one step to more; and thirty years may see a victorious army marching home from a foreign expedition, to place their general at the head of the government. So long as your generals remain law-abiding men, there is no danger; but if the time ever should come when they shall cease to be so, it will be found that no country on earth presents an easier road to usurpation."

"I am very unwilling to believe so," said Allen, "and should be still more unwilling to see it tried."

"We had better be making our arrangements to march," said Hugh.

"We ought to be across the road before dawn," said Allen.

"But if Ignacio should not succeed in his search," suggested Allen.

"Then," said Hugh, "you and Catharina must ride his mule alternately; Bonaro and I can walk."

"The senior can ride all the way," said Catharina. "I would much rather walk than ride."

Hugh smiled as if he thought she desired to be with him; and Allen replied—

"I think I shall be strong enough to walk, if the distance be not too long. Where is it proposed to go?"

"We want to reach the pass of Palomas as soon as possible," said Hugh, "and that is full forty miles away."

"Can walk it," said Allen.

"And so can I," said Catharina.

"I hope neither of you will have to do so," said Hugh. "So numerous an army must certainly leave some horses in the chaparral; and, at all events, we must wait for Ignacio."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"The hills that shake, although unrent,

As if an earthquake passed—

The thousand shapeless things, all driven,

In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,

By that tremendous blast,

Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er."—SIEGE OF CORINTH.

Hugh insisted that Catharina and Allen should endeavour to gain some repose, before it became necessary to set out; and accordingly they retired, leaving him and the old man upon watch, the one for their enemies, of whose attack before morning they had, however, but slight apprehension, and the other for the signal of Ignacio. Several hours passed away in perfect silence—Hugh pacing slowly up and down the terrace in front of the house, and the old man sitting upon a point below from which he could see the bottom of the ravine. There was no moon, and though the stars shone clear and bright through the pure atmosphere, the shadows of the mesquite and the overhanging rocks made the night almost palpably dark. In the direction of the head of the ravine Hugh could just discern the forms of the rocks and trees, while everything else lay enveloped in the still darkness of a night among the mountains. The only sound audible to his ears, was the trickling of the fountain behind him, or the occasional lonely cry of some wild animal. Even the pines on the top of the mountain were still, as if no wind had ever roared through their branches; and not a breath of air stirred a leaf or a tendril of the vines which hung above and around him. The air was mild as the evening air of June, its coolness serving only to make it pure, and its stillness giving its balmy time to settle gently upon the spirit. This, he it remembered, was on the Sunday evening before the battle of Buena Vista; and it was not more than twenty miles to the valley in which the American army was then lying, almost blinded by the dust which a heavy wind blew in clouds along the camp, and benumbed by the cold, damp currents from the mountain!

Hugh several times ascended the bank and gazed around the plateau for a fire or some other sign of the presence of his enemies. But nothing of the sort was to be seen. One unbroken shadow lay upon the whole view, and the very Spirit of Silence seemed to be reigning over the scene. Once he thought he heard a footfall upon the dry pebbly soil; but on listening attentively for some minutes he heard no repetition of the sound. Attributing it to imagination, he returned to the terrace and seated himself in front of the ranch.

"It is not at all rare for the two sides of a ridge of mountains to present almost exact opposites in weather."

(To be continued.)

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### FABLES.

THE fable is the earliest form of fictitious composition, a species of didactic  
allegory or moral satire, couched under the guise of an apologue. It is an  
illustrative method of teaching duty, by example rather than by precept. It  
reaches the difficult end of impressing principles by a vivid representation  
of sensible images, or the intelligent discourse and action of the brute part  
of the creation. In the society of beasts, we are taught the moral and social  
obligations of men, while in their characters we find the features correspond-  
ing to those of our own species. Qualities are thus strikingly and naturally  
set forth, that affect us more by a characteristic delineation of them than we  
would be affected by long lectures on the vices and virtues, or by the most  
elaborate analysis of the passions and affections. Bacon has declared in favour  
of the natural love for imaginary representations of realities, fair pictures  
of the shows of things, in poetry and the drama, and, indeed, in all the efforts  
of the imagination, from the innate desire of the soul to attain at least glimpses  
of something better, and beyond our ordinary sphere.

The East, the fountain of all wisdom and imagination, the mother country  
of sages and poets, the land of wonders and marvels in nature and art, the  
land of magic and monsters, of countless treasures and luxurious beauty,  
with debasing poverty and equal wretchedness—the East, the glorious and  
degraded East, was, and in a sense still continues to be, the true land of fable,  
whence it originated, and where its greatest masters appeared: in Palestine,  
China, Arabia, Persia, and India.

The oldest fable in existence is Jotham's parable of the trees, which occurs  
in the ninth chapter of Judges: "The trees went forth on a time, to anoint  
a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us.  
But the olive-tree said to them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by  
me they honour God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And  
the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou and reign over us. But the fig-  
tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and  
go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come  
thou and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my  
wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?  
Then said all the trees unto the *bramble*, Come thou and reign over us?  
And the *bramble* said unto the trees, If, in truth, ye anoint me king over you,  
then come and put your trust in my shadow; and, if not, let fire come out of  
the *bramble* and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

A most cutting satire. The absurd conceit and pitiful wrath, amounting  
almost to profanity, of the *bramble* is placed in a vivid light. This political  
fable was too well founded, and too pat, to fail of practical application, and  
the ingenious author of it was forced to secure his safety by flight, from the  
vengeance of folly in power.

The Chinese Bilpai (Pilpay), or the Arabian Lokman, perhaps one and the  
same person, is the acknowledged father of Eastern fable—the source of  
the largest number of the apologues of that land of fable. With the Persian  
Saadi, he, or they, constitute the chief names in this department of Oriental  
genius—a form of composition essentially Oriental. Teaching by fable  
doubtless appears the most natural method to an Oriental, whose imagination  
finds metaphors everywhere, whose love of moral instruction seems instinc-  
tive—(all their writings have an ethical cast)—whose humanity to beasts is  
notorious—in no other part of the world do we hear of asylums for animals  
sick, aged, or maimed—whose style of instruction is popular, in which you  
find united a patriarchal authority to a pastoral simplicity; and whose whole

manner of life, comparatively quiet and thoughtful, begets a tendency to  
morosities on the beauties of nature and on the brute creation, no less than on  
the character of men, and the prospects and probable destiny of the human  
race. It is not surprising, when we remember that it is a task which  
the very best of writers might find it for the time, which should  
represent the animals and the vegetable world, to find that the Oriental  
writers have been so much occupied by these various matters. Teaching by fable  
was the favourite mode of instruction employed by him "who spoke as never  
man spoke," and whose lessons were illustrated by living examples.

The very existence of the fable, the illustration of Pilpay is disputed.  
Some regard his name and that of Lokman as synonymous; while others regard  
the body of fables existing under their names as belonging to a great common  
stock. The French writers are the fullest of this, and treat Oriental subjects  
elaborately and exactly. They give a probable history of Pilpay—a sort of  
quasi biography. The Persian was also a poet, and his life was a romance  
for that. Pilpay, alone, we can read. He is full of wisdom and penetration,  
and a capital moral satirist. Though often referred to, the translation of his  
fables is very scarce.

The next great name, the one universally known, and in popular estimation  
the greatest of all the fabulists, is *Æsop*, of whom the best of critics speak  
thus admiringly: "There is a wit of sense and observation, which consists  
in the acute illustration of good sense and practical wisdom, by means of  
some far-fetched conceit or quaint imagery. The matter is simple, but the  
form is wit." The ancient philosophers also abounded in the same kind of  
wit, in telling home-truths in the most unexpected manner. In this strain,  
*Æsop* was the greatest wit and moralist that ever lived. Ape and slave, he  
looked askance at human nature, and beheld its weaknesses and errors trans-  
ferred to another species. Vice and virtue were to him as plain as any  
objects of sense. He saw in man a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry  
animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, or a head, or tail, or claws,  
or long ears, as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphics in the brute  
creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray  
wisdom, and a frog croak humanity.

The old German, from the earliest period, and down to Lessing, and later  
still, is rich in fabulous literature. The great Middle Age apologue of  
Reynard the Fox is the gem; a grand comic epopee, a humorous satire,  
worthy of the great German literature. Its author is unknown, or at least very  
doubtful. We do not know that the Italians or Spaniards have any fabulists  
of general reputation. Portugal boasts her Yriarte, of whom we are not  
competent to speak.

In modern times, France and England have produced the classic fabulists,  
Lafontaine and Gay. Labruyère has left the best portrait of Lafontaine,  
whose simplicity of character, absence of mind, and conversational defects  
are well known: "A person who appears dull, sottish, and stupid, and knows  
neither how to speak nor relate what he has seen. If he sets to write, no  
man does it better: he makes animals, stones, and trees talk, and everything  
which cannot talk. His works are full of nothing but elegance, ease, natural  
sense, and delicacy."

The French writer appears to unite the sweetness, the simplicity, and  
naïve elegance of Gay, to the arch wit, *bonhomme* spirit, and delicacy of  
style of Prior. Mere invention neither can lay much claim to. Both  
Prior and Lafontaine borrowed largely their plots and the incidents of their  
tales from earlier writers, French and Italian—Rabelais and Boccaccio—who,  
in turn, derived their materials from still older writers.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child," Gay is intellectually, and was, we  
suspect, personally and socially twin brother to Lafontaine, the idol of his  
friends, as well as one of the glories of the age of Anne—so much under-  
rated just now, because inferior to that of Elizabeth, and because injudicious  
admirers had called it the Augustan age of our literature—and still is at the  
head of English fabulists. Good fables have appeared from other hands,  
Good old Dr. Cotton; and wise Johnson, with his oriental fancy and power of  
expression, so telling in an Eastern apologue; keen, penetrating Franklin;  
and Laetitia Swift, have, at different times, written morality, worldly wisdom,  
prudential maxims, or severe irony, in the form of fables. Among the poets,  
from Chaucer to Cowper, and down to the latest versifier, old fables have  
been reproduced and translated into rhyme; but though some of these  
writers are much superior to Gay in other respects, none of well and truly as  
he have hit the mark. His fables are often original in plan and matter, as in  
execution. The "Beggars' Opera" and the "Pastorals" placed Gay much  
above the Frenchman; but these works do not come fairly into the question.  
Pope's correspondence shows Gay the darling of that most choice and picked  
society. He is spoken of, even by the saturnine Dean, with warmth and  
affection; and from all we can learn of him, he fully deserves the admirable  
epitaph of Pope—a noble piece of eulogium, truly to deserve which marks  
the English Lafontaine as the possessor of one of the noblest hearts, as well  
as one of the finest heads of that brilliant era:—

"Of manners gentle, of address mild,  
In wit a man, simplicity a child;  
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,  
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;  
Above temptation, in a low estate,  
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great;  
A safe companion and an easy friend,  
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end:  
These are thy honours! not that here thy heart  
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dart;  
But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY!"

With these fine verses, we conclude a brief and imperfect sketch.

An excellent edition of this popular work, with clever illustrations, may be had from  
Messrs. HOULSTON and BROWNMAN, Paternoster-row, price 2s.



## ONWARD!

**PROPOSED CLOCK TOWER IN SOUTHWARK.**—Mr. Bennett, of Blackheath, having liberally offered to place the large clock contributed by him to the Great Exhibition in 1861, at the disposal of the Commissioner for Lighting the West Division of Southwark, they have determined on erecting a tower in which to place it, at the spot where the lamp-pedestal now stands, at the foot of London-bridge, at the corner of Duke-street, and the entrance to the railway station. The design is by Mr. Christopher Edmonds, the surveyor to the Board. It will be quadrangular, nearly 60 feet high, and will be constructed of cast iron. The four dials, each 6 feet in diameter, will be of white glass, strongly illuminated at night, and the windows will be filled with purple flashed glass. The cost is calculated at £700, half of which is to be paid out of the rates, and the other half is to be raised by subscription.

**THE IRISH GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.**—The Irish Industrial Exhibition is for Cork and for the south of Ireland an event of much importance. Exaggerated notions are no doubt entertained by some; the over- sanguine expect from it the most varied and irreconcilable benefits, and even sober people look to it for the industrial regeneration of this country. It is in the order of nature that this eagerness of expectation should suffer some rebuke from the literal facts; but from what has already transpired in reference to the collection of industrial products now housed in Cork, it is certain that an impetus will be given to native manufactures,—and it is probable that of the thousands of strangers who will be drawn to Ireland by the attractions of the Crystal Palace, some few may be induced by the combined attractions of natural beauty, good living, and cheap estates, to settle in the neighbourhood. The phrase of our native prelate—

“Westward the tide of empire seems to flow.”

is now on every tongue; and the almost simultaneous opening of the Submarine Telegraph between Howth and Holyhead—which brings Dublin within a few seconds of London—and of the Irish Industrial Exhibition at Cork, is regarded less in the national aspect of an evidence of steady Imperial progress than as a cabalistic sign of accomplished emancipation.—*Athenæum*.

**EMIGRATION.**—The discoveries of gold in Australia are at length beginning to tell sensibly upon the stream of Emigration from the United Kingdom. At this moment nearly all the disengaged tonnage, not only at London and at Liverpool, but at most of the other ports, is being taken up for the conveyance of emigrants of various classes to the Antipodes. In truth, the Australian emigration is perhaps the particular topic of the hour which engages the most attention. The effect of a little self-interest is truly wonderful. The probable failure of the sheep-shearing in New South Wales, by the sudden conversion of shepherds into diggers, has set in motion the manufacturers of the West Riding, and already one or two deputations from Leeds and the neighbourhood have waited upon the Government. The desertion of seamen in the Australian ports has aroused the shipping interest, and more troops and more men of war are already on their way to the scene of action to maintain the law, and protect Jack from the consequences of sudden fits of avarice. The general want of manual labour in the Colonies has led the Local Legislatures themselves to adopt active measures, and agents have arrived in this country with power and funds which will enable them to dispatch a considerable number of persons. In few words—there is great and earnest activity in every quarter, where sensations either of fear or of hope have been excited by the violent change which has taken place in the industrial economy of our Southern dependencies. We are by no means sure, in the midst of so much excitement, that many errors will not be committed, and that much mischief will not be done. Men will ruin themselves by inordinate speculations; and it is possible that for a time the instances will not be few in which those who are now capitalists will exchange places with those who are now labourers. But the result will be in the end, and on the whole, good. The mind is quite bewildered when it attempts to measure the practical consequences, already apparently at hand, of the Australian discoveries. We have to consider what will be the results of a rapid rise of the English societies in Australia and New Zealand into populous and wealthy states,—what will be the results of creating in those regions new and extensive markets for our manufactures—new homes for our population, especially for our surplus female population—new fields of employment for the largest class of our mercantile marine—new and cheaper means of bringing home from India the produce of India—new and more perfect means of carrying European civilization amongst the islands and nations of the remote seas of Asia. Emigration at home has already assumed a form so systematic, that it may be properly called Colonisation; and it is becoming of so vast a volume, that it will presently produce a decided impression on the numerical progress of the population of the United Kingdom. What will be the results of such a change? Are we justified in apprehending that the best portions of our working men and women will leave us, condemning those who remain to contend with a servile population reduced in numbers, but composed mainly of persons of tainted lives or characters. This is a contingency not to be overlooked; and it is a subject for congratulation that it has already attracted so much attention, as to lead the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, on the motion of its Vicar, to agree to the imposition of an assessment for the express purpose of relieving the poor-rates by assisting paupers to emigrate. It must be added, that Sir John Pakington has done wisely in surrendering the Royalty rights of the Crown over the gold discoveries to the Local Legislatures of the Colonies, to be by them employed as a source of Colonial revenue.—*Ibid.*

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BEAUTY.

O how I grudge the grave this beauty's form;  
Thy beauties will inspire the meanest youth,  
And turn the pale and timid into love.—*Shakespeare, Legat Brother.*

What tender force, what dignity, what  
What virtue consecrating every feature,  
Around that neck what dross are gold and pearls.—*Shakespeare's Desdemona.*

What's female beauty, but an air diffused  
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine;  
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
The body charms, because the soul is seen.  
Hence men are often captives of a face,  
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.  
Some forms, though bright, no mortal heart can move;  
Some, none resist, though not exceedingly fair.—*Shakespeare's Romeo.*

But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart.—*Rogers's Italy.*

The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So lightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale;  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was express'd  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivall'd the blush of rising day.—*Scott's Rokeby.*

## BEGGAR.

Art thou a man? And sham'st thou not to beg?  
To practise such a servile kind of life?  
Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,  
Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselves to thy election.—*Jenson's Every Man in his Humour.*  
When beggars grow thus bold,  
No marvel then though charity grow cold.—*Drayton.*

Base worldlings, that despise all such as need;  
Who to the needy beggar still are dumb,  
Not knowing unto what themselves may come.

*Heywood's Royal King.*

He makes a beggar first that first relieves him;  
Not us'ers make more beggars where they live,  
Than charitable men that use to give.—*Ibid.*

His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings but relieved their pain;  
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

## BENEFITS.

A benefit upbraided, forfeits thanks.  
And 'tis not sure so full a benefit,  
Freely to give, as freely to require.  
A bounteous act hath glory following it,  
They cause the glory, that the act desire.—*Lady Carew's Marian.*

He that neglects a blessing, though he want  
A present knowledge how to use it,  
Neglects himself.—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

To brag of benefits one hath bestown,  
Doth make the best seem less, and most seem none;  
So oftentimes the greatest courtesy  
Is by the doer made an injury.—*Brome's Novella.*

## BIGOTRY.

Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
That grace is founded in dominion.—*Butler's Hudibras.*

Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
Can make a gentleman scarce a year old,  
To be descended of a race  
Of ancient kings in a small space,  
That we should all opinions hold  
Authentic that we can make old.—*Ibid.*

Soon their crude notions with each other fought;  
The adverse sect denied what this had taught;  
And he at length the simplest triumph gain'd,  
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.—*Prior's Solomon.*

For modes of faith let graceless sects fight;  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.—*Pope's Essay on Man.*



### CHARADE.



My first Polonius oft employed,  
And the young Hamlet sore annoyed.  
And in the ear of listening youth,  
The aged often whispers truth  
By its proverbial aid.  
My second by the horses' tread  
Is raised; or where the coffin'd dead  
Beneath the earth are laid.  
My whole the cleanly housewife strews,  
Lest you her well swept floor abuse.

### PARLOUR PASTIME.

#### Zoological Recreation.

THE names of all the party are to be written on separate slips of paper, and placed in a hat; each person is then to choose a beast or bird, and write its name on a slip of paper, its size and colours on another, and its habits on a third. The names, the sizes, and the habits, are to be placed by themselves in three hats. This being arranged, one of the party draws out a name from the first hat, and reads it aloud, and then draws and reads out a slip from each of the other hats, and much merriment will be caused by the odd associations; as when Mr. Smith, for instance, is described as ten inches long, with a green head and brilliant eyes, and prettily marked yellow and purple, with, perchance, a tail of beautiful blue feathers, and lives on slugs and snails. The hat containing the names of the animals should be placed aside until the conclusion of the game, when some knowledge may be gained by the attempt to arrange the descriptions under their proper heads.

#### ENIGMAS.

PRAY ladies, who in seeming wit delight,  
Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight.

A word of three syllables, seek 'till you find,  
That has in it the twenty-four letters combin'd.

The beginning of eternity,  
The end of time and space,  
The beginning of every end,  
And the end of every place.

Yonder lives a shoemaker, who works without leather,  
And, strange to say, by all the four elements together  
Of fire he makes use; of water, earth, and air,  
And for every customer makes a double pair.

### TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE THREE OF DIAMONDS.—A SPIRITED SCENE.

### CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the letter B like a man sitting at the extremity of a branch of a tree?
2. Why need not a man starve in a desert?
3. Why are sheep supposed to be great gamblers?
4. Why is a handsome woman plunging head-foremost in the water like a valuable machine?
5. Why is a Jew in a fever like a diamond ring?
6. What river in Bavaria answers "Who is there?"
7. What metal is it whose name indicates flight?
8. Why is Waterloo-bridge, like a celebrated one at Venice?
9. What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar?
10. At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?
11. Why is a cabbage stalk like a lover?
12. Why is a man that has pulled on a pair of close fitting boots like Jupiter?

#### PROBLEM.

IN the midst of a meadow well stored with grass,  
I took just an acre to tether an ass:  
How long must the cord be, that, grazing all round,  
Jack may graze less nor more than his acre of ground?

#### TRANSPOSITION.

COMPLETE I train the tender minds of youth  
In the bright paths of learning and of truth;  
Transpose me, ladies, and, to suit your wish,  
I'm metamorphos'd to a dainty fish;  
Curtail'd, a midnight meeting I become;  
Again curtail'd, I'm never found at home.

### ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 557.

#### PICTORIAL CHARADE.—HARK-SHIP.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. ARTISAN, STRAIN, TRAIN, RAIN. 2. SEATS, TALE, ASH, STRAL, & TUP, FRY.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. When they are stretched. 2. Absence. 3. Because it's not a fish (unhappy). 4. Again (see-ill). 5. Argon (see pen). 6. Bath and Wells. 7. Because it is a neighbouring (see labelling). 8. Bridge-town. 9. Castles (see). 10. Because they have a Castle Ring. 11. Because it is a chapter (see). 12. Because it's near O (New). 13. When it's eaten (New). 14. My (see). 15. Because it's not a fish (unhappy). 16. Because it's a U (unhappy). 17. See on (happy). 18. Because it's a U (unhappy). 19. Because it's a U (unhappy). 20. Because it was a Hammer. 21. March on 5 (marched on). 22. Mrs. Stupp (Missouri and Mississippi).









### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 11.—

*Preparation of Vegetables.*—There is nothing in which the difference between an elegant and an ordinary table is more seen, than in the dressing of vegetables, more es-

pecially of greens; they may be equally as fine at first, as at another; but their look and taste are afterwards very different, entirely from the careless way in which they have been cooked. They are in greatest perfection when in greatest plenty, i.e. when in full season. By season, we do not mean those early days, that luxury in the buyers, and avarice in the sellers, about London force the various vegetables; but that time of the year in which by nature and common culture, and the mere operation of the sun and climate, they are in most plenty and perfection. Potatoes and peas are seldom worth eating before Midsummer. Unripe vegetables are as insipid and unwholesome as unripe fruits. As to the quality of vegetables, the middle size are preferred to the largest, or the smallest; they are more tender, juicy, and full of flavour, just before they are quite full grown; freshness is their chief value and excellence, and I should as soon think of roasting an animal alive, as of boiling a vegetable after it is dead. The eye easily discovers if they have been kept too long; they soon lose their beauty in all respects. Roots, greens, salads, &c., and the various productions of the garden, when first gathered, are plump and firm, and have a fragrant freshness no art can give them again, when they have lost it by long keeping;—though it will refresh them a little to put them into cold spring water for some time before they are dressed. To boil them in soft water will preserve the colour best of such as are green; if you have only hard water, put to it a tea-spoonful of carbonate of potash. Take care to wash and cleanse them thoroughly from dust, dirt, and insects: this requires great attention; pick off all the outside leaves, trim them nicely, and if they are not quite fresh gathered and have become flaccid, it is absolutely necessary to restore their crispness before cooking them, or they will be tough and unpleasant; lay them in a pan of clean water, with a handful of salt in it, for an hour before you dress them. Most vegetables being more or less succulent, their full proportion of fluids is necessary for their retaining that state of crispness and plumpness which they have when growing. On being cut or gathered, the exhalation from their surface continues, while from the open vessels of the cut surface there is often great exudation or evaporation, and thus their natural moisture is diminished, the tender leaves become flaccid, and the thicker masses or roots lose their plumpness. This is not only less pleasant to the eye, but is a real injury to the nutritious powers of the vegetable; for in this flaccid and shrivelled state its fibres are less easily divided in chewing, and the water which exists in vegetable substances, in the form of their respective natural juices, is directly nutritious. The first care in the preservation of succulent vegetables, therefore, is to prevent them from losing their natural moisture. They should always be boiled in a saucepan by themselves, and have plenty of water: if meat is boiled with them in the same pot, they will spoil the look and taste of each other. If you wish to have vegetables delicately clean, put on your pot, make it boil, put a little salt in and skim it perfectly clean before you put in the greens, &c., which should not be put in till the water boils briskly; the quicker they boil, the greener they will be. When the vegetables sink, they are generally done enough, if the water has been kept constantly boiling. Take them up immediately, or they will lose their colour and goodness. Drain the water from them thoroughly before you send them to table. This branch of cookery requires the most vigilant attention. If vegetables are a minute or two too long over the fire, they lose all their beauty and flavour. If not thoroughly boiled tender, they are tremendously indigestible, and much more troublesome during their residence in the stomach than under any other mode. To preserve or give colour in cookery many good dishes are spoiled; but the rational epicure who makes nourishment the main end of eating, will be content to sacrifice the shadow to enjoy the substance. Once for all, take care your vegetables are fresh; for as the farmhouse often suffers for the size of the cook, so the cook often gets undeservedly blamed instead of the green-grocer.

**BATHING.**—G. W.—Too much fatigue in the water weakens the strength and presence of mind necessary to avoid accidents. A person who is tired, and remains there without motion, soon becomes weak and chilly. As soon as he feels fatigued, chill, or numb, he should quit the water, and dry and dress himself as quickly as possible. Friction, previous to dressing, restores the blood over every part of the body, creates an agreeable glow, and strengthens the joints and muscles.

**EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.**—S. R. C.—The regulations for admission to the College at Addiscombe are to be found in detail in *The East Indian Register*. The age of the candidate must be fourteen, and under eighteen. The payment is £50 per term, and there are two terms in the year. It is indispensable that a young man should have been educated at this college to be eligible to the corps of Engineers and Artillery; but young men may be appointed to other departments of the service without having been at the college.

**SAVINGS BANKS.**—G. S. W.—These admirable institutions, established to encourage habits of prudence in the poorer classes, afford ample securities for a provision hereafter against want and infirmity. We strongly recommend all who would avail themselves of such advantages, to lose no time. "How can I save?" is the general answer to such appeals, and from persons who by proper management could easily secure the means. It is related of Socrates, that in passing through a fair, he exclaimed, on viewing the splendid objects around him, "How many things are here, of which I have no want!" Every man should have the same feeling with regard to wanton expense. Get honestly, and give cautiously should be the motto of all who wish to rise in life. Pecuniary obligations of any kind should be carefully avoided; every debt, however trifling, ought to be promptly settled. To pay one's debts, Shenstone used to say, removes all uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It leaves a consciousness of our own virtue, and it is a measure we know to be right both in point of justice and of sound economy. One of the worst ills that can befall us in our race through life, is, without a doubt



RUNNING IN DEBT.

**PROPER MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.**—W. I. B.—No one can doubt that children are born with various dispositions, or the germs of such dispositions; and it is equally true, that by proper and timely management, these dispositions may be so changed and meliorated by the attention of a parent, or those to whom they are entrusted, that not only their little blunders may be smoothed away, but even those things which more offensively distinguish the child, may, by proper discipline, become the characteristic ornaments of the man. "In respect to the desires of children," observes Dr. Parr, "it is hardly possible to lay down any general rule. But the best method of inuring them to disappointments, is perhaps rather to call off their thoughts to some new gratification, than to drive them forcibly from any favourite pursuit. Their inclinations are keen, but fickle, and therefore he gives no mean proof of his skill in the management of the human mind, who makes one weakness the instrument of counteracting another."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—G. MASON (the Committee of Australian colonists expressly declare that gentlemen of education, without capital, clerks, and persons of that class, should not emigrate unless they are prepared to become shepherds, dig for gold, or accept any employment that might offer). **ISORAMUS** (camel's hair is the hair of the camel imported into this country, chiefly for the manufacture of fine pencils for drawing and painting. It is divided into three sorts, the black, the red, and the grey. The black is the dearest, and the grey is only worth half the red). **MARIA** (porcelain is derived from the Portuguese *porcelita*, a cup. The Portuguese were the first importers of this article). **RURICUS** (a valuable horse requires personal attention, unless the farmer can be depended upon: otherwise the owner may meet with the same fate as the Irish gentleman, whose farrier sent him in a bill:—"To curing your honour's horse till he

died, &c. &c.") **B.** (some juice of aloe added to paste is an infallible preventative against the ravages of the worm). **EMERSON** (the Home Companion medical supplement will be found extremely useful in the Colonies, and our correspondent cannot do better than recommend it to all his friends. Any bookseller will prepare it at the publishing cost, one penny). **A. LARSON** (house plants require being sent to a watering-place as well as invalids. Set them out under genial showers). **MARROW** (true economy does not so much consist in saving, as in adapting everything to its specific use, by which means much is enjoyed at a small expense). **S. H. M.** (real jeweller's gold is always stamped). **W. ROBERTSON** (good water has neither taste nor odour; and the best water always containing the greatest quantity of carbonic acid gas, in addition to its proportion of atmospheric air, it will always give out the greatest number of air bubbles when poured alternately into different vessels). **CIVIS** (we believe that shopkeepers can be compelled to fix their signs against the walls without projection; this applies at least to the city. Formerly hundreds of signs were swinging about on rusty hinges, and penthouses and spouts poured cascades upon the luckless passenger beneath. In 1718, the sign and front of a house in Fleet-street, opposite Bride-lane, fell down, and killed two young ladies, the King's Jeweller, and a cobbler. Upon this circumstance a law was passed forbidding swinging signs). **JUVANIS** (the person who uses beer with intemperance becomes fat, and is even, for a time, under a delusion that he enjoys good health, but the result is apoplexy or dropsy, arising from diseased liver, most frequently the former). **MEXICANIC** (an excellent cement for resisting moisture is made by incorporating thoroughly eight parts of melted glue, of the consistency used by carpenters, with four parts of linseed oil, boiled into varnish with litharge). **M.** (cold water bathing, as well from its tonic power as from its gravity, is an excellent preservative of health). **B. VERNON** (our correspondent must apply to a medical practitioner. We do not profess to be one of those, who

"Whatever sceptic could inquire for,

"For every why they have a wherefore.")

**J. WELBY** (cultivate music by all means. Remember what Shakespeare says:

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted."

**D.** (Pliny states that swallows have been made use of for carrying messages, like pigeons. Their rate of flight has been estimated at a mile in a minute, for ten hours, or 600 miles per day). **EMERSON** (the trade winds are so called from the advantage which their certainty affords to trading vessels. They are generally stated to blow from east to west over the equator, and are occasioned by the rarefaction of the air by the sun's heat, and the motion of the earth from east to west). **JUVANIS** (coin is derived from a Greek word, signifying common or current). **E.** (riffling guns are those whose barrels, instead of being smooth on the inside, like our common pieces, are formed with a number of spiral channels, resembling screws; except only that the threads or ridges, are less deflected, making only one turn, or a little more, in the whole length of the piece). **CYNOS** (the term education is derived from the Latin words *e* and *duco*, to lead or draw out of). **A. YOUNG** (the blood is formed from the food taken into the stomach, and thus affected by the nature of the food, it is taken into the heart, and thence thrown into the lungs, where it is exposed to the action of air, thence carried back to the heart, which, like a central engine, throws it through the blood vessels, into every part of the body). **JAMES** (the power of expression may be much improved by proper self-discipline. There are three points particularly requiring attention, utterance, pronunciation, and command of language, or fluency). **G. LEMON** (the best possible ventilator is an open fire-place).

**J. WILCOX** (a river is always one third deeper than it appears to be, thus if a river seems to be four feet deep, it is, in reality, six feet deep, and so on). **HUTCHINSON** (the tradesmen that are likely to get on in Australia, are—carpenters, blacksmiths, bricklayers, stone-masons, sawyers, well-sinkers, miners, wheelwrights, tailors, bootmakers, tanners, and others.)



Printed by WILLIAM TEELE, Bolt-court, London, and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BENNETT: 69, Fleet-street, London

# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 37.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"God bless you!" said the old man, solemnly: and Catharina sank upon a stone, and covered her face with her hands."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 570.)

There was something in this stillness which oppressed him. He could not understand the want of all signs of the presence of those whose proximity he knew. There was something suspicious in it, something exciting, and all his senses were wound up to a point of painful acuteness. He bent his eyes upon the darkness as if he would have pierced the rock, and he listened as if he could hear the voices of the spirits around him. In the midst of this excitement, for which he was not able to account, he thought he suddenly heard a repetition of the same sound he had heard above—a stealthy foot placed upon the loose pebbles, which grated beneath its weight. It was in the same direction, too, but seemed now lower down, as if the person who made it had gained the island upon which the house stood. He bent his ear nearer to the ground, but could hear no more. He fixed his eyes upon the point from which the sound came, and lo! a bush seemed to be moving, though at a considerable distance from him! He gazed at it, but it stopped, became stationary, and assumed the shape of a man! "This must be imagination," he thought, "and yet it cannot be either." At the same moment another bush moved! But it too became stationary, and assumed the shape of a man!

"They have found means to cross the ravine," said he to himself, "and are coming over one by one."

He rose stealthily and entered the house.

"Catharina," said he, "go to your father and bring him immediately in; do it without noise. Where is Allen?"

"He is in his room. What has happened?"

"The scoundrels have crossed the ravine. Be in haste, and above all do not make a noise."

Catharina tripped quietly away, and in a minute returned with her father.

"We must retire within the house," said Hugh; "I see our friends are about to attack us. Can you fasten the door of Allen's room securely inside?"

"Yes," replied the old man in a whisper, "there is a strong bar inside, and the door itself is very heavy and strong."

"Gather up whatever you want to take with you, then," said Hugh; "for we must retire to that room and retreat from there. I see there are six of the scoundrels across, and probably they have as many more."

Having once determined the locality, he could more easily distinguish the forms, which, he had now no doubt, were the forms of his enemies. While Catharina and her father hastily but silently collected the articles they desired, Hugh advanced some twenty paces toward the point of danger. He did not wait here long, before, stooping to the ground, he saw four more forms join the group one by one; and from their waiting he doubted not, were behind. The event justified his conjecture; for very soon another and another joined; and then three or four emerged from the darknesses together, and the



group enlarged until there were at least twenty of them. He thought he could see muskets in their hands, too, and he at once conjectured aright, that the original number had been increased by stragglers from the army.

He waited to see no more, but returned at once to the door of the room in which Allen had been. He found Catharina standing without, and Allen and her father arrived at the door for defence.

"*Godin cara mia,*" said Hugh, gently leading her with up "Give you the bar ready?" he continued "Try it if you have, and see if you can place it in the staples hastily."

"You come in," said Catharina, as they were about to shut the door upon him. "they may run upon you."

"No fear of that," said Hugh; and the door was closed, and the bar found to fit.

"Now stand ready to put it in without delay." Hugh continued as they re-opened the door. "And I will see why these fellows are breaking the Mexican rule, to go upon warlike expeditions only by daylight."

So saying he stepped slowly to his face and fired. A single yell of agony rose from the group, and a sudden rush towards the house. Hugh stepped quietly within, and the bar was shot into the Mexican staples across the door. A moment afterwards several men were seen entering the dining room, and four or five beat firmly upon it, and with the butt of the muskets.

"Knock away, *senores ladrones!*" Hugh called out. "I'll be glad to receive you when you can come in. And now a little rest, and then we must be off as fast as possible. The door will resist the beating time. Let us see what we can do before they can get it down."

"What will become of Maria?" asked Catharina, "we cannot leave her behind."

"What claim has she upon our kindness?" asked her father, "truly she has taken the punishment of her treachery."

"Father," said Catharina, "you resent it, but I do not forget Maria has done wrong, it is true; but she acted from her instincts as we act upon our reason. She has, besides, the claim of love upon us. We have protected her for years, and this obliges us to do so. Her friends, I, for one, will not abandon her while there is a chance to assist her."

"She is right," said Allen, "we must relieve her, if we can."

"Come, come," said Hugh, bluntly, "kindness is a very good thing, but when it cannot be exercised it is folly to stand idly about it, with an enemy thundering at the door. Maria will be safe if she be not already free! The scoundrel who fired the cannon knows of her presence. Come, let us go."

As he spoke he led Catharina towards the door. He was followed by Allen and Bonito. On passing out they found themselves upon a narrow ledge, or rather projecting rock again, which took a slight ledge left there by Catharina when she returned from account. They came to the cliff.

"Let me go first," said Catharina, as she stepped half a foot upon the upper round, and ran lightly down, followed by the whole party. At the foot of the ladder they found themselves upon a ledge like the first from which they descended upon another, and then upon a third. It was a risk the small party they carried being carefully guarded by Hugh, and only illumined a few feet of the opposite rock, and within the light the night was doubly cold. They could hear the cannonous shoutings above, and an occasional loud crash as if some heavy body were thrown against the door, but they knew from the sound, that it still held out against their attacks. At each renewal of the sounds grew more indistinct, until, when they stood upon the third and last ledge, the noise only reverberated occasionally from the rocks and seemed to be made immediately above their heads—so units he said to the bottom of a well.

"We are getting down to the level of the cliff," said Hugh, "and I came down last and the danger is cleared up on this side of the chasm."

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"So much the greater risk," said Hugh, "I precede you," said she, regarding the ladder and the light, "truly we do not wait, and I can give you peace."

"You are a brave girl," said Hugh, "let us go, then, with us."

"Then I suspect you will find it very hard to climb up."

"I hope so," said Hugh, "it is a hard climb, but I can do it."

The old man was half way up the ladder, but he caught the round as he reached the ground in which he was to rest, and he stepped down.

"My daughter, are you still used to it?" asked Hugh.

"Why to a rock father?"

"It is too late," he exclaimed, "But I was selfish—I must peak to you alone very soon."

Allen's coming broke off the brief conversation and soon afterwards Hugh stood among them holding the lantern, and examining the ground around them.

They were in the bottom of the ravine, and on each side rose a wall, almost perpendicular for sixty feet. Towards the south it deepened gradually, having been washed by the heavy rains, and the chasm took the form of a deep notch in the rocks. On looking up, Hugh found that the overhanging bushes and vines concealed the sky, with the exception of a very narrow line, along which twinkled a few clear though distant stars—appearing and disappearing, as the leaves and branches of the vines swung slowly in the rising wind. As he gazed upward he thought the leaves began to glister and grow more distinct, as if the dawn were coming on them, but

it was scarcely more than midnight yet, and the light on the leaves was red and fast increasing. The noises above had entirely ceased, as if the assailants had given up the attack.

"What does that light mean?" Hugh asked. "They must have set fire to the house," said Bonito, "so we are safe, but they will only destroy themselves."

"How so?" asked Allen.

"There are two hundred pounds of gunpowder in the room we have just left," said the old man. "It was left there in the chest you saw, by General Sanchez, a year ago, and his never been removed."

"Then let us get out of this neighbourhood as soon as possible," said Hugh. "lest we be involved in the ruin. An explosion of that quantity of gunpowder will sweep the whole terrace clean!"

"How bright the light is becoming!" said Allen, looking up, "we must hasten away."

"(I will not notify them of their danger," suggested Catharina.

But Hugh seized her hand and hurried her away down the fissure, as fast as he could walk, followed by Allen and Bonito. The chasm turned gradually to the right, but the fire above increased so fast that the light followed them and made the lantern no longer of use. The way was rough, and often descended precipitously several feet where, in the wet season, little cascades were formed. In these places Hugh sprang hastily, lifting Catharina in his arms and landing her safely below. So eager was his haste, that he outstripped the other men, and in the wind of the chasm lost sight of them. He had run thus some four or five hundred yards, when he was suddenly brought to a stand on the brink of a precipice at least one hundred feet high. Directly beneath and in front lay the great ravine now strongly illumined by the burning of the light thatch of the house, and at the distance of nearly a mile down its bed were visible three small fires burning pale and dim in the stronger light.

The ladder is below," Catharina exclaimed, "it was left there by Ignacio!"

"Ladder!" said Hugh. "No ladder is long enough for this cliff!"

"There are ladders like those above," said she.

"Then I must go back for the other ladder," said Hugh; but as he turned back Catharina approached the brink, and exclaimed—

"Ignacio is coming up! See!—here below us! And there is his signal!—the three fires; he has found horses!"

Hugh looked where she pointed, and saw a man apparently climbing the very face of the rock. As he reached one ledge he stopped, drew up the ladder, and placing it against the next shelf thus gradually ascended. At last he appeared like a mere speck; but as he approached he became distinctly visible. He had performed this operation six or seven times, and had come within two or three feet of the top, when Catharina suddenly whispered—

"It is not Ignacio!"

At the same moment her blood ran cold, as her eye caught the form of seven men huddled to either within a space beyond a point of the rock, and laying upon them like a net of steel. Hugh saw them at the same moment, and discharged his rifle among them, hitting one upon the spot. The remaining six fired a whole volley hastily and fortunately for Hugh and Catharina, for the three men who had fired the volley had entered the fleshy part of Hugh's shoulder, but did not prevent him drawing his sword with one hand, and a revolver with the other. He had need of all his arms for the while six rushed at him with bayonets at a charge.

Run! he exclaimed to Catharina. "Run out of the way!" and he parried the thrusts of the bayonets with his sword, firing his six shots rapidly in succession with his left hand. Only one of them fell, however owing to his mistake and the uncertainty of his hand. But another was shot in the hand dropping to the ground, and the same moment Allen and the old man rushed to the top of the cliff, and the latter said to Hugh—

You have done well, but the latter as no one fell from the rocks, striking at the same time a large heavy fellow, who was pressing him to the cliff.

It was a hard fight—three swords against five bayonets, which the man who had been climbing the cliff sprang suddenly upon the rock, and the six muskets of the old men fell, and the three began slowly to the ground fighting each by side, and contesting every inch of the ground.

The rocks were growing wider, and where they were fighting there was a broad flat rock, swept by the waters, and jutting square against the perpendicular rocks on each side. Our friends began retreating it, and the side next the house where their enemies had been concealed, and in less than a minute they were beyond the point of the rock which had concealed them, with their backs almost against the wall. Catharina was behind them, alternately advancing and retreating, wringing her hands in the greatest distress. She stumbled over the musket to be by the man first shot, she raised it suddenly, and with vengeance in her look discharged it at her enemies. But her hand was too unsteady, and the harmless report only reverberated across the great ravine.

"God help us now indeed!" exclaimed Hugh. "We have nothing to do but fight to the last!"

The prayer was answered! As he spoke a flash of intense glaring light blinded them all, and a roar, like the springing of a mine, shook the earth for miles around. A hissing, rushing sound through the air came next, and then a perfect flood of rocks and beams and earth and trees, came bounding and roaring down the bed of the ravine, like an avalanche! Enormous rocks came rolling and crashing down, springing far over the cliff into the abyss beyond, while dust and leaves and straw and earth made the air thick

with ruin. Darkness intense succeeded the flash, and the eyes of our friends involuntarily closed. When they opened them again, the glimmering light showed them the narrow ravine gorged with rubbish; but the flat, open rock upon which they had been fighting was almost as bare as before. Not an enemy was visible, except the dead man, whom Hugh had shot at the beginning of the affray. The projecting rock which had served the assassins as a curtain, had turned aside the storm; but the tornado of rock had swept all who were beyond its point sheer over the precipice! One yell of agony and terror had heralded their death. They were now lying at the foot of the cliff, torn, and mangled, and crushed.

"God has helped us, indeed!" said Bonaro, and a deep breath testified their deliverance.

"The house must be blown to atoms!" said Hugh. And so, indeed, it was. The gunpowder had been carefully covered in "the south room," and was not reached until the roof fell in. Then one tremendous explosion swept the island of every assailant, throwing some of them almost across the barranca, and forcing the mass of rock at the back of the house into the small ravine. Here the slope and its immense weight carried part of it down the narrow channel like a tempest; and though not one tenth of it had reached the mouth of the chasm, enough had gone far enough to have swept three regiments of men into eternity had they stood before it. Our friends had been driven to the only point where their lives could have been saved, where the projecting rock diverted the torrent another way; and hence their deliverance.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night."—SHAKESPEARE.  
 "Haste is needful in a desperate case."—LORD.  
 "And last we fled, away I away!"—BYRON.  
 "Tis certain he hath passed the river Roubidoux."—SHAKESPEARE.  
 "Tis not host and host but narrow space was left."—MILTON.  
 "Ay! now the sound of battle is abroad."—HOMER.

Not a word was spoken by either of the party, for more than a minute—so sudden and awful had been their escape. The cliff upon which they stood rocked for several moments, as if moved by an earthquake. The intense flash which had lit up the heavens, went out as suddenly as lightning. The echoes among the hills bore away the sound, in ever-retreating waves. A silence settled upon the land, deep as the darkness, and the mantle of night lifted for a moment, fell back to the earth.

By degrees, the burning fragments, which had been scattered and almost extinguished by the explosion, were rekindled by the rising wind; and the flickering light from a burning pine-beam, which had fallen near them, showed them the bare rock, upon which, not two minutes before, their enemies had huddled round them. Far down the ravine, and in plain view, the three signal-fires of Ignacio were still burning, clear but distant.

"The scoundrel has betrayed us," said Hugh, breaking the silence.

"If he has," said Bonaro, "he has probably suffered for his treachery. But I do not believe it."

"How else could these men have got here?" asked Hugh.

"Appearances are against him, certainly," said the old man, "but I am loath to believe it of one who has served me so faithfully."

"He must have met with these men, and been compelled to show them the way," said Catharina.

"I am sorry to destroy so pleasing a faith," said Allen, who had been examining the features of the man first killed by Hugh; "but here lies the very man—killed by the first shot fired in our defence against his treason."

All immediately turned to the corpse, and all, at once identified the small, pinched features of Ignacio. Hugh's bullet had passed directly through his head; but it was not difficult to recognize his open eyes, and hard-closed mouth.

"He has met his punishment in the very moment of crime," said Bonaro. "let us leave him to God. It is now too late for our interference."

Catharina had turned away from the spectacle and walked towards the ledge.

"Come," she now called, "let us go down; the ladder is here."

It was indeed so. The upper end of the ladder had not projected over the main ledge; and the momentum of the rocks had fortunately been so great, as to clear it in their descent. Leaving the corpse of the traitor untouched, they all proceeded with as much rapidity as possible, to the bottom of the cliff. The path was well known to both Bonaro and his daughter; and in the course of twenty minutes they all stood in the bed of the great ravine. Here their eyes were met by several bodies, crushed, mangled, and beyond recognition. All of them were quite dead; for they had fallen a distance of more than one hundred feet, among rocks and trees and rubbish. They turned with horror from the sight, and took their way slowly down the ravine.

"We should approach these fires cautiously," said Hugh. "There may be more of these fellows there."

Accordingly, when they had walked a little more than a mile, the party halted, and Hugh approached the fires to reconnoitre. He passed entirely round them, gradually drawing near; but not a human being presented himself. The fires were burning low, but they still cast their light some distance into the winding recesses of the thickets. At last he drew near the first fire, and called his friends to him.

"There is no one here," said he; "we can go on in safety."

Numerous footprints were visible in the soft ground, where there was any moisture; but they all seemed to tend towards the upper end of the ravine; and the inference was, that the whole force had gone upon the attack.

"They have either all perished, or those left behind have been frightened

away by the explosion," said Hugh; and the party resumed the way down the rapidly-descending chasm.

Half an hour's walk brought them to a point at which they could gain the level, and here they halted to consult about their future course.

"I see no reason for altering our plans," said Hugh; "but, as usual, he decided, self-reliant tone prevented opposition. 'We can go on towards the pass of Palomas, trusting to Providence for horses or mules. If we can only get one, Catharina can ride, and we three can walk.'"

"What sound is that?" said Allen, suddenly interrupting him.

"My voice, I suppose," said Hugh; "I heard no other."

"But I heard some other," rejoined Allen. "There! there it is again!"

They both threw themselves upon the ground and listened attentively, while Catharina stood trembling beside her father.

"It is the stamping of numerous horses," said Hugh. "Can it be a piquet guard?"

"This is the wrong direction for that," replied Allen. "Still, you may be right. Let us advance cautiously and examine."

"You stay here," said Hugh; "I can do better alone." And he again advanced, guided by the sounds which grew gradually louder as he came nearer. A few minutes brought him close to a number of horses, standing piquetted to the ground, and impatiently stamping upon the hard, gravelly soil. Between him and them were the remains of a fire, and three or four saddles; but the fire gave little light, and seemed to have been long neglected. Beside several of the saddles were thrown serapes or blankets, apparently arranged for sleeping; but they were now tossed in disorder, as if suddenly left by the sleepers. As at the other fires, not a human being was to be seen, and not a sound which indicated their presence was heard. Hugh stood for several minutes, gazing intently upon the scene; and then made a circuit round the group of horses. Several of them were saddled, their riders either expecting to use them soon, or lying too careless to remove them. Again he went round; there was something singular, and so suspicious, about these riderless horses, that it was not for several minutes that he ventured among them.

When at last he did so, he was received by one of those low nickering sounds, that horses always give, to welcome any one who approaches them, after they have been long left alone. They thrust out their noses and stopped towards him, as if to become better acquainted. But their sagacity told them at once he was a stranger, and a loud snort from almost all of them testified their alarm. The Americans were so much in the habit of using Mexican horse-furniture, that Hugh was at first unable to ascertain whether he had not fallen upon the horses of friends. But the snort satisfied him at once.

"Mexican horses, that's clear," he muttered. "But they will soon have American owners, that's equally clear."

He proceeded to select four of the best among them—even taking the pains to saddle two of them,—a pair of fine, powerful racers, which immediately struck his fancy, and which had been unharnessed by their masters. Putting them gently upon the neck and talking to them in a kind, conciliating tone, he led them one by one some distance from their companions and re-piquetted them. After remaining a few minutes to put them completely at their ease, he set out in search of his companions. He found them again without difficulty, and in a very few minutes they were all mounted.

"Can you ride on that saddle, Catharina?" asked Hugh, pointing to a light mustang, whose clean limbs and knotted muscles denoted speed and power.

"If you will help me into it," she replied; and lifting her in his powerful arms, Hugh set her at once in the saddle. Bonaro and Allen were already mounted.

"Now, wait a moment," said Manning, giving the rein of his horse to Vernon. He brought the remaining horses, numbering about twenty, together in a close group, and one by one cut their lariats with his knife, thus freeing them all.

"What is he doing that for?" asked Bonaro.

"To provide against pursuit, I suppose," Allen replied; but, as he spoke, Hugh came hastily to where they were, and sprang to the saddle.

"Ride on, now," said he, "quietly as possible, for there are men approaching us. I'll soon drown all noises."

As the party moved slowly towards the east, Hugh struck his spurs into his horse's flanks, causing him to bound suddenly among the startled horses. As he did so, he fired a pistol in the air and gave a loud shout. At the same moment, a volley of three or four muskets was fired at him from the thicket; and the whole startled throng set off at a thundering, crashing pace through the chaparral. The riders had been drawn up the mountain by the explosion, and returned just in time to see themselves robbed of all their horses. Several more shots were fired at Hugh as he galloped away, but without effect; and in a few moments he was with his friends, going at a quick though easy pace towards the road.

"Are you hurt?" asked Catharina anxiously.

"Not in the least," said he gaily. "As long as Mexicans will shoot at me I am safe; it is only random shots that tell. To be safe from pursuit was worth the risk of a thousand muskets—especially muskets that fire and blow as those did."

"What time had you to observe that?" she asked gaily.

"O, I'm used to the sound," said he. "One of those Tower muskets always goes off by degrees: first you hear the click of the lock, then the hissing in the pan, and lastly the report at the muzzle. And besides, they generally hurt the man shooting more than the man shot at."

Bonaro winked a little at this depreciating tone, but did not think proper to make any reply. His silence may have been in part a consequence of his

knowledge that Hugh's criticism was not groundless. The writer of this has had a little experience of both ends of Mexican muskets—has been struck by balls from the muzzle and from the "kick" by their rebound—and he can add his testimony to that of Lieutenant Manning, that the actual pain was greater in the latter, than in the former, case. Had either the lieutenant or his historian been struck in a vital point, possibly this testimony might never have been given.

The fugitives soon crossed the road near the place where our friends had left it nearly four weeks before, and struck directly into the plain. They travelled on a line parallel to the eastern *sierra*, which extended a few miles towards the south, and then suddenly receded—thus forming a kind of sheltered valley connected with the plain, but constituting no part of it. At the eastern point of this triangular plateau, the mountain on both sides sloped gradually down, until there was nothing but a low ridge to pass, towards which the plain regularly ascended. This ridge passed, the traveller found himself in another valley of similar shape and equal dimensions, across which the view was bounded by a high spur of the *sierra*, jutting far into the plain, and terminating suddenly like the "curtain" of a fortification. Along this plain, and almost under the point of this spur, wound a slightly-travelled road, leading to the pass of Palomas, four miles east of Saltillo. "It was the object of our friends to find this road."

The morning was just beginning to dawn as they crossed the road; and the broken outline of the mountains was tinged with a faint white. A little longer and the trees became visible, and then long lines of sunlight, and finally the stars faded out in the west, and the view was entirely opened. Numerous diverging lines of dust were visible in different parts of the plain, where the fugitive horses were still pursuing their flight; but as they rounded the point of the mountain they disappeared, leaving the sterile plain to the south alone in sight. They were now, they thought, safe from pursuit; and the nature of the ground was such as to induce a slower pace.

Bonaro and Vernon rode along side by side in front, and Hugh and Catharina brought up the rear. The latter rode gracefully and easily, though the saddle she used had probably never received a female burden before. It is, however, no uncommon thing in Mexico, to see a woman riding upon a man's saddle; and not a few of them ride in the same posture—though, in this respect, Catharina was an exception. She kept her seat more securely than many of the fair horsewomen of our own country would have been able to do, with all the appliances of art; and the grace of her bearing was in due proportion. The spirited and active horse she rode—one of that singular breed which seems to be endowed with unlimited endurance and incredible speed—stepped lightly and surely over the large round rocks that now began to cumber the plain, or sprang actively, though carefully, over the narrow channels washed in the ground by the rains of winter.

"You would make a good dragoon," said Hugh, laughing, as her horse leaped a channel of more than ordinary width.

"Or lancer," she replied. "Seriously, though, if it were not for the fighting, I would make a good soldier of any description."

"I think you might fight a little, too," said Hugh.

"Never," she said, earnestly, "except in self-defence."

"Of course not," said Hugh. "Strife is justifiable only in self-defence."

"Rather a strange sentiment for an American soldier," she replied, with a smile.

"Not at all," he said, warmly; and went at once into a full review of the circumstances under which the war began. We need not weary the reader with a recapitulation of the arguments for and against the course of our government: the question has been made capital for political parties, and this alone is a sufficient reason for its exclusion from a work of this character. Let it suffice that Hugh placed the war upon a very narrow basis—the capture of Thornton's party in 1846, the first act of open hostility between the parties.

"I dare say you are right to defend the cause for which you fight," said Catharina, when Hugh had gone over all the ground covered by his limited view; "and I must own that I do not feel the horror of your aggression, expressed by some of my countrymen. But it seems to me but a poor defence for an aggressor, to say, that the first actual assault was committed by the other party, when that assault was provoked and sought by the aggressor. It may be right to punish him who breaks the peace; but it seems wrong to allow him who provoked the breach, to go entirely scatheless. I do not understand these things, Manning, and we may thus differ because I am ignorant; so I think we had better talk about something more interesting."

"With all my heart," said Hugh; and they turned at once to the subject uppermost in the mind of each. What that was let us not inquire; he who cannot divine it had better close the book.

They rode on for several hours, gradually approaching the ridge before spoken of, and hardly pushing their horses beyond a walk. Occasionally, indeed, they came to a stretch of level ground, over which they galloped; but they were not, when the sun was two hours high, more than twelve miles from the point at which they left the San Luis road. Here the way led them sharply round the point of a spur, and in five minutes they found themselves climbing the sides of the ridge. Their horses were, however, accustomed to such exertion, and moved rapidly and surely, where a northern horse could not have kept his feet at all. The depression in the mountain was so great as to enable them to reach the summit of the ridge in little more than half an hour after they commenced the steep ascent. They had in fact been gradually ascending for more than an hour; but, like all the mountains in that country, the activity only deserved the name, after more than half the height had been overcome. When on the top, they found a space of table-land of some extent in extent, from which they could see the plains in both directions.

"Perhaps we had better wait here for a while," suggested Bonaro. "Be-

yond this point I know nothing of the road except the general direction," I depended upon Ignacio for guidance."

"We cannot go far wrong," said Hugh, as he dismounted and lifted Catharina to the ground. "We must follow this ridge to the left, until we think ourselves opposite Saltillo, and then cross the mountain."

"I have some hope of being able to find Palomas," said Bonaro. "Let us see what we have to eat."

"Here is a small stream," said Vernon, who had been examining the rock upon which they stood, "and it is of cold water. Let us lead the horses to it."

A spring gushed out of the mountain side some hundred yards above them, and came bounding down the rocks close by them; and so this they led their thirsty horses, while Catharina examined their scanty provisions. Scanty as they were, however, they were quite sufficient—consisting of dried beef and goat's flesh, with *tortillas* and "parched" corn. A draught from a gourd filled at the fountain completed a breakfast, which was relished quite as thoroughly as ever was "tea and toast;" and in less than ten minutes Hugh and Allen were examining the plain ahead of them, with the glass which the latter had carried. They could discover nothing like a road, upon a plain which was equally dusty and void of vegetation in every part; and, concluding that their only course was to skirt the mountain, they returned to Bonaro and his daughter, who were seated where they had first dismounted. Their horses were led over the brow of the plateau, and there picketed upon the short wiry grass which covered the east side of the slope; and the whole party gave themselves up to repose, which all needed alike. Blankets and saddles were put in requisition, and for two hours their slumber was profound.

At the end of that time, Allen rose and walked to the brow of the hill which they had ascended, and swept the plain with his glass. A cloud of dust, apparently raised by a group of fifteen or twenty horses, attracted his attention, at the distance of three or four miles upon the plain. Upon examining them closely, he discovered that the horses bore riders, and that the riders were lancers, making directly for the pass within which they were reposing. He walked hastily back and waked his companions.

"We must be up and away," he said; "a company of lancers are making directly for this pass."

"They must be lost," said Hugh; "but we must go, as you say."

Subsequent events explained their presence there, without any such supposition. They were really a detachment of Minon's cavalry brigade, which was at that moment entering the Pass of Palomas—the very point they were endeavouring to reach!

In half an hour the little party was again upon the plain, riding at a swift, even gallop along the spurs of the mountain, endeavouring to get beyond view, before the lancers should reach the table which they had just left. Two hours of this pace brought them under the shelter of the mountain which here bends in towards Saltillo, and they drew their reins and dismounted, to give their horses a little rest. This, however, the hardy steeds needed but little; and in a few minutes they were again in the saddle. Hugh was anxious to reach the army, which he expected to find at Saltillo, before the battle which he knew was about to take place; and though Allen's increasing weakness precluded the idea of his joining in the strife, he was equally anxious to reach a place of rest.

They continued to skirt the plain, riding along under the broken points of the plateau, for four or five hours; when Bonaro began to gaze with more interest upon the mountain through which he expected soon to find a pass. They had travelled more than forty miles, and were, in fact, within about five miles of the pass they were seeking. Riding quietly along, the hoofs of their horses produced no sound in the dust; they could hear even the wind sighing along the plain, and whispering among the cactus leaves. The anxiety to cross the ridge, and search for the passage, made them silent and thoughtful.

"What was that?" exclaimed Hugh, suddenly pulling up, and listening to a rumbling sound, which rolled down the mountain side and reverberated in the gorges.

"The battle has begun," said Allen; "that was a heavy gun."

"Let us hasten on, then!" exclaimed Hugh, striking his spurs into his horse. "At least we know where we are; Saltillo lies directly across the mountain, and Palomas is close by."

"Look this way, *Senor*," said Bonaro, pointing to the plain. "Is not that a squadron of lancers?"

"It is, by Jove!" exclaimed Hugh, "coming right upon us too! And here is another cloud of dust!"

"And behind us is another," said Catharina quietly.

"Here is still another detachment," said Allen, pointing to the south. "They are all around us; we must take to the mountain."

"Yes," said Hugh, "and quickly, too; for that gun has put these fellows behind us into a gallop."

As he spoke, he turned his horse sharply round a projecting point and galloped in between it and another—the two forming a kind of ravine whose level bed was covered with bright yellow sand. Up this they galloped, until it became too narrow for them to ride abreast; then Hugh led the party in single file for nearly a mile, ascending rapidly, and soon compelled to slacken his speed, by the stones that encumbered the ground. A few hundred yards more, and they were suddenly brought to a stand by an almost perpendicular bank which rose directly before and on each side of them.

"Curses on such a country as this!" exclaimed Hugh impatiently; "a man cannot ride a mile over it, without being stopped by a stone wall or a bottomless ravine."

(To be continued.)



# THE HOLY SEPULCHRE OF JERUSALEM.

## THE HOLY SEPULCHRE OF JERUSALEM.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem—  
Once she was all thine own;  
Her love thy dearest heritage,  
Her power thy glory's throne.  
Thine eye came and blighted  
Thy long-loved olive-tree;  
And Salem's shrines were lighted  
For other gods than Thee. — Moore.

No city ever endured such terrible catastrophes. The first capture of Jerusalem we read of in that by Joshua, about the year of the world 2484: the second, that by the people of Jehu, after the death of Joshua: the third, that by David: the fourth, that by Lescar, King of Egypt, who sacked the city in the reign of Rehoboam, 8264 A.M.: the fifth, that by Josiah, King of Israel, 3210 A.M.: the sixth, that by the Assyrians, in the time of Manasseh, about 3261 A.M.: the seventh, that by Nabuchodonosor of Babylon, in 3136 A.M.: the eighth, that again by Nabuchodonosor, in 3138 A.M., when the walls were demolished, the temple, palace, and principal edifices committed to the flames: the ninth, that by Antiochus Epiphanes, 3586 A.M., when the restored city, under Zorobabel and Esdras, was again sacked: the tenth, that by Judas Maccabeus, shortly after the former: the eleventh catastrophe, when Pompey let loose his army on its inhabitants, in the year of Rome 690: the twelfth similar calamity, when Herod of Ascalon took possession of it, but subsequently restored much of its former magnificence: the thirteenth, that by Titus, when the Divine vengeance made the Romans the ministers of its consuming wrath, in the year of our Lord 70; and all the scourges of war, carnage, and captivity, preceded by famine and pestilence, fell on the devoted city: the fourteenth signal calamity, that which fell on the remnant of the Jewish people abiding in the ruins of Jerusalem, when revolting against the Romans under Barchochebas, the Jews were put to the sword by the Emperor Adrian, in the year 132, when all of their nation were interdicted the entry into the city of *Ælia*, which Adrian had commenced rebuilding on the site of the ancient Jerusalem: the fifteenth capture was that by Chosroes the Second, King of Persia, in 614 A.D.: the sixteenth, that by the Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, 647 A.D.: the eighteenth, that by the Greek Emperor, Zimisces, some years prior to 970: the nineteenth, that by the Fatimite Khalifes of Egypt, in 976: the twentieth, that by the Soldjouk Turks, in 1071: the twenty-first, that by the Fatimites, under Khalif al Moustali, in 1096: the twenty-second capture, by the Crusaders, in 1099 A.D., when Godfrey of Boulogne was elected king of Jerusalem: the twenty-third, that by the Saracens in 1187 A.D.: the twenty-fourth by the Turks, 1244: the twenty-fifth that by the Egyptians in our own time.

The talented author of the "Eastern Rambles," now in course of publication in the *Family Tutor*, observes:

"From the earliest ages, all Christian pilgrims have turned their thoughts towards the sepulchre of our Saviour, and happy the man who was enabled to visit the 'Holy Shrine,' and worship at other sacred spots. In the present day, thousands flock to bow down in the Sepulchre of our Lord, and many perish in the attempt."

"It does not come within the province of the writer of these pages to comment upon the 'mishy' and 'mishy' things related to him, or descant upon the reality of the spots pointed out; therefore it is proposed only to take a cursory glance of the places as they were visited."

"Passing through the motley groups in the crowd, our party went under the painted Saracenic archway of the edifice, and entered its precincts; in doing

so, we could not help observing the beautiful frieze in low relief, representing the triumphant entry of our Saviour into Jerusalem, which was placed over the doorway."

"We had scarcely entered the building by the gateway (1) and passed the stone seat (2) on which the Turkish tell-gatherers seat themselves, and away the dreary hours they remain there, than we saw before us, the 'stone unction,' (3) on which, it is said, the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the sepulchre. (John xix. 39.) Around this precious relic is a low rail, and at either end are three large candlesticks and tapers, the gifts of Christian princes. Here the pilgrims kneel, prostrate themselves on their faces, kiss the 'stone of anointing,' and offer up their prayers. Space compels us to abridge the description of the interior of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem; but the particulars we have given may be relied upon for their accuracy, being derived from personal knowledge."

"No sooner does the weary pilgrim enter Jerusalem, than, regardless of everything else, he hastens to behold the spot where the Saviour of

Man kind was laid. It is a natural feeling, but is not conscious. To behold the sepulchre to advantage, the pilgrim should visit the environs and each sacred spot first—the hills, the ruinous walls, the convents, and the various historical sites—reserving his visit to the Holy Sepulchre last—

"The twilight star from Harpash's peak,  
Comes mildly o'er the glistening earth  
And weary hitherlings joy to seek  
Their dear domestic hearth."

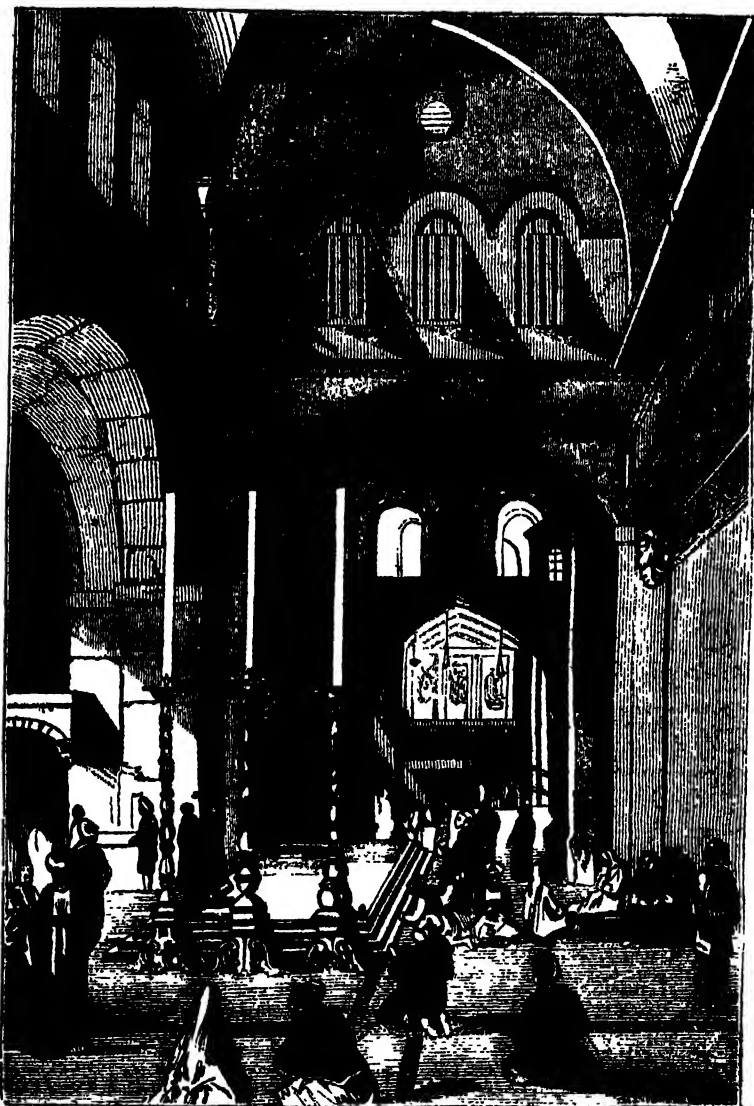
Then the feelings so long pent  
Up will find vent; the soothing  
Power of religion will subdue the  
Passions that have racked the  
Now repentant pilgrims; and  
When he leaves the precincts of  
That edifice, the remembrance of  
His visit will be more indelible.  
But, as Sir Walter Raleigh said:

"Give me my scallop-shell of gale,  
My staff of faith to walk upon;  
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;  
My bottle of salvation;  
My gown of glory (hope's true gear);  
And then I'll take my pilgrimage."

"The interior of the sepulchre is nearly square. It is six feet, wanting an inch, in length, and six feet, wanting two inches, in breadth, and from the floor to the roof, eight feet one inch. There is a solid block of the same stone, which was left in excavating the other part: this is two feet four inches and a half high, and occupies half of the sepulchre, for it is six feet, wanting one inch, in length, and two feet and five-sixths wide. On this table the body of our Lord was laid, with the head towards the west, and the feet to the east; but, on account of the superstitious devotion of the Orientals, who imagine that, if they leave their hair upon this stone, God will never forsake them, and also, because the pilgrims broke off pieces, it has received a covering of white marble, on which many are now celebrated. Forty-four lamps,

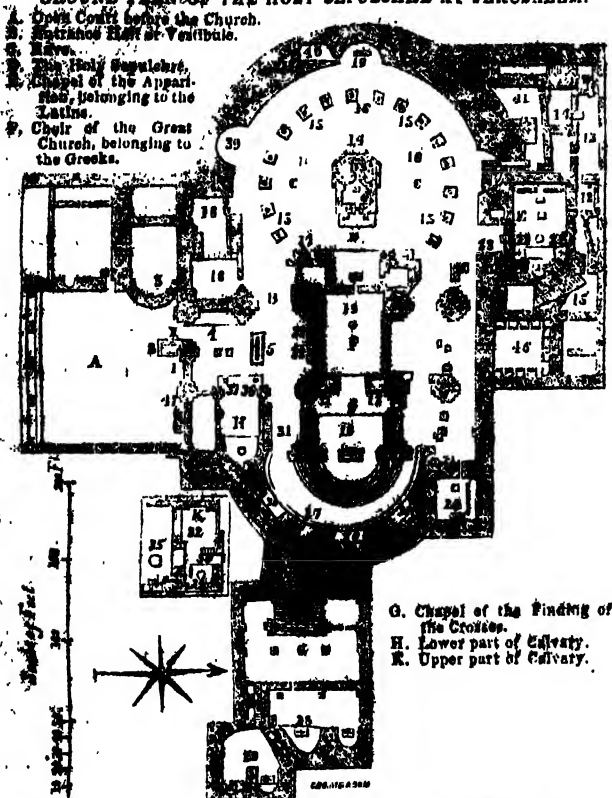
principally of silver, and richly chased, are constantly burning in this sacred place, and three holes have been made in the roof for the emission of the smoke. The exterior of the sepulchre is also faced with slabs of marble, and adorned with several columns, having a dome above. A tripod supports the stone on which the Angel is believed to have reclined; its surface is only one span and a half long, and one broad. The sepulchre is lined with marble, and covered with light blue silk, powdered with white flowers. Just over the part where the body was deposited, is a small painting, tolerably well executed; it is the production of a Spanish artist, and represents our Saviour's triumph over death and the grave."

"The origin of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is of high antiquity. The author of the "Epitome of the Holy Wars" asserts, that forty years after the destruction of Jerusalem by Vespasian and Titus, the Christians obtained permission of Adrian to build, or rather to rebuild, a church over the tomb of their God, and to enclose, in the new city, the other places of interest to the Christians. This church, he adds, was enlarged and repaired by Constantine, the mother of Constantine."



"To remove this sepulchre from infidel hands; was, it will be remembered, the paramount object sought by the Crusaders. It is presumed to contain not only the sepulchre, but the scene of the Crucifixion. The irregular form shows how the building has been extended in places, in order to embrace various spots connected with Christ's death and burial."

#### GROUND PLAN OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.



1. Gateway.
2. Second Yard.
3. A ruined Tower, the ancient Bakery.
4. Divan of the Turkish Toll-keepers.
5. Signs of Unction.
6. Aisle-Chapel.
7. Sepulchral Chamber.
8. Tomb of our Saviour.
9. Tomb of Joseph.
10. Sepulchral Chamber.
11. Chamber of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem.
12. Chamber of the Greek Patriarch.
13. Centre of the World.
14. Chamber of the Copts.
15. Chamber.
16. Pilasters.
17. Altar of the Armenians.
18. Altar of the Armenians.
19. Altar of the Syrians, Georgians, and Nestorians.
20. Altar of the Holy Sacrament.
21. Altar of the Holy Cross.
22. Altar of the Flagellation.
23. Sacristy.
24. Altar of the Prison of Christ.
25. Altar of the Inscription over the Cross.

26. Altar of the Finding of the Crosses.
27. Steps leading to the Chapel of the Finding of the Crosses, below.
28. Altar of St. John.
29. Cavity where the Crosses were found.
30. Chapel of St. John.
31. Steps leading up to Calvary.
32. Chapel of the Crucifixion.
33. Place of the Three Crosses.
34. Rent in the Rock.
35. Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross.
36. Tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon.
37. Tomb of Baldwin, his brother.
38. Tomb of the Kings of Jerusalem.
39. Spot where the disciples contemplated the Crucifixion.
40. Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea.
41. Chamber.
42. Entrance to the Apartments of the Disciples.
43. Stairs leading to upper Galleries.
44. Stairs leading to upper Rooms.
45. Former entrance to the Church, enclosed.
46. Entrance to the Chapel of our Lady.

**CALLING OF THE QUEEN BEES.**—I have never been able to see what was going on at the time this calling took place but once. As our bees are not very many the house, it is my practice, in evening time (when I have any reason to expect a swarm), to walk to the apiary about ten o'clock, to ascertain if any hives are very busy, in which case I place some one to work near the spot. Going one morning to a hive I expected to send forth a swarm, I was amused at the sound of "peep, peep." Feeling interested in what might be the result, I continued my observations till the swarm came out; but I thought it is probable it had been going on for a considerable time before. This sound of "peep, peep," came from an old queen, whom I could plainly see going down one part of the hive to the other; running in a hurried manner, as though anxious to escape, and uttering the call in a hoarse kind of way every time she stopped. During the time this was going on, there was another sound of "peep, peep," of a shriller kind, from a fixed point; but it was in the interior of the hive, and consequently, out of the reach of my observation. This continued about an hour, when the swarm issued forth; but whether the queen who ought to have accompanied it was destroyed in the hive, or lost after she came out, I cannot say; but almost as soon as the bees were out, they returned to the parent stock, but never after made an attempt to swarm, neither was there any more confusion in the hive, nor sound of "peep" from either old or young queens, but all went on as peacefully as though nothing had happened.—*Gardeners' Magazine.*

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 501.)

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next morning, I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility and impropriety of it; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

"Excuse me," returned I; "these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected, returns to enrich the giver's bosom; and though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their majesty; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon, is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will; perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul?"

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival; and each prepared with some good trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my back. A third would cry "Amen" in such an affected tone, as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest; for observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place. However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do, but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded, and in less than six days some were penitent; and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling; and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last trade of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pipes for tobaccoists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and when manufactured, sold by my appointment; so that each earned something every day—a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find or make men guilty, which incarcerate wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands, we should see, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance if guilty, or new motives to virtue if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishment, is the way to mend a state. Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right over social combinations have assumed, of punishing offenders in a summary manner. In cases of murder, their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who has shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact, because no man has a right to barter his life any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And, beside, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling convenience, since it is far better that two men should live than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between a hundred, or a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate, or avenge cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace, and in all commanding governments that bore the print of nature still strong upon them, scarcely any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are

in the hands of the rich, and laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the momentum of age; and as if our property was become dearer in proportion as it increased; as if the more enormous our wealth the more extensive our fears; all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both; for they mutually produce each other. When, by indiscriminate penal laws, a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of all morality. Thus the multitude of the laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice, instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion came to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance;—it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a resistor. We should then find that creatures, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

HAPPINESS AND MISERY RATHER THE RESULT OF PRUDENCE THAN VIRTUE, IN THIS LIFE; TEMPORAL EVILS OR FELICITIES BEING REGARDED BY HEAVEN AS THINGS MERELY IN THEMSELVES TRIFLING, AND UNWORTHY ITS CARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not since my arrival been visited by my dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her. Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

"I am glad to see thee, my dear," cried I; "but why this dejection, Livy? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we may yet see happier days."

"You have ever, sir," replied she, "been kind to me, and it adds to my pain that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr. Thornhill; it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying."

"Never! child," replied I; "never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am no way miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated on my obstinacy in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me.

"Besides," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even, in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of; yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving a sanction to adultery. While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely to avoid a prison myself; and thus, to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand?"

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner.

"However," continued he, "though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objections to laying your case before the uncle, who has the best character in the kingdom for everything that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the next opportunity all his power, his wealth, and my life for it, that in three days you shall have an answer."

I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about composing a submission; but, unfortunately, all our money had been laid out in provisions; however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety to know what reception my letter might meet with; but in the meantime, my wife, who was solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than see me confined, and every hour received repeated accounts of the declining state of my health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter: the complaints of a stranger, against a fortune, however, so likely to succeed, so that these hopes soon vanished like illusive smoke. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and pain began to make a visible alteration in my health, and perhaps that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, set by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened attentively to my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine; every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Mr. Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was exceedingly ill. It was that confinement was truly painful to me; my soul was burning to see its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her, soul the way to Heaven. Another account came: She was expiring, and yet I was departed the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with that account. He bade me be patient: She was dead!—The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, new in my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep.

"And is not my sister an angel now, papa?" cried the eldest; "and why, then, are you sorry for her? I wish I were an angel; out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me."

"Yes," added my youngest darling, "Heaven, where my sister fell, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there; and the people here are very bad."

Mr. Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining for want of necessities and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resentment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support; and that I was now, both by reason and duty, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

"Heaven be praised," replied I, "there is no pride left me now; I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now; and though he has taken from me what I hold dearer than all his treasures; though he has wrong my heart,—for I am almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner,—yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage, and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it."

Mr. Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr. Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter, which, when Mr. Thornhill had read, he said that my submission was now too late and unnecessary; that he had already applied to his uncle, which met with the contempt it deserved; and for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his uncle, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

"Well, sir," said I to my fellow-prisoner, "you now discover the temper of the man that oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel; but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter, I approach it: this expectation cheers my afflictions; and though I leave the helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken, some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their dear Father."

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak.

"Why, my love," cried I, "why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own? What though no submissions can turn out severe matter, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more."

"We have indeed lost," returned she, "a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest is gone; snatched from us, carried off by ruffians—"

"How, madam," cried my fellow-prisoner, "Miss Sophia carried off by villains!—sure it cannot be!"

She could only answer with a fixed look and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoners, a woman who was present, and came in with her, told us the sad account; she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and myself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the



village, a postchaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped. Upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr. Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bade the postillion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

"Now," cried I, "the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of anything on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not to leave me one!—The monster!—The child that was next my heart! she had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel. But support that woman, nor let her fall.—Not to leave me one!"

"Alas, my husband!" said my wife, "you seem to want comfort even more than I. Our distresses are great; but I could bear this and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you."

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate her grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.

"My child," cried I, "look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?"

"My dear father," returned he, "I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from my brother George."

"What of him, child?" interrupted I: "does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers."

"Yes, sir," returned he, "he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenantcy that becomes vacant."

"And are you sure of all this?" cried my wife: "Are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?"

"Nothing, indeed, madam," returned my son: "you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure; and if anything can procure you comfort, I am sure that will."

"But are you sure," still repeated she, "that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?"

"Yes, madam," replied he, "it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and support of our family."

"Then I thank Providence," cried she, "that my last letter to him has miscarried.—Yes, my dear," continued she, turning to me. "I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother's blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him that directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest."

"Woman!" cried I, "thou hast done very ill, and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have buried thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort, when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left? he has no sisters now; they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone."

"Father," interrupted my son, "I beg you will give me leave to read this letter; I know it will please you."

Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows:

"HONOURED SIR,

"I HAVE called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fire-side at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every Rao of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress! But whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

"Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom. The colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and after my first visit I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I forget you know whom, I might be, perhaps, successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends; and in this number, I fear, sir, that I must consider you; for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home, to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia too promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am at this moment in a most violent passion with them: yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that after all I love them affectionately, and be assured of my ever remaining

"Your dutiful Son."

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the supporter of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him. May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour!"

I had scarcely said these words, when a noise like that of a tumult seemed to proceed from the prison-yard; it died away soon after, and a clanking of arms was heard along the passages that led to my apartment. The keeper

of the prison, entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son.

"My George! my George! and do I behold thee thus? Wounded!—fettered! Is this thy happiness? Is this the manner you return to me? O that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die!"

"Where, sir, is your fortitude?" returned my son, with an intrepid voice. "I must suffer; my life is forfeited, and let them take it."

I tried to restrain my passions for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort.

"O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus, and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment when I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again! Chained!—wounded! And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day! To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children! May he live, like me, to see—"

"Hold, sir," replied my son, "or I shall blush for thee. How, sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer; to arm me with hope and resolution; to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion."

"My child, you must not die: I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him."

"Mine, sir," returned my son, "is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother's letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me, which he answered, not in person, but by dispatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me; the proofs are undeniable; I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude; let me now, sir, find them in your example."

"And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here; and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggarly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share.—Good gaoler, let them be permitted to stand here while I attempt to improve them."

Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled themselves according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel: my son and his mother supported me on either side; I looked, and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE EQUAL DEALINGS OF PROVIDENCE DEMONSTRATED WITH REGARD TO THE HAPPY AND THE MISERABLE HERE BELOW. THAT FROM THE NATURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN THE WRETCHED MUST BE REPAID THE BALANCE OF THEIR SUFFERINGS IN THE LIFE HEREAFTER.

"My friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for; but we daily see thousands, who, by suicide, show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blest, but yet we may be completely miserable.

"Why man should thus feel pain; why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves;—these are questions that never can be explained, and might be useless, if known. On this subject, Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

"In this situation man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy, and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for, if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, setting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is in a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror.

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

and find that he has anticipated the vengeance of heaven. "To religion, then, we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus, to the fortunate, religion holds out a continuance of bliss; to the wretched, a change from pain."

"But though religion is very kind to all men, it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy: the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend, and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect, that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter."

"But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrows lays himself quietly down, without possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure: he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often faintly under before; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility."

"Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life—greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is no infall advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy."

"Thus, my friends, you see religion does what philosophy could never do: it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intensity."

"These are, therefore, the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects, they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessities of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dark vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us that we can resist all these. Alas! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain. Death is slight, and any man may sustain it; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure."

"To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear; for if our reward be in this life alone, we are then indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify as well as to confine us; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, O, my friends! what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these. To fly through regions unconfined as air, to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss, to carol over endless hymns of praise, to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes! when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support; when I think of these things what is there in life worth having? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away? Kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them."

"And shall these things be ours? Ours they will certainly be if we but try for them; and what is a comfort, we are shut out from many temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and what is still a comfort, shortly too: for if we look back on a past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration: as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end; we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and like his horizon still rises before him; yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall shake free from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread as to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure of our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such

as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and all crowns all, unending."

### CHAPTER XXX.

HAPPIER PROSPECTS BEGIN TO APPEAR. LET US BE INTERESTED, AND FORTUNE WILL AT LAST CHANGE IN OUR FAVOUR.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the gaoler, who was one of the most humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty, observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but that he should be permitted to revisit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again therefore laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bedside reading, when Mr. Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. I had scarcely delivered this news, when the gaoler came with looks of pain and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Messes came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend, Mr. Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure.

"Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety."

A kiss from Mr. Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her own, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr. Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend: we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face; yet I hope you will forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who under the mask of friendship has undone me."

"It is impossible," cried Mr. Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it."

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble, but now I find it so. But tell me, my dear child, how thou hast been relieved, or who the ruffians were who carried thee away."

"Indeed, sir," cried she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am ignorant. For, as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind me and almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road to whom I cried out for assistance, but they disregarded my intreaties. In the meantime the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out: he flattered and threatened by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent he intended no harm. In the meantime I had broken the canvass that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend Mr. Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times, upon which with a very loud voice he bid the postilion stop; the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us, when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr. Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knock the postilion to the ground. The horses when he was fallen soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire; but Mr. Burchell, running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too; but Mr. Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me at least to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr. Burchell's compassion, who, at my request, exchanged him for another, at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child! and thou her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes! Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr. Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think her a recompense, she is yours: if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her, obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true, but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, sir," cried Mr. Burchell, "that you are apprized of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves."

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal, and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if he could not be furnished with

retirements from the next inn; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me; adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and, though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner: a table was lent us by the gaoler, who seemed remarkably assiduous; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and she all seemed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr. Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted, and the gaoler granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him; while Mr. Burchell, in the meantime asked me if my son's name was George; to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr. Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence.

"Conio on," cried I, "my son; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer: to that brave man it is due I am indebted for yet having a daughter; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship; he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance.

"My dear brother," cried his sister, "why don't you thank my good deliverer? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen anything so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity; yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air:

"I again find," said he, "unthinking boy, that the same crime—"

But here he was interrupted by one of the gaoler's servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon.

"Did the fellow wilt," cried our guest, "till I shall have leisure to receive him;" and then turning to my son, "I again find, sir," proceeded he, "that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproach, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another; but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? Is it any diminution of the gamester's fraud, when he alleges that he has staked a counter?"

"Alas, sir," cried I, "whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessings, to avenge her quarrel. Here, sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over.

"This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I live, at his little dwelling, enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery; and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprised of my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived. It would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination: if there be injury, there shall be redress; and thus I may say without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarcely any were strangers. The poor Mr. Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senators listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who, as the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension; but Sophia, who a few moments before thought him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her fears.

"Ah, sir," cried my wife, with a piteous aspect, "how is it possible that I can ever have your acquaintance? The slight you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you fit our house, and the jokes which I and my daughter threw out—oh, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven."

"My best good lady," returned he, with a smile, "if you had your joke, I had my answer: I'll leave it to all the company if mine were not as

good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present, but the fellow who so frightened my girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal's person so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "I can't be positive; yet now I recollect he had a large mark over one of his eyebrows."

"I ask pardon, madam," interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, "but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair?"

"Yes, I think so," cried Sophia.

"And did your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "observe the length of his legs?"

"I can't be sure of their length," cried the Baronet, "but I am convinced of their swiftness; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done."

"Please your honour," cried Jenkinson, "I know the man; it is certainly the same; the best runner in England; he has beaten Pinfre of Newcastle; Timothy Baxter is his name. I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr. Gaoler let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at farthest."

Upon this the gaoler was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him.

"Yes, please your honour," replied the gaoler, "I know Sir William Thornhill well, and everybody that knows anything of him will desire to know more of him."

"Well then," said the Baronet, "my request is, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority; and as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."

"Your promise is sufficient," replied the other, "and you may, at a moment's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit."

In pursuance of the gaoler's compliance, Jenkinson was dispatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up Sir William's neck, in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee,

"What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, "do you remember your old friend Burchell? and Dick too, my honest veteran, are you here? you shall find I have not forgot you."

So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows eat very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription, for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the gaoler himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the Baronet complied, and desired Mr. Thornhill to be introduced.

(To be continued.)

## LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart be beautiful,

I care not for the face;  
I ask not what the form may lack  
Of dignity or grace.

If the mind be fill'd with glowing thoughts,  
And the soul with sympathy,  
What matter though the cheek be pale,  
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

Though the cheek, the cheek be beautiful,  
It soon may lose its bloom,  
And the lustre of the eye be quenched  
In the darkness of the tomb;

But the glory of the mind will live  
Though the bloom of life depart;  
And oh! the charm can never die  
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter kindly thoughts  
Have a beauty all their own—  
For gentle words are sweeter far  
Than music's softest tones;  
And though the voice be harsh or shrill  
That bids the oppress'd go free;  
And soother the woes of the sorrowing one,  
That voice is sweet to me.

HOW THEY CATCH BIG CONSTRUCTORS.—A large Python has recently been received in Baltimore from Liberia, and the following extract from a letter from a Liberian colonist gives a graphic description of the manner in which they were caught:—"Now, sir, let me tell you how I caught a big snake—a real boa constrictor. I was out hunting with my hounds; they were running a deer; I caught sight of him, and jumped on a Bug-a-Bug-hill to get a fair shot at him. The top of the hill broke in, and something blowed like a steamboat. I just looked and got sight of the varmint, a big boa and lots of little ones. I snatched off my overcoat and stopped up the hole, piling dirt on top; I then found two more holes, and stopped them up too. I then broke home, called all my boys, and made a long box of plank. Took it back, drove up some forks at one of the holes, and jammed the open end of the box in. I then built a big fire in the other hole, and soon roasted the old one out, shutting down the trap-door I had made in the box as soon as she was fairly in. We then gave three cheers. I counted forty-four young ones, and some ran into the box with her."



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# THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## DEATH.

As the word Life is employed in a double sense to denote the actions or phenomena by which it is developed, and the cause of these phenomena, so the old English word Death is used familiarly to express two or more meanings. The first of these is the transition from the living to the lifeless or inanimate state—the act, that is, of dying; the second, the condition of an organized body which has ceased to live, while organization yet remains, and symmetry still displays itself, and the admirable structure of its parts is not yet destroyed by decomposition, or resolved into the original and primary elements from which it was moulded,

"Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

We occasionally speak of "dead matter" in the sense of inorganic; but this is merely a rhetorical or metaphorical phrase. That which has never lived cannot properly be said to be dead.

In the following essay, I shall use the word chiefly in the first of the senses above indicated. It will often be convenient to employ it in the second also; but in doing so, I will be careful so to designate its bearing as to avoid any confusion. The context will always prevent any misunderstanding on this point.

Death may be considered physiologically, pathologically, and psychologically. We are obliged to regard it and speak of it as the uniform correlative, and, indeed, the necessary consequence, or final result of life; the act of dying as the rounding off, or termination of the act of living. But it ought to be remarked, that this conclusion is derived, not from any understanding or comprehension of the relevancy of the asserted connection, nor from a *posteriori* reasoning applicable to the inquiry, but merely *a posteriori* as the result of universal experience. All that has lived has died; and, therefore, all that lives must die.

The solid rock on which we tread, and with which we rear our palaces and temples, what is it often when microscopically examined, but a congeries of the fossil remains of innumerable animal tribes! The soil from which, by tillage, we derive our vegetable food, is scarcely anything more than a mere mixture of the decayed and decaying fragments of former organic being; the shells and exuvie, the skeletons and fibres and exsiccated juices of extinct life.

The earth itself, in its whole habitable surface, is little else than the mighty sepulchre of the past; and

"All that tread  
The globe are but a handful to the tribes.  
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings  
Of morning, and the Purban desert places,  
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods  
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound  
Save his own dashings—yet, the dead are there;  
And millions in those solitudes, since first  
The flight of years began, have laid them down  
To their last sleep: the dead reign there alone."

Four millions of Egyptians cultivate the valley of the great river on whose banks, amidst the fertilizing dust of myriads of their progenitors, there are calculated still to exist, in a state of preservation, not less than four hundred to five hundred millions of mummies. The "City of the Tombs" is far more populous than the neighbouring streets even of crowded Constantinople; and the cemeteries of London and the catacombs of Paris are filled to overflowing. The trees which gave shade to our predecessors of a few generations back lie prostrate; and the dug and horse, the playmate and the

servant of our childhood, are but dust. Death surrounds and sustains us. We derive our nourishment from the destruction of living organisms, and from this source alone.

And who is there among us that has reached the middle term of existence, that may not, in the touching passage of Carlyle, "measure the saddest epoch of his life-journey by the white tombs of his beloved ones, rising in the distance like pale, mournfully recurring instances?"

When Wilkie was in the Escorial," says Southey, "looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper in the refectory there, an old Jesuit monk said to him, 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years; during that time my companions have dropped off one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged. I look at them, till I sometimes think that they are the real persons and we but shadows.'"

I have stated that there is no reason known to us why Death should always "found the sum of life." Up to a certain point of their duration, various in each separate set of instances, and in the comparison of extremes, various prodigiously, the vegetable and animal organisms not only sustain themselves, but expand and develop themselves, grow and increase, enjoying a better and better life, advancing and progressive. Wherefore is it that at this period all progress is completely arrested; that thereafter they waste, deteriorate, and fail? Why should they thus decline and decay with unerring uniformity upon their attaining their highest perfection, their most intense activity? This ultimate law is equally mysterious and inexorable. It is true the Sacred Writings tell us of Enoch, "whom God took, and he was not;" and of Elijah, who was transported through the upper air in a chariot of fire; and of Melchisedek, the most extraordinary personage whose name is recorded, "without father, without mother, without descent: having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." We read the history without conceiving the faintest hope from these exceptions to the universal rule. Yet our fancy has always exulted in visionary evasions of it, by furling for ourselves creations of immortal maturity, youth, and beauty, residing in Elysian fields of unending spring, amidst the fruition of perpetual vigour. We would drink, in imagination, of the sparkling fountain of rejuvenescence; nay, boldly dare the terror of Medea's cauldron. We echo, in every despairing heart, the ejaculation of the expiring Wolcott, "Bring back my youth!"

Reflection, however, cannot fail to reconcile us to our ruthless destiny. There is another law of our being, not less unrelenting, whose yoke is even harsher and more intolerable, from whose pressure Death alone can relieve us, and in comparison with which the absolute certainty of dying becomes a glorious blessing. Of whatever else we may remain ignorant, each of us, for himself, comes to feel, realize, and know unequivocally that all his capacities, both of action and enjoyment, are transient, and tend to pass away; and when our thirst is satisfied, we turn disgusted from the bitter lees of the cup fragrant and sparkling cup. I am aware of Parnell's offered analogy—

"The tree of deepest root is found  
Unwilling most to leave the ground."

and of Rush's notion, who imputes to the aged such an augmenting love of life that he is at a loss to account for it, and suggests, quaintly enough, that it may depend upon custom, the great moulder of our desires and propensities; and that the infirm and decrepit "love to live on, because they have acquired a habit of living." His assumption is wrong in point of fact. He loses sight of the important principle that old age is a relative term; and that one man may be more superannuated, farther advanced in natural decay, at sixty, than another at one hundred years. Parr might well rejoice at being alive, and exult in the prospect of continuing to live, at one hundred and thirty, being capable, as is affirmed, even of the enjoyment of sexual life at that age; but he who has had his "three sufficient warnings," who is deaf, lame, and blind; who, like the monk of the Escorial, has lost all his extemporaries, and is condemned to hopeless solitude, and oppressed with the consciousness of dependence and imbecility, must look on Death not as a curse, but a refuge. Of one hundred and thirty-three suicides occurring in Geneva from 1825 to 1834, more than half were above fifty years of age; thirty-four, from fifty to sixty; nineteen, from sixty to seventy; nine, from seventy to eighty; three, from eighty to ninety; in all, sixty-five. The mean term of life in that city being about thirty-five to forty, this bears an immense proportion to the actual population above fifty, and exhibits forcibly an opposite condition of feeling to that alleged by Rush, a weariness of living, a desire to die, rather than an anxiety, or even willingness to live.

I once knew an old man, of about one hundred and four, who, retained many of his faculties. He could read ordinary print without glasses, walked firmly, rode well, and could even leap with some agility. When I last parted with him, I wished him twenty years more; upon which he grasped my hand closely, and declared he would not let me go until I had retraced or reversed the prayer.

Strolling with my venerable and esteemed colleague, Prof. Stephen Elliott, one afternoon, through a field on the banks of the river Ashley, we came upon a negro basking in the sun, the most ancient-looking personage I have ever seen. Our attempts, with his aid, to calculate his age, were of course conjectural; but we were satisfied that he was far above one hundred. Bald, toothless, nearly blind, bent almost horizontally, and scarcely capable of locomotion, he was absolutely alone in the world, living by permission upon a piece, from which the generation to which his master and fellow-servant belonged, had long since disappeared. He expressed many an earnest wish for death, and declared, emphatically, that he "was afraid God Almighty had forgotten him."

(To be continued.)

## ONWARD!

**FRENCH SANITARY CONGRESS.**—A Sanitary Congress sat last winter at Paris, with the view of deliberating on the establishment of uniform legislation for all the countries on the shores of the Mediterranean, on the subject of quarantine regulations. As a result of the consultations, M. David was sent to Vienna to negotiate with the Austrian government. The French proposals have been favourably received, and it is probable that some general international laws may be agreed on as to this subject of common importance.

**THE THAMES TUNNEL.**—A project is on foot to complete the approaches to the Thames Tunnel on both sides of the river. A very large traffic is constantly going on between the Surrey side of the Thames and Wapping, Limehouse, Poplar, &c., all of which has now to be conveyed an unnecessary circuit of nearly six miles. London-bridge would be relieved of a great portion of this traffic by the opening of such a communication, which would also give to Southwark and its outlying districts a short and easy access to and from the East and West India Dock Railway terminus, and thence to the whole network of railways north of the Thames.

**DECREASE OF INTemperance IN EDINBURGH.**—We are glad to observe that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh reports a change for the better in the intemperance laid to the charge of the Scottish capital. His lordship states that he had called a meeting of the justices of the peace, and also of the spirit-dealers, to whom he had represented the national scandal produced by intemperance. As a result of this appeal, it appears that whereas on Sunday April 25th, there were 200 drinking-shops open within the city, the Sunday after the meeting there were only 91, the next 77, and the next 66, in a population of about 60,000 within the city boundaries.

**A CARBONIC-ACID GAS ENGINE.**—Years since we pointed attention to a piece of common marble as a hopeful source of useful power in place of steam, where fuel was scarce, but sulphuric or other acid abundant. In marble—a carbonate of lime,—or in carbonate of soda, we have an abundance of "fixed air," as carbonic-acid gas was once called,—air fixed, but easily set free,—a sort of bottled wind,—wherever cylinders might be filled, and machinery worked. The idea has been lately realized, we know not with what success, by a Mr. J. F. Lockstein, who has patented certain apparatus for obtaining power by the use of carbonic-acid gas, generated, as he prefers, from carbonate of soda, in solution, by means of sulphuric acid, but also from other carbonates, such as that of lime, and by means of other acids besides the sulphuric. The products are in many cases so valuable as to greatly economise the working power. The operation of the acids on the apparatus is of course guarded against, in this case, by protection with platinum or gold. Enamelled iron, such as acid conserves are made in for household use, would be cheaper than either gold or platinum.—*Athenæum*

**OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH.**—By far the most important work connected with the Observatory during the past year, has been the effecting a galvanic connection with London and the Continent. To this most important object the Astronomer Royal devoted much time and attention. It appears that four insulated wires are now laid in the ground, at depths varying from three to five feet, at a line commencing at the ground-floor of the north dome (now called the galvanic room), across the front court, along the centres of the great avenues of the park, and across Blackheath, to the Lewisham station; from which point two wires are carried, sometimes on poles and sometimes in grooved boards, to the London-bridge terminus, where the connections will be made either with the long Dover wires communicating with the Continent, or with the wires which extend to the Central Telegraph Station. In connection with this work is the transmission of accurate Greenwich mean time, by galvanic signals, to London and elsewhere. For this purpose a clock has been constructed, possessing the two properties of exhibiting accurate time and completing galvanic circuits at certain determinate instants of that time. Mr. Shephard undertook the construction of such a clock. The former condition is obtained by a mechanical action on the pendulum, and the latter by breaking the galvanic circuit at three places.

**ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO THE CAPTURE OF WHALES.**—The *New Bedford* (U.S.) *Mercury* gives an account of some interesting experiments, illustrating the effect of electricity to facilitate the capture of the whale. The most prominent features of this new method are thus described:—"Every whale, at the moment of being struck by the harpoon, is rendered powerless, as by a stroke of lightning, and, therefore, his subsequent escape or loss, except by sinking, is wholly impracticable; and the process of lancing and securing him is entirely unattended with danger. The arduous labour involved in a long chase in the capture of a whale is superseded, and, consequently, the inconvenience and danger of the boats losing sight of or becoming separated from the ship is avoided. One or two boats only would be required to be lowered at a time, and therefore a less number both of officers and men than heretofore employed, would be ample for the purposes of the voyage. The electricity is conveyed to the body of the whale from an electro-galvanic battery contained in the boat, by means of a metallic wire attached to the harpoon, and so arranged as to reconduct the electric current from the whale through the sea to the machine. The machine itself is simple and compact in construction, enclosed in a strong chest weighing about 360 lbs., and occupying a space in the boat of about 3½ feet long, by 2 feet in width, and the same in height. It is capable of throwing into the body of the whale eight tremendous strokes of electricity in a second, or 360 strokes in a minute, paralyzing in an instant the muscles of the whale, and depriving it of all power of motion, if not actually of life."

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BIGOTRY

The slaves of custom and established usage,  
With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,  
Crooked or straight, through quagmire or thorny bolls,  
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.—*Kepler's Traveller*

To follow foolish precedents, and walk  
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.—*Shelley*

My soul had drawn  
Light from the Book whose words are graved in light;  
There at the well-head had I found the dawn,  
And day, and noon, of freedom:—but too bright  
It shines on that which man to man hath given,  
And call'd the truth—the very truth from heaven,  
And therefore seeks he, in his brother's sight  
To cast the mote,—and therefore strives to blind  
With his strong chain to earth, what is not  
Earth's—the Mind.—*Mrs. Hemans*

## BIRDS

But like the birds, give it nature's happy commuters,  
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,  
Rife the sweets and taste the choicest fruits,  
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.—*Rose's Last Penitent*

Up springs the lark,  
Shrill voice d, and loud, the messenger of morn,  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounts his light  
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts  
Call up the tuneful nations.—*Thomson's Seasons*

Every copse  
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
Binding with dewy moisture o'er the heads  
Of the coy choristers that lodge within,  
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush  
And wood lark, and the kind contending throng  
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length  
Of notes when listening Philomela deigns  
To let them go, and purposes in thought  
Late, to make her night excel the day.—*Idid*

Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one  
The live-long night—nor the alone whose notes  
Nice finger d art must emulate in vain,  
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime  
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,  
The jay, the pie, and even the boddy owl  
That hails the rising moon, have chains for none.—*Couper's Lark*

I found sung the lark the awaken'd mind  
Beheld him twinkling in the morning light,  
And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.—*Southey's Thalaba*

A light broke in upon my soul—  
It was the croon of a bird,  
It ceased—and then it came again,  
The sweetest song ear ever heard.—*Byron*

See the enfranchised bird, who wildly springs  
With a keen sparkle in his glowing eye,  
And a strong effort in his quivering wings  
Up to the blue vault of the happy sky.—*Mrs. Norton*

I am the swan, whose majesty prevailing  
O'er breezy water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on, while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake,  
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of white-garniture, like fir-tree boughs,  
To which, on some unruffled morning clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snow.—*Wardsworth*

There from a neighbouring thicket the mockers-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swung aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious music,  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seem'd to listen.  
—*Longfellow's Evangeline*

This great solitude is quick with life;  
And birds that scarce have learn'd the steps of man  
Are here.—*Bryant*



# CHARADE

Without my first not man nor beast could live

It was my second who my first did give

A third man assumes my second name,

And to my first makes his restless claim

Oh! luckless they who feel the harsh control,

When collar letterless proves my grasping,  
w/o

## PASTIME

### Optical Deception

Picture a jar of a good size & ch as that is for j l i s s in place on the bottom n at the side furthest from you a single coin next it, but towards the center a shilling move to a little distance so that the eye may be directed to the jar but not sufficient to observe the coins. Let water now be poured gently which is it is in the jar will cause both the piece to appear without approaching nearer to the jar, or moving it towards you both the pieces will become visible. This phenomenon is owing to the refraction of the rays of light on entering a denser medium for while the vessel is empty, the rays proceed in a straight line but by the density of the water when full they become refracted or bent towards the coins, and consequently they become visible. It is from the same cause that ponds &c (where the bottoms can be seen) appear shallower than they actually are, and the reason why a waterman's oar appears crooked when in the water.

### REBUSES

A woven web of little fame,  
Four letters will compose my name  
Cut off my head and you will see  
A thing not much unlike to thee  
But if you take my tail instead  
You'll have a knock upon the head;  
Transpose my headless trunk, and you  
Will place before your wondering view  
A fragrant flower of purple hue  
Transpose my whole, and then appears  
What every man in England wears  
Above his eyes and nose and ears

I am myself, and no one else, 'tis true,  
Yet when you name me I shall then be you  
Invite a friend to dine with you—and see!  
Even while you ask him you are changed to me.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE TWO OF DIAMONDS—A FENCING FOIL.

### CAPITAL CITIES IN EUROPE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

- 1 To contend and a woman's name reversed
- 2 Frantic, and to redeem
- 3 A lock, and to stop.
- 4 Equivalence, and a verb
- 5 A verb, two-thirds of barren, and a mother
- 6 Hostility, and a cutting instrument
- 7 Behold, a consonant, and a Spanish title
- 8 One half of to wander and a personal pronoun
- 9 A vowel, an adverb, and a consonant
- 10 Firm, a preposition, and two thirds of a nation
- 11 A godly person, a man's name, and a corporated town
- 12 One-half of a publisher, a consonant, and a corporated town.
- 13 A follower of Christ, and a vowel.
- 14 A verb, a consonant, and to stop
- 15 A stem three fourths of a cave, and a consonant.
- 16 A verb, a consonant and two-thirds of denial.
- 17 Two thirds of rough, to give for a price minus a letter, and a consonant.
- 18 A consonant a verb, and three-fourths of captivity
- 19 A consonant, not closed, a name for an old woman, a vowel, and a consonant
- 20 A short sleep, and smaller minus a letter

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING

Page 573

### PICTORIAL CHARADE—Saw dust

ENIGMAS—1 The Letter I 2 ALPHABET 3 The Letter h 4 BLACKBURN  
CONUNDRUMS—1 Because it makes the end bend. 2 Because he cat out the wood which is under his feet (sandwiches under his feet) 3 Because the young are seen to gambol (gambol) and many of the old ones are black legs. 4 Who is a diving bell. 5 He is a Jew (Jewell) 6 Isar (S. Sir) 7 Iron (I run). 8 It is a brig of Highs (also) 9 The emperor issues his manifestos, while the emperor manifests too without his horse (issues) 10 When long experience has made him sage 11 Because it has lost its heart 12 Because he has overcome the TITAN!

### PROBLEM—117 feet, 9 inches

Solution  
10 square chains = 1 square acre  
1 chain in length = 22 yards  
1 square chain = 484 square yards  
1 square acre = 4840 square yards  
43560 square feet

Now the expression for the area of a circle

$$A = \pi R^2$$

$$43560 = \pi R^2$$

$$43560 = 3.14159 R^2$$

$$R^2 = \frac{43560}{3.14159}$$

$$R^2 = 13865.94$$

$$R = \sqrt{13865.94}$$

$$R = 117.75$$

$$R = \text{length of cord required}$$

TRANSPOSITION—Euros, 1000, 1000, 1000



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

**PHONOGRAPHY.**—A lady-boy out in Indiana spells Andrew Jackson thus: *Ar-Jaxn*.

**HIGHLY OF THE MIND.**—Calling a man standing in the street, opprobrious nick-names from a third storey window.

**DR. SOUTH** began a sermon on *Sabbath*. "The wages of sin is death," as follows:—"The wages, indeed, that a man can't live by."

**A GENTLEMAN** who was relating an accident he had met with from a fall was asked by a surgeon, if it was near the *vertebra* that he had been hurt? "No, sir," was the reply, *Not near the Observatory.*"

**QUIRISUS ENGLISH.**—"Our busses," said a conductor in our hearing, "runs a quarter arter, art arter, quarter to, and at!" In English this means "every quarter of an hour."

**A VERY tall gentleman** after eating some trifles in a pastrycook's shop, went away, saying, "I've been long enough here." An Irish porter, hearing him, said, "By my sowl, you're long enough anywhere."

**AN Irish officer**, a thousand miles at sea in the Atlantic, observing three fine vessels right ahead of his own, called out to some friends who were pacing the quarter-deck, "My boys, what a landscape!"

**A G. VILLENIA** seeing the town-crier of Bristol one market-day standing unemployed, asked him the reason. "O," replied he, "I can't cry to-day, my wife is dead."

**LADY S.**—*She* was complaining one morning at breakfast, that the tea was very bad, and said she was quite sure the water did not boil; "Nay," said she, "the urn didn't even hiss when it was brought in." "No," said Sir W. E., "it was *fact-urn*."

**STRANGE, Moore, and Wright** were notorious punsters, were, on a certain occasion dining together when Moore observed, "There is but one knave among us, and that's *Strange*." "Oh no," said Wright, "there is one *Moore*." "Ay," said Strange, "that's *Wright*."

**JEFFRIES** examining an old fellow with a long beard, told him he supposed he had a conscience quite as long as that natural ornament of his visage. "Does your lordship measure consciences by beards?" said the man; "that is strange, seeing you are yourself shaven."

"I REALLY can't sing, believe me, sir," was the reply of a young lady to the repeated requests of an empty cup. "I am rather inclined to believe, madam," rejoined he, with a smirk, "that you are fishing for compliments." "No, sir," exclaimed the lady, "I never fish in so shallow a stream."

**AN outside passenger** by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a *beaver* should take to the water."

**MR. FOX** having applied to a shopkeeper in Westminster for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. The orator immediately replied, "I return you thanks, my friend for your very polite offer; but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family-piece."

**A GENTLEMAN** having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel. "And pray," said the gentleman, jocularly, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are much alike; but there is a great difference between our coats."

**DR. BEEBYWAX** in his "Essay on Woman," remarks with some truth, that "beauties generally die old maids." "They set such a value on themselves," he says, "that they don't find a purchaser until the market is closed. Out of a dozen beauties, who have come out within the last eighteen years, eleven are still single. They spend their days in working green dogs on yellow wool—while their evenings are devoted to low spirits and French novels."

In England, if two are conversing together,  
The subject begins with the state of the weather;  
And ever the same, both with young and with old,  
'Tis either too hot, or either too cold;  
'Tis either too wet, or either too dry;  
The glass is too low, or else 'tis too high;  
But if all had their wishes once jumbled together,  
Sure *Patience* itself could not live in such weather.

"How do I look Pompey?" said a young dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing. "Elegant, massa; you look as bold as a lion." "Bold as a lion, Pompey. How do you know? You never saw a lion." "Oh, yes, massa, I seed one down to Massa Jenks, in his stable." "Down to Jenks, Pompey? Why you great fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion. That's a jake!" "Can't help it, massa, you look just like him!"

**ROBERT BURNS**, being informed that a little girl, in the company where he was, had been rudely designated "howlet face" by a gentleman present, on account of a certain disagreeable peculiarity in her visage, which reminded him of an owl; he immediately wrote this verse, and handed it to the person concerned:—

"And did he ca' ye Howlet-face,  
The vile unseemly spectre?  
Your face has been a looking-glass,  
In which did see his picture."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

**Flat-top.**—The negro philosophers of Congo affirm, that the world was made by hundreds of angels, excepting their own country, which the Supreme Being constructed himself, that it might be superior to all. And he took great pains with the inhabitants, and made them very black and beautiful; and when he had finished the first man, he was well pleased with him, and smothered him over the face, and beat his nose, and the nose of all his descendants, became flat.—*Washington*.

## A GOOD SONG.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,  
Wherever our lot may fall;  
With a friendly glance and a kind hand,  
And a gentle word for all;  
Since life is a thorny and difficult path,  
Where toil is the portion of man,  
We all should endeavour, while passing along,  
To make it as smooth as we can.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day, man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride;  
To-morrow, poor—of life itself denied.  
To-day, lays plans for many years to come;  
To-morrow, sinks into the silent tomb.  
To-day, his food is dressed in dainty forms;  
To-morrow, is himself a feast for worms.  
To-day, he's clad in gaudy, rich array;  
To-morrow, shrouded for a bed of clay.  
To-day, enjoys his balls, built to his mind;  
To-morrow, in a coffin is confined.  
To-day, he floats on honour's lofty wave;  
To-morrow, leaves his title for a grave.  
To-day, his beauteous visage we extol;  
To-morrow, loathsome in the sight of all.  
To-day, he has delusive dreams of heaven;  
To-morrow, cries too late to be forgiven.  
To-day, he lives in hopes as light as air;  
To-morrow, dies in anguish and despair.

## APHORISMS FROM THE CHINESE, RESPECTING MEDICINE.

1. He who doth not love tea, covets wine.
2. Honour the dead, as you would honour them if they were alive.
3. If the excesses of debauchery make great havoc of the body, the vexations of the body make still greater.
4. In China are more tutors than scholars, and more physicians than patients.
5. Not one in ten thousand dies by poison, yet the bare mention strikes with horror. What multitudes by intemperance! yet, how little is it feared.
6. See that moth, which flies incessantly round the candle—it is consumed! Man of pleasure, behold thine own image.
7. Temperance is the best physic.
8. The life of man is a fever, in which very cold fits are followed by others equally hot.
9. The man who hath never been sick, doth not know the value of health.
10. The man who is pointed at with the finger, never dies of a disease.
11. The medicine that doth not cause the patient to wink (sleep), never cures him.
12. When a family rises early in the morning, conclude the house to be well governed.

**MEALS OF CREATION.**—The fossils (remains of organized bodies) are the medals of creation. We collect with care, and decipher with diligence and skill all the medals struck by the hand of man. We arrange them in drawers, analogous to the disposition and arrangement of the strata of the earth. We may place the oldest medals in the lowest drawer, perhaps those of Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, Persia; then, in another drawer above the first, the medals of Palestine, ancient Greece, and then of Rome; then of the middle ages of Europe, and then of more modern times; ending at last with those of our own era and country; all arranged in successive drawers in an ascending series. In the same manner are arranged the medals of the creation; the successive strata, beginning at the bottom and ending at the top, correspond to the drawers in the supposed arrangement of artificial medals, and they are equally true expositors of the action of living beings that have flourished in successive ages. The natural medals, however, are more authentic expositors of truth than those stamped by the hand of man. None of the former were dictated by pride or vanity; none by the mandates of a cruel and wicked dynasty; but all those in the strata were struck off by the hand of the infinite Creator, like the metal law revealed to Moses, they contain the thoughts of God recorded on imperishable tables of stone. They are not like human records, liable to error, perversion, suppression, or mutilation; but stand as another Bible, equally entitled to credit, and representing the proper foundation of the written book, in the demonstration of the truths of natural religion, upon which, as its only basis, revealed religion stands.





### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS, No. 12.—

**Manner of taking Exercise.**—Three principal points in the manner of taking exercise are necessary to be attended to, viz. 1. The kind of exercise.

2. The proper time for exercise.

3. The duration of it. With respect to the kinds of exercise, the various species of it may be divided into active and passive. Among the first, which admit of being considerably diversified, may be enumerated, walking, running, leaping, swimming, riding, fencing, the military exercise, different sorts of athletic games, &c. Among the latter, or passive kinds of exercise, may be comprised riding in a carriage, sailing, friction, swinging, &c. The first, or active exercises, are more beneficial to youth, to the middle-aged, to the robust in general, and particularly to the corpulent and the plethoric. The second, or passive kinds of exercise, on the contrary, are better calculated for children, old, dry, and emaciated persons of a delicate and debilitated constitution; and particularly to the asthmatic and consumptive. With regard to the time at which exercise is most proper, it, in fact, depends on such a variety of contingent circumstances, that it does not admit of being regulated by any general rules, and must therefore be selected from the observations made on the effects of air, food, drink, &c. With respect to the duration of exercise, there are other particulars, relative to a greater or less degree of fatigue attending the different species, and utility of it in certain states of the mind and body, which must determine this consideration as well as the preceding. That exercise is to be preferred which, with a view to brace and strengthen the body, we are most accustomed to, as any unusual one may be attended with a contrary effect. Exercise should always be begun and finished gradually, never abruptly. Exercise in the open air has many advantages, or that used within doors. To continue exercise until a profuse perspiration or a great degree of weariness takes place, is far from being wholesome. In the forenoon, when the stomach is not too much distended, muscular motion is both agreeable and healthful; it strengthens digestion, and heats the body less than with a full stomach; and a good appetite after it, is a proof that it has not been carried to excess. But, at the same time, it should be understood, that it is not advisable to take violent exercise immediately before a meal, as digestion might thereby be retarded. Neither should we sit down to a substantial dinner or supper immediately on returning from a fatiguing walk, at a time when the blood is heated, and the body in a state of perspiration from previous exertion, as the worst consequences may arise, especially where cooling dishes, salad, or a glass of cold drink is begun with. Exercise is always hurtful after meals, from its impeding digestion, by propelling those fluids too much towards the surface of the body, which are designed for the solution of the food in the stomach.

**BRAND CHAIRS.**—H. JACKSON.—They were first introduced in London in 1634, when Sir Sanders Duncomb obtained the sole privilege to let, use, and hire a number of them for 16 years. The first one was seen in England (says Hume) in the reign of James I., and was used by the Duke of Buckingham, to the great indignation of the people, who exclaimed, that he employed his fellow creatures to do the service of brutes. In 1661 they were taxed. Gray says:

"Let not the chairman with assuming stride,  
Press near the wall and rudely thrust thy side;  
The laws have set him bounds: his servile feet  
Should ne'er encroach where poets defend the street."

An Irishman once got into one of these vehicles to go to a wedding, and finding the bottom out, was hurried through the mud and dirt; when he got down and asked how he liked it, he said, "Why faith I might as well have walked but for the name of the thing."

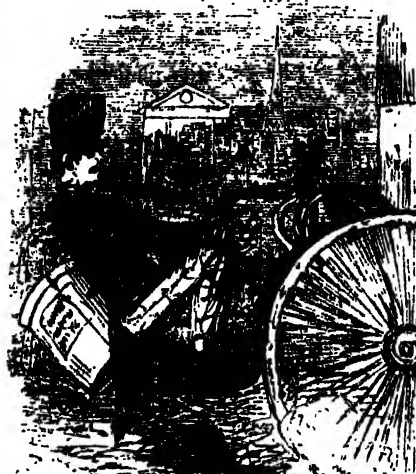
**TELESCOPES.**—W. S. J.—It is said that the use of telescopes was first discovered by one Hanssen, a spectacle-maker at Middleburgh, in Holland, whose children playing in the shop casually placed a concave and a convex glass in such a position, that by looking through them at the weathercock, it appeared much larger and nearer than usual, and by their exclamations of surprise excited the attention of their father, who soon obtained great credit for this valuable discovery.

**TO PAINT THE GLASSES OF MAGIC LANTERNS.**—S. JORDAN.—Draw on a paper the subject you desire to paint. Lay it on a table or any flat surface, and place the glass over it; then draw the outlines with a very fine pencil in varnish mixed with black paint, and when dry fill up the other parts in their proper colours. Transparent colours must be used for this purpose, such as Carmine, lake, Prussian blue, verdigris, sulphate of iron, tincture of Brazil wood, gamboge, &c., and these must be tempered with a strong white varnish, to prevent their peeling off. Then shade them with black or with bistre, mixed with the same varnish.

**THE PATH TO DISTINCTION.**—The gold fever has decidedly reached us from the Antipodes, and the earnest thoughts of millions are now directed to the vast El Dorado, now displaying its treasures to the world. Many are bewildered by the glowing descriptions made from thence by successful emigrants, and the prospect of a speedy realization of wealth, overcomes all consideration of the hardships and perils which beset the adventurer in his quest. Others, less ambitious of riches, prefer wending their steps quietly and serenely through the vale of life in their own country, labouring earnestly and contentedly, remembering what Shakespeare says of wealth and pampered ease:—

"What is man,  
If the chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast!—no more.  
Sure He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and God-like reason,  
To rust in us unused!"

Enterprise and talent will command success everywhere, and a common observer can hardly fail to perceive that, at present, the most certain road to distinction, is the discovery or creation of a new want in mankind, and of the means to gratify it. Many and various are the ways by which a man may lift himself into notice and the following may perhaps, suggest



AN EASY STEP TO ADVANCEMENT.

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD YANKEE.**—G. THOMPSON.—Yankee is the Indian corruption of the word English—Yongloose, Yangleese, Yanklees, and finally Yankee. It got in general use as a term of reproach, thus. About the year 1713, one Jonathan Hastings, a farmer, at Cambridge, in New England, used the word Yankee as a cant word to express excellence, as a Yankee (good) horse, Yankee elder, &c. The students at the College having frequent intercourse with Jonathan, and hearing him employ the word on all occasions, when he intended to express his approbation, applied it sarcastically, and called him Yankee Jonathan. It soon became a cant phrase among the collegians to designate a simple, weak, and awkward person; from College it spread over the country, till, from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up and applied to the New Englanders generally, as a term of reproach. It was in consequence of this that the song called Yankee Doodle was composed.

**DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.**—S. B.—Moderation, decorum, and neatness, distinguish the gentleman; he is at all times affable, diffident, and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful. When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavours to hide, if possible, the difference between their rank in life; ever willing to assist those around him, he is neither unkind, haughty, nor overbearing. In the mansions of the rich, the correctness of his mind induces him to bend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principle cautions him to avoid the gaming-table, inebriety, or any other folly that could occasion him self-reproach. Pleased with the pleasures of reflection, he rejects to see the gaieties of society, and is fastidious upon no point of little import.—Appear only to be a gentleman, and the shadow will bring upon you contempt; be a gentleman, and its honours will remain even after you are dead.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J. JOHNSON (the patronage of the Royal Navy is lodged solely with the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and principally with the first lord). EXPERIMENT (casualtyhouse is a peculiar

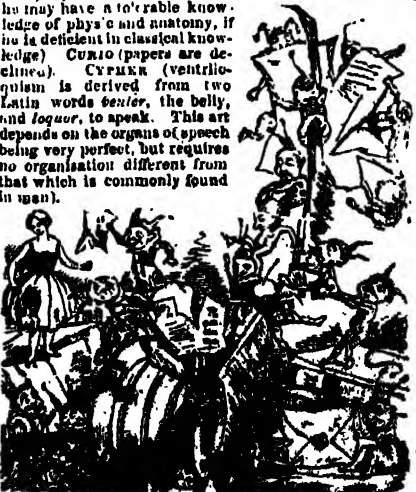
substance, obtained by exposing crucibles to a sudden raide of about 1000 Fahr., when it is converted into vapour, which is a most refractory material, and condensed into a transparent volatile liquid). A DOMESTIC (Minding one's business is usually called domesticity, on account of belonging to the household). DOMESTIC (Helen's Bishopric is a street). H. (oil-cloth is a paper to be wetted, if it can possibly be avoided, but should merely be rubbed with a flannel, and polished with a brush of moderate hardness). H. CONWALL (picture-frames may be cleaned by means of soap on a soft brush, to be used very gently, then to be washed and wiped off, and the frame to be dried by placing it near the fire, after which the gilding must receive its polish by a brush dry and very soft, dipped in powder of bread crumbs). JOHNSON (the fundamental principles of chess are very simple, and consist:—1. In discovering the tactical or weak point of the adversary's position. 2. In a rapid concentration and skilful direction of the mass of your forces upon that tactical point). B. SHAWON (insects may be removed from plants by a judicious use of the following mixture:—take a pound of American pearls, or of any other alkali, to which add four pounds of slaked quick-lime, dissolving the whole in five gallons of water). NAVIS (the first double-decked ship built in England was of 1,000 tons burthen, by order of Henry VIII., in 1509. It was called the Great Harry, and cost £14,000). J. WALTON (to preserve the colour of dry sea-weeds, use the following receipt:—In two thirds of a small phial of turpentine, dissolve two or three small lumps of gum mastic. This solution should be carefully brushed over the sea-weeds). A VASANTARIAN (our correspondent may be very sincere in his peculiar opinions, but we are not in favour of extreme notions. Moderation should govern our desires and pleasures, and enable us to appreciate as we ought, the bounties of Nature:—

"Man's rich with little, were his judgment true:  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few:—  
Those few wants answered, brings sincere delights:  
But fools create themselves new appetites.")

LEWA (the most essential requisite in preserving the hair in perfect order). L. (it was Dr. Franklin who suggested that a person might swim from Dover to Calais by the aid of a kite. The American philosopher added, however, that the packet boat is still preferable). DEXTERA (a good German paste for birds may be made thus:—take the crumb of well baked stale white bread, and having soaked it in clean water for half an hour, squeeze out the moisture, and add to the bread two-thirds of the same quantity of well-sifted barley meal; then pour boiling milk over the mixture, and stir it well together. W. W. (proctors are the attorneys in ecclesiastical courts). JEVANS (the ordinary qualifications for a clerk are, a quick plain handwriting, thorough knowledge of arithmetic, and quickness in applying it; but an acquaintance with the modern European languages, especially French and German, will give a man great advantages). H. DWIGHT (water may be restored from a tainted state by filtering it through charcoal). CHASLEY (the manuscript is declined). NEXO (the line alluded to is by Pope, and occurs in the following verse from the "Essay on Man 2":—

"Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:—  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;  
On different senses different objects strike:  
Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;  
And hence one master passion in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows all the rest.")

STUDENT (those who intend embracing the medical profession, should become acquainted with Latin and Greek, and be able to construe Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus, Virgil, and Horace, before leaving school. The Apothecary Company will often reject a candidate notwithstanding he may have a tolerable knowledge of physics and anatomy, if he is deficient in classical knowledge). CURIO (papers are declined). CYRICK (ventriloquism is derived from two Latin words *cyren*, the belly, and *loquor*, to speak. This art depends on the organs of speech being very perfect, but requires no organisation different from that which is commonly found in man).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Ball-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES, 65, Fleet-street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 38.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1852.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



"At a sign from the lieutenant, the waggon moved off, followed by Catharina and Vernon in silence."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 580.)

"A country which has four invading armies within its bosom," said Bonaro sternly, "is quite sufficiently cursed, without receiving maledictions from its enemies."

"You are right," said Hugh frankly, "forgive my impatience. I fear we must dismount. Come, there is no time to lose!"

They all sprang to the ground.

"Hush!" said Catharina, holding up her finger. "We are pursued!"

A moment afterwards they could hear the hasty footsteps of many horses, beating the ground but a few hundred yards in their rear, and rapidly approaching them.

"Hurry! hurry!" Hugh exclaimed. "Let us get up the bank! They cannot take that path with their mustangs!"

A heavy scramble followed, and hurrying feet were audible behind. A volley of muskets was fired, and the horsemen rushed forward almost against the precipice. A ball struck Hugh in the shoulder, his hold gave way, and he rolled helplessly down to the bottom, at the very feet of his enemies. Catharina saw him fall and sprang towards him; but her father seized her by the arm and hurried her away up the mountain. Allen did not perceive that his friend was not with them, for several moments; and when he rushed back to see him, two stout lancers were holding him upon his horse, and the party

were galloping down the ravine—their speed apparently accelerated by the sound of two guns, which came reverberating from the other side of the ridge.

"Es un Americano!" asked the captain of the lancers. "Bind him and come on quick! We shall be too late!"

Away rode the party, and in three minutes they turned a point and were hid from view. Hugh was a prisoner in the hands of Minon's cavalry.

Allen turned and rejoined Bonaro and his daughter. To the frantic question of the latter for Hugh, he shook his head, and the three hurried away up the mountain. As they neared the top of the ridge they began to hear musketry; and when they stood among the pines on the summit, the setting sun was pouring a torrent of light on the battle-field of Buena Vista.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"Our bugles sang truce, for the night-sound had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky."—CAMPELLE.

"If we are marked to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss, and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour."—SHAKESPEARE.

"My plots fall short, like darts which rash hands throw."—SIR R. HOWARD.

It was the evening of Monday, the twenty-second day of February, 1847, with one exception, the greatest of our national anniversaries! General Taylor had fallen back on the day before, from Agua Nueva, and was now

posted, with five thousand men, at the *rancho* of Buena Vista, about five miles from Saltillo, the pass of Angastura being held by one regiment (the first Illinois foot), one mile further south, on the San Luis road. In front of this position, at the distance of about two miles, lay General Santa Anna, with twenty thousand men—an army which he had been four months organizing and equipping, and with which he confidently expected completely to overthrow the scanty force before him.

From the point at which our friends reached the summit of the ridge, the mountain descended rapidly, and was cut up by the action of rains into ravines and ridges, which gradually widened as they approached the plateau. When the declivity ended the plain commenced; but entirely across this plain several of the ravines continued, until they discharged themselves into the valley, where the broken plateau suddenly terminated in rough precipitous spurs. Along the points of these spurs, which extended into the valley like the fingers of a hand, ran the San Luis road, and beyond that was the valley proper—cut up into a honeycomb, by deep and crooked *arroyos* or ditches, often forty feet deep and wholly impassable. At the foot of the declivity, the ground was about three hundred feet above the level of the valley, but by a regular slope it reached a level at the road of not more than half that elevation. Upon this plateau, between two deep ravines, Taylor's force was drawn up; its right at the Pass of Angastura on the road covered by one regiment thrown across the *arroyos*, and its left at the highest point of the plain, immediately under the declivity of the ridge. Santa Anna was at Encantada; his infantry massed in dark bodies upon some wheat fields, in a dip in the ground, out of the range of the American shot; and his cavalry flanked them upon both right and left; while a battery of sixteen pounders was erected on a height directly in front of the left.

Immediately upon reaching the *rancho* of Encantada, Santa Anna had perceived that Taylor's line was not long enough to cover the height on his left; and at once appreciating the vital importance of the point, he had sent Ampudia's light brigade to occupy it. If this height could be gained and held, he would have a plunging shot upon the American line, which he would rake from left to right. A battalion of rifles was sent to resist the movement, which promised to turn the left, and here the battle was opened. The musketry our friends had heard, was the conflict between these forces—each gradually climbing the mountain in the effort to out-flank the other, and slowly approaching each other, as the ravine which divided them grew narrower. Had they continued thus, they would, at last, have met face to face at the head of the ravine, near the top of the ridge; but night was now approaching, and the fire began to diminish. A shell was thrown from O'Brien's battery among the masses of infantry, and a few shots were fired from a battery of heavy guns established on his right by Santa Anna; but it was evident that no battle was to be fought till the morning. Both parties were fatigued, and needed rest to prepare them for the conflict of the following day. The Mexicans had marched near thirty miles since morning; and the Americans, having marched on the day before from Agua Nueva, had been up the most of the night, creating such defenses as the shortness of the time allowed. The position might have been made impregnable—two thousand men could have made it so in five days—but there were no five days to spare, and there was no other advantage to trust to than the natural roughness of the ground. The neglect to occupy the heights upon the left, had almost neutralized even this; and stubborn courage was the best ground for hope.

"The arbitrement" bade fair "to be a bloody one;" and, as if by mutual consent, it was adjourned to the morning. When our friends gazed down upon the plain, each army was withdrawing to its lines—the shots on the mountain were gradually becoming fewer, and, as the sun went down, and the shades of evening began to fall, a stillness as peaceful as ever settled upon the beautiful valley. This was broken by rich, deep strains of music, which came floating, mellowed by the distance, to the very top of the mountain. Both armies were drawn up for evening parade; and many a heart beat proudly in response to the solemn strains, which the morrow saw cold and still, and many a foot trod lightly to the stirring tune, and bore its owner to the field, but brought him not away! The parade was over, the piquets were posted, the watchfires built, and the mantle of night enshrouded the hosts.

Our friends gazed in silence upon the striking spectacle before them, until the view became indistinct; daylight went slowly out, and the fires began to assume a brighter hue. Catharina had seated herself upon a rock, and was singing in low, mournful tones, while her eyes wandered uninterested, by the gay banners, and regardless of the flashing arms. Her father was leaning with folded arms against a pine, and looking regretfully upon the pomp beneath; while Vernon had thrown himself, weary and exhausted upon the ground, though he still watched eagerly the movements of the masses below.

"To-morrow promises to be a bloody day, said Bonaro, at last breaking silence. "I wish we could reach the city."

"Can you not go to the camp with me?" asked Vernon. But the old man shook his head and pointed to Catharina, who sat absorbed in her own meditations.

"And besides," said he, "it is a place as unfit for me as for her."

"I think it doubtful whether you could pass the lines at this hour," rejoined Vernon, "and to be stopped at a guardhouse would not be pleasant, much less to pass the night in it."

"But can we not pass here to the right?"

"I think not—the lines seem to cover the whole valley; and to-night no one will be permitted to pass, I am sure."

"Then we must pass the night on the mountain," said Bonaro; "for I cannot think of exposing Catharina to insult."

"Let us seek some shelter, then," said Allen; "this wind begins to feel cold."

The day had been warm, pleasant, and bright; but as the sun went down, the wind began to rise, and break in large fleecy drifts from the mass of vapour about the summit of the western ridges, cold, pale clouds began to float across the valley. The pines waved painfully in the blast, and each moment their sighing grew louder. Clouds of dust were hurried along the plain, and soon a keen, cold mist began to drive through the air. The wind continued to rise, and the fleecy clouds grew thicker and darker; and in the valley the mist became a rain. The moon was visible at intervals, as the heavy vapours were broken by the fast-increasing gale, and driven rapidly along the sky; and the silver orb seemed hastening to her setting to avoid the sight of blood. An occasional flash broke the gloom upon the mountain side; and now and then as the wind lulled, could be heard the rolling of artillery-wagons, and the tramp of horsemen assuming their positions. Watchfires were here and there visible, now blazing high, and anon almost extinguished by a gust of wind. It was a chill, comfortless night, and the armies bivouacked upon the ground.

"Come, Catharina," said Bonaro, rousing her, "we must find some place of shelter." He took her by the arm, and, following Vernon, led her some distance down the mountain.

"You are not going to the camp?" she asked.

"No, not to-night," he replied. "Can you pass a night on the mountain with Mr. Vernon and me?"

"Oh yes," she replied; "it will not hurt me if you can endure it. But what will Senor Vernon do?"

"I shall remain with you, senora," said the latter, "to protect you if any of our men should climb the mountain. I wish you had a better protector, or, what were still better, that you needed no protection."

They passed on in silence for nearly a quarter of a mile, when they came to the break in the rocks at the head of the ravine across which the skirmishers were fighting. The water, where it plunged down the rocks, had washed deep into the mountain, making a chasm with almost perpendicular sides; and at the bottom the rock was worn into a kind of basin, deeper than the bed of the ravine below. Having carefully descended to this shelter, they found themselves entirely protected from the wind, and beyond the reach of even the mist. On climbing about, too, Vernon found a great quantity of dry branches, and several trunks of pines, which the water had washed down; and in a few minutes he had a cheerful fire blazing up against the rock. He took care to build it so that it could be seen only from above, and from a very narrow space on the plain. They had nothing to eat except the remnants of their very frugal dinner, and no extra clothing but the ordinary Mexican blanket which each of the men carried over his shoulders. One of these was given to Catharina, and beneath the other the two men were soon sound asleep. The situation was too novel to Catharina to allow of her sleeping speedily, and she was far too anxious about Hugh to lose her consciousness, until nature should sink beneath fatigue. For an hour or two she leaned upon her arm, quietly and unobtrusively feeding the fire with the twigs which lay beside it. She gazed thoughtfully and sadly into the blaze; but her spirit was wandering, and she knew not where she was. Even anxiety, however, at last gives way to fatigue. She ceased to place the twigs within the blaze, her hand sank upon the *serape* in which she was wrapped, her head drooped upon her arm, and her eyes closed. Once or twice she opened them for a moment, but at last they closed in quiet, dreamless sleep. The fire went gradually down; a little blaze sprang up from the end of a twig, and lit up the cavern for a few moments—a wandering breath of air extinguished it, and the travel-worn party were at rest.

In the meantime, Thorpe paced quietly up and down his regimental parade-ground, revolving, even at that hour, his tortuous schemes. He was playing for a high stake. The hand of Cara Talbot once his, her wealth would elevate him above the necessity of professional labour. He would be at liberty to bend all the power of his strong mind to the pursuit of high political distinction; and no man, conscious of his mental energy, could doubt of complete success. His dearest ambition was to be enrolled among the distinguished, to be recognized among the master-minds which create and control opinion. This end he was determined to accomplish; and when a mind of his force determines, let the weak and irresolute stand aside! He made but one mistake; but alas! that was a vital one! He had an end in view, and he saw clearly what it was. To its accomplishment he brought strong will, intense activity, and superior intellect. But he forgot, or rather he never knew, that honesty and sincerity are indispensable to success; that, if they were not,—if, by crooked policy and superior intelligence, he at last triumphed—his victory would be worthless, because he could not feel that it had been merited.

The first step was wealth. He had nearly secured this, when an intruder—those who interfere with the schemes of bad men are all intruders—had stepped between him and what he considered his. He had prepared a scheme to recover his footing, when another intruder had turned his engine to his own destruction. This last he was resolved to destroy; for he had the additional spur of self-defence to urge him on; and it was over his efforts to do so that he was now brooding.

In one of the turns of his walk, he approached a fire, around which were assembled several soldiers, talking to another who was in charge of a prisoner just taken. The men stood back as Thorpe approached, and he caught a sight of the Mexican's face. He wore his arm in a sling, and his face seemed to have been burnt by powder; while his short-cropped hair was matted and matted apparently by fire. One glance satisfied Thorpe who stood before him; but not a sign did he give of his recognition.

"Where was he taken?" he asked calmly of the soldier.

"At the moment on the roof, sir," said the soldier.

"What are you going to do with him?"

"The colonel ordered me to take him to the right flank guard."

Thorpe said no more; but a glance of his expressive eye gave a sign to the Mexican, and he turned away.

About an hour afterwards, he slowly approached the rancho in which the guard were quartered, and asked for the captain commanding. That officer presented himself.

"I come from General Wool," commenced Thorpe, "to make an effort to get some information from a prisoner."

"Be good enough to walk this way, then," said the captain, leading him into a room without fire or candle, adjoining the guard-room. The Mexican raised himself from a corner as the door opened, and when a candle was brought, he sat leaning against the wall.

"Do you wish to be alone with him, colonel?" asked the captain.

"Such are my orders?" said the colonel, and the officers retired.

"What does this mean?" Thorpe commenced, as soon as the door was closed. "Have you had a fight for it?"

"It means," said the Mexican, "that your work is done at last, and well done, too:—*Garracho!*"

"Tell me how it was," said Thorpe smiling. "You seem to have been near enough to see it all."

"I was," he replied with a grimace, "a little too near."

He then proceeded to narrate all the events which had taken place at Rinconada, with which the reader is acquainted, and concluded by announcing that the final explosion had killed not only Manning, but Vernon, Bonaro and his daughter, and all who were in or near the house, together with seven men who were posted to cut off their retreat. He further stated that only himself and three others, of more than thirty men, had escaped being blown into eternity; and that, of the four, he was the least hurt.

"A fortunate explosion," said Thorpe coolly, "though like all good fortunes, not complete. I don't see why the other four could not have been blown to the devil, as well as the thirty—especially since the most guilty of the whole party was one of them." This was spoken in English; but the man smiled as if he understood it, and made no reply.

"Well," said Thorpe, after a pause, resuming the Spanish, "I suppose you have got yourself taken prisoner in order to ask for your reward?"

"*Si Señor*," the man replied.

"If you keep your own counsel you shall have it as soon as I can get you liberated—probably the day after to-morrow." The fellow attempted to speak, but Thorpe waved his hand and passed out.

"Can you get anything out of him?" asked the captain.

"Nothing of importance," he replied; and in a few minutes afterwards he was slumbering calmly upon his bed.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"The absent danger greater still appears,  
Less fears he, who is near the thing he fears."—DANIEL.

"I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave  
To have free speech with you."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE eve of a battle, viewed from a peaceful fireside, is a serious thought. The reflection that on the morrow the "brittle thread of life may be snapped"—that we may be called upon to prove the "dread unknown," without warning and by violence—that the air will be filled with random missiles, any one of which may send us, "with all our imperfections on our heads," before a tribunal from which there is no appeal—would seem to be a thought to temper and subdue our minds. But, generally, it is not so. Those upon whom devolves the responsibility of ordering the battle, and those to whom the thought of death always comes clothed in terrors, feel anxiety for the coming day. But those upon whom rests the labour of the conflict, those who will have to bear the "burthen and the heat of the day," seldom exhibit anything like consciousness of the grave concerns of the morrow.

There is something in the very thought of deadly conflict and mortal risks to come, which exhilarates the spirits and defeats the gravity of reflection. If those who are to perish were already marked and known, it would be far different—for all who were doomed, and all who were to be saved, would be alike gloomy. But the risk is to be encountered by all alike: each man of the whole host must take his chance. And it is precisely because there is a chance, that hope is more active than at any other time. Some one of each group, some one perhaps of each couple, must go down: but which is it? It may be you, or it may be I. In all human probability, at least one of each group will escape; but who it is none can tell. When it is not known who it is, neither can it be known who it is not. Each hopes that he will be among the fortunate. Instinct teaches him to even believe that he will escape, though not to hope that his companion will perish. Uncertainty and danger combine to elevate the spirits; and when one inexperienced would expect prayer and preparation and sober reflection, all is mirth and gaiety and reckless folly.

Such was the case in the American camp at Buena Vista; and as Thorpe returned along the lines, he saw assembled at each fire a noisy group of careless soldiers, talking in no sombre tones of the expected victory of the morrow. Not one of them seemed to think of the possibility of death; not one seemed to reflect that he might, ere another sun should set, be lying cold and stiff, with his feet to the foe; not one of them seemed to give the smallest weight to the overwhelming numbers of their enemies; and all were apparently as sure of the success of their arms, as if the crown were already placed upon the victor. Nor was this mere bravado, assumed to cover trepi-

dation or apprehension; it was a cool, settled, and logical conclusion; to which each man had arrived by his own course of reasoning.

Most men reason from the past to the future; most men do so even unconsciously. Whatever has been frequently and uninterruptedly, is likely to continue to be. There may be a turning point, but we never have reason to believe that it has actually arrived, until it has passed. Our arms had been victorious in every field; they had not been checked anywhere for a single day: the tide of conquest had rolled, like the waters of a mighty river, almost without a ripple; whatever had attempted to oppose its progress, had been remorselessly swept away; who was to say that here, upon this elevated plain, men who had marched fifteen hundred miles to battle, were to be the first American army defeated in Mexico? They could not, and they would not believe it!

Physical force, numerical power, is absolutely necessary; but "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" there is something else necessary also—may even more necessary than strength of numbers. Moral force is a far greater power than gunpowder or masses of men; the prestige of victory, the power which carried Napoleon over half Europe as upon a flowing tide, nerves the arm of the soldier, steadies his courage, gives him faith, and wins the day!

Had a single column of all that traversed Mexico been seriously checked—had a single fight been lost, the armies sent to invade that country had never returned, except as did the wrecks of the grand army of Russia! Victory was not only important, but it was vitally necessary to every column. Had the movement of Arista, in Taylor's rear, before Palo Alto, been successful, Texas would have been overrun. Had the battle of Monterey been lost, the valley of the Rio Grande would have been swept of every American. Had the battle of Buena Vista been a defeat, the posts from Saltillo to Brazos would have been taken in detail, the army would have been cut to pieces, and we would have lost every advantage we had gained. Santa Anna would, moreover, have been able to return to Cerro Gordo, with an army having the immense advantage of being victorious, and not defeated; the best army raised in Mexico during the war, would have been an unit, instead of being di-organized, fragmentary, and disheartened. Scott would have been repulsed from Cerro Gordo, even if he had ever got so far, and, perhaps, to-day we would have been still striving to plant the "stars and stripes" upon the domes of the "Halls of the Montezumas!"

And so, too, of Scott's unparalleled march from Vera Cruz to Mexico—the best executed military march in modern times. A single defeat would have ruined him—a single check to the tide, and the ebb would have carried him into the sea. It was only the prestige of the American name which kept down the population of the country; it was fear that opened the roads, and kept the people at home. That once destroyed, and not a pass, not a delfe nor a bridge on the road would have been left undefended—not a rock, not a tree would have been without its concealed defender, to annoy and harass the wayworn soldier—not a cliff, not a precipice, nor a mountain under which the road led them, but would have served as a secure height, from which rocks and missiles of every kind would have been showered down upon a defeated and retreating army. We needed "the fortune which, like a star, moves ever onward;" and it was a blessing, both to us and to our enemies, that we had it.

It was the consciousness of this fortune which elevated the morale of our armies; and, at the time of which we speak, it was even stronger than it has been since; for then it was an enthusiasm, not a calculation. Men went into battle shouting and casting their hats into the air, at the sight of an enemy whom they considered already vanquished; and with the stern passions of the conflict, was mingled a compassion for his misfortune, even before it had befallen him. To such a dangerous pitch of self-confidence were the Americans worked up, that they considered it a kind of presumption in the Mexicans to dream of resisting them; and they pitied their blindness while they chastised their folly. It must not be denied that this was a state of feeling by no means desirable; for in such circumstances men are more easily panic-struck than at any other time. A serious resistance, approaching an equal contest, astonishes as well as checks them; and nothing will make men fly so quick as taking them by surprise. And this fortifies our remarks above; for it made uninterrupted success, which alone could prevent panic, still more important.

But we wander from our story.

A large fire was burning in front of the regimental encampment, as Col. Thorpe passed in; and around the fire sat several officers. The wind was blowing cold and gusty, swaying the blaze to and fro, and covering each in his turn with dust and ash. They were, however, all protected by Mexican blankets, which they wore close around their necks; and none of them were so unused to dust as to be made uncomfortable. They were talking rather more seriously than the groups of soldiers near them; for each felt a degree of responsibility resting on his own shoulders; especially a thin-faced brevet-second-lieutenant, who was solemnly smoking a very dirty pipe. The major, a heavy, square-set man, of about forty, with high cheek bones, and exceedingly small eyes, was giving the group an account of his arduous campaigns in Indian wars on the western frontier; and as he narrated story after story of hand-to-hand fights, and interminable marches through bogs and forests, he took especial pains to depreciate by comparison the hardships of the present expedition. The narrow-faced lieutenant, who had never smelt gunpowder, listened with an attention only equalled by his assiduity to his black clay pipe. And as the major's stories gradually approached the breathless point, the whiffs became longer and deeper, and the lieutenant's eyes gradually rose from the fire, where they had been resting, with a gaze of deepening interest. The other officers were older men, and did not, therefore, think it necessary to believe all the old soldier might think proper to



tell them. He had, however, too much the reputation of a fire-eater, to allow of their questioning his veracity; and they, therefore, listened attentively, and gazed gravely into the fire—except when a gust of wind blew the blaze into their faces, and made them suddenly spring back.

The conversation—if so it could be called, where there was only one speaker—at last flagged, as such conversations will; and one of the group took advantage of the close of a more than usually bloody story, to draw his blanket round him, and retire to his quarters. He stopped at the door of his tent, and gazed up the mountain. The fires in the camp had gone down, the groups of soldiers had gradually dispersed, and the host was as still as death. A solitary fire, far up the mountain, visible from the line in which he stood alone, attracted his notice. It was small and distant—so small as to appear almost like a lonely star in the gloom—but now and then it blazed up brighter, as if some one were feeding it with fuel; and the thought that far up the mountain, above the lines of soldiers who were slumbering below, some solitary watcher lay waiting for the morrow, had an indescribable interest for him. Had he known who was there, his interest would have been doubled; for it was a conjecture about the fate of Manning and Vernon which had commenced the conversation at the fire.

Lieutenant Clayton, to whom we have already introduced the reader, had but a few days before returned from the States, where he had been on furlough to recover his health; and he had now in his trunk letters for both the missing. One of them was from Cara Talbot, announcing to Allen that her father accused him of forgery, and calling upon him to return and clear up the calumny. Clayton had taken charge of this letter from the hand of Cara herself. He was an old admirer of hers, and a man of kindly feelings and superior mind. He was a lawyer, too, of considerable eminence, though of indolent habits; and had been induced to join the expedition for the sake of novelty. He had formed this resolution too late to secure a high position, and had therefore contented himself with a simple lieutenancy, whose freedom from responsibility pleased him better than the honour of a higher post. The army was full of men of this sort; he was merely one of a very numerous class, who left respectable positions and lucrative business, to share in the privations and dangers of an arduous campaign.

Clayton's calm, thoughtful and acute mind had penetrated Cara's feelings in an interview of only a few minutes. He saw through her agitation and eagerness to hear from Vernon; and having heard the story of the forgery, which old Manning had taken care to circulate, he at once divined the reason why Cara was so anxious to have him advise Vernon to return without delay. But, although he had himself been once ambitious of an interest in her heart, the discovery that she loved Allen, only increased his desire to serve him; and he had returned to the army, determined not only to deliver Cara's letter, but to do all in his power to serve Allen also. When he reached Saltillo our friends were absent on their unlucky reconnaissance; and their protracted absence, after the return of the party, had forced their friends to the conclusion that they were either killed or taken. Other letters brought by him had contained the story of the forgery; and it soon became generally known in the camp. From being canvassed among so many men it became another story; the gossips of the camp began to doubt whether he was dead; they began to suspect that he had purposely escaped to the enemy; and some even went so far as to say that our friend Hugh had gone over with him.

Clayton and Hugh's friends combatted these rumours as well as they could; but they might as well have combatted the "Northerners," that swept the valley where they lay. From being a mere surmise, the story became first a conjecture, then a rumour, then a piece of news, then a matter of certainty to all who did not know the circumstances. It was even said that authentic intelligence had been received at Headquarters, that our unlucky friends had been seen cheek by jowl with General Minon, at Encarnacion. Rumours in a camp fly almost as fast and increase almost as rapidly as in a small town; and the second day after the surmise was breathed at the Right-Flank Guard-house, it was told at the Left-Flank as a positive certainty, together with the channel through which the information had been received, and the precise spot where the deserters had been seen.

In one particular Clayton was disposed to agree with the story-mongers; that our friends were not dead or taken. He knew them both, and was unwilling to believe that two men, as determined and wary, would fall into a snare. But their protracted absence had almost overcome his hopes. Anxiety took the place of hope, and fear for their fate succeeded. They had now been gone more than four weeks, and no news of them had been received. The army had moved several times between Agua Nueva and Buena Vista, and it was now at the latter place with the enemy before it. Clayton had at last given up seeing the wanderers, and, gloomy and dejected, he had on that very day placed their letters in his trunk, there to remain until his return home.

Let not the reader think it strange that Clayton—a man whose intimacy with our friends was not such as to bring him hitherto clearly within the compass of our story—should take so much interest in their fortunes, when they were already almost forgotten by those far more near to them. Clayton was a generous and feeling man—not a man of violent passions and burning impulses—in his heart was the true "milk of human kindness." In his calm way, he loved Cara Talbot, and he knew she loved Allen Vernon. He did not, as many men would have done, rejoice at the misfortune which he now believed had befallen his rival—such absurd and inconsistent jealousy was no part of his nature. He was eminently unselfish, as we shall have occasion to show. He loved Cara Talbot, and so wished her to be happy. He knew that, were Vernon lost, she would not be so; and, therefore, felt interested in his safety. Manning he knew, also, as a frank, generous, straightforward soldier, and warm, manly friend. He was of this stamp

himself—~~and~~ that such should be so few!—and a sympathy in ~~misfortune~~ makes strong friendship.

He stood, then, at the door of his tent, gazing at the fire far up the mountain, and thinking—strange coincidences!—of him who lay beside that beacon, slumbering heavily after the fatigues of the day. There was nothing strange or unusual in a fire on the mountain—not a night had passed, perhaps for months, without the same appearance; but now, it shone calm and lonely over a field where slept nearly thirty thousand men: it burned above the plain which the morrow would see covered with wounded and slain, and its calm, solitary light seemed strange and almost unearthly. What could any one be doing there at such a time? he thought; and who would dare to build a fire so near both armies?

He was leaning against the tent-pole, and puzzling himself with these questions, when some one came round the corner of the *marquise*, and stopped, as if wishing to avoid observation, or seeking some one within.

"Who goes there?" asked Clayton, sharply.

"Corporal Brady, sir," said the man, advancing with a salute, "and I was looking for you."

"Come in, then," said Clayton, entering the tent.

"I cannot stay, sir," said the corporal. "I am on guard, and have permission to be absent only a few minutes. I wanted to have come sooner, but was on duty, and have just been relieved. If you will walk to the guard-house with me, sir," he continued, cautiously advancing, and speaking in a low tone, "I think I can get you some tidings of our friends, Manning and Vernon."

"Can you?" exclaimed Clayton. "Lead on, then—I'll go with you, at once."

The corporal turned in silence, and walked rapidly back towards the guard, eagerly followed by Clayton.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"Thou art a traitor and a miscreant."—SHAKESPEARE.

"By heaven there's treason in his aspect."—SHRILEY.

"Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I OVERHEARD a conversation," said the corporal, as they approached the guard, "between Colonel Thorpe—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Clayton.

"You suspect him?" said the corporal, stopping on the brink of a little stream which crossed the road.

"Yes," said the lieutenant; "and I saw him at the guard to-night."

"It was there," said Brady, "that I overheard the conversation between him and a prisoner we have."

"How?"

"I was standing by," said the corporal, "when Thorpe asked the captain to see his prisoner. He said he had orders from the general; but I noticed that he showed no written order; and we all know General Wool well enough to be sure that he would have given such an order in black and white."

"But the captain of the guard did not think so," said Clayton.

"True, sir," answered the other. "But he respects the colonel too highly to question him—more highly, I think, than he deserves."

"Well?"

"I thought," continued Brady, "that something was wrong; and if not, at most, no harm could come of my hearing their conference—being an officer of the guard, you know, sir—"

"Never mind your apology, but go on with your story," said Clayton.

"Well," said the corporal, in a low voice, "I went round here to the right, on the canal, and stood at the window while the colonel held a long conversation with a Mexican prisoner brought in to-night by the picket. He seems a low fellow, and is all burnt and singed—"

"Pass over the description—I will see him myself," said Clayton.

"Well," said Brady, again, "he told Thorpe a long story about his having besieged, and finally blown up a house containing several persons, and among others—"

"Vernon and Manning," said Clayton.

"Precisely, sir," said the corporal; "but I will take you to him, and you can talk with him."

So saying he crossed the rivulet, and turned to the right.

"Who goes there?" cried a sentinel.

The corporal answered; and having given the countersign, he led Clayton across a little court towards the room in which the prisoner was confined. Here he was hailed by another sentinel, whom he passed in the same manner, and pushing open the door, he and Clayton stood in the presence of the Mexican.

"Come, *hombre*," said the corporal, shaking the prisoner roughly, "get up! Here is an officer who wishes to speak to you." He lit a candle as he spoke, and set it down near the *hombre*, so as to exhibit his begrimed and repulsive features.

"I want to talk with you," Clayton began, "about the success of your expedition into the mountains."

The fellow started, but recovered his composure in a moment.

"What expedition, señor?" he asked.

"You understand me well enough," said Clayton, impatiently. "I do not come to you for the purpose of entrapping you, but only to reward you for any little information you can give me. You see," he proceeded confidentially, while the Mexican's small black eye searched his face—"you see, Colonel Thorpe and I are playing a little game, in which each is anxious to

be victor. Not that either of us cares, particularly, about the life or death of the men you have been pursuing; but each of us wishes to succeed. We have a little wager depending upon it, too; and he says he has won it. It may be so; but I do not believe it. He refers me to you, and I want to know before I pay the money."

"Colonel Thorpe's account is the true one," said the Mexican, coldly. "I can say no more to you than I have said to him."

"Well," said Clayton, "are they really dead?"

"They are dead," said he, doggedly.

"But in that case, *amigo mio*," said the lieutenant, smiling, "I have lost; and I can make it really worth while to you to give a different account."

"I can give no account but the true one," said the Mexican firmly.

"Of course not," said Clayton; "but, on reflection, now, do you not think you have been mistaken? Do not fear losing your reward from Thorpe—I will not say a word to him about it till you have got it and gone; but I can give you more than five hundred dollars—my bet is a large one."

"I cannot help it," said the other, after a moment's reflection; "what I have told is the truth."

"And you really blew them all up?" said Clayton.

"*Si, señor*," he replied, and betook himself to the floor.

"We must try some other way," said the lieutenant in English. "Can you get a rope and a trusty man in here, corporal?"

"In five minutes, sir," replied the latter, and passed out, leaving Clayton alone with the assassin. The latter sat upon the floor under the little window mentioned before, and the former paced for a few moments up and down the little room. A noise without attracted his attention, and he stepped to the door to look out. At the same moment a "hist!" was cautiously whispered at the window, and the Mexican stealthily rose to his feet. A face was thrust into the opening which he knew at once.

"Have you told him anything?" asked the whisper.

"No, señor," replied the other, in the same tone—"nothing."

"What is that?" exclaimed Clayton, turning suddenly round, attracted by the voices.

"Traitor!" hissed the voice outside; and the Mexican sprang back and fell to the floor, transfixed by a long lance. Clayton lifted him from the ground and drew the steel from his breast, but before he could do so the Mexican was dead!

"Run, Brady!" he exclaimed to the corporal who now entered, "and arrest any one you catch in the rear of the house. Come here," he added to the soldier who entered with Brady; "help me to lift this man upon the bench."

Brady comprehended in a moment; but he was compelled to make a considerable circuit to reach the rear of the *ranchito*; and before he could do so the murderer had escaped. Not a human being was to be seen—not even a footstep was to be heard. He inquired of the nearest sentinel, but he had seen no one, except the corporal himself. He returned, without making any discovery, to the room where Clayton and the soldier were with the corpse.

The murderer's hand had been true to his purpose: the Mexican was dead; and already the blood from the wide wound was beginning to run more sluggishly. The assassin had gone to his final account, with his sins fresh upon his head—even with the signs upon his face. The hand of justice had stricken him in the moment of his treachery, and one crime was made the retribution for another.

"The murderer has become the victim," said Clayton, surveying the rapidly-stiffening corpse. "If we were better Christians we would regret it more. We can do no more than lay the clay in the ground;—God must judge him and us! There are many, perhaps, whom he will precede but a few hours."

"Will you explain the matter to the captain of the guard?" asked the corporal.

"I will explain it to the general," answered the lieutenant; and turning mournfully from the corpse, he walked away.

There is something in the contemplation of sudden death which will make any man pause to think; how much more thoughtful are we made by the sight of a death, whose suddenness we think only an element of just retribution. And yet, we think again; we feel that, if a part of the criminality of murder consists in sending a sinful mortal to the bar of heaven unprepared, hurrying another sinner into the world of spirits cannot wipe out the blood. "Thou shalt not murder!" God has so commanded. "Thou shalt not cut short the term which I have allotted as the probation of every man! Thou art not of my council, and thou canst not tell when that term must end. Thou shalt not cut short the term of any man's probation! If you let him live now, he may live for ever!"

(To be continued.)

DINNER UPON A LARGE SCALE.—Doctor Shaw, who published his travels into Africa and Egypt, gives the following account of a family dinner prepared by the Emperor of Morocco. At the top there was fish, consisting of a young whale boiled, and a few sturgeons and porpoises fried, round it. At the bottom the hind-quarter of an elephant. On one side a brace of lions fricasseed; on the other side the neck of a camel made *kubab* (as the Doctor calls it), or, in plain English, *kabob'd*. The second course—A brace of ostriches roasted. On one side a griffin and a dish of cranes and storks; on the other a potted crocodile. There was no butcher's meat, but a roasted buffalo at the side-table. The doctor says he only picked the short ribs of a lion, which, to use his own expression, was a delicious morsel. What can we say to brother Jonathan after this?

## ENGLISH NAMES.

NAMES were first used amongst men for distinction. The Jews gave names at their circumcision, the Romans on the ninth day after their children's birth, and the Christians at their baptism; which names were generally intended to denote the future good wishes or hope of parents towards their children.

English names of baptism are generally either Saxon,—as Edmund, Edward, Edwin, Gilbert, Henry, Leonard, Robert, Richard, Walter, William, &c.; or from the Bible and Testament,—as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, John, Thomas, James, &c.; or it sometimes consists of the mother's surname, or occasionally of two Christian names, which is still customary in other countries, especially in Germany.

The French called names superadded to the Christian names, surnames, that is, *super nomina*.

The Hebrews, Greeks, and other nations of antiquity, did not add surnames to their families, but counted thus: for example, the Hebrews, Melchior Ben Addi—Addi Ben Casan, &c.; the Welsh, Hugh ap Owen, Owen ap Rhese; the Irish, Neal mac Con—Con mac Dermot, &c.

As Christian names were given to distinguish persons, so surnames were used for the distinction of families.

About A.D. 1000, the French began to take surnames, with *de* prefixed for a place, and *le* prefixed for some other qualifications. The English also adopted the use of surnames, but it was not until the reign of Edward the First that they became general.

Offices of honour have given rise to many surnames; for example, the Duke of Ormond and his descendant took the surname of Butler, their ancestor, Edward Fitz-Theobald, having been made Butler of Ireland; and again, John, Count Tancarville, of Normandy, being made chamberlain to the king of England, about six hundred years since, his descendants still bear the same coat of arms, by the name of Chamberlain.

At first the English gentry took the names of their birthplaces, or habitations, for surnames, as Thomas of Aston, or East-town; John of Sutton, or South-town; and, as they altered their habitation, so they changed their surname. When they afterwards became the lords of manors, they styled themselves Thomas Aston of Aston, John Sutton of Sutton.

Among the Saxons, the common people added for surname their fathers' names, with *son* at the end thereof,—as Thomas Johnson, Robert Richardson. They often took their father's nickname, or abbreviated name, with the addition of an *s*, as Gibbs, the nickname of Gilbert; Hobs, of Robert; Nick, of Nicholas; Bates, of Bartholomew; Sams, of Samuel; Hodges, of Roger; whence Gibson, Hobson, Nickson, Batson, Sampson, Hodson, &c. Many were surnamed from their trades, as Smith, Joyner, Weaver, Walker, God, &c.; or from their employments, as Porter, Steward, Shepherd, Carter, Spencer, Cook, Butler, Kemp; or from their places of abode, as Underwood, Underhill, also Atwood, Atwell, Athill; or from their colours or complexions, as Fairfax, Pigot, Blunt, or Bland; and from birds and beasts, as Arundel, Corbet, Wren, Finch, Woodcock, Lamb, Fox, Moyle, &c.

The Norman descendants in this country, about 200 years after the Conquest, also took their fathers' Christian names for surnames, with *Fitz* or *Fils* prefixed, as Robert Fitz-William, Henry Fitz-Gerard; afterwards Williamson, Gerardson, &c.

The Welsh were the last to adopt surnames, which they did chiefly by dropping the *a* in *ap*, and annexing the consonant to their fathers' Christian names; as, instead of Evan ap Rice, Evan Price; and for ap Howel, Powl; ap Hughes, Pughe; ap Rogers, Progers, &c.

The most ancient families in this country are such as have taken their surnames from places in Normandy, or England and Scotland, as Evreng, Chaworth, Seymour, Nevil, Montague, Mohun, Biroa, Bruges, Clifton, Berkley, Arcy, Stourton, Morley, Courtney, Grandison, Hastings, &c., which formerly had *de* prefixed, but now made one word, as Devereux, Darcy, &c.

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

His he whose every thought and deed  
By rule of virtue moves;  
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disapproves.

Who never did a slander forge,  
His neighbour's fame to wound;  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round.

Who vice, in all its pomp and power,  
Can treat with just neglect;

And piety, though clothed in rags,  
Religiously respect.

Who to his plighted words and trust  
Has ever firmly stood;  
And, though he promised to his loss,  
He makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains  
His treasure to employ;  
Whom no reward can ever bribe,  
The guiltless to destroy.

MUSIC.—The art of music, whose power has been acknowledged by the most profound thinkers of all ages, is of later growth than her sisters, poetry, sculpture and painting; and its means of communicating ideas are also less positive and direct; but the principles which govern its manifestations are strictly analogous, and we recognize in its very vagueness that yearning after the infinite, that feeling for ineffable loveliness, which, defying, by the electrical rapidity of its action upon the mind, the slow deductions of reason and all powers of analysis, approaches the Divine in its bright mystery, and dispensible influence upon our sentiments and emotions.

## THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

(Continued from page 586.)

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## FORMER BENEVOLENCE NOW REPAID WITH UNEXPECTED INTEREST.

Mr. THORNHILL made his appearance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain.

"No fawning, sir, at present," cried the Baronet, with a look of severity, "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour: but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His daughter vilely seduced, as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man—"

"Is it possible, sir," interrupted his nephew, "that my uncle could object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?"

"Your rebuke," cried Sir William, "is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but then—Yes, you have acted, in this instance, perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation."

"And I hope," said his nephew, "that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman's daughter, at some places of public amusement: thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress."

"If this," cried Sir William, "be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and though your conduct might have been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied the Squire; "I defy him to do so; and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus, sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him; "thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though at your entreaty, I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem, excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life;—thus, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it: one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster!" cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us; for my son is as innocent as a child: I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists—"

But the appearance of Jenkinson and the gaoler's two servants now called off our attention, who entered, hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter.

"Here," cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, "here we have him; and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one."

The moment Mr. Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him.

"What, Squire," cried he, "are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter? but this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour," continued he, turning to Sir William, "has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded. He declares that it was Mr. Thornhill who first put him upon this affair; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman; and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her; but Mr. Thornhill was to come in in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue; and that they should fight awhile, and then he was to run off, by which Mr. Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender."

Sir William remembered the coat to have been worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circumstantial account, concluding that Mr. Thornhill had often declared to him that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

"Heavens!" cried Sir William, "what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom! And so fond of public justice, too, as he seemed to be! But

he shall have it; secure him, Mr. Gaoler!—yet, hold; I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him."

Upon this, Mr. Thornhill, with the utmost humility, expressed that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidence against him, but that his servants should be examined.

"Your servants!" replied Sir William, "wretch! call them yours no longer: but come, let us hear what these fellows have to say; let his butler be called."

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived, by his former master's looks, that all his power was now over.

"Tell me," cried Sir William, sternly, "have you ever seen your master and that fellow, dressed up in his clothes, in company together?"

"Yes, please your honour," cried the butler, "a thousand times: he was the man that always brought him his ladies."

"How," interrupted young Mr. Thornhill, "this to my face!"

"Yes," replied the butler, "or to any man's face. To tell you a truth, Mr. Thornhill, I never either loved or liked you, and I don't care if I tell you now a piece of my mind."

"Now, then," cried Jenkinson, "tell his honour whether you know anything of me."

"I can't say," replied the butler, "that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman's daughter was deluded to our house, you were one of them."

"So, then," cried Sir William, "I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence: Thou staid to humanity! to associate with such wretches! But," continuing his examination, "you tell me, Mr. Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman's daughter?"

"No, please your honour," replied the butler, "he did not bring her, for the Squire himself undertook that business; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them."

"It is but too true," cried Jenkinson, "I cannot deny it; that was the employment assigned me, and I confess it to my confusion."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Baronet, "how every new discovery of his villany alarms me! All his guilt is now too plain, and I find his prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request, Mr. Gaoler, set this young officer, now your prisoner, free, and trust to me for the consequences. I'll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the Magistrate, who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself? Let her appear to confront this wretch: I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she?"

"Ah, sir," said I, "that question stings me to the heart: I was once, indeed, happy in a daughter, but her miseries—"

Another interruption here prevented me; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr. Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her; for her arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr. Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street, and instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learnt from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr. Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did, and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty.

"Indeed, my dear Mr. Thornhill," cried she to the Squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to oppress us, "I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both: you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my reverend old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret."

"He find a pleasure in doing good!" cried Sir William, interrupting her. "No, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch who, after having deluded this poor man's daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had the courage to face her betrayer. And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon an escape from the embraces of such a monster."

"O goodness!" cried the lovely girl, "how have I been deceived! Mr. Thornhill informed me for certain that this gentleman's eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady."

"My sweetest aunt," cried my wife, "he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor never was married."



Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of anybody else; and I have heard him say, he would die a bachelor for your sake."

She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son's passion. She set his duel with Mr. Thornhill in a proper light; soon launched the made a rapid digression to the 'Squire's debaucheries, his profligate marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

"Good Heaven!" cried Miss Wilmot, "how very near I have been to the brink of ruin! Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me: he had at least art enough to persuade me, that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detect one equally brave and generous."

But by this time my son was freed from the encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr. Jenkinson, also, who had acted as his valet-de-chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now, therefore, entered handsomely dressed in his regimentals; and without vanity (for I am above it) he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarcely believe it real.

"Sure, madam," cried he, "this is but delusion! I can never have merited this! To be blessed thus is to be too happy."

"No, sir," replied she; "I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship; you have long known it: but forget what I have done; and, as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another's."

"And no other's you shall be," cried Sir William, "if I have any influence with your father."

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But in the meantime the 'Squire, perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain.

"I find, then," cried he, "that I am to expect no justice here; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir," turning to Sir William, "I am no longer a poor dependent upon your favours; I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot's fortune from me, which, I thank her father's providence, is pretty large. The articles and a bond for her fortune are signed, and safe in my possession. It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other."

This was an alarming blow. Sir William was sensible of the justice of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage-articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him?

"Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was, indeed, all that you ever had to give; at least all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr. Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr. Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes employed in the most mortifying speculations, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.

"I must confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich; she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier, who is willing to take her without fortune: they have long loved each other; and for the friendship I bear his father, my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here (meaning me) give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready to give up the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required, which, to one who had

such little expectations as I was no great favour. We had now, therefore, the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in transport.

"After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could ever have presumed to hope for! To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain! My warmest wishes could never rise so high!"

"Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made from the basest of men to the dearest, best!—Let him enjoy our fortune; I now can be happy even in indigence."

"And I promise you," cried the 'Squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with what you despise."

"Hold, hold! sir," cried Jenkinson, "there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady's fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single penny of it. Pray, your honour," continued he, to Sir William, "can the 'Squire have this lady's fortune, if he be married to another?"

"How can you make such a simple demand?" replied the baronet, "doubtedly he cannot."

"I am sorry for that," cried Jenkinson; "for as this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that this contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper for he is married already."

"You lie, like a rascal," returned the 'Squire, who seemed roused by this insult; "I never was legally married to any woman."

"Indeed, begging your honour's pardon," replied the other, "you were; and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife; and, if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her."

So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design.

"Ay, let him go," cried the 'Squire; "whatever else I may have done, I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs."

"I am surprised," said the baronet, "what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose."

"Perhaps, sir," replied I, "he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them—Amazement! Do I see my lost daughter? Do I hold her? It is, it is my life, my happiness! I thought thee lost, my Olivia, yet still I hold thee—and still thou shalt live to bless me."

The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures.

"And art thou returned to me, my darling," cried I, "to be my comfort in age?"

"That she is," cried Jenkinson; "and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, 'Squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife. And to convince you that I speak nothing but truth, here is the license by which you were married together."

So saying, he put the license into the Baronet's hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect.

"And now, gentlemen," continued he, "I find you are surprised at all this; but a few words will explain the difficulty. That there 'Squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship (but that's between ourselves), has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false license and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got a true license and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this: but no, to my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the license, and let the 'Squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and to make him come down whenever I wanted money."

A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized,

"And shook their chains  
In transport and rude harmony."

Happiness was expanded upon every face, and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But perhaps among all there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusion.

"How could you," cried I, turning to Mr. Jenkinson, "how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death? But it matters not; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain."

"As to your question," replied Jenkinson, "that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by abetting to the 'Squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant, while your daughter was living; there was therefore no other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit, and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr. Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him: he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge. He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of pining misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him, and, after pausing a few moments,

"Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude," cried he, "deserve no tenderness; yet thou shalt not be entirely forsaken—a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future."

He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech; but the Baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone, and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted, to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father. My wife too kissed her daughter with much affection; as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn, and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied.

"I think now," cried he, with a smile, "that all the company except one or two seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir," continued he, turning to me, "of the obligations we both owe Mr. Jenkinson, and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune; and upon this I am sure they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making? Will you have him?"

My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother's arms at the hideous proposal.

"Have him, sir," cried she, faintly: "no, sir, never!"

"What," cried he again, "not have Mr. Jenkinson, your benefactor, a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations?"

"I beg, sir," returned she, scarcely able to speak, "that you'll desist, and not make me so very wretched."

"Was ever such obstinacy known?" cried he again, "to refuse a man whom the family has such infinite obligations to, who has preserved your sister, and who has five hundred pounds! What! not have him?"

"No, sir, never!" replied she, angrily, "I'd sooner die first."

"If that be the case then," cried he, "if you will not have him—I think I must have you myself."

And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour.

"My loveliest, my most sensible of girls," cried he, "how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress who loved him for himself alone? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even amongst the pert and the ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty."

Then turning to Jenkinson.

"As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she has taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune: and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds."

Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the meantime, Sir William's gentleman appeared to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where everything was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous Baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners, and Mr. Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions were distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as of sorrow, and then slept undisturbed till morning.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE CONCLUSION.

The next morning, as soon as I awoke, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having pleased me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant, who had failed in town, was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's gene-

rosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune; but I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the license, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies, and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church, a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first. My son's bride warmly insisted that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good-breeding. But as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest; and shutting it,

"I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day."

This at once reduced them to reason. The Baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously that morning given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family; by which means upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr. Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them). We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity; but, finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr. Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides, in quality of companion, at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other; for they make no stranger of him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent. But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus: when were to sit down to dinner our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides; but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, except my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good-humour. I can't say whether we had more wit among us now than usual; but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr. Wilmot drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied,

"Madam, I thank you."

Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed, that he was thinking of his mistress: at which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my family assembled once more by a cheerful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee, the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for; all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

## END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

THE THREE TEACHERS.—To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers, "every thing might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gifts of Providence. These three teachers were, *Necessity, Habit, and Time*. At starting in life, *Necessity* told him, if he hoped to live he must labour; *Habit* turned the labour into an indigence; and *Time* gave every man an hour for every thing, unless he chose to yawn it away.—*Salathiel*.



DANIEL DEFOE.

DANIEL DEFOE, or Foe, as the name was sometimes spelt, was born in London in the year 1661, in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. His father, James Foe, was a butcher; and his grandfather, Daniel, the first person among his ancestors of whom any thing is positively known, was a substantial yeoman, who farmed his own estate at Elton, in Northamptonshire. The old gentleman kept a pack of hounds, which indicated both his wealth and his principles as a royalist; for the Puritans did not allow of the sports of the field, though his grandson (*contra bonos mores*) sometimes indulged in them. In alluding to this circumstance, Defoe says, "I remember my grandfather had a huntsman, who used the same familiarity (that of giving party names to animals) with his dogs; and he had his Roundhead and his Cavalier, his Goring and his Waller; and all the generals in both armies were hounds in his pack, till, the times turning, the old gentleman was fain to scatter his pack, and make them up of more dog-like surnames." It was probably from this relative that Defoe inherited a freehold estate, of which he was not a little vain; and which seems to have influenced his opinions in his theory of the right of popular election, and of the British constitution. His father was a person of a different cast—a rigid Dissenter; and from him his son appears to have imbibed the grounds of his opinions and practice. He was living at an advanced age in 1705. The following curious memorandum, signed by him at this period, throws some light on his character, as well as on that of the times:—"Sarah Pierce lived with us about fifteen or sixteen years since, about two years, and behaved herself so well, that we recommended her to Mr. Cave, that godly minister, which we should not have done, had not her conversation been according to the gospel. From my lodgings, at the Bell, in Broad-street, having lately left my house in Throgmorton-street, October 10, 1705. Witness my hand, JAMES FOE."

Young Defoe was brought up for the ministry, and educated with this view at the Dissenting Academy of Mr. Charles Morton, at Newington Green, where Mr. Samuel Wesley, the father of the celebrated John Wesley, and who afterwards wrote against the Dissenters, was brought up with him. Whether from an unsettled inclination, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education here. He not long after joined in Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner with the rest of the duke's followers. It is supposed he owed his safety to his being a native of London, and his person not being known in the West of England, where that movement chiefly took place. He now applied himself to business, and became a kind of hose factor. He afterward set up a Dutch-tile manufactory at Tibbury, in Essex, and derived great profit from it; but his being sentenced to the pillory for his "Shortest Way with the Dissenters," (one of the truest, ablest, and most reasonable pamphlets ever published), and the heavy fine and imprisonment that followed, involved him in distress and difficulty ever after. He occasionally, indeed, seemed to be emerging from obscurity, and to hold his head above water for a time, (and at one period had built himself a handsome house at Stoke Newington, which is still to be seen there), but this show of prosperity was of short continuance; all of a sudden, we find him immersed in poverty and law as deeply as ever; and it would appear that with all his ability and industry, however he might be fortified to serve his country, or delight mankind, he was not one of those who are born to make their fortunes—either from a careless, imprudent disposition, that squanders away its advantages, or a sanguine and restless temper, that constantly abandons a successful pursuit for some new and gilded project. Defoe took an active and enthusiastic part in the Revolution

of 1688, and was personally known to King William, of whom he was a sort of idolater, and evinced a spirit of knight-errantry in defence of his character and memory whenever it was attacked. He was released from prison (after lying there two years) by the interference and friendship of Harley, who introduced him to Queen Anne, by whom he was employed on several confidential missions, and more particularly in effecting the Union with Scotland. His personal obligations to Harley fettered his politics during the four last years of Queen Anne, and threw a cloud over his popularity in the following reign, but fixed no stain upon his character, except in the insinuations and slanders of his enemies, whether of his own or the opposite party. It was not till after he had retired from the battle, covered with scars and bruises, but without a single trophy or reward, in acknowledgment of his indefatigable and undeniable services in defence of the cause he had all his life espoused—when he was nearly sixty years of age, and struck down by a fit of apoplexy—that he thought of commencing novel writer, for his amusement and subsistence. The most popular of his novels, "Robinson Crusoe," was published in the year 1719, and he poured others from his pen, for the remaining ten or twelve years of his life, as fast, and with as little apparent effort, as he had formerly done lampoons, reviews, and pamphlets.

To say nothing of the incessant war he waged with crying abuses, with priestcraft and tyranny, and the straight line of consistency and principle which he followed from the beginning to the end of his career—he was a powerful though unpolished satirist in verse, (as his "True-born Englishman" sufficiently proves);—was master of an admirable prose style;—in his "Review," (a periodical paper which was published three times a week for nine years together), led the way to that class of essay-writing, and those dramatic sketches of common life and manners, which were afterwards so happily perfected by Steele and Addison;—in his "Essays on Trade," anticipated many of those broad and liberal principles which are regarded as modern discoveries;—in his moral essays, and some of his novels, undoubtedly set the example of that minute description and perplexing casuistry, of which Richardson so successfully availed himself;—was among the first to advocate the intellectual equality, and the necessity of improvements in the education of women;—suggested the project of saving banks, and an asylum for idiots;—among other notable services and claims to attention, by his thoughts on the best mode of watching and lighting the streets of the metropolis, might be considered as the author of the modern system of police; and even in party matters, and the heats and rancorous differences of jarring sects, generally seized on that point of view which displayed most moderation and good sense, and in his favourite conclusions and arguments, was half a century before his contemporaries, who, for that reason, made common cause against him.

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, Defoe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which Defoe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr. Baker, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia.

"From this scene of sorrow," says Mr. Wilson, "we must now hasten to an event, that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crisis that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April, 1731, when he was about seventy years of age, having been born in the year 1661. Cibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington; but this is incorrect. The parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose; and farther informs us, that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindal's burying-ground, now most known by the name of Bunhill-fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows:—'1731. April 26. Mr. Dubow, Cripplegate.' His wife did not long survive him."

#### WONDERFUL FORCE OF HABIT; OR, THE POWER OF MUSCULAR MOTION.

"It certainly is curious," said the first-lieutenant, assuming much gravity of countenance, "and happened when I was junior luff of the old *Sharknose*. We were running into Rio Janeiro man-o'-war fashion, with a pennant as long as a purser's account at the mast-head, and the spanking ensign hoisted at the gaff end, with a fly that would have swept all the sheep off the Isle of Wight. Away we gallop'd along, when a shot from Santa Cruz, the three-decked battery of the entrance, came slap into our bows. 'Tell 'em we're pretty well, thankye,' shouted the skipper; and our jolly first, who took his meaning literally, pointed the fokstle gun, clapped the match to the priming, and off went the messenger, which struck the sentry, who was pacing his post, right between the shoulders, and whipt off his head as clean as you would snap a carrot. He was a stout made, powerful-looking man, and by sheer muscular motion, as I said before, his head flew up from his body at least a fathom and a half, and actually descended upon the point of his bayonet, where it stuck fast, and the unfortunate fellow walked the whole length of the rampart in that way; nor was it till he had got to the turn end was steering round to come back again, that he discovered the loss of his head, when, according to the most approved practice in similar surgical cases, he fell to the ground. It was sheer muscular motion, gentlemen,—sheer muscular motion."



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# THE HOME COMPANION:

## A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### DEATH.

(Continued from page 587.)

We cannot wonder that the ancients should believe, "Whom the gods love, die young," and are ready to say, with Southey himself, subsequently, like poor Swift, a melancholy example of the truth of his poetical exclamation,

"They who reach  
Gray hairs die piecemeal."

Sacred history informs us, that, in the infancy of the world, the physiological tendency to death was far less urgently and early developed than it is now. When the change took place is not stated; if it occurred gradually, the downward progress has been long since arrested. All records make the journey of life, from the time of Job and the early patriarchs, much the same as the pilgrim of to-day is destined to travel. Threescore and ten was, when Cheops built his pyramid, as it is now, a long life. Legends, antique and modern, do indeed tell us of tribes that, like Riley's Arabs and the serfs of Middle Russia, and the Ashantees and other Africans, live two or three centuries; but these are travellers' stories, unconfirmed. The various statistical tables that have been in modern times made up from materials more or less authentic, and the several inquiries into the general subject of longevity, seem to lead to the gratifying conclusion that there is rather an increase of the average or mean duration of civilized life. In 1806, Duvillard fixed the average duration of life in France at twenty-eight years; in 1846, Bousquet estimates it at thirty-three. Mallet calculated that the average life of the Genevese had extended ten years in three generations. In Farr's fifth report (for 1844), the "probable duration," the "expectation of life" in England, is placed above forty; a great improvement within half a century. It is curious, if it be true, that the extreme term seems to lessen as the average thus increases. Mallet is led to this opinion from the fact, among others, that in Geneva, coincident with the generally favourable change above-mentioned, there has not been a single centenarian within twenty-seven years; such instances of longevity having been formerly no rarer there than elsewhere.

Birds and fishes are said to be the longest lived of animals. For the longevity of the latter, ascertained in fish-ponds, Bacon gives the whimsical reason that, in the moist element which surrounds them, they are protected from exsiccation of the vital juices, and thus preserved. This idea corresponds very well with the stories told of the uncalculated ages of some of the inhabitants of the bayous of Louisiana, and of the happy ignorance of that region, where a traveller once found a withered and antique corpse—so goes the tale—sitting propped in an arm-chair among his posterity, who could not comprehend why he slept so long and so soundly.

But the Hollanders and Burmese do not live especially long; and the Arab, always lean and wiry, leads a protracted life amidst his arid sands. Nor can we thus account for the lengthened age of the crow, the raven, and the eagle, which are said to hold out for two or three centuries.

There is the same difference among shrubs and trees, of which some are annual, some of still more brief existence, and some almost eternal. The venerable oak bids defiance to the storms of a thousand winters; and the Indian baobab is set down as a contemporary at least of the Tower of Babel,

having probably braved, like the more transient, though long-enduring olive, the very waters of the great deluge.

It will be delightful to know—will Science ever discover for us—what constitutes the difference thus impressed upon the long and short-lived races of the organized creation? Why must the fragrant shrub or gorgeous flower-plant die immediately after performing its function of continuing the species, and the pretty ephemeron languish into non-existence just as it flutters through its genial hour of love, and grace, and enjoyment; while the banyan, and the chestnut, the tortoise, the vulture, and the carp, formed of the same primary material elements, and subsisting upon the very same resources of nutrition and supply, outlast them so indefinitely?

Death from old age, from natural decay—usually spoken of as death without disease—is most improperly termed by writers an euthanasia. Alas! how far otherwise is the truth! Old age itself is, with the rarest exceptions, exceptions which I have never had the good fortune to meet with anywhere—old age itself is a protracted and terrible disease.

During its whole progress, Death is making gradual encroachments upon the domain of life. Function after function undergoes impairment, and is less and less perfectly carried on, while organ after organ suffers atrophy and other changes, unfitting it for the performance of offices to which it was originally designed. I will not go over the gloomy detail of the observed modifications occurring in every part of the frame, now a noble ruin, majestic even in decay. The lungs admit and vivify less blood; the heart often diminishes in size, and always acts more slowly, and the arteries frequently ossify; nutrition is impeded, and assimilation deteriorated; senile marasmus follows, "and the seventh age falls into the lean and shaggy pantaloon;" and last, and worst of all, the brain, and indeed the whole nervous tissue, shrink in size and weight, undergoing at the same time more or less change of structure and composition. As the skull cannot contract on its contents, the shrinking of the brain occasions a great increase of the fluid within the subarachnoid space. Communication with the outer world, now about to be cut off entirely, becomes limited and less intimate. The eyes grow dim; the ear loses its aptitude for harmony, and soon ceases to appreciate sound; odours yield no fragrance; flavours affect not the indifferent palate; and even the touch appreciates only harsh and coarse impressions. The locomotive power is lost; the capillaries refuse to circulate the dark, thick blood; the extremities retain no longer their vital warmth; the breathing slow and oppressed, more and more difficult, at last terminates for ever with a deep expiration. This tedious process is rarely accomplished in the manner indicated without interruption; it is usually, nay, as far as my experience has gone, always brought to an abrupt close by the supervention of some positive malady. In our climate this is, in the larger proportion, an affection of the respiratory apparatus, bronchitis, or pneumonia. It will, of course, vary with the original or constitutional predisposition of the individual, and somewhat in relation to locality and season. Many aged persons die of apoplexy and its kindred cerebral maladies; not a few of diarrhoea; a winter epidemic of influenza is apt to be fatal to them in large numbers everywhere.

When we regard death pathologically, that is, as the result of violence and destructive disease, it is evident that the phenomena presented will vary relatively to the contingencies effective in producing it. It is obviously out of place here to recount them, forming as they do a vast collection of instructive facts, the basis indeed of an almost separate science, Morbid Anatomy.

There are many of the phenomena of death, however, that are common to all forms and modes of death, or are rarely wanting; these are highly interesting objects of study in themselves, and assume a still greater importance when we consider them in the light of signs or tokens of the extinction of life. It seems strange that it has been found difficult to agree upon any such signs short of molecular change or putrefactive decomposition, that shall be pronounced absolutely certain, and calculated entirely to relieve us from the horrible chance of premature interment of a body yet living. The flaccidity of the cornea is dwelt on by some; others trust rather to the *rigor mortis*, the rigid stiffness of the limbs and trunk supervening upon the cold relaxation which attends generally the last moments. This rigidity is not understood or explained satisfactorily. It is possible that, as Matteucci has proved, the changes in all the tissues, chiefly chemical or chemico-vital, are the source from whence is generated the "nervous force" during life; so, after death, the similar changes, now purely chemical, may, for a brief period, continue to generate the same or a similar force, which is destined to expand itself simply upon the muscular fibres, in disposing them to contract. There is a vague analogy here with the effect of galvanism upon bodies recently dead, which derives some little force from the fact that the bodies least disposed to respond to the stimulus of galvanism are those which form the exceptions to the almost universal exhibition of rigidity—those, namely, which have been killed by lightning, and by blows on the pit of the stomach. Some poisons, too, leave the corpse quite flaccid and flexible.

The researches of Dr. Bennett Dowler, of New Orleans, have presented us with results profoundly impressive, startling, and instructive. He has, with almost unequalled zeal, availed himself of opportunities of performing autopsy at a period following death of unprecedented promptness, that is, within a few minutes after the last struggle, and employed them with an intelligent curiosity and to admirable purpose.

I have said that, in physiological death, the natural decay of advancing age, there is a gradual encroachment of death upon life; so here, in premature death from violent diseases, the contrasted analogy is offered of life maintaining its ground far amidst the destructive changes of death. Thus, in cholera asphyxia, the body, for an indefinite period after all other signs of life have ceased, is agitated by horrid spasms, and violently contorted. We learn from Dr. Dowler that it is not only in these frightful manifestations, and in the cold stiffness of the familiar *rigor mortis*, that we are to track this

tenacious muscular contraction as the last vital sign, but that in all, or almost all cases we shall find it lingering, not in the heart, anciently considered in its right ventricle the *ultimum moriens*, nor in any other internal fibres, but in the muscles of the limbs, the biceps most obstinately. This muscle will contract, even after the arm with the scapula has been torn from the trunk, upon receiving a sharp blow, so as to raise the forearm from the table, to a right angle with the upper arm.

We also learn from him the curious fact that the generation of animal heat, which physiologists have chosen to point out as a function most purely vital, does not cease upon the supervention of obvious or apparent death. There is, he tells us, a steady development for some time of what he terms "post-mortem calorificity," by which the heat is carried not only above the natural or normal standard, but to a height rarely equalled in the most sthenic or inflammatory forms of disease. He has seen it reach  $115^{\circ}$  of Fahr., higher than Hunter ever met with it, in his experiments made for the purpose of exciting it; higher than it has been noted even in scarlatina,  $112^{\circ}$ . I think, being the ultimate limit observed in that disease of pungent external heat; and far beyond the natural heat of the central parts of the healthy body, which is  $97^{\circ}$  or  $98^{\circ}$ . Nor is it near the centre, or at the trunk; that the post-mortem warmth is greatest, but, for some unknown reason, at the inner part of the thigh, about the lower margin of its upper third. I scarcely know any fact in nature more incomprehensible or inexplicable than this. We were surprised when it was first told us, that, in the Asiatic pestilence, the body of the livid victim was often colder before than after death; but this I think is easily understood. The profluvia of cholera, and its profound capillary stagnation, concur in carrying off all the heat generated, and in preventing or impeding the development of animal heat. No vital actions, no changes necessary to the production of caloric, can proceed without the minute circulation which has been checked by the asphyxiated condition of the subject, while the fluids leave the body through every outlet, and evaporation chills the whole exposed and relaxed surface. Yet the lingering influence of a scarcely perceptible vitality prevents the purely chemical changes of putrefactive decomposition, which commence instantly upon the extinction of this feeble resistance, and caloric is evolved by the processes of ordinary decay.

In the admirable liturgy of the churches of England and of Rome, there is a fervent prayer for protection against "battle, murder, and sudden death." From death uncontrived, unarranged, unprepared for, may Heaven in mercy deliver us! But if ever ready, as we should be for the inevitable event, the most kindly mode of infliction must surely be that which is most prompt and brief. To die unconsciously, as in sleep, or by apoplexy, or lightning, or overwhelming violence, as in the catastrophe of the Princeton, this is the true Euthanasia. "Cæsar," says Suetonius, "finem vitæ commodissimum, repentinum inopinatumque prætulit." Montaigne who quotes this, renders it, "La moins préméditée et la plus courte." "Mortes repentina," reasons Pliny, "hoc est summa vite felicitas," "Emori nolo," exclaims Cicero, "sed me esse mortuum nihil estimo."

Sufferers by various modes of execution were often, in the good old times of our merciless ancestors, denied as long as possible the privilege of dying, and the Indians of North America utter a scalding howl of disappointment when a victim thus prematurely escapes from their ingenious malignity. The *coup de grace* was a boon unspeakably desired by the poor wretch broken on the wheel, or stretched upon the accursed cross, and forced to linger on with mangled and bleeding limbs, amidst all the cruel torments of thirst and fever, through hours and even days that must have seemed interminable.

The progress of civilization, and a more enlightened humanity, have put an end to all these atrocities, and substituted the gallows, the garrote, and the guillotine, which inflict deaths so sudden that many have questioned whether they necessarily imply any consciousness of physical suffering. These are, however, by no means, the most instantaneous modes of putting an end to life and its manifestations. In the hanged, as in the drowned and otherwise suffocated, there is a period of uncertainty, during which the subject is, as we know recoverable; we dare not pronounce him insensible. He who has seen an ox "pithed" in the slaughter-house, or a game cock in all the flush and excitement of battle "gassed" in the occiput or back of the neck, will contrast the immediate stiffness and relaxation of the flaccid body with the prolonged and convulsive struggles of the decapitated bird, with a sort of curious anxiety to know how long and in what degree sensibility may linger in the head and in the trunk when severed by the sharp axe. The history of the guillotine offers many incidents calculated to throw a doubt on the subject, and the inquiries of Seguret and Sue seem to prove the existence of post-mortem passion and emotion.

Among the promptest modes of extinguishing life is the electric fluid. A flash of lightning will destroy the coagulability of the blood, as well as the contractility of the muscular fibre; the dead body remaining flexible. A blow on the epigastrium kills instantly, with the same results. Soldiers fall sometimes in battle without a wound; the impulse of a cannon-ball passing near the pit of the stomach is here supposed to be the cause of death. The effect in these two last instances is ascribed by some to "a shock given to the semilunar ganglion, and the communication of the impression to the heart;" but this is insufficient to account either for the quickness of the occurrence, or the peculiar changes impressed upon the solids and fluids. Others are of opinion that the whole set of respiratory nerves is paralyzed through the violent shock given to the phrenic, "thus shutting up," as one writer expresses it, "the fountain of all the sympathetic actions of the system." This hypothesis is liable also to the objections urged above; and we must acknowledge the suddenness and character of the results described to be as yet unexplained, and in the present state of our knowledge altogether inexplicable.

On the field of battle, it has been observed that the countenances of those killed by gun-shot wounds are usually placid; while those who perish by the sword, bayonet, pike, or lance, offer viages distorted by pain, or by emotions of anger or indignation. Persons differ much among themselves as to the amount and kind of suffering they occasion. We know of none which are absolutely free from the risk of inflicting severe distress. Prussic acid gives perhaps the briefest death which we have occasion to observe. I have seen it, as Taylor states, kill an animal, when applied to the tongue or the eye, almost before the hand which offered it could be removed. Yet in the case of Tawell, tried for the murder of Sarah Hart, by this means, there was abundant testimony that many, on taking it, had time to utter a loud and peculiar scream of anguish; and in a successful attempt at suicide made by a physician of New York city, we have a history of appalling suffering and violent convulsion. So I have seen in suicide with opium, which generally gives an easy and soporose death resembling that of apoplexy, one or two instances in which there were very great and long-protracted pain and sickness.

Medical writers have agreed, very generally, that "the death-struggle," the agony of death, as it has long been termed, is not what it appears, a stage of suffering. I am not satisfied—I say it reluctantly—I am not satisfied with these consolatory views, so ingeniously and plausibly advocated by Wilson, Philip, and Symonds, Hufeland, and Hoffman. I would they were true! But all the symptoms look like tokens or expressions of distress; we may hope that they are not always such in reality; but how can this be proved? Those who, having seemed to die, recovered afterwards and declared that they had undergone no pain, do not convince me of the fact any more than the somnambulist, who upon awaking, assures me that he has not dreamed; at all, after a whole night of action, and connected thought, and effected purpose. His memory retains no traces of the questionable past; like that of the epileptic, who forgets the whole train of events, and is astonished after a horrible fit to find his tongue bitten, and his face and limbs bruised and swollen.

Nay, some have proceeded to the paradoxical extreme of suggesting that certain modes of death are attended with pleasurable sensations, as for instance, hanging; and a late reviewer, who regards this sombre topic with a most cheerful eye, gives us instances which he considers in point. I have seen many men hung, forty at least—a strangely large number. In all, there were evidences of suffering, as far as could be judged by external appearances. It once happened that a certain set were slowly executed, owing to a maladroit arrangement of the scaffold upon which they stood, which gave way only at one end. The struggles of such as were half supported were dreadful, and those of them who could speak earnestly begged that their agonies should be put an end to.

In former, nay, even in recent times, we are told that pirates and robbers have resorted to half-hanging to extort confession as to hidden treasures. Is it possible that they can have so much mistaken the means they employ as thus to use pleasurable appliances for the purposes of torture?

The mistake of most reasoners on the subject, Winslow and Hufeland more especially, consists in this, that they fix their attention exclusively upon the final moments of dissolution. But the act of dying may be in disease, as we know it to be in many modes of violence, impalement for example, or crucifixion, very variously protracted and progressive. "Insensibly as we enter life," says Hufeland, "equally insensibly do we leave it. Man can have no sensation of dying." Here the insensibility of death completed, that is, of the dead body, is strangely predicated of the moribund while still living. This transitive condition, to use the graphic language of the American writer whom we have already more than once quoted, is "a terra incognita, where vitality, extinguished in some tissues, smouldering in others, and disappearing gradually from all, resembles the region of a volcano, whose eruptions subsiding, leave the surface covered with cinders and ashes, concealing the rents and lesions which have on all sides scarred and disfigured the face of nature."

Besides this, we have no right to assume, as Hufeland has here done, the insensibility of the child at birth. It is subject to disease before birth; as soon as it draws a breath, it utters loud cries and sobs. To pronounce all its actions "mechanical, instinctive, necessary, automatic," in fact, is a very easy solution of the question; but I think neither rational nor conclusive. If you prick it or burn it, you regard its cries as proving sensibility to pain; but on the application of air to its delicate and hitherto protected skin, and the distension of its hitherto quiet lung, the same cry you say is mechanical and inexpressive. So Leibnitz explained, to his own satisfaction, the struggles and moans of the lower animals as automatic, being embarrassed with metaphysical and moral difficulties on the score of their intelligence and liability to suffering. But no one now espouses his theory, and we must accept, whether we can explain them or not, the facts that the lower animals are liable to pain during their entire existence, and that the heritage of their master is, from and during birth to the last moment of languishing vitality, a sad legacy of woe and suffering.

But I recoil from further discussion of a topic so full of awe and solemn interest, and conclude this prosaic "Thanatopsis" with the Miltonian strain of Bryant:

"So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realm of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

## ONWARD!

**A "COMMERCIAL CREDIT MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY."**—A society for mutual assurance against bad debts is now in operation in the City. It is said to be based on principles similar to those which have already been in operation for some years in Paris. The society gives to the assured the full benefit of all the premiums; thus differing from a proprietary society raising a capital and giving to shareholders, instead of the assured, all the profit arising therefrom.

**REVOLVING WARDROBE.**—This contrivance has been made by Mr. Johnston, of Gloucester. It can be made to contain any number of hooks, from twelve upwards, on each of which a dress of any kind can be hung: by pulling a cord the whole of these revolve, so that the particular dress required can be at once removed without disturbing the others. Underneath is a space for hat or handboxes, &c. which also revolves with the hooks. This seems to be just an adaptation of the idea of a revolving desk for business papers, &c., such as appeared at the International Exhibition.

**THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD DIGGINGS.**—The Council of the Society of Arts have appointed a deputation to wait upon the Director of the Government School of Mines with a request that the professors of that School would undertake a series of lectures on the gold formations of Australia, and the modes of separating and distinguishing the precious metals. These lectures are intended to serve as the medium of conveying instruction to those emigrating to Australia. The proposition, we understand, has been fully entertained by the professors, and arrangements are being made for at once carrying into full effect the suggestion of the Society of Arts.

**THE METROPOLITAN SOCIETY FOR IMPROVING THE DWELLINGS OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES.**—The new Report of this Society shows that it is gradually working itself into a safe financial position. The dividend for the past year is announced at three per cent. When it is considered that the managers of this Society had a new experiment to make—old prejudices to overcome—many interests to reconcile,—that they had a considerable machinery to get together—novel forms of dwellings to study—a population to introduce to superior habits,—it will appear of hopeful augury that the dividend should already be so large.

**STREET ORDERLIES.**—We are glad to observe the extension of a good and useful social scheme, in the employment of some of the boys of the Ragged School Shoeblack Brigade as street messengers. At the Stock Exchange, the Duke of Wellington's statue in the city, Leicester-square, and the Strand opposite Hungerford-market, these young messengers have begun to ply their vocation with the red livery and badge of the Society, which is answerable to the amount of £3 for the safe carriage of booked parcels. The industrial department of the Ragged School Union is conducted with much good sense as well as benevolence; and we hope this new scheme will meet with the encouragement which it deserves.

**PROGRESS IN IRELAND.**—We are glad to find that a stream of visitors is setting in towards the sister island; and the reports from some who have been there are likely to increase it. They are unanimous in their admiration of the scenery, and acknowledgement of the cordiality they found. It is said that Mr. Dargan has made an offer to the Committee of the Royal Dublin Society to expend £10,000, or, if necessary, £20,000, in the erection of a building in connection with, or upon, their grounds, for the purposes of a grand National Exhibition, the profits incidental to the admission of the public to be derived by him, and the articles and products exhibited to comprise those of native growth, cultivation, and workmanship, and, in addition to these, such foreign products as may be available and productive in Ireland. Those who have seen the Crystal Palace may be indisposed to look at anything Irish: indeed this feeling has prevailed more with Irishmen than with those of England. There are those who sneer at the products of the land that gave them birth, and from which they derive their means of existence, and forget that it is less laudable to patronise and praise the manufactures of a prosperous nation, than to prop up, encourage and sustain the infantine and struggling arts and manufactures of their own country.

**RE-ERECTION OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.**—The astonishing project of re-erecting the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on a much grander scale than before, is no longer a "castle in the air," but a substantial verity. A Company is formed, with means to carry out the scheme in its fullest integrity; a sum of £400,000 is lodged in cash at the bankers, to begin with; and the Brighton Railway Directors have engaged to lay down a network of lines to and from everywhere, for the conveyance hither and thither of all sorts of visitors at the least possible trouble and expense. The services of the original Crystal Palace architect, builder, and decorator being secured, the men, the money, and the materials are now provided; and it is confidently announced that this new wonder of the world will be opened to the public on the 1st May, 1853. The roof of the building is to be arched throughout, and there are to be three transepts. The two outer transepts are to be of the same size as the original transept, but the centre one is to be as high again—high enough to take in the monument on Fish-street-hill,—and there is to be a fountain beneath it, throwing water to a height exceeding that of the Nelson column. The interior is to be divided into temperate and tropical conditions of climate and vegetation; and some of the principal countries of the world—China, Egypt, Nineveh, &c.—are to be represented with a reality never before conceived. We should like to have seen it erected along the river front of Battersea Park, but as its enormous proportions will render it a conspicuous object for many miles round, and there are to be abundant facilities for getting to it, we see no reason to object to the site that has been fixed upon.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BIRTHDAY.

Alas! this day  
First gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)  
The fates e'er since, as watching its return,  
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep  
With something great; extremes of good or ill.—*Young's Busiris.*

If any white-wing'd power above  
My joys and griefs survey,  
The day when thou wert born, my love,—  
He surely bless'd that day.  
And duly shall my raptur'd song,  
And gladly shall my eyes  
Still bless this day's return, so long  
As thou shalt see it rise.—*Campbell.*

My birthday! O, beloved mother!  
My heart is with thee o'er the seas,  
I did not think to count another,  
Before I wept upon thy knees.—*Willis.*

## BLINDNESS.

Where am I now?  
I thought the way to death had been so broad,  
Tho' I were blind, I could not miss the road.  
Death's lodgings such perpetual darkness have,  
And I seem nothing but a walking grave.  
*Sir Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

These eyes, though clear,  
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
The conscience friend, to have lost them overplied  
In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
This might lead me through the world's vain mask  
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.—*Milton.*

O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeons, or beggary, or decrepid age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annul'd which might in part my grief have eased.  
*Milton's Samson Agonistes.*

Ye have a world of light,  
Where love in the loved rejoices;  
But the blind man's home is the house of night,  
And its beings are empty voices.—*Bulwer.*

I ken the night and day,  
For all ye may believe,  
And often in my spirit lies  
A clear light as of mid-day skies;  
And splendours on my vision rise,  
Like gorgeous hues of eve.—*Mary Howitt.*

## BLUNTNESS.

This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,  
Quite from his nature: he can't flatter, he!—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth;  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbour more craft, and far corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duty nicely.—*Shakespeare's Lear.*

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.—*Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.*

I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Nor actions, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.—*Ibid.*





CHARADE.

My *first* are off, and swift pursue  
The deer that bounds the long grass through.  
My *second* marks the trusty steward,  
Who, when that deer is well secured,  
To cheer his lord's far-distant friend  
By venison feasts, the deer will send.  
See with what glee the kind old soul,  
To send the gift, constructs my *whole*.

PARLOUR PASTIME.

Optical Illusion.—Augmentation.

TAKE a large glass of a conical figure, that is, narrow at bottom and wide at top, similar to an ale or cider glass, in which put a half sovereign (or other piece), and fill the glass three-fourths full of water; place a piece of paper on it, and then a plate; invert it quickly, that the water may not get out; by looking sideways at the glass you will perceive a sovereign at the bottom, and higher up the half one, floating near the surface. This phenomenon arises from seeing the piece through the conical surface of the water at the side of the glass, and through the flat surface at the top of the water, at the same time; for the conical surface dilates the rays, and makes the piece appear larger; but by the flat surface the rays are only refracted, by which the piece is seen higher up in the glass, but of its natural size. That this is the cause will be further evident by filling the glass with water; there being no surface at the top to refract, the large piece only is visible.

RIDDLE.

I'm with the humble and the haughty,  
Moth and monarch feel my power;  
Earth could never do without me,  
I'm in the sunshine and the shower.  
Would you know my occupation?  
'Tis I who help to make your thread  
Should you seek my habitation  
I think you'll find me in your head.—F. T. M.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WHEN wheat was 8s. a bushel and rye 5s., a man wished to fill his sack with a mixture of wheat and rye for the money he had in his purse. If he bought 15 bushels of wheat, and laid out the remainder of his money in rye, his sack would not be full by 3 bushels; but if he bought 15 bushels of rye, and then filled his sack with wheat, he would have 15s. left. How much of each kind must he purchase to lay out all his money and fill his sack?—H. BENSON.

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SEVEN OF HEARTS.—HEARTS SET UPON VARIOUS OBJECTS.

THE NAMES OF TWENTY CELEBRATED ENGLISH POETS.

1. Three-fourths of a machine, and a weight.
2. A metal and its artificer.
3. The gipsy's home, and a domestic convenience.
4. A pronoun feminine, and part of a farmer's wealth.
5. A domestic animal, and half an individual.
6. Idle things, and true merit.
7. What all have been, or still are.
8. To use cruelly, and to fasten together.
9. A pronoun masculine, and an improper plural.
10. Two-fifths of an amphibious creature, and a path.
11. A merry old soul, and the top of a mountain.
12. The home of thousands, and two-thirds of a priceless treasure.
13. What the Thames never was, and a robber's abode.
14. Two-thirds of a Christian name, and a near relation.
15. A cage in the Zoological-gardens, and a nice joint.
16. Half a nut, and half a visitor.
17. A friend at the breakfast table, and half a machine.
18. The ornament of summer, and part of a landscape.
19. An unpleasant wild fruit, and an auxiliary verb.
20. A painful sore, and a great multiplier.—J. J. REYNOLDS.

REBUS.

Two fair round legs I have of my own,  
Yet I never can manage to go alone;  
If you cut off my tail I am nearly the same,  
Only lighter in body and shorter in name;  
But cut off my head and you then will degrade me  
From that which I am to the spirit that made me.  
I am spelt with four letters, now take out the third,  
What remains is a trap for a mouse or a bird.

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 339.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—LAND-LORD.

REBUSES.—1. TAP, APE, TAP, PEA, PATE. 2. The Letter I.

ENIGMAS.—1. Vienna. 2. Madrid. 3. Dublin. 4. Paris. 5. Amsterdam. 6. Warsaw. 7. London. 8. Rome. 9. Athens. 10. Constantinople. 11. St. Petersburg. 12. Edinburgh. 13. Christiana. 14. Berlin. 15. Stockholm. 16. Bern. 17. Brussels. 18. Lisbon. 19. Copenhagen. 20. Naples.—W. W.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

DR. R—maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," replied Mr. Canning, "is literally speaking a virtue of necessity."

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

TIME, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.

THERE is no "simple interest" in Knowledge. Whatever fund you have in that bank, go on increasing, by interest upon interest, till the bank fails.

"See thou thy credit keep"—'tis quickly gone;  
'Tis gain'd by many actions, but 'tis lost by one."

"I wish you would pay a little attention, sir," exclaimed a stage-manager to a careless actor. "Well, sir, so I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

A COMPLETE miser is said to be a happy man; but Dr. Johnson remarks that a man who spends and saves is the happiest man, because he has both enjoyments.

A BIOGRAPHY of Robespierre, which appeared in an Irish paper, concludes in the following ludicrous manner:—"This extraordinary man left no children behind him except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

A YANKEE editor remarked, in a polemical article, that though he would not call his opponent a liar, he must say, that if the gentleman had intended to state what was utterly false, he had been remarkably successful in his attempt.

"IMITATORS are but a servile kind of cattle," says the poet; "or at best the keepers of cattle for other men; they have nothing which is properly their own; that is a sufficient mortification for me, while I am translating Virgil."

## FOR A WATCH-CASE.

LIFE'S but a transient span:  
Then, with a fervent prayer each night,  
Wind up the days, and set them right,  
Vain mortal man!

THEODORE HOOK being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "I am very glad, indeed, to hear it." Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "and yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

A LADY made a Christmas present to an old servant a few days before it might have been expected. It was gratefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks: "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, ma'am; and wish you many returns of the season before it comes!"

JOE MILLER going one day along the Strand, an impudent Derby captain came swaggering up to him, and thrust between him and the wall. "I don't use to give the wall," said he, "to every jakanapes." "But I do," said Joe, and so made way for him.

A LADY who went to consult Mr. Abernethy, began to describe her complaint, which was what he very much disliked. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift my arm, it pains me exceedingly." "Why, then, ma'am," answered Mr. A., "you are a great fool for doing so."

ANOTHER lady consulted Mr. A. "You know my usual fee," said he. Two guineas were instantly laid on the table. He put them in his pocket, and pulling forth a sixpence, put it into her hand: "There," said he "go and buy a skipping-rope, for all your illness proceeds from want of exercise."

IN a country playhouse, after the play was over, and most wretchedly performed, an actor came upon the stage to give out the next play. "Pray," said a gentleman, "what is the name of the piece you have played to-night?" "The 'Stage-Couch,' sir." "Then let me know when you perform it again, that I may be an outside passenger."

## ON ONE ONLY.

BENEATH this monumental stone lie  
The mortal relics of one *Only*!  
Yes, of one *Only*! for, *Only*, he  
Reats here—and *Only*, here, is *Yes*  
From ills—to which *Only*, in this life,  
Could *Only* look for cares and strife.

AN eminent barrister had a case sent to him for an opinion. The case stated was the most preposterous and improbable that ever occurred to the mind of man, and concluded by asking, whether, under such circumstances, an action would lie? He took his pen, and wrote, "Yes, if the witnesses will lie too; but not otherwise."

A PARSON reading the first line or so of a chapter in the Bible, the clerk, by some mistake or other, read it after him. The parson read as follows:—"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk, misunderstanding him, spoke thus:—"Moses was an oyster-man, and made ointment for the sins of his people."

AN ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad-tracks in the course of a day's journey, and never having seen any before, was nonplussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for about twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head, quite bald, he ejaculated, "They must be iron chains, to keep der ertquakes from breaking up der road!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE DRUNKARD'S CHARACTER.—(From a Volume of Pamphlets, lettered, "Miscellaneous Sheets," presented by King George III. to the British Museum. The date is 1646.)—"A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the distraction of reason. He is only the brewer's agent; the tavern and alehouse benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbour's scoff; his own shame. In summer he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

"This world is not so bad a world  
As some would like to make it,  
But whether, good, or whether bad,  
Depends on how we take it.  
For if we fret and scold all day,  
From dewy morn till even,  
This world will be 'er afford to man  
A foretaste here of Heaven."

NATURE'S GENTLEMEN.—The Indians are great imitators, and possess a nice tact in adopting the customs and manners of those with whom they associate. An Indian is Nature's gentleman—never familiar, averse, or vulgar. If he takes a meal with you, he waits to see how you make use of the implements on the table, and the manner in which you eat; which he imitates with a grave decorum, as if he had been accustomed to the same usages from childhood. He never attempts to help himself, or demand more food, but waits patiently until you perceive what he requires. I was perfectly astonished at this innate politeness, for it seems natural to all Indians with whom I have had any dealings.—*Life in Canada*.

## SMEATON'S TABLE OF THE PROGRESSIVE RATE OF WIND.

| WIND.                         | Miles.<br>Hour. | Feet.<br>Sec. | WIND.                                  | Miles.<br>Hour. | Feet.<br>Sec. |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|--|-----------------|---------------|
| Hardly perceptible . . . .    | 1               | 1.47          | High winds . . . . .                   | 35              | 51.34         |
| Just perceptible . . . . .    | 2               | 2.98          | Very high . . . . .                    | 40              | 58.68         |
|                               | 3               | 4.40          |  | 45              | 66.01         |
| Gentle, pleasant . . . . .    | 4               | 5.87          | Storm, tempest . . . . .               | 50              | 73.36         |
|                               | 5               | 7.33          | Great storm . . . . .                  | 60              | 88.02         |
| Pleasant brisk gale . . . . . | 10              | 14.67         | Hurricane . . . . .                    | 80              | 117.36        |
|                               | 15              | 22.00         |  |                 |               |
| Very brisk . . . . .          | 20              | 29.34         |  |                 |               |
|                               | 25              | 36.67         |  |                 |               |
| High winds . . . . .          | 30              | 44.01         |  |                 |               |
|                               |                 |               | up trees, destroys<br>buildings, &c. } | 100             | 146.70        |

THE LONDON DRAY-HORSE.—During the reign of George IV. eight of these, coal-black and sleek as satin, we sent as presents to the Shah of Persia. With European potentates and splendour of royalty, "the dread and fear of kings" is much enhanced by rapid lightning-like velocity; in the East it all depends on swiftness; even the solemn elephant is too quick for state. When the Shah beheld these animals put to their paces, which neither blandishments nor bullying could stimulate beyond a heavy walk, he clapped his hands in ecstacy, and shouted three times "Bismillah!" They were instantly invested with high dignities, lodged in stalls of state, proclaimed sacred, and howstriding and bristling denounced against all who looked on them without permission. The charger of Caligula, who was created consul, and fed with gilded oats in an ivory manger, was treated with less distinguished honour. The breed has been perpetuated in the royal stables of Isfahan, as the Hanoverian crown-colours are preserved in the Royal Mews.

INTRODUCTION OF VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, &c., INTO ENGLAND.—The advantages arising from the exploration of foreign regions are scarcely to be enumerated. To the discovery of America by the illustrious Columbus, we owe the introduction of that truly useful root, the potato. The pear, the peach, the apricot, and the quince, were respectively brought into Europe from Epirus, Carthage, Armenia, and Syria, and by degrees into England. Cherries are of very ancient date with us, being conveyed into Britain from Rome, A.D. 55. In the king of Saxony's museum, at Dresden, there is a cherry-stone, upon which, aided by a microscope, more than a hundred faces can be distinguished. Dr. Oliver was shown a cherry-stone in Holland with one hundred and twenty-four heads upon it; and all so perfect, that every one might be seen with the greatest ease by the naked eye. Melons were originally brought from Armenia. According to Mr. Andrews, fruit was very rare in England in the reign of king Henry VII.; that gentleman informs us, that apples were then not less than one or two shillings each; a red rose, two shillings; and that a man and woman received eight shillings and fourpence for a small quantity of strawberries. Cabbage, carrots, &c., were introduced about the year 1547. Previous to this period, Queen Catherine, of Arragon, first consort of Henry VIII., when she wanted a salad, was compelled to send to Holland or Flanders on purpose. About this time, apricots, gooseberries, pippins, and artichokes, were first cultivated. The currant-tree came from Zante, and was planted in England, A.D. 1583. Coselettues were brought from the island of Cos, near Rhodes, in the Mediterranean. Asparagus, beans, peas, and cauliflowers, were introduced in the beginning of the reign of Charles II. Nor can we claim the jessamine, the holly, the tulip, &c., &c., for the jessamine came from the East Indies; the holly and the tulip from the Levant; the tube-rose from Java and Ceylon; the carnation and pink from Italy; and the narcissus from Switzerland. Thus it appears that nuts, acorns, crabs, and a few wild berries, were almost all the variety of vegetable food indigenous to our island.

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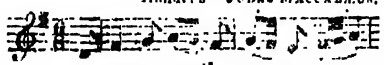
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the Arrangements complete—Musical Director, Mr. J. Bradley, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden. Mr. Caldwell guarantees to teach any Lady or Gentleman unacquainted with the Routine of the Ball-room to enter with grace and freedom, and to take part in this fashionable Amusement, in Six Private Lessons, for 2s. 1s.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

### EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN KNOWS

how difficult it is to be a tailor who thoroughly understands the peculiarities of each figure, and can suit its requirements with a well-cut gentlemanly fitting garment, in which ease and taste being equally required, the eye of the observer is pleased with its graceful effect, and the comfort of the wearer is secured. Hence it is that a new feel—"at home" during the first days of a new garment, and so many are apparently content to accept its forms, however costly, that never can become adapted to their forms. To remedy so manifest a deficiency in costume, FREDERICK FOX adopts this means of making known that he has practically studied both form and fashion in their most comprehensive meaning, and in the course of an extensive private connexion has clothed every conceivable development during the past thirteen years, always adapting the garment, whether coat, waistcoat, or trousers, to the exigencies of its individual wearer, and the purposes it is intended to serve, thus invariably attaining elegance of fit with that regard for economy which the spirit of the age dictates.—F. FOX, practical tailor, 73, Cornhill, same side of the way as the Royal Exchange.

### SMART YOUNG MEN.—For your HATS

go to PARKER'S noted Wholesale and Retail Hat Warehouses, opposite Shoreditch Church, where you can select from Fifty different Shapes of the best Style and Workmanship in London. A first-class Hat, in every prime shape, 2s. 6d. You are respectfully invited to select your shape from the window.—Note, PARKER'S, 127 and 128, opposite Shoreditch Church, and City-road, one door from Old-street.

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prepared by Her Majesty's Chemist, in the Isle of Wight, specially patronised by the Royal Yacht Squadron, exhibited and used at the Great Exhibition of 1851, is considered the premier sauce for fish, game, hot and cold meats, soups, gravies, &c.

"We have tasted, and relished, many piquant sauces, but the Royal Osborne beats them all."—*Sun, April 24, 1851.*

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120, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park.

Teeth, 5s. each; a complete Set, 25.

### MR. JONES, Inventor and Manufacturer

of IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH. They are permanent, never change colour, break, or decay, and are better adapted for Articulation and Mastication than any hitherto in use. Attendance from 10 till 6.

### BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.,

MAY be with certainty obtained by using a

very small portion of ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PARISIAN POMADE every morning, instead of any oil or other preparation. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, show its surprising properties in producing and curling Whiskers, Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient; as also checking greyness, &c. Persons who have been deceived by imitations of this Pomade, pulled off by so-called "Testimonials," as spurious as the article they represent, will do well to make ONE TRIAL of the only genuine preparation. Price 2s. per pot. Sent free by post, with instructions, &c., on receipt of 2d. postage stamps, by Madame COUPELLE, Ely place, Holford, London, where she may be consulted daily, from 2 till 5. Testimonials—Dr. Erasmus Wilson: "It is undoubtedly the best preparation known."—Mr. Yates, hair-dresser, Malton: "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers; I want you to send me two pots for other customers."

### MOAT'S PILLS.

### THE best Vegetable Tonic and Aperient

Medicine, by W. C. MOAT, Surgeon and Apothecary, formerly the Painter with the late Mr. Morrison, the Hygienist. For persons whose occupation and mode of living induce frequent disarrangement of the digestive organs, a reliable Medicine is a necessary of life. Mr. Moat's Pills fulfil this requirement. Sold at Mr. Moat's Establishment, 34, Strand, London; and by all Vendors of Medicine; with directions affixed, in English, Welsh, Spanish, French, German, or Dutch.

### HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS,

a certain cure for Scurvy, Leprosy, Scrofula, and all Diseases of the Skin.—The heurloous, wearisome, deflection of spirits, and other oppressions usually attendant on those who suffer from diseases of the skin, are speedily removed by the use of Holloway's Ointment and Pills. The efficacy of these medicines, in correcting the bad habits of the body, and in curing complaints of the class above mentioned, stands unrivalled (and in many parts abused, where the malady is so prevalent, the cure is unwarrantably) the purifying properties of the Pills, and the gentle effect of the Ointment has of the skin, render them superior to any other remedy. Sold by all druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.





## Editor's Note-Book.

### DOMESTIC HINTS. No. 13.—

*Temperance.*—"It," observed a writer, "men lived uniformly in a healthy climate, were possessed of strong and vigorous frames, were descended from healthy parents,

were educated in a hardy and active manner, were possessed of excellent natural dispositions, were placed in comfortable situations in life, were engaged only in healthy occupations, were happily connected in marriage, and kept their passions in due subjection, there would be little occasion for medical rules."—All this is very excellent and desirable; but, unfortunately, for mankind, unattainable. Man must be something more than man, to be able to connect the different links of this harmonious chain—to consolidate this *summus bonus* of earthly felicity into one uninterrupted whole. For, independent of all regularity or irregularity of diet, passions, and other subliminary circumstances, contingencies and connections, relative or absolute, thousands are visited by diseases and precipitated into the grave, independent of accident, to whom no particular vice could attach, and with whom the appetite never overstepped the boundaries of temperance. Do we not hear almost daily, of instances of men living near to, and even upwards of a century? We cannot account for this, either because of such men we know but few who have lived otherwise than the world around them; and we have known many who have lived in habitual intemperance for forty or fifty years without interruption, and without much apparent inconvenience. The assertion has been made by those who have attained a great age, (Parr, and Henry Jenkins, for instance,) that they adopted no particular arts for the preservation of their health; consequently, it might be inferred that the duration of life has no dependence on manners or customs, or the quality of particular food. This, however, is an error of no common magnitude. Peasants, labourers, and other hard-working people, more especially those whose occupations require them to be much in the open air, may be considered as following a regulated system of moderation; and hence the higher degree of health which prevails among them and their families. They also observe rules; and those, which it is still more recommended by Old Parr, are remarkable for good sense; namely, "keep your head cool by temperance, your feet warm by exercise; rise early, and go soon to bed; and if you are inclined to get fat, keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut." In other words, sleep moderately, and be abstemious in diet;—excellent admonitions, more especially to those inclined to corpulence. The advantages to be derived from a regular mode of living, with a view to the preservation of health and life, are nowhere better exemplified than in the precepts and practice of Plutarch, whose rules for this purpose are excellent; and by observing them himself, he maintained his bodily strength, and mental faculties unimpaired, to a very advanced age. Galien is a still stronger proof of the advantages of a regular plan, by means of which he reached the great age of 160 years, without having ever experienced disease. His advice to the reader of his "Treatise on Health," is as follows:—"I beseech all persons who shall read this work, not to forsake themselves to a level with the brutes, or the rabble, by gratifying their sloth, or by eating and drinking extravagantly whatever pleases their palates, or by indulging their appetites of every kind. But whether they understand physic or not, let them consult their reason, and observe what agrees, and what does not agree with them, that, like wise men, they may adhere to the use of such things as conduce to their health, and forbear everything which, by their own experience, they find to do them hurt; and let them be assured, that, by a diligent observation and practice of this rule, they may enjoy a good share of health, and seldom stand in need of physic or physicians."

**ORIGIN OF THE PHRASE "SPICE AND SPAN NEW."**—W. SIMPSON (Butler, in his "Hydriphra," says, "Mr. Ray observes, that this proverbial phrase, according to Mr. Howell, comes from *spice*, an ear of corn; but rather, says he, as I am informed from a better author, *spike* is a sort of nail, and *span* the *ship* of a boat; so that it is all one as to say, *every ship and nail is new*. But I am humbly of opinion, that it rather comes from *spike*, which signifies a nail; and a nail in measure is

the sixteenth part of a yard; and *span*, which is in measure a quarter of a yard, or nine inches; and all that is meant by it, when applied to a new suit of clothes is, that it has been just measured from the piece by the *nail* and *span*."

**TO MAKE SHREBBET.**—O. W. (take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double-refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.)

**PUNCTUATION.**—One of the most essential points in composition is correct punctuation, and yet it is surprising to observe the indifference with which this subject is regarded by writers generally. We have frequently heard lazy scribblers rail at such "nicety," and yet the consequences of this neglect are sometimes too serious to be ridiculed. An instance of this occurs in the following extract from the *Times* of September, 1818:—"A contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool, had been rendered void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisement, which reads thus:—'The lamps at present are about 4,050 in number, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton.' The contractor would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being but half the usual quantity, the commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following, instead of preceding, the word *each*." The parties agreed to annul the contract, and a new one is now ordered." This is one out of numberless examples that might be recorded to prove the importance of correct punctuation. Formerly it was not the custom to pay much attention to this subject. But the facility given by the reason why punctuation was omitted in statutes and legal instruments.

"Old laws have not been suffered to be pointed." To leave the sense at large the more disjointed. And furnish lawyers with the greater ease. To turn and wind them any way they please. But we have no excuse now that the schoolmaster is abroad, and the means of education are opened to all. We therefore, recommend our correspondents to pay especial attention to this subject, and habituate themselves accordingly to



### AN EXTRACT FROM PARR.

**MARY-LE-BONE.**—J. LITERA.—The modern name of Mary-le-bone is a corruption; it was originally written Mary-le-bone, or Mary-le-bone, from the circumstance of its being built on a brook, which still runs from Hendon Bridge and New-road, through Allport's building, although now it is of course dried over. A *bone* is a brook; and it is a very common termination of the names of English streets and towns. Holborn was originally called *Oldbourne*, from its standing on a brook. We have also Eastbourne, Sittingbourne, &c. In the time of Elizabeth it was called *Marybone*; and it is so distinguished by Lady Wortley Montagu (a century later) in the following line:

"And dukes at Marybone bowl time away."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—EUREAK (the verses alluded to are not original. The author, we believe, is an American.)—JERVIS (four correspondents are surprised that we have not answered three questions proposed to us some weeks past. Two inquiries of a similar nature have been answered in previous numbers of the HOME COMPASS, to which reference can easily be made; and the third question is so frivolous that we decline noticing it.)—W. (the name of "bridgegroom" was formerly given to the newly married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding-day.)—DULCROCH (the foundation-stone of this London University was laid April 30, 1827, by the Duke of Sussex.)—W. HANNAH (our correspondent should remember the old proverb:

"They who battle in May,  
Will soon be laid in clay;  
They who bathe in June  
Will sing a merry tune."

June, July, and August, are usually the best months for

this healthy amusement.)—G. LEE (if one boat is crossing the water, and another coming with the tide, the one coming with the tide must keep astern of the other, and have a good look-out ahead.)—PARRIS (the great body of students in every college are what are called pensioners. They pay for their commons, chambers, tuition, &c. These expenses may be covered by £150, provided the student is frugal and steady.)—A. E. I. (the "Thin-men's Price-Book" can probably be obtained through any bookseller.) JAFFA (the box grows wild on Box-hill near Dorking, and in some few other places in England. The box-wood used in wood-engraving is imported either from France or Turkey.) MUMMIS (bread should never be eaten new, as in such a state it swells like a sponge in the stomach, and proves very indigestible. Care should also be taken to obtain bread that has been well baked. Unless all its parts are intimately mixed, and the fixed air expelled, it will be apt in very small quantities to produce indigestion.) RUSSEIA (the committee of Australian colonists declare that for industrious sober, married couples, suitable for farm, servants and shepherds, the demand may be said to be unlimited.) QUARRIES (petrol angling continues from February to October.) PISTACHIO (circulating libraries for the lower orders have been tried with some success, we believe. Such means for eradicating the evil effects of those publications, are well worthy encouragement.) CYRUS (papers are declined.) T. B. (questions of mere individual interest should be avoided. Our wish is to amuse and instruct our readers generally.) J. WILSON (a garden pond may be kept in good order, when large enough, by means of awans, two of which will be sufficient for a piece of water when once thoroughly cleaned.) MARIA (the very oldest Chinese porcelain is a pure white, without any colour whatever, sometimes with figured-raised in relief. The earliest colour laid on was the blue.) H. SANDERS (good coffee cannot produce ill effects. The idea that coffee is a poison is absurd. It was with reference to this opinion that Fontenelle once said, "If the berry is a poison, it must be a very slow one, for it has been above eighty years killing me." Our correspondent will find the adulterations of food ably treated upon in the sixth volume of the FAMILY FAIRY.) MAYOR LEE (pearls may be cleaned by soaking them in hot water, in which bran has been boiled with a little tartar and alum, rubbing them gently between the hands until the object is attained, when the pearls may be rinsed in lukewarm water, and laid in a convenient dark place to cool.) TIMOTHY (riddles are of the highest antiquity, the oldest on record is in the Book of Judges xiv. 14-18. We are told by Plutarch that the girls in his time worked at netting and sewing, and the most ingenious "made riddles." J. SAINSBURY (the lines on "London" are tolerable, but at this joyous season of the year we should prefer an eulogy of country life. The denizens of the Great Metropolis would be too glad to exchange their dusty streets for green lanes and fertile fields:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending; we lay waste our powers,  
Little there is in Nature that is ours."

**DEATH OF NELSON.** (the words of this famous song were written by S. J. Arnold, in the opera of the "Americans." The music was composed by Brahms. A correct version may be obtained by our correspondent in No. 1. of the "Universal Vocalist," sold by all booksellers.)—M. J. (the sea-sickness arises from a depressing effect upon the brain, produced by the motion of the vessel. The only remedy for it is to lie perfectly still with the head low.) IMBUISTIVK (the timber mentioned in Scripture is the musical instrument now known as the tambourine.) D. GLASSGOW (glass may be thus chemically distributed: 1. Soluble glass; silicate of potash or soda. 2. Crown glass; silicate of potash and lime. 3. Common window glass; silicate of soda and lime. 4. Bottle glass; silicate of soda, lime, alumina, and iron. 5. Flint glass, silicate of potash and lead.) THOMAS (the wren is the smallest bird found in Britain. He has a fine sweet voice which lasts several months in the year, and is much stronger than could be imagined for so small a bird.) A POOR MAN (to obtain a situation as reporter to a paper, it is requisite to have a recommendation from a person of some standing to the editor. Some reporters take notes in the school shorthand, and others do not, but use abbreviations peculiar to themselves.)



Printed by WILLIAM TYLER, Bon-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT,  
60, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 39.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"He stooped down to the little mound, and with his finger lightly struck away first one point, then the other, of its divided summit."

## PICCIOLA; OR, THE PRISON FLOWER.

### BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

COUNT CHARLES VERMONT DE CHARNEY, whose name perhaps still retains a place in the memories of his learned contemporaries, and may certainly be found inscribed in the registers of the Imperial Police, was endowed by nature with extraordinary facility in acquiring knowledge. But his superior abilities were trained in schools where he contracted a tendency to disputation. He argued much more than he observed. In fact, his education was better calculated to produce a *learned* man than a philosopher; and such was its result.

At the age of twenty-five he was master of seven languages; but unlike many estimable polyglots, who seemed to have given themselves the trouble of studying different idioms, only to prove their ignorance and insufficiency before foreigners, as well as their own countrymen (for a person may be a fool in several languages), the Count de Charney made these studies only preparations for others, which he regarded as far more important. If he had many servants in the service of his understanding, each of them at least had

his own occupations, his own portion of duty to perform. With the Germans he studied metaphysics; with the Italians and English, politics and legislation; with all, history, which he could examine even in its earliest sources, thanks to his knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman tongues.

Accordingly he entirely devoted himself to these grave speculations, not neglecting the accessory sciences that related to them. But soon dismayed at the horizon which was enlarging before him, finding himself stumble at every step in the labyrinth in which he was involved, fatigued with always vainly pursuing a doubtful truth, he began to regard history as one great traditional lie, and endeavoured to reconstruct it on a new basis. He formed another romance at which the learned laughed from envy, and the world from ignorance.

Political and legislative sciences presented something more certain; but they seemed to require so many reforms in Europe! And when he endeavoured to fix on some to begin with, he found abuses so rooted in the social edifice—so many existing things were based and fixed on a false principle, that he was discouraged; for he felt neither sufficient power, nor sufficient insensibility to attempt in other countries to overturn those prejudices which the revolutionary hurricane had been unable to destroy amongst the French.

He also considered how many good men, possessed of perhaps equal learning and good intentions, entertained theories directly opposed to his own opinions. Suppose he should throw all the four quarters of the globe into confusion by a doubt! This reflection humbled him more even than the incongruities of history, and placed him in painful perplexity.

Metaphysics still remained.

This is the world of ideas. These disorders seem less fearful, for ideas clash without noise in imaginary spaces. There he no longer risked the reproach of others; but he lost his own.

But it was in this study, beyond all others, that obscurity and confusion became but the more palpable the further he advanced, analysing, discussing and arguing, into the depths of science. He sought in vain to lay hold upon Truth; but she always fled at his approach,—vanished under his steps,—and mocking seemed to dance before his eyes, like a wandering fire that attracts but to mislead. He saw her bright before him, and she was extinguished before his eyes, to reappear again where he least expected her. Indefatigable and persevering, he armed himself with patience, and followed her with prudent caution, to seize her in her sanctuary, and suddenly she disappeared; he endeavoured to hasten his steps to overtake her, and at his first movement he had passed over her. He thought at last he had caught her! She was under his hand, in his grasp! and she glided away between his fingers, dividing and multiplying herself on different points. Twenty truths shone once around the horizon of his understanding; deceiving beacons which set his reason at defiance! Tossed between Bossuet and Spinoza, between deism and atheism, vibrating between spiritualists, sensualists, animalists, ontologists, eclectists, and materialists, he was seized with an immense doubt, which he at length resolved by a universal negation.

Setting aside the innate ideas and revelations of theologians, the all-sufficing reason and pre-established harmony of Leibnitz, the Perception and Reflection of Locke, the Objective and Subjective of Kant, sceptics, dogmatists, and empirics, realists and nominalists, observation and experience, sentiment and evidence, the science of particular things, and the power of universals, he fenced himself round with a rude pantheism, and refused to believe in a Supreme Intelligence. The disorder inherent in creation, the perpetual contradiction between ideas and things, the unequal partition of wealth and strength, fixed in his mind the conviction that blind matter had alone produced all things, and alone directed and organized them.

Chance became his God, annihilation was his hope. He attached himself to this system with transport, almost with pride, as if he had himself created it. He felt happy in the fulness of incredulity, since it relieved him from the pressure of the doubts that had beset him.

He now bade adieu to science, and resolved to live for happiness. The death of a relation had just put him in possession of an immense fortune. Since the establishment of the consulate at the head of affairs, society in France had been reorganized in luxury and splendour. In the midst of the trumpets of victory, which were heard from every side, all was joy and festival in Paris. He mixed in society, opulent society—lovely, brilliant society—the society of learning, grace, and wit. He collected it around him—opened to gay youth, rank, and fashion, the doors of his hotel and his saloons. He mixed in the crowd, shared in their amusements, delirium and excesses; then in this whirl of busy, idle life, in this great frenzied movement of pleasure, he was astonished not to find happiness.

The airs of a dance, the dress of the women, and the perfumes which they shed around them, were all that appeared to him worthy of attention.

He had endeavoured to form intimate connections with men distinguished for their knowledge and wisdom; but he found them weak, ignorant, and full of error. He pitied them.

It is one of the great inconveniences of excess in human science that we no longer find any on our own level; those even who know as much as ourselves, do not know it as we do. From the heights to which we have risen, we see those below us miserable and little. For in the superiority of mind, as in that of power, isolation is born of greatness. To live in isolation is the chastisement of him who wishes to raise himself too high!

He more and more sought the aid of material and positive enjoyments. In that revival of society which, so long debarred from joy and festivity, and still stained with the bloody orgies of the revolution, dragged after it its rags of Roman virtue, and at the first bound surpassed the stately orgies of the regency, he signalled himself by his immense expenses, his profusion, his follies. Useless efforts! He had horses, carriages, an open table; he gave concerts, balls, huntings; yet nowhere would pleasure attend him! He had friends to flatter him in his triumphs, mistresses to toy with in his moments of leisure, and though he had paid a good price for both he knew neither friendship nor love.

All this parade, all these parodies of a joyous life could not soothe his heart, or draw from him a single smile. Vainly he endeavoured to blind his eyes, while enjoying the allurements of society. The siren half raised upon the water displayed her nymph like beauty and seductive voice before the man; and the foolish eye of the philosopher immediately plunged involuntarily below the wave, in search of the scaly body and forked tail of the monster.

Charney could no longer be happy either in truth or error. Virtue was a stranger to him, vice indifferent. He had proved the vanity of science, and the pleasures of ignorance were denied him. The doors of that Eden were for ever closed behind him. Reason seemed to him false, pleasure appeared to him a lie. The noise of festivals fatigued him; retreat and silence were painful. In company he was weary of others; alone he was weary of himself. A deep sadness seized upon him.

Philosophical analysis, notwithstanding all his efforts to banish it, continually predominated in his mind, and mingling in his views, tarnished, lessened, and extinguished the pleasures and luxury in the midst of which he lived. The praises of his friends, the caresses of his mistresses, were to him no more than the current coin with which they paid for the part they took of his fortune, and only proved the necessity they felt of living at his expense.

Decomposing all, reducing everything to its first elements by that same spirit of analysis, he was attacked by a singular disease. In the web of the fine cloth of his coat, he imagined he smelt the infectious odour of the animal which had furnished the wool; on the silk of his rich hangings, he saw the disgusting worm crawling that had spun it; on his elegant furniture, carpets, bindings, his ornaments of mother-of-pearl and ivory, he saw only wrecks and cast-off garments—death, death adorned and fertilized by the sweat of a dirty artisan. The illusion was destroyed, the imagination was paralysed.

Emotions were, however, necessary to Charney. That love incapable of resting on a single object he endeavoured to extend over a whole people. He became a philanthropist!

To be useful to the men whom he despised, he again devoted himself to politics; not to speculative policy, but to the politics of action. He was initiated into secret societies, became a member of a party, endeavouring to feel that kind of fanaticism which is still compatible with minds which have thrown off enthusiasm. He at length took part in a conspiracy, having for its object the overthrow of the power of Bonaparte.

Perhaps that patriotic, that universal love, that appeared to animate him, was at bottom only hatred towards a single man, whose glory and good fortune annoyed him.

The aristocrat Charney returned to the principles of equality; the proud noble who had been deprived of the title of count in right of descent, was not willing that any one should, with impunity, take that of emperor in right of his sword.

What was this conspiracy? It matters little. There was no want of them at that time. I only know it was in agitation from 1803 to 1804; but it had not even time to break forth—the police, that hidden providence which already watched over the destinies of the future empire, discovered it in time. It was not judged advisable that it should make any noise, not even that of a fusillade on the plains of Grenelle. The principal chiefs of the conspiracy were surprised, carried from their homes, condemned almost without trial, and distributed separately in the prisons, citadels, or fortresses of the ninety-six departments of Consular France.

## CHAPTER II.

I REMEMBER that, when, as a tourist, travelling on foot, my knapsack on my back, and my iron-pointed stick in my hand, I was crossing the Graian Alps, on my way to Italy, I stopped pensively, not far from the Col Rodoretto, to contemplate a large torrent swollen by the melting of the higher glaciers. The noise which it made rolling onwards, the foamy cascades by which its course was impeded, the various colours by which its waters were tinted, by turns yellow, white, or black, showing that it had worn its way through beds of marl, lime, and slate; the enormous blocks of marble or silex that it had laid bare, but not torn from their places, and which, forming many cataraets, added a new noise to all its other noises, new cascades to all its other cascades; whole trees which it carried down rising half out of the water, their foliage on one side agitated by the wind, which was high, and on the other dashed about by the bounding waves; fragments of banks still covered with their verdure, islets detached from the shores, which in like manner were floating on the surface of the torrent, and which were broken against the trees, as the trees were torn while passing the blocks of marble and silex;—all this clatter, all these murmurs, all this confusion, all these sights, inclosed between two high steep banks, kept me some moments interested and thoughtfully. This torrent is the Clusane.

I followed its course, and I arrived with it in one of the four valleys called Protestant, in remembrance of the ancient Vaudois, formerly refugees there. The torrent no longer retained its rapid disordered course, and its hundred voices roaring and howling; it had become calm, and had lost its trees and islets, on some low bank or in some little bay; its colours were melted into one, and the mud of its bed no longer obscured its surface. Still flowing swiftly but quietly, smoothly, almost coquettishly, it mimicked a little river as it caressed the walls of Fénestrella with its waves.

Fénestrella is a large town, celebrated for the mint-water which is made there, and still more for the forts that crown the two mountains between which it is situated. These forts, which communicate with each other by covered ways, had been partially dismantled during the wars of the republic: one of them, however, was repaired and revictualled, and had been converted into a state prison, as soon as Piedmont had become part of France.

Well! it was there, in that fort of Fénestrella, that Charles Veramont count de Charney, was confined, accused of having endeavoured to overthrow the regular and legal government of his country, to substitute for it the rule of disorder and terror.

Here he was then, separated from the men of pleasure and of science, regretting neither the one nor the other, forgetting, without much bitterness, that hope of political regeneration which for an instant appeared to reanimate his worn-out heart; bidding a forced but perfectly resigned adieu to his fortune, whose pomp could not dazzle him; to his friends, who tired him; to his mistresses, who deceived him; having for his dwelling, instead of a vast and splendid hotel, a gloomy naked chamber; for his only valet, his jailor, and shut up alone with his desolating thoughts.

What mattered to him the gloom and nakedness of his chamber? indispensable necessities were there, and he was tired of superfluity. His jailor even appeared supportable. His thoughts alone weighed upon him. But did no resource, by which to ease this heavy burden, appear open to him? None! at least he did not then see the possibility of any.

All correspondence with the exterior was forbidden. He did not possess, nor was he allowed to possess, either books, pens, or paper. This the disci-



pline of the prison required. This might not have been a deprivation formerly, when he thought only of ridding himself of the scientific malady by which he was beset. Now a book might have been a friend to consult, or an enemy to combat. Deprived of all, sequestered from the world, he felt it necessary to reconcile himself to himself, to live with his enemy—with his thoughts! Oh! how dreadful and overwhelming was this idea, which constantly reminded him of his desperate condition! how cold and bitter for him, on whom nature had at first poured her gifts, whom society had surrounded from his birth with its favours and its privileges; for him, now a captive and miserable—him who had so much need of protection and help, but who believed there was no God, and put no faith in human charity!

He still struggled to get rid of this thought, that chilled, that froze him; when wrapped up in his reveries he let it wrestle with itself. Again he wished to live in the external, the material world. But how was this world narrowed for him!

The lodging occupied by the Count de Charney was in the back part of the citadel, in a small building raised on the ruins of an ancient and strong edifice, which had belonged to the defensive works of the place, but was rendered useless by more recent fortifications.

Four walls, on which any trace of the prisoners, his predecessors in this place of desolation, had been obliterated by the whitewash; a table useless except at meal-time; a chair, whose striking loneliness seemed to warn him that never would a human being come to seat himself beside him; a trunk for his linen and clothes; a little half worm-eaten wooden cupboard painted white, to which a rich dressing-case, of mahogany inlaid with silver, placed upon it (all that was left him of his past splendour) offered a singular contrast; a narrow but tolerably neat bed; a pair of curtains of blue linen which hung at his window, like an object of derisive luxury, like a bitter irony; for, from the thickness of the bars, and the wall rising ten feet before them, he could not fear either curious eyes, or the annoyance of the too ardent rays of the sun: such was the furniture of his apartment.

Above him was a similar room, but empty and unoccupied; for he had no companions in this detached part of the fortress.

The rest of his universe was confined to a stone stair, short, massive, and spiral, leading down to a little paved court, sunk low in one of the ancient ditches of the fortress. This was the place of promenade, where, two hours a day, he might take as much exercise and enjoy as much liberty as the commandant's regulations allowed.

From thence, the prisoner might also extend his view over the summits of the mountains, and see the vapours rising from the plain; for the works of the fortress suddenly sinking at the extremity of the yard, allowed the air and sun to penetrate it. But once shut up in his room, an horizon of masonry alone met his view, in the midst of the picturesque and sublime nature that surrounded him. On his right arose the enchanting hills of Salure; on his left were seen the last undulations of the valleys of Aosta and the banks of the Chiara; before him were the lovely plains of Turin; behind him the Alps rose one above another, covered with forests, rocks, and precipices, from Mount Geneva to Mount Cenis; and he saw nothing—nothing but a foggy sky, suspended over his head in a frame of stones; nothing, but the pavement of his court, and the grating of his prison; nothing but that high wall which faced him, and whose wearisome uniformity was only interrupted towards one end, by a little square window, where a sad melancholy countenance occasionally appeared between the bars.

This was the circumscribed world where henceforth he was to seek his occupations and find his amusements! He exerted his mind to do so. He drew, he charcoaled the walls of his chamber with ciphers and dates which recalled the happy days of his youth. But how few they were! He quitted these remembrances with a heart still more depressed.

Then those fatal demons, his thoughts, returned with their desolate convictions, and he formed them into terrible sentences, which he also inscribed on the walls, near the holy recollections of his mother and sister.

Determined at length to overcome his sickly thoughts and weary idleness, he tried to accustom himself to frivolous and puerile occupations; he voluntarily anticipated that abasement which is the consequence of a long residence in prison; he plunged into it, he threw himself on it with transport! The *savant* made trimmings of linen and silk! The philosopher manufactured pipes of straw, and play-vessels of walnut shells! The man of genius constructed whistles and carved little boxes and open-work baskets of fruit stones! He wove chains and made musical instruments with the elastic wire of his suspenders, and admired himself in his works! Then, soon after, disgust seized him, and he trampled them under his feet.

To vary his occupations, he carved on his table a thousand fantastic designs. Never did a schoolboy so cut his desk, or cover it with arabesques, in relief or intaglio, with more patience or skill. The church of Caudebec, the pulpit and the pawns of St. Godeule in Brussels, are not decorated with a greater profusion of figures on wood. There were houses on houses, fishes on the trees, men taller than steeples, boats on the roofs, carriages in open water, dwarf pyramids and gigantic flies; all these, horizontally, vertically, or obliquely, one above the other, pell-mell, here and there, a true hieroglyphical chaos, in which he sometimes tried to find a symbolical sense, a meaning, a motive; for he who believed so much in the power of chance, might hope to find a complete poem in the carving on his table, or a design of Raffaele in the party-coloured veins of the box-wood of his snuff-box.

He was thus ingenious in multiplying difficulties to conquer, problems to solve, enigmas to divine; yet *ennui*, formidable *ennui*, still surprised him in the midst of these grave occupations.

The man whose figure had been visible at the end of the wall might perhaps have furnished him with more real interest; but he seemed to avoid his observation, retreating from the grating as soon as the count appeared!

desirous of examining him with any attention. Charney at first took offence at all this. He had such an opinion of the species, that this retreating movement alone was sufficient to give him the idea that the unknown was a spy, commissioned to watch over him, even during the leisure of his prison hours, or an ancient enemy enjoying his misery and his abasement.

When he asked his jailor about him, he undeceived him.

"He is an Italian," said he, "a good fellow, a good Christian, for I often find him at prayers."

Charney shrugged his shoulders.

"And who shut him up here?" he asked.

"He attempted to assassinate the emperor!"

"Is he a patriot, then?"

"Patriot! nonsense! nonsense—not but the poor man had a son and a daughter; and now he has only a daughter; his son died in Germany,—a bullet dashed out his brains. *Povero figliuolo!*"

"Then it was a transport of selfish revenge!" said Charney.

"Bah! you are not a father, signor count?" added the jailor. "If my little Antonio, who is still sucking, must be weaned for the good of the empire, which is at this moment about as old as he is—Holy Virgin! but silence. I do not wish to lodge at Fénestrella, except with the keys at my girdle, or under my pillow."

"And now, what are the occupations of this bold conspirator?"

"He catches flies!" said the jailor, with a half-laughing glance.

Charney no longer detested, but he despised him.

"He is a fool, then!" cried he.

"*Circho pazzo!* Signor count, you who are a later arrival here, are already a master in the art of carving in wood. *Pazienza!*"

Notwithstanding the irony which these last words expressed, Charney resumed his manual labours, and the explanation of his hieroglyphics, remedies ever powerless against the evil with which he was tormented.

In these puerilities, in this weariness of spirit, a whole winter passed. Happily for him a new subject of interest was soon coming to his aid.

(To be continued.)

## ANGEL EVE.

THERE was sadness with the angels,  
There was gladness with us here,  
When our little Eve came to us,  
In the spring-time of the year.

Then before the heavenly FATHER  
Bow'd the angels to the ground.  
"Oh! our FATHER," ask'd they, mournful,  
"Where can angel EVE be found?"

"We have sought her, vainly sought her.  
All the fruits and flowers among;  
But we found her harp was hanging  
In her chosen bower, unsung."

Then out-spoke the loving FATHER  
"Seek her not in lands above,  
She has gone to regions earthly,  
On a mission of my love."

But we knew not that our darling  
Was a wand'ring angel-child;

Though the thought was with us often,  
When she gaz'd on us, and smiled,

One sweet twilight in the autumn  
When all around us was bright gold,  
And in the west the holy angels  
Their purple wings began to fold:

Our little Eve's smile beam'd upon us,  
As it never beam'd before,  
And she straightway left the earthly,  
For the distant Eden shore.

There was gladness with the angels,  
There was sadness with us here,  
When our darling EVE went from us,  
In the winter of the year.

Yet our thoughts, thine ones were clinging  
To the earth, now rest above;  
Thine was wrought the blessed mission  
Of our Holy FATHER's love.

FRANKLIN AND THE BARBER.—On Dr. Franklin's arrival at Paris, as Plenipotentiary from the United States, during the revolution, the king expressed a wish to see him immediately. As there was no going to the court of France in those days, without permission of the wigmaker, a wigmaker of course was sent for. In an instant a richly-dressed monsieur, his arms folded in a prodigious muff of furs, and a long sword by his side, made his appearance. It was the king's wigmaker, with his servant in a livery, a long sword by his side too, and a load of sweet-scented bandboxes, full of "de wig," as he said, "de superb wig for de great Doctee Franklin." One of the wigs was tried on—a world too small! Bandbox after bandbox was tried; but all with the same ill success. The wigmaker fell into the most violent rage, to the extreme mortification of Doctor Franklin, that a gentleman so bedecked with silks and perfumes, should, notwithstanding, be such a child. Presently, however, as in all the transports of a grand discovery, the wigmaker cried out that he knew where the fault lay—"not in his wig as too small; oh, no! his wig no too small, but de doctee's head, too big; great deal too big." Franklin, smiling, replied that the fault could hardly lie there; for that his head was made by God Almighty himself, who was not subject to err. Upon this the wigmaker took in a little; but still contended that there must be something the matter with Doctor Franklin's head. It was at any rate, he said, out of de fashion. He begged Dr. Franklin would only please for remember, dat his head had not de honour to be made in Parree. Not for if it bin made in Parree, it no bin more dan half such a head. None of de French noblesse had a head any ting like his. Not de great Duke D'Orleans, nor de grand monarch himsef, had half such a head as Doctee Franklin. And he did not see, he said, what business anybody had wid a head more big dan de head of de grand monarch. Pleased to see the poor wigmaker recover his good-humour, Dr. Franklin could not find it in his heart to put a check to his childish rant, but related one of his fine anecdotes, which struck the wigmaker with such an idea of his wit, that, as he retired, which he did, bowing most profoundly, he shrugged his shoulders, and with a look most significantly arch, said, "Ah, Doctee Franklin! Doctee Franklin! I no wonder your head too big for my wig. I 'fraid your head be too big for all de French nation."

## KEW GARDENS.

ARE you weary friends, of pacing the hot streets, amid the din and stir of gathered thousands? Away, then, to the river's brink,—that hard-working river, old Father Thames, who, from the earliest period of his emerging to life and light, has never witnessed such overwhelming numbers as daily crowd his banks. It is pleasant to be upon the river, to feel the soft, fresh breeze, to watch the rippling of the stream, to hear the blackbird's song of joy, and the cuckoo's one word spoken. Merrily goes our boat, for the tide is favourable; one famous spot is passed, then another, till swans with arching necks bid welcome to our steamer, and we spring on land. The bank is somewhat rough, and yet some distance must be traversed before we reach the iron gates of those Botanic grounds which chiefly owe their origin to the Prince of Wales, the son of George II. Nearly one hundred and seventy acres were planted and adorned under his superintendence, and the improvements which he did not live to finish were completed by his widow. Early in the morning, and often when the dews fell fast at close of day, that noble lady might be seen among her fruits and flowers; and many of the finest forest trees, contributed by Archibald Duke of Argyle, from his once richly-stored garden at Whitton House, near Hounslow, were planted according to her directions.

Kew Gardens are rich in biographic recollections. the names of Philip Milner, of James Smith, of Joseph Banks, and William Chambers, are inseparably associated with it. Celebrated voyagers enriched its matchless collection with vegetable productions from all climes, "from sultry India to the Pole;" till, in the latter end of the eighteenth century, William Aiton published his elaborate and important work, containing admirable plates and notices of plants, amounting to at least five thousand six hundred in number. His unpretending tomb may be seen in the churchyard on the green, near the graves of his distinguished friends, Zoffany, Meyer, and Gainsborough. You remember the old brick church beside the river, at Chelsea; Miller found a resting-place beneath its shadow, when trees grew round, and Chelsea was a pleasant village.

Cobbett, of political notoriety, was at one period of his life a gardener's labourer at Kew Gardens. This circumstance is alluded to in the "Annual Obituary for 1821," in connection with a biography of George the Third:—"In horticulture his majesty took great delight. As he was extremely fond of the delicacies of the season, his fruit-trees were cultivated to great perfection. No expense was spared in rearing esculents of all kinds, and he frequently visited Kew Gardens for the express purpose of superintending their culture. It was in one of these excursions that he saw and noticed the celebrated William Cobbett. The young man, with a few halfpence in his pocket, and Swift's 'Tale of a Tub' in his hand, had been so captivated by the wonders of the royal gardens, that he repaired thither in search of employment. His majesty, on perceiving a clownish boy, with his stockings tied about his legs by scarlet garters, inquired concerning him, and humanely desired that he might be continued in his service."

The Botanic garden proper, into which we now enter, formerly contained about eleven acres, but has been greatly enlarged by additions from the Pleasure-ground, with its breaks of lawn and wood. Yonder handsome stone building, of classical design, was filled, till lately, with palms of various kinds, and such exotic plants as required ample room and space. But the space assigned them did not suffice for their full development, and they have mostly been removed to the Palm Stove, a noble building which stands at the farthest end of the wide walk, with its beautiful beds of flowers arranged on either side.

We shall do well to rest for a few minutes, and delight ourselves with the varied foliage of the gardens. Birds are singing blithely in unison with the gentle rustling of the leaves, and all around is verdant and joyful. Surely the heaviest heart must forego for a short time its sadness, and he who has little hope as regards the future may learn contentment, nay, even filial confidence, while listening to the warbling of those glad creatures who have neither "barns nor storehouses," and while looking on the glorious flowers that are so beauteously attired.

As the weather is likely to be fine, the ladies will find it pleasant to leave their umbrellas and shawls, that were required for the river, in the cloak-room. A little before reaching it, the main walk takes a southern direction, and we find ourselves near the Orangery, which is especially appropriated for receiving the tender kind of pines which need shelter during autumn and winter.

The rapidly growing gum-tree of Australia, *Eucalyptus*, is represented in this house with others of the same brotherhood. It is, undoubtedly, the most gigantic tree in nature, rising oftentimes at least two hundred feet, and entirely branchless, and then throwing out a magnificent canopy of branches at an elevation equal to that of the Monument of London, to which the trunks may be compared, both for straightness and circumference. A recent traveller in Australia speaks with no small enthusiasm concerning these sylvan giants. Leaning against the trunk of a magnificent gum-tree, and contemplating with astonishment the colossal forms that extended far as the eye could reach, he heard voices calling him, as from a distance; and stranger was the rush of feeling, sad though momentary, for it seemed as if his companions were far away, wandering, it might be, among the intricacies of the forest. And truly his apprehensions were not unfounded: a labourer, employed in forest work, who was scarcely two hundred yards from his companions, became bewildered when seeking to rejoin them. He shouted, and heard distant shouts; but getting more and more in the forest, went wandering on till night closed in, and he sunk to the ground overpowered with fatigue and anxiety. The same traveller relates that he measured a fallen

tree, two hundred and thirteen feet long; he ascended it by the help of one of its huge branches, and walked with four of his companions along the trunk. Equally picturesque or beautiful are the prostrate forms of these patriarchal



PINES.

trees; some are bleached with age, throwing wide their sepulchral arms; others, left, perchance for ages, are overgrown with luxuriant ferns and mosses.

Observe the camphor-tree of Japan, *Laurus camphora*, in passing.

Before proceeding to inspect the lesser stove-houses, let us make all haste up the wide gravel walk leading to the new palm-stove. Beautiful is the effect produced in this noble walk by the arrangement of shrubs and flowers on either side, and the alternating, with large beds of flowers, two lines of deodars, stately and yet graceful trees, eventually designed to form an avenue terminating at the house of palms.

We have watched the progress of that building ever since the period when it was merely an external frame, yet, giving the earnest of future greatness, it progressively advanced to its present magnificent proportions.

This building, termed by Sir William Hooker, "the glory of the gardens," is thus described by Mr. Brayley:—"The New Palm-house was designed by Mr. D. Burton, and commenced in 1845, under the directions of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests. This vast structure, which is chiefly composed of wrought-iron beams and glass, consists of a rectangular central part, 137 feet 6 inches in length, and 100 feet wide; with projecting wings, each of which is 112 feet 6 inches long, and 50 feet in width; the entire length is 362 feet 6 inches in the clear. The height of the central portion is 63 feet, exclusive of the lantern, which rises 6 feet: the height of each wing is 27 feet to the bottom of the lantern above.

"The general form of the Palm-house is curvilinear. The main ribs are constructed of deck-beam iron, obtained in lengths of about 12 feet, and welded together to the length required, about 42 feet, and bent to the necessary curve. These ribs, which are 12 feet 6 inches apart, and foot into cast-iron sockets let into enormous blocks of Cornish granite, upon a foundation of concrete, are braced together and strutted by wrought-iron tie-rods, passing through tubes of cast-iron, that act as purlins, and form a continuous tension-rod around the edifice. The upper ribs foot into strong cast-iron hollow columns, which also receive the upper part of the ribs of the lower roof, and become the bearers for a gallery surrounding the central part, the ascent to it being by a spiral staircase of iron.

"The entire glazing is composed of sheet-glass (21 ounces to the foot), slightly tinged with green by oxide of copper; that tint having been chosen in order to counteract the injurious effects on vegetation, arising from the scorching influence of the solar rays when transmitted through white sheet-glass, which had before been used in most stove-houses. The long-continued series of experiments on the properties of glass, of different hues and manufactures, which led to this arrangement, were made by Mr. Robert Hunt (keeper of the Mining Records in the Museum of Practical Geology), to whom, on the recommendation of Sir William Hooker and Dr. Lindley, the subject was referred by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests.

"Due ventilation is provided for by rolling-sashes in the roofs, and vertical sashes hung on centres at the level of the gallery, and in the lanterns; fresh air can likewise be admitted through the panels of the stone pedestal of the superstructure. The flooring between the surrounding stone footpaths is formed of perforated castings, each about four feet square, supported on wrought-iron bearers and cast-iron uprights. The house is heated by hot-water pipes, the apparatus being calculated to maintain a temperature of 80° when the external air is at 20° of Fahrenheit. For this purpose twelve boilers, from the patent of Messrs. Burbridge and Healy, have been fixed in two vaults under the house; and 28,000 superficial feet of heating surface in pipes, tanks, and troughs, laid beneath the whole of the flooring, a distinct set of pipes being supplied by each boiler. The vaults communicate, by a tunnel 550 feet in length, with a lofty ornamental tower at a short distance from the house, which conceals the chimney-shaft into which the flues are carried, and also contains a large reservoir near the top for the supply of water to the stove. Within the tunnel is also a railroad, for the purpose of conveying coals to the furnaces, and carrying away the ashes."

We see around us objects of the deepest interest, which it is needless to mention. One plant, however, must be especially noted, and that is the *Xepnthes distillatorica*, or pitcher-plant, in the orchidaceous house. This

wonderful production is brought from sultry regions, and abounds in stony and arid parts of Java. Travellers, in passing through the country, are often attracted by seeing a multitude of birds flying to one spot, and on drawing near they observe a considerable-sized plant, having leaves terminated by pitcher-shaped bags, furnished with lids and hinges. The latter is an elastic fibre, acted on by heat and moisture. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a refreshing draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. They hear the pattering of rain-drops on the dry leaves, while sheltered in their hiding-places, and, when the rain abates, forth they come, and drink at every open cup. The pitcher-plant is sometimes nearly covered with these thirsty creatures—some taking a full draught, others lifting



PITCHER-PLANT.

up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the blessing thus awarded them. But no sooner has the cloud passed, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and closes the goblet so firmly as to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful and provident contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become cloudless; some brief space must, therefore, necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires nourishment; rain-drops soon trickle from the parched place in which it grows, and nightly dews, though heavy, are insufficient to refresh the sloping side of its arid habitat. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is preserved by the gradual contraction of the lid. As long, too, as the lid stands open, the slender bill, the proboscis, or the tongue, can be readily thrust in; but as it gradually contracts, lest any poor creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are covered with leaves remain much longer open, and it is probable that some never close. Neither one, nor two, nor even six or eight large pitchers, are assigned to each plant; but every leaf-stalk has its own, and consequently every leaf receives a needful supply of moisture through tubes that communicate with the absorbing vessels. We scarcely know a single instance in which a wonderful adaptation of one part to another of any vegetable to the animals that surround it, is more clearly shown forth, than in this interesting plant.

Farewell, beautiful Kew! we can only spare time to take a rapid glance at thy cactuses and mesembryanthemums, thy Victoria water-lily, thy orchidous house, with its seeming butterfly and king-plant, rare, as its leaves are beautiful; thy heaths and calcareolarias; thy muscums, too, for, although as yet in its infancy, it contains subjects fraught with instruction and delight.

**A STRANGE COSMETIC.**—The Thibetan women adopt a custom, or rather submit to a regulation, certainly unique in the world. Before going out of their houses, they rub their faces with a sort of black, sticky varnish, a good deal like conserve of grapes. As the object is to render themselves hideous, they daub their faces with this disgusting cosmetic till they scarcely resemble human creatures. The following was, we are told, the origin of this monstrous practice:—About two hundred years ago, the Nomekhan or Lama king of Anterior Thibet was a man of austere character. At that period, the Thibetan women were not more in the habit of trying to make themselves look ugly than the women of other countries; on the contrary, they were extravagantly addicted to dress and luxury. By degrees the contagion spread even to the holy family of the Lamas; and the Buddhist convents relaxed their discipline in a manner that threatened a complete dissolution. In order to arrest the progress of this alarming libertinism, the Nomekhan published an edict, forbidding women to appear in public unless disfigured in the fashion above mentioned; the severest punishments and the heaviest displeasure of Buddha were threatened to the refractory. The fair Thibetans vie with each other in making themselves frightful, and she who is most offensively besmeared passes for the most pious. In the country the law is most rigorously observed; but at Lhass, women are to be met with who venture to appear with their faces as nature made them; but those who permit themselves this license are considered as women of bad reputation, and they never fail to hide themselves when they catch sight of an agent of police.—*Hue's Travels in Tartary.*

## THE CANARY BIRD.

THE Canary birds now kept and reared throughout the whole of Europe, were originally natives of the Canary Islands. There they are still found in pleasant valleys, and on the delightful banks of sparkling rills and small streams. But for some two hundred years they have been bred in Europe.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century, a ship was wrecked on the coast of Italy, which, in addition to merchandise, had a multitude of canaries on board. These birds, thus obtaining their liberty, flew to the island of Elba, the nearest land. There they found a propitious climate, and multiplied very rapidly. Had not man interposed, by hunting them for cage birds, until they were entirely extirpated, they would probably have naturalized themselves there.

In Italy were found the first tame canaries, and there they are still raised in vast numbers. Within the last hundred years they were so uncommon and expensive, that only princes and people of great wealth could keep them. But at the present day these birds are raised in all our cities, and most of the towns, and sold at moderate prices.

In its native island the plumage of the canary bird is said to be more beautiful than that of our tame ones; but its song is less melodious and varied, consisting of fewer notes, and uttered at longer intervals. The original colour of this bird in its wild state was grey, merging into green beneath; but by domestication and climate it has been so changed that canaries may now be seen of almost every hue.

Most commonly they are of some shade of yellow; but some are grey, others white; some are reddish brown, or chestnut-coloured, others are beautifully shaded with green. These are the prevailing colours, but they are blended in various combinations, and thus present every degree of shade. Those the most prized exhibit most marked and regularly these various shades.

The one most generally admired, at present, is yellow, or white upon its body, and of a dun, yellow colour on the wings, head, and tail. Next in degree of beauty is that which is of a golden yellow, with black, blue, or blackish-grey head, and similar wings and tail. There are also grey ones, with yellow heads, or with a ring about the neck; and white ones with a yellow breast, and white head and tail. Those which are more irregularly marked are less esteemed.

The canary bird is five inches in length, of which the tail comprises two inches and a quarter. Sometimes the female is not easily distinguished from the male; but the latter has generally deeper and brighter colours, the head is rather thicker, the body is more slender throughout, and the temples and space around the eyes are always of a brighter yellow than the rest of the body.

In selecting a bird, those are best which stand upright on the perch, appear bold and lively, and are not frightened at every noise they hear, or every thing they see. If its eyes are bright and cheerful, it is a sign of health; but if it keeps its head under the wing, it is drooping and sickly.

Its song should also be particularly noticed, for there is much difference in this respect. But as it often depends on the peculiar taste of the purchaser, no directions can be given for its application. In respect to the notes of these birds, there is much difference. Some of them have very fine notes; but if the song is not fine they can be educated, by being placed with another, which is a good singer.

They catch the tunes of other kindred songsters with considerable facility; hence, among the best singers there is a material difference in the song, which depends mainly on the bird with which they have been educated. In some countries the nightingale is employed as a master musician to a whole flock of Canaries; and it is this which gives some foreign birds a different tone of voice from those bred in this country.

In teaching the canary bird to sing it is usual to take him from his comrades, and place him in a cage alone. This is covered with a cloth, when a short, simple air is whistled to him, or played on a flute, or a small organ. In this manner, by repeating the tune five or six times each day, especially mornings and evenings, he will learn to sing it. But it will frequently require five or six months before he will retain the whole tune.

Canary birds sometimes hatch their young every month in the year; but more commonly they breed only in the spring, summer, and fall months. After the young birds are hatched, the old ones are fed with soft food, such as cabbage, lettuce, chick-weed; also with eggs boiled hard, and minced very fine with some dried roll, or bread containing no salt, which has been soaked in water, and the water pressed out. Rape-seed, or the seed of the turnip, is much used for their food.

Up to the twelfth day the young birds remain almost naked, and require to be covered by the female; but after the thirteenth, they will feed themselves. When they are a month old they may be removed from the breeding cage.

It is a curious fact that, when two females are with one male in the same cage, and one female dies, the other, if she has not already sat, will hatch the eggs laid by her co-mate, and rear the young as her own.

GRACIOUS hearts reflect most upon themselves; they do not seek so much what to reprove in others, as what to amend in themselves; they love to look inwards, and being sensible of their own failings, are tender in reflecting on the weaknesses of others; whereas those that are most inquisitive into the lives of others, are usually most careless in reforming their own.—*Cradock.*



## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 597.)

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"The shout  
Of battle now begun, and rushing sound  
Of onset ended soon each milder thought."—MILTON.  
"It is, methinks, a morning full of fate."—JONSON.  
"The eager armies meet to try their cause."—MAY.

THE morning of the twenty-third dawned bright and clear; and the first rays of the morning sun, as he rose in glory over the hills, played upon fluttering pennons and glittering bayonets. The American columns, who had bivouacked in the rear, came slowly winding over the hills to occupy the line of battle—then calmly to await the onset. In the intervals of the broken ground, horsemen, gaily dressed in lace and brodered colours, were galloping from flank to flank of the Mexican array. Heavy columns of lancers, with the heads of their pennoned lances lifted to the sky, moved slowly from point to point, and halted for the signal of attack. Large masses of infantry, moving with the precision of a field-day, and gleaming like a forest of steel in the sunlight, wound slowly from their bivouacs towards the right and front. Here, sheltered from the fire, they lay like clouds along the mountain, ready to discharge their force upon the American left. The cannon frowned ominously from every rising ground, and the gunners stood, with matches lit, beside the deadly engines. The preparation was complete—naught was wanting but the signal for launching forth the deadly charge.

Our friends upon the mountain were roused before the dawn by "the note of preparation" below them; and as the first light broke over the *sierra*, the firing again commenced between the skirmishers, where the darkness had suspended it. As they climbed out of the sheltered nook in which they had reposed, the two parallel ridges occupied by the opposing forces were two unbroken lines of fire; and a cloud of white smoke already hung upon the morning air, concealing every combatant. Over this cloud they gazed upon the fields below, and saw the movements of each party—the one preparing to overwhelm, and the other to resist. As Vernon gazed upon the dense masses of Mexicans, piled along the ridges and concealed within the ravines, his heart trembled for the little band which lay, diminutive and scattered, along the unfortified line of defence; and, although feeble from long illness, and sore from fatigue and want of rest, he determined at once to join his friends.

"I am sorry to leave you in this situation," said he; "but my friends will need all the help they can receive. I must join them at once."

The old man would have remonstrated, but Catharina interposed.

"It is right, father," said she. "His friends are few, and his enemies are many. We can remain here in safety till the fight is over; and if we cannot, he could not protect us if he remained."

Her father threw his arms around her, and made no reply.

"You need not fear for me, father," she continued. "At the worst we can go back over the mountain the way we came."

"You need not even do that," said Vernon, who had been examining the field. "You can keep along the mountain here to the right, until you clear the flank of the army, and then go into Saltillo. Major Warren is in command there, I think; and if I had paper, I would give you a note to him. You will be safe, at all events, there."

"I have friends there—many of them," said Bonaro, "who would give us shelter, if we could but reach them."

"Here is a piece of paper," said Catharina, drawing a carefully-folded letter from her bosom, the writing upon which, as she opened it and tore off the margin, Vernon recognized as Hugh's. Their eyes met, and she blushed deeply; but Allen hastily took the scrap to relieve her embarrassment, and she quickly concealed the remainder. He then traced a few words with a pencil, and handed the note to Bonaro.

"Where will we find you after these troubles are settled?" he asked, as he bade them farewell.

"It is my intention," said Bonaro, "to return as soon as possible to Rinconada, four leagues from Monterey, on the San Juan."

About to turn away, he caught Catharina's eyes fixed upon him with an expression which he could not mistake. He took her hand again, and pressing it warmly, replied to the look:

"I will see that he is exchanged as soon as possible," he said; "and in two months you may look for us at Rinconada."

"God bless you!" said the old man, solemnly; and Catharina sank upon a stone, and covered her face with her hands.

He hurried with all speed down the ridge upon which his friends were still fighting; and the old man and his daughter turned away to the right. Catharina walked pensively by the side of her father, or kindly assisted him to cross the ravines which occasionally obstructed their way. She was thinking of Hugh. Little more than one month had elapsed since they first met; yet that brief time had been sufficient for the growth to maturity of an affection strong and deep—an affection frank, warm, and pure, though not, perhaps, so impulsive as it might have been a few years before. The few glimpses the necessities of our story have permitted us to give of them were not all, nor even a large part of their intercourse. If they were so, she might be liable to the censure of being too frank, as perhaps she may be accused. But she was a true daughter of her race—with just enough of the blood of the colder North to temper and subdue, without destroying, the impulsiveness of her nature. Hugh's bold, free, and open spirit had impressed her deeply—too deeply for her present peace. For, though Vernon's

pledge to rescue his friend as soon as possible had somewhat calmed her fears, she still felt forebodings which made her heart far from quiet. Had Hugh been in the ranks below her, nothing short of violence could have induced her to turn away. But he was not there; and she walked by her father's side in silence, never turning her face to the conflict, and occupied by far different thoughts. The old man was anxious to reach the city on her account; had he been alone, perhaps he would not have left the mountain. To place her in safety before the license consequent upon victory and defeat alike, was his first object. He sometimes turned his head to gaze for a moment upon the contending hosts below; but after an hour's walk, a ridge shut the field from view, and they hurried on in silence.

Vernon threw himself at once among the scanty band, who were endeavouring to resist the encroachments of ten times their number. He was unarmed; but seizing the rifle of one of the wounded, and taking the cartridge-box offered by the dying man, he at once joined the now retreating line. Ampudia's light brigade was pressing on them in force—they were but a handful of weary men; but, gallantly fighting for every inch of ground, they strewed the opposite slope with the fallen. Dearly did the enemy purchase every advantage; for not a Mexican could show himself above the plantain, but some American sharp-shooter levelled him with the dust. Each had been climbing the mountain; and as they rose near the summit, the ravine which divided them rapidly grew narrower, so that, when the sun rose, not one hundred yards separated the combatants. A perfect tempest of bullets rattled among the rocks and plantains, and riddled the leaves and trunk of the stunted palms. The Americans fought under cover—they were so few that the ground afforded them shelter—but the dense masses of Mexicans presented a mark not to be missed; and yelling with agony, or shouting with excitement, the hapless infantry went down by scores. The iron hail that stormed around them was, to the American riflemen, comparatively harmless—the casualties among them bore no ratio to the slaughter in the ranks of their enemies.

But this could not last. The maddening peril of their situation, and the shelterless ground they occupied, while they thinned their numbers, goaded the rest to desperation. To stand before the storm was impossible—to retreat, or to advance boldly upon the little band of rifles, was the only alternative. To fall back was disgrace to their leader—already arraigned and punished for his conduct at Monterey—and he chose to make one desperate effort to dislodge the Americans, and turn the flank of the army. With one wild shout they rushed into the ravine; many fell, pierced through and through, mingling their yells with the din of battle; the line became disordered; the Americans rushed to the brink of the ridge, and poured volley after volley into the dense and confused mass; shouts of derision and defiance mingled with the roar of musketry; the Mexicans began to waver, ten to one as they were, and a few threw away their arms, and fled for life down the mountain; to increase the confusion, a shell from O'Brien's battery fell directly among the crowd, and bursting in their midst, sent many a brave man to his final account!

The fight seemed now lost, and the Americans crowded to the bank, and redoubled their deadly fire within fifty yards, telling upon the boiling mass dreadfully. But it was not to be given up so. Ampudia, and two or three of his officers, rushed to the front. A man seized the colours from the ground, and rushed up the steep. He fell, pierced by twenty bullets; but another, and another snatched them from the ground, as each in his turn fell before the storm. Goaded to madness, like a herd of wild buffaloes, the mass swayed to-and-fro. At last they turned upon their enemies, and, with one wild shout, rushed up the broken ridge. At the point of the bayonet, hand to hand, and foot to foot, the fight wavers upon the brink; hundreds fall over the rocks dead, wounded, and bruised. But numbers and fury at last prevail. The level ground is at last gained—the riflemen slowly retire down the steep, turning at every step to avenge their defeat—the infantry form upon the ground they have left—they slowly advance, and the flank is turned!

In the meantime the fight opened along the whole line; and shells and round shot were thrown into the American camp, or ploughed up the ground over all the field. Copper balls, weighing eighteen and twenty-four pounds, came bounding in enormous leaps from ridge to ridge, or howled through the air far over our heads. The ground was covered with large black boulders, hard as flint, and when one of these deadly missiles struck the earth, it scattered these in every direction, like the fragments of a bursting shell, killing and maiming all who were near. As the two armies neared each other—like two dark clouds full charged with lightning—grape was used; and first dropping along the line, like the large drops of rain before a summer shower, and then pouring in like the storm itself, the messengers of death hailed thick and fast. One unbroken roar of artillery—one sheet of flame—one dense cloud of smoke—marked the positions of the gradually-closing armies.

The small American force stood firm—nay, revelled in the danger, and cheered long and loudly, casting their caps into the air, as if upon some peaceful holiday rejoicing. Not a moment were their voices silent; and one continued shout ran like a contagion from flank to flank, or was taken up by the whole line in one loud, simultaneous cheer. No soldiers were ever in better spirits—none ever had the prospect of a harder fight.

Large masses of infantry and cavalry were now seen moving up from Santa Anna's third line, and severally taking their positions. A heavy body of two thousand horse, sustained by an equal number of infantry, formed into close column of attack upon the San Luis road. Orderly officers galloped from front to rear, assigning each corps to its position—the head of the column moved up a little rise—the long, dense line halted, and awaited the signal of attack. They were destined to assail the Pass of Angastura, held

by Captain Washington's light battery of six pieces, and the first Illinois foot—both under the command of Colonel Hardin.

Another column, double the number of the first, was slowly concentrated on the Mexican right, covered by a battery of eighteen pounders at the foot of the mountain, and destined to follow up the movement of Ampudia on the American left. Both these columns were formed while the fight was going on upon the mountain; and each now awaited the result of that movement. At last the riflemen gave way; overpowered by numbers, and literally borne down the slope, they hastened towards the plain. The signal was given as this was perceived, and then came the second great effort of the day!

#### CHAPTER XXVII. \*

"——— The battle swerved  
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout  
Entered, and fatal disorder."—MILTON.

"It was a goodly sight,  
To see the embattled pomp, as with the stop  
Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on."—SOUTHEY.

THE ground in front of the Pass of Angastura, over which the San Luis road passes, is perfectly level for the space of six or seven hundred yards. It then gradually rises until it reaches the summit of a gentle eminence, over which the road passes, and slopes away towards *La Encantada*; or, the "Haunted" *Rancho*. Washington's guns thus commanded the road for nearly a mile; and a force advancing upon the pass would be subjected to a murderous fire, in traversing the whole of that space, before they could come to close quarters. Jutting out from the plateau, and terminating suddenly at the road, came tongues of broken ground, like the fingers of a man's hand; and between these were deep rocky *barancas*, washed sheer down to the level below, and extending, many of them, to the precipitous hills. A narrow space of level land separated them from the deep *arroyos*, or ravines, and chasins washed in the ground; and these were impassable even to the infantry. At the pass, a ridge runs out farther than the rest, while the *arroyo* closes in—forming a passage not more than twelve feet wide. Here was posted the battery, supported by eight companies of infantry; and this was the position to be forced.

The column was at last formed; and amidst deafening cheers from Hardin's men, its head slowly appeared above the little eminence spoken of above. First came a dense body of lancers, moving forty abreast, in close array, with pennants fluttering in the wind, and sabres gleaming in the sunlight. Winding over the eminence, and slowly descending to the plain, their formidable numbers were visible to their breathless enemies; the tramp of eager steeds, the mellow music of their bugles, and the waving of numberless banners, announced the pride and confidence of discipline. As the long column of horsemen cleared the hill, the flags of the infantry were visible, floating, rich in gold and silk embroidery, above the forest of gleaming bayonets. Then came the tall hats and many-coloured cockades of the different corps, and firmly breasting the hill, in admirable order, the heavy infantry of the column marched close upon the heels of the horsemen. Before the infantry had cleared the hill, the cavalry were within point blank range of Washington's guns; but that officer was unwilling to open upon them, until they were fairly within the jaws of death.

Not a word was spoken among the little band who held the pass; the silence was so profound that the neighing of the horses and the jingling of the sabres could be distinctly heard. Even the voices of their officers, preserving unbroken order, came, mingling with the stillness, to the pass; and the measured tramping of the horses as their prancing ceased, became distinctly audible. The impatience for the onset, manifested by loud cheers, had given place to a stern, ominous silence; and every musketeer grasped his weapon more firmly for the struggle.

The head of the column had now advanced within five hundred yards of the redoubt, and still not a gun had been fired. Lieutenant-Colonel Weatherford stepped out from behind the parapet, and raised his hand; and simultaneously six pieces, trained upon the head of the column, opened their deadly fire. Shells and round shot sped together howling through the air; striking the head of the dense mass, they tore through the pass, or burst in the crowd, ripping up the formations and opening long lanes from front to rear. Sabres and lances, and shakos and banners, mingled in frightful confusion; horses plunged and neighed and rolled upon the crowd, crushing and wounding their riders and obstructing the passage of the rest. A yell of agony from men and horses, was answered by a shout of triumph and derision from the cannoniers and infantry. The fire was redoubled; the confused mass was more confused; loud commands and louder curses were of no avail; a storm of grape succeeded to the shells and reaped them down like ripened grain; they made an effort to move forward, only to meet death the sooner and in greater numbers; the dead, the wounded, and the struggling cumbered the plain; the infantry halted in helpless masses; the column wavered, a few stragglers put spurs to their horses and galloped to the right; the example was contagious, and in five minutes the whole mass, broken, decimated, and flying, had disappeared among the ravines. Another long loud cheer from the American lines proclaimed their rout.

But the column on the right was now advancing, too. As the front platoons cleared the ravines, within whose cover they had mustered, they were surprised to see a little band detach itself from the American line, and advance several hundred yards along the level plateau—apparently challenging the whole Mexican host to fight them, twenty to one. This was General Lane, with the second Indiana foot, and O'Brien's light battery of three pieces. Brought thus suddenly into action, a straggling fire opened on both

sides—the Mexicans pushing forward, as company after company and battalion after battalion emerged from the ravines. In five minutes the little band found themselves engaged with ten times their number—raked from left to right by a heavy battery on their left, and enfiladed by another on their right—supported feebly by O'Brien's small though active guns, and torn to pieces by the murderous fire of the whole Mexican force. To make their situation worse, they had been, by some unexplained mistake, advanced entirely beyond supporting distance, and were thus compelled, singly and alone, to combat the grand charge of the day. Like four-fifths of the force, they were volunteers but lately raised, and had never before been under fire.

But with the steadiness of veteran troops, they prepared to make the most of their desperate position. Loading and firing as rapidly as possible, they poured a deadly fire into the close ranks of their enemies. The batteries played upon them continually, enveloping them in clouds of dust, and often striking down the fated files. O'Brien's men worked with the fury of desperation; and many and many a shriek went up to heaven, from those his coolly-directed shot struck down. His gunners fell, one after another, and the officers supplied their places; his horses were killed and their harness cut away, but still the devoted guns were plied with desperate fury. All the horses and all but two of the men belonging to one gun were killed; it became evident that the gun must be abandoned. But, charging it once more, the officer pointed it with his own hand; the long lane opened in the cloud of infantry before him, told how certain was the aim!

The fight had now lasted nearly half an hour—an age, almost, in such a place—and the battle was fast approaching a deadly grapple hand to hand. The mere weight of numbers must have overpowered the little band, and the guns must have been lost. An *à-de-camp* galloped up and ordered them to fall back. It was too late! The enemy was upon them, and their backs once turned, there was no choice but flight. They had been in a false position too long, safely to retreat from it. O'Brien charged his guns once more, and once more he threw a shower of grape among the rapidly advancing battalions. The fatal word was given—the firing ceased, a retrograde movement was attempted in slow time; but the fire was too hot. The slow time became quick time, and the quick time degenerated into a run. The regiment fled precipitately from the field! A panic may seize the bravest men—and when it does, the mischief is the greater in proportion to the rarity of the occurrence.

O'Brien left one of his pieces on the field—all the men and horses belonging to it were killed. It was one of the pieces taken from General Santa Anna by San Houston at the battle of San Jacinto. Thus recovered by that general in the country from which he carried it more than ten years before, had he been victorious in the fight, it might have formed the text of a vainglorious homily. But the recollections connected with it were not the most pleasant—in his official despatch to his Government he did not mention it; and after the battle, it was found by the Americans dismounted, spiked and thrown into a ditch at the foot of the mountain of *Agua Nueva*. A cannon may have strange adventures—perhaps the strangest!

The attacking column, elated with success, and sure of victory, pressed firmly and rapidly onward. Reinforced by numbers from the repulsed column on the left, it now amounted to more than ten thousand men. The second Kentucky foot, which, with two pieces, had been all the morning posted in the valley to the right of the *arroyos*, was now ordered to support the second Illinois in its conflict with the body which just routed the second Indiana. Colonel Hardin was ordered up with four companies of his regiment, to take the Mexicans in flank; while all the artillery available was concentrated on the heavy mass.

It was a critical moment.

The flight of the Indians had left the second Illinois entirely unsupported; and the broken line could be filled up only by bringing troops from a point nearly a mile away. If this regiment followed the example of the other, the fight was lost beyond all redemption. One waver, or false movement—one blast of faint-heartedness, would ruin the fortunes of the day, and give over the whole American army to murder and outrage. It was a fearful responsibility; but it was nobly sustained! Without wavering or swerving from its course, the Mexican column came steadily on. As they approached musket range, a dropping fire opened from the flanks; anon the platoons deployed into companies, and the companies into battalions; but without slackening their speed. And now the guns of Bissell's men were heard. A rolling fire ran from right to left—and then every man loaded, aimed, and fired as fast as possible. Not a man moved from his ranks, except to lie down and die—not a movement of hesitation or doubt was seen along the line. The firing in other parts of the field had almost ceased, and both armies seemed tacitly to wait the issue of this charge. One by one, file by file, the Americans went down; but cool command to "close to the right," was as coolly obeyed. Officer after officer was despatched to hasten the advance of reinforcements; and far down the slope could be seen Hardin's and McKee's men running at full speed to join the fight. Hurry! hurry! for it is time, indeed! Quick, double-quick time; and still they cannot be in time! The fire is becoming too dense and murderous; but still no sign of wavering along the line. An officer rides forward, and speaks to Colonel Bissell.

"Can you take ground to the rear, colonel, without another panic?"

"As certainly as upon regimental drill, sir," proudly answered the colonel.

"Then do so."

The word to "cease firing" was passed along the line, and the roar was suddenly silenced. "About face!" Calmly and steadily the facing was done. "Forward! Quick time! Steady, men—steady! March!"

Coolly "as upon drill" the regiment marched off to the right and rear, with a galling fire upon their backs. "Halt!" Every man halted and dressed the line. "About face!" Again their faces were towards the enemy. "Commence firing!" Once more the rolling fire ran from right to left, and the cheer of the enemy was checked in its utterance.

"The battle is won!" exclaimed the excited Aide—a large man, with a very red face.

And now came Hardin an McKee. Forming on Bissell's right, they opened a deadly fire upon the flank of the labouring column; amidst deafening cheers, broken only by the roar of cannon and the rattle of the musketry, they swept them down. At the same time the skirmishers from the mountain, who had slowly retreated to the plain, charged through the Mexican force, cutting the long column in two. The infantry advanced to meet them—half the Mexicans, including all the cavalry of the column, are cut off and gallop away to the American rear; the rest recoil and waver. One vigorous charge, sustained by artillery and cavalry, breaks the formations—forces the leading battalions back upon their comrades. One more push with the bayonet completes the confusion—the broken mass, like the waves of a troubled sea, role away to the rear, and their retreat is accelerated by the artillery, which ploughs through them in every direction. What had been the head of the column floated away towards the plain, like a fragment from a cloud, and the hot and breathless combatants lie down to rest. It was the first crisis of the day, safely passed; and every man felt his courage renewed and strengthened.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground."—SHAKESPEARE.

"My lord, here are letters for you."—LORD.

"Here are a few of the unpleasant words  
That ever blotted paper."—LORD.

AMONG those who broke through, and divided the Mexican column, was Allen Vernon, having taken part in the fierce fight of several hours on the mountain. During the hand-to-hand conflict that followed their retreat, he had no time to look about him. But when the broken and rifled mass had at last retired beyond musket range, and were left to the tender mercies of the most effective artillery in the world, he threw himself upon a stone to breathe. His name was called, and his hand was grasped by Lieutenant Clayton.

"A warm welcome after your wanderings, isn't it?" said he smiling.

"Warm enough in all conscience," replied Vernon, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "When did you return from the States?"

"Only a few days ago," said the lieutenant; "and I have letters for you."

"Are my friends well? Did you see my father?"

"Yes, I saw him a moment—all well. But now answer me a question or two: where in the world have you been so long? and how happens it that you return just in the nick of time?"

"I can't tell you now—it would take till night; and we are likely to have plenty to do between now and then. From whom are the letters?"

"One is from your father, and one from—can you guess?"

"I might hope, but *contra spem*—"

"The other is from Miss Cara Talbot—I will not keep you in suspense," interrupted Clayton.

"Where is it?" asked Allen, eagerly rising to his feet.

A flush passed over Clayton's face, but faded out immediately. It was a flush of jealousy which even the most generous natures cannot avoid. It was gone, however, and he replied with a laugh—

"Nay, sit down; you cannot get it till night—"

"And then we may both be dead," interrupted Vernon.

"You are right," replied the other. "Wait here—I think I can venture to be absent a few minutes."

He caught a horse, of which there were many running loose over the plateau, and springing into the saddle galloped away to his regiment, and thence to the camp. In a very few minutes he was again beside Allen, presenting him a letter. Like Vernon, he had totally forgotten the letter from his father, and thought only of that from the hand of her whom they both loved. Allen snatched it eagerly, and tore it open. Before he commenced reading, however, he looked up, and met Clayton's eyes resting upon him, with an expression which he did not understand. But as before, it vanished, and Allen spoke—

"Pardon my ungraciousness," he said; "I should have thanked you before for manifesting so much eagerness—"

"O read, read! by all means," said Clayton hastily. "You may be interrupted at any moment, and never read any more."

Thus urged, he opened the letter again, and Clayton turned away. The fight was raging fiercely on the left and in the rear, and there was a heavy cannonading on the right at Angastura; but in the centre where they were, everything was quiet. Had all the artillery on the field, however, been playing over him, after he commenced the letter, it would not have roused him. It ran as follows—we can read it as he does while Santa Anna is reforming his broken battalions:

"L—, January 15, 1847.

"DEAR MR. VERNON:

"You have now been absent more than eight months, and yet during the whole of that time—an age to me—you have never had the grace to write me a single line! If, like the forlorn knight who sang—

"O! fly to her bowyer, and tell her the chain  
Of the tyrant is over me now,"—

you are immured 'in a dungeon to waste away youth,' I can excuse the otherwise inexcusable neglect. And, as I am determined at all events to pardon you, I am forced to suppose you a forlorn captive among your cruel enemies. See what a woman's confidence and imagination can do! I am not, I hope, one of the class of my sex who make themselves miserable about 'the milk' which they expect to *spill* next week; and therefore hold it to be the worst philosophy—or no-philosophy—in the whole world, to hasten the advent of coming ills. If they will come, they'll be with us soon enough; and if they will not come, our fretting is all feeling wasted. If one be of the crying mood, the wicked present furnishes quite enough ills to consume all our tears without reaching forward; and if he be stoical and obdurate, the miseries, even when they come, will not affect him.

"But I am 'sobering down.' When one begins to philosophise he is very near crying—notwithstanding the effort to the contrary; indeed, the very effort shows the inclination. And in truth, although I commenced with the intention of writing a cheerful letter, I am very much nearer tears than smiles. I have some bad news to tell you, and I feel that I am doing it very awkwardly. But you know I never wrote to you before, and it is unfortunate that I should begin with such tidings. Perhaps it would have been better if I had gone straight to it in the outset, without any affectation of a cheerfulness which I do not feel. So without further delay I will tell it to you at once.

"You are accused of *forgery*; and, worst of all, you are accused by—my father! That his daughter does not join him in the suspicion, witness this letter—no, not for one moment! But he does believe it, I have no doubt, fully. Upon what grounds I do not exactly understand—although the whole story has been detailed to me more than once. I will, however, endeavour to recall enough of it to enable you to know with what you are charged—perhaps then your own better information may enable you to ascertain your position. It seems that my father refused to sign a paper with you, to be given to Mr. Manning; for what purpose I do not know—yes, to borrow some money. Well, he says he left the paper at your studio, with a note explaining the reasons why he refused, and heard no more of it. Time passed on until a few weeks ago, when he discovered that the paper had been given to Manning *by you*, with his name subscribed in the very place where he refused to put it. Manning says he gave you the money, and received this paper; and their conclusion is irresistible, they say, that you signed the name.

"Several of your friends, with whom I have talked, say that the signature of your name is undoubtedly genuine, and that my father's name is as unquestionably a forgery, though skilfully executed. Can it be that some one has got possession of the paper after you signed it, and, after affixing my father's name, presented it to Manning? And yet this supposition is excluded by Manning's positive statement, that he received it *from you*, and paid you the money: and when money is to be paid, from M.'s character, I should think he would be careful enough. He is a singular, hard man, it is said, and seems much incensed at what he calls 'the trick' played off on him. Thornley (father's lawyer since Thorpe's absence) says, 'Manning views the affair, not so much as a crime by which the laws of the land have been violated, as a stratagem in which he has been circumvented;' and I say that Thornley, like most lawyers, I suspect, thinks more of the violation of the laws of the land, than he does of the violation of the laws of honour. My father is very indignant, 'not,' he says, 'on account of the paltry thousand (which is natural, since, as I am told, he will not have it to pay), but on account of the 'felonious use of an honourable name.'

"These things gail me, Vernon, exceedingly, and make me sullen sometimes, even to my dear father. The 'hue and cry' against you, and the infamous manner in which they have treated your father, make me even undutiful; and I fear that, if I could be this moment convinced of your guilt, my wrong feelings would make me justify you. Not, Vernon, that I even have such a thought—no! I am as positively certain of your innocence as I am of my own. I am certain that you have been made the victim of an infamous plot: and I am equally certain that if you were even guilty of this act, you would be better, a thousand times better, than many who are now railing against you. Old Manning has seized the house in which you left your father, as he says, to secure the debt. Father offered Mr. Vernon an asylum, but he refused it—as he should have done; and is now boarding comfortably in the upper part of the city. I called to see him yesterday; and promised him to write this letter. He is too feeble to write much, though in general good health. Mr. Clayton, who almost alone believes you innocent, and is therefore doubly my friend, has undertaken to deliver this as soon as possible. When you return, which of course you will do immediately, you should persuade him to come with you. He is said to be a lawyer of fine talents; I know him to be a man of the very best feelings; and, more than all, he believes in your innocence. In this last quality he is almost alone, as I said before; everybody believes you guilty but me. They say the evidence is too strong; and they say, moreover, that you will never return. I know better—but what can my feeble voice effect?

"There is one other circumstance which gives me some hope that you may be able to establish your innocence—confirms me, indeed, in the belief that you are the victim of a plot. It is this: an accident, which I will explain when I see you, put me in possession of a note, addressed, I think, to you, written and signed by my father—the same note, I presume, intended to convey to you his refusal. It is as follows:

"DEAR MR. V.

"On examining the state of my affairs, I find it impossible to accommodate you. With the security of this valuable property, however, I doubt not you can easily have it done. I am called away, so as not to be able to



redeem the appointment. Hoping you may find no difficulty in so doing, I remain

"Your most humble servant and friend,

"J. TALBOT."

"I preserved this paper, because I thought it strange that it should be in the hands of him through whom I got it. I have said nothing about it in all the fermentation, because the scandal-mongers would seize upon the fact of its being in my possession, to say that you must have had it. For they already say that I am far too much interested in a man who has——, you can fill it up, I am too impatient to write it. I state these things, at the risk of wounding your feelings, in the hope that a full knowledge of your position may hasten your return.

"I have now related the whole story, I believe, fully; but I cannot close without urging you to return as soon as possible. I have not said more than I could avoid about my own feelings, for I know I can safely leave them to your imagination. My confidence in you is not impaired—I am as firmly as ever what I was when we parted—but you *must* come home. I cannot wait longer than it will take you to reach here. I know I need not urge you, and yet I cannot help it. If I close this letter without any more tender expressions, you must not attribute it to change, but believe that I am, as truly as ever,

"Yours,

"CARA."

Vernon read the letter through, and then covered his face with his hands. The din of battle, now fast approaching them again, came to his ears unheeded. But his mind was far too elastic to be stunned, even by such a blow as this, for any very long time. He raised his eyes to Clayton's and took his hand.

"You know the contents of this?" he asked.

"In part, I suppose I do," Clayton answered.

"And you believe me innocent?" Allen pursued.

"I have not a doubt of it," said the other.

"Thank you—thank you!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand warmly. "She says," he continued, looking at the letter, "that you alone believe it. Will you return with me?"

"It is your intention to go immediately, then?"

"To-morrow, if the fight closes."

"I had already tendered my resignation," said Clayton, "when the prospect of a fight induced me to withdraw it. But if we survive the battle, I will go with you gladly."

"Thank you, once more!" Vernon exclaimed; but he had no time to say more. A column of lancers came galloping down the plateau, and the loud commands of the officers called every man to his post. Scarcely was the line formed, before the cavalry, struggling over a narrow *baranca*, put spurs to their fiery horses, and dashed at the straggling force. They came on in beautiful order, the many-coloured pennants of their lances fluttering in the wind, and their prancing horses springing lightly and evenly over the broken ground. At a word from their commander, every lance was levelled and the pennants were flecked with foam from the clamping bits.

"Steady! steady, my men!" shouted the colonel, "and fire low! Wait for the word! Wait for the word!"

The officer allowed them to come within a hundred yards, before he gave the word to fire. Then stepping out, he cautioned them again to "aim low," and gave the signal. No volley was fired—no booming sound of many guns at once—for nothing is less effective in checking permanently a charge of cavalry; but that same "fire by file" (in technical language), the rolling fire from right to left, which checks, confuses, and routs a column sooner than anything else, ran all along the line like the firing of a train. The front companies drew violently up, the rear came thundering on, and in one minute the whole mass was one cloud of confusion. Many a horse and rider bit the dust together, and many a lancer was killed by the press, whom not a ball had touched. A random volley of *escopets* attempted to answer the murderous fire of the Americans; but nearly all the balls passed high over their heads, wounding none. To extricate himself from the crowd was now each man's aim, and in five minutes the plain was covered with fugitives, making for the mountain. A vigorous charge with the bayonet drove the remainder from the field, and a few well directed shots from a battery of twelve pounders, made the rout a race for life. They rode furiously towards a gorge in the mountain, formed by two ridges jutting out into the plain, and surrounded on three sides by inaccessible rocks and precipices. Here they met a large body of another cavalry corps, who had just been repulsed by the third Indiana and second Mississippi regiments, under the command of Colonel Davis (who formed his singular half square or V, to receive their charge), and thus were massed in the space of four acres, at least five thousand men.

A slight advance of the corps with which our friends Vernon and Clayton were fighting, effectually cut off the retreat of this force to the main body. Lieutenants Sherman, Kilburn, and O'Brien—the first and third on the flanks, and the second in front—were pouring into the dense mass an unflinching fire, which did fearful execution. Every gun was coolly trained, and told with the certainty of rifle-shooting, tearing open the columns, and reaping down whole companies. The mountain enclosed them on three sides, and a half circle of fire enclosed them on the other. It was impossible for them to hold out; ten minutes more must witness their surrender, and the defeat of the Mexicans. But at this juncture Santa Anna was true to his fame. A white flag was seen fluttering in the wind, and an officer came forward to General Taylor, with the inquiry—"What he wanted?" The general, as had no doubt been foreseen, immediately ordered

the artillery to cease firing; the frightened mass were surprised by a respite, and galloping towards the right of the American line, they forthwith commenced a retreat along the mountain, and directly under the American guns.

General Wool was despatched to the hostile lines, with an answer to the inquiry, and the Americans remained inactive. He advanced within the Mexican lines, and endeavoured to procure a cessation of the firing. But the object of the flag was already gained, and the general returned to his post. The guns opened again; but the bird had flown! The whole mass, who, a few minutes before, were completely in our power, had profited by the stratagem, and gained the main body of the Mexican army. The crafty politician had outwitted the honest old soldier!

The day was now far advanced. The Americans had regained the ground lost in the morning, and the Mexicans were doggedly removing their more advanced guns, and slowly retiring from the field. A straggling fire was still kept up between the fixed batteries, but everything denoted a cessation for the night. The exhausted infantry were lying round the guns, and the cannoniers were resting from their fatigues.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"It gives me wonder

To see you here before me."—SHAKESPEARE.

"The conflict grew; the din of war—the yell  
Of savage rage—the shriek of agony—  
The groan of death, commingled in one sound  
Of undistinguished horrors."—SOUTHER.

VERNON and Clayton at last found an opportunity for conversation, while enjoying the temporary calm. The former had briefly related the incidents of his absence, closing with the capture by Minon's men of Manning, when Colonel Thorpe was seen advancing towards them, evidently for the purpose of speaking to Allen.

"You had better let him believe that Hugh is dead," hastily said Clayton; "I will give you the reason afterwards."

"But—" commenced Allen.

"Tell him so," interrupted the other, "if it becomes necessary, and trust me for the reason—it is of great importance."

Allen had no time to reply. Thorpe advanced, warmly extending his hand, and expressing a cordial "Welcome back!" Allen took it in the same spirit; and no one who had seen them, would have suspected from their bearing, that one was plotting the other's destruction.

"You have encountered many dangers," said Thorpe, in a tone of interest, "and unluckily you have returned just in time for more."

"Luckily, rather," answered Allen; "I would not have been a day later for a colonelcy."

"You value neither your security nor your preferment," said the colonel, with a smile. "But what has become of your companion?"

Vernon caught a quick glance from Clayton, and replied—

"He is where our friendship cannot avail him."

"How did it happen?" asked the other, in apparent surprise.

"He was shot by a party of lancers on the other side of the mountain, while endeavouring to cross to the camp."

"Were you with him?" asked Thorpe.

"Yes," Allen answered; "and with difficulty escaped the same fate."

The colonel heaved a deep sigh, but Clayton saw it was more a sigh of relief than of sorrow.

"Well, well," he said, "it has been the fate of many a brave man to-day, and will probably be that of many more before sunset."

Before Allen could reply, a staff-officer, whom they recognized as a Quartermaster on the staff of General Wool, rode briskly up the slope, followed at a distance by two squadrons of dragoons, and turned towards O'Brien's battery. The latter was supported by five companies of the first Illinois foot, under Colonel Hardin; and both infantry and cannoniers were resting on the stony ground. The colonel sprang to his feet as the officer approached, and eagerly received his commands.

"Colonel Hardin," said he, "you are now ordered to charge. Hasten, or the dragoons will deprive you of the honour."

The order was received with a shout, and every man sprang to his foot, and hastened into line. The colonel had repeatedly, during the day, asked permission to charge a battery posted on the American left, but it was always refused—the general deeming it, correctly, no doubt, a rash desire. But the permission had come at last—rendered significant, too, by the qualifying word "now," used by the officer; and the colonel very naturally construed the order as a direction to do what he had before wished to do. He turned his eyes to the point previously occupied by the battery; but it was gone. Following the line of the mountain with his eye, he descried it moving to the rear, and already far within the Mexican lines.\* But this made no difference to the chivalrous colonel. He immediately ordered his battalion (numbering some three hundred men), to advance by the right of companies, and filing to the right, he passed between O'Brien's guns, and commenced an advance in double quick time, in the direction of the retreating battery. He had first to cross an open, bare plateau, of about a quarter of a mile in extent, totally void of vegetation, and affording no cover of any description. This was bounded by a deep ravine, running from the road, and heading somewhat above the line of his advance.

\* When I speak of "the lines" of either army, I mean the ground covered by their guns, and held without contest. Whether this be technical or not, I am not sufficiently learned in military matters to know: and hence this note.

(To be continued.)

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### SOME PLAIN HINTS ON HEALTH.\*

HEALTH is a word which, in its full import, is of a far more comprehensive character than is commonly imagined—including the well-being of the intellect and the affections no less than that of the physical powers. So necessary, indeed, is a healthy state of the "inner man," that wherever this is greatly defective, the most perfect state of bodily vigour is of but little worth, in regard to its power of promoting true happiness. If, therefore, we would accurately define the meaning of the word in question, we must explain it as implying "a sound mind in a sound body." It were easy to show that bodily health can never be so well, and so hopefully cared for, as when the intellectual faculties are unimpaired, and the affections are well ordered.

That such is the fact will readily be seen, if it be remembered that some of the best preservatives of physical health necessarily presuppose a "sound mind" on the part of those who use them; for without this there is but little probability that due attention will be given to observances, which—although highly conducive to the preservation of bodily vigour—do, nevertheless, involve an amount of self-command that cannot well be looked for where the intellect is in a disordered and unhealthy state.

The necessity of bodily health, in order to the full enjoyment of all other blessings, is too evident to require being dwelt upon. So important an ingredient is it in the cup of human happiness, that, wherever it is wanting, there is a serious drawback upon what is required, in order to the full and abiding consciousness that "life is good." It is, therefore, quite natural that there should be a general and an earnest concern to possess this valuable immunity; and accordingly, all who are capable of appreciating it, are anxious to avoid losing it, or, if they have already lost it, to get it restored. It were well if equal anxiety were felt to keep it from being impaired. Here, however, there is a prevailing neglect of due precaution. Appetites are indulged in, and practices allowed, which have the inevitable effect of sapping the firmest and most vigorous health; but, because the process of deterioration is carried on slowly, or, it may be, almost imperceptibly, no apprehension of danger is felt, and, consequently, no care is taken to prevent the coming evil.

It is freely admitted that this neglect is, in most cases, attributable to a want of due knowledge as to what is, or is not, likely to be hurtful. In multitudes of instances this perilous carelessness may be traced to the baneful influence which the merely sensual passions have been allowed to exercise over the rational faculties. So powerful is this influence, that even where there is some perception of the danger attendant upon the unchecked gratification of the animal appetites, there is no attempt made to bring them under proper control. In many of these cases, there is an exhibition of folly, such as one would think could hardly be looked for from any who claim to be reasonable beings. Habitual efforts are made by means of drugs to accomplish the evidently impracticable work of uniting two opposites: nothing less than the preservation of bodily health in connection with the full indulgence

of the sensual propensities. That all such efforts must, of necessity, be fruitless, is a proposition too evident to require any laboured proof.

Addressing the reader as being a sensible, sober-minded person, the following particulars are given, with a view to show the advantages connected with early hours, especially as regards rising in the morning. These particulars, if duly weighed, will, it is hoped, serve as so many persuasives, or inducements, to adopt, or to persevere in, this very beneficial practice:

I. To devotional or religious exercises.

II. To intellectual pursuits.

III. To the effective discharge of duties.

IV. To the pursuit of pure and delightful pleasure.

First, as to religious exercises. It were to be wished that no rational, accountable, necessitous being, such as is man, would be unwise enough to abstain from holding converse with that great and glorious Being, who is his Maker, Preserver, and Redeemer, through the medium of earnest prayer and fervent praise. It is, however, most true, that multitudes of such persons, although they have become, nominally, members of the Christian Church, and thus are solemnly bound to observe Christian-like practices, do, nevertheless, totally neglect the highly important exercises of private devotion. There are, however (and it is a cheering consideration that the fact is so), very many who do feel the importance and necessity of private religious exercises; and who, moreover, are wishful to engage in them, both regularly and leisurely. They have, however, many obstacles to contend with. Let such consider whether these may not be avoided, or even removed, by their adopting the practice of rising an hour or two earlier than hitherto they have risen. If they are in earnest, they will not fail duly to consider this point; and in so doing, will most probably come to the conclusion that, by adopting the plan hinted at, they will escape all the hindrances which at the present time prevent their full enjoyment of the high privilege of private devotion. No Christian man would wish to enter upon the duties of his station—which duties will probably call him to mingle in the busy scenes of the bustling and thought-dissipating world—without having first engaged in the delightful exercises of praise and prayer: the first, on account of blessings enjoyed, and the second, with a view to obtain spiritual help—such as may sustain him during the prosecution of his necessary (although, it may be spiritually-hazardous) business or occupation.

It cannot be for a moment doubted, that there is a highly important use in early rising. Every one who knows anything, practically, of either study or literary composition, is fully sensible that the mental powers are much more vigorous, collected, and manageable in the early morning, than they either are, or can be, in after times of the day, especially if the mind has been at all closely or laboriously engaged during the previous and by-gone hours. This being the fact, it follows that better progress may be made, both in regard to the acquisition of knowledge and also in the work of literary composition, during the hours of the early morning than during any other given time in the course of the day. This must now suffice under the second head. As to the third,—a similar line of argument will hold good, for every handicraftsman, if he be a sober and orderly-living man, knows that work may be got through, both more readily and in a more workman-like manner, at the beginning of the day than at any other time. The knowledge of this fact induces multitudes of working people to adopt, and to persevere in the habit here recommended; and it is worthy of special observation, that early-rising workmen are generally more healthy in body, as well as more orderly in their habits, than are those who habitually rise at a late hour. These remarks will, more or less, apply to very many of those who are engaged in the higher kinds of business, whether it be trade or manufacture. As to the fourth particular, it may be observed, that the influence of early rising in promoting the enjoyment of pure and healthful pleasure is so considerable, that it can hardly be fully imagined, much less can it be duly pointed out. Yet a few particulars may properly be given; perhaps, indeed, they ought not to be omitted. No one, except by personal experience, can adequately understand either the nature, the variety, or the extent of this pleasure. To walk abroad in the early hours of the morning; to inhale the fresh and refreshing morning air; to smell the fragrance of plants and flowers; to survey the beautiful verdure of the fields and meadows; to listen to the sweet song of the lark, and other feathered minstrels; to see the shepherd tending his flock, or the farm-labourer at his work, or the rustic wagoner with his well-favoured team; or the ruddy milkmaid "crowned with her dripping pail;" or to mark the lively actions of the finny tribes in brook or river; or to contemplate the clear blue vault of heaven—to mark the glorious sun illumining all objects, whether far off or near, and to feel the genial warmth of his morning beams—with numberless other scenes and objects of natural beauty or magnificence, cannot but excite in every susceptible heart the most delightful emotions.

Cleanliness, from its direct and unceasing bearing upon, not only health but also upon comfort, deserves a foremost place. Without the strict, regular, and persevering observance of this habit, as regards the person and the apparel, together with the preparation of food and the management of the dwelling-place, there can be no true physical enjoyment of life; while the preservation of the bodily health is rendered a very doubtful, if not altogether a hopeless matter. Yet what multitudes of men and women are there who are lamentably remiss in their attention to this highly necessary habit. The wretched state of their dwellings, together with the disgustingly-squalid condition of themselves, and, if they be family people, of their children also, proclaims them to be either grossly ignorant, or culpably negligent, of that duty which, not without good reason, has been declared to be "next to godliness."

It is freely admitted that the necessary means of being thoroughly clean and tidy are not within the reach of multitudes; yet even where these means

\* The above essay is extracted from a valuable little work, entitled "Thoughts on Various Subjects," by the Author of "Memoirs of a Working Man." We shall enlist the sympathies of our readers by informing them that the writer is a worthy mechanic, who has been for many years almost incapacitated from labour by severe bodily sufferings, and now depends for the support of himself and a numerous family, upon the sale of the work we recommend for its merit's sake to the reader.

are the most deficient, if there be but a disposition to be cleanly, there will be such efforts made in order to be so as will effectually remove all that is greatly offensive, either in the person, or in the dwelling place. Happily for this class, there are now in several populous districts, even of the metropolis, public institutions established for the especial purpose of applying the necessary means of being cleanly, in regard both to the person and the apparel; and it is a most gratifying fact that many of the people for whose benefit those truly benevolent institutions were formed, are gladly and regularly availing themselves of the benefits which they both offer and bestow.

A third means of promoting the health of the body is moderation, or temperance, in respect both of diet and drink. Much has been of late years said about the necessity of temperance in drinking, and much good is said to have followed these discussions, but hitherto the equal, if not surpassing, necessity for moderation in eating, both as to quantity and quality, has not been very earnestly, much less very extensively, insisted upon. Yet it is very readily to be proved that immoderate eating is the fruitful source of many painful disorders, and, moreover, of several highly dangerous diseases. It were to be wished that this incontrovertible fact were more generally published and recognized, for then there would be ground for believing that much of the disease now so often and so widely prevalent would be prevented, or, if existing, removed. A collateral benefit, and that not a trifling one, would be a diminished use of the deleterious, if not actually poisonous, compounds, which are sold under the imposing name of "patent medicines." In passing, it may not be superfluous to note, that there is much reason to believe that the habitual, or even frequent, use of these base mixtures, is productive of not a little bodily disorder, if not, indeed, of fatal, or at least incurable, disease. Few things are likely to be more perilous to the health, than the habitual use of medicine—even when administered by an honourable and duly qualified member of the medical profession; but when (what is called) medicine is taken with no better guidance than can be found in the "directions for use" given by the unprincipled quack, the consequences cannot be otherwise than very baneful.

## ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH.

For many ages mankind supposed the earth to be a vast plain, bounded on all sides by the sea and sky. They supposed the sun, moon, and stars to be at no great distance from the earth, and that these moved daily from east to west.

Though this was the belief of the great mass of mankind, there were a few attentive observers of the motions of the heavenly bodies who thought the earth to be round, like a ball; but they dared not tell their views, except in secret, lest they should be persecuted, and even endanger their lives.

It is only about three hundred years since the true theory of the figure and motion of the earth began to be generally received. A few years previous to that period a person would have been in danger of imprisonment for life, or even of being put to death, had he taught the opinion now held concerning the shape of the earth.

We learn from history that the learned Spengelius, of Upsal, in Sweden, was burned at the stake because he taught that the earth was round. Only a little more than two centuries ago, the celebrated Galileo was confined in prison because he proclaimed that the earth turned on its axis, and moved around the sun.

Nicholas Copernicus, who was born at Thorn, in Prussia, in 1473, was the author of the theory of the Solar system, which is now received by all enlightened nations. But he was threatened banishment and even death if he would not deny his belief, so prejudiced by ignorance were the minds of that period. Yet truth prevailed, and in honour of its author the theory is called the Copernican system.

How the ancients first became convinced that the earth was round we have no means of knowing; but we will here give a few facts and observations which prove it to be a globe:

1. Persons have sailed around the world, and come back to the place from which they started, as a fly would do by crawling around an apple. But, since there are so many continents and islands to obstruct a direct passage, it may not appear plain to some how sailing around the world will prove anything about its shape.

That this may be better understood, we will suppose a vessel to start from Rio Janeiro, in South America, and sail directly east. In a few weeks it would come to the western coast of Africa. Now navigators carry with them a compass and other instruments by which they can always tell the course they are sailing, and how far they move in any direction.

On arriving at the coast of Africa, the captain changes the course of his vessel and sails south until he has passed the Cape of Good Hope; then he goes east again till he gets beyond Africa, when he turns toward the north and sails as far as he had gone south, which will bring him in a direct line east of his starting place.

He will now continue his course eastward, till coming to Australia; and after sailing around that, in a like manner, to a point directly east of Rio Janeiro, will again proceed in an easterly direction, and at length arrive at the western coast of South America. Then, by sailing south, around Cape Horn, and going north again, he will arrive at the place from which he started.

It is by thus making allowances for the land which is sailed around, that the navigator knows he has continued in one general direction. Once it was considered an extraordinary act to have sailed around the world, but

now many persons return every year from such a voyage. The time thus required is from one to two years.

2. When a ship goes out to sea, we first lose sight of the hull, or body of the ship; then of the sails and lower rigging, and lastly of the mast. When a ship approaches the land, the top of the mast is seen first, then the lower parts of the vessel gradually appear. If the earth were an extended plain, the largest parts of the ship, when leaving the shore, would be seen last, and on approaching land these would be seen first.

If a person stands on the deck of a vessel when leaving the shore, the land and less elevated objects are first lost sight of, and the steeples and highest parts of all objects are seen last. Now these appearances are the same in every part of the world, which man has visited, hence it follows that the earth is regularly curved on all sides.

3. When the moon is eclipsed, it is darkened by passing through the earth's shadow. This shadow, as seen on the surface of the moon, is always of a circular form, such as a round ball would make.

4. If we stood on the equator, the north star would be in the horizon, where the earth and sky seem to meet. On going twenty degrees to the north, this star would appear to have arisen twenty degrees above the horizon. If we proceeded forty-five degrees north, this star would appear forty-five degrees above the horizon, and so on. The reverse would be the case on going south again. Then the stars in the north would sink and new ones rise in the south.

These changes prove that the earth is round from north to south, as they could not occur were it otherwise. The first mentioned observation proves that the earth is round from east to west; the second shows its general convexity; and all combined afford convincing proofs that the earth is round like a ball.

## KEEP IN STEP!

"Those who would walk together must keep in step."

Aye, the world keeps moving forward,  
Like an army marching by;  
Fiear you not its heavy footfall  
That resoundeth to the sky?  
Some bold spirits bear the banner—  
Souls of sweetness chant the song—  
Lips of energy and fervour  
Make the timid hearted strong!  
Like brave soldiers we march forward;  
If you linger or turn back,  
You must look to get a jostling  
While you stand upon the track.  
Keep in step!

My good neighbour, Master Standstill,  
Gazes on it as it goes;  
Not quite sure that he is dreaming,  
In his afternoon's repose!  
"Nothing good," he says, "can issue  
From this endless 'moving on'—  
Ancient laws and institutions  
Are decaying, or are gone;  
We are rushing on to ruin  
With our mad, new-fangled ways."  
While he speaks, a thousand voices,  
As the heart of one man says,  
"Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbour, will you join us,  
Or return to "good old ways?"  
Take again the tranquil pleasures  
Of old Adam's ancient days;  
Or become a hardy Briton—  
Beard the lion in his lair—

And lie down in dainty slumber,  
Wrapp'd in skin of shaggy bear—  
Rear the hut amidst the forest,  
Skim the wave in light canoe!  
Ah! I see! you do not like it;  
Then, if these "old ways" won't do,  
Keep in step!

Be assured, good Master Standstill,  
All-wise Providence design'd  
Aspiration and progression  
For the yearning human mind;  
Generations left their blessings  
In the relics of their skill;  
Generations yet are longing  
For a greater glory still;  
And the shades of our forefathers  
Are not jealous of our deed—  
We but follow where they beckon,  
We but go where they do lead!  
Keep in step!

One detachment of our army  
May encamp upon the hill,  
While another, in the valley,  
May enjoy "its own sweet will;"  
This may answer to one watchword,  
That may echo to another;  
But, in unity and concord,  
They discern that each is brother!  
Breast to breast they're marching onward  
In a good and peaceful way;  
You'll be justified if you hinder,  
So don't struggle nor delay.  
Keep in step!

DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.—Johnson tells us, in his life of the great Frederick of Prussia, that his majesty's father was particularly attached to his tall regiment, and that if he met with a woman of more than common height, he consigned her to Berlin, and married her to one of his giants. As the king was travelling one day *incognito* through Hanenburgh, arrayed in a blue coat, little hat, and woisted stockings, he cast his eye upon a young woman who was nearly seven feet high. Such a sight as this never escaped him, and he alighted from his horse, and caused her to be brought before him; when, finding she was a shoemaker's daughter, unmarried, unengaged, and only nineteen years of age, he immediately wrote a letter to the colonel of the royal regiment of grenadier-guards at Berlin, commanding him to cause the bearer to be instantly married to the tallest man in his corps, and to be present at the ceremony. This letter he delivered to the girl, without informing her of the contents; but making her a handsome present, enjoined her to carry it as directed, deliver it into the colonel's own hands, and await for an answer. This done, he proceeded on his journey. The girl never having been at Berlin, and not suspecting the rank of the personage who gave her the letter, bargained with a little old woman in the neighbourhood to carry it. The deputy was true to her trust, and delivered the letter as directed; but the colonel, on reading it, was surprised. However, his majesty's orders were peremptory, and must be obeyed; the parties met, and were married; and the affair remained a mystery until the king's return to the capital, when the first persons he wished to see were his handsome new-married couple. He was astonished at the sight of the bride, and in great warmth demanded how she came to practise such abominable deceit! The woman told him the truth, and lifting up her eyes to the ceiling, acknowledged the kindness of Providence in bringing about such a wonderful work of charity by such unexpected means.



## ONWARD!

**A ROMAN RAILWAY.**—It is said that the surveys for the construction of a railway between Civita Vecchia and Rome are completed; that a company has been formed; and that it has already lodged the caution-money.

**WORKHOUSE SCHOOLS.**—The Poor-Law Commissioners, with a view to the introduction of suitable books into workhouse-schools for the use of scholars and teachers, have made arrangements with several publishers to supply for the use of such schools books and maps at prices varying from 32 to 55 per cent.—the average being 43 per cent.—under the price at which the same books and maps are sold to the public. The subjects embraced are, reading lessons, grammar, arithmetic, geography, English history, mensuration, vocal music, &c.

**THE ELECTRICAL LIGHT.**—We have not heard much of late about the electric light in the metropolis: why it has gone to the country we do not know, unless it be merely as a novelty; we observe, however, that it is at present being exhibited at Liverpool, where there is perhaps a somewhat better or opener field than in the narrow river of the metropolis for the extension of its uses in connection with shipping. "The light," says a Liverpool paper, "was exhibited from the tower at the north end of the Prince's Dock shortly after the mail steam-ship *Africa* entered the river. It was exceedingly brilliant, and could be distinguished at a great distance. The experiment was considered decidedly successful. The inventor has obtained the permission of the Dock Committee to test the advantages of his light by showing it at the landing-stage, or other suitable position along the line of the docks. With steadiness of lustre, the power of the electric light would be invaluable as a guide to sailors."

**SEA-WATER BATHING IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—A design is now lying before the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company for laying down incorrodible pipes from the sea at Brighton, for the purpose of conveying pure sea-water along the slopes of that railway to a large reservoir at Sydenham, where capacious plunging and swimming baths will be established, in connection with the Crystal Palace, affording to the ladies, gentlemen, tradesmen, and invalids of all classes, residing in London, and its environs, the means of obtaining, at a cheap rate, the salubrious recreation of sea-bathing without entailing on them the expense, or the loss of time of retiring to the seacoast. By a simple extension of the plan, the water once at the Sydenham reservoir, could be distributed throughout the principal residences, palaces, hospitals, hotels, and public baths, for our great metropolis, and employed not only for the sanitary purposes of bathing, but also for supplying the ornamental waters of the Crystal Palace, which, by the acquisition of sea-water, will surpass the hitherto unequalled *fets d'eau* of Versailles, or the noble cascades of Saint Cloud. It has been ascertained from careful calculation by the projector, Thomas Wright, C.E., that the metropolis could be supplied at the rate of 3d. per 100 gallons, or one good bath for a Penny.

**GRAND EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY IN DUBLIN.**—The example of Cork is to be followed in Dublin. As we announced in page 604, Mr. Dargan, has offered to place at the disposal of a Committee of the Royal Dublin Society the sum of 20,000l. to be applied in giving prominence and completeness to an exhibition of manufactures in 1853. His conditions are—"1st. That a suitable building shall be erected on the lawn of the Royal Dublin Society. 2nd. That the opening of the Exhibition shall not be later than June 1853. 3rd. That the special Executive Committee shall be nominated by three gentlemen on the part of Mr. Dargan, to be named by him, and three gentlemen, to be selected by the Council of the Royal Dublin Society from that body. 4th. That Mr. Dargan shall have the nomination of the chairman, deputy-chairman, and of the secretary of the Special Executive Committee. 5th. That at the termination of the Exhibition the building shall be taken by Mr. Dargan, and shall become his property at a valuation by competent persons. 6th. That if, after payment of all expenses, the proceeds of the Exhibition do not amount to 20,000l., with interest thereon at 5 per cent., Mr. Dargan shall receive the proceeds less all expenses incurred. If the proceeds, after payment of all expenses, amount to 20,000l. with interest thereon at 5 per cent., Mr. Dargan is to receive 20,000l. and interest at 5 per cent. If the proceeds, after the payment of all expenses, exceed the sum of 20,000l., with interest thereon at 5 per cent., the Executive Committee is to have the disposal of the surplus. The amount of the valuation of the building to be considered as cash paid to Mr. Dargan."—The Royal Dublin Society have of course accepted this handsome offer. A committee has been named—or is in process of being named,—and the works will be forthwith commenced on the grounds of the Dublin Society, which abut on Merrion-square. It is hoped to give to the Dublin Exhibition something of the interest of a general collection of industrial products—of a "Crystal Palace" on a smaller scale—as distinct from that of Cork, which is entirely local and insular. Much attention will be paid to the classes which include the "materials" of manufacturing art, with a view to practical results in the development of national industries.—As goods of other countries are to be shown, as well as Irish, we recommend our friends in Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, &c., at once to consider their course of proceeding; and we would venture to suggest that by a little combination in each of these towns joint collections might be got together which would prove of great interest to the Irish visitors and of benefit to the senders' respective trades. By such a combination one person would be sufficient to take care of each collection: so that the expenses thus divided would be trifling.—Mr. Dargan will preside over the execution of his own project in the double capacity of contractor and magistrate:—for we understand that he is to be Lord Mayor of Dublin next year.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BOASTING.

The honour is overpaid,  
When he that did the act is commentator.—*Shirley*.

For then we wound our modesty, and make  
Foul the clearness of our deservings, when  
Of ourselves we publish them.—*Shakespeare's All's Well*.

Who knows himself a braggart,  
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.—*Ibid*.

What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth.—*Shakespeare's Cymbeline*.

He made me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and speak so sweet.  
And talk so like a waiting gentleman.  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)  
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
Was parricacy, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,  
This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
So cowardly: and but for these wild guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.—*Shakespeare's Henry IV.*

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,  
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;  
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

For men (it is reported) dash and vapour  
Leas on the field of battle than on paper.  
Thus in the hix'try of each dire campaign  
More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.

*Dr. Wolcot's Peter Plunder.*

## BOOKS.

And though books, mudam, cannot make this mind,  
Which we must bring apt to be set aright;  
Yet do they rectify it in that kind,  
And touch it so, as that it turns that way  
Where judgment lies. And though we cannot find  
The certain place of truth, yet do they stay,  
And entertain us near about the same.—*Daniel*.

A book! O rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled word, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers.—*Shakespeare's Cymbeline*.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,  
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.—*Denham*.

Learning is more profound  
When in few solid authors 't may be found.  
A few good books, digested well, do feed  
The mind; much cloy, or doth ill humours breed.—*Robert Heath*.

Give me  
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care  
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge.—*Fletcher*.

Books are part of man's prerogative,  
In formal ink they thought and voices hold,  
That we to them our solitude may give,  
And make time present travel that of old.  
Our life, fame pieceth longer at the end,  
And bookt it farther backward doth extend.—*Sir Thomas Overbury*.

'Tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections to be plain and brief.—*Butler*.



## CHARADE.

My first the bold Ronald exclaimed,  
As he urged on his clan to the  
flight;  
But he fell on my second and then,  
His clansmen were soon put to  
flight.  
His death, as you plainly may see,  
Proved my whole to the end which  
he sought,  
For terror then seized on each arm,  
That before had most valiantly  
fought.



## PARLOUR PASTIME.

## Optical Illusion.—Subtraction.

AGAINST the wainscot of the room fix three small pieces of paper, about the size of a sixpence; let them be about half a foot asunder, and the height of the eye; stand about a yard distant, and keeping both eyes steadfastly fixed on the centre piece, all three pieces are visible. Now shut the right eye (keeping the left still on the centre), and the piece which is opposite to the left eye disappears; or close the left eye, and the right piece cannot be seen: so that if either eye be shut, the paper opposite its fellow becomes invisible; plainly proving, that some objects opposite the left eye are viewed by the right, and *vice versa*, with the left eye closed, and the right piece consequently invisible; remove the right eye from the centre, and carry it to the piece on the left; the right piece now becomes visible, but the centre disappears; and so on alternately, the three pieces not being visible at the same time, as when both eyes are open, showing one of the uses of having two eyes. Another method of trying this experiment is, by holding both the thumbs together at a little distance from, and at the height of the eyes: shut the left eye, and keep the right steadfastly fixed on the left thumb-nail; move the right thumb gently away in a horizontal direction, and at the distance of two or three inches, the top of the thumb disappears; but by carrying it a little further, it becomes visible again. The cause of this phenomena is thus:—The optic nerve entering the eye, is spread out into a fine membrane, called the retina, on which the rays of light falling produce vision: now that part, at which it enters the eye, is incapable of receiving impressions; consequently, when the object is directly opposite, the rays proceeding from it fall on the optic nerve, and making no impression, none is conveyed to the sensorium, and therefore no vision is produced; but as the eye or the object is shifted, the rays fall on the retina, and that being the part on which it is necessary they should fall to produce distinct vision, the impression is received, and the object becomes visible. Nature has wisely planned the entrance of the optic nerve, not in the centre of the eye, but at the side inclining towards the nose, so that rays striking the nerve on one eye are received on the retina of the other. For this reason, when the right eye is open, the piece on the right side is opposite the optic nerve, and invisible; but when the eye is shifted from the centre to the left side, it brings the nerve opposite the centre, and renders that invisible, while the right piece falling opposite the retina, consequently becomes visible.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE NINE OF DIAMONDS.—THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. What fish reversed will mean a river in Ireland?
2. What animal reversed means a sticky substance?
3. What animal transposed means an ancient Roman robe?
4. What bird transposed means humble?
5. What fish reversed means not good?
6. What insect transposed means to embrown with the sun?
7. What insect reversed means a part of a book?
8. What animal reversed means a vegetable?
9. What animal reversed means a small pipe?
10. What animal transposed means a twist?
11. What bird transposed means a twist?
12. What river in Africa transposed means a string?
13. What river in Europe reversed means to bend the head?
14. What river in Europe transposed means a dress of dignity?
15. What lake in Scotland means to gain by labour?
16. What Queen of England transposed means a body of fighting men?
17. What island in Scotland transposed means a hollow body?
18. What city in Europe transposed means a greater number?
19. What island in the Mediterranean transposed means a bundle of goods?
20. What island in the west of Scotland reversed means a liquid?—W. W.

## ENIGMAS.

i.  
My first, when in the eastern skies,  
Dispers my next, should it arise.

ii.  
My first a pronoun French you'll see,  
My next upon the face must be.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 605.

## PICTORIAL CHARADE.—PACK-AGE.

## RIDDLE.—The Letter H.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—To spend 130 shillings, the money he had in his purse, and to fill his sack, the man must have bought 10 bushels of each kind of grain.

ENIGMAS.—1. Milton. 2. Goldsmith. 3. Campbell. 4. Herriek. 5. Cowper. 6. Wordsworth. 7. Young. 8. Beattie. 9. Heians. 10. Otway. 11. Coleridge. 12. Shelley. 13. Dryden. 14. Thomson. 15. Denham. 16. Waller. 17. Cowley. 18. Bloomfield. 19. Crabbe. 20. Burns.

REBUS.—CAR, CAR, ART, CAT.—F. T. M.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A WELSH tourist, among many other judicious observations, remarked, that the mad-house of Lanark was in a very crazy state.

KEEP a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame.

EVERY earthly evil but death and dishonour may become a blessing by comparison.

OUR old grandmother used to say to our grandfather,—"It's useless quarrelling, my dear, for you know we must make it up again."

BOYS fly kites for recreation, and men for other motives; the first require the wind to raise the kite, the second the kite to raise the wind.

MISERIES OF AUTHORS.—"Now, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my table, there?" "Only the paper what's written all over, sir; I ain't touched the clean."

"So you would not take me to be twenty!" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for then?" "For better, or worse," replied he.

DANDIES, to make a greater show,  
Stuff their coats with pleats and puffing,  
But this is very apropos,  
For what's a goose without the stuffing!

THERE was a rule in an old debating society which might be advantageously recommended to the House of Commons. "Any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening, shall have a room to himself."

"SAM," said a lady to a milk-boy, "I guess from the looks of your milk, that your mother put dirty water in it." "No, she didn't nuther," replied the boy: "for I see her draw it clean out of the well 'fore she put it in."

SOME one was asked what works he had in the press? "Why, the History of the Bank, with notes; the Art of Cookery, with plates; and the Science of Single-Stick, with wood-cuts."

A GENTLEMAN observed to his friend, "that Lord N—y's attempts at wit, resembled an electrifying-machine." "Indeed, how so?" "Because they are so shocking."

THE following advice was left by a miser to his nephew: "Buy your coal in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter-day; and your books at the fall of the leaf."

A MALREACTOR of the name of Hogg, under sentence of death, petitioned Lord Chancellor Bacon for a reprieve, claiming a relationship. His lordship said, he could not possibly be *bacon* till he had first been *hung*.

AN OSTLER'S ACCOUNT WITH A GENTLEMAN.—"I hundred and twenty five nites since I began to wate on the Pony, and twenty four nites away, so hero remains I hundred and I. Twice I washed the Carredg, and wogce I oiled and cleaned him."

A MIRROR has been well defined  
An emblem of a thoughtful mind;  
For look upon it when you will,  
You find it is reflecting still.

MR. CONGREVE going up the water in a boat, one of the watermen told him as they passed by Peterborough House, at Millbank, that the house had sunk a storey. "No, friend," said he; "I rather believe it is a story raised."

"JOHN, who was the wisest man?" "Don't know, sir." "Yes, you do know, too; tell me." "Wall, I guess it was Uncle Zek, for father says he was so cunning that he got everybody to trust him, and wasn't fool enough to pay nobody."

A *WERB* signifies to be, to do, or to suffer (which is all the grammar, and enough too, as ever I was taught); and if there's a *werb* alive, I'm i'. For I'm always a bein', sometimes a doin', and continually a sufferin'.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*.

AN Irish gentleman, visiting some friends in the North, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure, if he lived there a month longer, he should die in a fortnight."

I LOVE a friend that's frank and just,  
To whom a tale I can entrust;  
But when a man's to slander given,  
From such a friend protect me heaven!

Two little girls of the city of Norwich, one the daughter of a wealthy brewer, the other the daughter of a gentleman of a small fortune, disputing for precedence.—"You are to consider, miss," said the brewer's daughter, "that my papa keeps a coach." "Very true, miss," said the other, "and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a dray."

A PARTY had once climbed a considerable way up the usual track on the side of Skiddaw, when a gentleman (a stranger to the rest of the company,) who had given frequent broad hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide, "Pray, what is the highest part of this mountain?" "The Top, s.,," replied the guide.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

FRIENDSHIP.—Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.—The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness, that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around, rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look, rather than resent or return it: these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home, among very poor people, as in families in higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

THE GNAT.—The wings you will find ornamented with a fringe of feathers or scales, as are also the ribs of the wings. The wings, when viewed as transparent objects, present a most interesting spectacle; but when viewed under the opaque speculum, and placing a black ground behind them, they present to the eye of the observer the most splendid colours, equalling some of the most brilliant specimens of minerals. The horns are also fine objects; so also are the head, eyes, and legs; in short, there is no part of this insect but is highly interesting in the examination. Every part of it is profusely ornamented with scales or feathers, varying in their characters from each other, according to the part from whence they are taken. Each of these deserves minute inspection under the microscope, in order to discover the beauties with which this insect is adorned.

HUMAN life is like a river—  
Its brightness lasts not on for ever—  
That dances from its native braes,  
As pure as maidhood's early days;  
But soon, with dark and sullen motion,  
It rolls into its funeral ocean;  
And those whose currents are the slightest,  
And shortest run, are aye the brightest:  
So is our life—its latest wave  
Rolls dark and solemn to the grave.

SEA TERMS.—Windward, from whence the wind blows; leeward, to which it blows; starboard, the right of the stern; larboard, the left; starboard helm, when you go to the left; but when to the right, instead of larboard helm, helm a-port; luff you may, go nearer to the wind; this (thus), you are near enough, luff no near, you are too near the wind; the tiller, the handle of the rudder, the capstan, the weigher of the anchor; the buntlines, the ropes which move the body of the sail, the bunt being the body; the buntlines, those which spread out the sails, and make them swell. Ratlines, the rope ladders by which the sailors climb the shrouds; the companion, the cabin-head; reefs, the divisions by which the sails are contracted; stunsails, additional sails, spread for the purpose of catching all the wind possible; the fore-mast, main-mast, mizen-mast; fore, the head, aft, the stern; being pooped (the very sound of which tells one that it must be something very terrible), having the stern beaten in by the sea, to belay a rope, to fasten it. The sheets, a term for various ropes; the balyards, ropes which extend the topsails; the painter, the rope which fastens the boat to the vessel; the eight points of the compass, south, south and by east, south-south-east, south-east and by east, south-east, east south and by east, east south-east, east and by south-east. The knowledge of these points is termed "knowing how to box the compass."

CAUTIONS FOR THE BITTER PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS.—The following regulations should be engraved on the memories of all:—1. As most sudden deaths come by water, particular caution is therefore necessary in its vicinity.—2. Stand not near a tree, or any leaden spout, iron gate, or palisado, in time of lightning.—3. Lay loaded guns in safe places, and never imitate firing a gun in jest.—4. Never sleep near charcoal; if drowsy at any work where charcoal fires are used, take the fresh air.—5. Carefully rope trees before they are cut down, that when they fall they may do no injury.—6. When benumbed with cold, beware of sleeping out of doors; rub yourself, if you have it in your power, with snow; and do not hastily approach the fire.—7. Beware of dampness.—8. Air vaults, by letting them remain open some time before you enter, or scattering powdered lime in them. Where a lighted candle will not burn, animal life cannot exist; it will be an excellent caution, therefore, before entering damp and confined places, to try this simple experiment.—9. Never leave saddle or draught-horses, while in use, by themselves. Nor go immediately behind a led horse, as he is apt to kick.—10. Ride not on foot-ways.—11. Be wary of children, whether they are up or in bed; and particularly when they are near the fire, an element with which they are very apt to amuse themselves.—12. Leave nothing poisonous open or accessible; and never omit to write the word "Poison" in large letters upon it, wherever it may be placed.



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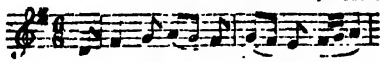
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O love-ly Peace, with Plen-ty crown'd

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But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

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N.B. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing the larger boxes.



### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS.—No. 14.

**Cleanliness.**—The want of cleanliness is a fault which admits of no excuse. Where water can be had for nothing, it is surely in the power of every person to be clean. The continual discharge from our bodies, by perspiration, renders frequent changes of apparel necessary. Change of apparel greatly promotes the secretion from the skin, so necessary to health. When that matter, which ought to be carried off by perspiration, is either retained in the body, or re-absorbed by dirty clothes, it is apt to occasion fevers and other diseases. Most diseases of the skin proceed from want of cleanliness. These indeed may be caught by infection; but they will seldom continue long where cleanliness prevails. To the same cause must we impute the various kinds of taints which infest the human body, houses, &c. These may generally be banished by cleanliness alone. Perhaps the intention of nature, in permitting such venoms to annoy mankind, is to induce them to the practice of this virtue. One common cause of putrid and malignant fevers is the want of cleanliness. These fevers commonly begin among the inhabitants of close dirty houses, who breathe bad air, take little exercise, use unwholesome food, and wear dirty clothes. There the infection is generally hatched, which spreads far and wide to the destruction of many. Hence cleanliness may be considered as an object of public attention. It is not sufficient that I be clean myself, while the want of it in my neighbour affects my health as well as his own. If dirty people cannot be removed as a common nuisance, they ought at least to be avoided as infectious. All who regard their health, should keep at a distance even from their habitations. In places where great numbers of people are collected, cleanliness becomes of the utmost importance. It is well known, that infectious diseases are communicated by tainted air. Everything, therefore, which tends to pollute the air, or spread the infection, ought, with the utmost care, to be avoided. For this reason, in great towns, no filth of any kind should be permitted to lie upon the streets. We are sorry to say, that the importance of general cleanliness does by no means seem to be sufficiently understood. It were well if the lower classes of the inhabitants of Britain would imitate their neighbours the Dutch, in the cleanliness of their streets, houses, &c. Water indeed is easily obtained in Holland; but the situation of most towns in Britain is more favourable to cleanliness. Nothing can be more agreeable to the senses, more to the honour of the inhabitants, or conducive to their health, than a clean town; nor does anything impress a stranger sooner with a disrespectful idea of any people than its opposite. It is remarkable that, in most eastern countries, cleanliness makes a great part of their religion. The Mahometans, as well as the Jewish religion, enjoins various bathings, washings, and purifications. No doubt these were designed to represent inward purity; but they are at the same time calculated for the preservation of health. However whimsical these washings may appear to some, few things would appear more to prevent diseases than a proper attention to many of them. Were every person, for example, after handling a dead body, visiting the sick, &c., to wash before he went into company, or sat down to meat, he would run less hazard either of catching the infection himself, or communicating it to others. Frequent washing not only removes the filth which adheres to the skin, but likewise promotes the perspiration, braces the body, and enlivens the spirits. Even washing the feet tends greatly to preserve health. The sweat and dirt with which these parts are frequently covered, cannot fail to obstruct their perspiration. This place of cleanliness would often prevent colds and fevers. Were people careful to bathe their feet and hands in warm water at night, after being exposed to cold or wet through the day, they would seldom experience any of the fatal effects which often proceed from these causes. In places where great numbers of sick people are kept, cleanliness ought most religiously to be observed. The very small in such places is often sufficient to make one sick. It is easy to imagine what effect that is likely to have upon the disease. A person in perfect health has a greater chance to become sick, than a sick person has to get well, in an hospital or infirmary where cleanliness is neglected. The brutes themselves set us an example of cleanliness. Most of them seem uneasy, and thrive ill, if they be not kept clean. A horse that is kept thoroughly clean, will thrive better on a smaller quantity of food, than with a greater, where cleanliness is

neglected. Even our own feelings are a sufficient proof of the necessity of cleanliness. How refreshed, how cheerful and agreeable does one feel on being shaved, washed, and dressed; especially when these offices have been long neglected. Most people esteem cleanliness; and even those who do not practise it themselves, often admire it in others. Superior cleanliness sooner attracts our regard than even finery itself, and often gains esteem where the other fails.

**THE HILL OF LIFE.**—Many and various are the views entertained of life. Dryden has described it, as a cheat:—

“None would live past years again,  
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain.”  
That our existence is a strange mosaic we know from experience. “The web of our life,” says Shakspeare, “is of a mingled yarn—good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.” Some have placed their faith in elixirs, capable, it was assumed, of preserving beyond the term allotted to man by his beneficent Creator the vital powers. But the real art of prolonging life, we believe, exists in the attainment and practice of virtue. For many years these prevailed at China an extraordinary superstition and belief that the secret root of Tso had discovered an elixir which bestowed immortality. No less than three Emperors died after swallowing a drink presented to them by the eunuchs of the palace, as the draught that was to confer never-ending life. “The best method of prolonging life, and of making life happy,” said a wise mandarin to one of these infatuated princes, “is to control your appetites, subdue your passions, and practice virtue! Most of your predecessors, O emperor! would have lived to a good old age had they followed the advice which I give you!” The wise reproof of the Chinese sage affords an excellent moral lesson to all who would mount with honour the hill of life. No one should despair of overcoming some evil propensities which impede his progress. The least exercise of reflection will prepare the mind for noble aspirations, and if he is not perfect at once, he should remember, the homely old Scotch proverb,



“BETTER SMALL HELP THAN NONE.”

**FLORAL SPECIMENS.**—G. ROBERTSON.—The mode of preserving leaves is simple. Take two leaves of every kind you wish to keep; lay them inside of a sheet of blotting paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for the purpose, and fastened down with a little gum, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the artist may think proper.

**ORIGIN OF EXCHEQUER BILLS.**—J. S. L.—In the year 1696 and 1697, the silver currency of the kingdom being, by clipping, washing, grinding, filling, &c., reduced to about half its nominal value, Acts of Parliament were passed, for its being called in and recoined, and whilst the recoinage was going on, exchequer bills were first issued, to supply the demands of trade.

**OYSTERS.**—M.—Oysters are not reckoned proper for the table till they are about a year and a half old; so that the brood of one spring are not to be taken for sale till at least the September twelve months afterwards. When younger than these happen to be caught in the dredge, they are always thrown into the sea again. The fishermen know the age of oysters by the broader distances or interspaces among the rounds or rings of the convex shell.

**PASTE FOR SHARPENING RAZORS.**—J. HARDING.—Oxide of tin levigated, vulgarly termed prepared putty, one ounce, saturated solution of oxalic acid, a sufficient quantity to form a paste. This composition is to be rubbed over the top of the strap, and when dry a little water may be added. The oxalic acid having a great attachment for iron, a little friction with this powder gives a fine edge to the razor.

**WASH-BEANS.**—M. M.—The following directions will be of service to our correspondents, and, indeed, to our readers generally:—Never sit for any length of time in abso-

lute gloom, or exposed to a blaze of light, and then remove to an opposite extreme. 3. Avoid reading a very small print. 4. Never read by twilight, nor by fire-light, nor, if the eyes are disordered, by candle-light. 5. Do not permit the eye to dwell on glaring objects, particularly on first awaking in a morning. 6. Long-sighted persons should accustom themselves to read with rather less light, and somewhat nearer to his eyes, than is naturally agreeable, while the short-sighted should habituate themselves to read with the book as far off as possible. 7. Nothing preserves the sight longer than a moderate degree of light; too little strains the eyes, and too great a quantity dazzles and inflames them. 8. Do not wear other spectacles than your own, to which your eyes have accommodated themselves.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—T. THOMPSON (the selling of unwholesome provisions, as meat or fish, is punishable under most local acts besides being an offence against common law). ROBERT (the lines are inadmissible. In reference to your qualifications for a rapid short-hand reporter, we believe all you say; but much and various knowledge is necessary, to fill with success such a situation in the metropolis). S. RYLANDS (he is liable to a penalty of two hundred pounds). S. K. (it was Wordsworth who verified the text of Bede, in a well-known sonnet, certainly very beautiful, but in our estimation scarcely so beautiful as the original in plain prose). ANNE (hardly suitable, but evincing so much promise that we would recommend you to try again). J. T. R. (we will be happy to receive your tale, but cannot promise its insertion until we read it). P. S. (yes). A. BACHELOR (eat and drink less, and walk and work more, and no fear of you yet). GEORGE (the spot is supposed to be near Dilston in Northumberland, an ancient seat of the Earls of Derwentwater). J. B. (New York may, but is not likely to prove more favourable in the least for your exertions than London is. The one is proportionally as much overrun as the other. Gato the diggings). A. T. (always remember that poetry or verse, without it is really good, is quite intolerable. The Scots and the Byrons have exhibited such wonderful variety, strength, and sublimity, that they have completely filled the public mind, and left no room for the flight of humbler aspirants). SUSAN (read the now-to-be-worked appendix of the FAMILY FARRER, and you will be supplied with what you want). HARRY RICH (the poetry of Chaucer, is, perhaps, in all essential respects, about the freshest and greenest in our language). T. S. (join a literary and scientific institution, there are a number of them in town). A. P. (No. Michael Angelo is at the head of the Florentine school). S. R. T. (your fears are altogether groundless; he cannot touch you. Set his threats at defiance, and for the future ponder the following lines).

“Who would believe such strange bugbears,  
Mankind creates itself, of fears  
That spring like fern, that insect weed,  
Equivalently, without seed,  
And have no possible foundation,  
But merely in the imagination.”

**PERSONA** (although we write *persona* differently, yet it is but *person*, that is the individual person set apart for the service of such a church; and it is in Latin *persona* and *personatus* is a personage). G. L. (not having been educated in the seminary in which Baron Munchausen exercised his full authority, we are unable to give credence to our correspondent's facts. These being so utterly beyond the rules of nature is a sufficient apology for any seeming rudeness which this answer may imply). A. MUSICIAN (Mozart was the composer of the “Marriage of Figaro.”) A. G. (you cannot help it now; it must go on). **FOOT OF BIRDS.**

(THE EDUCATOR.  
Here comes a pretty Cockatoo,  
Crying, “How d’o’ you do?”)

O! thou FOOT OF BIRDS! Canst thou favour us with no better specimen of thy natural warbling than this! For mercy sake give up the feathered tribes, and take to some calling in which you will not even have to exercise a quill. JACOBS (same exceedingly). We would advise you to get ideas before you attempt to write, and when you do write, to transport yourself as far as possible from the fogs of December, and endeavour to breathe a little of the fresh and sunny air of the morning spring. We have made a very slight attempt at being *fine* ourselves in thus answering you. GABRIEL (by all means).



Printed by WILLIAM TYLER, Bolt-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT,  
69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 40.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"A feeling of curiosity had led her towards the little grated window which looked out on the yard."*

PICCIOLA;

OR,

THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 611.)

## CHAPTER III.

One day, at the accustomed hour, Charney was breathing the air of the fortress; his head bent, his arms crossed behind him, walking step by step,—slow, gently, as if to increase the narrow space he was allowed to traverse.

Spring announced itself—he inhaled a softer air; and to live free, master of earth and space, seemed then very desirable to him. He was counting, one by one, the paving-stones of his little court,—doubtless to verify the exactness of former calculations, for this was not the first time of numbering them,—when he perceived there before him, under his eyes, a slight mound of earth, rising between two stones, and divided at the top.

He stopped; his heart beat, he scarcely knew why. But all is hope or fear to a captive. In the most indifferent objects, the slightest events, he seeks a mysterious cause, which speaks to him of deliverance!

Perhaps this slight disarrangement of the surface was produced by great labour beneath the ground; subterranean ways existed underneath that

place, which were on the point of opening, and would discover to him a passage to the fields and mountains! Perhaps his former friends and accomplices were endeavouring, by sapping and mining, to reach him, and restore him to life and liberty!

He listened attentively, and thought he heard below him a hollow lengthened sound; he raised his head, and the agitated air brought him the rapid notes of the tocsin. The roll of drums was heard along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and laid his trembling hand on his damp forehead. Was he then going to be free? Had France changed her master?

This dream was but as a lightning flash; reflection soon destroyed the foolish illusion. He had no longer accomplices, he had never had friends! He continued to listen, and the same sounds struck his ear, but cool reason had returned. It was no more than the distant sound of a church clock, that he heard every day at the same hour, and the drum that beat the accustomed recall. He smiled bitterly at his own folly, as he reflected that an insignificant animal—perhaps, a mole wandering from its path, or a field-mouse that had moved the earth under his feet—had made him for an instant believe in the friendship of worldlings, and the destruction of a great empire!

He wished, however, to set his mind completely at rest; and he stooped down to the little mound, and with his finger lightly struck away first one point, then the other, of its divided summit (see engraving, page 600). And he saw with astonishment that this foolish vivid emotion, which had overpowered him for an instant, had not even been caused by a living being



stirring and vibrating with its teeth and claws, but by a weak vegetable scarcely dominating plants and languishing. He rose deeply imprinted, and was going to crush it with his foot, when a fresh breeze, wafted over bushes of woodbine and spring, reached him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which also would perhaps some day yield perfumes for him.

Another idea came, which also arrested his movement of vengeance. How had this tender, delicate plant—so fragile that a touch might break it—been able to raise, divide, and throw up the earth,—dried and hardened in the sun, crushed by his own feet, and almost cemented to the two pieces of gray stone between which it had been compressed? He again bent down to examine it more attentively.

He saw at its upper extremity a kind of double fleshy valve, which, folding over its first leaves, preserved them from every too rude attack; enabling them, at the same time, to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and light.

"Ah," said he, "here is the whole secret! It derives from its nature that principle of force, like the little chickens which, before being hatched, are provided with beaks hard enough to break the thick shell in which they are inclosed. Poor prisoner! thou, in thy captivity, at least possess instruments capable of aiding thee to free thyself!"

He looked at it some minutes longer, and thought no more of crushing it. The next day, at his usual promenade, as he was walking up and down hastily and heedlessly, he was on the point of stepping on it, and suddenly drew back his foot; surprised himself at the interest his new acquaintance inspired, he observed its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had partly removed the sickly paleness it bore at its birth. He reflected on the power which this weak slender stalk possessed of absorbing the luminous essence, of being nourished and strengthened by it, of borrowing from the prism the colours with which it was clothed, colours assigned beforehand to each part of the plant.

"Yes, its leaves doubtless," thought he, "will be tinted with a different shade to the stalk; and its flowers then! what colours will they have? How, nourished by the same juices, will they be able to borrow from the light their azure or their scarlet? They will be clothed in it, however; for, notwithstanding the confusion and disorder of things here below, matter follows a regular though blind course. Very blind," repeated he; "I wish no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have inclosed the plant to issue from the earth, but which now, useless for its preservation, are still nourished by its substance, and hang down fatiguing it by their weight! Of what use are they?"

As he was speaking, evening coming on,—the evening of spring, which is sometimes frosty,—the two lobes rose slowly before his eyes, and, appearing to wish to justify themselves from the reproach, drew near one another, and inclosed in their bosom the tender fragile foliage to protect it from cold and the attacks of insects, as the sun was leaving it, and which, there sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings, which the plant had just folded softly around it.

The inquirer comprehended this mute but decisive reply the better, as the outer edges of the vegetable valve had been rubbed and eaten the preceding night by the little-animal, whose sly traces were still discernible.

This strange colloquy of thought on one side, and action on the other, between the man and the plant, could not rest there. Charny had been too long accustomed to metaphysical disquisitions to yield so easily to a good reason.

"It is well," replied he; "here, as elsewhere, a happy concurrence of fortuitous circumstances has favoured this weak creature. To be born armed with a lever to raise the soil, and a buckler to protect its head, was a double condition of its existence; if it had not been fulfilled, this plant would have died in the germ, like myriads of other individuals of its species, whom nature has doubtless created imperfect and unfinished, unable to preserve and reproduce themselves, and which have had only an hour of life on the earth. Can we calculate how many false and powerless combinations she has tried ere she has been able to bring forth a single organised being adapted for duration! A blind man may strike the mark, but how many arrows will he lose before he strikes it! For thousands of ages a double movement of attraction and repulsion has acted upon matter; is it then surprising that accident also, many many times have made a fortunate hit! This envelope may protect the first leaves, I grant; but will it increase, will it enlarge, and preserve and guard the other leaves also from cold and the attacks of their enemies? No! Nothing then has been calculated beforehand, nothing is the fruit of intelligent thought, but rather a happy accident!"

Monsieur count, nature is still reserving another reply for you, capable of retorting your arguments. Be patient, and observe her in this weak and solitary production, coming forth from her hands, and thrown into the court of your prison, in the midst of your enemy; perhaps less by a stroke of accident than by a benevolent provision of Providence. You were right, monsieur count; those protecting wings, which until now so maternally covered the young plant, will not increase with it; they will even fall soon, dried and withered, powerless as they then will be to shelter it! But Nature watches, and so long as the winds of the north shall bring down from the Alps the damp fogs and snow-storms, its new leaves, still in the bud, will there find a sure asylum, a lodging prepared for them, closed to the impressions of the air, covered over with gum and resin, which will expand as they require it, and will only open under the propitious time and sky; and they will only come forth one by one, each and each, each lending to each a fraternal support, and covered with warm and soft cotton down, to defend them from the late fogs and capricious atmosphere. Never did mother watch with more love over the preservation of her children! This is what you would have known

long ago, monsieur count, if, descending from the abstract regions of human science, you had deigned formerly to cast your eyes on the simple genuine works of God! The more you have turned your steps towards the north, the more these common wonders had been displayed before you. There, where danger increases, the care of Providence is redoubled.

The philosopher had attentively followed the progress and transformations of his plant. Again he had opposed it by reasoning, and again it had replied to him.

"Of what use are these spiny hairs that cover thy stalk?" said he. And the next day it showed them to him loaded with a light hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance from the tender bark, had been unable to injure it.

"Of what use in fine weather will thy warm covering of wadding and down be?"

The warm weather came, and it got rid of its winter mantle before his eyes, to adorn itself with the green dress of spring; and its new branches appeared without those thick wrappings, which henceforth were needless.

"But let the storms rage, and they will tear thee; and the hail will break thy leaves, till too tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, still too weak to offer opposition, bent to the earth, finding safety in submission. The hail came, and, by a new manœuvre, the leaves laying themselves close to the stalk to defend it, close to one another for mutual protection, presented only their reverse sides to the blows of the enemy, thus opposing their firm nerves to the weight of the atmospheric pressure; their union constituted their strength; and, this time as before, the plant came forth from the struggle, not without some slight mutilations, but still alive and strong, and ready to spread itself before the sun, which would heal its wounds.

"Is chance intelligent, then?" exclaimed Charny. "Must we spiritualise matter, or materialise spirit?" And he seemed to interrogate his mute companion; he liked to look at it, to follow it in its metamorphoses; and one day, after he had long contemplated it, he fell into a reverie while standing by it, and his reverie had an unaccustomed sweetness, and he felt happy in prolonging it by walking quickly up and down his court. At length raising his head, he perceived at the grated window in the high wall the fly-catcher, who seemed to be observing him. He blushed at first, as if the other could have divined his thoughts; and then he stilled at him, for he no longer despised him. Had he any right to do so? Had not his mind also just been absorbed in the contemplation of one of the infinitesimal creations of nature?

"Who knows," said he, "if this Italian may not have discovered in a fly as many things worthy of observation as I in my plant?"

On returning to his chamber the first thing that struck his eye was that fatal sentence inscribed by himself on the wall two months ago:

*Chance is blind, and it alone is the father of Creation.*

He took a piece of charcoal and wrote under—  
CHARNY.

#### CHAPTER IV.

CHARNY no longer drew on his walls, no longer carved anything on his table, except budding plants protected by their cotyledons, or leaves with their notched edges and their projecting nerves. He passed the greatest part of his hours of exercise before his plant, to examine it, and study its development; and when returned to his chamber, he often contemplated it through his bars.

This was now the favourite occupation, the plaything, the fancy of the prisoner. Will he tire of this as easily as he did of the others?

One morning from his window, as he beheld the jailor, while rapidly crossing the court, pass so near the plant that it seemed as if he must have broken it with his foot, he shuddered.

When Ludovico came to bring him his allowance for breakfast, he thought of begging him to spare the only ornament of his walk; but he scarcely knew how to frame so simple a demand.

Perhaps the regulations for the neatness of the prison required that they should remove this parasitical vegetation from the court. If so, it would be a favour he was going to implore; and the count possessed very little to pay the price at which he estimated it. This Ludovico had already completely impoverished him by exacting, to the utmost, payment for every article which the rules of the prison reserved to him the right of furnishing to the prisoners. Besides, hitherto he had rarely addressed a word to this man, whose rough manners and sordid character disgusted him. He should doubtless find him little disposed to show him any favour. Then it wounded his pride, thus to place himself, by his tastes, nearly on a par with the fly-catcher, for whom he had so clearly testified his contempt. Lastly, he might experience a refusal; for an inferior, whose position gives him a transient right of granting or refusing, almost always uses his power with rudeness, for he is not aware that indulgence is an act of power. A refusal would have deeply wounded the noble prisoner in his hopes and pride.

It was only after a number of introductory expressions, and by using the philosophic knowledge he had of human weakness, that he was able to bring his discourse, which he had logically arranged beforehand, to the point, without hurting his self-love, or rather his vanity.

He began by speaking to his jailor in Italian. This was to awaken remembrances of infancy and nationality; he spoke to him of his son, his young Antonio; he knew how to make the tender chord vibrate, and command his interest. Then taking from his rich dressing-case a little silver-gilt cup, he begged him to give it from him to his child. Ludovico smiled, and refused.

Charney thought a little but of countenance, did not consider himself defeated. He insisted, and by a skilful transition—

"I know," said he, "that playthings, a rattle, or flowers, would suit him better, perhaps; but you can sell this cup, good man, and keep the price to buy something for him."

He then hastened on to—*But apropos of flowers*, which at length introduced the subject.

Thus love of country, paternal love, remembrances of childhood, personal interest—those grand motives of humanity—had all been brought into action to attain his end. What could he have done more if his own fate had been concerned? Judge if he did not already love his plant!

"Signor count," said Ludovico, when he had ceased speaking, "keep your gilded cup; its absence will make the other jewels of your pretty box weep. You have forgotten that my dear baby is only three months old, and can still drink without a goblet. As to your gilliflower—"

"Is it a gilliflower?" cried Charney.

"What matter! I know nothing about it, signor count. To my eyes all plants are more or less gilliflowers. But now, about this one, you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. Long ago I should have put my foot upon it if I had not perceived the tender interest you bear to the beauty."

"Oh! this interest," said Charney, a little confused, "is very simple."

"Well, well, I know what it arises from," replied Ludovico, trying to wink with a knowing air. "Men must have occupations; they must attach themselves to something, and poor prisoners have no choice. Here, signor count, we have our pensioners, who doubtless were formerly great personages, with fine brains (for it is not the rabble that they bring here): well, now they amuse and occupy themselves at little expense, I promise you. One catches flies; that is not bad—another," added he, with a new wink, which he tried to render even more significant than the former—"another carves, to great advantage of penknives and knives, figures on a deal table, without thinking that I am responsible for the furniture of this place."

The count would have spoken: he did not leave him time.

"Some bring up canaries and goldfinches; others, white mice. For me, I respect their tastes, and to such a point, thank God, that having an enormous fine cat once, with long white air, an Angora—he jumped and gambled about in the prettiest manner in the world, and when he settled to sleep you might have said it was a muff sleeping, and my wife doated upon it, and I also—Well, I gave it away; for this little game might tempt it, and all the cats in the world are not worth the mouse of the captive."

"It is very kind of you, monsieur Ludovico," answered Charney, feeling a little annoyed at being suspected of such frivolities; "but this plant is to me more than an amusement."

"What matter! if it recalls to you only the verdure of the tree under which your mother cradled you in your infancy, *per Bacch!* it may shade the half of the court. Besides, the orders do not mention it, and I have my eyes shut to all such things. Let it become a tree, and serve you to scale the wall; that will be another thing. But we have time to think of that, have not we?" added he, laughing loudly; "not that I do not wish you, with all my heart, open air and liberty for your limbs; but that must arrive in its own time, according to rule, with permission of the chiefs. Oh, if you thought of getting out of the citadel!"

"What would you do?"

"What would I do? Thunder! I would stop your passage though you might kill me! Or I would have the sentinel fire on you without any more pity than on a rabbit; that is the order. But to touch one of the leaves of your gilliflower—oh! no, no! to put a foot upon it—never! I have always looked upon that man as the greatest rascal, and unworthy of being a jailor, who wickedly crushed the spider of the poor prisoner! It was a wicked action! It was a crime!"

Charney felt at once touched and surprised to find so much feeling in his keeper; but for the very reason that he was beginning to esteem him a little more, his vanity determined him to account for the interest he felt in his plant by reasons of some consequence.

"My dear monsieur Ludovico," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess this plant is the source of very numerous philosophical observations that I am making. I like to study it in its physiological phenomena—"

And as he saw by a gesture of the head that the jailer listened without understanding, he added:

"Besides, the species to which it belongs possesses medicinal virtues very efficacious in certain serious indispositions to which I am subject."

He lied; but it would have cost him too much to have shown himself sunk to the fantastic trifles of prisoners before this man, who had just partly raised himself in his eyes—the only being who might approach him, and who, to him, was the summary of human kind.

"Well! if your plant, signor count, has rendered you so many services," replied Ludovico, preparing to leave the room, "you ought to show it more gratitude. Water it sometimes; for if I had not taken care, when bringing you your provision of water, to wet it from time to time, *la povera Picciola* would have died of thirst. *Addio*, signor count."

"One instant! my good Ludovico," cried Charney, more and more surprised to find so much instinctive delicacy enclosed in so rough a case, and almost blaming himself for not having discovered it till then. "What! do you interest yourself thus with my pleasures, and are silent before me! Ah! I pray accept this little present as a remembrance of my gratitude. If, later, I can entirely acquit myself towards you, depend on me."

And he again offered him the gilded cup. This time Ludovico took it, and examined it with a sort of curiosity.

"Acquit yourself of what, signor count! Plants can require water, and we may pay for their drink without being ruined at any time. If it a little diverts you from your cares—if it produces good fruits for you—that is all I wish for."

And he immediately went and put the cup back himself into the place in the box.

The count made a step towards Ludovico, and held out his hand to him.

"Oh! no, no," said he, drawing back with air of constraint and respect, "we only give our hand to our equal or our friend."

"Well, Ludovico, be my friend!"

"No, no," repeated the jailor, "that cannot be, *eccellenza*. We must foresee everything, that we may always do our duty to-morrow, as well as to-day, conscientiously. If you were my friend, and sought to break bounds, should I then have the courage to cry to the sentinel, 'Fire!' No, I am your keeper, your jailor, and *divotissimo servo*."

## CHAPTER V.

AFTER the departure of Ludovico, Charney reflected how, with all his personal advantages, he had sunk below this uneducated man in the relations existing between them; what miserable subterfuges he had used to influence the heart of this simple benevolent being! He had not blushed to descend to a lie.

How much obliged was he to him for the secret cares bestowed on his plant! What! this jailor, whom he had supposed capable of a refusal, when merely required to abstain from an unkind act, had anticipated his wishes!—had watched him, not to laugh at his weakness, but to favour his pleasures, and his disinterestedness had forced the noble count to acknowledge himself obliged.

The hour for exercise having arrived, he did not forget to divide with his plant the portion of water which had been given him. Not content with watering it, he endeavoured to clear it of the dust which soiled it, and the insects which attacked it.

Still occupied with this care, he saw a large black cloud obscure the sky, and hang suspended like a gray floating dome over the high turrets of the fortress. Soon large drops of rain fell, and Charney, turning back, was thinking of sheltering himself within, when hailstones, mixed with the rain, bounded suddenly on the pavement of the yard. *La povera*, blown about by the storm, its branches tossed here and there, appeared ready to be torn from the ground, and as its wet leaves were crushed against one another, it trembled under the gusts of wind, and seemed to utter plaintive murmurs and cries of distress.

Charney stopped. He recalled the reproaches of Ludovico, and looked eagerly around for something that might shelter his plant. He could see nothing. The hailstones, in the mean time, fell more thickly and numerous, and threatened to destroy the frail being. He trembled for it, although he had lately seen it so well resist the winds and rain; but he already loved his plant too well to risk its incurring any danger, by bringing reasoning against it. So, taking a resolution worthy a lover or father, he drew near it, and placed himself before his charge, like a wall interposed between it and the wind; he bent down over his ward, thus serving it as a buckler against the shock of the hail; and there, motionless, breathless, beaten by the storm from which he guarded it, sheltering it with his hands, his body, his head, his love, he waited till the storm had passed over.

It passed; but might not a similar danger menace it again, when he, its protector, should be shut up by bolts? Besides, the wife of Ludovico, followed by a large dog, sometimes visited the court. And might not this dog, while playing about, by one bite, or a stroke of his paw, destroy the joy of the philosopher? Rendered more provident by experience, Charney devoted the rest of the day to meditate on a plan, and the morrow he prepared to execute it.

His small allowance of wood was scarcely sufficient in this changeable climate, where sometimes even in the middle of summer the nights and mornings are cold. What matter? It is only a privation, for a few days! Will he not be warm in bed?—he will go to rest earlier, and rise later. He collected his wood together, and stored it up; and when Ludovico questioned him on the subject,—

"It is to build a palace for my mistress," said he.

The jailor winked as if he understood, but he comprehended nothing about it.

During this time Charney chopped, shaped, and pointed the sticks, put aside the most pliable branches, and carefully preserved the flexible oster that had tied up his daily saggot. Then, in his linen trunk, he discovered a large cloth, coarse and loose, which covered the bottom. He took it away, and drew out the strongest, thickest threads. And his materials thus prepared, he boldly set to work, as soon as the rules of the prison and the scrupulousness of the jailor allowed him.

Around his plant, between the paving-stones of his court, he forced in large branches of unequal size; he fixed them still more firmly at the base, by means of a cement composed of earth collected here and there with difficulty between the stones, and of plaster and saltpetre, which he took secretly from the damp sides of the old ditches of the fortress. And when the principal framework was thus fixed, he interwove it in some parts with small branches, forming a kind of hurdle, which would be sufficient to defend *la povera* from the shock of any external body, or from the dog, which had satisfied him completely during his labours was, that Ludovico, in their confinement, at first appeared uncertain if he should permit their continuance. He shook his head, and uttered a low grumbling sound of bad

augury; but afterwards he determined on his course, and sometimes while smoking his pipe quietly at the end of the court, his shoulder leaning against the entrance-door, with one leg crossed over the other, he smilingly contemplated the yet inexperienced workman, and sometimes even interrupted his pastime of smoking to give some good advice, which he did not always know how to turn to account.

In the meantime the work advanced. At length to complete it, Charney improvised his thin prisoner's bed, in favour of his plant. Here was a new sacrifice he made for it. He took some of the straw of his bed to make light mats, and hung them, according to circumstances, around his frame, whether the sudden gusts from the Alps threatened to attack it on one side, or the sun at mid-day darted its rays too directly down on the feeble plant, when reflected by the stones and walls.

One evening the wind was very violent. Charney, who was already locked up, saw from his window the court strewn over with pieces of straw and little branches; the straw-mats and wickerwork of the hurdle had not been made sufficiently strong for resistance. He determined to remedy the evil the next day; but the next day, when he descended at the accustomed hour, all was already repaired. A hand more skilful than his had firmly rewoven the branches and mats, and he knew well whom to thank for it in his heart.

Thus, thanks to him, thanks to them, the plant was defended against its dangers with ramparts and roofs, and Charney attached himself to it more and more, from the care which he took of it; and with delight saw it increase and develop, and constantly unfold to him new wonders to admire.

Time strengthened it. The plant was becoming woody; a ligneous bark surrounding its formerly fragile stalk, gave him daily security for its duration; and its happy possessor, with impatient curiosity, desired to see it blossom.

He was at last, then, wishing for something—that man with worn-out heart and frozen brain—that man so vain of his intellect, and who had just fallen from the height of his proud science to sink his vast thoughts in the contemplation of a blade of grass!

Yet he was not in too great a hurry to accuse him of puerile weakness and folly. The celebrated Quaker, John Bertram, after having passed long hours in the examination of the structure of a violet, would never again apply the powers of his mind to anything but the study of the vegetable wonders of creation, and soon took a place among the masters of science. If a philosopher of Malabar became mad while seeking to explain the phenomena of the sensitive plant, the Count de Charney will perhaps find true wisdom in his plant. Has he not already discovered a charm which has power to dissipate his ennui and widen his prison?

"Oh! the flower, the flower!" said he; "that flower whose beauty will strike my eyes only, whose perfumes will be for me alone, what form will it take? what shades will colour its petals? Doubtless they will offer new problems to solve, and throw a last defiance to my reason! Well, let it come! Let my frail adversary show herself armed at every point. I do not yet renounce the contest. Perhaps, then only I shall be able to seize in its whole that secret which its incomplete formation has scarcely permitted me to have a glimpse of until now. But wilt thou, flower? Wilt thou show thyself one day before me in all the splendour of thy beauty and attire, PICCIOLA!"

PICCIOLA! It was the name he had given it, when, from the wish of hearing a human voice sound in his ear in the midst of his labours, he conversed aloud with his companion in captivity, while surrounding it with his cares. *Povera Picciola!* Such had been the exclamation of Ludovico, pitying the poor little one which had been in danger of dying for want of water. Charney remembered it.

"Picciola! Picciola! wilt thou flower soon?" repeated he, carefully turning aside the leaves at the extremity and joints of the branches of his plants, that he might see if the flower was appearing; and that name, Picciola, seemed sweet to pronounce, for it recalled to him at once the two beings who peopled his universe—his plant and his jailor.

One morning, as, at his usual hour of exercise, he was examining Picciola leaf by leaf, his eyes suddenly remained fixed on one spot of his plant, and his heart beat violently. He raised his hand, and his countenance glowed with pleasure. It was long since he had experienced so lively an emotion. He has just seen at the point of the principal stalk an unusual green silky exorescence, of a spherical form, imbricated with small scales, placed one over the other, like the scales of the rounded dome of an elegant kiosk. He cannot doubt it:—it is the bud—the flower is not far off.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE *fly-catcher* often appeared at his grating, and seemed to take a pleasure in following the count with his eye, so completely engrossed as he appeared with his plant. He saw him mix and prepare his mortar, weave his mats, fasten up his straw-work, and at length raise his palisades, and, a prisoner also, and for a longer time than he, he easily united himself in thought with the grand occupations of the philosopher.

At that same grated window, another countenance bright and smiling also once showed itself. It was a woman, a young girl, with a step at once quick and timid. In the turn of her head, in the sparkle of her eyes, modesty alone seemed to temper beauty. Her glance, full of soul and expression, seemed half extinguished in passing through her long dark lashes. At the first glance, when looking at her with her face turned towards the shade, in a thoughtful attitude behind those chamber bars, on which she was leaning, and

resting her pure white hands, she might have been taken for a pure emblem of captivity.

But when she raised her countenance, and a ray of light played upon it, the harmony and serenity of her features, and her clear bright colour, told sufficiently that it was in activity and open air, and not under bolts and bars that she had lived.

Must we then admire her as one of those angels of charity who visit prisons? No; filial love has hitherto alone filled her heart; it is from this love she draws her strength, and almost her beauty. Daughter of the Italian Gerhaldi, the *fly-catcher*, she quitted Turin, its fets, its lovely promenades, and the banks of the Doria Riparai, to dwell in the little town of Fânestrelle, not at first to see her father, for she had not then gained permission but to live in the same air with him, to think of him as near her. Now, through her entreaties and solicitations she had obtained permission to visit him at stated times, and this is why she was gay, bright, and beautiful!

A feeling of curiosity had led her towards the little grated window which looked out on the yard; an emotion of interest retained her there in spite of herself, for she feared being perceived by the prisoner. She may be satisfied, Charney will not see her; at that moment, Picciola and her rising bud alone occupy his attention.

The week passed: when the young girl returned to her father, she was again cautiously approaching the grating, to give a look at the other captive; Gerhaldi stopped her.

"For three days he has not been near his plant; the poor man must be very ill," said he.

"Ill!" said she, with an astonished air.

"I have seen physicians cross the court, and according to what Ludovico has told me, they are only agreed on one point, which is, that he may die."

"Die!" repeated she, and her eye dilated, and fear more than pity, was perhaps painted on her countenance. "Oh! how I pity him! The unfortunate!" Then, fixing a look of anxiety and agony on her father, "They can die here then!" cried she, "or, rather, can they live here? It is doubtless a residence in this prison, and the pestilential vapours which exhale from these old ditches, that have caused his illness! My father!"

Her eyes became moist; Gerhaldi endeavoured to console her, and held out his hand to her; she bathed it with her tears.

At this moment Ludovico entered. He brought the *fly-catcher* a new capture which he just made for him. It was a *cétosina*, a beautiful golden beetle, which he presented to him with an air of triumph. Gerhaldi smiled, thanked him, and, without his perceiving it, set the insect at liberty, for it was the twentieth individual of the same species that Ludovico had brought him during the last few days. He then profited by the opportune entrance of the jailor, to ask news of Charney.

"Oh! depend upon it," said Ludovico, "I do not forget him any more than the others; and, as long as he remains a pensioner of God, he shall remain mine, signor. So I am just come from watering his plant."

"Of what use, if he must not see it blossom?" sadly interrupted the young girl.

"Why, lady," said Ludovico. Then he added with a knowing air, and his usual wink, slightly waving his hand, the forefinger raised, "Our lords, the physicians, think this way, that the poor man is laid on his back for eternity; but for me, the lord jailor, I don't think so! Well! I have my secret."

He turned round on his heel and went out, after having tried to assume his harsh voice and severe look, to signify to the young girl, with his watch in his hand, that no more than twenty-two minutes remained for her to pass with her father. At the end of the twenty-two minutes he returned, and executed the orders.

The illness of Charney was but too real, whatever might have been the cause of it. One evening, after having paid Picciola his visit and usual attentions, a great numbness had attacked him, on his return to his chamber. His head became heavy, and his limbs agitated with nervous tremblings; he went to bed disdaining to call any one to his aid, and confiding his cure to sleep.

Sleep would not come, but, instead of it, pain; and the next day when he tried to rise, a power stronger than his will confined him to his bed. He closed his eyes and was resigned.

In the face of danger, the calm of the philosopher and the pride of the conspirator returned. He would have thought himself dishonoured by breathing a sigh, uttering a complaint, or imploring succour of those who had forcibly sequestered him from the world. He only gave some instructions to Ludovico on the subject of his plant, in case of being confined long to his bed,—that *carcere duro*, which was going still more to aggravate his other captivity. The physicians arrived, and he refused to answer their questions. It appeared to him, that his life being no longer in his own care, he was no longer charged with its preservation, any more than with the management of his confiscated estates, and it was for those who appropriated the whole, to watch over the whole.

The physicians at first paid no attention to this rebellion, and they insisted. Repulsed at length by the obstinate silence of the sick man, they desisted, in future, only to inquire of his malady.

(To be continued.)

Be Gracé!—Who have done the most for mankind? Who have secured the rarest honours? Who have raised themselves from poverty to riches? Those who were steady to their purpose.



## SCHOOL BOOKS.

We cannot overrate the importance of First Books for Children. Yet, if we glance through our juvenile literature we find an enormous amount of absolute trash distributed among the rising generation. Old outs, old types, old fables, and alarming stories of Tommy and Harry, with ill-drawn pictures of the former giving the latter good advice, and the latter being torn to pieces by a lion for not listening thereto,—these present the too common features of the most popular books for children. In some of the modern works, an attempt has been made to supersede the old books by a remarkable cheapness; but this has been gained at the sacrifice of everything like method in the arrangement and construction of the lessons, and thus the interest of the child has been sacrificed for the sake of gaining a sudden popularity. In a picture book for teaching the alphabet, which has lately come under our notice, the following absurdities and errors occur, amid many others of similar character:—

- "I is an infant, and dressed out in silk."  
 "L is a ladder, for climbing a wall."  
 "R stands for rabbits, for Fanny or John!"  
 "S stands for snail, with its house on its back."  
 "V is a violet, which here you may see."  
 "Y is a youth, who has many kind friends," &c.

In another work, which in many respects is nicely got up, an attempt is made to impart a knowledge of the letters of the alphabet, by employing similitudes, of which we quote a few examples:—

- "B is a snake that is twisting about."  
 "L is a bird's leg, with his toe standing out."  
 "M is like a swing between the two trees."  
 "X is a long flag, blown about by the breeze."  
 "K is just like two crossed pieces of wood."  
 "Z is a toy you shall have if you're good."  
 "V is like the hook with which they catch fish."  
 "Y is the nice knife for which you would wish," &c.

That such works are unfitted for the young, on account of these stupid errors, which, once impressed upon the mind, cannot be easily effaced, is sufficiently evident.

An important contribution to National Education has been made through the production of a series of *Illustrated Twopenny School Books*,\* which are destined to supersede all others of the class. The First Book of Spelling and Reading opens with an—

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\* London: Houlston and Stoughton, Paternoster-row.

amount of favour, when its demerits, which are very numerous, are taken into account. From the former we copy the Q for Quail, and from



the other the letter U. It is true that by the side of each a small and plain letter is given. But all who know the habits of children will at once understand how much their attention must be diverted by these pictures from the precise form to be imprinted upon their minds."

Upon teaching children the alphabet it offers some capital

## SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

"A common mode of teaching a child the letters of the alphabet has been to point them all out in succession, until they were remembered by the child in their consecutive order. This is a slow and unsatisfactory method. The impression of each letter on the mind is erased by that which is shown next. A better way is to call the child's attention to only one or two letters at a lesson, give their sounds very distinctly, speak about their appearance, and let him look at them until he can distinguish them, and call their sounds or names. The following plan will be found to be quite original, and its results will afford the greatest satisfaction. Cut out the large letters from this book, and, putting them a little distance off, send the child to fetch A, or N, or W, as you may determine. After a little while you may proceed to amuse and instruct the child by putting the letters down upon objects, of the names of which the letters form the initials. Thus: put T on the Table, and say—

"The T is on something that's spelt with a T:  
 Look about, look about, and bring it to me."

The child will be amused to seek and find the letter, and will learn to distinguish not only the letter T, but to understand that the piece of furniture from which he took the letter is called a Table, and that its name begins with a T.

This simple couplet will serve to rhyme with the letters B, C, D, E, G, P, and V; and the letters may be placed variously upon the Bed, a Board, a Basket; a Chair, a Cup, a Cradle; a Door, a Dresser, a Drugget, a Desk, Dimity; an Ear, an Egg or Egg-cup; a Glove, a Glass, Gause, Gooseberry; a Pitcher, a Poker, a Plum, a Pie or Pie-dish, a Pudding, a Penny, Paper, &c.; a Vine-leaf, a Vegetable, Velvet, a Vase, &c., &c. When anything nice turns up, as a prize, it will prove a reward."

The book then supplies other couplets for all the remaining letters of the alphabet.

At the head and foot of every page are rhymes and maxims sufficiently simple to impress the mind of the learner:

- "Who strives to spell will do so well."  
 "Good boys make no loud noise."  
 "Thank God that he gave life to me."  
 "I love my papa and my mamma."  
 "I will be good, 'tis right I should."  
 "Be kind to all, both great and small."  
 "Why should I hurt a poor fly?" &c.

Each twopenny book contains thirty-two pages of letter-press, containing carefully graduated lessons in Spelling and Reading, illustrated by about seventy or eighty appropriate pictures!

The Second Book of Spelling and Reading is a perfect gem in its way. The Reading Lessons are beautifully simple and impressive, including "The Good Child and the Swing," "A Kiss for a Blow," "The Dangerous Companion," "The Watch-key," "The Bird's-nest," "Charles Clear," "The Clouds in the Sky," "Mary's First Sun," "Grandfather Whitehead and the Children," "I Can't," "Keep your Temper," "How my Envy Punished me," "Apprentice Boys," "The Echo," "Began, but not Finished," "Politeness in Children," "Little Children Love one another," &c. It also contains a dial for teaching children to understand the time by the clock with moveable gilt hands; and about one hundred lessons in spelling, with simple poems, pictures of animals, &c., &c. All this for Twopenny! Surely education should now be universal. The Reading Lessons are so simple and pretty, that we must quote one or two of them—

## A KISS FOR A BLOW.

"One day a minister went into an infant-school. He had been there before."

"Please to tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by *overcoming with good*?" The minister began to explain it, when a little incident occurred which gave him a striking illustration.

"A boy, about seven years of age, was sitting beside his little sister, who was only six years old. As the minister was talking, George, for that was the boy's name, got angry with his sister about something, doubled up his fist, and struck her on the head.

"The little girl was just going to strike him back again, when the teacher seeing it, said, 'My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!'

Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. She threw both her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blows. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, 'Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much.' But he only wept the more.

"But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he. But by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

"Here was a kiss for a blow, love for anger, and all the school saw at once what was meant by 'overcoming evil with good.'"

#### "THE ECHO."

"One day little George happened to cry out in the fields, 'Ho! ho!' and he instantly heard the same words repeated from the neighbouring thicket near him.

"Surprised at the sound, he exclaimed, 'Who are you?' upon which the same voice also returned, 'Who are you?'

"George cried out, 'You must be a very foolish fellow.' 'Foolish fellow!' repeated the voice from the thicket. George then began to grow angry, and he uttered words of defiance toward the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

"The echo faithfully repeated all his words. He then ran home, and complained to his father and mother that a wicked boy was concealed in the wood for the purpose of mocking him.

"Ah, now, you are complaining of your own self," replied his father, who then read to him from a book about the Echo, and afterwards said: 'Know that you have heard nothing but your own words; for even as you have seen your face reflected in the clear water, so you have just heard your own voice in the woods.

"If you had uttered an exclamation of kindness, you would have received the same in reply."

"It is thus in every-day life. The conduct of others towards us is generally an echo of our own."

#### "POETICAL READING LESSON.—THE BIRD'S NEST."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whoee!  
Will you listen to me!  
Who stole four eggs I laid,  
And the nice nest I made!

"Bob-a-link! Bob-a-link!  
Now what do you think!  
Who stole my nest away  
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the cow; "moon-ool!  
Such a thing I never would do.  
I gave you a wisp of hay,  
But I did not take your nest away."

"Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!  
I would not be so mean, I vow!  
I gave the hairs the nest to make,  
But the nest I did not take."

"Not I," said the sheep; "O no!  
I would not treat a poor bird so.  
I gave the wool the nest to line;  
But the nest was none of mine."

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow;  
"I should very much like to know  
What thief stole away  
A bird's nest to-day."

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;  
"Do not ask me again."

Why, I have not a chick  
That would do such a trick.

"We all gave her a feather,  
And she wove them together.  
I would scorn to intrude  
On her and her brood.

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;  
"Do not ask me again."

"Chir-a-whirr! chir-a-whirr!  
We will make a great stir.  
Let us find out his name,  
And all cry, For shame!"

"I would not rob a bird,"  
Said little Mary Green.  
"I think I never heard  
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"  
Said little Alice Neal.  
"I wonder if he knew  
How bad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,  
And went and hid behind the bed;  
For he stole that pretty nest  
From the poor little Yellow-breast;  
And he felt so full of shame,  
He did not like to tell his name!

The other contents are equally as good as the selections we have made. We have no doubt whatever that these very cheap and excellent books will be widely adopted in families and schools; and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—From the "Family Tutor," No. 38, Vol. 4.

**Taylor story.**—An old fellow who never yielded the palm to any one in reeling a knotty yarn, was put to his trumpet at hearing a traveller state that he once saw a brick house placed upon runners and drawn up a hill to a more favourable location some half a mile distant. "What do you think of that Uncle Ethiel?" said the bystanders. "O fudge!" said the man, "I once saw a two-story stone house, down east, drawn by oxen three miles." A dead silence ensued; the old man evidently had the worst end of it, and he saw it. Gathering his energies, he bit off a huge piece of pigtail by way of gaining time for thought; "they drew the stone house," said the old man (rejecting a quantity of tobacco-juice towards the fire-place), "but that wasn't the worst of the job; after they'd done that, they went back and drew the cellar." The stranger gave in.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 617.)

ON the other side of this ravine was another plateau, of about the same extent, only sloping away towards the Mexican position, and covered by a species of plantain, which afforded sufficient cover for five thousand men. The handful of soldiers had nearly crossed the plateau, in the headlong, disorderly fashion of a volunteer charge, and were within one hundred yards of the edge of the ravine, when their advance was suddenly checked. A roar of musketry boomed out from among the plantain, louder and better sustained than anything yet heard that day; at the same moment a cloud of Mexican infantry rose, like the warriors of Clan Alpine, from their cover, and began rapidly to deploy both to the right and left. The little band had unexpectedly rushed upon the whole Mexican army—a body of four thousand fresh troops, who had been lying concealed, for the purpose of giving the finishing stroke to the expected victory!

The devoted battalion went down before the hurricane of balls, "like corn before the reaper,"—a spectator might have thought them slain to a man. But it was not so. At the command of their colonel they had thrown themselves upon the ground, to avoid the fire until they could ascertain from whence it came. Not long were they kept in ignorance. The deploying mass emerged to the right and left from among the plantain, and began to wheel in, as if to envelope them completely. The colonel sprang to his feet and waved his sword—the battalion rose from the ground and re-commenced their charge at a run. Passing each flank of the enemy, they pushed on towards the centre. A deep and wide ravine lay across their path; but dashing madly down its precipitous side they commenced a scramble for the opposite plateau. It was impossible to gain it! Three several times they attempted to gain a footing: but they were as often driven back by the hurricane of balls. At last Hardin ordered them to form along the brow of the hill. Obedient, even in such a moment, they opened their fire.

"Aim low, boys!" shouted Hardin. "Let no man pull a trigger without a sight upon his man! It is the only chance!"

Scarcely more than two hundred had reached the line; but every man was now a soldier; officers seized the muskets of the slain and plied them in the ranks; and few shots were fired without effect. The dense mass before them offered a mark not to be missed, and all along the line the tall hats of the infantry went by hundreds to the earth. Cheer after cheer had rung over the plain during the whole day; but here there was no cheering. Stern silence and compressed lips marked the desperation of the fight. And now came Bissell, with the glorious second Illinois foot; and for a moment there was a hope of victory; but the masses still closed in—the movement was only checked. The Mexican right and left had outflanked the little band, and were still wheeling in; their fire took the Americans in front, flank, and rear. There was another gleam of hope: the chivalrous McKee came rushing up with his Kentuckians, and the American force was trebled. But the movement, suspended for a moment, again commenced, and a long line of red cockades approached the brow of the ravine on the Kentuckian right. Upon the other flank the fight had become almost hand to hand; and although hundreds were swept down, the maddened host moved steadily forward. It seemed that the devoted band were to be literally driven from the ground, at the point of the bayonet.

The fight was hopeless from the first moment of its inception, and time had only made it worse. The men were fatigued and worn out; their cartridges began to fail, and many of the guns, which they had not had time to clean, began to miss fire and choke with powder. Still the fight was nobly sustained, and a deafening roar filled the ravine, and echoed among the mountains, for many a mile. The Mexican force, like a huge giant, had spread abroad its arms, as if to embrace and crush them. They were completely surrounded, except upon one side, where the breadth of the ravine, about sixty yards, still left a narrow path open for retreat. Hardin sprang upon a large rock and looked over the field. He saw there was but one way open, and even in that, now began to be visible the fluttering pennants of a body of lancers! The door was about to be closed, and the band shut in for ever! They were lost, and all there was left for them was to sell their lives as dearly as possible. At this moment an aide-de-camp galloped through the storm of bullets, and reached the Kentuckians untouched. He was the bearer of an order from General Taylor to fall back. It was high time—may, it was doubtful whether it were not too late! It seemed as if the bearer of the order had only forced his way into the jaws of death! For the lancers were now seen slowly advancing up the ravine—a glittering mass of many colours! The order was passed to Bissell and by him to Hardin, who was still standing conspicuously upon the rock, and encouraging his men in efforts, which he saw could only delay their fate and his. He received the order and cast his eyes again down the ravine. To retreat was as dangerous as to remain where they were—it seemed that there was no escape. For him, alas! there was none!

"We must fall back, my men!" he said in a tone of regret. "Retire down the ravine, and force your way to the redoubt."

They needed no second order. Every man had long known it was a hopeless conflict—though few, very few, had left their comrades without an order. The nature of the ground precluded all attempts to retire in order. It was a confused rush upon the cavalry. The usual order of battle was reversed—the foot were charging the horse,—and the charge was desperate and bloody. Hardin stood upon the rock until the last of his men had received the order and left the spot. Casting his eyes once more towards the enemy, he sprang to the ground and followed his men.

In the meantime Taylor had ordered up the third Indiana foot and

Bragg's light battery, to stem the torrent. It was quite a mile of rough ground over which they had to travel, and horses and men were scarcely able to move. The moment was too critical for delay; and aide after aide was despatched to hasten their advance. The cannoniers plied whip and spur, the horses strained every muscle; the guns rumbled along faster than ever before; the infantry put their shoulders to the wheels and pushed them painfully up the hill. The effort was a convulsive and desperate one—upon one minute's speed depended the fate of the day! At last they cleared the last ravine, and got a run of the ground they were endeavouring to reach. Their friends had left it, and it was now flooded by Mexican infantry! The tide was setting rapidly down the plateau towards the pass of Angastura. Should they gain that all was lost!

Again the whip was plied, a shout of anger and of sorrow went up to Heaven; horses and men sprang forward to within one hundred yards of the Mexican force. In a moment the guns are unlimbered, the infantry formed, and a storm of iron hail poured into the dense columns. The advance begins to slacken, they turn upon the guns and attempt to charge. It is too much! they are driven back, and long lanes are opened in their ranks; broken, rent, and torn; they begin to waver; they fall into disorder. The guns are seized by the wheels and pushed upon them, nearer and more near, quicker and more deadly hurtle the shot. A few turn to retreat,—the example becomes contagious, and the whole mass rolls back like a wave, that has spent its force upon the rock!

The retreating infantry have met the lancers hand to hand. Fighting in inextricable confusion, they flow out of the mouth of the ravine upon the wheat-fields beside the road. Captain Washington springs upon a gun and waves a handkerchief—the Americans fall upon their faces, and the shot rushes over them, tearing the lancers to pieces and driving them to shelter. The road is left clear to the exhausted men, and the battle is over.

In this retreat the American loss was greater than during the whole day before. Hardin, McKee, and Clay fell fighting in the mêlée. The victory would have been dearly purchased by the life of either one.

#### CHAPTER XXX.

"The fight was o'er, the flashing through the gloom,  
Which robes the cannon as it wings a tomb,  
Had ceased; and sulphury vapours, upward driven,  
Had left the Earth, and but polluted Heaven."—BYRON.

"And thousand had sunk to the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die."—CAMPELLE.

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow."—SHAKESPEARE.

A field of battle, when the strife is passed, is a melancholy sight. The high excitement, the chivalrous courage, and the heroic endurance, all the nobler traits, which almost redeem war from the charge of barbarism, have passed away with the noise and din of battle;—man has leisure to look around upon the work of his passions, and to reflect upon the horrors of strife. Many, whom he knew but a few hours ago, instinct with life and warm with feeling, now lie around him cold and stiff and dead—part and parcel of the ground upon which he treads, and void of feeling as the rocks among which they lie. Many at whose side he fought, and whose voices, cheering on to the charge, he can even now hear and remember, lie with rigid faces turned to heaven, and with fingers convulsively grasping the earth. Prancing horses and stately riders lie together; and the feet of some are even yet within the stirrup where they fell. Here a whole rank has been swept down by a missile more deadly than another; and the precision with which they lie, with their feet upon a line, attest their steadiness in the hour of peril. Here is a ring of mangled bodies, and within it the earth is torn and blasted, where a shell has burst in their midst. Here, a confused heap of dead and dying, where, under concentrated fire, man after man, file after file, stepped up to fill the places of the slain. There has been a charge of cavalry, and where that pile of horses, men, and weapons lies, was the head of a gay and gallant column when the fire opened on them. The ground is trampled with the feet of many horses, and the stones are dabbled with blood; while banners torn, and broken lances, lie scattered on the ground, or still grasped with the last hold of death by their bearers. But worse, far worse than all, in yonder sheltered nook, was the field hospital to which the wounded were conveyed; and piles of mangled limbs attest the surgeon's trade, the callousness of war.

And amid all this carnage, one may reflect, how was it that I, too, was not swept down? What Hand was that which turned aside the balls and kept me safe, where so many better men have fallen? What fathomless counsels are those which still reserved me from Death—and what has the Future yet in store, for which I have thus been saved? With feelings chastened, mind subdued—with mingled gratitude and sorrow—one may turn his steps away, and seek a solitude he cannot find among the dead; and, thinking of the perils multiplied through which that Hand has led him safe, reflect what duties rest upon a life so signally preserved! Well would it be for human nature, if, from the consequences of its own infirmities, might thus be drawn the lessons of wisdom, thoroughly taught and faithfully improved!

The night had passed away; although not without alarm, yet without renewal of the fight. The Americans were too much weakened by their losses and fatigues—indeed, were too few in numbers at the first—to think of leaving their entrenchments; and Santa Anna occupied the night in preparations to evacuate a position which had witnessed the discomfiture of the Mexican army ever raised in Mexico. General Taylor, like the Roman general Aulus, at the battle of Châlons, was unwilling to press a partly-beaten foe—preferring to allow his adversary to withdraw his shattered forces, rather than to risk the advantage he had gained, by pressing him too closely. He,

indeed, received small reinforcements during the night, but even with these his force was not nearly as large as on the previous morning. His little army had been more than decimated. Reinforced with two regiments of dragoons, he could have driven the retreating army like a flock of sheep into the wilderness beyond the Pass of Pangueros; but these regiments he could not get; and it was without regret that, on the dawning of the morning, he beheld the long columns of the enemy already filing in among the ravines at Agua Nueva. Santa Anna had chosen to retire in the night, when he might have waited patiently till the morning, and gone off in the open daylight unmolested. This, to the victors, was the first assurance of their victory; for not a man who lay down that night expected sleep, but a renewal of the fighting at the dawn of day. More than an hour was consumed in reconnoitring, lest the retrograde movement should be only a ruse; and when it was at last ascertained beyond a doubt that they were gone, then, and not before, the shout of victory was heard!

Eager crowds rushed out upon the plateau, to seek for missing comrades, or view the havoc of the fight. Vernon and Clayton were among them, seeking, among the slain and wounded, those to whom they might administer relief, and conversing, as they wandered over the field, of Vernon's position and plans. Stopping occasionally to examine more closely some disfigured form, or consign some wounded man to the patrols, they at last found themselves on the extreme left of the line, and within the gorge where so much slaughter had taken place among the compact cavalry. Here they paused and looked around them.

"The artillery has done fearful execution here," said Allen.

"As elsewhere," replied Clayton. "I presume two-thirds of those killed and wounded met their fate from the artillery. Nothing but the rapidity of their evolutions and the certainty of their training would ever have won the victory."

"Perhaps not; and yet infantry and cavalry fought as if they were not to be conquered, even if single and alone."

"They might not have been conquered—probably the spirit they manifested would have prevented that—but they must have been borne down by weight of numbers. Fatigue alone would have lost us the battle in another day's fighting."

"The immense extent of ground we had to cover with our small force, endangered it as it was. Men are not ubiquitous; and yet I suppose that our infantry came as near being so yesterday as ever men did."

"True," said Clayton; "there was probably more downright running in this battle, both from and towards the enemy, than ever was known in battle before. It was a race from beginning to end, and depended more upon speed than upon power."

"Yes; and I believe we lost far more in running from, than towards, the enemy. Indeed, in one retreat alone, our loss was more considerable than in all the rest of the fight."

"True," said Clayton, "that was a most unfortunate mistake."

"What is this?" exclaimed Vernon, suddenly, pointing to a group of soldiers carrying a body, and followed by a woman.

"Some poor fellow whose wife has already found him," said the other. "Let us meet them."

"That form seems familiar to me," said Allen, as they approached. "Certainly it cannot be!"

"Cannot be what?" asked his companion.

But Allen had left him; and running rather than walking, he stopped the mournful procession, and looked into the blanket which they were using as a litter. Turning from it, he stepped kindly up to the young girl, who mechanically stopped as he approached, and gently took her hand.

"Catharina," said he, gently, "what terrible misfortune is this?"

She pointed to the form of her father, and made no other reply.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"I cannot tell you now, Señor Vernon," she replied, in a voice low and exquisitely sorrowful, but still calm and firm. "Will you not assist me to get him conveyed to Saltillo?"

"Assuredly," said he. "Do you wish to go immediately?"

"As soon as possible," said she; "I have relations there."

"Here is a wagon now," said Clayton; "I will stop it."

The body was at once deposited in the wagon, and, by the direction of Clayton, the driver turned his horses towards the city.

"Let me procure you some other conveyance," said Allen.

"No," she replied; "I will walk behind the wagon."

"I will go with you," said Allen, "and see you safely among your friends."

"Thank you," she replied, calmly; "I was about to ask you to do so."

"You will be back to-day, Vernon?" asked Clayton.

"Yes," said Allen.

At a sign from the lieutenant, the wagon moved off, followed by Catharina and Vernon in silence. Catharina was the first to speak.

"You asked me how this happened," she commenced, mournfully. "I can tell you now, I think. Soon after leaving you, we descended the mountain a little, with the purpose of gradually approaching the plain, and thus clearing the troops. Keeping along the slope for about half a mile, we came suddenly upon a deep ravine, the sides of which were too precipitous to attempt. Here we remained two or three hours, waiting for the troops to leave this part of the field, and designing to pass round the ravine, and again ascend the mountain. We had waited a long time—so long, that we began to despair of reaching the city before night, when a heavy cannonading opened at some distance, and all the men hurried away, leaving the path open. We lost no time in reaching the plateau, and had crossed the ravine, when we saw a confused mass of men and horses rushing towards us, under



a fire which was tearing them to pieces. We endeavoured to get out of the way, and ran towards the ravine again. I remember nothing for the next few moments but a confused trampling, and the hurrying and shouting and screaming of many men. I was knocked down, and stunned by the fall. When I recovered, the field was deserted, and he lay beside me trampled and dead."

She stopped, and buried her face in her hands.

"What I did I know not," she resumed; "I tried—in vain—to bring him back to life; and, I think, wept a great deal; for I cannot weep any more. At last, when night was about closing in on me, I rose to go for assistance. But I was bewildered, and wandered far out of my path. When at last I found some American soldiers, it was too late to come upon the field. They said it was in possession of my countrymen, and the fight would be renewed in the morning. They took me to a *ranchito* in the valley, where I was forced to await the morning. At dawn I sought them again, and they kindly came with me. We found him but a few minutes before we met you; and all I can do now is to see him buried, and go home."

Her voice failed her; but it was true, as she had said, she could weep no more. In that long, lonely night, her grief had consumed itself in passionate outbursts. Her spirit was bent to the earth; but her eye was without moisture, and her step was firm. She walked in calm, silent, deep sorrow, by Allen's side.

"Have you near relations in the city?" Vernon asked, after a long pause.

"An uncle and his family," she replied.

"But your home is in Monterey?"

"Four leagues from Monterey," she replied, "at Rinconada."

"Can I do anything to assist you in getting there?" he asked.

"I shall have no trouble, I think," she said. "My uncle will see that I have none. Forgive me," she continued, after a pause, "if I seem not to appreciate your kindness—the cause is before me."

"I would be glad to serve you," said Allen, "even if you never knew it; and I am not selfish enough to wish any thanks."

"You are very kind," she said, mournfully; and I will trouble you with one commission. Should Senor Manning escape from captivity, I beg you will tell him to come to Rinconada—I shall be there; and come with him; I will be glad to see you too."

Vernon assured her that he would not forget it; and soon afterwards they entered the streets of the city. She pointed to the street in which Senor Bonaro lived, and soon afterwards the wagon stopped in front of a large stone house, with iron balconies and broad windows. The body was carefully lifted from the wagon, and carried into the house. A middle-aged man, dressed in black, came out, and received Catharina in his arms. Declining a pressing invitation to enter, Allen took Catharina's extended hand, pressed it, and turned away to return to the camp.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?"—SHAKESPEARE.

"The weary sun hath made a golden set."—IBID.

"Now began  
Night with her sullen wings to shade  
The desert."—MILTON.

"Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows."—SHAKESPEARE.

It is time to return to the fortunes of our unlucky friend Manning. His wound was from an *escopet* ball, which struck him in the shoulder, at the moment when his whole weight hung upon that arm. His hold was broken, and he fell, as we have seen, wounded and bruised, to the bottom of the ravine. A hasty examination, by two or three who sprang to the ground, was sufficient to satisfy men accustomed to casualties, that his wound was not dangerous; and hurriedly throwing him upon his own horse, which they had caught, they galloped away with him, a prisoner in their midst. Regaining the road, or rather the plain where it skirts the spurs of the mountain, they turned again to the north, and hastened towards the Pass of Palomas. An occasional gun, whose booming sound came rolling over and down the mountain, quickened their pace; and in much less than an hour after his capture, Hugh found them compelled to walk their horses up the rugged steep leading into the pass. Here the first party was joined by two or three others, whom our friends had seen approaching across the plain; and by the time they had well entered the defile, they numbered not less than one hundred men.

Little notice had been taken of Hugh thus far, and in their hurry they had not even bound him. The joining of the other detachments, therefore, was far from welcome to him; for before their arrival he began to entertain hopes of escape. Bruised and bleeding as he was, his was not a spirit to yield to despair; and five minutes after his capture had hardly passed before he began to revolve schemes to elude his captors. No opportunity, however, occurred before entering the defile; and then, the joining of the straggling detachments made his plans hopeless. Still further to dash his bold spirit, when they had cleared the rugged path, and attained a small level place some distance up the mountain, the leader of the band suddenly called a halt, and riding back to where his prisoner was, ordered his feet to be bound under the horse's belly. Having given this order in broken Spanish, he continued, in good English—

"I am sorry to put such an indignity upon an American officer, as I perceive you are, sir; but you are too important a prisoner to be trusted unbound in this broken pass."

"I would have appreciated your politeness better," said Hugh, coldly,

"if it had been spoken in another language, or if you had ordered my wounds bound up before you shackled my limbs."

"Your remark is both just and unjust," said the other, calmly. "You evidently suppose me an American, but you must recollect that English is spoken in other countries besides America, even if it be spoken *there*, which I doubt. As to your wounds, they should have been dressed if we had had the means. But a short time now will bring us to the camp, and you will be attended to. Bind him securely, Martin."

So saying, he turned calmly away; and, though smarting under the indignity offered him, Hugh could not help admiring the air of martial grace which distinguished every movement of his lithe and well-knit form. He hesitated a moment, and then turned his open and pleasing face again to his prisoner.

"I ought not to leave you in doubt, sir," he said; "for, if your supposition were correct, I would deserve all your contempt and indignation. I therefore tell you I am an Englishman; and though I fight against your arms, no man can more deeply scorn the dastardly spirits who have deserted their colours and joined our army. Had I the power, I would hang every man of them."

"You speak like a soldier and a man of honour," said Hugh, warmly, proffering his hand: "and I ask your pardon for entertaining, even for a moment, so injurious a supposition."

"It is granted as freely as asked," said the other, taking the extended hand. "I hope we may outlive this war, and meet under more favourable circumstances. Martin," he added, turning to the man who had bound Hugh, "remove those cords; our prisoner will not leave us."

"Hold!" cried Hugh. "That I will not permit. I see what you intend. You think your confidence reposed in me is as good as my parole. So it would be, if I permitted it to pass unnoticed. But I now give you warning, that I shall escape if I can."

"Take them off, Martin," quietly ordered the other. "If you can escape, do so; but I will see that you stay with us."

"Very well," said Hugh, "it is understood, then. Keep me if you can—I will escape if I can. At all events, I thank you for removing the cords."

"No thanks are due," said the other; "I never intended to let them remain upon you; I wished to make you your own guard."

"How does it happen," Hugh asked bluntly, after a pause, "that an honourable and brave man, like you, is engaged with—"

"Pardon me for interrupting you," interposed the Englishman; "you know a soldier cannot listen to any disparagement either of his superiors or of the cause for which he fights."

"But if his cause be a bad one?" suggested Manning.

"He must either shut his eyes to the fact," answered the other, "or quit the service."

"Then, why cannot you—"

"Take advantage of my own alternative?" laughed the other. "What! while the war is actually going on? O no! You speak without thought. But I have not time to talk further; I must hurry on. Come, *compañeros*, you are sufficiently rested; mount, and away! Martin, Iago, Antonio, Andres, see that our prisoner does not escape, at your peril."

The troop mounted; the four he had designated closed around Hugh, and the cavalcade moved slowly on.

"*Como se llaman su comandante?*" asked Hugh.

"*El Coronel Melton, señor*," replied one of the men.

Before he had time to pursue his inquiries farther, a loud command to "close up" resounded from the front, and the whole body galloped forward, and formed on the slope at the mouth of the defile. Soon afterwards a body of lancers was seen painfully climbing the hill, and slowly emerging upon the table-land above. About two hundred men thus came out of the defile, and with precision and rapidity fell into a line immediately in front of the other detachment. They were admirably trained and equipped, well-mounted, and elegantly dressed in the costume of the light cavalry of the Mexicans. The colours of the pennants upon their lances were the same as those of the first troop, indicating that they were a part of the same battalion. As soon as they were formed, the Colonel, for he was no less, rode forward, and received their salute; then turning to the officer in command, he took a letter from his hand, and broke the seal. There were few as fine-looking, and no braver men in the Mexican service, than Colonel Melton; and as Hugh watched his calm, easy, and graceful bearing, he again regretted that such a man should be enlisted in such a cause.

His lip curled as he read the missive, and his dark brown *moustaches* seemed full of the expression of contempt.

"Fight already gained!—victory won!—flank completely turned!—surrender in the morning!" he muttered, in a tone which could only have been dictated by scorn. "The vain-glorious fool! I'll bet twenty to one he has been entrapped into some mistake, and thinks he has gained an advantage. Here, Sanchez," he continued aloud to his inferior officer, "do you know the contents of this paper? Were any verbal orders sent?"

"I know nothing of it, sir," replied Sanchez; "I was simply ordered to join you with two hundred and fifty men, and accompany you where that letter directs you to go."

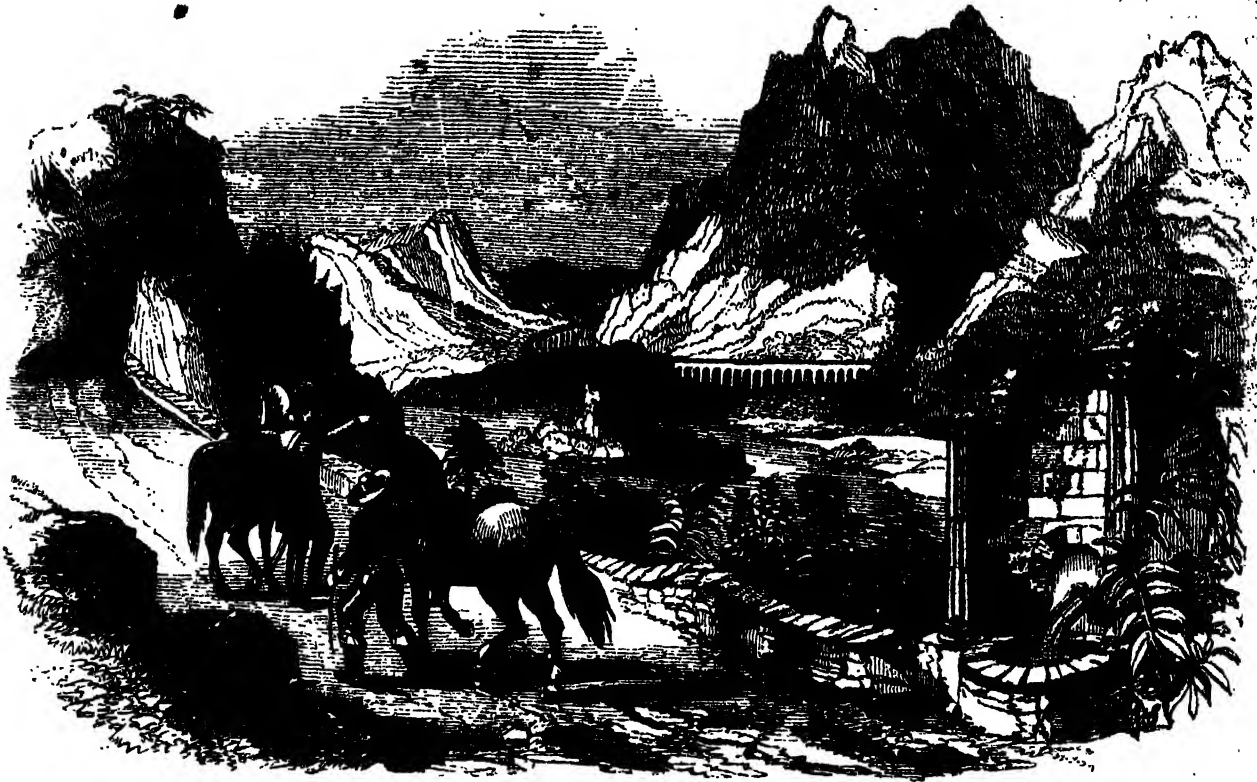
"Was nothing said about any prisoners?"

"Nothing, señor."

"Then I will take him with me at all hazards," he muttered. "Reverse the flanks, and form the battalion," he added, aloud; "we must reach the *Tanca de San Felipe* to-night."

Sanchez set about obeying the order, and the Colonel rode towards his prisoner.

"I am ordered to the neighbourhood of Monterey," he said, "and I shall



"The conversation was interrupted by the necessity of dismounting to lead their horses up the difficult pass."

be forced to take you with me. This letter informs me that the flank of your army is completely turned, and that nothing delays their surrender but the approach of night."

"And are you ordered to superintend the operations about Monterey?"

"Yes; what think you of the news?"

"I think, that in every army there are two flanks and a centre," said Hugh, "and that turning one of the former, sometimes strengthens the latter."

"You do not believe Taylor will surrender, then?"

"Not without a fight, certainly," said Hugh, decidedly.

"That is my opinion, also," said the other, coolly. "But we must away; let me examine your wound."

Hugh submitted quietly to have his shoulder hastily bandaged, and soon afterwards the augmented battalion were winding again down the defile, on their way to Monterey. A few minutes brought them to the plain; and putting their horses into a quick trot, they followed the line of the *Sierra* towards the east and north. The scenery, for several leagues, did not materially differ from that over which Hugh had ridden in the morning; the mountain frowned down upon the plain, and the plain stretched boldly up to the mountain, in the same way; but it soon became perceptible that the ground sloped towards the east, and the warmer currents of air occasionally encountered indicated a lower level, and a more sultry climate ahead. Gradually, as night closed in, Hugh began to observe that the trees were larger, and the chaparral thicker; and occasionally he could see a tuft of grass or a patch of green sward dotting the plain, which a few leagues behind them presented a sterile surface, upon which the only green thing was the cactus. Several sharp descents, too, marked the gradual approach to the *tierra caliente*, which in this region stretches farther from the sea than on any other part of the coast. Among the mountains south and west of Monterey are beautiful valleys, bearing all the characteristics of that burning belt, except its insalubrity—as if the mountains had pushed their crests up through the plain and rifted off many a gem-like vale, enclosing each in a setting of rugged granite. The detachment had not yet reached one of these pleasant valleys, but they were near enough to catch now and then a breath of air, which bore upon its wings the perfume of the garden; and as they hurried on, descending slope after slope, and hill after hill, although night had closed, they began to feel that the temperature was perceptibly higher and softer. Their horses were jaded, and their riders fatigued; but in Mexico the length of the journey is not regulated by the strength of the traveller, or of his horse, but by the number of leagues between watering-places.

They were upon one of those *jornadas*, or "journeys," so common in Mexico, where no water is to be found often for a score of leagues or more; and ever which the jaded traveller must go in a single day, or be content to pass the night without water for himself or his horse. To obviate this difficulty, where the amount of travelling will justify the labour, or where the *jornada* is very long, large *taneas*, or tanks, have in many places been made,

thus cutting the journey in two, and affording a welcome relief in that sultry climate. These are formed by digging large holes, in the shape of natural ponds, in the earth, and so "puddling" or lining the surface as to retain the water when deposited by the rains. Most of these benevolent and wise works have been permitted to decay by the miserable mockery calling itself the *Republica Mexicana*. The writer has passed several of them, in places where they are of almost vital importance, and only one of them would hold water an hour, after an ordinary rain; all the rest had been allowed to decay and become worse than useless; and even that one too often deluded the traveller by a promise unfulfilled.

The "Tanca de San Felipe," at which Colonel Melton designed to pass the night, is one of the few which still retains a part of its former usefulness. It is some eight Mexican leagues from the Pass of Palomas, and agreesably breaks a *jornada* of some twenty leagues, on the road between Monterey and Metahuala.

As night closed in, the colonel fell back and rode beside his prisoner, kindly offering him a gourd, which hung, filled with water, at his saddle-bow. It was a refreshment not unwelcome; for Hugh had tasted no water since noon, was wounded and bruised, and had been in the saddle all day. Those who have known what it is to be thirsty—not merely to feel as if a draught of water would be pleasant, but to be actually parched with thirst—can appreciate the blessing of such a kindness.

"That revives you," said the colonel, smiling, as Hugh drew himself up and looked around him.

"Yes," Hugh replied, "I feel almost strong enough now to fight your battalion."

"Or, at all events, strong enough to run away from them," rejoined the colonel. "But I must warn you, that it would be much better not to attempt it."

"Why so?" asked Manning.

"Because I see you like good water," said the colonel; "and there is not a drop within ten leagues of us, except at the place where we will soon halt."

"You enforce your advice by a very strong argument, at all events," said the lieutenant, laughing; "but I suppose you gave me the water out of pure kindness, and without any concealed purpose."

"The motives were one and the same: my kindness was a concealed purpose, and my concealed purpose a kindness. I have Eastern blood in my veins, and to that do I attribute a strong penchant for symbolical teachings."

"I thank you for the lesson, as well as its medium," said Hugh.

"There was another motive I had in speaking to you—thus," said the colonel, after a pause. "You have already once rode my horse off within twenty-four hours, and you are now upon his back. This was, however, when you did not know the owner; and since you are an honourable man, and now know whose property he is, I am certain you will not again deprive me of him."

Hugh looked at him in astonishment too great to reply.

"I see you do not understand me," continued the colonel. "I will explain. Having been ordered to scour the country south of Pinones for supplies, and then to make a detour to the right, and join General Minon by the Pass of Palomas, I drew off all of my regiment then with Santa Anna, and commenced my march. While waiting last night, beyond Pinones, for a guide, my attention was attracted by a light some distance from the road; and dismounting my men, and leaving the horses picketed in what I supposed a safe place, I ascended the plateau. An explosion followed, which I could not explain; and on reaching the place, I found the ruins of a rancho scattered around upon the rocks, and burning rafters strewn up and down the ravines for many a rood. But not a man was to be seen; and after a fruitless attempt to reach the spot where the house had stood, I beat a retreat. What was my surprise, on returning to the horses, to find four persons mounted on as many of my chargers, and all the rest suddenly stampeded before my very face! It was well done, upon my word! and I respect you for the boldness of the act. I am glad, too, that our valley did you no injury; for it left you free to execute as masterly a retreat as Xenophon's."

"We recovered our horses soon after dawn, the most of them, and it happened that our path was the same as yours. We had been delayed by the stampede, and had to ride hard to recover lost time; so that at last we overhauled you, and thus you are a prisoner."

"Well," said Hugh, laughing, "I am truly glad he belongs to you; for if I had played the same trick upon one of these hombres, I fear I would have fared badly, had I fallen into his hands afterwards."

"You would, indeed," said Melton; "but you are safe now—at least, so long as you make no effort to escape. In that case, I fear I could not restrain the hombres from shooting you."

"I would not fear their bullets much at fifty yards' distance," said Manning, "if I could only get a fair start."

"And yet that gash in the shoulder ought to teach you respect for their skill, at least."

"I was not twenty yards from the muzzle when that gun was fired," rejoined Hugh; "and another inch to the left would have missed me."

"True; and another inch to the right would have disabled you. But I forgot to ask you, who were the persons with you who escaped? I thought one of them was a woman."

"You are right; a friend of mine, named Vernon, and a Mexican caballero, named Bonaro, and his daughter Catharina, were my companions. My friend and — J —"

"Catharina Bonaro?" interrupted Melton, "of Rinconada, near Monterey?"

"The same; do you know her?"

"What, in the name of all that is good, was she doing there?"

Hugh briefly related the circumstances under which he had met her, and the catastrophe which had driven them from the rancho.

"And do you know whither she, or rather her father, intended to go?"

"To Monterey, I think," answered Manning, "though several days must elapse before they can reach there."

"I wish I had known this before," said Melton, thoughtfully; "I would have pursued them to the top of the mountain, but I would have taken them."

"For what purpose?" asked Hugh, sharply.

"To have saved them the annoyance and danger they must incur by going into a camp on the eve of a battle," said Melton, and in his tone there was an interest which Hugh did not like.

"When did you know them?" he asked.

"In Matamoros and Monterey, and at his hacienda of Rinconada. I have known them intimately for several years."

"Then I do not wonder at the interest you manifest," said Hugh frankly.

"Is it because you feel something of the kind yourself?" asked Melton, coldly.

"I must understand the nature of your interest," said Hugh, "before I can answer that."

"Cautious enough!" said the colonel, in a tone whose contemptuous sneer made Hugh's blood boil. The emotion, however, passed in a moment; for Melton almost immediately resumed his frank and easy manner, and holding out his hand to Hugh, continued:

"Forgive me the error, senor; I have no right to insult you at any time, least of all now; and I hope I am too much a gentleman to seek a foolish quarrel even with an enemy."

"I am sure of it," said Hugh, warmly, taking his extended hand. "I do not know what interest you may have in the Senora Bonaro, nor was I aware till now that you had ever met her. I hope you will do me the justice to believe me, when I say, I never heard your name pass her lips."

"Not a very flattering apology," said the colonel smiling painfully; "though, if there were anything to excuse, a good one. But we are approaching the *Tanque*: we will speak more of this at another time."

The force with which he struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped to the front, showed that, though smothered by a high sense of honour, the fire was still burning. Hugh gazed after him with feelings not very dissimilar. The jealousy which every man has felt at some period of his life was rising in his heart. But a little reflection soon convinced him that he had no reason to be uneasy; that the manner of the colonel was far from that of a successful rival. And he was right. Melton had met Catharina first at Matamoros, as he had stated. He had been struck with her beauty and vivacity, had become enamoured, had wooed, and been rejected.

(To be continued.)

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### GENIUS AND TALENT.

SOME common ideas are so nearly alike in their bolder outlines and grosser qualities, and at the same time so intangible and evanescent in their nicer shades of meaning, and, withal, each of them in itself so complex and multi-form in character; and more baffling than all, so closely allied to each other; that it is a severe task of discrimination to fix clearly in the mind distinct and separate notions of them. It is sometimes more difficult still to express, when so fixed, those distinct notions in intelligible language. However, there is no safety, and but little profit either, in discussion or dissertation, unless you define before you begin: nay, not unfrequently, where definition begins difference and discussion end. Then "there is the rub;" how to define precisely; how to express that definition in such language as to exclude everything foreign, and yet to comprehend with perspicacity everything cognate: in short, how to include everything proper, and yet include nothing too much.

Purely intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no light matter to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then, too, our conception of them takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Beside, the stubbornness of language will not bend at choice to embrace exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as Wit, Humour, Poetry, and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

Genius, as we understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, moral qualities and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has; and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is not Taste, nor Wit, nor Humour. It is not Common Sense or Facility. Finally, it is not Talent. It may co-exist with each and all, or it may exist essentially independent of either. Now we apprehend there is but little practical danger of confounding either of these, except talent with genius. The difference between them is comparatively easy of illustration, but they are hardly susceptible of separate definition.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and reproduce truth, beauty, and harmony: talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and re-construct truth, beauty, and harmony. Genius is creative ability: talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth, and power, is "subjective": talent, in its nature, growth, and power, is "objective." Genius is speculative and visionary: talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and possible; talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents: talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develop what it finds within itself; talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adopt a word, Genius is *intransitive*: talent is *transitive*. In their works, genius is easy and natural: talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise: talent shows



## GENIUS AND TALENT.

you its clue, long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*, talent the *reason* of the understanding. Genius "substitutes intellectual vision for proof," and has the "clear conception out-running the deductions of logic;" talent moves by regular processes of thought: the operations of genius are *a priori*, from cause to effect; the operations of talent are *a posteriori*, from effect to cause. Talent is sagacious appreciation; genius is intuition. Talent ascends; genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental; genius is transcendental and prophetic. "Nothing can be proved to exist," says Talent: "I know that I exist," says Genius. Thus Talent arrives at a conclusion; Genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius has more enthusiasm and self-devotion; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility; talent by the passions. Genius overstrained is more apt to burst into madness; talent overtaken to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each moving more freely where it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse, and is desultory; talent, chained to the will as a motive power, is methodical and direct. Genius *excels* unconsciously; talent is always aware when it produces an *effect*, and toils to reproduce it. Genius has its "end shaped" by a divinity; talent "rough-hews" its own. Genius finds its motive in its own gratification, and is but half-conscious of effect and external accomplishment; talent dies without appreciation, seeks the plaudits of the world, and knows marvellously well when it has made "a hit." Genius "wakes up in the morning and finds itself famous;" talent lies feverishly awake all night, and wonders why that morning and its fame don't hurry along.

The growth of capacity and power in genius is like the growth of a fruit, or a tree; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself, yet indivisible and a unit, still having the same identity. The same growth in talent depends chiefly upon cultivation; it is like the growth of a crystal (as science reveals it), adding to itself, yet each addition separate, severable, and obvious. The former grows by expansion from within; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God, and the "mystery of man's nature, and, by 'wreaking its thoughts upon expression,' to ally itself and mankind with the great GODHEAD Himself: talent labours to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a torch in its hand, and seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks: talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a *clue*, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the daylight of other men's minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth: talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion has forced it into exercise. Charles Lamb speaks of "crying halves to ideas" struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, "an idea Heaven intended for some other man." But the most honest expression I have ever met with on this head, is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage. "The mind," says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically, as myself: "the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have," says the Rev. Sydney, "asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking; and I never could find any man who could think for two minutes together. Everybody has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which, imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought." Now, I suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by men of more talent than genius, but that the "crying halves," and intercepting "ideas intended for other men," better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their ideas; and I am the more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts and ideas of genius; while those of talent are obviously slow and anticipated.

"By genius," says Fuseli, "I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers new materials of nature, or combines the known with novelty; while talent arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius." That is to say, genius creates, while talent merely constructs. Thus, in art and letters the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard, imitative and prosaic, or grotesque and fantastical. With the first, everything revolves on the pivot of truth; with the other, this common centre is wanting. Genius is a law unto itself; talent must obey the law as it is written; and as it deviates, so it errs.

Perhaps no man was ever so peculiarly qualified to expound these distinctions as S. T. Coleridge. Certainly, in a few words he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. "Genius," says he, "finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths for their TRUTH'S SAKE." Again: "To possess end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the moral constituent of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinct from mere talent." Given as the true moralist "does right" not from the paltry and contemptible motive that "honesty is the best policy," but simply because it is right, so the man of genius develops the great power within him from a law of its being, and because he finds that power

there. In another place he says: "Genius is originality in intellectual construction; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books, and other conservatories of intellect." And in still another place: "This is a good gauge of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself." These are golden axioms, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed. I do but gather them up; I am not worthy to fuse or fashion them.

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with Talent, or even Cleverness: these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and sensibility are phases of genius. Genius is a "very particle," deriving its light and colour from within itself, and, like a burning coal, shines in the dark talent; borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard and prosaic as it is, is deficient: indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, I know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable; either, taken separately, can scarcely be trusted. The ideas of men of genius do so come in flashes—the blaze suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torchlight in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden inconsistency, though with all real sincerity. Now, with men of talent the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and, like Nature, never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects, and polishes its ideas; but they are finite, have "iteration in them," and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, unsteady, and "studious of new things;" talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel, in which it flows the more easily and powerfully as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of habit. Genius has no habits.

Genius without talent finds itself much at a loss how to get on in the world. Its peculiarities are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius generally gets on bravely, and succeeds oftentimes from the absence rather than the presence of qualities; as a man with a conscience will starve sometimes, where a man without a conscience will thrive and fatten: nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling-block from its path: for as we know, genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, while talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees so much and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action, and hesitates. It "considers too curiously." To borrow from "Hamlet" the great dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

— "Thinking too greatly on the event;  
A thought which quartered, hath but one part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward."

and finally puzzles itself into inaction. But, on the other hand, with talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that does it, with all its might: nay, to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it "rushes in where angels fear to tread."

Besides, genius often derives more strength from the heart than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, and careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler minds, and, by all these outlets, is constantly diverted from its purpose, and its time wasted: the tide in its affairs is not "taken at the flood," and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart: it is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness: is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husband its resources, spreads every inch of canvas, makes everything "tell:" nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feeble men, and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic; talent is the essence of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labour, and shudders at practical details; while talent likes to work, and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession; but talent glories in the manifestation of superiority. And, too, genius is full of doubleness and a riddle; is mystic, and walks in a cloud; but talent is single in purpose, plain, practical, no greater or other than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled and profaned by strangers and barbarians; but talent has no household gods. In short, to sum up the whole matter, genius should have talent combined with it, and talent should have genius to enable either to act with independence and compensating energy and success in the affairs of life. To quote from Coleridge: "Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower."

**THE FEMALE CAPACITY.**—Women, in their course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a cunning female who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim spot called earth;" who despises order and regularity as indications of a grovelling spirit; but a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the space of duties it takes in. Proportion and propriety are among the best secrets of domestic wisdom; and there is no more test of integrity and judgment than a well proportioned expenditure.—More.

## ONWARD!

**MUSIC BY TELEGRAPH.**—A gentleman, of Louisville, Kentucky, according to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, has "nearly completed" an invention for writing music as it is played upon the pianoforte, the notes upon the sheet being produced as fast, and to the exact time, as the keys are touched by the performer. Strakosch has offered him 10,000 dollars for the patent right when the model is finished.

**SCIENTIFIC MISSION TO SOUTH AMERICA.**—The French government has resolved to send a new scientific mission into the interior of South America; and instructions as to the investigations and observations in natural history, botany, astronomy, geology, meteorology, &c., which it may be desirable to make, have been demanded from the Academy of Sciences. The mission is specially to occupy itself with the provinces of Brazil, Paraguay, and Bahia.

**PROGRESS IN THE EAST.**—A railway from Belgrade to Constantinople has for some time been projected, and an English company is in negotiation with the Porte for its construction. The engineers who have examined the ground point out a passage in the Balkan, which would require works of little labour or difficulty. The company undertake to finish the line in five years, and as the railway from Vienna to Belgrade is far advanced, Constantinople would then only be a comparatively short journey from Vienna. The name of the city of Belgrade, in relation to the capitals of Austria and of Turkey, and in connection with peaceful international progress, suggests strange historical associations.

**A HAIR-CUTTING SALOON.**—At St. Louis (U.S.) a saloon, 160 feet long and 72 feet wide, has been fitted up for hair-cutting! Around the sides are placed baths within low enclosures. The floor is of white marble, with marble fountains and flower-stands: the ceiling and wood-work are white and gold. The doors of the baths are of looking-glass; the baths plated silver, set in marble: they have hot and cold water, and a large jet for any part of the body. The shaving-chairs are carved mahogany, and there are crimson-velvet ottomans. Above the saloon is the billiard-room, with twelve tables; underneath a bowling-saloon. It cost 40,000 dollars building, and the same for furnishing. The charge for shaving and shampooing the head is 5d.; hair-cutting, 5d.; and for bath, 12½d. Eighteen years since this town was nothing but a concourse of log-huts and wigwags; now it contains 100,000 inhabitants, who have their hair cut in a palatial saloon. Well done, St. Louis.

**ENCLOSURE OF LAND FROM THE SEA IN THE NETHERLANDS.**—The first act of the lands conceded to the Netherlands Land Enclosure Company by the government of Holland, was lately turned by Captain Pelly, at Hanswerk, Zeeland, Holland, in the presence of a large concourse of the population. In the Scheldt, between Bergen-op-Zoom and Antwerp, there exist large tracts of land covered at high-water by the sea, and at low-water presenting a varying surface, of several feet in depth, of the richest alluvial soil, ever on the increase. To redeem and dispose of this land is the object of the company named, which is composed of practical men on both sides of the Channel, with Sir John Rennie as engineer-in-chief. The necessary powers have been granted for ninety-nine years from last August, under which the company may recover and enclose land to the extent of 35,000 acres. The reclamation will cost £20 per acre, they say, and the land reclaimed will be worth from £60 to £70 per acre.

**SECURITY OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS AGAINST FIRE.**—An American paper, in drawing attention to the necessity of securing the interior as well as the exterior of public buildings against fire, states that a manufactory of material useful for such a purpose has been established at New York, by Mr. T. J. Gillies, of Broadway. The material is iron, enamelled and finished in imitation of marble, or of some of the richest and finest woods. The manufacture is new to America, but not to Europe. As remarked by the paper in question, "The most expensive and permanent materials are generally employed in constructing the outer walls of public buildings, while the most frail and combustible are used in completing the interior. The outside is made fire-proof, but the inside is not. Whereas experience has shown, that at least equal, if not greater caution is required within than without, as conflagrations originate more frequently within than from the outside of public buildings. Our city hall (New York) has been several times on fire, and all its municipal and judicial records threatened with irremediable destruction; but the fire, in every instance, has originated within the building. Such also has been the case with the Treasury building at Washington. The Patent-office building, at Washington, shared a much worse fate, having been wholly consumed. The Congressional Library Rooms also took fire from the inside. The outer walls escaped uninjured, but the library was destroyed. There was security for the outside, but none for the inside. The points of greatest danger, so wit, the interior parts of the building, were lost sight of and left exposed. The building itself, which in case of loss could easily have been replaced, was saved, but the rich and valuable treasury, the accumulations of a whole century, which the building was intended to preserve, and which in many cases cannot be duplicated or replaced, were irretrievably lost. The principal object of strong outside walls is to give strength and permanence to the building; but it is perfectly idle to rely upon them alone for protection against fires. To effect this there is only one remedy—make the insides as well as the outsides fire-proof." It would be well if the same excellent precautions were taken in London, where such a vast accumulation of industrial wealth is constantly exposed to the devastating element, and a strange indifference prevails for its protection.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BOOKS.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage  
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;  
The man approving what had charm'd the boy,  
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;  
And not with curses on his art, who stole  
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.—*Cowper*.

Come let me make a sunny realm around thee,  
Of thought and beauty!—Here are books and flowers,  
With spells to loose the fetters which have bound thee,  
The ravel'd coil of this world's feverish hours.—*Mrs. Hemans*.

The past but lives in words: a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,  
And kept the pale, unbodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips.—*Butler*.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.—*Byron*.

## BOUNTY.

What you desire of him, he partly begs  
To be desired to give. It much would please him  
That of his fortunes you would make a staff  
To lean upon.—*Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra*.

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.—*Ibid*.  
O blessed bounty, giving all content!  
The only faultruss of all noble arts,  
That lend'at success to every good intent,  
A grace that rests in the most godlike hearts,  
By heaven to none but happy souls infused,  
Pity it is, that e'er thou wast abused.—*Drayton*.

He that's liberal  
To all alike, may do a good by chance,  
But never out of judgment.—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate*

Such moderation with thy bounty join,  
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine;  
That liberality is but cast away,  
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.—*Denham*.

Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,  
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;  
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;—  
He gain'd from heaven—'twas all he wish'd—a friend!—*Gray*.

## BRIBERY.

What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?  
I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.—*Shakspeare's Julius Caesar*.

None does offend, none, I say none; I'll able 'em  
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal the accuser's lips.—*Shakspeare's Lear*.

Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.—*Shakspeare's Julius Caesar*.

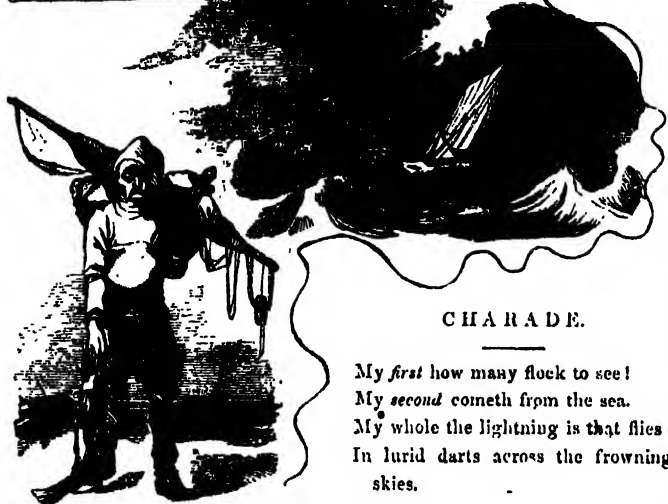
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

*Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet*.

Silver, though white,  
Yet it draws black lines; it shall not rule my palm  
There to mark forth his base corruption.

*Middleton and Rowley's Fair Quarrel*.

Petitions not sweeten'd  
With gold, are but unsavoury and oft refused;  
Or if received, are pocketed, not read.  
A sutor's swelling tears by the glowing beams  
Of cholerick authority are dried up  
Before they fall, or if seen, never pitied.—*Massey*.



CHARADE.

My first how many flock to see!  
My second cometh from the sea.  
My whole the lightning is that flies  
In lurid darts across the frowning  
skies.

PARLOUR PASTIME.

To Write on Glass by means of the Sun's Rays.

DISSOLVE chalk in aquafortis to the consistence of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped, then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear; paste it on the decanter, and lay it in the sun's rays in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out in the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor; then that part of the glass through which the rays pass will be turned black, while that under the paper will remain white. Particular care must be taken that the bottle be not moved during the operation.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FLORAL LOVE LETTER.

**MOST WHITE JASMINE MYRTLE.**—Your Mallow, Calla Æthiopica, and Mint have long occupied my Heart's Ease, and filled my heart with Arbor Vitæ, and hitherto, Honey-Flower, towards you. Your conversation has ever been replete with Ragged Robin and Red Mulberry, attended with a Mezereon, and I should experience Everlasting Pea and Sweet Sultan if blessed with your Red Pink. I trust you will pardon my Live Oak when I say that you possess Full Blown Rose, at the same time it would be Apocynum in me to observe that Japan Rose, since to Mountain Ash, Small White Violet are united in you, a White Jasmine, and Mallow, with every Cowslip. Could I but win thy Crocus, thy Polyanthus and Acacia, it shall be my Amaryllis through Lucerne to prove to you my Cross of Jerusalem and Blue Pyramidal Bell Flower. Suffer me not then, Sweet Wild Daisy, to feel Spring Caroline and Convolvulus Major, but reward my Red Tulip. Forget-me-not—with Ambrosia. Your Bonus Henrious, Orange Tree and Marsh Mallow convince me that you cannot practice Winter Cherry, and as Wild Grape and Stinging Nettle cannot inhabit the same bosom, I feel Sweet Sultan in thinking you will not by cold Ever-flowing Candy Tuft doom me to dark Geranium and Cypress. Dearest, then suffer no Ox-eye to impede our happy Whole Straw. Common Cactus in Bitter Sweet Nightshade with the Yellow Iris, while Hawthorn sustains me. Adieu, Mouse Ear, Scorpion Grass. In Gillyflower and Acacia Rose, believe me, through White Poplar Globe Amaranth,

Yours,

IAGO FF

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



SIX OF CLUBS.—BLACK-AMOURS.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What island invites the sailor to continue his voyage?
2. When does a ship of war seem most idle?
3. What part of a barrel do the Falls of Niagara represent?
4. Who is the most adventurous officer in the Chinese empire?
5. Why is a criminal just hung like a man expecting to hear bad news?
6. What old colony is still a recent discovery?
7. What three vowels will provide you a sandwich in the Pacific?
8. In what key has Jenny Lind lately been singing?
9. When would a ship's crew be most likely to get drunk?
10. What game played at Calcutta is a vegetable production?
11. Why is a Mohammedan, commercially speaking, a covetous man?
12. What islands ought to be good singers?
13. What is the proper wood for a ship's rudder?
14. When are your stockings like a retreating army?
15. What word in English is both sour and sweet?
16. What country is most likely to suffer from famine?
17. Why is a weak man a remarkable man?
18. What island in the Atlantic refuses to let you land?
19. Which of the British poets would provide a lion with the most comfortable quarters?
20. What two fishes get most frequently trodden upon?

ENIGMAS.

I.  
My cunning first you'll chase to-day,  
Put on my next, and then away.

II.  
My first is found in verdant dell,  
My next oft worn by village belle.

III.  
My first are oddities, I say,  
And if they lack my next, they may!

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 621.

PICTORIAL CHARADE.—DRAW-BACK.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. *Est.* 2. *Rat.* 3. *Gout.* 4. *Owl.* 5. *Dab.* 6. *Ant.* 7. *Flea.* 8. *Apr.* 9. *Deer.* 10. *Oct.* 11. *Runt.* 12. *Nib.* 13. *Don.* 14. *Eden.* 15. *Bar.* 16. *Mary.* 17. *But.* 18. *Rome.* 19. *Eba.* 20. *Rum.*

ENIGMAS.—I. *Sun-dew.* 2. *Tudor.*



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

In the reign of Charles I. a mayor of Norwich actually sent a fellow to prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was born without a shirt.

In the word "facilities" the five vowels of the alphabet stand in their grammatical order. The word "facilities" presents the same accidental singularity, and "faciously" brings in the *ix*.

A FATHER chiding his son for not leaving his bed at an earlier hour, told him, as an inducement, that a certain man being up betimes found a purse of gold. "It might be so," replied the son, "but he that lost it was up before him."

## ON TIME.

Time darks the sky; time brings the day;  
Time glads the heart; time puffs all joys away;  
Time builds a city, and o'erthrows a nation;  
Time writes a story of their desolation.  
Time tells a time when I shall be no more;  
Time makes poor men rich, and rich men poor.

As the king of Prussia was passing in review several regiments near Potsdam, he observed a soldier who had a large scar over his face. Finding he was a Frenchman, Frederick addressed him in his native language, saying, "In what alehouse did you get wounded?" The soldier smartly replied, "In that where your majesty paid the reckoning."

DURING the high price of coals, a gentleman meeting his coal-merchant, inquired whether it was a proper time to lay in a stock? The knight of the black diamonds shook his head, observing, "Coals are coals now, sir." To which his customer replied, "I am very glad to hear it, for the last you sent me were all slated."

## FAST YOUNG MEN.

Gaming, talking, swearing, drinking,  
Hunting, shooting—never thinking,  
Chattering nonsense all day long;  
Humming half an opera song;  
Choosing baubles, rings, and jewels;  
Writing verses, fighting duels;  
Mincing words in conversation;  
Ridiculing all the nation;  
Admiring their own monkey faces,  
As if possess'd of all the graces.

AMONG the addresses presented to James I., on his accession to the throne, was one from the town of Shrewsbury, in which the loyal inhabitants expressed a wish that his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured. "Faith, mon," said the king, "if I do reign so long, my son must govern by candlelight!"

By a statement from a tailor in Boston, it appears that there are 25,243 stitches in a coat; viz., basting, 782 stitches; in the edges of the coat, 5,590 ditto; felling the edges, faces, &c., 7,413 ditto; out of sight, in the pockets, &c., 1,982 ditto; in the collar alone, 3,056 ditto; seams, 5,359 ditto; holes, 1,450 ditto. The coat, he says, was made in two days, journeyman's hours.

DEAN SWIFT's barber one day told him that he had taken a public-house. "And what's your sign?" said the dean. "Oh, the pole and bason; and if your worship would just write me a few lines to put upon it, by way of motto, I have no doubt but it would bring me plenty of customers." The dean took out his pencil, and wrote the following couplet, which long graced the barber's sign:

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,  
Where naught excels the shaving, but the beer."

## SOME SAMPLES OF THE "HEX."

Ever ranging, constant changing;  
Sometimes pleasing, sometimes teasing,  
Sometimes coaxing, sometimes hoaxing;  
No expressing how much dressing;  
Little knowing, little sewing;  
Little walking, greatly talking;  
Mischief making, promise breaking;  
Duty shirking, hating working;  
Novel reading, dainty feeding;  
Idle dreaming, sudden screaming;  
Lap-dog doating, Byron quoting;  
Piano playing, genius displaying;  
Body bracing, tightly lacing;  
Over-sleeping, often weeping;  
Dandy loving, white kid gloving;  
Thin shoes wearing, health despairing;  
Daily fretting, sickness getting;  
Ever sighing, almost dying;—  
What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!

A DISPUTE about precedences once arose between a bishop and a judge, and, after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent by quoting the following passage—"For on these two hang all the law and the prophets?" "Do you not see," said the lawyer, in triumph, "that even in this passage of Scripture we are mentioned first?" "I grant you," says the bishop, "you hang first."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE HANDS.—One of the most common signs of want of breeding, is a sort of uncomfortable consciousness of the hands, an obvious ignorance of what to do with them, and a painful awkwardness in their management. The hands of a gentleman seem perfectly at home without being employed; they are habituated to the *volu* for *stans*; or if they *spontaneously* move, it is attractively. Some of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers were playing with their sword-hilt an accomplishment; and the most efficient of the Spanish coquettes is her *fil*. Strength in the fingers is a sure token of mental aptitude. When Mutius burnt his hand set before the eyes of his captor, he gave the most indubitable proof of his *imagine* of *highness*; and it was natural that, amid the ferocious *bravery* of *judicial* *power*, a bloody hand in the centre of an escutcheon should become the *token* of a *monnet* of England.

ADVICE TO BOYS.—Boys, read something useful every day; something to reflect upon while at your work or on the road to school. Be inquisitive—find out things. Don't let the blood pass from your heart to your fingers' ends thousands of times, and you know nothing of its motions. Store your minds early with wisdom. Read a little every day. Remember Roger Sherman. He was one of the noblest examples of how much self-cultivation may do for a man. His school privileges were of the most ordinary kind. Early in life he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and instead of joining in the vulgar conversation so common to many of his companions, he would sit at his work with an open book before him, and devote every moment that his eyes could be spared from the occupation in which he was engaged to reading. Be saving of your little allowance, and buy books,—lives of good and great men,—men such as Washington, and a host of others, whose virtues have rendered their names immortal. Cultivate a taste for reading. The field of instruction to which it will lead you is boundless.

## CHEERFULNESS.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,  
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope  
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint  
To muse upon eternity's constraint  
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope  
Must widen early, 'tis it well to droop  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?  
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted—  
And like a cheerful traveller, take the road—  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,  
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

THE TABLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—The English, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had only two stated meals a day, dinner and supper: the former at nine in the forenoon, the latter at five in the afternoon. These hours, besides being convenient for business, were supposed to be friendly to health and long life, according to the following verse, which was then often repeated, and should be kept in mind by all who are anxious to get on:

"To rise at seven, and dine at nine,  
To sup at five, to bed at nine,  
Makes a man live to ninety-nine."

We are not, however, on that account to imagine that they were either enemies or strangers to the pleasures of the table. On the contrary, they had not only a variety of dishes, but these, too, consisted of the most delicate kinds of food, and were dressed in the richest and most costly manner. Thomas à Becket is said to have given five pounds, equivalent to seventy-five pounds at present, for one dish of eels. The monks of St. Swithin's, at Winchester, made a formal complaint to Henry II. against their abbot, for taking away three of the thirteen dishes they used to have every day at dinner. The monks of Canterbury were still more luxurious, for they had at least seventeen dishes every day, besides a dessert; and these dishes were dressed with spices and sauces, which excited the appetite, as well as pleased the taste.

THE SNAIL FORMING ITS SHELL.—If you will examine the snail of any common *Helix*, you will perceive that where the body rises into the shell there is a fold or membrane, of a semicircular shape. This part is denominated the *collar*, from the manner in which it surrounds the body, and it is the organ which secretes the shell. The animal is born with the rudiments of its future covering, and by its gradual increase of growth is enabled to push the collar for a space, and, from time to time, beyond the original margin. In these operations, a thin layer of membranous and calcareous matter is excreted and deposited, which is gradually thickened by successive layers being laid on within the first, by the repeated protrusions and retractions of the collar. This portion being formed, the animal commences another, and finishes it in the same manner; and the extent of each portion is marked in some shells by an elevated rib, in others by a slight depression. There is not, as the language of some authors would seem to imply, a regular and alternate deposition of a layer of membrane and a layer of lime; but in all shells, the animal and earthy matters are obviously secreted and deposited at the same moment, and in commixture.

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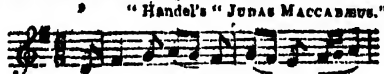
**THIS ASSOCIATION** has been formed for promoting the Emigration of the Poorer Classes of either sex; and in order to carry out that object, it is proposed to obtain Subscribers at 1s. each, and to ballot once a month (or oftener, if required) for Tickets (value not exceeding £50 each), entitling the Prize-holders to a free intermediate Passage in first-class Vessels; maintenance on the voyage, and a complete outfit to any part of the world, within one month after each ballot. The first ballot will take place at the Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, on Saturday, July 31st inst., at 5 o'clock in the evening, in the presence of the Subscribers. The Tickets will be transferable; but on no account will money be given instead. No communications whatever will be attended to unless they contain postage-stamps for a reply. Those who wish to participate in the first ballot must make immediate application to  
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"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy—dub, not gaudy;  
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**BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.,**  
MAY be with certainty obtained by using a very small portion of ROSALIE COURELLE'S PARISIAN POMADE every morning, instead of any oil or other preparation. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, show its surprising properties in producing and curling Whiskers, Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient; as also checking grayness, &c. Persons who have been deceived by imitations of this Pomade, puffed off by so-called "Testimonials," as apocryphal as the articles they represent, will do well to make ONE TRIAL of the only genuine preparation. Price 2s. per pot. Sent free by post, with instructions, &c., on receipt of 24 postage stamps, by Madame COURELLE, Ely-place, Holborn, London, where she may be consulted daily, from 2 till 5. Testimonials.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson: "It is undoubtedly the best preparation known."—Mr. Yates, hair-dresser, Malton: "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers; I want you to send me two pots for other customers."

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, FOR THE CURE**  
OF DEBILITY, BILE, and LIVER and STOMACH COMPLAINTS.—This inappreciable Medicine is as well known throughout every part of the civilized world, and the Cures that are daily performed by its use are so wonderful, that it now stands pre-eminent above all other remedies, more particularly for the Cure of Bile and Liver Complaints, Disorders of the Stomach, Dropsy, and Debilitated Constitutions. In these Diseases the beneficial effects of this admirable remedy are so permanent, that the whole system is renovated, the organs of digestion strengthened, and a free respiration promoted; therefore sufferers should have recourse to it, to insure a safe and certain cure.—Sold by all vendors of medicines, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 344, Strand, London.

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N.B. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing the larger boxes.



## Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.—No. 15.**  
*Frugality.*—The great philosopher Dr. Franklin, inspired the mouth-piece of his own eloquence, "Poor Richard," with "many a gem of purest ray serene, encained in the

homely garb of proverbial truisms. On the subject of *Frugality* we cannot do better than take the worthy Mentor for our text, and from it address our remarks. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will," and

"Many estates are spent in getting. Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting, And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes." Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families.

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps that a little tea, or superfluous gown and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expenses; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Whodunnies love, shall beggars prove," and moreover, "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no use of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, "At a great pennyworth, pause awhile." He means, perhaps, that the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry stomach, and half starved their families. "Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances, the gentle are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that, "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice: "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing," as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises and says—

"Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse; Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more noisy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it;" and it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to rival the ox.

"Vex not large men with your smallness, But little boats should not go to sea."

It is, however, a folly gone mad, for "Pride that rises on vanity, sits on conceit, and breaks at breakfast

with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy." And, after all, at what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person—it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

**IMITATION CORAL.**—X. Y. Z. An ingenious person can make up, with artificial coral, a great variety of useful and ornamental articles, such as work-baskets, liqueur bottle-stands, card-racks, candle ornaments, &c., all of which have a novelty in appearance, and are at the same time very pretty. To prepare this coral, procure small branches of shrubs, peel the bark off, and dry them; they are to be dipped in melted red sealing-wax; to every quarter of a pound of which should be added, prior to the melting, one ounce of bees'-wax, which will render the mixture, when cold, less brittle than sealing-wax by itself. Twigs of the black-thorn are the best kind of wood to employ for this purpose. Small articles should be fashioned before they are dipped, but larger ones require the twigs to be dipped first. After they are finished, they should be held before a gentle fire, turning them round till they are perfectly covered and smooth.

**SEPARATION.**—P. W. S. You are not the first who has had to complain of the parting of friends as one of the calamities to which human flesh is heir; and you must be content to sit down, with the usual advice on such occasions, which is as old as the human species, and summed up in the single word—PATIENCE. From the earliest times (not to speak of lovers), even conjugal separations have taken place; and, at the present day, the lust of gold is inducing many of these, by crowding into vessels of wood, human vessels yet more frail than the timber in which they have voluntarily immured themselves, to cross the briny deep. These separations are, in general, more or less of a melancholy character; but if they are cheered by the hope of gain, then they are not felt to be half so stern, but retain a prospective halo of wealth, which seems to brighten in the mind's eye, however distant the realization may be. In contemplating farewells of this kind, our sorrow is in some measure mitigated; but how can we contemplate, with any mitigation of sorrow, or even with a dry eye, the calamitous event of



A SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS "POLL!"

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—G. A. (get rid of your pride as fast as you can. It is a dangerous thing to carry with you into the world, when a fortune is to be made). D. L. A. (ambergria was formerly employed in medicine as a stimulant and anti-spasmodic; but its effects were imaginary. Its use is now limited to the purposes of the perfumer). M. G. (go to bed early, and you will be able to rise early. Much that has been written by eminent men has been done before breakfast. The amount of time lost in bed is seen best when put in an aggregate form; for example, the difference between rising at six and at eight in the course of forty years, supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would do, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years, 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; being in fact the same as if ten years were added to the period of our lives, in which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and despatch of business). X. Y. Z. (thyme will grow anywhere, but it prefers a dry poor soil; if the ground is rich, the plant will become too luxuriant, and lose its aromatic qualities). P. R. (the natural colour of wax is the purest white, in which state, and quite odourless, the new cells of the honey-comb remain, until filled with the luscious deposit they are formed to contain. The yellow colour which the wax assumes, is therefore due to the honey; a portion of it always remains in the wax until bleached. Indeed, one of the strong characteristics of bees'-wax, with reference to any other wax, is the odour of honey which it retains in its unbleached condition). E. H. (Mr. Pius are leeked black, not thinned, for the purposes of mourn-

ing). M. A. (yew). F. R. A. ("An air of yew" was an article in the domestic economy of by-gone times. They were a kind of ear-bowls, probably made from being looser than the terrible iron-bound ones, in which no jumping could be well performed). X. M. (sweet bags for perfuming linen in drawers, and sweet pots are composed in proportions according to fancy, of dried flowers mixed with fragrant gums, woods, fruits, seeds, roots, and bark; with a few drops of different essential oils). T. M. (yes; fairs and fowls were formerly held in church-yards, in honour of the saint to whom the church was dedicated; but in consequence of their being very much abused, they were suppressed about the 13th year of the reign of Edward III). P. N. (saps, in the ancient Saxon language, signified to cut; sapper, a cutter, being our ancient name for a tailor, till we took the name *tailleur* from the French, having the same signification). G. S. (it might and it might not; but we know of one instance of a corked bottle with a letter in it having been cast into the sea at the mouth of the British Channel, and afterwards found on the shores of Barbadoes). P. D. (yes; and there are other concurring causes which tend to produce the effects alluded to; for example, the mud of large rivers extends continents at their debouches and forms deltas of low land, which, in time, unite with the main land, and form the plains. The Mississippi adds 300 feet per annum to the mainland from this cause, and the Nile has advanced the land sixteen feet a year since the time of Herodotus, and raises the surface four inches in a century). N. A. (just so; although the invention of printing has been followed by the rapid and general dispersion of the cheap daily newspaper, and the religious tract and magazine, yet these have not been permitted to supersede the instrumentality of oral teaching, or the powerful sympathy and excitement created by congregated numbers). A. B. C. (we are not admirers of the habit of punning. We have even heard of a person ridiculous enough to propose commencing a lecture on the Father of all our Poets with the following upon his name—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Craw Six!" P. D. (read Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of England during the Anglo-Saxon period"). T. B. C. (in our next). C. M. T. (thanks for your kindness and good wishes. The promised narrative will be acceptable). G. X. X. (yes; Punch is not only universal, but of very remote and indisputable antiquity. He is to be found in so many countries, and at such distant periods of time, that it is impossible to say when or where he had his origin. He is as popular in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, as ever he was in London or Naples. Some living traces of him have been found in Nubia, and in other countries far above the cataracts of the Nile, and even amongst the ancient Egyptians, types or symbols of him have been discovered amongst their hieroglyphics). A. G. S. (we cannot say that it absolutely makes a man fat, but we generally associate obesity with easiness of temper, and easiness of temper with a disposition to laugh. Dryden says, "It is a good thing to laugh at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness;" and Sterne goes so far as to assert that laughter adds to our existence). D. J. (carpet knights were, in reality, an order of knights instituted in the reign of Queen Mary. Mr. Anstis is of opinion that they were a species of Knights of the Bath, without any additional title, and that "carpet knights" was not their proper name, but given them by the popular voice, from the honour being conferred on members of the clerical and other peaceable professions; both the order and the knights were the objects of contempt and ridicule by the writers of the period of its institution).

"You are women, Or, at the best, loose carpet knights," is to be found in Massinger's "Maid of Honour.") I. M. A. (we have heard that whilst Louis Philippe was in America he offered his hand to a lady of Pittsburg, whose father compelled her to reject him, on account of the future King of the French then figuring in the capacity of a schoolmaster; but we cannot vouch for its truth). MARY (if we are to believe our great dramatist, we must remember that "pity is ever nobler than revenge," and upon this principle, in your case, we would advise you to act). G. S. (the epitaph is clever, but objectionable from its immoral tendency).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Fleet-street, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 65, Fleet-street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 41.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1852.

[Price One Penny.]



"The jailor only answered the prayers of Charney, who conjured him to take up the paving stones, by these words, 'I can do nothing with it! nothing, signor count.'"

## PICCIOLA;

OR,

## THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 628.)

The pathognomonic symptoms gave to each opposite answers, for each of the learned doctors belonged to a different system. In the dilatation of the pupil, and the purple colour of the lips, one saw certain symptoms of putrid fever; the other, those of inflammation of the viscera; and the last (for there were three), declared for apoplexy, or paralysis, from the colour of the neck and temples, the coldness of the extremities, the rigidity of the face, and asserted that the violence of the invalid must only be attributed to the congestion of cerebral congestion.

The captain, commandant of the arsenal, came twice to visit the prisoner in his chamber. The first time he inquired if there was anything he wished for. He even offered to change his apartment, if he thought the place he inhabited was at all the cause of his illness. The count only replied by a negative sign and a refusal.

The second time the commandant appeared followed by a priest. Charney being condemned by the physicians, it was the duty of his office to prepare the prisoner to receive the assistance of religion.

If there is in the priesthood an august and sacred function, it is that of the priest of the prisons,—of that priest, the single spectator whose presence sanctifies the scaffold. And yet the scepticism of our age has not hesitated to ridicule it bitterly. It is argued that such priests, being hardened by habit, cannot be moved—cannot weep with the guilty, and in their exhortations and consolations constantly returning to the same thoughts, with them the trade freezes all inspiration.

Well! and what matter if the phrases be the same? Is it the same man who hears them twice? A trade, do you say? But do they delight in the trade they have chosen? They, pure and virtuous, live in the midst of hardened hearts, that perhaps will answer their words of peace, hope, and brotherly love, by words of insult and contempt! They might, like you, enjoy the pleasures and luxuries of the world, yet they bring themselves in contact with rage, and breathe the damp, infectious air of dungeons; like you born with sensibilities, and the horror of blood and death which belongs to human nature, they have voluntarily condemned themselves to see a hundred times in their lives the bloody knife of the guillotine rise and fall. Are these, then, such very great pleasures? And is injury to be apprehended from such men?

Instead of that man of sorrow, devoted beforehand, and for ever to such painful offices—instead of that man, who, from virtue, has made himself the companion of the executioner, let us have a new priest for every new criminal.

You doubtless he will be overcome and distressed—will wean more but

he will console him. His words, if he finds them, will be interrupted with sobs. Will he then be master of himself and his ideas? Will not the deeply-felt emotion render him incapable of performing his duty? and will the sight of his weakness lead the sufferer courageously to give his life for society, in expiation of his crime, to redeem it by his own blood?

If the constancy and firmness of the new consoler are such that, from the first, he experienced neither this emotion nor this weakness, believe it, he is a hundred times more insensible by nature than the other by habit.

Then, would you abolish this office of priests of the prison? Ah! take not away this friend from those who are going to die! While mounting the scaffold, let the guilty repentant one have a cross before his eyes, to steady the axe; or at least let his last look perceive, near the representative of man's justice, him who proclaims God's clemency!

Thanks to Heaven, the priest, truly worthy of that title, who was called to the bed of Charney, had not such painful duties to fulfil. An indulgent and charitable man, he not only comprehended, from the silence and motionlessness of the sick man, but better still from the melancholy inscriptions he read on the wall, how little he must hope from that proud wind.

He contented himself with passing the night in prayer at his pillow; nor did he disdain to interrupt his pious office, by sharing with Ludovico the cares which the latter lavished on the sufferer, whilst waiting with resignation a favourable moment when he might enlighten the deep darkness of incredulity with a ray of hope.

During this night, the decisive night, the blood rushing with violence to the patient's head, brought on an affection of the brain, a delirium, which, lasting more than an hour, obliged the confessor and jailor to upbraid their efforts to prevent the patient from leaving his bed. And whilst he was struggling in their arms, in the midst of a multitude of incoherent words, speeches without meaning, and fantastic apostrophes, the words *Picciola*, *piccola Picciola!* several times escaped Charney.

"Let us go! let us go! the moment is come!" murmured Ludovico. "Yes, it is come!" repeated he with impatience; "but how here the chaplain here to struggle alone with this madman? And yet in an hour, perhaps, it will be too late, Cordioli! Ah! holy Virgin! I think he is getting calmer—he closes his eyes, he stretches out his arms as if to sleep! If at any return he is not dead—hurra! hurra! hurra!"

In fact, the violence of the invalid was lessened; Ludovico changed the priest to watch over him, and immediately disappeared from the chamber.

In that chamber, scarcely lighted by the feeble flame of a burning lamp, no other noise was heard than the irregular respiration of the dying man, the monotonous prayer of the priest, and the wind of the Alps, which sighed between the bars of the window. Twice only the sound of a human voice was heard to mix with it. It was the *galotte* of the sentinel, when Ludovico passed and repassed near the prison, going to his own apartment, and returning to the chamber of the invalid.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed, when his pious companion, in watching saw him reappear, holding in his hand a vessel full of a sparkling liquor.

"Holy Virgin! I was ready to kill my dog!" said he, in an ecstatic tone. He began to howl: it is a bad sign. But how goes it on here? Has there been any more raving? At any rate, here is what will keep him quiet. I am going to taste it. It is as bitter as five hundred thousand deaths! Your pardon, father—taste it yourself!"

The priest gently rejected the cup. "Indeed it is not for us; a pint of muscadell, with thick slices of lemon, would serve better to sustain us during the cold night. Is it not true, signor chaplain? But here, this is for him—for him alone. He must drink it—he must drink it all—it is the prescription!"

And, while speaking thus, he poured a part of the liquid into a cup, moved it about, blew it to cool it; and when he thought the potion at the proper heat, he made Charney take it almost by force, whilst the priest sustained his head. Then wrapping him well up in the sheets and coverings,

"We will see the effect," said he; "it cannot be long. Indeed I shall not stir from here till the affair is over; all my birds are in their cages, they will not fly away, and my wife will do very well without me for a night. Are not you of my opinion, signor chaplain? I beg pardon—father," repeated he, perceiving an almost imperceptible gesture of reproof from his discreet companion.

And Ludovico went and placed himself near the bed, standing motionless, with his eyes fixed on the countenance of the dying man, holding his breath, and keeping silence, as in expectation of an approaching event.

Seeing that no change yet took place, he repeated his dose, recommenced his silent care, and at length became uneasy at perceiving no alteration in the state of the invalid. He feared lest his impatience might have hastened his death. He walked with long strides up and down the chamber, stamping, cracking his fingers, and menacing with gestures the jug that contained the rest of the liquor.

In the midst of all this action, he stopped an instant to contemplate the pale, motionless countenance of Charney.

"I have killed him!" cried he, uttering a terrible oath. The chaplain raised his head. Ludovico paid no attention to him, and began again to walk, stamp, swear, and crack his fingers. At length, fatigued with these gestures of emotion, he went and knelt down by the priest, muttering *Ave Maria*, and went to sleep in the midst of a prayer.

As early dawn he was still sleeping, and the chaplain still praying, when a burning hand was laid on the head of Ludovico, who awoke with a start.

"Drink!" said the voice. "At the sound of that voice, which he thought he should never hear again, Ludovico, opening his eyes wide, and with a stupefied air looked at Charney, whose features appeared under a bath of perspiration. His limbs were

stretched out, and a cloud of vapour came from his damp forehead. Rather a salutary crisis had just taken place, and Charney, aiding the vigorous constitution of the prisoner, triumphed over the disease, or the dose of liquor administered by Ludovico was gifted with great sudorific properties: this profuse perspiration seemed at once to have restored the invalid to life and reason. He himself directed what appeared likely to relieve him. Then turning to the priest, who was humbly standing at his pillow—

"I am not dead yet, sir," said he to him, "you see. If I recover,—and I hope I shall recover,—I pray you say from me to my two doctors, that it is not they whom I have to thank for it, and that they must hold me free from their visits and their science, foolish and deceitful like all others. I comprehended their discourse sufficiently to be convinced that a fortunate chance has alone come to my aid."

"Chance," murmured the chaplain, his eyes fixed on that inscription on the wall:

*Chance is blind, and it alone is the father of Creation.*

Then solemnly articulating the last word which Charney himself had added—"Perhaps!"—he turned, and left the room.

## CHAPTER VII.

QUITE intoxicated with success, Ludovico appeared plunged in a state of ecstatic stupor on hearing the count speak thus; not that he paid the least attention to the sense of the words; he did not care for them! But his dying patient had uttered them, collected his ideas, looked, lived, perspired! This was what overcame him with emotion, and filled him with satisfaction and pride. After some moments of admiring silence,

"Hurra!" cried he at last; "Hurra! what a wonder! He is saved!—Thanks to whom?"

And he shook his air the empty earthen pot, and kissed it, and addressed it with the sweetest words in his vocabulary.

"Thanks to whom?" repeated the prisoner; "thanks to your good cares, perhaps, my good Ludovico. But if I am really cured, those gentlemen, the physicians, will not the less attribute the honour of it to their prescription, and the chaplain to his prayers."

"Neither they nor I shall have the glory of it!" replied Ludovico, gesticulating again. "As to the chaplain, one does not know, he could only do well. But the others!—the others!"

"Who is then this saviour—this unknown protector?" said Charney, with a sort of indifference, for he expected Ludovico would attribute his cure to some saint.

"It is not a protector," said he; "it is a protectress."

"How? What do you mean to say? A Madonna, is it not?"

"No, it is not a Madonna, signor count. She who has saved you from death, and from the claws of the devil, certainly, for you would die without confession, is, first and before all, the signora Picciola!—Picciolina!—Picciolina!—my god-daughter,—yes, my god-daughter, since it was I who first gave her her name—her name of Picciola. Did you not tell me so? She is then my god-daughter—I am her god-father—and I am proud of it, *per Bacco!*"

"Picciola!" cried the count, rising suddenly, and leaning his elbow on his pillow, his reanimated features assuming an expression of the liveliest interest. "Explain yourself, my good Ludovico! explain yourself!"

"Are you astonished at it?" replied he, with his usual wink. "Is this, then, the first time she has rendered you this service? When you are attacked by that illness to which you are subject, is it not always with this plant that you are cured? You told me so at least, and I recollected it, thank God! It appears that Picciola knows more of it in one of her leaves, than all the square-caps of Montpellier and Paris put together. Yes, upon my word! my little god-daughter, in this affair, would have defied a complete regiment of physicians, were it of four battalions, and each battalion of four hundred men. As a proof, how your three ignoramus ran away, beating a retreat, and throwing the bed-clothes over your nose! Instead of which, Picciola!—ah! the brave little plant! May God preserve the seed of it!—As for me, I shall not forget the recipe, and if ever my little Antonio falls ill, I will make him drink it in broth, and eat it in salad, though it be bitter than chicory. She had only to show herself, and the victory was decided. Since you are cured,—yes, really cured, for now you open your eyes wide,—you laugh! Ah! long live the most illustrious signora Picciola!"

Charney took pleasure in the noisy and loquacious joy of his worthy keeper; his return to life, the idea of owing it to that very plant that had already charmed his long hours of captivity, inspired a lively sentiment of happiness; and a smile, in fact, showed itself on his yet furrowed lips, when suddenly a painful, distressing idea crossed his mind.

"But tell me—this plant," said he to Ludovico, "how has it contributed to my cure? How have you employed it?"

And a kind of terror agitated him while asking the question.

"Nothing more simple," replied the jailor, tranquilly; "a pint of water, on a good fire, three boils—a perfect potion: that is all."

"Great God!" cried Charney, falling back on his pillow, and putting his hand to his head, "you have destroyed it! Ah! I have no resources to make you, Ludovico. And yet my poor Picciola! What shall I do? What will become of me without her?"

"Come, come, signor count!" said Ludovico, drawing nearer, and his voice assuming an almost paternal tone, to console the captive, who was overwhelmed with grief, like a child who has just lost his favourite plaything. "Calm yourself, and do not worry yourself, as you are doing. Listen to

me," added he, occupying himself all the time in readjusting the clothes, and ransacking the pocket of the bed, caused by the sudden movements of the patient. "I ought to have hesitated sacrificing a gillflower to save a man's life! Certainly not. Well, nevertheless, I could scarcely have decided on killing at the first blow, and putting it whole into the pot. Besides, it was useless. I have only borrowed a little oil. With my wife's scissors I cut a handful of the useless leaves, and a few little branches without buds, for it has three buds now!—oh! it is not that fine! The operation is well done, and it has not died of it. On the contrary, it is much better now, and you also! You see you must be good!—Be good, perspire well, finish your cure, and you shall see it again!"

Charney turned upon him a look of gratitude, and held out his hand. This time Ludovico held out his, and pressed that of the count with emotion, for his eye was moist. But suddenly, reproaching himself doubtless for this infraction of the invariable rule of conduct that he had laid down beforehand, the muscles of his face lengthened, his voice became rougher; at length, still keeping the prisoner's hand between his, but as if he tried to make him ascribe the change to his former movement,

"You see now, how you are still uncovering yourself!" said he; and he gently, and like a doctor, replaced the arm of the sick man in bed; then, after new recommendations, made in an official tone, he left the room, humming gravely,

"Je suis géolier,  
C'est mon métier;  
Mieux vaut ça qu'être prisonnier."

### CHAPTER VIII.

THAT day, and the day following, extreme debility, the natural consequence of the great crisis and profuse perspiration, rendered Charney almost incapable of moving or thinking; but on the third day, a sensible improvement was visible; and if, from his weakness, he was still obliged to keep his bed, at least he looked forward, at no very remote period, to the moment when he should be able to rise, to walk, resume his usual exercise, and again see his companion and preserver.

For all his thoughts were directed towards it. He could not understand by what singular circumstances this weak plant, thrown under his feet in the court of his prison, had cured him of his disgust and weariness of life, which the attractions of society and fortune had been unable to remove; now it had snatched him from death—him, whom human science had condemned. In his inability to apply the strength of his reason to clear this mysterious point, he attached himself more and more to his Picciola with a sort of superstition. His gratitude to this inert, insensible being, could not be based on anything of reflection and intention; he, however, experienced a wish to give it his affection, in exchange for the favours he had received from it. Where reason cannot, imagination will work. His was excited, and his love for Picciola became a blind worship. He was persuaded that a supernatural chain linked them with one another; that there existed thus, in matter, secret attractions, incomprehensible sympathies, connecting the man to the plant. He who still refused to acknowledge a God, was in danger of yielding his faith to the puerilities of judicial astrology. Picciola was then his star, his Madonna, his talisman!

How is it we see men, illustrious from their learning or genius, deny a Providence, and be at the same time influenced by superstition? Is it not that, blinded by human pride, they would attribute to themselves all their glory or their strength; but that the instinctive religious sentiment which they stifle in their hearts, being turned aside from its right path, breaks forth in spite of them, but still stamped with the fantastic image of their own thoughts? That homage which they arrest in its flight towards heaven falls again to the earth. They aspire to judge, not to believe; and their genius, narrow in its grandeur, contracting the horizon before them, only permits them to seize some of the combinations of the Great Whole. They neglect the whole for the detail, because this isolated detail they believe themselves able to measure, and submit to the analysis of their reason, not perceiving the points of union which connect it with the rest of the created world: for is not creation, heaven, earth, man, the stars, the whole universe, a single being, immense, complete, varied to infinity, which lives and breathes under the powerful hand of God?

Thus it was that Charney, his imagination perhaps still excited by fever, saw only Picciola in all nature; and, to find analogies for it, he awakened his powerful memory, and asked of it the history of miraculous plants, from the moxy of Homer, the palm-tree of Latona, the ash of Odin, to the plant of gold which shines before the Breton peasant, or the thorn-flower which preserves the shepherds of La Brie from evil thoughts. He recalled the Ruminal tree of the Romans, the Testates of the Celts, adored under the form of an oak; the vervain of the Gauls, the lotus of the Greeks, the beans of the Pythagoreans, the mandrake of the Hebrew priests. He brought to mind the blue campane of the Persians, which grows for them only in Paradise; the white tree, holding the celestial throne of Mahomet; the magnificent amaranth, the vibrant amrita, from which the Indians see suspended fruits of immortality and wisdom. He attached also a symbolical sense to that Japanese flower of blazon, as a pedestal to their divinities, heliotropes, or water-lilies, and making love rise from the bosom of a flower. He supposed that the flowers of the Happiness, who forbids attempts on the existence of others, plants, and even protect them from mutilation. What formerly might have excited ridicule and contempt, and sunk weak human nature in his opinion, now raised it in his eyes. For he knew what grave teachings

may come from a stalk, or a branch; and in the customs of industry he saw only the sentiments of gratitude which gave them birth.

He heard Charney's confidence and enthusiasm, from the warmth of his western throat, recollecting the holy consecration of flowers to his people. He could even enter into the lively tenderness that Xerxes, according to the account of Elian and Herodotus, felt for a plant; embracing it, pressing it in his arms, sleeping with delight under its shade, decorating it with garlands and necklaces of gold, and overwhelmed with gifts which he believed to dull it.

Already convalescent, Charney was one morning sitting absorbed in these thoughts in his room, the threshold of which he had not yet crossed since his illness, when, his door suddenly opening, Ludovico, with a pale countenance, rushed towards him:

"It is in flower! Picciola! Picciolotta, my dear little daughter!"

"In flower!" cried Charney; "I will see it!"

In vain the good jailor remonstrated on the imprudence there might be in going out so soon; that he should have patience for a day or two; that the morning was not yet sufficiently advanced; that the air was not yet so pure; that a relapse was often fatal;—all was useless. The only thing he could do was, that the prisoner would wait an hour longer, that the sun might be at its power.

"It is in flower!" said Charney to himself.

That hour, how long it seemed! and yet he occupied himself as well as he could. For the first time since his captivity he thought of his toilette. Of his toilette, his dress in honour of Picciola! of Picciola in flower! His clothes were dusty, his beard was long. He arranged it all. A mirror, until that moment forgotten in his precious box, was brought forth, and he carefully shaved himself,—shaved himself to see it in flower! It was his first coming forth after his illness—the visit of the invalid to his physician, of the lover to his mistress! And when all was done, his eyes rested on the glass, and he was astonished to find, notwithstanding his recent illness, his countenance less faded, his features less sunk, his forehead less wrinkled, than formerly. He remembered that he was still young; that if there are bitter corroding thoughts, which even wither the external form, there are others gifted with the power of reviving it.

At the precise moment Ludovico presented himself. He supported the count while descending the steep steps of the massive winding stairs; and when he entered the little court, either from the effect of the pure air and light of heaven, or the privilege of those new and lively faculties with which convalescents are endowed, it seemed to him that the perfume of his flower was redolent in all around; and it was to it he attributed the delightful refreshing impressions of returning health that he experienced.

This time Picciola showed herself in all the radiance of her beauty. She displayed to his eyes her brilliant coloured corolla; white, purple, and rose mingled on her large petals, edged with little silver streaks, amongst which the rays of the sun were reflected, and spread around a radiance like a luminous halo. Charney contemplated it with transport; he feared lest he should dull it with his breath, or wither it by laying his hand on it. He no longer thought of analyzing or studying; he admired it, he enjoyed it by sight and smell. But soon another idea banished these pleasures, and his eye no longer rested on the flower. He saw traces of mutilation on his Picciola; shortened branches, leaves half cut by the scissors. The wounds were not yet closed. He then remembered he owed his life to it; and, in the memory of the benefits he had received, he forgot its splendour and its perfume!

### CHAPTER IX.

By order of the physician, the convalescent had the right the following days of enjoying a walk in his court at whatever hours he liked, and even prolonging it when he wished. He was now enabled to resume with ardour the studies he had commenced.

With the intention of recording in writing the observations that he had made on his plant from the first day to the present moment, he endeavoured to persuade Ludovico to procure him ink, pens, and paper. He expected at first to see him knit his brows, assume his air of importance, that he might be longer importuned, and yield at length, either from the interest he took in the invalid and his god-daughter, or by the hope of gain;—for now it was a question of purchase.

But there was none of this; Ludovico received his proposition at first gaily.

"What then! signor count, nothing is more easy," said he, gently puffing his pipe with his thumb, and turning aside to take several puffs to prevent its being extinguished; for he always left off smoking before Charney, who disliked the smell of tobacco. "I am far from opposing it. But all these little things are among those that lie under the key of the governor, and not under mine. If you wish to write anything, address him as soon as possible a fine petition on the subject, and that will do."

Charney smiled, and was not discouraged.

"But to write this petition, my dear Ludovico, I must first have what I ask for—pens, ink, and paper!"

"That is quite right, signor count, quite right; I have pulled the ear of the jail to make him go the faster," replied the jailor. "This is what is usually done in case of a petition," added he, with a knowing air, and on one side, and his arms crossed behind his back. "I will go to the governor, and tell him you wish to address some demand to him, without explaining what; that does not regard me—that regards him, and regards you. If he cannot come and talk to you himself, he sends a man. This man will bring you a pen, and paper stamped and marked with a blue sheet."



You write on it while he is present; he seals it before you; you return him the pen, he carries away the letter, and all is done."

"But, Ludovico, it is not from the governor I want to get all this, but from you."

"From me! You do not know my orders," said the jailor, suddenly returning his cold, harsh air.

He drew a long breath at his pipe, blew it out slowly, as if to keep the count at a distance, made half a turn to the right, and went away. And the next day, when Charney returned to the charge, he contented himself with winking his eye and shaking his head.

Too proud to humble himself before the governor, but too desirous of accomplishing his project to abandon it so quickly, with a toothpick, and using a razor for a penknife, the prisoner had soon made a pen; soot mixed with water, and a gilded bottle from his dressing-case, served him for ink and inkstand; and fine white cambric handkerchiefs, remains of his past splendour, did instead of paper. Thus Charney, separated from Picciola, could still occupy himself with her, by writing the result of his observations.

What delightful, surprising ones he made! What pleasure he would have felt in communicating them to an ear capable of understanding them! His neighbour the *fly-catcher* seemed to him worthy of receiving his confidence; that countenance which he had at first thought so sullen and forbidding, he had since seen lighted up with kindness, and even sparkle with that sort of brightness that a quick intellect gives. When, from his little window, the old man cast upon him and Picciola's half curious, half-thoughtful eye, Charney felt attracted by that look. A gesture of the hand, a smile even, had been exchanged between them; but the rules of the prison prevented their addressing any words to each other, even to inquire after their health, and the great explorer of the wonders of nature was obliged to confine his precious discoveries to himself alone.

In the number of these we must mention the singular property which he discovered in his flower, of turning towards the sun, and facing it during the whole of its course, the better to absorb its rays; and when he hid himself behind the clouds, and rain threatened, it immediately sheltered itself under its folded petals, as a vessel furls its sails before a storm.

"Is heat, then, so necessary to it?" thought Charney; "and why—why also does it seem to fear the slightest shower, which would only cool it? Oh! I have confidence in it now—it will explain this to me!"

Picciola had already been to him a benevolent apothecary; it could at need serve him for a compass and barometer, it was now going to serve for a clock.

From observing its perfume, he thought he remarked that it varied towards certain periods of the day. At first he imagined this phenomenon an illusion of his senses; but repeated experiments showed him its reality, and he became at last able to determine with accuracy the hour of the day from the odour of his plant.

The flowers were multiplied, and towards evening, above all, Picciola spread its sweetest odours. Then, how did the happy captive love to approach it! By means of some planks, supplied by the munificence of Ludovico, he had constructed a little bench, supported by four strong sticks, pointed at the ends, and driven into the interstices of the pavement. A rough back lent him its support when he wished to think and forget himself, by living in the atmosphere of his plant. There he felt more at his ease than he had ever felt on rich sofas of silk, and sometimes passed whole hours there in meditation while enjoying the perfume; recalling the days of his youth, which had passed away without pleasures, without affections, lost in the midst of vain chimeras, in a premature disenchantment.

It often happened that, in the course of these examinations of the past, he fell into deep reveries, participating at once of sleeping and waking; and whilst his bodily powers appeared suspended, his over-excited imagination peopled the court of his prison with lovely exquisite visions.

He was again at those fêtes where so lately ennui had pursued him; where he lavished on all pleasures and happiness, in which he alone could not partake.

He saw, in a winter's evening, the front of his splendid hotel, in the Rue de Verneuil, spontaneously illuminated. The noise of a thousand carriages sounded in his ears; by the light of torches they entered his circular court, and each of them deposited by turns on the steps of his portico, covered with carpets and adorned with hangings, the "Exquisite," wrapped in thick furs from under which glanced rich silks; the "Inconceivables," with pointed hat, high cravat, and nether garments adorned with bunches of ribands at the knees; celebrated artists, with bare necks and short hair, a costume semi-Greek, semi-French; generals, plumed and girdled with the tri-colour; men of science, and men of letters, with or without green collars; crowds of footmen were everywhere seen, heedless, under their new liveries, of the decrees of the Conventional republic, now gone out of fashion.

In his saloons he found, pell-mell, mixed together, all the nationalities of the epoch. The toga and the chlamys brushed against the frock coat and military cloak; pumps with rosettes, and boots laced or spurred, glided over the same floor with the sandal and the buskin. Men of law and men of the pen, men of the sword and men of money, ministers and contractors, artists and governors, whirled side by side in this olla podrida of the Directory. There an actor stood by a member of the old clergy; a descendant noble by a descendant pauper; aristocracy and democracy there joined hands; riches and science walked arm-in-arm. It was society in regeneration, falling in its different parties, each of which felt too weak to make a

circle of its own, around a common centre. Separation was deferred to a future period. This children of different nations met, when age or the desire of pleasure assemble together; as they grow up they gradually separate from their playfellows, unknowingly led away by the powerful attraction of the system of social order.

Charney smiled while contemplating this medley of manners, states, and customs. What had formerly been to him the odious source of bitter, contemptuous thoughts of the whole human race, now only raised in his bosom a slight feeling of ridicule at those years of follies and vain attempts.

Suddenly brilliant orchestras burst forth, in lively, varied, and animated measures. Charney recognized the airs which he had formerly heard, but the impressions he received were much more vivid to his senses. The sparkling light of the lustres, their many-coloured reflections in the mirrors and glasses, the warm and scented air of a ball and festival room, the noisy gaiety of the guests, the troops of waltzers who touched him while passing, the light and frivolous conversation which was increasing and buzzing around him, the resounding laughter—all gave him a sensation of inexpressible joy which he had never known before.

Then the women, with their elegant, graceful forms, with white shoulders and swanlike necks, dresses in rich tissues, and gauzes striped with gold and sparkling with jewels, appeared before him. He recognized them. They were the usual guests and ornaments of his splendid soirées, when, rich and free, they cited him as one of the fortunate of the earth. There, the proud Tallien, dressed à-la-Grecque, and wearing jewels and rich rings, even on the toes of her beautiful naked feet, scarcely imprisoned in light golden sandals, —the charming Recamier, whom Athens would have deified, and the gentle, touching, Josephine, formerly countess of Beauharnais, who, from her grace, often passed for the most beautiful of the three, shone unrivalled. Near them were others, who, even in their presence dazzled by their beauty, coquetry, and dress! How young and pretty Charney thought them now! How much more attraction and sweetness did they now appear to possess than formerly! How happy would he have felt to have been allowed to make his choice among so many brilliant women.

He endeavoured to do so, and often wandering undecided from one to the other, he suddenly fixed on one whom he distinguished in the midst of the crowd; but his attention was not attracted by uncovered shoulders, diamonds, or ornaments.

He was struck by the simplicity of her air and costume, as she timidly cast down her head, as if fearing to be seen; yet she also was beautiful! It was a young girl, clothed in white, having no ornament save the grace of innocence, and the blush that tinged her cheeks. Charney had never seen her before, and in proportion as he fixed his regards on her, the others seemed to fade and disappear. She was soon the only one; he could examine her at his leisure; and his emotion increased while beholding her: but how was it redoubled, when he remarked in her black hair a flower! That flower, it was one from his plant! the flower of his prison! He extended his arms towards the young girl, and wished to advance; but suddenly all grew indistinct to his view, all was agitated around him; a last time the orchestra of the ball was heard with redoubled force—then the young girl and the flower seemed to lose themselves in one another, the spreading leaves, the open scented petals were multiplied around the lovely face, and soon hid it entirely. The walls of the saloon, despoiled of their hangings, were already dark, and presented nothing to his view but a kind of indistinct vapour. The lustre, gradually extinguishing, was detached from the ceiling, and suddenly described an arch of light, which gilded the lower extremity of the cloud as it faded away from the sight. Heavy pavement replaced the shining echoing floor. It was cold reason returning in the midst of delirium; it was remembrance destroying illusion, truth dissipating the dream.

The prisoner opened his eyes. He was on his bench, his feet on the pavement of the yard, his flower before him, and the sun setting in the horizon.

When first he found himself attacked by this species of vertigo, he was struck with astonishment on thinking that it was always when seated on his rustic bench, near his plant, that these sweet dreams visited him. Nothing, however, was more natural than the effects he had experienced. He himself explained them, on recollecting that the sweet gaseous emanations from flowers may sometimes cause a slight and pleasing asphyxia. Then, with wonder, he contemplated all the relations existing between him and his plant, the almost magic influence it exercised over him; and those brilliant fets in which he had just taken a part, it was Picciola who gave them.

But that modest simple young girl, whose unexpected appearance threw him into an agitation so strange, yet so delightful, who was she? Had he seen her before? and, like those other fair ones, was she but a remembrance of times gone by? His memory, however, could recall nothing like her. If she were, on the contrary, a revelation of the future!—but had he a future, and ought he to believe in revelations? No! the young girl in the white robe, with the modest blush—that being, at once so simple and so attractive, who dimmed and eclipsed her brilliant rivals, it was Picciola! Picciola personified and poetised in a dream! Well, it is she whom he ought to love, it is she whom he will love! He can easily recall her graceful figure, and the ingenious features with which she was invested: it is her worth with this sweet image that he will rouse his reveries, that he will fill the void of his heart and mind. She, at least, can understand him, answer him, come and sit near him, walk by him, follow him, smile on him, love him! She will live in his life, in his breath, in his love! he will speak to her in his thoughts, and will close his eyes to see her. They shall be but one, and he will be two!

The flower has marked the same properties in the *Antirrhinum repens* (springing from a stone).—FLORA RATAEYRICA.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 334.)

It was not, however, in his ardent nature to despair, and it was almost wholly because of the hope which he still cherished, that he had taken service in the Mexican army. Three years had rolled away without bringing him any nearer the goal of his hopes. Lapse of time and the constant brooding over one purpose, had deepened and intensified his passion. He had ceased to think of returning to his own country without her, and he only cared for the country of his adoption because it was hers. There were depths in his apparently careless and easy nature which scarcely sounded himself; and had it not been from his innate nobility of soul, no means, however violent, would have appeared to him unwarrantable, if they but brought him nearer his object. Obstacles to him there were none, even as it was; and his buoyant, hopeful spirit corrected the tendency to gloom. When he spurred his horse away from Hugh, notwithstanding the restraint he had put upon his feelings, his thoughts were far from amiable. But a few moments reflection satisfied him of the folly of such feelings; and as the head of the detachment reached the little grove within which lay the *Tanca*, he cheerfully, as usual, busied himself with his dispositions for the night.

If ever place deserved the name of oasis, it was this. Surrounded and shaded by large trees, its margin skirted by the luxuriant growth of all moist spots in that clime, and standing midway across a long, hot journey, its still crystal waters were surrounded by a pleasant atmosphere, which the traveller long remembered, when winding his way amid burning sands and stifling sun-rays. It lay like a well beneath the surface of the ground, and the shadows of the trees added depth to its sides. Not a breath ruffled its limpid surface; and far down in its waters were reflected the trees and the stars, as full of repose and beauty as in their own firmament. A young moon was near the horizon, and by its slanting rays, faint and dim, could be seen the level plain waving away, unbroken by hill or tree, until lost in the deep shadows of the mountain. The solitude was made more impressive by the perfect calmness of the winds; not a sigh was heard upon the wide plain. The moon, too, hung upon the horizon in a lonely, weird way, and the enchantment which always attends her setting, was redoubled by the giant forms, among which she seemed to be going to repose.

As the little column rode up to the tank, each lancer left his ranks, and unstringing his gourd from his saddle bow, replenished it before he led his horse to the water. Every steed was then carefully attended to, and piquetted upon the grass, which grew luxuriantly for several rods around. A light supper, brought by the detachment from Minon's corps, was next despatched almost in silence, and each weary trooper wrapped his blanket round him, and threw himself upon the ground beside his horse's *lariat*.

Leaving his lieutenant to post guards in several directions on the plain, the colonel wrapped his blanket round his form, and approached his prisoner, who was still in charge of his guard.

"If you will give me your parole, senior," he commenced, "not to attempt to escape before morning, I will dismiss these weary men to sleep."

"You have it," said Hugh without hesitation. "I am too much fatigued to ride further if I had a horse, and I will not deprive you of yours again."

"Leave this gentleman with me, my men," said the colonel, "and make yourselves as comfortable as possible. Now," he added to Hugh, when his men gladly availed themselves of his permission, "if you will walk with me, our tent for the night shall be the same."

Hugh took his *serape*, without which no man travels in Mexico, and followed him to the foot of a large elm, which towered above all its companions.

"There is no dew at this season," said Melton, "and if there were, this tree would protect us. By lying close together, we will be able to resist whatever cold the night may bring; our blankets are large enough to cover two at least."

Hugh looked at him doubtfully, but Melton continued—

"You must not suppose I distrust you, and take this plan of watching you; I mean no more than I say."

"It was not that," said Hugh, "but I was surprised that you should be willing to lie beside one whom you look upon as a rival."

"How know you I view you thus?" asked the other sharply.

"If I am mistaken you can undeceive me," Hugh quietly rejoined.

"So I could, if you were," said the other; "but we will not speak of that now. To-morrow we will be upon more fitting ground."

"Whither are we bound, then?" asked Manning.

"To Rinconada, first," answered Melton, "and afterwards to Monterey, if possible."

"If we go to Monterey," said Hugh smiling, "our positions may be reversed."

"That is as Providence shall direct," said the other, carelessly. "And now let us try to catch a little rest, for we must be in the saddle early. But first let me examine your shoulder."

A light was brought and the wound found to be doing well. Indeed, it had not been severe at first, the ball only cutting the fleshy part of the shoulder, and drawing but little blood.

"By the bye," said Melton, when he had with his own hand re-arranged the bandages, "I have several times thought of asking your name, but it has hitherto slipped my memory."

"It is Manning," said Hugh.

"Manning?" repeated Melton; "Catharina Manning—would not that sound well?"

"What think you of Catharina, Melton?" said Hugh, smiling but solemnly. "Neither one would please us both, I fear," said the other. "But this is not a fit subject for jest—let us lie down."

The men were already slumbering with their heads near the pleasant shade of their *lariats*, and no sound broke the silence, except the horses cropping the grass, or the breathing of some heavy sleeper. The moon had gone down behind the mountain; and though in that quarter the craggy outline of the *sierra* was more distinctly visible, relieved against the sky, no ray of her light could reach the plain. Dusky shadows hung upon the level surface, and seemed to fit from place to place; and to the eye of one ignorant of these plains, the darkness, as it closed around them, would have seemed a countless host surrounding them. The quiet waves which always rise before midnight on the plains, began to rustle, faint and low, among the leaves—and distant, wailing voices seemed to come from towards the hills and mingled with the ghostly wind. The stars looked down solemnly over all, and the quiet waters again reflected back their gem-like rays.

The new-found rivals lay beside each other, waked by neither, but neither spoke, for each supposed the other sleeping, and breathed low and cautiously for fear of waking him. Fatigue, however, gained the victory at length, and slumber closed the eyes of each. Dreaming, perhaps, of the same hope, their repose was only broken by the long, mellow bugle-note which called them back from fairy land.

Before the dawn of morning they were again upon the plain, and ere the evening closed they were climbing up a mountain dells which led to "Rinconada."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"Yet he was jealous, though he did not show it."—BYRON.

"For seldom yet did living creature see  
That courtesy and manhood ever disagree."—SPENSER.

"No dainty flow'rs or herbs that grows on ground,  
No arborett with painted blossoms dress'd,  
And smiling sweets, but there it might be found."—JAY.

"Many a scene that looks desert and rock-bound from the distance, will unfold itself, when visited into rare valleys."—CARLYLE.

THE plain terminated suddenly under the points of the mountain spurs. From these, by a gentle ascent, extended a rough plateau of a mile in width, and beyond, abruptly rose the craggy peaks of the *sierra*. Two of these had been crushed together at the base, as if for want of room, and the notch thus formed was used as a passage over the lofty range. From the base of each of these hills extended a separate ridge, forming part of the great plateau; and between them was a deep ravine, sloping, and widening as it approached the plain, until, at the main level, it presented an opening of two or three hundred yards in width. In the wet season this was the channel through which an immense body of water found its way to the many little rivers and *arroyos* of the plain; but it was dry, now, and its bed was covered by light, yellow sand, and fine gravel, presenting a smooth and practicable road to the summit of the pass. A turn in the ravine, some four hundred yards from its mouth, shut out the view from the plain, and the perpendicular and often overhanging sides of the way prevented any prospect in all directions, except forward—where only the broken sides and pine-covered summits of the *sierra* were visible. The hoofs of the horses made no sound in the soft sand, and the troop rode along without noise, except the jingling of sabres and spurs. Melton rode beside his prisoner in the advance, and seemed absorbed in thought. Hugh was full of his own reflections—of no pleasant sort, we may suppose, and felt little inclined to conversation. Nor were his fancies far from the truth; for at that very moment the battle, in the thickest of which he wished to be, was about drawing to a close. It was near sunset; and from the shaded bed of the *barranca* he could see the yellow sunbeams gilding the rocks above, streaming through the foliage of the pines, and enamelling the craggy summits of the *sierra*.

"If," said Melton, breaking silence at last, as they approached the more precipitous ascent, "if these mountains on our left were out of the way, we could see the fair city of Monterey, for it is scarcely four leagues from us."

"You seem to be well acquainted with the country," said Hugh. "Are we near to Rinconada?"

"It lies just beyond this ridge, scarcely two miles from us."

"And is this the only approach to it?"

"By no means; on the north the little valley in which it stands slopes gradually down towards the sources of the San Juan, and a very good road leads out upon the plain. You will soon see it, however; from the point above us yonder there is a view equal to any, except perhaps, one, in Mexico."

"Where is the exception?" asked Hugh.

"The first view of the valley of Mexico, from the Vera Cruz road."

The conversation was interrupted by the necessity of dismounting to lead their horses up the difficult pass, obstructed as it was by large stones, and cut up by the floods of the rainy season. Half an hour's cautious labour, however, surmounted the difficulty, and brought them to a small level space, from which they commanded a view which fully justified the high praise of the colonel.

A valley about two leagues in circumference set, like an emerald, in the granite mountains, lay sleeping before them; while over its repose, like sentinel watchers, stood some of the loftiest peaks of the *Sierra Madre*. From the point where they stood no outlet was visible—locked among the hills, it seemed like one of those enchanted valleys of Oriental romance, where only the presiding gnom and favoured mortals are allowed to enter.

The mountain sloped gracefully down, covered with green, luxuriant sward, or terminated suddenly in moss-hung and pine-shaded precipices; and, bounding down, between the waving ridges, glistened many a sparkling aqueduct. On the level of the valley the waters were collected in winding aqueducts, whose sides were fringed with verdure, the long blades of which were laved by the currents, as they hung gracefully over the banks. Trained all around the lake, intersecting it in every direction, all these aqueducts were at last conducted to a large canal, that flowed through the entire length of the valley and wound away to the north. About midway between the mountains a little lake was formed, and in the centre stood an island, on which were growing all the varieties of tropical trees and plants. In every direction groves and double rows were growing, of orange, fig, and plantain trees; and, dividing the grounds into small allotments, numerous hedges ran along the aqueducts or passed from one to another. Among these groves and hedges stood more than twenty ranches, each surrounded by its own little garden, and each shaded by its own grove.

On the border of the lake, and apparently almost beneath their feet, were the grounds around the residence of the proprietor. Fronting, on the margin of the lake, and covering a large space, was a house built of stone in the peculiar style of architecture common in that country. Surrounded, except in front, by a high stone wall, enclosing the court-yards, and pierced by as many wide gates, it seemed to cover quite an acre of ground. Like almost all the houses of that country, it was only one story high; but its immense extent, and the convenient arrangement of its parts, gave it an appearance of grandeur seldom attached to anything so low. Its massive materials, too, the accuracy of the mason-work, and the perfect proportion of the parts, indicated taste and skill far above that usually seen in New Leon. Wide corridors, surrounding it on every side but one, rested on square columns hewn from the native granite; and round the flat roof was built a parapet, on which were growing many flowers and creeping vines.

Around the house were laid out grounds of great extent; and every tree and shrub and flower which that genial climate produces were cast with prodigal profusion and singular elegance upon the teeming soil. Among them, towering and majestic, were also found trees of a hardier growth; and oaks and elms, and even poplars, stood at every corner, and overhung each tangled bed. Twining around the trunks of these, and covering gracefully their northern ruggedness, hung vines and parasites; or sweeping in long festoons almost to the ground, masses of gray moss bent every limb. In all directions, among these groves and flower-beds were wandering sandal walks, and along their edges small canals were led, above whose sparkling waters hung matted flowers and creeping plants. Surrounding all, and forming a rich border to this garden-piece, ran double rows of China-trees, and at their feet were planted hedges, whose many colours blended with the deep, luxuriant green above them. Upon the margin of the lake were tied several small boats, and one, covered with a green canopy, lay moored beneath the trees upon the island-shore. Over all hung the very spirit of repose; as if no blast of war had ever blown upon the scene. The shadows of the mountain stretched across the valley; but the level sunbeams were pouring in rich profusion of yellow radiance upon the opposite slopes and precipices; and reflected light hung like a golden mist above the fairy scene.

Melton and his prisoner gazed long and silently upon this mountain paradise. The sun approached the western hills and left the valley wrapped in deeper shadows; ascending the slopes and precipices of the opposite ridge, and bathing in a mellow light the crags and pines upon its summit; but still the silence was unbroken. Each felt, perhaps, that within the little vale before him, was soon to be decided the fate of a cherished hope; and each gazed with an interested eye upon every feature of the quiet landscape.

Without addressing Hugh, the colonel at last turned to his men and made a signal to remount. Beckoning Manning to his side, he rode in front as before, and led the cavalcade slowly down the easy slope, directly towards the mansion. But, when they gained the level of the valley, he turned sharply to the right, and rode along the margin of the canal beneath the cover of a row of elms. Half an hour's ride brought them to the southern end of the valley, and, without speaking, the commander halted and made a sign to his lieutenant. The latter led them on, and turning round the corner of a grove, halted and prepared to bivouac.

"My own destination for the night," said the colonel, speaking for the first time, since they reached the summit of the pass, "is the *Hacienda*; and wounded as you are, probably you had better be there also. If you will now give me your parol, I will put no restraint upon you."

"To what extent do you wish it?" asked Hugh.

"Not to leave the grounds about the house for seven days."

"With one proviso I will give it," answered Manning, "in case of rescue or retreat I shall be released."

"Very well," said Melton, "let us go at once."

Giving Sanchez directions for the night, and taking ten men with him, he turned his horse's head into a narrow avenue, and by a much shorter route than that by which they had come, led the way towards the mansion of "Rinconada." They passed by the doors of several ranches, around which reigned a tasteful elegance, but seldom found among the rancheros. Women and men, with numerous children, gazed on the rare sight, as it passed, of armed men within the peaceful valley. The cattle grazed in quiet on the sward, and numerous flocks of geese were penned within their picket pens. Sweet voices, carolling the ballads so popular in Mexico, were mingling with the rural sounds of loving herds and tinkling bells. Every few rods they met or passed some merry boy, mounted on one of the patient *burros* of the country; and once they passed a youthful mother, with flowing raven hair and jet-black eyes, playfully holding a child upon the ass's back. The child clapped its hands in glee, and the mother's eyes sparkled with joy, while the

patient animal walked docilely and steadily along, as if of itself throwing off its scarce-felt burden. The jingling of the horsemen's sabres attracted their attention, and the woman looked suddenly and timidly around, the child was silent and alarmed, and *burro* stopped instinctively aside.

"You have not been accustomed to the sight of armed men, Maria, in the valley," said Melton kindly.

"Oh! I am not afraid, now that I see you, *Señor Melton*," said the woman quickly; "though these are the first armed men I ever saw at Rinconada."

"I hope you may never see another," said the colonel; "these are times when such an apparition seldom brings good fortune."

"We are not afraid of any ill-treatment at your hands," said she with a smile, "unless you should get into a passion on hearing that *Señora Catharina* is not here."

"I know that already," said he, turning with a smile to Hugh, to see what effect this cordial recognition would have on him.

"The outworks may be taken," said the latter almost angrily, replying to the look, "and yet the citadel be never won."

"True," said the colonel, flushing scarlet, "and the citadel may be taken by force or fraud, without attending to the outworks; but such possession is apt to be of short duration."

"The parallel will not hold," said Hugh coldly; and Melton turned with a haughty look to the woman again.

"Is the *Señora Capella* here?" he asked.

"O! yes," the woman answered; "you know she never leaves the valley."

"And Miguel, where is he?"

"Yonder—he is coming."

A tall, slight man, with a rather lighter complexion than most of his countrymen, approached, and at once recognised the colonel; cordially shaking hands with him, and, after the manner of his race, making many professions of friendship, all of which Melton coolly received without reply.

"Is that your only child?" he asked pointing to the boy, who still sat silent and rebuked upon the *burro's* back.

"Si, *Señor*," said Miguel, "the only one;—I want to make a soldier of him, if the war should last."

"Will Maria consent to that?" asked Melton.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the mother; but she stopped and hung her head as the cold, hard eye of her husband rested on her."

"Well, well," said the colonel impatiently,—for like every man of honour, he was disgusted by the sight of tyranny, "run across the enclosure, Miguel, and announce our coming, while we go round by the lake."

The obsequious Mexican sprang across a canal, and soon disappeared among the trees. Melton lingered a moment to speak a few words in a low tone to Maria; and as he rode off she gazed smilingly after him till he disappeared.

"This Miguel," said the colonel in his natural good-humoured manner, "is the steward of the estate, and like most stewards is a great knave. Maria is Catharina's foster-sister."

"That accounts for your interest in her," said Hugh, smiling.

"And would have produced the same in you, had you known it sooner," said the other.

There seemed to be in each of these men's breasts, frank and generous as they both were, an unconquerable desire to recur to one unpleasant subject at every turn; and probably nothing but their temporary relation prevented their breaking out into open hostility. It was, however, not in the nature of either of them to entertain, much less suppress, a feeling of envy or malice. Hugh was made more sullen by the misfortune of his captivity; and Melton was, perhaps, less good-natured than he would have been, had he not felt constrained to treat his prisoner with respect.

"I think," said the latter, after a pause, "that we had better avoid that subject, at least while we have no visible cause of quarrel, and speak of other things."

"With all my heart," said Hugh. "I certainly have no cause of quarrel with you now, and hope I never may have."

As he spoke, they emerged from the gathering shadows of a row of China trees, and rode up to a wide gate in the wall, which was swung open as they approached, by the officious Miguel. Melton rode without ceremony into the court-yard, and dismounting, cast the rein to one of the lanceros, and signed to Hugh to follow him. He turned to the right and entered a wide door. Here he was met by a stately woman, some forty years of age, whose hair was slightly grizzled, but whose large black eyes still sparkled with all the fire of youth. Melton took her hand, and saluted her upon both cheeks; he then introduced his prisoner as a friend of Catharina, and they both followed her erect and lofty steps into a large and richly-furnished drawing-room. There is no country in the civilized world, containing fewer of the superfluous elegancies of life than Northern Mexico; and probably, north of San Luis, not one hundred houses can be found containing such a square yard of carpeting, or a single curtained window. But *Donato's* long residence in the United States had given him a taste for these things, while his great wealth enabled him to command them even here. His house was accordingly richly carpeted in almost every room, and the halls were covered with the *carpeting* of the country. Every window was glazed and curtained, while chairs and ottomans and sofas all denoted tastes acquired in a foreign country. The room into which Melton and Hugh were shown, was carpeted with the same white and red material, which gave so inimitable an air of neatness and comfort to the cottage in the mountains; and between the windows, looking out upon the lake, hung several crucifixes and rosaries. Many paintings of Scripture subjects hung upon the walls; and an unfinished portrait of



Catharina, unmistakable in its lineaments, though roughly sketched, sat on a table in the corner. The ceiling was painted, though not skilfully, in imitation of a leafy canopy, and from the centre hung a silver chandelier. Against the side on which they entered, stood a plain guitar and a richly-mounted bandolero; and as Melton took up the former and touched it with no unskilful hand, its soft, romantic notes blended with the harmony of the closing evening and the peaceful scene.

Their hostess (the Senora Casella, for whom Melton had inquired of Marina), after a few questions about her niece, left them to order some refreshment; and the colonel took advantage of her absence to acquaint Hugh with her history. She was the only sister of Bonaro, and had been widowed many years. Her husband, a partisan chief, had fallen in one of the feuds of the centralists and federalists; and since that time she had never left the valley. Devoting herself to her brother, she had relieved him of most of the care of his household, and assisted him in the education of his daughter. She was, however, but little liked by those who knew her, probably on account of the haughtiness of her spirit, and the uncompromising hatred she bore to every one who had been connected with the party opposed to her husband's. She was, at heart, however, kind and generous, Melton said; and interested herself in the fortunes of her niece quite as warmly as she would have done in those of a daughter.

"I hope she has none of the match-maker in her composition," said Hugh, quietly.

"If you were sure of her interest in your own favour," retorted Melton, "I suspect you would not find that an objection."

"Perhaps not," said Hugh. "But let me hear more about her; we agreed not to touch this subject again."

"I was not the first to allude to it, senor," said Melton.

"I plead guilty," said Hugh, good-humouredly, "and will try to avoid offence again."

"Oh! no offence to me, if you wish to open the discussion," said Melton, haughtily.

"But I do not wish it," said Hugh, gravely; "and besides, I hope you will either release me or remember I am your prisoner."

"True—I was wrong—forgive me," said the colonel, frankly extending his hand. Hugh took it, and the blaze was smothered again.

"If there were anything more to tell," said Melton, "I would continue the story; but there is not. She remains here during Bonaro's absence, and manages the estate far better, I am told, than Bonaro himself; at any rate, I am sure that under her administration the revenues are doubled at least."

"Then her management is for the interest of the landlord and not of the tenant," said Hugh.

"For the immediate interest of the former," replied the colonel, "and for the ultimate interests of both. Absenteeism is the curse of this country, as of many others. Had each great proprietor some just and vigilant representative on his estates, who would establish and enforce a rigid but merciful system, idleness and decay, which are now ruining some of the finest estates in the world, would disappear from the land."

"But," said Hugh, "you do not attribute every evil to the one cause of absenteeism?"

"No—not at all; for in many cases the owners themselves have filled their estates in the same way. But what I mean is this—if liberal, enlightened, and just proprietors would live on their own estates—or if they were represented by men of the same character—this country would not have been so unfortunate."

"I have seen but little of the domestic peculiarities of these people," said Hugh; but what I have seen, has led me to the conclusion, that the priests have had no unimportant influence in the production of this state of things."

"You are partly right and partly wrong. The priests have accelerated the movement; but we must acquit them of the charge of having first commenced it. It is generally supposed that corruption proceeds from the higher places to the lower, but in this country it has worked upward. Many causes combined to make the Mexican populace what they are, long before the higher classes had descended from the proud distinction of the Spanish *hidalgos*. Ignorance, superstition, and licentiousness became the three leading characteristics of the people; the priests followed, as in later generations they have always followed, instead of leading, the prevailing tone of society. Vows of celibacy and poverty were never made to be kept, at any rate; and a tone of public sentiment, (if such a thing exists in Mexico,) which does not reprobate the last of these three characteristics, and smiles upon rapacity and extortion, must either ruin the priesthood by bringing it down to the general level, or get rid of it by revolution or expulsion. In this case, it brought it down to the general level; and, as human nature, leaving one extreme, seldom stops short of the opposite, the sacerdotal class in this country are, as a class, more degraded than even the tenants of the absentees, for they add to their other vices that worst of all, the vice of hypocrisy."

"You seem to have examined this subject," said Hugh. "Have you ever thought of a remedy for these social evils?"

"Yes; war, pestilence, and famine, all combined, might partially remedy it, provided the war were vigorous and unrelenting, the pestilence universal and searching, and the famine pinching, unrelieved and of long duration."

"They would produce revolution and anarchy, even in Mexico."

"And a revolution which shall overturn the government completely, tear it up by the roots and fling it to the winds—which shall mingle all the elements of society in confusion, and drench the country in blood—is the only remedy now left."

"What think you of annexation to our union, and a gradual leavening of the loaf with Anglo-Saxon blood?"

Before Melton had time to answer, the senora reappeared, and in a few

moments the hungry men were seated to a substantial repast, which they were shown their rooms, and Hugh, overcome by fatigue and weariness, at once betook himself to rest. Melton remained a few minutes in the drawing-room, and held a conversation with the senora, which, if we were to repeat it, would show that, to the *Huasteca* illustration, he had not acquired "the outworks" on this side of the citadel either—she too was captivated in his interest. We will not repeat their conversation, however; and leaving Melton to consult with her undisturbed, we must pass over the night and its events, and hasten on.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Absence with all its pains  
Is by this charming moment wiped away."  
"Away to heaven, respective plenty,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now."  
"His soul, like bark with rudder lost,  
On passion's changeful tide was tost."

THE first care of the colonel on the morrow was to send detachments to several points, both east and west of Monterey, to ascertain the positions of the generals, with whom he was ordered to co-operate. He remained in the valley only about one hundred men, and having so disposed those as to guard against surprise, he returned to Rinconada and prepared to execute further orders. He allowed Hugh to range freely within prescribed limits; and the latter availed himself of his liberty, to explore and examine the various beauties of this enchanted vale. Frequent walks among the avenues and groves, or occasional excursions to the island in the lake, alternated with long hours of meditation under the deep green foliage of tropical trees, or among flower-beds and trellised vines. These amusements were common to both Melton and his prisoner, but they were not partaken together. Each occupied with his own thoughts and feelings, was guided by his own caprices; and if ever they met or happened to go in the same direction, their companionship was of but brief duration. They avoided each other—not, perhaps, from any feeling of actual hostility, but from a consciousness, possessed by each, that their opposite interests necessarily precluded common sympathies; or from an anticipation often reluctantly entertained by such men, that their intercourse must ultimately come to strife. We sometimes feel irresistibly impelled to quarrel with those whose friendship would be very grateful to us; and not seldom in this way worlds persons meet, between whom this feeling is mutual. So it was with Melton and Hugh—though between them there was a perceptible, if not a just ground for the anticipation.

Every attention which hospitality could suggest, was given to Hugh in an equal degree with Melton; and though he sometimes thought the senora was more stately than was necessary, and the servants rather obsequious than hearty in their attendance, on the whole, he had no reason to complain. Left entirely to his own inclinations, so long as he kept within the limits prescribed, he was well pleased to be alone. Solitude in an army is but of the question; the constant bustle, the endless routine, the never-changing faces and the monotonous uniforms, parades, guard-mountings, and drills combine to stagnate and weary at the same time. The daily feeling of every man in such circumstances, until he has become reconciled by habit, is a strong desire "to flee away and be at rest." Hugh had felt this sentiment in common with every man, who has quitted civil life for military existence; and the repose of the valley, at any time refreshing, was now almost magical. One who has spent his life in the hot precincts of a noisy city, is prepared to enjoy the stillness and peace of the country; but enjoyment is too tame a word to express the feelings of the soldier escaped from the camp.

In many of his walks, Hugh encountered Miguel, the steward, who seemed very anxious to ingratiate himself by every attention servility or sycophancy could suggest. For two or three days, indeed, it was with difficulty that he could shake him off, so determined did he seem to wait upon the prisoner's footsteps. Hugh at first thought that Melton had directed this man to watch him; but on indignantly taxing him with it, he was at once undeceived.

"A little reflection," said Melton, calmly, "will convince you that if I suspected your faith I would confine you at once, and not take all this superfluous trouble. The fact is, the fellow is a steward—and in this country that term includes every epithet which you would apply to a coward and a sycophant. It is already noised among the servants that you have some interest with the Senora Catharina; and this fellow is only attempting to provide against contingencies. Besides, he hates me; for no good reason, for he is jealous of my intercourse with his wife, whose affection he feels he is not worthy to possess, and therefore fears to lose; and he attacks himself to you because, with the instinct of all mean, suspicious natures, he divines that our interests do not accord."

After this explanation, Hugh took the first opportunity offered quietly to rid himself of his persecuting servility; and, although the fellow received Hugh's plain rebuke with the submission characteristic of his class, we shall see that the venom of his nature received and retained the poison. Hugh was troubled with his attentions no more: and sensitive and suspicious as he was made by his situation, he even thought an unfavourable change took place in the bearing of the menials of the house. It is possible that this may not have been all fancy; for it was perfectly in keeping with the character of such a man, to revenge himself in that way.

However this may have been, Hugh was now allowed to pursue his own amusements, unimpeded, for several days. As yet no tidings had been received in the valley of the result of the battle, or of any of the subsequent events; and the evening of the sixth day was closing into night, ere any

messenger arrived from Saltillo. Half an hour before dark on that day, however, while slowly rowing back towards the house, after an unusually long visit to the tangled beetles of the island, Hugh saw a man ride rapidly into the court-yard and spring from his horse. He landed, and followed him into the house whither he proceeded without addressing any one without. Here he heard the tidings which the reader has already anticipated—the death of Bonaro, and the approach of Catharina. The senora turned her eyes sternly upon Hugh as the tidings were told, and her white lips moved as if about to speak. But she remained silent; and Melton, taking Hugh's arm, led him forth upon the lake shore.

They walked some distance from the house without speaking; but each felt that the moment for explanation had come, and each was endeavouring to arrange his thoughts. Melton was, as usual, the first to speak—his was not a temper to brook delay.

"The struggle," said he, stopping short, "which each of us has anticipated on the return of the Senora Catharina, would now be unseemly and dishonourable; we have, neither of us, a right to thrust our private feelings into the sanctuary of her sorrow. Let us, therefore, now agree that so long as we may remain here, we will, neither of us, attempt anything of the sort."

"The man who is disposed to act dishonourably," said Hugh, "would not be bound by any pledge. Were either of us inclined selfishly to intrude upon the sorrows of the afflicted, the other could not honourably keep any faith with him. But, so far as I am concerned, my course must be determined by circumstances. I shall not consent to bind myself by a pledge not to do anything which my duty requires me to avoid; neither will I promise to avoid anything which circumstances, when I know them, may permit."

"What course, then, do you propose to take?" asked Melton, coldly.

"That, I repeat," replied Hugh, "must be determined by the future. If I can be of service to the Senora Catharina in any way, I shall assuredly not be reluctant or tardy in its performance. I can say no more now. If my course, when you see it, should not please you, I am your prisoner, and you can do as you think best; while, however, I am at liberty, I shall act under no restraint."

"You do not suppose me capable of using my power for such a purpose, I hope?" exclaimed the colonel.

"I do not suppose you capable of anything dishonourable, Colonel Melton," said Hugh; "but you may consider my parole withdrawn the moment you see cause to be dissatisfied with my course."

"And this is the only pledge you will give?" said the colonel.

"I can give none other," said Hugh.

"Then I suppose we need say no more on the subject?"

"I see no good end to be attained by further conversation, even if we had time, as we have not; for I think the subject of our discourse is approaching us."

Melton turned hastily round and beheld a carriage, escorted by about twenty armed men, slowly approaching them. Within, even at that distance, he could see the mourning hues worn by the inmates, and recognize one of them as Catharina. The two men turned and entered the house to avoid even the appearance of intrusion; and soon afterwards the bustle and voices in the hall announced that the bereaved was again at home—a home left a few short months ago in company with him who was now no more, and seen again under auspices of sorrow and change but seldom known!

Darkness had closed in ere our friends were summoned to the evening meal; and here, as throughout the mansion, every face and voice and movement were full of mourning. Neither of the ladies appeared; and having silently partaken of the repast, each left the table alone. Melton mounted his horse, and rode off to the encampment of his men; and Hugh turned his footsteps to the shaded walks of the little garden where he had spent many quiet hours during his captivity. The moon was shining brightly through the leaves, and casting dusky shadows on the walks, while a gentle, wandering wind came rustling among the flowers laden with the perfumes of a thousand blossoms. Hugh paced quietly and thoughtfully up and down the walks for several hours, reflecting on the thousand things connected with his probable fate, when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not inquired whether any news had been brought as to the fate of the battle. He started at once to seek some one of the numerous persons who had come with Catharina, when, in passing from one walk to another, his steps were suddenly arrested by a well-known voice.

"Manning!" said Catharina; and her voice, though deeper and more melancholy, was still as low—was still as soft and sweet, as when he first heard it pronounce his name—"Manning! Will you not stay a moment?"

He turned, and she stood before him in the moonlight, beautiful as when he first saw her in the mountain of Pinones—beautiful, though sorrowful, and more beautiful because sorrowful. He clasped the hand extended to him, and drew her within his arm. A kiss of love and youth and passionate devotion, recompensed them for every uncertainty and fear.

"A moment!" he exclaimed. "And will you drive me away at the end of a moment?"

"I shall not drive you away, Manning," she replied; "but I know you will soon go."

"Why should I go, *cara mia*?"

"Because it's late and my aunt will be seeking me," she replied. "And besides, this is not a fit place and time."

"All times and places are proper, dearest, to those whose hearts are pure."

"That is the logic of love, Manning," she said, with a faint smile; "and that is always sophistry. But sit here beside me," she continued, leading

him to a seat, "and tell me briefly how you came here, and why Colonel Melton is here? Tell me all that has happened since we parted."

"That is soon done," said Hugh, seating himself beside her, and encircling her with his arm. "I was taken as you saw, was brought here by the colonel, and am now on my parole."

"You have heard of the death—?" she hesitated.

"Yes, yes, *cara mia*," he interrupted, "do not think of it; let me now be father and brother and all to you."

She covered her face with her hands. Hugh withdrew one gently and pressed it in his.

"You are all to me now, indeed, Manning," she murmured. "Forgive me, if I grieve that it is so."

"Forgive you!" he exclaimed, "I could not love you if you did not grieve. Do not think, dearest, that I would abate one tear of filial sorrow; it will make me love you more, because it will make you need my affection more."

"I do need it, indeed," she murmured; "but let us not speak of it now—to-morrow—some other time—"

"I would not steal one moment from sorrow," said Hugh; "but, dearest, even sorrow consecrates love, for without love there could be no sorrow; let them mingle then, and the one will assuage the other."

She lifted her eyes to his, and gazed into his face with a long, earnest look of mingled affection and melancholy. She cast her head upon his shoulder and sobbed deeply and silently. Hugh drew her closer to him, and whispered words of consolation to her stricken spirit—consolation not wholly ineffectual. For after a few minutes given to grief, she raised her head and dried her tears.

"Forgive me," said she, "if I seem selfish—if I seem not to repay your affection. Believe me, Manning, I am not so ungrateful."

"It is I who am selfish and ungrateful," said he, "to press my love upon you at such a moment."

"Hugh!" she whispered, holding up her finger. "We are not alone—there is some one behind that magnolia!"

Hugh stepped quickly to the bush, but the intruder, if there was one, was gone. He listened attentively and thought he heard stealthy footsteps, and many of them, beyond the hedge; but they were still in a moment, and he attributed the noise to the wind rustling among the shrubbery.

"There is no one near, *cara*," he said, returning to her side, "you heard only the wind."

"Perhaps so," she replied, "but I thought I heard a footstep on the gravel."

"There is no one there," he again assured her; and resuming their former posture, they recommenced a conversation which we will not repeat—love and sorrow, gloomy retrospection and bright anticipation, joy and grief, mingled, as they always are, in this world of change. Catharina forgot her wish to return to the house, and Hugh ceased to remember his captivity. The past was not forgotten, it is true; but the sunshine of the present shone back upon its gloom; and eyes dazzled by the future were unwilling to recur to the darkness that was gone.

Some two miles from them, at the upper or southern end of the valley, in a rancho of more than ordinary neatness, sat Colonel Melton, consulting with and officer of his corps. He had just received the news of Santa Anna's discomfiture and defeat six days before; and at the same time he had received orders, which must soon take him from the vicinity of Rinconada.

"We must fall back further from the city," said the colonel. "To-morrow, I hope, Sanchez will return; the rest are all in, I believe, and so large a body of men cannot remain long undiscovered."

"It is possible," said the officer, "that our position may be already discovered. A man came in this evening with the intelligence that a company of Texans has been scouring the plain all day—probably with a view of finding the entrance to the valley from the west."

"Let them come," said Melton; "nothing would please me better."

"I would rather they would keep to the plain," said the officer. "Our men dread a Texan as they do a Comanche; and a panic could be produced sooner by crying 'Tejanos!' than by any other means."

"Nevertheless," said Melton, "let them come. See what that knock is." The officer rose and opened the door, at which some one had knocked several times.

"A man wants to see the colonel," said the lancer on guard.

"Let him come in, then," said Melton; and stepping stealthily as a cat, with, however, some appearance of haste, entered Miguel, the steward.

"Well, Miguel," said the colonel, "what do you want?"

The steward glanced at the officer as if he wished to be alone.

"Withdraw, Blanco," said Melton; "Miguel has some momentous secret to communicate."

"You are right, senor," said the man, when Blanco had closed the door: "I have a secret to tell."

"Out with it, then," said Melton, curtly; "you know I am not patient."

"As quickly as possible, senor," cringed the steward. "I have just come in a gallop from Rinconada."

"Ha!" exclaimed Melton, "What could make you ride so fast?"

"The desire to serve you, senor," the man answered cowering.

"Ha!" exclaimed the colonel, with a kind of stern whisper; he was strongly excited, for he knew that something deeply interesting to him must have brought this man here. "Go on," he said, in the same tone; "let me have proof of your desire."

(To be continued.)



LORD BROUGHAM.

THE illustrious subject of this Memoir is the eldest son of a gentleman of small fortune, but ancient family, in Cumberland. His mother was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman; in the mansion of whose widow, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, the father of Lord Brougham lodged when prosecuting his studies at the University there.

In early life Mr. Brougham was called to the bar of the Supreme Court of Edinburgh, where he practised for some time, and with considerable success, if we may judge from his frequent employment in Scotch appeals. His selection too, on the part of persons charged with political offences to conduct their defence, would imply him to be well read in the institutions of his country. It was while at the Scotch Bar that, in conjunction with the late Mr. Francis Horner and Mr. Jeffrey, he planned and established the *Edinburgh Review*, of which he was for many years a most able and constant supporter. About this time also he became a member of the celebrated Debating Society at Edinburgh. Although professionally a lawyer, Mr. Brougham's ambition soon became directed to the senate; and, observes a clever contemporary, "it is an instructive example of the working of our admirable system of representation, that, up to the 16th of October, 1818, Henry Brougham, the greatest orator and statesman that perhaps ever enlightened Parliament, was indebted for his seat to the patronage of a borough-holding peer." He first took his seat for Camelford, a borough in the interest of the Duke of Bedford. In 1812 he contested Liverpool with Mr. Canning, and failed; and, in the same year, he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of Boroughs, and failed there also. He was, however, subsequently returned for Winchester, in Sussex. During the discussions in Parliament respecting the Princess of Wales, Mr. Brougham was honoured with the confidence of her Royal Highness, and espoused her cause with much effect. His earliest efforts as a British senator were likewise distinguished by the same regard to the rights of individuals, and the liberties of the country. Nor was he then less firm in opposition to what he deemed the encroachments of the crown, and the extravagances and abuses of the government than he has since proved. His bold denial of the sovereign's right to the droits of the Admiralty, in 1812, will not soon be forgotten.

In the early part of 1816, he brought forward a motion for preserving and extending the liberty of the press, for which the ministers, particularly Lord Castlereagh (who knew well how to use the "delicious essence"), passed on him the highest encomiums; and miscalculating the firmness of the praised, some persons thought the minister's eulogy a lure for the member's vote; but the result proved that Mr. Brougham was above all temptation. In the same year he made a tour on the continent: in France he was the object of much attention; and he afterwards visited the residence of the Princess of Wales, in Italy, as was supposed on a mission of some importance.

In 1818, Mr. Brougham was invited to become a candidate for the county of Westmoreland, where his family have been settled for the last eighty or ninety years: he could not, however, withstand the powerful influence of the Leathes family, and thus lost his election. He made another effort, at the dissolution of Parliament, consequent upon the death of George III., but was again unsuccessful; and a third time in 1826.

We are now approaching one of the most eventful eras of Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life: we mean his intrepid defence of the consort of George IV. Mr. Brougham was the first to despatch M. Sicard, the old and faith-

ful servant of the Queen, with the intelligence of the death of George III. The Queen immediately replied that she was determined to return to England; and on February 22, 1820, Mr. Brougham received from Lord Castlereagh an assurance that no indignity should be offered to her Majesty while abroad. Mr. Brougham was now appointed her Majesty's Attorney-General, on which occasion he was admitted within the bar, and assumed the silk gown, which was subsequently taken from him, but restored.

The Queen having arrived at St. Omer, on her way to England, Lord Hutchinson, on the part of the King, was despatched to prevent, by a liberal offer, her leaving the continent. Mr. Brougham consented to accompany his lordship, willing to co-operate in the purpose, yet bound by office and by friendship to secure for the Queen the best possible terms. The Queen, however, was resolved, and while the deputies were exchanging notes, her Majesty sailed for England, and proceeded to London amidst all the demonstrations of popular triumph. Mr. Brougham, with Mr. Denham, on behalf of the Queen, next met the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh, on behalf of the King, to propose measures for an amicable arrangement, but the insertion of her Majesty's name in the Liturgy being refused, the negotiation failed. The struggle was now fast approaching. The motion green bag was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and Mr. Brougham commenced by deprecating a hasty discussion. The next day the minister developed the projected prosecutions of the government: Mr. Brougham replied, and concluded by demanding for the Queen a speedy and open trial. We need only advert to his subsequent reply to the note of Lord Liverpool, to the speech of Mr. Canning, and to the conciliatory proposition of Mr. Wilberforce. Then followed his speech at the bar of the House of Lords against the intended mode of investigation—his speech against the Bill of Pains and Penalties—his reply to the crown counsel, and afterwards to the Lord Chancellor—and finally his defence of the Queen against the several charges. His defence, it will be remembered, lasted nearly two days, and Mr. Brougham, amidst profound silence, concluded one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard within the walls of Parliament—with this pathetic appeal:—

"My lords, I call upon you to pause. You stand on the brink of a precipice. You may go on in your precipitate career—you may pronounce against your Queen, but it will be the last judgment you will ever pronounce. Her persecutors will fail in their objects, and the rule with which they seek to cover the Queen, will return to overwhelm themselves. Rescue the country; save the people, of whom you are the ornaments; but saved from whom, you can no more live than the blossom that is severed from the root and tree on which it grows. Save the country, that you may continue to adorn it—save the crown, which is threatened with irreparable injury—save the aristocracy, which is surrounded with danger—save the altar, which is no longer safe when its kindred throne is shaken. You see that when the church and the throne would allow of no church solemnity in behalf of the Queen, the heartfelt prayers of the people rose to heaven for her protection. I pray heaven for her; and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy, that mercies may descend on the people of this country richer than their rulers have deserved; and that your hearts may be tuned to justice."

The result need scarcely be alluded to. Men of all parties, however discordant might be their opinions upon the point at issue, acknowledged and admired the intrepidity and splendid talents of Mr. Brougham on this occasion.

The year 1827 is a memorable one in Mr. Brougham's parliamentary life. Early in the session, upon the debate of the battle of Navarino, we find him expressing his readiness to support the ministry as long as the members who composed it showed a determination to retrench the expenditure of the country, to improve its domestic arrangements, and to adopt a truly British system of foreign policy. It was on this occasion that Mr. Brougham used the expression which has since become so familiar—"The schoolmaster is abroad." On February 7, he brought forward a motion on the State of the Law, in an elaborate speech of six hours' delivery. The debate was adjourned to February 29, when the motion, in an amended shape, was put and agreed to, requesting the King to cause "due inquiry to be made into the origin, progress, and termination of actions in the superior courts of common law in this country;" and "into the state of the law regarding the transfer of real property." Even the heads of this speech would occupy a considerable space. A passage much quoted at the time of its publication is a good specimen of Mr. Brougham's forcible style of illustration: "He was guilty of no error—he was chargeable with no exaggeration—he was betrayed by his fancy into no metaphor, who once said, that all we can see about us, King, Lords, and Commons, the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings, end simply in bringing twelve good men into a box." In the same month, Mr. Brougham spoke at great length in support of Lord John Russell's motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. On March 6, he also spoke in support of Mr. Peel's motion for Catholic Emancipation, which he described as going "the full length that any reasonable man ever did or ever can demand; it does equal justice to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects; it puts an end to all religious distinctions; it exterminates all civil disabilities on account of religious belief. It is simple and efficacious; clogged with no exceptions, unless such as even the most zealous of the Catholics themselves must admit to be of necessity parcel of the measure."

Upon the dissolution of Parliament, consequent upon the death of George IV., Mr. Brougham was invited to the representation of the extensive and wealthy county of York.

Soon after the assembling of the new Parliament, in connection with the



topic of the recent revolutions on the continent, and parliamentary reform in this country, he concluded an interesting debate by saying—"He was for reform—for preserving, not for pulling down—for restoration, not for revolution. He was a shallow politician, a miserable reasoner, and he thought no very trustworthy man, who argued, that because the people of Paris had justifiably and gloriously resisted lawless oppression, the people of London and Dublin ought to do the same for reform. Devoted as he was to the cause of parliamentary reform, he did not consider that the refusal of that benefit, or, he would say, that right, to the people of this country (if it were a legal refusal by King, Lords, and Commons, which he hoped to God would not take place), would be in the slightest degree a parallel case to anything which had happened in France."

Upon the resignation of the Wellington ministry—with the title of **BARON BROUGHAM AND VAUX**, he took the oaths as Lord Chancellor, November 23, and his seat in the Chancery Court on November 25, 1830.

Besides contributing to the *Edinburgh Review*, as we have noticed, Lord Brougham is the author of several papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society, of which his Lordship is a distinguished member. The chief entire work which bears his name is entitled, "An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European States," 2 vols. 8vo. 1828; and a masterly pamphlet "On the State of the Nation," which has run through many editions. Several of his speeches have likewise been published.

It is, however, in connection with Public Education, that the pen of Lord Brougham has been more extensively employed. His zealous co-operation with Dr. Birkbeck, and other patriotic men of talent, in the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions in the year 1824, must be gratefully remembered by thousands who have enjoyed their benefits; and, for the advantage of the London Mechanics' Institution, were republished from the *Edinburgh Review*, his excellent "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People," addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers.

In 1825, Lord Brougham was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; his opponent, Sir Walter Scott, lost the election by the casting vote of Sir James Mackintosh.

Among the originators of the London University, Lord Brougham occupies a foremost rank, and partly by the aid of his indefatigable talents that establishment was opened, in 1828, within seventeen months from the day on which the first stone was laid.

Early in the year 1827 was established "the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," of which Lord Brougham became chairman. In the original prospectus, issued under his sanction, we find, "The object of the Society is strictly limited to what its title imports, namely, the imparting of useful information to all classes of the community, particularly to such as are unable to avail themselves of experienced teachers, or may prefer learning by themselves." The Society commenced their labours by a set of Treatises, the first, or "Preliminary Treatise" "On the objects, pleasures, and advantages of Science," being from the pen of Lord Brougham; and in popularity and popular interest, this treatise is unrivalled in our times. His Lordship produced an edition of Paley's works, illustrated by numerous notes, and published by the above Society.

In the preceding outline of the public life of Lord Brougham, we have quoted but few points of his personal character. This has been so well drawn by the *Metropolitan Magazine*, edited during his chancellorship by the poet Campbell, that we are induced to adopt the following traits descriptive of his appearance at one of his levees:

"The Chancellor took his place at a corner of the room, backed by his chaplain, and was soon encircled by the visitants; his dress remarkably plain, being a simple suit of velvet in the court cut. The names were announced from the bottom of the stairs, and each person as he entered walked up to the Chancellor and offered his respects. The numbers were so great that it was impossible to devote any marked attention to each, as soon, therefore, as the visitor had made his bow, he retired into the throng, or took his departure through the adjoining room. I was not present at the first of the levees which were held, and at which the attendance was very distinguished; but a friend who was, spoke very highly of the manner in which the Chancellor performed his noviciate. The Archbishop of Canterbury came early, and was very kindly received: he was followed by the Archbishop of York, and several other bishops, whose attendance gave proof that tiff as they might from Lord Brougham, they surely did not consider him in enmity to the Church. . . . The most remarkable visitor of that evening was the Duke of Wellington;—the crowd was astonished, and I dare say the Chancellor himself was surprised, when his name was sent up—I doubt if they had ever met in the same room before. Their political lives, with the exception of the Catholic question, were one unvarying course of opposition, not enmity. I suspect that for a time the Duke despised the talk of the lawyer; and, on the other hand, Brougham had often declared, that the respect which he entertained for military glory was not very lofty. Some of his bitterest tirades were levelled at the Duke personally. No one will deny but that the high-minded Duke lay aside resentment of every sort, and offered this mark of respect as well to the man as the office. The Chancellor was flattered by the attention, and shook the Duke by the hand very cordially. . . . Not the least remarkable personage in the room was the Lord Advocate of Scotland. Brougham and he are very old friends, and have been much engaged in the same species of literature. Brougham was his predecessor in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*—a fact which is not generally known, but which is certain. Brougham was not the first editor, having filled that office for a short time after Sidney Smith withdrew from the situation. Jeffrey appeared extremely pale in his court dress, and did not seem very much at home: he was acquainted with but few of his fellow visitors, and had too much good sense to occupy much of the Chan-

cellor's attention: they did not seem to hold any conversation beyond the usual common-place inquiries. . . . A variety of lords, squires, generals, *ossa innominata* followed, for whom the Chancellor cared perhaps about as much as I did. At length Sir James Spalding was announced, and the Chancellor left his place to meet him. His welcome was very hearty. Brougham was doubtless gratified by this token of respect from a man who was indubitably his leader in the courts, and for whose forensic abilities it is known that he entertains, and has often expressed, the highest admiration. . . . The Speaker of the House of Commons was then announced. Brougham and he met as warm friends, though certainly men having little in kindred. . . . The last person of note who arrived before I departed was Sir Thomas Denman. The Chancellor was engaged with some one at the moment, and nothing passed betwixt them but an exchange of bows. It was nearly ten years since I had seen Brougham and Denman together; the Queen's trial was then the all-engrossing topic of public consideration. Who could then have foretold that these men would in so short a space have won the confidence of a sovereign, whom they attacked with a degree of virulence which, even in those days of party violence, was generally condemned?"

Of the eloquence and general character of Lord Brougham, we have the following excellent portrait by a skilful hand:

"Mr. Brougham differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details. He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of an argument in old matters. Mr. Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the last in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprized of the value of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull, but he has notice of the bill of lading. Our colonial policy, prison discipline, the state of the hulks, agricultural distress, commerce and manufactures, the bullion question, the Catholic question, the Bourbons or the Inquisition, 'domestic treason, foreign levy,' nothing can come amiss to him—he is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs, is not baffled by Scotch law, and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning's speeches. With so many resources, with such variety and solidity of information, Mr. Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual debater.

"Mr. Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. Mr. Brougham writes almost, if not quite, as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, sometimes indeed wedging three or four articles (in the shape of *refracimientos* of his own pamphlets or speeches in parliament) into a single number. Such indeed is the activity of his mind that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to anything, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and possess in a very high degree. He speaks French (and, we believe, several other modern languages) fluently; is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in this latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundary of the Rhine. Mr. Brougham is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also, in one sense of the length of human life, if we make a good use of our time. There is room enough to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass 'no day without a line,' visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. Mr. Brougham, among other means of strengthening and enlarging his views, has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions of the continent. He is no doubt, a very accomplished, active-minded, and admirable person."

Lord Brougham married, in 1816, Mary Anne, relict of John Spalding, Esq. His lordship was born in 1779, and is, consequently, in his seventy-third year.

The writer of the above has left little to add to the portrait of this extraordinary man. Notwithstanding his age he is as laborious as ever, and although not now occupying so prominent a position in the public eye, yet he is felt to be one of those ubiquitous personages who may be said to be never out of mind.

**THE SOAP PLANT.**—From a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, it appears that the soap plant grows all over California. The leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop entirely off in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with in all parts of the country, and, by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it is merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. The botanical name of the plant is *Phacelia pimarica*. Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America, for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different countries as a substitute for soap.

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### WOMAN'S LOVE.

The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words he taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing.  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hours of him who led them.

It would be easy to enumerate the authors who have described woman as otherwise "than in love." It would be too easy to enumerate the books in which woman is prominently brought forward in any of the great relative characters of life; as the daughter, the wife, the mother, the sister, the matron, or the friend; and yet wherever she is so introduced by a master-hand, the absorbing interest of the book centres in her. Fifty other females may have or want lovers, and we care nothing for them or their troubles. It is her actions, her faith, her love, and her sufferings, which sink into our hearts, aye, and abide there, long after we have closed the book. Elizabeth, in the pride and pomp of royalty, even Elizabeth yielding to womanly affections, fades from our minds before the influence of her humble rival, the imprudent, but the delicate, the devoted Any, who loved her husband's honour far better than her own aggrandizement. No one cares about Rose Bradwardine, when Flora MacIvor stands before us, in sublime self-devotedness to the cause of her royal friends; and who ever restrained his tears when the high-souled Rebecca presented the casket of jewels to Rowena, sent her farewell to Wilfred, and went forth a wanderer with her father?

Jeanie Deans, the heroine of sisterly affection, is more to us than Effie Deans, the victim of the unhappy passion; and Immaculate, in her island of flowers,—a fairy thing of love and happiness,—excites nothing of that agony of interest which the same Immaculate excites in the dungeon of the Inquisition, with her dead child lying on her bosom. Who has not (while reading dramatic works) felt more for the lovely and loving Desdemona, than the lovely and loving Juliet—for Imogene, the neglected wife, than Ophelia, the neglected mistress? And (we leave off putting cases) who does not sympathize more strongly in those true tales, which history has preserved for us of woman's love, manifested in the relative duties and relative characters of life, than in any or all the creations of the sublimest genius, the purest fancy? She, who "had no ornament but her children"—she who, even in the presence of Cyrus, "saw him only who said he would give a thousand lives for her ransom"—she who died to give her husband courage, and pronounced that death "not painful"—these and a thousand other instances which shine, and will shine, on the page of history "as the stars for ever and ever," come home to the human heart with a far deeper and diviner influence than all the love of mere lovers. The reasons are plain. Pure and fervent as their love may be, it is still selfish; possessing no higher motive than personal will and pleasure. It has not yet become sacred as a duty, and settled as a habit; nor has it yet passed through long years of need, sickness, sorrow, and adversity, and come out impressed with the broad seal of constancy. Lovers' love may exhibit the freshness and glory of a dream; but it is from the nature of things unproved, and therefore from books, as in real life, we have far deeper satisfaction in contemplating that love which has passed its trial hour undimmed and undiminished.

There is another reason:—If we cannot all invent, we can all observe; and he must be singularly unfortunate, in his society who does not know living instances of women whose love bears an analogy, at least, to that of which we have been speaking. His sphere is indeed confined, to say no worse of it, if he knows no woman who could, were it her duty, die with a husband for a child—no wife who has found the devoted, specious lover change into the

unworthy, brutal husband, and yet has endured her lot with unrepining patience, and meet the world with smiles of seeming cheerfulness, and

and, higher and harder task, denied herself the privilege of marriage, and never told her grief; no intellectual and accomplished mother, who has re-rendered early influence, and re-estimated comfort, the pleasure of being the indulgence of refined taste, and become a mother as well as mother to her children, and entered into all the harassing details of minute daily economy, not with mere dogged submission, but with active, cheerful interest. Does he not know some daughter who has rejected herself from youthful companions and youthful pleasures, that she may employ her youth and youth her days and nights, in soothing a parent's grief, or in becoming a burden, and existence a pain, but who can, nevertheless, heart quietly to his long home, because his last steps have been supported by a beloved and affectionate child? Does he not know some woman, whose child influence has controlled the follies, and whose tenderness, through all the risk of personal blame, has shielded the faults of a brother? Or has he never seen an instance of female friendship? His lip may curl at the idea, but there is such a thing as female friendship; not often, I grant, between ladies, but between the young and the old, the matron who has gently trodden the ways of life, and the young blooming girl, who has just entered upon them. It is a beautiful, aye, and it is a frequent sight to behold the calm gravity of age tempering the enthusiasm of youth, and the bright influence of youth shedding, as it were, a sunset radiance over the sombre sky of age. But to come rather closer to the feelings of our people, to touch upon his personal experience—if he ever lay upon a bed of sickness, what eyes became dim with weeping—what cheeks pale with watching, over him?—What hand administered the medicine and smoothed the pillow? Whose form glided round the bed with the quiet care of a martyr, and ministering spirit? Whose tear soothed his dejection? Whose smile dashed his temper? Whose patience bore his many infirmities? Unless he live in a desert island, he will reply—Woman's! Woman's!

But to know, to the full extent of such knowledge, how noble, how sacred a thing is woman's love, it must be contemplated when strengthened by the bonds of duty, when called forth by the ties of nature. Some may think it needless to lay such strong and repeated stress upon this condition; but my own part, I do not believe that in the hearts of true women—(and such alone are worthy of mention)—love, the passion of love, has before marriage by any means the power generally supposed. I verily think that in a most exemplary wife has been, as the mistress,

"Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

No true woman will either do or suffer for the fondest and most faithful lover; a thousandth part of what she will do and suffer for a husband who is only moderately kind. No—love must, with a woman, become a duty, a duty, a part of existence, a condition of life, before we can know how completely it unites and exemplifies the natures of the lion and the dove, the eagle, which no danger can dismay, with the constancy no suffering can diminish.

It has been much the fashion, of late, to write and talk about woman's mind, and to make comparative estimates of the power of female and masculine intellect. Some, with pleasant malice, have made the scale preponderate on the gentleman's side; others, with pleasant gallantry, have made it preponderate on that of the lady. Women of genius never argue for the recognized equality of female intellect; and men of genius never argue for its recognized inferiority; but, as in political subjects, those dispute hottest who have the least at stake. "Master and mistress-minds" move in their separate spheres, like the rulers of distinct and distant kingdoms, seldom wishing, and scarcely ever tempted, to disturb each other's sovereignty. It is among those who reside in the nooks and corners of Parnassus, that disputes and litigation arise. We can only fancy such small occupiers of intellectual territory as Hayley and Miss Seward, extremely agitated about the mutual recognition of rights, and claims, and divisions. We can only fancy Shakspeare and Madame de Staël, regarding them with contempt and indifference. But by all means let the dispute go forwards, and if women are stimulated to give proof, by their exertions, that there is such a thing as female genius, and men are stimulated to give proof by their surpassing productions, and there is no genius in the world but what is masculine, the public will be gainers any way. We shall have more clever people to read, more clever books to read. Without hazarding an opinion on the subject, for the very sufficient reason of not understanding its merits, I return to the theme with which I began, and with which I would close—"Woman's Love."

Let man take his claimed supremacy, and take it as his hereditary, his inalienable right. Let him have for his dower, sovereignty in philosophy, in learning, in arts, and in arms; let him wear, unmoved, the ermine, the lawn, and the helmet, and wield, untrivalled, the sword, the pen, and the pencil. Let him be supreme in the cabinet, the camp, and the study; and to women will still remain a "goodly heritage," of which neither force nor rivalry can deprive her. The heart is her domain; and there she is a queen. To acquire over the unruly wills and tempers of men, an influence, which no man, however great, however gifted, can acquire: to manifest a faith which never fails, a patience that never wears out, a devotedness which can sacrifice, and a courage which can suffer; to perform the same unending round of duties without weariness, and endure the same unvarying round of vexations without murmuring; to require neglect with kindness, and fidelity with fidelity; to be true when all are false, and firm when all is wavering; to watch over the few dear objects of regard with an eye that never sleeps, and a care that cannot change; to think, to add, to suffer; to sacrifice, to live, to die for them, their happiness, and safety—these are woman's true triumphs; this, this is WOMAN'S LOVE!

## ONWARD!

**CHEAP COAL FOR LONDON.**—A Company is said to be in course of formation for working the coal-mines of Darlston estate, near Coventry, only 90 miles from London.

**TRAMWAY EMPLOYMENT.**—The Commissioners of Works are empowered by an Act of Parliament, which has just been printed, to construct an embankment and public road, to extend from Vauxhall-bridge to the Chelsea-gardens.

**GASOMETER.**—One of the largest gasometers in the kingdom is now being erected at Messrs. Westwood and Wright's Ironworks, Brierley-hill. The diameter is 187 feet, depth 40 feet: the weight of iron necessary for its completion will be 400 tons, and it will contain about 800,000 cubic feet of gas. —*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*

**IMPROVEMENT IN GAS AND COKE MANUFACTURE.**—A patent has been taken out by Messrs. Newton, of Chancery-lane, for a method of producing a coal gas, free to a certain extent of bituminous oils, and a coke suitable for smelting, locomotive, and other furnaces. The apparatus is a modification of a patent secured by Messrs. Pauwels and Dubochet in April 1850.

**GAS FROM WOOD.**—In experiments made some time ago, it was said that a considerable quantity of illuminating gas could be obtained from two ounces of wood. The process on a large scale is now, it seems, in operation at Basle, and about to be introduced at Zurich, Stockholm, and Drontheim. It is said to be far less expensive than the manufacture from coal, and to furnish a gas free from sulphuretted hydrogen, besides several useful by-products, such as charcoal, wood-tar, and vinegar.

**NEW SMOKE-CONSUMING APPARATUS.**—An apparatus, according to a Glasgow paper, has been originated by Mr. Aitken, of Murdoch and Aitken, Hill-street East, of that city, the advantages of which every one is at liberty to avail himself of without payment of fees for patent or "lordship." The flames from three furnaces meet in a central space or oven. The furnaces being fired in succession, at intervals of ten or twelve minutes, two of them are generally in a white flame, and on meeting the smoke from the third furnace (which is supposed to be newly kindled) in this oven between the boilers, it is immediately consumed before it can enter the flue of the larger boiler. The advantages of this apparatus, in addition to the great feature of the consumption of smoke, are described to be a considerable saving of fuel, a saving of the tear and wear of the principal boiler, and the facility with which it can be applied to boilers at present in operation, at a moderate expense, and in a very short time.

**ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.**—Another new route has been proposed for a sub-marine Atlantic telegraph between Europe and America, namely, from Norway by Iceland (120 miles), Greenland (80 miles farther), and Davis Straits (where 100 miles wide) to Labrador, and thence by land to New York; while from Norway, a short line would bridge across the Skager Rack, and put the main line en rapport with Calais, and hence with England, &c. It is said that "the comparative success of the telegraph across the Irish Channel has at length led some speculators to entertain seriously the project of laying down a telegraphic communication between Europe and America."—[This sentence was probably written before the recent misadventure which befell this Irish telegraph. Its quotation now may show the importance to the general progress of telegraphic sub-marine communication of circumspection and avoidance of haste; the probability of future progress being very much dependent on the way in which past efforts may be carried out. We do not speak in reference to the scheme just noticed, but to the extension of sub-marine communication in general.]

**NEW METHOD OF MANUFACTURING GAS.**—Patents have been issued in England and America for a new method of manufacturing gas, which promises to supersede that at present in use, excelling, as it does, the great desiderata of cheapness, brilliancy, simplicity, and cleanliness. Companies for the manufacture and sale of the requisite apparatus have been organized in London and in New York—that in the latter city being styled the United States Gas Company.—The *Commercial Advertiser* (U.S.) says:—"We have examined the apparatus in operation at the latter Company's rooms, and have found it equal to representations, which we heard with some degree of incredulity. It occupies a small space, and is so simple in all its parts that any person of ordinary understanding can readily be made to comprehend its workings, and learn its management in a few months. As in the case of many other inventions, the observer wonders that such a simple and useful contrivance was never thought of before. The apparatus we examined was supplied with some twenty burners, all of which were ignited at once, and gave a light of surpassing brilliancy. Professor Renwick has drawn up a report on the subject, showing from a careful analysis, that this gas is superior in every respect to that in common use. It can be introduced into dwelling-houses, in public buildings, or even on shipboard, with the utmost safety. This gas is made from pine oil; a gallon of which, costing twelve cents, we are informed, will be sufficient for the supply of twenty burners for one hour. Thirty lights, burning five hours per night, will cost but 1 dollar 12½ cents, while the city gas for the same number of burners, would cost 2 dollars 25 cents; making a difference in one year of 410 dollars in favour of the new invention. This seems almost incredible, but it is a statement of that kind which can be easily tested, and which it would be impossible to sustain by any other but experimental evidence. The Company are about to publish a circular setting forth the results of experiments made by Professor Renwick, and other scientific persons who have examined the invention, and in the meantime the public are invited to see for themselves. Unless we are greatly deceived, this invention will mark the way into general favour."

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## BRIBERY.

No, I'll not trust the honour of a man:  
Gold is grown great, and makes perfidiousness  
A most common waiter in most princes' courts:  
He's in the check-roll: I'll not trust my blood:  
I know none breathing but will oag a dye  
For twenty thousand double pistolets.—*Marston.*

## CALAMITY.

Do not insult calamity;  
It is a barbarous grossness, to lay on  
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery  
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down.—*Daniel's Philotas.*  
Calamity is man's true touch-stone.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Four Plays in One.*

How wisely fate ordain'd for human kind  
Calamity! which is the perfect glass  
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.  
How justly it created life too short!  
For being incident to many griefs,  
Had it been destined to continue long,  
Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great wrong.

*Sir W. Davenant's Law against Lovers.*

Know, he that  
Foretells his own calamity, and makes  
Events before they come, twice over doth  
Endure the pains of Evil destiny.  
But we must trust to virtue, not to fate;  
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.

*Sir W. Davenant's Distresses.*

Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;  
And, after summer, ever more succeeds  
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;  
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—*Shakspeare's Henry VI.*

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys  
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,  
At every little breath misfortune blows;  
'Till left quite naked of their happiness,  
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.  
This is the common lot.—*Young.*

Tell me no more  
Of my soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain  
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?  
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind  
One true heart unto me, whereon my own  
Might find a resting-place, a home for all  
Its burden of affection? I depart  
Unknown, though Fame goes with me; I must leave  
The earth unknown.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

## CALM.

Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm: that not a breath  
I heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspen fall. The uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse,  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation.—*Thomson's Seasons.*  
The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,  
And oft renew'd seem'd oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.  
O who with speech of war and woes,  
Would wish to break the soft repose  
Of such enchanting scene!—*Scott's Lord of the Isles.*  
St. George's banner, broad and gay,  
Now faded, as the fading ray  
Less bright, and less, was hung;  
The evening gale had scarce the power  
To wave it on the donjon tower,  
So heavily it hung.—*Scott's Marmion.*

When all the fiercer passions cease,  
(The glory and disgrace of youth);  
When the deluded soul in peace,  
Can listen to the voice of truth;  
When we are taught in whom to trust,  
And how to spare, to spend, to give;  
(Our produce kind, our pity just)  
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.—*Crabbe.*



PARLOUR PASTIME.

*Instructive and amusing Game for a Party of Intelligent Young People, in which their Seniors can assist.*

Two of the party to leave the room; during whose absence the remaining individuals are to fix on 4, 8, or 8 of their number to represent so many well-known characters, as kings, warriors, statesmen, philanthropists, philosophers, artists, poets, &c. When the absent persons are called in, each of the characters chosen, must in turn, mention some fact or event in the life of the person whose name they bear, but not too plainly; for instance, in speaking of King John, they might say, "He stooped very low, in order to obtain what was his own." (History states that he surrendered his crown, and then received it again as a gift from the Pope)—and of Cowper, "he made his *Task* a pleasure." The characters chosen should all be of one sort at the same time, to prevent confusion, as four kings, or four poets. If the two cannot guess who is intended from three such remarks as above mentioned, respecting each individual represented, they must give it up; two others go out, and the remainder choose fresh characters. Forfeits may be adopted, if agreeable to the young people; but in general, the pleasure of guessing has sufficient excitement.

The same game may be adapted to younger children, by choosing fruits or flowers, and speaking of some peculiar properties. S. M. H.

FLORAL ENIGMA.

A LOVELY maid, her mother's pride,  
On Enna's plain, 'mid flow'rets stray'd;  
Dark Pluto seized her for his bride,  
And to deep shades below convey'd.

The goddess wept her rifled child,  
And sought her through earth's widest bound;  
Where mother roam'd—where daughter smiled—  
In each—in ev'ry place I'm found. (1)

Offspring of day, I love the light,  
Oft sink to sleep when evening falls; (2)  
And yet I'm known to charn by night,  
And shed sweet influence round your halls. (3)

Proudly I stand with head erect,  
When in the purest white array'd; (4)  
And though with gorgeous colours deck'd,  
Simple I am as village maid. (5)

I'm known by character and name,  
But vary oft in form and size; (6)  
My family adds to my fame,  
Though from earth's lowest scum I rise. (7)

I am a garment, made with skill,  
A shelter from the noon-day heat; (8)  
I stand beside the mountain rill, (9)  
Prostrate I fall at beauty's feet. (10)

Now I assume a warlike guise, (11)  
And then a starry dress I wear; (12)  
Now like a winged insect rise; (13)  
Then at your feasts a cup I bear. (14)

I'm oft employ'd in converse sweet,  
And in Love's errands bear a part; (15)  
Oft, too, when buzzing crowds I meet, (16)  
My lips are seal'd with cautious art. (17)

Miss C. M.—

ORTHOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

A WORD, of letters five, contains  
All that the verse below explains.

Behold me (1) there, my dinner too, (2)  
My consort, who is kind and true; (3)  
The trunk of yon fair tree; (4)  
That upon which you often tread; (5)  
A thing that rears its lofty head (6)  
Above the stormy sea.

The sea itself, (7) a resting-place, (8)  
The oxen that the furrow trace, (9)  
A preposition too, you'll find, (10)  
A join, (11) a verb in constant use, (12)  
A plant, which China doth produce, (13)  
The bud-destroying wind. (14)

My whole's a cloud, a breath; me will you find  
Weak when in freedom, mighty when confined;  
The wintry air my presence oft reveals,  
And when the evening mist the plain conceals,  
I'm present there; in Iceland's Isle I dwell;  
And yet I think you know me very well;  
O'er time and space I triumph, by my aid  
Are the events of every day display'd;  
To my command the stubborn metals bow;  
I'll add no more; I'm sure you know me now.

S. R.

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE NINE OF HEARTS.—ARTFUL GRACES.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF FISHES.

1. The fish which is dormant and ends with a sigh.
2. The fish which can swim and also can fly.
3. The fish which commands us to move in a trice.
4. The fish which makes metal look brilliant and nice.
5. The fish which reduces all substance to powder.
6. The fish which curtails that which makes some men pro der.
7. The fish which a master at balls may command.
8. The fish which is ne'er used by man on dry land.
9. The fish which a miser gloats over with pleasure.
10. The fish which a matron oft guards as her treasure.
11. The fish which is pottery broken to use.
12. The fish which destroying, all power we lose.
13. The fish which may shrink, or e'en spoil clothes for wear.
14. The fish which shines bright o'er this world of care.

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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PICTORIAL CHARADE.—START-LINE.

EXPLANATION OF THE FLORAL LOVE-LETTER.

MOST AMIABLE LOVE.—Your Sweet Disposition, Feminine Modesty and Virtue, have long occupied my Thoughts, and filled my heart with Unchanging Friendship, and, hitherto, Love sweet and Secret, towards you. Your conversation has ever been replete with Wit and Wisdom, attended with a Desire to Please; and I should experience Lasting Pleasure and Felicity if blessed with your Lively and Pure Love. I trust you will pardon my Liberty, when I say that you possess Beauty; at the same time, it would be falsehood in me to observe that Beauty is your only attraction, since to Confidence, Candour, and Innocence, are united in you an Amiable and Sweet Disposition, with every Attractive Grace. Could I but win your Smiles, your Confidence, and Obedience, Love, it shall be my Pride through Life to prove to you my Devotion and Constancy. Suffer me not then, Sweet Innocence, to feel Disappointment and Extinguished Hope, but reward my Declaration of Love—True Love, with Love returned. Your Goodness, Generosity, and Humanity, convince me that you cannot practice Deceit; and as Charity and Cruelty cannot inhabit the same bosom, I feel Felicity in thinking you will not, by cold Indifference, doom me to Melancholy and Despair. Darest, then suffer no Obstacle to impede our happy Union. I burn, in Truth, with the Flame of Love, while Hope sustains me.—Adieu, Forget-me-not.

In Bonds of Affection and Friendship,  
Believe me through Time Unchangeable,  
Yours,  
I AGO FF—

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Ceylon (sail on). 2. When it is (a action (inaction)). 3. A thin head (cascade). 4. The mandarin (man during). 5. Because he is in an untidy state of suspense. 6. Newfoundland. 7. O X B (Oxybow) one of the standard legs. 8. In a merry key (America). 9. When they are passing round the Cape (Cape of Good Hope). 10. India rubber. 11. Because whatever his business transactions may be, he always gains his pocket (profit). 12. The Cannibal. 13. Him (helm). 14. When they are in a hurry. 15. Tort (as an adjective, now) as a substantive, object. 16. Ministry (money). 17. Because he is not able (not-able). 18. Unhappy (you shanty). 19. Dry. 20. The one and all (hol).

ENIGMAS.—1. Fox glove. 2. Mass-rope. 3. Bachelor's button.









### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS:—No. 16.

**Food and Drink of Children.**—Happy indeed is the child who, during the first period of its existence, is fed upon no other aliment than the milk of its mother, or that of a healthy nurse: if other food becomes necessary before the child has acquired teeth, it ought to be of a liquid form; for instance, biscuits, or stale bread, boiled in an equal mixture of milk and water, till the consistency of a thick soup; but by no means even this in the first week of its life. Flour or meal ought never to be used for soup, as it produces viscid humours, instead of a wholesome nutritious chyle. After the first six months, weak veal or chicken broth may be given, and also, progressively, vegetables that are not very flatulent; for instance, carrots, endive, spinach, parsnips, with broth and boiled fruit, such as apples, pears, plums, and cherries. When the infant is weaned, and has acquired its proper teeth, it is advisable to let it have small portions of meat, and other vegetables, as well as dishes prepared of flour, &c., so that it may gradually become accustomed to every kind of strong and wholesome food. We ought, however, to be cautious and not, upon any account, to allow a child pastry, confectionary, cheese, heavy dishes, made of boiled or baked flour, onions, horse-radish, mustard, smoked and salted meat, especially pork, and all compound dishes; for the most simple food is the most salutary. Potatoes should be allowed only in moderation, and not to be eaten with butter, but rather with other vegetables, either mashed up or in broth. The time of taking food is not a matter of indifference: very young infants make an exception; for, as their consumption of vital power is more rapid, they may be more frequently indulged with aliment. It is, however, advisable to accustom even them to a certain regularity, so as to allow them their victuals at stated periods of the day; for it has been observed, that those children which were fed indiscriminately through the whole day, were subject to debility and disease. The stomach should be allowed to recover its tone, and to collect the juices necessary for digestion, before it is supplied with a new portion of food. The following order of giving food to children has been found proper, and conducive to their health:—after rising in the morning, suppose about six o'clock, a moderate portion of lukewarm milk, with well-baked bread, which should by no means be new; at nine o'clock, bread with some fruit, or, if fruit be scarce, a small quantity of fresh butter; about twelve o'clock, the dinner, of a sufficient quantity; between four and five o'clock, some bread with fruit, or, in winter, the jam of plums, as a substitute for fruit. On this occasion, children should be allowed to eat till they are satisfied, without surfeiting themselves, that they may not crave for a heavy supper, which disturbs their rest, and is productive of bad humours: lastly, about seven o'clock, they may be permitted a light supper, consisting either of milk, soup, fruit, or boiled vegetables, and the like, but neither meat nor meaty dishes, nor any articles of food which produce flatulency; in short, they ought then to eat but little, and remain awake at least for one hour after it. It has often been contended that bread is hurtful to children; but this applies only to new bread, or such as is not sufficiently baked; for instance, our rolls, muffins, and crumpets, than which nothing can be more hurtful and oppressive. Good wheaten bread is extremely proper during the first years of infancy; but that made of rye, or a mixture of wheat and rye would be more conducive to health after the age of childhood. With respect to drink, physicians are decidedly against giving it to children in large quantities, and at irregular periods, whether it consist of the mother's milk, or any other equally mild liquor. It is improper and pernicious to keep infants continually at the breast; and it would be less hurtful, nay even judicious, to let them cry for a few nights, rather than to fill them incessantly with milk, which readily turns sour on the stomach, weakens the digestive organs, and ultimately generates scrofulous affections. In the latter part of the first year, pure water may occasionally be administered; and if this cannot be procured, a light and unfermented table-beer might be substituted. When parents who accustom their children to drink water, and know on them a future, the value and superiority of which will be sensibly felt through life. Many children, however, acquire a habit of drinking during their infancy; it would be more conducive to digestion, if they were accustomed to drink only after having made a meal. This useful rule is too often neglected,

though it be certain that inundations of the stomach, during the mastication and maceration of food, not only vitiate digestion, but they may be attended with other bad consequences; as cold drink, when brought in contact with the teeth previously heated, may easily occasion cracks or chinks in these useful bones, and pave the way for their carious dissolution.

**Story Books.**—M. S.—Thanks for the hint, which has recalled to our memory those halcyon days of early boyhood, when the nursery rung with our notes of wondering delight at the close of one of those happy stories with which an aged aunt used to beguile us of many a drowsy hour. She was a *maître d'esprit* at story-telling, and although her narratives were sometimes dashed with melancholy, they usually assumed quite another colouring, and were as bright and sunny as any fabled land where the sun never sets, and where every object shines with the brilliancy of burnished gold. Her stories, however, had no aim beyond the vulgar excitement of wonder, and were often as remarkable for their startling adventures as those of Baron Munchausen, or the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." All these notables of the nursery have passed away, having been in a great measure supplanted by tales equally entertaining, with the additional advantage of having a moral aim, calculated to impress the mind with principles capable of being acted upon throughout the great struggle of life. Without beating about for a proof of this, we may instance the beautifully illustrated "Story Books by Aunt Mary," now publishing by Messrs. Houlston and Stoneman. These are bound in cloth and lettered in silver, and convey principles as praiseworthy as we hope they will be enduring. Such story-tellers are invaluable to youth, and cannot but prove attractive. There are, however, said to be, other story-tellers, who "live and move and have their being" in and about the great city of London, whose attractions to the idle and dissipated are of a very questionable kind, and who are to be seen in living volumes sometimes rather stiffly than beautifully bound



IN CLOTH AND LETTERED.

**To MAKE APPLE FRITTERS.**—G. S.—Take one pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, and as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter; have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple; take the core carefully out of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin—lay them in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

**THE TIMES.**—T. F.—The *Times* circulates 40,000 copies daily, or about 12,000,000 in the year, which is equal to the circulation of all the rest of the London newspapers. **CAPE AND HATS.**—A. L.—The introduction of caps and hats is referred to 1449; the first seen in these parts of the world at the entry of Charles VII. into Rouen, and from that time they began to take place of the hoods, or "chaparons," that had been used till then. When the cap was of velvet, they called it mortier; when of wool, simply bonnet, as still called amongst the Scotch. None but kings, princes, and knights, were allowed the use of the mortier. The cap was the head-dress of the clergy and graduates, churchmen and members of universities; students in law, physic, &c., as well as graduates, wear square caps in most universities. Doctors are distinguished by peculiar caps, given them in assuming the doctorate. Pasquier says, that the giving the cap to students in the universities, was to denote that they had acquired full liberty, and were no longer subject to the rod of their superiors, in imitation of the ancient Romans, who gave a plectrum or cap to their slaves, in the ceremony of making them free. The cap was also used as a mark of infamy in Italy. The Jews were distinguished by a yellow cap at Lucce, and by an orange one in France. Formerly, those who had been bankrupts were obliged, ever after, to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any business with them.

**CONVERSATION RECAPTURED.**—T. F. (study to be well bred yourself, and then you will find that to be the best security against the ill-manners of other people). R. T. (the golden rule is, to do as you would like to be done unto; but as this is not very easy to practice at all times,

we should recommend you to set up, in it as nearly as you can). L. A. (about five years are required before leeches attain a state of maturity; while very young, they are quite unfit for medical purposes. They are caught in various ways, either by the hand, or by persons wading in the shallow waters during the spring of the year, when they adhere to his naked legs; but in summer, as they have retired to deeper water, a raft of twigs and bushes is constructed, by which a few are entangled). G. S. (there are some who believe such things, but it is a sure mark of intellectual weakness; as the howling of a dog foretelling death, and dogs seeing death entering the houses of people who are about to die; we think it just as absurd as any other absurdity which took its rise in ages of ignorance and superstition, and which is now extinct). S. D. (we do not wish to advise in your individual case, but we think that the very poorest of all family goods are indolent females. If a wife knows nothing of domestic duties beyond the parlour or boudoir, she is a dangerous partner in these times of pecuniary uncertainty). G. F. S. (we believe it is true, that not one solitary epistle in the handwriting of George II. is known to exist). M. L. (No; dress is not everything, but it is a great deal and goes a long way towards securing your attention and civility as society is constructed. If you have entered a coffee-house, or the public room of a tavern, you must have remarked that the ratio of civility and attention from the waiter is regulated by the dress of his various customers). T. B. F. (go anywhere to overcome your propensity for strong drinks. Bury yourself in the woods of America, but do not settle in its towns, for there you will have more facilities than here, if you have money). S. L. (it was George III.). D. S. (the feeling is not quite extinct yet. There are still some of the old school of respectable tradesmen and merchants who will not take physic, be bled, or transact any particular business on a Friday, because it is an unlucky day. There are others for the same reason, who will not be married on a Friday, and others again, who would consider every child born on that day as doomed by misfortune. It is a common saying, and a popular belief, that—

"Friday night's dream on the Saturday told,  
Is sure to come true be it never so old."  
P. L. (True politeness consists in being easy yourself and in making every one about you as easy as you can). L. N. ("The Tempest," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," are the most poetical and wonderful of Shakespeare's creations). P. G. (what matter? We cannot all be leaders. The only thing that you have to do in your case is to take care to be followed; not to be the last stands always in some rank of praise). A. M. (what you heard was no *Death Watch*, but a small insect (*Scaphium galatini pulsator*) lonely and retired, and frequently found amongst the dust of decayed rotten wood. By its regular pulsation, like the ticking of a watch, it is apt to surprise those that are strangers to its nature and propensities, who fancy, as you have done, that its ticking portends a family change; but this is an imaginary fear. The insect has been put into a box, and heard and seen in the act of pulsation, which is occasioned by its small proboscis beating against the wood, as if searching for food). M. A. (the eight principal public schools are considered to be those of Westminster, Winchester, Eton, Harrow, the Charter-house, Merchant Tailors', St. Paul's, and Rugby). T. B. (it is difficult personally to prove the experiment, but Dr. Kitchiner says, that the same quantity of wine diluted, intoxicates sooner than the same quantity drunk in the same time, without dilution; the wine being applied to a larger surface of the stomach, acts with proportionably greater quickness; though wine diluted sooner intoxicates, its effects are sooner over). P. S. (we could mention similar omens, which, as the event proved were construed as prophetic of ill-luck. Byron, for example, fell on the morning of his bridal, and observed it was a bad omen. On the Scottish Highlanders raising the standard for Prince Charles Stuart in 1745, the ornamental part fell off, which was considered by them an omen of failure in their enterprise. When Cooke, the solicitor-general was beginning to open the pleadings at the trial of Charles I. the King gently tapped him on the shoulder with his cane, crying "Hold! hold!" At the same moment the silver head of the cage fell off, and rolled on the floor. These and many more might be adduced to establish a belief in the fulfilment of omens, but no rational system of philosophy can support it).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Stationer, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT, 69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 42.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"Here it is, Madame, here it is! It is the petition of a poor prisoner!"

PICCIOLA:

OR,

THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 644.)

Thus the captive of Fénestrelle succeeded in drawing from those beloved studies which had intoxicated his fancy a charm which was not less illusive, and entered more and more into that sphere of poetry from whence we return like the bee from the bosom of the flower, all perfumed, and with a harvest of honey. Thus together with actual life he enjoyed an imaginative existence, that completion of the other without which men would only possess half the benefits of the Creator.

His time was now divided between Picciola the plant and Picciola the fair girl. After reasoning and labour, he had pleasure and love.

Pursuing his experiments upon the blooming of flowers, Charney felt each day new raptures as he investigated the ordinary wonders of nature. But his eyes were unable to penetrate into those subtler mysteries, so unapproachable by sight. He was lamenting his own want of power, when Ludovico presented to him, from his neighbour, the Italian conspirator, a strong magnifying-glass, by the aid of which he had been able to number eight thousand ocular facets on the corner of a fly. Charney felt a thrill of joy. Thanks to

this instrument, the most minute parts of his plant would appear clear to his view five times their natural size. Then he advanced, or thought he was advancing, with rapid strides, on the road of discovery! He divided and analysed the external envelope of his flower; he thought he could discover that those brilliant colours of the petals, their form, their purple spots, those bands of velvet or satin which were attached to their base, or ornamented their circumference, were not there only to please the eye by the sight of their beauty, but also to divide or reflect the rays of the sun, to lessen or increase their force, according to the wants of the flower, accomplishing the great act of fructification. Those bright varnished surfaces, shining like porcelain, were doubtless glandulous masses of absorbent vessels, intended for the reception of air, light, and moisture, for the nourishment of the seeds; for without light, no colour; without air and heat, no life! Moisture, heat, light: of these, then, were vegetables composed, those wonders of the earth!—and to this also they must return when they die.

Unknown to him, it often happened that, during his hours of study and delight, Charney had two attentive spectators, who followed him in all his movements, and, from sympathy took part in all his emotions: Gerhardt and his daughter.

Brought up under the eye of a father deeply imbued with the principles of religion, and passing his life in retirement and contemplation, Gerhardt's daughter possessed a character in which the most elevated and healthful feelings of our nature appeared combined. Her beauty, virtues, and graces, of both mind and person, could not fail to attract admirers; gifted with a

deep and extensive sensibility, she seemed especially formed for the exercise of the more tender affections; but if some slight prepossessions led for a moment, disturbed the serenity of her soul while surrounded by the gaieties of Turin, the captivity of her father had absorbed all such transient impressions in one great sorrow.

Could she who was now alone devoted to the Saviour, who had suffered for her on the cross, and the father who was languishing in a prison, open her heart to one who should offer himself in all the sunshine of happiness? The fair Turinise had not weakly abandoned herself to sadness and melancholy; all her duties were pleasures, all her sacrifices brought joy to her heart; but was it near the happy of the earth that she could find joy? Where she could dry a tear or awaken a smile, there was her place, her pride, there her triumph! That sweet task is almost the only one she had hitherto fulfilled. But from the moment she beheld Charney, both interest and compassion were excited in her breast. He, like her father, was a captive; he was near her father; he had now nothing to love in the world but a poor plant, and he loved it so much! The manly countenance of the prisoner, his noble brow, his elegant figure, doubtless excited the pity of the young girl; but had she known him in the time of his fortune, at that time when the false appearance of external happiness surrounded him—no, she would not then have distinguished him from others. What charmed her in him was his isolation, his misfortune, his resignation. She instinctively devoted to him her friendship, even her esteem; for, in her ignorance of the world, she placed misfortunes in the number of virtues.

This lovely, excellent girl, as bold when a good action was to be performed, as she was timid when an eye was to be encountered, too forgetful perhaps of danger, constantly encouraged and incited her father in his kind intentions towards Charney.

At length, one day, Gerhardi, on showing himself at his window, did not, as usual, content himself with saluting the count with his hand; he made him a sign to approach as near as possible, and moderating the tone of his voice, as in great apprehension of being heard by others, entered upon the following dialogue:—

"I have, perhaps, good news to give you, sir!"

"And I, sir, have thanks to return to you for this microscope you were so kind as to lend me."

"I have not even the merit of the idea; it was my daughter who suggested it."

"You have a daughter, sir; and they allow you the privilege of seeing her?"

"Yes, I am a father, and I thank God for it every day; for my poor child is an angel! She took a great interest in you, my dear sir, when you were ill; and since, while seeing you bestow so much care on yon flower. Have not you sometimes seen her at this grating?"

"Indeed—I think—"

"But while speaking to you of my daughter, I forgot I was going to tell you the great news. The emperor is going to Milan, where he is to be crowned king of Italy."

"King of Italy! Well, then, sir, he will be more than ever your master and mine. As to the microscope," putted Charney, "as the great news he had heard had but little withdrawn his attention from his first idea, and who did not suspect any consequences to follow from it, "you have long been deprived of it for me, - forgive me; perhaps I may still need it for approaching experiments; yet I will restore it to you soon."

"I can do very well without it; I have others," replied the fly-catcher, kindly, guessing from the sound of the speaker's voice the regret he would feel at losing the instrument. "Keep it, sir, keep it in remembrance of a companion in captivity, who, believe me, feels a lively interest for you."

Charney would have expressed his gratitude to the generous man,—he interrupted him:

"But let me finish what I have to tell you;" and lowering his voice, "it is asserted that pardons will be granted, on account of this second coronation of the new emperor. Have you friends in Turin or Milan? Are there any means of making them interest themselves?"

The person addressed sadly shook his head.

"I have no friends," said he.

"No friends!" repeated the old man, with a look full of pity. "You have then doubted mankind! for friendship never fails those who believe in it. Well, I have friends; friends whom even adversity could not shake. They will be able, perhaps, to do for you what they are still unable to do for me."

"I will ask nothing of General Buonaparte!" replied the count, in a proud, stern tone, in which all his old animosity suddenly reappeared.

"Hush!—speak lower—I think I hear some one coming—but, no—"

There was a moment's silence, then the Italian continued in a tone where reproach was softened as if coming from the mouth of a father:

"Dear companion, you are still irritated. I should have hoped that the studies to which you have devoted yourself for so many months would have extinguished those feelings of hatred which God reproves, and which pervert the life of man. Have not the perfumes of your flower entirely healed the wounds received from the world? That Buonaparte, whom you seem to hate—I have more to complain of him than you, perhaps, for my son died from having served him."

"Ah! that son, you would have avenged him!" quickly interrupted Charney.

"I see that those false reports have reached you even," said the old man, nobly raising his head towards heaven, as if to call God to witness. "I avenge myself by a crime! no! But, in the first moments of my grief I could not restrain myself; it is true; and whilst the people of Turin saluted

the conqueror with acclamations of joy, I opposed my cries of despair to the vivas of the crowd. I was arrested; I had a knife about me; the base parasites, to gain favour with their master, had no difficulty in making him believe that I wished his life. They treated me as an assassin, when I was only an unhappy father, who had just learned the death of his son. Well, I can believe that he may have been deceived; I can even believe that this Buonaparte is not a cruel man, for he has not put either you or me to death. If he restores me to liberty, he will but have repaired an error with respect to me. I will bless him, however; not that I cannot support captivity. Full of faith in Providence, I am resigned to all. But my imprisonment weighs upon my daughter; it is for my daughter that I would be free, to put an end to her exile from the world, that she may again enjoy the pleasures of her age. Have you not also some being in whom you are interested; a wife who weeps for you, and for whom you will be happy to sacrifice your scorn of oppression? Come, authorise my friends to speak in your name."

Charney smiled. "No wife weeps for me," said he; "no one sighs after my return, for I have no more gold to give them. What should I then do in that world, where I was less happy even than I am here? But could I again find friends, fortune, and happiness, I would still say, No! a thousand times No! if it were necessary to humble myself before the power I have tried to destroy."

"What! all hope is then denied you by yourself?"

"Never will I salute with the title of emperor him who was my equal."

"Take care lest you foolishly sacrifice your future to a sentiment which has more perhaps of vanity than of patriotism in it. But hush!" said the old Gerhardi again, "for this time I do not deceive myself; some one is coming. Adieu!" and he left the grated window.

"Thanks, thanks, for the microscope!" cried Charney, before he had quite disappeared from his sight.

At that moment Ludovico made the low door of the court grate upon its hinges. He brought the prisoner his daily provision. He saw him thoughtful and contemplative; and not wishing to disturb him, he contented himself with gently rattling the plates he held while passing near him, to warn him that his dinner was ready. Then taking it all up into his room, he soon retired, after having silently saluted *monsieur dîd madame*, as he sometimes said, that is to say, the man and the plant.

"The microscope is mine!" thought Charney. "But how have I merited the benevolence of this kind stranger!" and seeing Ludovico at the time, crossing the court, "he also has gained my esteem. Under the coarse exterior of a jailor there beats a noble heart; I am sure of it. There are, then, kind and benevolent men in the world; but where do they hide themselves?"

And he seemed to hear an internal voice answer, "It is because misfortune has taught you to comprehend a benefit, that men appear to you less deserving of contempt. What is it then that these two men have done? One has watered your plant unknown to you, the other has given you the means of understanding and analysing it better."

"Oh!" said Charney to himself, "the heart does not deceive itself; there was on their part true generosity!"

"Yes," replied the voice; "but it is because that generosity is exercised towards you that you do them justice. If Picciola had not existed, you would perhaps still have seen in the one of these two men only an old fool, given up to degrading occupations; and in the other a rude being, debased by sordid avarice! In your former society, did you love anything, monsieur le comte? No, your heart was isolated like your mind. Here it is, because you love Picciola, that these two men have loved you; your love to the flower has attracted them towards you."

And Charney looked by turns at his plant, and at his precious microscope—Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy! That terrible formula, the half of which was sufficient formerly to make him a furious conspirator, scarcely presented itself to his mind at that moment.

What matter to him the triumphs of the newly-elected of the nations, and the liberties of Europe! An insect that buzzed menacingly around his flower, caused him more agony and care than all the usurpations of the new empire!

## CHAPTER X.

He resumed his labours; armed with that glass, henceforth his own property, he repeated his observations, he extended the field of his discoveries, and his enthusiasm increased from day to day. It must be acknowledged indeed, that, inexperienced in analysis, ignorant of the first rudiments, and without instruments sufficiently powerful, sometimes unconsciously led him to indulge the spirit of system and paradox, while pursuing his examinations. Thus he invented a thousand theories for the circulation of the sap, on the means by which it rose, spread, and changed, without suspecting its double circulation; on the different colours of the plant, as well as on the source of the difference in smell of the stalk, leaves, and flowers; on the gum and resin distilled by vegetables; on the wax and honey which the bees procure from them. He found at first a reply to all; but the system of the morning came to destroy that of the evening; and he was pleased at his own impotence, since it forced him to exert all the faculties of his mind and of his imagination, and did not allow him to see a termination to these interesting occupations.

A day of triumph was coming for him, a glorious day, when he should inscribe the most important of his observations.

He had formerly heard the loves of the plants, that ingenious and sublime discovery of Linnæus, spoken of, and had heard of the numerous nuptials



that are performed in a corolla, under shelter of the petals; but at the time he had bestowed but a contemptuous attention to the subject. Aided by his microscope, he now gave himself up entirely to this new series of studies; he spied, he was patient; he at length penetrated the mysteries of this nuptial couch! Under his eyes, a movement of life and love manifested itself in every part of the flower; by a double attraction the pistils and stamens approached one another, and seemed for an instant to feel the animation of living, thinking beings! Amazed, confounded, Charney doubted if he were awake, his head could not contain the ardent admiration with which he was penetrated. By analogy, his thoughts, mounting from plants to animals, embraced the whole scale of creation, in its harmony, in its immensity. He doubted if the secret of the universe were not in his possession! his eyes became dim, the instrument fell from his hand; the bewildered philosopher fell upon his rustic seat, folded his arms, and then, after long meditation, addressing his plant,

"Picciola," said he, "formerly I had the whole world to travel over; I had numerous friends; I was surrounded by learned men of all kinds; well! none of these learned men ever taught me so much as thou; not one of my friends, or rather of the men who usurped that title, rendered me the good offices that I have received from thee alone; and in this circumscribed place, where thou miserably vegetatest between two stones, have I, walking up and down, and around thee, without my eye losing thee, thought more, felt more, observed more, perhaps, than in my long journeys through Europe. What was my blindness! when thou didst offer thyself to me, so weak, so pale, so languid, I expected nothing from thy appearance; and it was a companion that was arriving for me, a book that was opening before me, a world that was about to be revealed to my eyes! That companion softened my griefs, and banished them, she attached me again to that existence which she preserved for me: she taught me to know men, and reconciled me to them! That book made me despise others; it convinced me of my ignorance, and cast down my pride; it made me comprehend that science, like virtue, is acquired only by humility; that we must descend to rise; that the first step of that immense ladder, the top of which we hope to gain, is buried in the earth; and it is by that we must begin! It is the book of light, perhaps! Written in living characters, in a language still mysterious to me, it offers me those sublime enigmas, of which each word is consolation, for my solution. I can no longer doubt that that earth is the work of design; it is the intelligent creation, it is the abstract, the criterion of the eternal, the celestial world; the revelation of that immense law of love, which rules the universe, which makes atoms and suns gravitate; which connects in one link the plant to the stars, the insect which grovels on the earth to man who raises his front to heaven to seek there—his Author—certainly!"

Charney, much agitated, walked quickly up and down his court; thoughts succeeded thoughts in his head; a struggle was carried on in his heart; then he returned to Picciola, contemplated it with emotion, cast a rapid look to heaven, and murmured these words:

"My God! my God! Too much of false science has obscured my reason, too many sophisms hardened my brain, for you to penetrate it so soon. I cannot understand you yet; but I call you; I cannot see you, but I seek you!"

Returning to his chamber, he read on the wall:

*God is only a word.*

He added:

*May not this word be the solution of the great enigma of the universe?*

There was still the expression of doubt; but was not the admission of a doubt into that proud mind, striking thus with an anathema his first negation, and retracing the wanderings of his mistaken path, equivalent to a confession that he already felt himself half conquered? Now the shaken philosopher no longer leans on himself alone; he has now no longer faith only in his own strength, in his own reason; while yielding to these unknown emotions, it was of Picciola he demanded a faith, a God, a support; and again he questioned her with fervour, that she might dissipate the remaining obscurity that surrounded him.

## CHAPTER XI.

Thus his days slowed on; and after hours entirely devoted to study and examination, he would turn when fatigued by his labours, from Picciola the plant, to seek relaxation with Picciola the young girl. As soon as the perfume of his flowers surrounded him by their abundant exhalations, when his head became heavy, and his eyes avoided the light,

"This evening there shall be a fête with Picciola," he would say to himself.

In fact, sinking into a reverie, he was not long in falling into that sort of half sleep, peopled by dreams, which a gleam of instinctive reason is still able to direct. Oh! would it not be one of the most delicious enjoyments reserved for men, to be able to give a direction to his dreams, and to live that other life where events pass on with such rapidity, where ages only last an hour of existence, when a magic reflection seems to colour all the actors of the drama that is played, where emotions alone are real? There the substance of all things is effaced to leave only their pure essence. Do you wish for them? harmonious concerts are heard, and you will not be annoyed by the sound of tuning, the contracted figures of the musicians, the fantastic and ungrateful forms of the instruments; it is the life of souls, it is pleasure without regret, it is the rainbow without the storm!

Charney abandoned himself to these illusions. Faithful to the sweet image of Picciola, it was she whom he called, it was she who first appeared to him, always under the same features, with the same grace, young, modest, and charming; appearing sometimes in the midst of his ancient companions of

science and pleasure, sometimes with the only beings he had loved, and who were no more—his mother and his sister; and she renewed for him scenes full of sweet pleasure, inexpressibly delicious in remembrance, of youth, and of domestic ties, and she mixed with them, to render them sweeter still. Sometimes she suddenly introduced him into a house of modest appearance, but where ease and good taste presided. The persons amongst whom he found himself were unknown to him, but they received him with smiles, and he already felt himself at the paternal hearth. After having reanimated his extinct family, his joys of the past, did she then evoke another family for Charney, and prepare the joys of the future? He could not explain it himself; but on awakening, he felt confidence in his destiny, and took regular note, on his journal of fine linen, of the events of his dreams; these were the only happy events of his life, except his captivity.

It happened however once that Picciola, in one of those fêtes, where he was used to recognise her by her tranquil and happy air, inspired him with a sudden dread. Later, he only recalled it to believe in revelations, in the prescience of the soul. It happened thus:

The perfumes of the plant marked the sixth hour in the evening. Never had they been stronger, more powerful, for thirty full-blown flowers united to maintain the magnetic atmosphere, in the midst of which Charney was growing drowsy. Wandering from the crowd, he breathed the air of a verdant esplanade, where his beloved phantom alone followed his steps. Picciola advanced with smiling look and gesture; and he, in a contemplative attitude, was admiring the easy figure of the fair girl, the light waving folds of her white robe, which betrayed the harmony of her motions, and the curls of black hair in which appeared the accustomed flower. Suddenly he saw her stop, she tottered, extended her arms to him; the seal of death was imprinted on her brow. He tried to rush towards her; an unconquerable obstacle retained him rooted to the spot. He uttered a cry, and awoke; but awake, another cry answered to his; yes, a cry! a woman's voice! Yet he found himself quite well, in his court, on his bench, near his plant! He turned his eyes, and like an apparition, another young girl appeared to him through the little grated window. At first that melancholy graceful countenance, half shaded as it was, seemed to his eyes to float in indistinctness. But he saw it gradually become clear, a penetrating look was cast on him; he rose, approached, and suddenly the sweet vision faded; or rather, the young girl fled away.

However rapid had been her flight, he had nevertheless seen her features, her air, her figure, and the whiteness of her robe: he remained motionless; he thought he was not quite awake, and that the insurmountable obstacle, which in his dream had separated him from Picciola, was the grating of a prison.

Ludovico ran to him in great alarm, and found Charney still agitated.

"Signor count," said he, "is your illness going to attack you again? By my soul! this time they will bring the physicians because it is the rule; but it is madame Picciola and I who will undertake the cure."

"I am not ill," said Charney, with difficulty recovering himself, "what made you think I was?"

"The daughter of the fly-catcher, then! She saw you, heard you cry out, and hastened to tell me of it."

Charney became thoughtful. It was only then he remembered that a young girl sometimes inhabited that part of the fortress.

"The resemblance I imagined I discovered between this stranger and Picciola is certainly only an illusion of my senses, still under the influence of my dream," said he to himself.

Then he recalled the interest which, according to the old man, the young Piémontese had shown for him. She had pitied him during his illness, it was to her he owed possession of the precious microscope, and he felt his heart swelled with pleasing gratitude! Under its first impulse, having still before his eyes the double image of the young girl of his dreams and of her of his awakening, a thought struck him; "She does not wear a flower in her hair!"

Not without hesitation, not without a secret reproach, as if at that moment he was guilty of profanation, he broke, he silently gathered, with a trembling hand, a little flower branch from his plant.

"Formerly," said he to himself, "how much gold did I foolishly lavish to cover with pearls and diamonds brows prostituted to perjury! To how many deceitful women and false friends did I throw my fortune in shreds, without caring more for it than for the real feelings of my heart, which I also cast beneath their feet and my own! Ah! if a gift be estimated only by the value attached to it by the donor, never have I proffered a more precious offering, than that which I borrow from thee to-day, Picciola!" And putting the little branch into the jailor's hand, "My good Ludovico, present this from me, to the daughter of my old companion. Say that I thank her for the interest she has deigned to show for me, and that the count de Charney, poor and a prisoner, possesses nothing more worthy of her acceptance."

Ludovico received the flower with an air of amazement.

He had now so completely identified himself with the love the prisoner felt for his plant, that he could scarcely conceive how so slight a service could render the daughter of the fly-catcher worthy of a present of such vast munificence.

"It is all the same! By the head of St. Pascal!" said he, going out, "they have as yet only seen my god-daughter at a distance; they will now be able to judge by the sample, how pretty she is, and how sweetly she smells!"

Charney was soon obliged to part with many more of his flowers; for the time of the fructification of his Picciola was drawing near. Some of the flowers had already lost their brilliant petals, and their stamens had become useless. They fell, as formerly the cotyledons did, when the first leaves,

arriving at an age of strength, could do without their aid. Now, the ovary containing the germ of the seeds began to swell beneath the enlarging calyx. The maternal flowers laid aside their splendour, like women, careless of gay attire, when the sacred cares of a mother arrive.

He prepared for new observations, doubtless the greatest, the most sublime, he had yet made; for they would refer to the duration of created races, to the reproduction of beings, whose fecundation was only the determining act. Already, in analysing a bud, separated from the stalk by the bite of an insect, he had a glimpse of that primitive germ, that weak embryo, which is not born of the loves of the flower, but which requires that to vivify and be developed. Admirable foresight, comprehensive combination of nature, and which science has not yet been able to explain! He now turned his attention to the birth of the complete being, of that seed within whose narrow limits is contained the whole plant; a phenomenon for which others have been only the preparation. The moment arrived for the observer to study the progress of the vegetable egg in all its stages; in the bud, in the brilliantly ornamented flower, and under that calyx divested of its petals. He must again dismember Picciola, but will she not easily repair her losses? On all sides, on the joints of the stems, under the foot-stalks of the leaves, budding branches were swelling, announcing a future blossoming; then Charney will be able to manage it. To-morrow he will begin his work.

On the morrow he took his seat on the bench, with the gravity of a man who is going to attempt a difficult experiment, but the success of which may be expected. At the first glance he gave his plant, he was surprised at the drooping appearance of every part. The flowers, hanging down on their stalks, seemed no longer to have strength to turn towards the sun; the leaves, half turned back, had lost the brightness of their shining green. Charney at first thought a violent storm was coming on, and instantly hung his mats and cloths to shield Picciola from the too violent attacks of the wind and hail. But the sky was free from clouds, the air calm, and the invisible lark, lost in space, was singing her gay song. His brow grew dark; after an instant's thought, "It wants water," he said. He ran to his chamber for it, knelt down before the plant, putting aside the lower branches, the better to water the roots, and there he remained, as suddenly struck motionless. His eyes were fixed on the ground, on the same spot; the arm that held the watering-pot remained suspended, and his countenance looking as if thunderstruck. He had discovered the source of the evil!

Picciola was dying!

Whilst it was multiplying flowers and perfumes before his eyes, for his studies and his pleasures, its stalk had also increased, confined at the bottom between two stones; strangled under a double pressure, it was at first surrounded by a large swelling, but this rubbing soon split it at the edges of the stones, and the nourishing juices of the plant were wasting by several fissures at once.

Picciola required more soil: exhausted of strength and sap, she would die if prompt assistance could not be brought her. She was going to die! Charney saw it. One means alone remained to save her. It was to raise the stone that pressed upon her; but how could he do it? Deprived of tools, his efforts would be vain. He rushed towards the little entrance door, knocked at it with redoubled blows, at the same time calling Ludovico. He came at last; the recital, the sight of the disaster confounded him; but, notwithstanding the feeling of interest that his god-daughter inspired, the jailer only answered the prayers of Charney, who conjured him to take up the paving stones, by these words:-

"I can do nothing with it! nothing, signor count." (See engraving, p. 61).

This time the prisoner offered not one jewel from his precious box, but the box itself, with all that he possessed. Ludovico drew himself up, folded his arms firmly on his breast, and resuming his jailer manner, his tone half Provençal, half Piedmontese:

"What signor count! you would offer me a treasure! I am an old soldier, and I know my orders. Address yourself to the commandant."

"No!" cried Charney; "rather break the stones myself, tear them from the earth, though I should leave my nails there!"

"We shall see—we shall see! At any rate, do as you like!"

And Ludovico, who at his entrance had carefully half extinguished his pipe, and held it at a distance while addressing the prisoner, replaced it abruptly in his mouth, rekindled it with a strong breath, and suddenly prepared to go away. Charney detained him.

"My good Ludovico, you whom I have always found so kind, can you not do anything for me?"

"Confusion!" said he, seeking to defend himself by oaths from the emotion that was mastering him; "give me peace, you and your cursed gilliflower! Pardon me, for the poor little one, she is not the cause of your diabolical obstinacy. What! you will then have the heart to let her die thus, without help!"

"But what can I do?"

"Address yourself to the commandant, I tell you."

"Never!"

"Let us see," said Ludovico; "if it costs you so much, will you let me speak to him?"

"I forbid you to do so!" cried Charney.

"How! You forbid me!" replied the jailer. "What! am I to receive orders from you? If I will speak to him of it, I will! No! I will not speak to him about it. In fact, you are right; what matters it to me? Let it die! Let it live! Need I trouble myself about it? What matters it to me? You do not wish it? Good morning!"

"But your commandant, will he understand me, do you think?" said Charney, suddenly relenting.

"Why not? do you take him for a fool? Explain it to him cleverly, with pretty phrases, not too long; you are a learned man, this is the moment to show it; why should he not comprehend what makes you love your plant? I understand it very well. Then I shall be there, so make yourself easy. I will tell him how good it is for a decoction, for all sorts of diseases; he has not very good health, he has rheumatism just at this moment; that is just the thing, he will understand it better."

Charney still hesitated: Ludovico winked, pointed to Picciola in its sickly condition. The other nodded, and Ludovico went out.

Some instants after, a man, in a half-military, half-civil costume, brought the prisoner a writing-desk complete, with a sheet of paper, bearing the commandant's stamp. As Ludovico had told him, the man remained while Charney wrote his request; he took it sealed from his hands, saluted him, and carried away the desk.

Perhaps you smile with contempt at seeing the pride of the noble count so easily brought down, and that strong will yielding at the aspect of a fading flower. Have you then forgotten that Picciola was everything to the prisoner? Do you not know how solitude and captivity can act upon the proudest, firmest spirit? Had he recourse to that act of weakness with which you reproach him, when he himself, cast down by suffering, sinking for want of air and liberty, was pressed between the stones of his prison, like his plant between the pavement? No! but between him and her are established mutual services, sacred engagements; she has saved his life, and he must now save hers in his turn!

The old Gerhardt saw Charney walking backwards and forwards in his count, agitated with all the signs of expectation and impatience. How long that reply appeared to him coming! three hours had passed away since his message was sent to the governor, and during that time the plant became more and more exhausted for loss of sap. Charney would certainly have seen his own blood flow with more composure. The old man tried to console, gave him hope; and, more experienced than he in the knowledge of vegetables and their diseases, showed him the means of stopping the wounds of Picciola, and preserving it at least from one of the dangers by which it was menaced.

According to his counsel, Charney with a mixture of chopped straw and wet earth, composed a clay which he applied to the wound. His handkerchief torn up furnished bandages and fastenings to fix it in its place. In these occupations another hour passed away, but the answer did not arrive.

When the dinner-hour came, Ludovico entered the count. His gloomy, abstracted countenance announced nothing good. He scarcely deigned to answer the questions of the prisoner, except in short, abrupt phrases.

"Wait awhile! You are in a great hurry. Leave him time to write!"

He seemed to be preparing himself beforehand for the part he foresaw he should have to play in the affair.

Charney would not dine.

He endeavoured to be patient while waiting the decree of life or death for Picciola, and to gain courage; he tried to prove to himself that the governor could not, without being a cruel man, refuse him so simple a demand. His impatience, however, increased, and he was as much astonished as if the commandant could not have had more pressing business to transact than his. At the least noise, his eyes turned suddenly towards the little door, by which he continually thought he saw the messenger returning.

The evening came—nothing! Night—nothing! He could not close his eyes.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE next day, that reply, so impatiently expected, was at last given to him. The commandant told him, in a dry, laconic style, that no change could be made in the walls, fosses, or fortifications of the citadel, without the express authority of the governor of Turin; with respect to his demand he would refer it to his Excellency; for, added he, *the pavement of the court of a prison is also a wall.*

Charney felt confounded on reading this message. To make the existence of a flower a question of state! A displacing of the fortifications! To wait the decision of the governor of Turin! To wait an age, where a day may destroy! Would not this governor in his turn refer to the minister? the minister to the senate? the senate to the emperor? Oh! how strongly then awoke his contempt for men! Ludovico himself now only seemed the agent of his executioner. To his exclamations of despair Ludovico answered in the language of consolation; to his entreaties, he opposed his military orders.

He drew near the sick one, whose brilliancy was fading, whose colours were vanishing. He contemplated it with grief. It was his happiness, it was his poetry, which was departing! Its perfumes now no longer announced the true time, like a watch out of order whose springs are stopped; each flower had sunk upon the other, and entirely ceased to turn towards the sun, as a sick girl closes her eyes, that she may not see the lover she fears that she too much regrets.

In the midst of these overwhelming reflections, the voice of his old companion in captivity was again heard.

"Dear sir," said the good old man, with his paternal accent, sinking his voice and stooping to the lowest bars of the grating, to approach more nearly him whom he addressed, "if it dies, and it will die, I fear, what will you do here alone, quite alone? What occupation will be able to interest you, after that which has had so many charms for you? Ennui will kill you in your turn; uninterrupted solitude becomes such a weight! you will not be able

to bear up under it; it is as it would be to me, should they now separate me from my daughter! from that guardian angel whose smile can console me for all! As to your plant; the wind of the Alps doubtless brought the germ to you, or a bird, perhaps, while passing dropped the seed into your court; but now should a similar circumstance send you another Picciola, it would be but to renew the regret for the first, for from the first you would expect to see it die like that one. Listen to me, dear sir, yield at length. Liberty will perhaps be easier than you think; several traits of generosity and clemency are already told of the new emperor. At this moment he is at Turin, and Josephine accompanies him."

He pronounced the name of Josephine, as if the certainty of success was attached to it.

"At Turin," interrupted Charney, quickly raising his head, until now sunk on his breast.

"At Turin for two days," repeated the old man, quite joyful, on seeing that his good counsels did not this time, as formerly, excite only a doubtful attention in the count.

"And what is the exact distance from Fénestrella to Turin?"

"By going through Giaveno, Avigliano, and the great road, it is sixteen miles, or nearly seven leagues."

"In how much time can it be travelled?"

"In four or five hours at least, for at this moment the route must be obstructed by the troops, carriages, and vehicles of all the surrounding districts, that are going to take part in the fêtes. The road which goes by the valleys is certainly longer, but will, I think, require less time."

"Tell me, sir, by your communications from without, could you find any one who would go to Turin to-day—before the evening?"

"My daughter will undertake it."

"And you say that General Bonaparte, the first consul—"

"The emperor," gently replied Gerhardt.

"Yes, the emperor—the emperor is still at Turin; is it not so?" replied Charney, strongly governed by one great resolution; "Well, I will write to him—address a supplication to him—to the emperor!"

He dwelt on the word as if to confirm himself in his new path.

"Oh! blessed be God!" cried the old man, "for it is from him come this good thought to you, where human pride has sunk. Yes, write—address yourself to him for your demand of pardon; Foscomboni, Cotenna, and Delarue, my friends, will support you as warmly as they will me myself, with the minister Maesalechi, the cardinal Caprara, and even Melzi, who has just been named keeper of the seals of the new kingdom. My dear companion, we shall perhaps quit this prison together, the same day, you, to recommence an active useful life; I, to follow my daughter where she wishes to go."

"Pardon me, sir, pardon me, if I do not yet seem entirely satisfied with the protection you have offered me with so much benevolence and disinterestedness. My esteem and my gratitude you have gained; but it is to the emperor himself that my demand must be presented, this evening, or to-morrow morning at the latest. Can you engage for me a faithful and devoted messenger?"

"Yes, as for myself!" said the old man, after having reflected for a little.

"Still another question," added Charney, "do you not fear being compromised by the signal services you are going to render me?"

"The pleasure of obliging effaces all fear, dear sir. If I can contribute a little to so late your misfortunes, let what will come. I know how to submit to the decrees of Heaven."

Charney felt touched to the bottom of his heart by these simple words; he contemplated the old man with moistened eyes.

"How much I would give to press your hand!" said he to him, and he stretched out his arm towards the little window. Gerhardt passed his through the grating, but it was in vain, he could not reach the hand that was extended towards him. Then, inspired by those sentiments of tender enthusiasm so warm in the soul of a recluse, he suddenly took off his cravat, held it by one end, threw the other to Charney, who seizing it with transport, and a double impulse, a double emotion, gave several affectionate vibrations to that insensible linen.

On repassing Picciola, "I shall save thee," murmured Charney.

He returned to his room, took the whitest and finest of his handkerchiefs, carefully mended his toothpick, renewed his ink, and immediately began to write; and when his petition was finished, which was not done without causing painful struggles to his rebellious pride, a little cord descended from the grated window, down the wall of the court; the petitioner attached his supplication to it, and the cord was drawn up again.

One hour after, the person charged with delivering the petition to the emperor took, with a guide, her route across the valleys of Susa, Busolino, and St. George, following the right bank of the Doria-Riparia; both were on horseback, but speed was impossible; unexpected obstacles stopped them in their course. The recent rains had undermined the earth, the river banks had fallen in in several places; torrents seemed to unite the Doria and the lakes of Avigliano. Already the forges of Giaveno reddened more and more in the distance behind them, announcing that the light would soon fail. Too happy then to follow the common road, they gained, but not without difficulty, the magnificent avenue of Rivoli; and it was only when the evening was far advanced that they arrived at Turin. There they learned the emperor had just departed for Alessandria.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It is difficult to imagine that extensive grounds, with terrace walks and fountains, and old ancestral trees, once occupied the space now covered with squares and narrow streets. Yet so it was. In days long past the British Museum was known only as Montague House, the residence of a ducal family. Great hospitality was exercised there, and those who looked from the northern boundary, might see troops of country children gathering cowslips among the grass, or breaking down branches of fragrant hawthorns, with which to bedeck their homes on May-day. The cuckoo's voice was often heard beside an ample stream that went murmuring towards the forest; nightingales repaired thither; and those who liked to walk through green lanes, when dew glistened on the grass, and the moon looked in her singleness and beauty over a sleeping world, might hear their melodious concert both far and near.

At length the Duke of Montague ceased to care for the noble building that bore his name; and the British government having purchased a museum, collected with great cost and care by Sir Hans Sloane, an eminent naturalist and physician, in the time of George I., entered into an agreement with the Duke for £10,000, and laid out £15,000 in repairs and alterations; £30,000 were then voted in the public funds, for the payment of salaries and defraying necessary expense.

My young days were spent amid woods and streams; and when first I passed through the iron gates, and stood in the great quadrangle, my heart beat tumultuously; I felt as if about to enter into some overpowering and mysterious presence.

And so in truth it was. Works of ingenuity and taste, wrought by men who perhaps lived when the Pyramids of Egypt were erecting, produce a powerful effect upon the mind. Nor these alone; for every room has its own embodyings of solemn thought; its magic wands, with which to open treasures of past ages, or else to call up images of intellectual individuals who have ranged the wide world in quest of knowledge.

Thus thinking, there is something inexpressibly affecting, when, turning aside from the great saloon, we enter the Ethnographical Room, our attention is directed to a variety of dissimilar articles, illustrative of nations far remote, partially civilized it may be, or of rude and ancient races; among these are specimens of art from Africa and India, from the wilder portions of North America, from the South Sea Islands, and Australia; China is recognized among them, and yet but slightly, when considering her ancient claim to knowledge and civilization. But who, in looking at figures on their china, corpulent and pig-tailed, and seemingly repeating to one another their favourite proverb, that "rest is pleasant, sleep is better, and death is best of all," could believe that they were acquainted with the directive power of a magnetic needle, resulting from its relation to the earth's magnetism, and that, in consequence, Chinese vessels navigated the Indian Ocean, with needles pointing to the south, at least seven hundred years before the introduction of the compass in European seas? Nay, more—that a thousand years previous to the coming of our Lord, the Chinese employed magnetic cars, in which the figure of a man, whose movable outstretched arms were directed to the south, guided them across the vast plains of Tartary.

We are now in the Egyptian room; and persons who like to contemplate the productions of various nations, with reference to their civilization, may find subjects of engrossing interest connected with the history of an ancient people once great in arts and arms.

Time was when Egypt was pre eminent among the kingdoms of the earth, when her astronomers gave names to stars; and those who sought for knowledge repaired thither from distant regions in quest of instruction. But her glory has departed, and we see around us the relics of what has been.

Look narrowly, young lady, at the cases marked LXXVII., LXXXIX., and XC., CI. Whispered words, from out their contents, may speak well to you; yes, words of solemn and yet pleasing import, telling you that though the maiden need not forego her ornaments, there are purer and holier adornings than those of gold and precious stones, which neither rust nor time may tarnish, nor stranger hands convey to distant climes. Observe those earrings, armlets, and bracelets, anklets, and finger-rings, chains, necklaces, and plates for wearing on the breast; they belonged to ladies of distinction, wrought from gold and precious stones, while bronze, and glass, and ivory, pertained to nymphs and dames of low degree.

Imagine Pharaoh's daughter going down to the banks of the old river, according to her wont, attended by her ladies, and each one having rings, and necklaces, and bracelets. For not then, as now, were such ornaments put aside by those who had a right to wear them; their fingers were decked with rings of considerable value, sometimes two or three; but the left hand was peculiarly privileged, and especially the third finger, which was covered with them. Imagine, also, the dress of the Egyptian lady,—a long robe or gown, descending from the neck to the feet, and over this a petticoat of richly-coloured patterns, secured by a golden girdle. Her sandals are finely painted and embroidered; those of her attendants are variously shaped; they are made of woven palm-leaves, of papyrus stalk, or leather, and are either flat or peaked at the toe. Imagine, too, her coming back from that same river, joyous with the thought of having rescued at least one doomed little one from the waters of the Nile. It may be her brother, or some dearer friend, is coming forth from out the palace of Pharaoh, to bid her welcome. Take notice of his dress and decorations. He also wears a richly ornamental necklace, formed of gold or beads of various qualities, substances, and shapes, disposed with great taste. He carries in his hand a cane or walking-stick, having his name engraven on the handle. His vestments are a long tunic or robe of fine linen, without sleeves, reaching from the neck nearly to the feet,



and terminated by a fringe; beneath this is a small kilt, or apron, fastened at the waist. A gentleman, somewhat advanced in life, wearing a flowing vest of the finest linen, and richly ornamented, is driving himself in his chariot, while servants run beside him carrying his sandals. He is going, most probably, to make a state visit; for a young man, swift of foot, keeps before the horses, ready to knock at the door of his master's friend; and to hold the reins when he has dismounted. His attire and attendants betoken him to be a man of rank; we may presume that he is a relation of the royal family, for he smiles on the young people, and courteously salutes them as he passes.

It is thus that we can most readily comprehend somewhat the manners of those ancient people, whose eventful history was taught to us in childhood, with reference to their utter desolation.

Examine well the cases which contain objects associated with the homes and domestic habits of the Egyptian. Cases XIV.—XIX., division 2, contain the model of a granary and yard. A female is represented making bread in an open court-yard; on one side are three small store-rooms, with a staircase leading to a chamber on the flat roof, in which the master of the house is seated. The model was brought from Gournah, in Upper Egypt.

The heads of children used to be shaven, while yet of tender age, and, among the peasantry, even such as worked in the fields left their heads exposed to the sun, a practice to which Herodotus ascribes the hardness of Egyptian skulls, when compared with those of other nations. Men of rank, on the contrary, commonly wore small wigs, made with a single piece of leather cut into a kind of network. On state occasions they were adorned with flowing wigs, plaited and curled. Specimens may be seen in Cases XIV.—XIX., division 2. At first sight it may seem strange that such a covering should have been adopted in sultry Egypt; but the reason for this is obvious; men of every rank were despoiled in childhood of their hair, the reticulated ground-work to which the hair was fastened allowed, therefore, the natural heat to escape, and afforded sufficient protection for the head, surpassing in coolness and in comfort the modern turban.

Women wore their natural tresses, carefully braided and plaited. They used ornamental combs and studs and pins of considerable value; they had mirrors also wherein to gaze, or rather circular plates of lustrous metallic composition, though little beauty is associated in our mind with Egyptian features. Bones, and vases of alabaster, of ivory, wood, and shells, varied the toilets of noble dames; they contained unguents and perfumes, used for the hair or at the bath. Remains of ointments are still to be observed, and a vase in the museum of Alnwick Castle still preserves its fragrance. Among scent-bottles, several of Chinese manufacture have been found in tombs pertaining to the era of the Pharaohs. Egyptian ladies further stained their eyebrows and eyelashes jet black, with a metallic substance; the vases, ornamented boxes, or bottles, that held this metallic substance, still remain; they may be seen, with numerous articles belonging to the toilet, in Cases XX. and XXI.

Notices of Egyptian customs are derived from paintings on their tombs; such paintings indicate that women dined with their fathers and husbands; that water was brought to wash the hands in covers and basins of costly material and elegant shape; that when the guests were seated, their heads were anointed and adorned with chaplets of flowers, a wreath being thrown at the same time around their necks, and a lotus flower given into the hand of each. That further, single flowers and choice garlands were arranged on stands, from which to replace the others when need required; that rooms of state were perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, and costly aromatics, and that the master of the feast returned thanks to the presiding deity, whom erroneously, and yet faithfully, he desired to honour.

Thus much we learn from paintings of remote antiquity, and travellers rejoiced in the knowledge which they acquired. It was reserved for the present day to bring from out a private tomb at Thebes genuine Egyptian bread, which had lain there for at least twenty centuries. This wondrous relic is preserved in Cases XXXIII.—XXXV., and he who seeks for it will see, not bread merely, in the form of round cakes, but a small duck trussed and laid upon them, the whole upheld on a small rectangular stand of papyrus. Near the stand, and taken from other tombs, are biscuits, cakes, and figs, grapes and dates, with ears of wheat and barley, in which, however old and shrivelled, the vegetative spark has remained unquenched.

We must not forget the Egyptian vases in Cases XL. and XLI. Many of these are elegantly formed; they bear a strong resemblance to the works of Grecian artists, both with regard to embellishment and shape; they are, however, purely Egyptian, and were adopted in the valleys of the Nile as early as the time of the third Thothmes, a monarch who lived about 1490 before the Christian era, and is presumed by Sir G. Wilkinson to be the Pharaoh of the Jewish Exodus. Their colours and hieroglyphics prove them to have been of gold and silver, or of the last inlaid with gold; others of less costly materials are often tastefully engraved, and studded with precious stones. And how curious is the fact, that glass, of which the origin is

assigned, by all writers from the time of Pliny, to Phœnician mariners, may be seen among Egyptian relics of great antiquity. Sir Gardiner Wilkinson discovered minute representations of glass-blowing painted on tombs, pertaining to the era of Orsirtasin the First, at least sixteen hundred years before the time of Pliny. Captain Hervey found a glass bead inscribed with the name of one of Egypt's kings who lived in the sixteenth century B.C., the specific gravity of which is precisely that of English crown-glass.

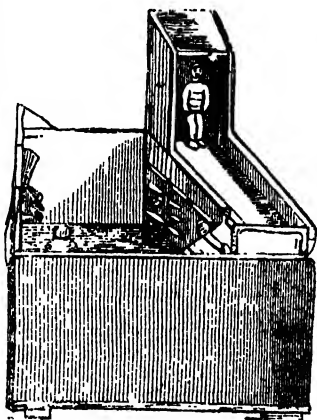
Thirty complete mummies, besides coffins, occupy the middle of the room. An indescribable feeling passes over the mind, while contemplating the remains of persons once great on earth, and beloved by their friends, who walked, perhaps, in the streets of Thebes, when this country was inhabited by a wild and barbaric race. We may glean much concerning the history of each from their inscriptions. Maut-Emmen, a priestess of Ammon, occupies a place near the door; beneath, and in Case LXXVI., is a mummy of the Græco-Egyptian period—that of a female named Cleopatra, of the house of Soler. A Greek youth occupies Case LXXIV.—1, his portrait, painted in rough style on cedar, preserves, most probably, a faithful transcript of his features. Case LXXVII.—1. exhibits no small degree of taste in its adorning: it pertains to Kalbti, a priestess of Ammon. A gilded mask covers the countenance of this lady; a gilded plate her breast, to which are attached wooden models of her arms and hands; her fingers are adorned with rings and bracelets; and beside the coffin are trays containing the tresses that once adorned her head. An inner coffin, Case LXX.—2. is believed to contain a Pharaoh of the eighth century previous to the time of Abraham. It is well that a warlike people watch with untiring vigilance over the spot which contains the mummies of that ancient patriarch and his wife; they would otherwise be exhibited in the Egyptian-room of the British Museum. An auditor in the palace of one of the Pharaohs occupies Case LXV., division 1. His name was Pefsaakhons-Anch-hum-Nepcr. How little did that distinguished officer contemplate, when treading the royal halls, that Egypt would become the base of nations!—that, borne by strangers from the sepulchre of his family, he would be gazed at beneath a glass-case by the descendants of those wild races whose semi-girt isle was known only in one of its remotest parts to Phœnician merchants trading there for tin!

Pass we now into the Bronze Room III., with its miscellaneous collection, among which bronze articles are suggestive of much that is connected with far-off times.

The Greeks and Romans delighted in bronze statues. Athens, Delphos, and Rhodes, contained three thousand each; and concerning Rome, history relates that their numbers were even greater than those of men. Ancient sculptors wrought in bronze as well as marble. Lysippus, under the patronage of Alexander, executed six hundred works in this metal. Tenodorus, in the time of Nero, perfected his memorable statue one hundred feet in height. We owe the knowledge of these facts to men who preserved the records of past ages. We look upon works of art, and admire their magnificent proportions or exquisite finishing, but we know nought concerning the anxiety and thought, the days of labour and nights of watchfulness, that were endured by those who then laboured for posterity. An extraordinary Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, has preserved a faithful record of the process through which his Perseus and Medusa attained perfection. His patron, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, desired to possess a bronze, cast of one piece, hollow, and of five ells high, while at the same time he expressed a doubt that it would be possible to comply with his wish. Cellini, therefore, who could not brook the slightest reflection on his ability, set himself diligently to work, till at length, after many impediments had been overcome, the mould was sunk into a pit beneath the surface, the furnace was made hot, and the metal thrown in. Rain fell in torrents on that day, the wind howled fearfully, and at the very moment when all was ready for casting, Cellini's shop nearly caught fire, and he became so extremely ill, that after giving his workmen the necessary directions, he left them in great sorrow, and went to bed. A violent fever came on, which rapidly grew worse and worse, and threatened a fatal termination: Cellini even gave himself up for lost, when an ill-looking man entered the room, and began to exclaim in a dismal voice, "Alas! poor Benvenuto, your work is lost!" "No sooner did I hear those words," said Cellini, "than I shouted aloud with a bitter and melancholy cry, and leaping out of my bed, began to dress in the greatest haste, driving my maid-servants and the boy who offered to assist me, in all directions. Regardless of the fever that was raging in my veins, I rather flew than ran to the furnace, where the men, in whom I had confided, were standing idle, and the metal had congealed. 'Fetch a load of young oak, for firewood,' I exclaimed, with furious gestures, and as the fire blazed up, I threw in a mass of pewter, about sixty pounds weight, to render the metal more clear and fusible. The workmen, surprised at my sudden re-appearance, bestirred themselves wonderfully, till at length a loud noise was heard, with sudden flashes, as if a thunderbolt had burst. We looked at each other with some alarm, till it became evident that the cover of the furnace had burst and blown off, and that the bronze began to run. I then caused half my pewter dishes and porringers, in number about two hundred, to be thrown into the furnace, and presently had the inexpressible delight of seeing that my mould was filling. Oh! the exceeding joy and thankfulness of that moment! I knelt down, and in the presence of my workmen offered up this prayer:—'O Lord, I address myself to Thee, who of Thy divine power didst rise from the dead, and ascend in glory to heaven, I gratefully acknowledge Thy mercy that my mould has filled. I fall prostrate in Thy presence, and with my whole heart I give Thee thanks.'"

The cast which thus narrowly escaped destruction was perfect in all its parts.

Remember this anecdote when looking upon works of ancient art: it will enable you more fully to appreciate them.



EGYPTIAN GRANARY.

Statues and busts, which testify the ability of the ancients in this branch of the fine arts, occupy various cases. Such of the former as adorned the cities of Greece and Rome, were mostly melted during the middle ages; others escaped the ravages of northern barbarians, and exhibit specimens of exquisite beauty; many were concealed beneath the volcanic ashes and lava that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

**Etruscan or Vase Room IV.**—By this name I introduce you to the tombs of an ancient people of uncertain origin, inhabiting a great portion of modern Lombardy, and the western coasts of the peninsula proper, far south as the Tiber, with its yellow sands.

It may seem strange that tombs belonging to remote antiquity should be conspicuous in national museums. But the reason may be readily explained. They are valuable sources of historic information, inasmuch as it was customary to place within them rare and costly articles, and even food, as marks of respect and affection; to embellish, also, the interior with drawings and inscriptions having reference to domestic habits or warlike achievements. The tombs of Egypt and Etruria were especially distinguished in this respect. We have seen many that pertained to the former, and of the latter several thousand tombs have been already opened. Paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions, adorned the walls, and each contained weapons, tripods, canelabrs, bracelets, rings, and mirrors, coins, earrings, and scarabæi, with gems of exquisite workmanship. Early as the days of Julius Cæsar, Etruscan tombs were rifled of their treasures; in modern times large sums have been realized by dealers in the works of art abstracted from them. Some of the most exquisite productions, such as necklaces and chaplets, worn by Etruscan ladies of high rank, have adorned Italian dames; the Princess of Canino appeared at a magnificent ball with jewels taken by her husband from a tomb under his estate.

Dancing figures and flute-players, even Bacchantes, are often selected as appropriate for funeral decoration. This seems strange, yet so it was. Antiquarians, who threw open to the light of day tombs which contained the dust of nobles who mingled in the warm converse of life two thousand five hundred years since, beheld with astonishment joyous figures and gaudy colours, fresh as if the work of yesterday.

But silence, as that of the grave, seems to brood within them; an impenetrable mystery rests upon inscriptions that none may read. Learned men have solved the hieroglyphics of Egypt, but no one has yet deciphered the written language of Etruria.

Minerals, sponges, corals, and star-fishes, comprised in the Zoological Department, however beautiful and curious, must be passed over with a rapid glance, as also many of the insect tribes, attractive though they be, for time will not suffice. Reptiles are rather repulsive than agreeable to contemplate, though often wonderfully formed, and well fitted for their various locations. Pass not, however, the Frilled Agama in Case VII., found only in the warmer regions of the old world and Australia; his small body is adorned with wing-like appendages capable of being opened or folded at pleasure; not designed indeed, for flying, but to support the creature like a parachute, when leaping from branch to branch in quest of insects. A full invests his neck, resembling the ruff of courtly dames and nobles, and this he raises when excited by fear or pleasure. Nor is it improbable that the harmless little being may spread forth his tippet, which extends five inches in the form of an open umbrella, in order to alarm his enemies, more especially as he has no other means of self-preservation.

It is pleasant to linger in the eastern Zoological Gallery, to look at the large table cases which contain the shells of molluscan animals; and then at stuffed specimens of birds that adorn the walls. In the former, what exquisite variety of mingling hues, what elaborate tintings and architectural designs! not springing at once to life and light like flowers, but embellished and painted by the occupant.

Take, for example, the common cowrie. Many a costly specimen is preserved in cabinets; but would you know what thoughts of love rest often on the cowrie shell, look at one of them on the chimney-piece of some widowed mother, dusted daily, and with her best china cups on either side. She will tell you that it was brought by her sailor boy, when he last came home from the hot countries.

Changes of form and colour which the Cyprea exhibits at different stages of growth are so dissimilar, that many conchologists have imagined that they pertained to different species. You ask why? Because the young mollusc forms his shell by successive layers of highly vitrified enamel, till a superb arch of many strata, varying in colour and design, becomes apparent.

Lovell Reeve, whose invaluable works on conchology furnish information that is nowhere else to be met with, mentions that the first stage of advancement produces a simple shell resembling a long drawn out Bulla, which we shall presently see; the outer lip is thin, and the colour diffused in bands and waves. This done, the shell becomes more solid, lip and columella thicker, teeth become developed, and a strong coating of livid colouring matter is laid on. Another process succeeds, the teeth are strengthened, the sides thickened with a rich coating of enamel, and the beautiful dome is

rendered complete by colouring matter disposed in lines, or waves or dots of various hues and patterns. Still more wonderful is the well-substantiated fact, that when a cowrie grows too large for his shell, he spreads over it some powerful solvent, which causes it to become thin and dull. At length no trace remains; the inhabitant has no other covering than a membranaceous mantle; but in the course of a few days a thin layer of glutinous matter is secreted, which shortly obtains the fragile consistency of shell lac, and thus the cowrie builds up his house.

Cases XXXI., XLVIII. contain some richly varied specimens of bivalve shells. Many of the occupants have a band of hair-like filaments proceeding from their bodies, by means of which they adhere to rocks and pieces of wood. Such is the case with the *Pinna Marina*, a common inhabitant of the Mediterranean, who safely moors herself beneath the waters. The byass has been manufactured into articles of the finest quality. Every shell, however small, has its own history—its beautiful adaptation to existing circumstances. The solen is provided with a foot, by means of which she is enabled to move from place to place. The snail progresses by an undulatory motion, dependent on an exquisite variety of muscles. The cockle is provided with a digging instrument, and buries herself in the sand or mud, breathing through long tubes, that reach into clear water. *Pholadæ* are provided with small accessory pieces for boring rocks and wood, and this is the method they adopt.—They stand firmly on the one foot which nature assigns them, and make the shells revolve upon the surface till a perforation is commenced; this is progressively enlarged by the rasp-like action of the rough exterior, and although the shell is continually worn away, it is as constantly renewed.

In no one department of natural history is the contrast between minuteness and comparative vastness more strikingly displayed. Shells perfect in all their parts, beautifully tinted and adorned, yet small as grains of sand on the sea shore, may be compared with giant clam shells inhabiting the Indian ocean,—the largest of known bivalves. When young, the creature fixes itself to rocks by means of its tendinous foot, but when the shell is fully grown, this precaution is no longer needful; the byass is broken asunder, and the groove filled up. Here are fine specimens of this giant clam under one or two of the table cases.

It is surely difficult to leave this portion of the great Museum, where objects of the deepest interest await us at every step: but go we must.

Who can look, unmoved by feelings of admiration and delight, on the beautiful assemblage of birds that occupy the side cases? Here is the great vulture of the Andes, whose expanded wings measure eleven feet across, soaring among his native mountains, twenty-two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and often carrying off in his fell swoop such animals as are unable to resist him; and there are hoopoes, gentle and affectionate creatures which live on the nectarean juice of flowers, and are associated with whatever is most beautiful and perfect in the vegetable kingdom. Exquisite little humming-birds contained in the XLIV. case, natives of America and the West Indies, excite universal admiration. Every one stops to look at them, and with good reason. Some present inimitable plumage, resembling rubies, others gold, others again are emerald tinted, others of the deepest purple. The humming from which they derive their name, is produced by the rapid movements of their wings. They chiefly remain near the tropics; but though occasionally no larger than humble bees, Lyell relates that one of these tiny creatures was seen hovering over the blossoms of a *fuchsia* during a snow storm.

We must come again, and yet again, to visit the Mammalia Saloon, the Geological section, and that of Vegetable and Animal Remains. Egyptian sculptures, although fraught with interest to lovers of antiquarian lore, yet their sameness of expression and want of freedom render them less generally pleasing. We must pause, however, before the Rosetta stone, because our countryman, Dr. Young, derived from it suggestions relative to hieroglyphics, which Champollion and others followed up, till they were enabled to decipher those mysterious-looking characters and symbols, which threw a clear and steady light on the history of ancient Egypt.

Hear you not a voice speaking from yonder figure, looking as if rock-bound, and destined to endure for ages? "My name is Memnon," says he, "signifying a conqueror, of ancient Egypt; my birth-place Thebes, that glorious city. Through each one of her two hundred gates went forth ten thousand fighting men. You behold in me the representation of that great Egyptian monarch who made the nations of the Mediterranean tremble some fourteen centuries before the Christian era. And yet there is naught of harshness in my countenance. Men praise me as a master-piece of some Egyptian sculptor: they admire the beauty of the execution, the sweetness and the mildness of my features; but it matters not to me. I speak for him whose representative I am. Even the ruins of my ancestral palace eclipse the glory of all kingly dwellings. Four avenues, extending further than the eye could reach, bounded on either side by Sphinxes exquisitely wrought, were terminated by porticoes of gigantic proportions. My hall of state was adorned with one hundred and twenty pillars six fathoms round, of majestic height, interspersed with obelisks which Time has not been able to demolish. Painting developed her utmost power, and still the colours which her disciples used preserve their beauty and their lustre. What see I now around me? Tablets from the rifled tombs of those who graced my court; noble ladies, and men of high degree; even the tombs themselves. Nay, the swathed forms of priests and priestesses who ministered in my temples have I seen carried past me with jokes and unseemly laughter!

"I look down upon you, people of many languages and nations—barbarians I may call you, for such were your forefathers, when my country was pre-eminent in arts and arms—look in your turn on me; ponder well my history, and remember that the same Almighty hand which laid low the



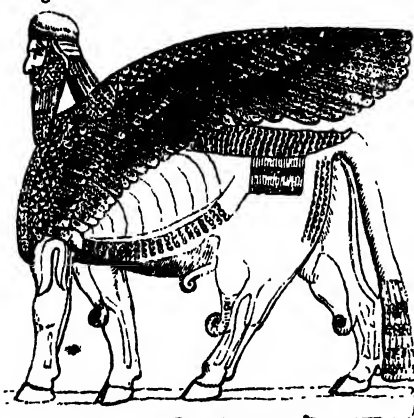
FRILLED AGAMA.

pride of Egypt, will equally visit those who are proud and stout of heart."

Thy words are true, O kingly statue! It is well to think of them amid the stunning tide by which we are surrounded, where the beautiful works of art are proudly shown, and inventions, which have no parallels in history, are brought to bear on the happiness of myriads.

We have yet to see the elaborate sculptures in bas-relief, brought from beneath old mounds near the junction of the Tigris and the Zab, which local tradition points out as covering the ruins of Nineveh, whose streets resounded with the voice of the prophet Jonah, calling upon men to repent.

The great winged human-headed bull, brought by the enterprising traveller Layard to this country, is a symbolic figure, equally with that of the winged lion. That traveller records that he used to contemplate for hours these mysterious figures, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered heathen men into the temple of their false gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature



HUMAN-FACED BULL.

by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conceptions of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of the Supreme Being. They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge, than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the bull or lion; of the power of existing everywhere, than the wings of a bird. These winged and human-headed creatures were not the offspring of mere fancy; they were and instructed races that flourished three thousand years since. Kings, priests, and warriors passed through the portals which they guarded, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated into Greece, and furnished its mythology with symbols. They were concealed beneath huge mounds, most probably before Romulus and Remus laid the foundations of Imperial Rome. The darkness of twenty-five ages has brooded over them, and now they stand forth once more in their ancient majesty.

The Lycian Room now attracts us. Asia Minor has also yielded contributions to our national museum in this eventful period of the world's history, when it seems that hidden things must be brought to light. In the neighbourhood of poor Turkish villages, amid the representatives of different races and superstitions, all mingled together under the followers of Mahomet, antiquarians discover the sites of ancient theatres, carved marble blocks overgrown with trees and shrubs, or rock tombs bearing Greek and Roman inscriptions.

Here are bas-reliefs from the tomb of Xanthus. No. 1.—This tomb stood on a considerable eminence, near the ruins of the theatre,—a prominent object, for the forgotten city itself covered the summit of a precipitous hill, rising abruptly from a plain washed by the rapid torrent of the Xanthus. If that old tomb could speak, it would tell concerning the desperate resistance that was offered to the troops of Brutus in the war that followed Cæsar's death—of ruined homes, and the carrying away of many a wretched family.

Such is war, and the injuries which it inflicts. The memorials that occupy our thoughts are nearly every one inscribed, like the prophet's scroll, with mourning, lamentation, and woe.

Adjoining the bas-reliefs is a perfect monument, where the admirer of horses may see an armed figure, in a chariot drawn by four horses. This is Païsa's tomb, a Persian chief of Lydia. Among the Xanthian marbles, the most attractive are statues of draped females. They are beautifully executed; their attitudes are those of nymphs or goddesses borne rapidly through the air, the wind agitating their garments; and their journeying across the sea suggested by marine emblems.

Another day must be devoted to the Elgin Saloon, containing sculptures from the Parthenon. Seat yourselves, however, before the friezes; there are numerous benches whereon to rest, and while looking at those works of the sculptor Phidias, you will not think that Flaxman expressed himself too strongly when he said, "The horses seem as if alive; they roll their fiery eyes, they gallop, prance, and curvet; the veins of their legs and faces appear distended; their bony forms are well defined; and the elasticity of their tendons may be readily observed." Elegant too, are they, moving with deer-like lightness; and though the relief is not above an inch from the back-ground, and they are considerably smaller than nature, it is scarcely possible to realize that they are not alive.

We shall, perhaps, scarcely find much more to inspect in this gathering together of ancient sculptures. To artists they are subjects of engrossing interest, and we may chance to see young men employed in copying them.

An animal performs the greatest quantity of work in the least time, when it moves with one-third of the utmost speed with which it is capable of moving, and is loaded with four-ninths of the greatest load which it is capable of sustaining in motion.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 648.)

"I have heard," commenced Miguel, trembling and hesitating, "that you feel an interest—" he stopped and cast a timid glance at Melton.

"You have discovered, by spying and eavesdropping, that I feel an interest in your young mistress," hissed the latter. "Well, go on."

The steward began to regret the step he had taken; but it was too late to retract it.

"Well," he recommenced, gulping down the insult, "this evening, but a few minutes ago, I was walking in the garden—"

"What were you doing in the garden?" asked Melton, sternly; and seeing the man tremble, he added—"Never mind, go on—I shall judge for myself when I hear the story."

"I was walking in the garden," again commenced Miguel, "enjoying the moonlight, when the Senora Catharina came forth, and walked very near me down one of the paths; and soon afterwards, the Senor Americano, Manning—"

"Ha!" hissed Melton.

"The Senor Manning came into the same walk," continued Miguel, more glibly, "and went down it in the same direction; but the senora turned when she heard his footsteps, and came back, as if to meet him."

"Well," said the colonel, calmly, "what took place then?"

"They then met," said the steward, now sure of his ground, "and turned aside to a little bowser, which you remember—"

"Yes, yes—go on."

"I was afraid to move," continued the acrobat, "for fear they would hear me, and think I had been watching them; and then it occurred to me, that you would like to hear how they met, and I was forced to remain."

"I understand all that—go on with your story—what did you hear?"

"I saw the Senor Manning place his arm about her, and heard him press her to stay, when she said she wished to go in; he told her how he loved her, and hoped she would not allow her sorrow for her father to make her forget him; and when she urged him to let her go, he only held her the faster: she cried a long time, and when she looked up, I took advantage of the noise made by the wind, and came away to you."

"And, doubtless, you expect a great reward," said Melton, speaking through his teeth, and giving significance to his words by a blazing eye.

"Fear not—you shall have it. Come with me."

The steward followed him trembling, for there was that in his eye and manner which made his blood run cold. Melton opened the door and stepped out.

"Blanco!" he called, "bring me ten men mounted, instantly!"

The men were before him: most as soon as the words were spoken.

"Dismount here, three of you," he ordered; and three were on the ground at once. "Untie the *lariat*." It was done, and Miguel turned pale with fright. "Now seize this traitor, and hang him to yonder limb. Out, traitor!" he exclaimed, as the affrighted wretch fell upon his knees, and absolutely screamed with terror. The men hesitated, moved by the extreme horror of the abject wretch.

"Seize him, I say!" thundered Melton. "Christ! shall I not be obeyed?" His sword flashed in the moonlight, as he reiterated the order. His men knew him too well to hesitate longer—they hastily adjusted the rope around the steward's neck.

"O! *Madre de Dios*," screamed the wretched man. "O! God! oh, mercy! mercy! mercy! Do not—oh! do not kill me! I will serve you—I will kiss your feet—I will live for you—I will die for you! Oh, mercy! oh, spare me! spare me!" and the affrighted man burst into tears, and sobbed and screamed until his voice died away in a deathly gurgle, as they dragged him rudely away.

"Be quick!" sternly ordered the colonel. But they saw he was in earnest, and they needed no further order. They threw the *lariat* over the limb, and two of them at once jerked the strangling man into the air. A gurgling sound came from his throat—a convulsive twitch or two agitated his frame, and then all was relaxed and still. The man was dead, and his lifeless body swung fearfully in the moonlight, and his shadow was cast at the colonel's feet. Love often lifts men towards the angels, and not seldom lowers them towards the fiends.

"Tie the *lariat* to that root now," said Melton, "and let this warn you all from ever playing traitor. Mount, now, and follow me."

As he spoke he sprang into the saddle; his men followed his example, and the little band thundered at a gallop towards the house. The colonel rode erect and rigid in his saddle. His teeth were set, and his eye blazing with suppressed passion. He had returned his sword to the scabbard, but he kept his hand upon the hilt, and at almost every hundred paces he sank his spurs deep into his horse's flanks. By the time they reached the turning point, in front of the house, the gallop had become a furious run, and it was with difficulty that his men kept pace with the fiery speed of his blooded charger.

He dashed madly into the open court yard-gate, and sprang from his horse. Seizing a pine-torch from the hand of a *peon*, he plunged through the gate and into the garden walks. A few steps brought him to the place where Hugh and Catharina were standing, astonished, and ignorant what this sudden apparition meant. Melton strode furiously up to them, with flaming torch and face burning with rage.

"What means this furious haste, Senor Melton?" asked Catharina, draw-





• "Manning!" said Catharina, "will you not stay a moment?"

ing herself haughtily up before him. He gave no answer, but a glance of scorn; and grasping Hugh by the arm shook him furiously.

"Traitor! Villain!" he exclaimed; "is it thus you betray me?"

"Unhand me, sir!" said Hugh, sternly: "arm me like yourself, and we shall see whether your courage equals your audacity."

"Audacity!—Traitor!" shouted the colonel, almost beside himself with rage. "Audacity!" But as he spoke, a violent blow from Hugh's powerful arm struck him in the face and felled him to the ground. At the same moment one of Melton's men, who had followed his frantic steps into the garden, struck Manning with a lance, inflicting a deep and dangerous wound in the side. He fell bleeding to the earth; and, regardless of the shrieks of Catharina, several pressed forward and endeavoured to despatch him.

"Hold! every man of you! Hold! on your lives!" shouted a loud, resounding voice; and a tall, powerful man, in plain American clothes, stepped in between Hugh and the Mexicans. One swing of a broad and heavy cavalry sabre dashed up the heads of the lances, and shivered one of them in splinters. The new-comer cleaved a lance to the earth, and with his left hand fired a pistol among the rest. A crashing sound of many feet was heard among the shrubbery; and twenty Texan Rangers sprang from their cover on the surprised Mexicans. The flashing of sabres in the moonlight, the crackling fire of rifles, and the death groans of the slain were intermingled with the ringing of steel upon steel, and the grasp of the deadly struggle. The trampling of many feet, and the home-thrust of the shortened sabre lasted several silent minutes; and suddenly a shout was heard from the courtyard. The remainder of the Rangers were storming in at the gate—the place was attacked, and already taken. Colonel Melton rose raging to his feet, and endeavoured with his voice and arm to turn the tide of battle; but a heavy blow from the Ranger-captain's sabre stretched him senseless and bleeding on the ground. His men—the few who were left alive—at once surrendered. The attack upon the court-yard had been equally successful. The band were about making their onslaught, when the colonel's furious advance delayed and disconcerted them; but luckily he did not perceive them, and they soon discovered that his arrival was not caused by their attack. Dashing into the open gate, on hearing the signal of the pistol, they fell at once upon the lancers of the escort there assembled, and five minutes of furious fighting secured the victory.

• The place was taken. The report made to Colonel Melton, but a few minutes before was true—the Rangers had been seeking the entrance to the valley, and unluckily for Melton, had found it. In ten minutes after the attack the place was theirs—every avenue of escape was guarded; and the Ranger captain had leisure to count his losses. Almost the first object which attracted his attention was Catharina, holding Manning's drooping head, and bathing his forehead with her tears.

"Where is Anderson?" he asked. "Look to this man first, Anderson," he said to a surgeon; at least one of which, with some degree of skill, a company of Rangers always contains,

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

"But say, I prithee, is he coming home?"—THANKS, ARE.

"Let us away: we have had enough of this."—FURTHER.

"This is more madness."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land?

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand?"—SCOTT.

THE surgeon—a man of some experience, as every ranger is, whether professional or not—examined Manning's wound by torchlight; and Catharina gazed anxiously at him while he probed the gash, as if her own fate depended on his judgment.

"The wound is mortal," said the surgeon. Catharina's eyes turned up to heaven, and her hands fell by her side.

"She has fainted," said the captain. "Carry her within."

The menials who stood gazing by lifted her gently from the ground, and bore her away. The same office was performed for Manning; and the surgeon, having dressed his wounds, found time to look to others. Melton's injuries were found severe, though not dangerous; and he was at once placed in quarters where he would be comfortable, but safe. He had been taken in the toils with all his men who were with him; and he knew that before morning the remainder of his battalion would be surprised, and either taken or cut to pieces. As the excitement of the hour before subsided, he became gloomy and silent—indeed, he had said but little after his capture. Perhaps the violence and blood of his course began to sink into his spirit; as his mind cooled, he, perhaps, reflected upon the high-handed deed with which he had made the night memorable to himself, as well as to others; and the certainty that he had only freed the world of a treacherous domestic spy, which justified the execution in his eyes when he committed it, now seemed to melt away and be no more a justification. However this may have been, when removed to a strong room in the house, he walked moodily in, and without speaking a word threw himself upon a couch, and allowed his wounds to be attended to. To the inquiry of the surgeon, whether he wanted anything, he returned no answer; a moment afterwards the key turned upon him, and he was alone with his own thoughts.

• Hugh was carried to the chamber pointed out as his; and by his bedside stood the ranger-surgeon. The door opened quietly; and pale as death, but calm and firm, Catharina entered. An hour had elapsed since she had been borne within, and now the house was still as it had been three hours before. The moon shone brightly through the graceful tracery and trefoiling of the Gothic window, and fell warm and yellow on the spotted floor. The light was shaded in the sick man's chamber, and through the pointed arches could be seen the shining stars; and through the lattice came the sighing of the night-wind mournfully. Scarcely breaking with her footsteps the enchanted

stillness of the scene, she walked slowly to his bedside and touched his drooping hand. No sign of recognition came from him she loved; the surgeon took her hand from his, and gently led her to the door.

"Is there no hope?" she asked earnestly, gazing in his face.

"None," he replied calmly, and she turned away. Walking noiselessly to the end of the hall, she paused before a narrow door, over which was sculptured in the stone the figure of a cross. Pushing it gently back, she stepped in and closed it behind her. It was a domestic chapel, and on the altar were burning long wax candles, while blazing from amid rich gilding and gorgeous ornaments, a silver cross with golden rays flashed back the pure white light. Behind the altar rose one of those noble Gothic windows, in which the tracery and the penetrations both preserve their equalled importance, and whose pointed arches look like leaves of light. Upon the lake without, so still, so calm, so pure, was dashed the silver moonlight; and from its depth shone up another firmament in which were sailing moon and stars and fleecy clouds. The little island, like an emerald set in silver, sat on the quiet waters, doubled; and the shadows of its trees seemed pointing to that other firmament beneath.

Catharina, however, saw not these things; or, if she did, heeded them not, but glided noiselessly towards the altar. The solemn silence of the midnight hour, the loneliness which hovers, like a spirit, round an altar in the night, and the shadowy light that came reflected from the candles, burning unattended in the house of God, were all in keeping with the melancholy of her feelings. She turned aside and came not to the altar, but knelt within a shadowy niche, where the sable mourning hues of the drapery mingled with the shades. She came not to the altar—the gorgeous trappings of that worship jarred against her heart; the humble Christian came within the chapel to address herself to God, and not to images; for she felt that God alone could lift her from her darkness. With upturned face, whose paleness shone like marble from among her mourning weeds—with hands clasped on her heaving breast, and every attitude and motion speaking eloquence of earnest supplication—she turned her thoughts to heaven. Her lips moved in prayer, and though no sound came from them, the words were breathed more earnestly than human voice can speak. She prayed fervently and long; the colour went and came, and mantled all her face and neck; her fingers clasped each other, and rose and fell upon her snowy breast with deepened respiration.

At last the muscles of her rigid face relaxed—her fingers slowly unclasped themselves, and her body bent towards the ground. She rose quietly and calmly, and glided back to Manning's room. Her step was not more light, but her soul was braced against affliction; she could now bear to see him die, and though her heart might break, she felt that she was no longer weak. The surgeon was still standing by the bedside; and when she took again his patient's hand, he turned away and walked across the room. She pressed her lips to Hugh's cool forehead, with a melancholy kiss, but no sign of recognition yet was visible. She covered her face with her hand, as if overcome; but a moment afterwards she raised her eyes and fixed them on the sad features of her dying love. The surgeon came back and tried to draw her away; but a look from these dry but mournful eyes made him desist; he saw his interference could only give her pain, and could not benefit his patient. Servants entered with the bandages and water he had ordered. He shook his head as if no good could come of them; but still he used them. Catharina watching every movement and striving to assist him.

"Nothing," said he softly, "but the hand of God can save his life, but we will not neglect all in our power."

"There is hope, then?" said Catharina quickly.

The surgeon pointed upwards, and Catharina bowed her head in grief and resignation.

More than a fortnight elapsed, after the final retreat of Santa Anna, before our friends Vernon and Clayton were able to set out on their return home. The resignation of the latter was not accepted until it was certain that the fight was not to be renewed, and the former was unwilling to go without him. The communication, too, was closed between Monterey and Camargo, so that travelling, except in large bodies, was unsafe. Taylor had advanced again to Agua Nueva, and returned to Buena Vista, where the army was now encamped for the summer. Two or three days after this last movement, Clayton announced that his resignation was at last accepted, and on the following morning they set out for Monterey, en route for home.

"If," said Vernon, as they emerged from Saltillo, upon the plain which stretches away from the city to the east, "if Manning were with us I would feel contented: I dislike to return home leaving him in such circumstances—even though my own be worse."

"And besides," said Clayton, "I wish he were with us, because I suspect he might do something to benefit you."

"I fear there is but small probability of that," Vernon replied, "except as the support of a warm, decided friend is always valuable."

"Grateful to the feelings, if nothing more," said Clayton. "True; but have you ever endeavoured to penetrate the darkness that hangs over this charge against you? In all our conversations I believe you have never intimated a suspicion of any design or plot against you."

"No," answered Vernon, "because I can imagine no reason why any one should wish to ruin me. A mistake will be the result of some unfortunate mistake."

"If Talbot never signed the note," said Clayton musingly, "there certainly was a mistake in your supposing he did; and I know him too well to suppose he would deny his signature."

"I have told you, I believe," said Allen, "that the note was lying signed on my table when I returned, with a note in Talbot's writing; that I then

walked with Hugh to his father's and got the money. That is all I remember. You say Talbot swore before the grand jury that he lent it unsigned with a note explaining the reason?"

"Yes," said Clayton, "and I have no doubt swore truly; for I examined the note, as I told you; and, though a remarkably good imitation, the signature is certainly not genuine. Now, I do not know that I have ever told you what my suspicion is; but Hugh's presence in the house when you returned makes it at least very important that we should have him sworn as a witness. He is, of course, above suspicion of having made this false signature; but he may be able to direct our inquiries to the right person."

Vernon shook his head. "I fear not," said he; "for if he had seen anything to excite suspicion, he would have told me."

"Of course," said Clayton, "he could not have seen the signature placed there; but he may have met some one coming out, or some one may have been there when he entered—at any rate we must delay the trial until he can be found."

"That will scarcely be before the end of the war," said Vernon, "if ever; and I cannot rest under such an imputation so long. He may be killed, though I hope not. *Zapros.*" he added suddenly, "when Colonel Thorpe asked me of him, you told me to lead him to believe that Hugh was dead. I never asked you why."

"Well," said Clayton, smiling, "it will be difficult for me to give an answer, unless I attribute it to a lawyer's instinct. I had reason to believe that he had instigated the attempt upon his and your life; and accident informed me that it was Hugh whom he especially pursued. I could not conceive for what reason; and I desired that he might think his plot successful, in order that he might show his hand."

"I hope it is not only your 'lawyer's instinct' that causes you to suspect him."

"Not altogether," said he; and he detailed for the first time the information he had received from the Mexican, who so mysteriously met his fate in the rancho of Buena Vista.

"After all," said Allen, after a pause, "this may be an entire mistake. The man's craft may have induced him to acquiesce in your evident suspicion of Thorpe; or the conference overheard by the corporal may have related to some matter entirely different."

"You are too willing to believe men honest," said Clayton, in a tone strongly indicative of the lawyer; "but on your supposition, how do you attempt to account for the man's sudden death?"

"I do not attempt to account for it," said Allen, "but at least I cannot connect Thorpe with it."

"Well, well," said Clayton impatiently, "we will not argue about so dark a mystery. If we can only find Manning unhurt, or even alive, I shall be content to let it remain unexplained."

They rode on in silence; and during their journey to Monterey, nothing more passed that concerned our story. They reached that city after riding several hours in the night; and learning that a train and escort were to start for Camargo in two days, they concluded to await that opportunity of safe conveyance. On the following morning, in visiting the various quarters of the city, they fell in with an officer of the Texan rangers, who pointed out Colonel Melton, then on his parole, and related the circumstances under which he had been taken.

"At Rinconada?" said Vernon; "the hacienda of Senor Bonaro?"

"The same," said the officer; "and it is said that this Bonaro's daughter attracted the colonel into danger. At all events, when we took him, he was in a towering passion with an American prisoner he had, because the lady seemed to favour him, or rather *did* favour him—for I lay within sight of them during an interesting exchange of kisses as ever I witnessed." The loud, free laugh of the ranger- lieutenant was checked by Vernon's quick remark, "That could have been no one but Manning?"

"Manning? Yes," said the ranger, "that was what she called him, when he was about to leave the garden without seeing her."

"And what became of him?" asked Allen.

"He was mortally wounded, Anderson said, by one of the mulatto devils, and we left him at the hacienda. I did not go back after we drove the lancers from the valley—perhaps the captain may know more about him."

The captain was found, but he could give no additional information, except that the lancers had come back, after the return of the rangers, and desolated the valley with fire and sword.

"Your friend, as he seems to be," said he, "was too badly wounded to be removed when I called my men off in the morning, and he was accordingly left in the care of the senora and a Mexican surgeon, with one of my men who was in the same situation. I suppose neither is living now."

The captain concluded his story with an offer to send twenty men with them to search the valley, assuring them at the same time that the search would be fruitless.

"Come in," said he, in the true Texan way, "and we will have something to eat, and set out immediately—I will go myself. You need not even go after your horses—they will need rest—and I can mount you both."

"How far is it?" asked Clayton.

"Short twelve miles," said the ranger, "we can ride it easily and be back before 'tattoo.' Jim," he added, to his lieutenant, "tell twenty of the boys to swallow their rations and saddle up."

The officer went away to obey the order, and our friends sat down to a hastily-prepared luncheon of the ranger captain. Soldier's fare is "rough" at the best, but it has the invaluable recommendation of being always "ready." In twenty minutes they were all in the saddle, trotting rapidly through the defiles of the mountains towards Rinconada.

(To be continued.)

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# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## DIETETIC USE OF WATER.

WATER is an inestimable benefit to health, and as it neither stimulates the appetite to excess, nor can produce any perceptible effect on the nerves, it is admirably adapted for diet, and we ought, perhaps by right, to make it our sole beverage, as it was with the first of mankind, and still is with all the animals. Pure water dissolves the food more, and more readily, than that which is saturated, and likewise absorbs better the acrimony from the juices—that is to say, it is more nutritious, and preserves the juices in their natural purity; it penetrates more easily through the smallest vessels, and removes obstructions in them; nay, when taken in large quantity, it is a very potent antidote to poison.

From these main properties of water may be deduced all the surprising cures which have been effected by it in so many diseases, and which we shall here pass over altogether. But as to the dietetic effect of water, we shall recommend it to our readers for their ordinary beverage on three conditions.

The first is, that they drink it as pure as possible. Impure water is of itself impregnated with foreign matters which may prove prejudicial to health. Hence it loses all the advantages which we have in the preceding remarks ascribed to water; and it would in this case be much better to drink beer, or any other such beverage, that is saturated with nutritive particles, rather than impure water. We must leave the stomachs of camels to answer for the preference given by them to muddy water; for we are assured by Shaw, that these animals stir it up with their feet, and render it turbid before they drink. The human economy requires, on the contrary, a pure beverage.

The signs of good water are, that it easily becomes hot and cold; that in summer it is cool, and in winter slightly lukewarm; that a drop dried on a clean cloth leaves not the faintest stain behind; and that it has neither taste nor smell. It is also a sign of good water, that when it is boiled it becomes hot, and afterwards grows cold, sooner than other water. But this sign is far more fallible than the evidence of the quality of water obtained by feeling. Singular as this may sound, it is very possible to distinguish the properties of water by means of this sense. A soft or a hard water is synonymous with a water the parts of which adhere slightly or closely together. The slighter their adhesion, the less they resist the feeling, and the less sensible they are to the hand, because they may be so much the more easily separated. A gentleman of our acquaintance has for many years used two different sorts of water, which are equally pure and limpid, the one for drinking, and the other for washing his hands and face. If his servant ever happens to bring the wrong water for washing, he instantly discovers the mistake by the feeling. Our cooks and washerwomen would be able to furnish many other instances of the faculty of discriminating the properties of water by the touch, which would show that this faculty depends more on the excitement occasioned in the sensible parts than on any other cause. Hard water, for instance, makes the skin rough; soft, on the contrary, renders it smooth. The former cannot sufficiently soften flesh or vegetables; the latter regularly produces this effect. The difference of the extraneous

matters which change the qualities of water, naturally makes a different impression on the feeling; and in this there is nothing that ought to astonish a person of reflection.

The water of standing pools and wells is in general extremely impure, and is accounted the worst of all. River water differs according to the variety of the soil over which it runs, and the changes of the weather; but though commonly drank, it is never pure. Of all impure river-waters, those which abound in earthy particles alone are the least injurious, because these particles are not dissolved by the water. In Auvergne, near the villages of St. Allier and Clermont, there is a stream of a petrifying quality, which constructs of itself large bridges of stone, and yet it is the only water drank by the inhabitants of those places, and that without the slightest inconvenience. If we consider that a stony concretion is deposited in all our kettles, we shall readily conceive that a water which carries stone along with it cannot be very pernicious to health, since it is constantly drank by men and animals. This stone in our kettles is really a calcareous earth, which may be dissolved by boiling in them vinegar, or water mixed with a small quantity of nitric acid; and as the water deposits it, and does not hold it in solution, it can of course do us very little injury. We cannot, therefore, imagine how the celebrated Dr. Mead could believe that water which leaves such a deposit in culinary vessels may occasion a particular disease, merely because Pliny has said so; though he was well acquainted with the great difference between animal calcoli and mere calcareous earth.

Next to well and river-water, both of which are always impure, rain-water follows in the scale of preference. It is very impure, and a real vehicle for all the pernicious matters that are continually floating in the atmosphere. Snow-water is much purer. Snow is formed of vapours which have been frozen before they could collect into drops. It is in the lower region of the air that these drops, in falling, absorb most of their impurities. The vapours floating in the upper atmosphere freeze before they reach the mire of the lower. This water is seldom to be had. That which we would most strongly recommend for drinking, is a spring-water, which descends from lofty hills, through flints and pure sand, and rolls gently along over a similar bed of rocks. Such water leaves behind all its coarse impurities in the sand; it is a purified rain and snow-water, a fluid crystal, a real cordial, and the best beverage for persons in good health.

The second condition which I attach to water-drinking is, that such persons only choose it for their constant beverage, to whom warming, strengthening, and nutritive liquids are hurtful; and that if they have not been in the habit of drinking it from their youth, they use some caution in accustoming themselves to it. Many suffer themselves to be led away by the panegyrists of water, without considering that even good changes in the system of life, when a person is not accustomed to them, and when they are abruptly or unseasonably adopted, may be productive of great mischief. Hence arise the silly complaints that water-drinking is dangerous, pernicious, nay, fatal, and the inapplicable cases quoted from experience. Those who have been in the habit of drinking water from their youth, cannot choose a more wholesome beverage, if the water be but pure. Many nations, and many thousand more species of animals, have lived well upon it. But for an old infirm person, a living skeleton, with a weak stomach that can scarcely bear solid food, to exchange nourishing beer or strengthening wine, with the water of his brook, would be the height of absurdity. Let such adhere to their accustomed drink. Water is an excellent beverage, but beer too is good; it is also water, more nutritious than the pure element, and therefore more suitable for the persons to whom we allude.

The third condition which we require from water-drinkers is, that they take cold and hot water for their habitual beverage. We mean not to prohibit their boiling or distilling it, if they suspect it to be impure. Boyle drank nothing but such distilled water, and most delicate people of good taste in Italy still do the same. It must not, however, be drank warm, but cold. The ancients, it is true, drank hot water. Various passages in Plautus and other ancient writers, clearly prove that so early as their times it was customary to drink the water of warm springs; and there are frequent instances of common water warmed. Thus, in Dio, we find Drusus, the son of Tiberius, commanding warm water to be given to the people, who asked for water to quench their thirst at a fire which had broken out. Seneca says (*De Ira*, ii. 15,) that a man ought not to fly into a passion with his servant if he should not bring his water for drinking so quickly as he could wish; or if it should not be hot enough, but only lukewarm; and Arrian says the same thing, but more circumstantially. The drinking of hot water must of course have been a common practice with the Greeks and Romans; but it should be observed, that even in their times it was held to be an effeminate indulgence of voluptuaries. Stratoniceus calls the Rhodians "pampered voluptuaries, who drink warm liquors." Claudius, when he attempted to improve the morals of the people, and to check luxury at Rome, prohibited the public sale of hot water. When, on the death of the sister of the Emperor Caligula, he had enjoined mourning in the city of Rome on account of this, to him, exceedingly painful loss, he put to death a man who had sold hot water, for this very reason, because he had thereby given occasion for voluptuousness, and profaned the mourning. So dangerous an indulgence was the drinking of hot water considered, that the trade of water-sellers was interdicted by the censors. Some writers publicly satirized this species of intemperance. Ammianus complains that in his time servants were not punished for great vices and misdemeanours, but that three hundred stripes were given them, if they brought the warm beverage either not promptly enough or not hot enough; and from that passage of Martial's in which he says, that, at entertainments, the host was accustomed to pay particular attention that during the feast there should be an abundant supply of hot water, it appears that this beverage was an essential requisite at the tables of the luxurious.



## ONWARD!

**"POST" RECEIVING BOXES.**—The practice of erecting cast-iron posts or pillars in the streets, and forming letter-receiving boxes in them, as is the case in some parts on the Continent, is about to be introduced into Jersey as an experiment, previous, no doubt, to its introduction into England. The post-office authorities in St. Martin's-le-grand have ordered four cast-iron pillars, with letter-receiving places in them, to be erected in St. Helier's, Jersey.

**DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—A society has been recently formed to promote and carry out the improvement of the dwellings of the Working Classes in Windsor. It is constituted on the principle of a joint stock company, with a capital of £6,000 to be raised in £10 shares, and is empowered to increase the same. The amount of dividend payable to the shareholders is limited to five per cent., leaving any surplus return available for the extension of the Society's operations. Freehold ground, midway between the Long Walk and the cavalry barracks, containing nearly 1½ acres, has been purchased of the Woods and Forests, for £287 19s. 3d., including expenses, and laid out for the erection of two rows of houses, opposite one another, to accommodate, together, about forty families, each having a small garden.

**CHLOROFORM AS A MOTIVE POWER.**—The French Government have ordered steam-engines for the *Galilee*, man-of-war, and other two vessels, in which a saving of fuel and heat is to be attempted by help of chloroform, which is to abstract the heat from the steam, and then with constitute a motive power in aid of that of the steam, to be employed in separate cylinders, after which the heat of the chloroform is to be extracted by means of cold water, which, as well as the condensed steam, are to supply the boiler, while the condensed vapour of chloroform is returned for use as before. A saving of 50 per cent. in fuel is thus calculated on. The invention is a modification by M. La Fond, a French naval officer, of one by M. Du Tremblay, a French civil-engineer, in which ether was used, but found to be highly dangerous from its combustibility.

**IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR MARRIED SOLDIERS.**—A meeting of officers was lately held at Willis's Rooms, Colonel Angerstein in the chair, at which the following resolutions were agreed to:—"That, in the opinion of this Meeting, improved sanitary dwellings for the married soldier may be constructed on a principle combining a fair remuneration to the landlord, with increased convenience to the tenant. 2. That his Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lord Colville, the Hon. F. Villiers, M.P., Colonel the Hon. Arthur Upton, Colonel Angerstein, Colonel Wigram, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Daniell, Captain Coeks, Captain Carleton, Captain Higginson, the Rev. R. W. Browne, and Mr. Montagu Gore be appointed trustees for carrying out this object, and they are hereby empowered to act accordingly." Funds were subscribed to the extent of about £4,000. The trustees are in treaty for a site on which to commence operations.

**RESULTS OF ELECTRIC SHOCKS IN WHALE FISHING.**—In reference to the process of stunning whales in capture, the *Liverpool Albion* states that some successful experiments have been announced by Mr. E. A. Heineken, of Bremen, the inventor, as having been reported to him by Captain Georken, of the Bremen whale ship *Averick Heineken*. Captain Georken, in a letter dated New Zealand, Dec. 13, 1851, writes as follows:—"The first experiment we made with the new invention was upon a shark, applying the electricity from the machine with one magnet. The fish, after being struck, instantly turned over on its side, and, after we had poured in upon him a stream of electricity for a few moments, by turning the handle of the machine, the shark became stiff as a piece of wood. We have as yet had but one chance to try the experiment upon a whale, which was made by the four-magnet machine. The whale, upon being struck, made one dash onward, then turned on his side, and was rendered perfectly powerless. Although I have as yet not been fortunate enough to test the invention in more instances, I have the fullest confidence in the same, and doubt not to be able to report the most astonishing results on my return from the Arctic Seas, whither I am now bound.

**STEAM FROM ENGLAND TO CALCUTTA IN THIRTY DAYS.**—The projects which are started almost every day for the purpose of still further annihilating space, have become so bold and extraordinary that the public have almost ceased to wonder at even the most "advanced" proposals. During the last ten days, for example, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company—an association of some pretensions—has obtained the permission of its proprietors to construct a class of steam-vessels of greater capacity and power than any that have yet appeared. It is intended with these steamers to perform the voyage from a Channel port to Calcutta, *via the Cape*, and without touching any intermediate place, in about thirty days. The speed would be about sixteen knots an hour, and the vessels would carry fuel for the whole voyage. The accommodation afforded to passengers and for cargo are expected to be of the most ample description; and when fairly equipped for a voyage, one of these giant steamers would not fall far short of a three-decked man-of-war in bulk and comprehensiveness. The project is a bold one. We express no opinion as to its soundness,—but it seems very likely to be submitted to the test of actual trial. Two years hence, therefore, it is probable that a floating hotel will pass uponly from England to Calcutta in thirty days, carrying passengers at half the present overland charges. With such facilities of communication it will not be easy to retain the "Asian mystery" inviolate.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## CALM.

'Twas one of those ambrosial eves  
A day of storm so often leaves  
At its calm setting—when the west  
Opens her golden bowers to rest,  
And a moist radiance from the skies  
Shoots trembling down, as from the eyes  
Of some meek penitent, whose last  
Bright hours atone for dark ones past,  
And whose sweet tears, o'er wrong forgiven,  
Shine as they fall with light from heaven!—*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*

How calm,—how beautiful comes on  
The stilly hour, when storms are gone,  
When warring winds have died away,  
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,  
Melt off and leave the land and sea,  
Sleeping in bright tranquillity:—  
When the blue waters rise and fall,  
In sleepy sunshine mantling all,  
And ev'n that swell the tempest waves,  
Is like the full and silent heavens  
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,  
Too newly to be quite at rest!—*Ibid.*

The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And o'er its calm the vessel glides  
Gently as if it fear'd to wake  
The slumbers of the silent tides.—*Moore.*

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,  
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dew,  
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,  
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled!—*Ibid.*

## CANDOUR.

Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;  
And welcome, Somerset;—I hold it cowardice  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath paid an open hand in sign of love.—*Shakspeare, Henry VI.*

Make my breast  
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart does hold.—*Buckingham.*

The brave do never shun the light;  
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers;  
Truly without disguise they love or hate;  
Still are they found in the fair face of day,  
And heaven and men are judges of their actions.

*Rousse's L'Ami Penitent.*

You talk to me in parables:  
You may have known that I'm no wordy man;  
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves,  
Or fools that use them, when they want good sense;  
But honesty  
Needs no disguise nor ornament: be plain.—*Otway.*

'Tis great—'tis manly to disdain disguise;  
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.  
*Young's Night Thoughts.*

## CARE.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,  
No better had he, no for better cared;  
With blist'ring hands amongst the cinders bent,  
And fingers filthy, with long nayles unpared,  
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared:  
His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,  
That neither day nor night from working spared,  
But to small purpose yron wedges made:  
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.

*Spenser's Faery Queen.*

In care they live, and must for many care;  
And such the best and greatest ever are.—*Lord Brooks's Alhamb.*

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,  
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.—*Jonson's Tale of a Tub.*

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud,  
And after summer ever more succeeds  
Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold;  
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.—*Shakspeare's Henry VI.*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodgeth sleep will never lie.  
*Shakspeare's Romeo and Juliet.*

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*Clapperton; or, the Goose's History*

This game was suggested by the ancient one of "Couch," but is much altered to avoid both the necessity of young and old making themselves giddy by twirling round, when their names are mentioned, and to effect a compromise in the redemption of the forfeits; the ordinary mode being often singularly tiresome. In the History of the Goose, a commencement of which is appended, to show the sort of story which should be invented for the occasion, no notice is to be taken when her name occurs, but whenever the word Drake or Doctor is mentioned, every one is to clap their hands once, unless the two are joined, when two merry claps must sound. Any one omitting to clap at the right place, or clapping when the Goose is named, pays a forfeit, and all the forfeits may be redeemed by quoting two lines of verse, varied by kissing the mantelpiece, if the little ones present prefer it to the former mode. This saves all trouble of crying the forfeits, or the performance of disagreeable sentences, which too often cease to render the game a jest:—"A Goose, feeling out of spirits one morning, consulted her favourite Doctor Drake (two claps), who advised her to go a long journey to foreign countries, which she resolved to do. So making, by the Doctor's advice (one clap), a good meal of cabbage-stalks and apple-parings, she set out from Dingle Farm, escorted by Doctor Drake (two claps). A shrill scream soon announced some disaster, and the Doctor (one clap) was obliged to extract two thorns from one of the Goose's wings, and to bathe her foot, stung by nettles, in a ditch, before they could proceed. After this they got on pretty well, though Goose was so fat she could not have forced her way through one of the stiles, had not the Doctor (one clap) given her a good push behind. Part of the journey lay through a meadow, in which two Miss Chickens, admiring the Goose and the Drake (one clap), joined them; but they talked so fast, the Doctor (one clap) soon gave them to understand their company was unacceptable. A Cock in the neighbourhood looked disposed to fight Doctor Drake (two claps) for this rudeness to his daughters, but the Doctor (one clap), not thinking it becoming to his professional dignity to engage in duels, only quacked a saucy reply, and went on with his patient. They soon met with a pig-driver." . . . H. M. R., JUN.

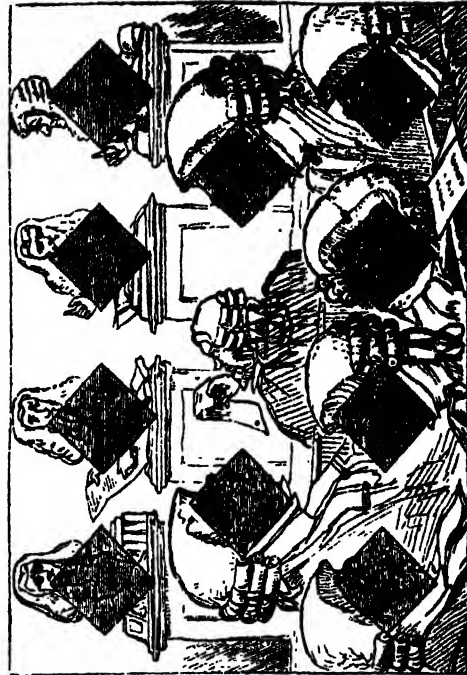
## ENIGMA.

As first made by Nature I'm hid from your sight; (1)  
But by labour of man I am brought to the light; (2)  
And though when first seen foul apparel I wear, (3)  
In a brilliant white dress I soon after appear. (4)  
Then I start into thousands of wonderful forms; - (5)  
I cut through the waters, despite of the storms; (6)  
While I travel o'er land even swifter than wind,  
And far leave the lingering race-horse behind. (7)  
I am always at hand when the battle grows warm; (8)  
I often announce the approach of a storm. (9)  
The sailor is guided by looking at me,  
On board ship, where without me he'd quite be at sea. (10)  
I fly quickly about when the fire is hot;  
And, like landlords in Ireland, am frequently shot. (11)  
It was I who beheaded King Charles the First,  
And sated with royal blood Oliver's thirst. (12)  
By me to your chamber admittance you gain; (13)  
And lightly your chariot rolls over the plain. (14)  
By me to the depths of the ocean you dive; (15)  
And quicker (16), or slower your courser you drive. (17)  
But enough;—yet did time and your patience not fail,  
Night sooner o'er earth should have thrown her dark veil,  
Than I should have finish'd the wonderful story  
Of all I can do for man's greatness and glory.—ISAAC ASHIE.

## RIDDLE.

I am a curious monster of the feminine gender, at least I am always termed she, even when I am christened Richard, Thomas, Harry, or any other masculine name. I have five heads, two are those of gallant knights, two are those of cats, and the fifth, though of various shapes and sizes, is more particularly my own. I have only one fore-foot, but I receive assistance from a number of crow's-feet. My eyes, of which I have several, are bull's-eyes; I have two cat's-tails, frequently many monkey's-tails, and am never without a quantity of knees, the most of which are attached to my sides. I possess whips, many yards in length, saddles, bridles, and many horses (some of the Flemish breed), which never enter a stable, but are kept at the yard, suspended by stirrups. Though I know nothing about Cinderella or the Fairy, yet I keep both mice and lizards, and though they never eat, yet they are stronger than a man, and perform important duties for me. I am exceedingly well paid, if I was not I would drink so hard as to become unmanageable and dangerous. I may wear stoms, ear-rings, collars, chains, and have generally two watches; but, though I am often gaily dressed in different colours, yet at the same time, I wear my shroud. I never sew, yet I am helpless without a needle, pins, and thimbles. Like a plant, I have a stem; like a fiddle, I am useless without a bow, and I am also sounded with a string. Though often many miles away from another of my kind, yet I am scarcely ever without a companion; and though I am noted for gammoning, yet, gentle reader, all that I have told you is true.—H. W. PINKERTON.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE TEN OF DIAMONDS.—A LEGAL TEN-URE.

## PUZZLE.

I am a foreigner, although I travel into all countries. I was very fair when I was born (1), although I am now very dark. I make myself generally useful;—I assist youth in the study of arithmetic (2), artists are indebted to me (3), and little children sport with me (4). I am particularly fond of ladies, whom I often embrace (5), and attend them in their walks (6), although I am never permitted to kiss them. I frequently unite parties of very different character (7). Although I am an enemy to water (8), I am both able and willing to save people from being drowned (9). But in return for all my services, I am too often trampled upon by the world (10); although occasionally elevated in society (11). I am roughly treated and abused, until my constitution, which is not strong, wears out; but I belong to a numerous family. I know that when I die, I have brothers who will supply my place.

## TRANSPOSITION.

How cold and dreary does my whole appear;  
A prospect chilling as December's snows!  
Curtail'd, I fill the hardy tar with fear,  
By yawning, keep him from his hour's repose;  
Transpos'd, the merchant adds me to his store;  
Once more, for every bird I furnish food;  
And last, employment for the rustic poor,  
Who rip me open for their master's good.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 653.

**SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA—THE FLORAL ENVELOPE, OR PERIANTH OF A FLOWER.**—(1.) Verses 1 and 2 allude to the well-known fable of Proserpine, the wife of Pluto, and daughter of Ceres. (2.) The petals of a flower expand in the sunshine, and often close at night. (3.) The floral envelope charms the eye, and sheds its perfume in the heated atmosphere of the drawing-room. (4.) As in the Lily. (5.) In the Tulip, where the perianth is termed simple, because consisting of a calyx alone. (6.) Each part of a flower has its distinctive character and name. (7.) The system adopted by late writers on Botany, of classifying plants according to their natural families, has added to their notoriety and interest. (8.) The perianth covers and shelters the flower. (9.) It is often found beside the streamlet; and (10.) when its day of usefulness is past, it falls to the ground; occasionally, too, forming a part in the composition of a bouquet, it is thrown at the feet of the fair. (11.) Helmet-shaped, lanceolate-spurred. (12.) Stellate. (13.) Papilionaceous. (14.) Cup-shaped, and often decorating the table at a feast. (15.) In the language of Flowers. (16.) Flies. (17.) As in the Snap-dragon.

**ORTHOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—STRAVE.**—(1.) Ment. (2.) Mat. (3.) Mast. (4.) Stem. (5.) Mat. (6.) Mast. (7.) Sea. (8.) Seat. (9.) Team. (10.) At. (11.) Steam. (12.) Am. (13.) Tea. (14.) East.

**SOLUTION.—ENIGMATICAL LIST OF FISHES.**—1. The Torpedo (torpid—oh!) 2. The Flying-fish. 3. The Oyster (Oh—str.). 4. The Whiting. 5. The Fluke-fish (Pholades). 6. The Razor-fish. 7. The Mackerel (Make-a-row!). 8. The Skate. 9. The Gold-fish. 10. The Herring (Her-ring). 11. The Shark-fish. 12. The Mullet. 13. The Cockle. 14. The Star-fish.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Why is John Pigger's boy larger than his father? Because he is a little Pigger!

Why is a schoolmaster best off in summer? Because he keeps his day's cool (day school) from nine till five!

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, said, "Oh! how I do wish that this was called work, and well paid."

Why should a man, when he's eating salt fish on a Good Friday, take no egg-sauce with it?—For fear his appetite should get egg-sauce-ted (exhausted).

QUESTION FOR EXERCISE.—If a hole is twice as wide as it's deep, and twice as deep as it need be, how many potatoes will it hold, provided they are half mercers?

An Irish gentleman entered a public-house one day, and called for "a pint of half-and-half; and, d'y'e hear," said he, very significantly, "let there be *most ale* in it!"

A witness under examination in an Irish court of justice, had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining counsel, "*Fast asleep*," replied the witness.

THE GRAMMAR OF MATRIMONY.—If you are a precise man, and wish to be certain of what you get, never marry a girl named Ann, for we have the authority of Lindley Murray, and many others, for the assertion that Ann "is an indefinite article."

DOCTOR PENNE happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally underserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly, that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely. "Do so," says the Doctor, "and he will confirm you."

A gentleman whose house was under repair, went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to a carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails, they'll certainly be lost." "No," replied Master Chopstick, "you'll find them all in the bill."

## LIFE INSURANCE.

In a storm one night,  
When all was fright,  
'Mong't passengers and crew  
An Irish clown,  
Like a block sat down,  
And seem'd as senseless too.  
Conduct like this,  
Was much amiss,  
And not to be endured,  
But when ask'd why,  
He made reply,  
"Good folks, my life's insured."

"CURF, you see dem two ladies ob color, cross de street dare?" "Yes, I see de dear angels, Pomepy." "Well don't dey look 'mazing like one another?" "Dat berry true; I gibbs you credit for your nice demonstration; dey do 'mazingly 'zemble one anoder, 'specially de one on this side."

"Look here, ma!" said a young lady, just commencing to take lessons in painting, holding up a sample of her skill to her mother. "See my painting; can you tell me what this is?" Ma, after looking at it some time, answered, "Well, I reckon it's a cow, or a rose-bud; but I don't know which."

Tom presented his bill to his neighbour Joe, for service rendered. The latter looked it over, and expressed much surprise at the amount. "Why, Tom, it strikes me you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I'm sensible it's a round one," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of getting it squared."

POETS.—The effects of disappointed love—*Alenside*. Part of a lady's dress—*Spenser*. What the ladies do, and a weight—*Chatterton*. A manufactory, and a weight—*Milton*. The prayers of a glutton—*Moore*. An indication of old age—*Gray*. What a mortgage will do—*Cumberland*. The contributions of a miser—*Little*. A troublesome companion—*Bunyan*. The soldiers home, and an alarm—*Campbell*.

"JOSEPH," said a pedagogue to a boy who came too late one day, "where have you been for the last hour?" "Nowhere," meekly replied Joe. "Nowhere!" fiercely echoed the teacher, who was wont to swagger about his little kingdom like a Gulliver in Lilliput,—"where is that?" "I don't know," replied Joe, as he scratched his head, and looked down upon the floor—"I guess it aint anywhere." "And what were you doing there?" demanded the pedagogue, again scowling still more fiercely. "I wasn't doing anything! I had *nothing to do*, and so I went *nowhere*!"

"MASSA, you know dem big glass shades, what am aribe last night?" "Well," said the master. "Well, dey was put in de store-room," continued the boy. "Well," continued the master inquiringly. "Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one of dem out, and—" "Well," said his master impatiently. "Well, as I was gwine to do—" "You let it fall and broke it, you scoundrel," anticipated the master. "No, I didn't needer," said the negro, sulkily. "Well, what then?" said the master recovering. "Why I struck him again de corner of de shelf, and he brake himself all to pieces!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

BIBLES.—The following list of the principal English Bibles, with their respective dates, may serve to assist the collector of them in his researches; (it is to be observed, that printing was in use 57 years before any New Testament was printed:)—1526 and 1530, Tindal's Bible; the first printed. —1535, Coverdale (Miles) Bible. —1537, Matthew's Bible. —1540, The Bishop's Bible; printed by Grafton. —1562, The Geneva Bible. —1568, Great English Bible.—The same in 8vo., reprinted 1572.—1582, New Testament; printed by Jugge.—1584, Rhenish Testament.—1610, King James's Bible.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlour it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon waste, cries "More," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

## LIFE.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows,  
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;  
Think on the sudden change of human scenes,  
Think on the various accidents of war;  
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;  
Think on the Providence that guards the good.—*Johnson*.

LADIES' CURLS.—About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there cut them off. I have this information (says Stevens) from Stubbs's "*Anatomy of Abuses*," which I have often quoted on the article of Dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in "*A Mad World, my Masters*," 1608: "to wear periwigs made of *another's hair*, is not this against kind?" Again, in Drayton's "*Mooncalf*:"

"And with large sums they stick not to procure  
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most nuclear;  
To help their pride they nothing will disdain."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th sonnet:

"Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The sight of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,  
'Ere beauty's dead fierce made another gay."

Warner, in his "*Albion's England*," 1602, book ix. chap. xlvii., is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stow informs us that "women's periwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris."—See note to "*Timon of Athens*," in which play Shakspeare says:

"And thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hanged,  
No matter," &c.

THE CHEESEMITE.—The *Accarus domesticus*, or common mite, is of all the species the best known. It is found in great abundance upon old cheese, on dried or smoked meat, on birds and insects in collections of natural history, on old bread, and dried up confectionary, which has been kept too long. It is for this reason that Degeer has named this species *domestic*. He also observed some of these mites in the flower-pots which he had in his chamber. This insect is almost invisible to the naked eye; its colour is a dirty white, bordering a little on the brown, with two brown spots produced by the internal parts, appearing through the skin, which is transparent. The body is bristling with hairs, thick, oval, a little narrowed in the middle; its anterior part is terminated in a cone, or a sort of muzzle, containing the organs of manducation. The mandibles have been distinguished; the palpi are very short and setaceous; the skin is smooth and tense; the eight feet are rather long, always curved towards the plane of position, terminated by an oval piece, transparent, and swelled like a small bladder with a long neck, having in front a sort of small cleft or separation. The insect can impart to it all kinds of inflections, swell and contract it. It dilates it when walking, and contracts it, so as to make it disappear, when the foot does not touch the plane of position, and is raised. The vesicle can be folded in two in its length, by reason of the cleft which we have just mentioned. Each moiety is furnished with a small hook, which enables the mite to fix itself on the object upon which it walks. The feet are of equal length, but the two anterior pair are much thicker than the two last. The numerous hairs with which the body is bristled are barbed on both sides, and what is singular is, that the insect can move them on one side and the other. "Each hair," says Degeer, "must necessarily be attached to, or have communication with a muscle, which gives it motion." What marvellous mechanism in so small an object! These sort of prickles are placed upon the body in regular order: two are observed on the upper part of its anterior extremity, which represent, as it were, two small antennae. There are some on the feet which are finer, and on which Degeer has observed no barbs. The females are larger than the males. The female lays some oval eggs, very white, and which appear to be reticulated or spotted with brown. Leuwenhoek, who has particularly observed this species, saw but six feet on the little ones just disclosed.



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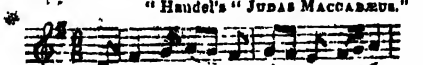
"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

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**PAYNE'S ROYAL OSBORNE SAUCE,** prepared by Her Majesty's Chemist, in the Isle of Wight, specially patronised by the Royal Yacht Squadron, exhibited and used at the Great Exhibition of 1851, is considered the premier sauce for fish, game, hot and cold meats, soups, gravies, &c.  
"We have tasted, and relished, many piquant sauces, but the Royal Osborne beats them all."—*Sun, April 24, 1851.*  
Sold wholesale by Rumsey, 5, Queen-street-place, London; retail, by Fortnum & Mason, and sauce-vandres generally.

**BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.**  
**MAY** be with certainty obtained by using a very small portion of ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PARISIAN POMADE every morning, instead of any oil or other preparation. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, show its surprising properties in producing and curling Whiskers, Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient; as also checking grayness, &c. Persons who have been deceived by imitations of this Pomade, puffed off by so-called "Testimonials," as spurious as the article they represent, will do well to make ONE TRIAL of the only genuine preparation. Price 3s. per pot. Sent free by post, with instructions, &c., on receipt of 24 postage stamps, by Madame COUPELLE, Ely place, Holborn, London, where she may be consulted daily, from 2 till 5. Testimonials.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson: "It is undoubtedly the best preparation known."—Mr. Yates, hair-dresser, Malton: "The young man has now a good pair of whiskers; I want you to send me two pots for other customers."

**TEETH.**  
129, Strand, and 56, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park. Teeth, 5s. each; a complete Set, £5.

**MR. JONES, Inventor and Manufacturer** of IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH. They are permanent, never change colour, break, or decay, and are better adapted for Articulation and Mastication than any hitherto in use. Attendance from 10 till 6.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS,** a never-failing Remedy for Complaints of the Stomach, Indigestion, and Sick Head-aches.—This extraordinary medicine will effect cures after every other remedy has been tried in vain. Persons suffering in any way from general debility, sick head-aches, bile, stomach or liver complaints, may rest assured that a course of these pills will effect a radical cure, however bad their cases may be, as it is confidently asserted that this medicine acts so directly upon the very main-springs of life, that no disease, however severe, can resist its influence. Every one, therefore, who is subject to any of the above mentioned disorders, should have recourse to Holloway's Pills.—Sold by all druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand, London.

**MOAT'S PILLS.**  
**THE best Vegetable Tonic and Aperient** Medicine, by W. C. MOAT, Surgeon and Apothecary, formerly the Partner with the late Mr. Morrison, the Hygienist. For persons whose occupation and mode of living induce frequent disarrangement of the digestive organs, a reliable Medicine is a necessary of life. Mr. Moat's Pills fulfil this requirement. Sold at Mr. Moat's Establishment, 344, Strand, London; and by all Vendors of Medicine; with directions affixed, in English, Welsh, Spanish, French, German, or Dutch.

**PAINS IN THE BACK, GRAVEL, LUMBAGO, Rheumatism, Gout, Indigestion, Nervousness, Debility, &c.**  
**DR. DE ROOS' COMPOUND RENAL PILLS,** as their name—Renal, or the kidneys—indicates, are now established as the most safe and efficacious remedy ever discovered for the above dangerous complaints, which, if neglected, frequently end in piles, fistula, stone in the bladder, and a lingering death! For gout, sciatica, rheumatism, the doloureux, erysipelas, dropsy, scrofula, loss of hair and teeth, depression of spirits, blushing, incapacity for society, study, or business, confusion, giddiness, drowsiness, sleep without refreshment, fear, nervousness, and even insanity itself, when, as is often the case, arising from, or combined with, urinary diseases, they are unequalled. By their salutary action on acuity of the stomach, they correct bile and indigestion, purify and promote the renal secretions, thereby preventing the formation of stone, and establishing for life the healthy functions of all these organs. ONE TRIAL will convince the most prejudiced of their surprising properties.

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N.B. A considerable saving is effected by purchasing the larger boxes.



### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS:—No. 17.**  
**Rest of Children.**—Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favourable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long-continued rest, of which they should by no means be

deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by Nature. A child lives, comparatively, much faster than an adult: its blood flows more rapidly; every stimulus operates more powerfully; and not only its emunctory parts, but its vital resources also, are more speedily consumed. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood; it facilitates the assimilation of the nutriment received, and contributes towards a more copious and regular deposition of alimentary matter, while the horizontal posture is the most favourable to the growth and bodily development of the child. Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant. After the age of six months, the period of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet, even then, a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavour to accustom infants, from the time of their birth, to sleep in the night preferably to the day; and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest, such as noise, light, &c., but especially not to obey every call for taking them up, and giving food at improper times. After the second year of their age, they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after dinner it may be continued to the third and fourth year of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose; because, till that age, the full half of its time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that period, however, it ought to be shortened for the space of one hour with every succeeding year; so that a child of seven years old may sleep about eight, and not exceeding nine hours: this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood. To awaken children from their sleep with a noise, or in an impetuous manner, is extremely injudicious and hurtful; nor is it proper to carry them from a dark room immediately into a glaring light, or against a dazzling wall; for the sudden impression of light debilitates the organs of vision, and lays the foundation of weak eyes, from early infancy. A bed-room, or nursery, ought to be spacious and lofty, dry, airy, and not inhabited through the day. No servants, if possible, should be suffered to sleep in the same room, and no linen or washed clothes should ever be hung there to dry, as they contaminate the air in which so considerable a portion of infantile life must be spent. The consequences attending a vitiated atmosphere in such rooms, are various, and often fatal. Feather beds should be banished from nurseries, as they are an unnatural and debilitating contrivance. The windows should never be opened at night, but left open the whole day, in fine clear weather. Lastly, the bedstead must not be placed too low on the floor; nor is it proper to let children sleep on a couch which is made without any elevation from the ground; because the most mephitic and pernicious stratum of air in an apartment, is that within one or two feet from the floor, while the most wholesome, or atmospheric air, is in the middle of the room, and the inflammable gas ascends to the top.

**ORDER.**—P. S.—In your affairs, your time, your expense, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if, into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purpose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expenses, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that anything should proceed according to method and rule "let all things be done in order."

**MUSCULAR EXERCISE.**—L. S. A.—Much care should be taken in setting down the feet. Let the outer edge of the heel first touch the ground, and the sole of the foot bear and project the weight of the body. The length of step is to be determined by the length of limb. Efforts at taking long steps; out of proportion to the power of

motion, are always ungraceful. Reckoning from heel to heel, or toe to toe, the length of a military step at drill march, is thirty inches, which is considerably more than the length of ordinary steps in walking. The length of step at a moderate pace, of a man, five feet, nine inches high, is usually twenty-four inches; and this will be found a convenient length to acquire the habit of using. The motion of the arms too and fro, in cadence with the movements of the legs, greatly helps the locomotion, and is advantageous in exercising the muscles of the shoulders, and expanding the chest. The motions of the arms, however, should be on a moderate scale, the hands not swinging through a greater space than eight or nine inches before and behind the leg. The practice of working forward the shoulders and swinging the arms at a great rate is most odious. It may be added, that the art of comporting the hands, keeping them down, or from meddling with the person, is one very necessary in polite behaviour, and should be acquired by all young persons, before bad habits are confirmed.

**THE DREAMER.**—A. R. S.—The march of emigration is certainly one of the most extraordinary features which marks the character of modern times, and it all arises from a natural yearning after wants much imaginary as real. Any analysis of the motives which induce mankind generally to emigrate, might be summed up in the single word, *Cupid*. This is the ta'monic charm which excites the acquisitive organ to a degree which breaks up the bonds of the domestic hearth, and scatters families over the world. True, a craving for novelty and change of scene sometimes mingles with it; but, still, in the largest proportion, will be found the four letters which express the shining mass that is to purchase every comfort, and gratify every desire. In the eye of the philosopher this spirit of cupidity presents a lamentable picture of the human species, and excites his pity that, what his class has been accustomed, in the ages of all civilized time, to stigmatize as *base*, should yet be one of the greatest objects of



CIVIL ATTRACTION AND SAVAGE TEMPTATION.

**HINTS TO WRITERS.**—B. C.—It should be the aim of those who write for the press to have, in their articles, some great truth or precept, to the inculcation of which their powers should be directed. It seems almost a necessary consequence that, where so much is written as at the present day, there should be some chaff among the wheat; but the greater part of this is very evidently the result of carelessness. Writers are not always mindful of the influence a few words may exert, especially if printed in a widely circulated journal; and hence, that is sometimes penned which should never go forth to the world. It would seem almost a moral duty to be exceedingly cautious in this matter, and therefore the essay writer should carefully weigh his thoughts before giving them to the public.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—T. M. (It is said that the plant guano, obtained in South America, will cure the bite of a mad dog and prevent hydrophobia). A. R. G. (the halcyon alluded to by the poets is the bird called the kingfisher. It was believed by the ancients that while the female brooded over the eggs, the sea and weather remained calm and unruffled; hence arose the expression of halcyon days). M. S. (we would not wish to be severe; but the verses sent remind us of an epigram, which runs thus in Dundee churchyard:

"Here lies the body of John Watson,  
Read not this with your hats on,  
For why? He was the Provost of Dundee,  
Hallelujah! hallelujah!")

P. R. (many of the best poetical pieces of Lord Byron, having the least amatory tendency, have been distorted by his calumniators, as if having some relation to the lamented circumstances which darkened the latter days of his life). R. M. (the site of the erection which used to be at Charing-cross, is now occupied by the equestrian statue of Charles I., in which the figure and symmetry of the horse are beautifully displayed). J. W. (the New Forest is in Hampshire, and has been so designated for nearly seven hundred years. It is situated on the south side of the county, and anciently contained many populous towns and villages, and thirty-six parish churches,

all of which are said to have been destroyed by William the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus, to gratify their inordinate love of hunting). A. Yarrin ("What o'clock?" is an allusion for "What is it on the clock?"). P. A. (all animals, so far as we know, possess the sense of hearing, although it was formerly doubted with respect to fishes. The organ, however, in these was discovered by the late Mr. John Hunter). O. S. (the rays of light travel 120,000 miles in a second, and are seven minutes in completing their passage from the great luminary to our earth, a distance of about seventy millions of miles). T. R. (fogs are more frequent in October and November, than at any other period of the year, because besides the evaporation from seas, rivers, and lakes, there is a constant exhalation from the ground in the form of vapour). A. P. (depend upon it, your disqualifications are more imaginary than real. Nature has given to every man the capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable). T. S. T. (the China clay of Cornwall ranks foremost amongst the British clays, and fetches the highest price in the market. When it is purified it is understood to be almost exactly identical with the *kaolin* of the Chinese). DAVIN (good sound bricks are the best materials for ovens, and a neat calculation of the number required may be made by applying this well-known rule:—100 bricks will build a square yard of nine inch work). R. G. (pepper, sugar, and water, will effectually destroy flies and wasps). D. A. (cannel, or channel coal, is produced best in Lancashire; it contains a much larger proportion of charcoal, and less inflammable tar). P. D. (a tablespoonful of moist sugar has been given as the quantity necessary to splutter a salmon of five or six pounds weight; to which may be added, if desired, either a teaspoonful of salt or saltpetre). T. P. (resolve now. Do not leave till to-morrow what may as well be done to day). G. W. (we believe it is generally felt, that, in order to deserve a true friend, we must first learn to be true). M. A. (No; in our opinion, no company whatever can justify drinking to drunkenness. When Esculapius applauded Philip, King of Macedon, as a jovial man who would drink freely, Demosthenes replied, "That it was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king"). P. D. (if you desire to cook a potato properly, wash it well, but let there be no scraping. At the thickest end cut off a piece the size of a sixpence. This is the safety valve, through which the steam escapes, and all rents in the skin are thereby prevented, just as a valve prevents a rupture in the steam boiler). M. L. (your reasoning is sophistical rather than wise. You should always remember that a promise is just a debt which you ought to take care to pay, for honour and honesty are the security). G. S. (the following will answer your question:

"Not on the field of blood and strife,  
Where life is waged for a life,—  
With bodies striven,—  
Not in the fight where ghastly death  
Is wrapt in each inhaling breath,  
Is courage shown,—  
Not on the sword where friend meets friend,  
And their life's blood together blend,  
The strife of pride,—  
But they who thum the sinful fight,  
And nobly say—'We will do right,  
Not wrong, whatever befall.'"  
Who boldly meet the scolds of men, and scorn  
Whate'er is mean, are brave—God's noble born.")

N. N. (No: at the present day, eminent position in any profession is the result of hard, unwearied labour. Men can no longer fly at one dash into eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers). P. M. (unqualifiedly to affirm that all men are equal, is to make an assertion which few will be found to support, and which, if carried into effect practically, would produce frightful results. For we must have superiority, else we could not have government; the will of our Creator has expressly conferred superiority in this respect upon some among men. But with this exception we may claim as an inviolable proposition that all are equal.)



Printed by WILLIAM TYLER, Bolt-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BRYNNE, 69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 43.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"They discovered nothing suspicious, except a little glass bottle, containing a blackish liquid, without doubt the ink of the prisoner."*

PICCIOLA:

OR,

THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 661.)

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning the city of Alessandria was in its gala dress by break of day. An immense population was already circulating in its streets, which were adorned with boughs and hung with flags. The crowd was going from the town-hall, where Napoleon and Josephine then were, towards the triumphal arch, raised at the extremity of the suburb through which they would pass to visit the illustrious plains of Marengo.

On the road from Alessandria to Marengo were similar multitudes, shouts, and trumpet-bleats. Never had a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loretto, never had the ceremonies of the Jubilee in Rome, attracted such crowds as those who were bending their steps towards that field of recent battle.

There was to be performed the most important act of the ceremonies of the day. The emperor Napoleon was to preside there at a mock fight, in commemoration of the victory gained in that very place, five years before, by the First Consul Buonaparte.

Tables and stages were placed along the road. There they ate and acted

plays in the open air. They even preached there, for more than one pulpit suddenly appeared between the theatre and the tavern; monks mixed with the crowd, or keeping themselves apart on the sides of the road, not content with giving their benedictions to the passers-by, exhorted them to sobriety and tranquillity, and sold them little ivory virgins, and blessed rosaries.

In the long single street of the village of Marengo, all the houses were turned into taverns, and presented an image of confusion and motion. At every window, to attract or tempt customers, hung smoked hams, sausages, strings of partridges and quails, festoons of gingerbread, and bouillons. They went in and out, they pushed on, Italians and French, citizens and soldiers; the piles of macaroni, the pyramids of macarons, buns, and radishes, disappeared under the hands of the buyers. In the dark, narrow stairs, they pushed and elbowed in a double line, ascending and descending; some still loaded with their provisions, to save themselves from the rapacity of their neighbours, raised their arms above their heads; and, in the darkness, a hand longer and more dexterous than theirs, would seize the scanty load, whether of buttered bread, figs, oranges, a little ham of lard, or a larded quail,—whether a raised pie, or an excellent stew in its pan,—all was taken; and there were cries, jests, and prolonged laughter, which reached from the first to the last of the line of march; and the thief of the ascending line, contented with his prize, turned about trying to retreat, while the robbed of the descending train, constrained to return to the shop, endeavoured to remount; and the whole band, confused by this opposing ebb and flow, was turning this way and that, in the midst of busts of gaily, outla, and blows



distributed at random; and were at last poured out partly into the street, partly into the rooms, where the drinkers were already roaring out their songs, forgetful of the good advice of the monks.

Amongst tables loaded with meats; and benches with guests, from one room to the other, were seen in every part the women and the *giannine* of the house. The one with their coloured aprons, powdered hair, and little coquettish poultard; still the principal ornament of their dress; the others in a short petticoat, long-plaited tresses, their necks and ears loaded with gold ornaments, and their feet bare.

To these lively, animated scenes of the roads and the village, of the chamber and the street; to these murmurs, songs, and cries; to this laughter, and clatter of tongues, glasses, and plates, other scenes and sounds soon succeeded.

In an hour the cannon would thunder against the village, almost inoffensive, it is true,—for it would only break some of the windows; the street would only resound with the cry of the soldiers, worked up to warlike fury at the word of command; and all the houses disappear under the smoke of the musketry—happily only charged with powder. Then, let them take care of pillage, if the provisions are not instantly sheltered!—let the *giannine* with the naked feet beware, for mock war sometimes aces the real in its excesses.

It imitates it above all in the splendour of its shows; and nothing was more imposing and more majestic than that which was then preparing in the fields of Marengo.

A magnificent throne, hung with tri-coloured flags, was already raised on one of the few hills which diversify the plain; troops of every description, of every variety of uniform, were already rapidly filing off to take their places. The trumpet called the cavalry, the roll of the drums was heard over the ground that was shaken by the artillery and wagons. The aides-de-camp, in splendid costume, paraded and repassed, and crossed in a thousand directions; the flags spread to the wind, which at the same time waved the sea of plumes. Crests and feathers, variegated with the tri-colours, and the sun—that great guest at the festivals of Napoleon, that luminary radiant with the pomps of the empire—appeared; and the gold of embroidery, the bronze of cannon, carcases, cuirasses, and the sixty thousand bayonets that bristled on the field, shone like fire.

The crowd of gazers, soon forced to bear back before the troops, now pouring forth with an accelerated pace over the field of their operations, described an immense retreating circle, like the smaller waves of the ocean when an enormous one breaks upon them.

Some cavalry, charging at full gallop against the lingering groups, rapidly cleared the ground.

The village was deserted, the joyous tents were struck, the stages knocked down, the songs and cries were no longer heard. On all sides were seen, running over the vast circuit of the plain, men, interrupted in their games or their repasts; and women, frightened at the flashing sabres and neighing horses, dragging their children after them.

If an eye had then glanced over the ranks of the army, still undivided, and ranged under the same colours, those whom the orders of the general-in-chief, the marshal Lannes, had beforehand designed as the future conqueror or conquerors, might have been easily recognized by the expression of exultation or silent discontent impressed upon the countenances of the soldiers.

He himself was seen followed by a numerous staff, reconnoitring the ground on which he had formerly so valiantly figured, and distributing to each his part.

The military movements of the terrible day of the 14th of June, 1800, were there to be repeated, care being taken to omit the faults then committed; for this was to be a military compliment, a madrigal of cannons, that they were preparing for the new emperor and king.

The troops, now formed in order of battle, deployed or resumed their places, according to the command of the chief, till thundering symphonies were heard on the road from Alessandria; a vague murmur increasing and spreading among that immense multitude, which—protected by the banks of the Tanaro, the Bormida, the Orba, or the ravines of Tortona—formed the undulating, living boundary of that vast arena. Suddenly the drums beat to arms, cries and vivas rose on all sides, sabres flashed to the light amidst clouds of dust, muskets were presented, and rung as by a unanimous movement; and a splendid carriage, drawn by eight caparisoned horses, blazoned with the arms of France and Italy, brought Josephine and Napoleon to the foot of their throne.

After having received the homage of all the deputations of Italy—sent from Lucra, Genoa, Florence, Rome, and even from Prussia,—Napoleon, impatient of inactivity, sprung on his horse, and soon the whole plain was illuminated with fire, and covered with smoke.

Such were the games of the young conqueror! War to amuse his leisure—war to accomplish his high destinies: it was necessary for that ardent soul, born as it was for dominion, and whom the conquest of the whole world would have alone left in idleness.

An officer appointed by the emperor explained to Josephine, who remained alone upon her throne, almost frightened at the scene, the secret of those resolutions, the object of those grand movements. He had shown her the Austrian Melas driving the French from the village of Marengo, overthrowing them at Pietra Buona and at Castel-Ceriola, and Buonaparte suddenly stopping him in his triumph with nine hundred men of his consular guard. Then he called all her attention to one of the decisive moments of the battle. The republicans were falling back, but Desaix appeared on the road from Tortona. The terrible Hungarian column, commanded by Zach, moved heavily forward, and marched to meet him.

Whilst the officer was still speaking, Josephine perceived a slight tumult near her. Having inquired the cause, she learned that a young girl—after

having imprudently broken through the line of operations, at the risk of being crushed a thousand times by a charge of cavalry or the shock of an artillery-carriage—had been the sole cause of this disturbance, by endeavouring, notwithstanding the resistance of the guards and the remonstrances of the ladies of the suite, to penetrate to her majesty.

On hearing that the emperor had quitted Turin in the morning for Alessandria, Teresa, Girhardi's daughter,—for it was she who, accompanied by a guide, took charge of Charney's petition,—was at first overwhelmed, more perhaps from fatigue than discouragement. But she soon recovered at the recollection, that in that moment a poor captive placed all his hope in her, without, however, knowing her; and ignorant whose hand had been stretched out to take charge of the dangerous petition. Without taking note of time, or of fatigue, at the risk of arriving too late, she persevered, and told her guide that the end of her journey was no longer Turin, but Alessandria.

"It is twice as long as the way we have just come."

"Well, we must set out directly."

"I shall not set out," said the guide, composedly, "till day-break, and then it will be to return to Fénestrella. I wish you a good journey, signora."

All that she could urge to make him change his resolution was useless. He remained encased in his Piedmontese obstinacy, unharnessed his horses, led them to the stable, and lay down beside them.

Once embarked in the cause of another, Teresa never looked behind. Decided on continuing her route alone, she begged the hostess of the inn where she alighted, in the street Dora Grassa, to procure her the means of immediate and rapid conveyance to Alessandria. The hostess sent her people over the city; but in vain they traversed it in every direction,—from the gate of Susa to that of the Po, from the Porta Nuova to that of the palace,—public carriages, carts, beasts for drawing, saddle, and burden, were gone or engaged long beforehand on account of the solemnities of Alessandria.

Teresa was in despair at this fatal accident. Absorbed in thought, her head cast down, she remained standing at the door of the inn, defying, thanks to the night, the eyes that might recognize her in her native city, when the noise of wheels, enlivened by the sound of bells, was heard. Two strong mules—drawing one of those long strange vehicles, whose deep body, shut and locked like a trunk, is used for transporting articles of sale, and which has only a little leather bench in front for its sole seat, scarcely sheltered by a hood of tarpaulin—soon stopped at the door where she stood.

The husband and wife, possessors of the vehicle and merchandise, got down from the seat, uttered deep sighs of satisfaction, stamped their feet, stretched their arms, as if to unstiffen or rouse themselves; and saluting the hostess with the air of acquaintances, took refuge immediately in the two corners of the chimney, holding their hands and faces to the fire of vine-branches which was sparkling there; then, after having desired that their mules should be put into the stable, congratulating each other on having arrived, they set themselves down to supper, proposing to go to bed as soon as possible.

The hostess on her side prepared to do her best; the yawning waiters, half asleep, were occupied in the business of the inn; and Teresa, still pensive and sadly depressed in the midst of all these preparations, thought of the time that was passing away, of the hope that was perishing, of the flower that was dying!

"A night! a night!" said she, "the unfortunate will count the minutes while I sleep! To-morrow, perhaps, it will be equally impossible to find a means of proceeding!"

And she looked attentively, by turns, at the two merchants who were at table, as if her only resource were in them. But she was ignorant what route they were taking; if they would, if they could, change it for her; and the poor girl, little accustomed to find herself alone—thus depending on herself in the midst of strangers—dared not address them; and impelled on one hand by her kind intentions, restrained on the other by her timidity,—one foot advanced, her mouth half open,—she remained on the same spot, silent and undecided, when, suddenly presenting herself to her, the maid gave her a candle and a key, pointing with her finger to the room she was to occupy.

Recalled to a sense of her situation, and forced to decide, Teresa immediately gently put aside the arm of the *giannine*, and advanced, though not without great emotion, towards the couple at table.

"Pardon my question," said she, with a trembling voice; "what road are you going to take on quitting Turin?"

"The road to Alessandria, my pretty girl."

"To Alessandria! It is my good angel who has brought you here!"

"Your good angel has made us take very bad roads, signorina," said the woman; "we are thoroughly wet!"

"But, let us see, how can we be useful to you?" said the merchant.

"A pressing affair calls me to Alessandria, will you take me there?"

"It is impossible!" said the woman.

"Oh! I will pay you well!—two pieces of St. John Baptist, ten French livres."

"It is difficult," replied the man. "In the first place, the seat is very narrow, and it is with great difficulty it will hold three. It is true you will not take much room; but there is another difficulty, my child. We are going to the market of Revignano, near Asti, and not to Alessandria; it is half-way, and that is all."

"Well, then," said the young girl, "take me to the gate of Asti; but we set out this evening—directly."

"Impossible! impossible!" repeated both at once. "We sell neither our sleep nor our fatigue."

"I will double the sum!" interrupted Teresa, in a low voice.

## PICCIOLA; OR, THE PRISON FLOWER.

The man looked at his wife, consulting her with his eye.  
 "No! no!" said she; "do you wish to make yourself ill? Then Lasca and Zoppa want rest; would you kill them?"  
 "Four pieces!" whispered her husband, "four pieces!"  
 "Lasca and Zoppa are worth more than that."  
 "For half the distance—a double gain!"  
 "Well, what matter!—a single sequin of Venice is worth more than a double parpaiole of Genoa!"

However, the idea of four pieces, the desire of such easy gain, was not long in influencing the woman as well as her husband; so, after a little more resistance on one side, and many supplications and prayers on the other, the mules were again put into the carriage; Teresa, wrapped up in her cloak, on account of the night, settled herself very tolerably on the seat, between the pair, and they set off just as eleven o'clock resounded from all the churches of Turin.

In her impatience to arrive at the end of her journey, and to be able to transmit good news to Fenestrella, Teresa would have wished to have been carried away in a swift chariot, by horses rapid as the wind, and the cart of the merchant moved heavily over the ground; the two mules walked step by step, slowly raising one foot after the other, and the regular tinkling of their bells seemed to give a still more marked character of indifference. The traveller at first restrained her impatience, hoping the walk would ere long arouse the poor beasts, or that the whip of their conductor would soon be able to hasten their pace. But seeing him remain inactive, and content himself with only a slight noise of his tongue to excite his team, she at length informed him how important it was to her to arrive quickly at Asti, that she might reach the gate of Alessandria by morning.

"My good girl," said her new guide, "it does not please me any more than you to pass the night reckoning the stars, but the merchant must watch over his merchandise. Mine is earthenware and china, which I am going to sell at Revigano, and, if the mules hurry, they will very likely make posherds of all my goods."

"What, sir! are you an earthenware merchant?" cried Teresa, with a countenance of alarm.

"Earthenware and china," replied the merchant.

"Ah! my God!" said the traveller, groaning. "But at least you can surely go a little faster."

"Do you wish to ruin me, then?"

"Ah! I am so anxious to arrive!"

"But, my good girl, that is not a reason for breaking everything."

As a kind of concession, the merchant, however, multiplied his noises; but the mules were too well accustomed to their pace to change it easily.

Teresa bitterly reproached herself then for not having sooner inquired the time they should take to reach Asti; she reproached herself, above all, with not having gone about Turin herself, to discover, with the knowledge she had of the city, a quicker means of conveyance; but she had now nothing to do but to resign herself, and she did so.

The carriage continued at its usual rate. Losca and Zoppa went neither more quickly nor more slowly; only walking on the sides of the road, they no longer made the pavement clatter with the noise of the wheels. The merchant and his wife, who, until then, had talked much on the chances of their trade at the fair of Revigano, grew silent; and in that obscurity, in the midst of that stillness, notwithstanding the cold, which was beginning to numb her feet, Teresa was growing drowsy under the monotonous tinkling of the little bells. Her head fell first on the right, then on the left, seeking by turns a pillow on the shoulder of the woman, then on that of the man, and again fell heavily on her bosom.

"Lean firmly on me," said her conductor, "and good-night, my good girl!"

She followed his advice, arranged herself as well as she could, and went fast asleep.

She slept so well during several hours, that the light of dawn alone made her open her eyes. Astonished at finding herself thus in the open air, and on the road, memory returned, and, looking around, she saw with surprise and sorrow, that the carriage was not moving, and seemed to have been long stationary. The merchant, his wife, the mules even, were fast asleep, and the double set of bells no longer made the slightest sound.

Teresa perceived, not far behind her, the points of several steeples; and the morning mists, forming whimsical figures on the contracted horizon, showed her, fantastically grouped, the spire of Luperga, the castle of Milles-Fleurs, that of the Queen's Vine, the church of the Capuchins, and all the fine decorations of the magnificent hill of Turin.

"Mercy! Heaven!" cried she, "where are we? we have scarcely quitted the suburbs!"

The merchant awoke at her exclamations, and after having rubbed his eyes, hastened to comfort her.

"We are approaching Asti," said he; "and the steeples that you see there, behind you, are those of Revigano. Losca and Zoppa are not much to be scolded; they are only just gone to sleep, and they must have wanted greatly. Provided they may not have profited by my sleep to trot a little too fast," Teresa smiled. "Come, let us get on!"

And he directly cracked his whip, the noise of which awoke at the same time his wife and the mules.

At the gate of Asti, the honest merchant took leave of Teresa; set her down; made the sign of the cross with the twenty francs he had received from her, and wishing her a good journey, turned his mules about to regain the road to Revigano.

The half of the journey was now accomplished. But Teresa had lost all hope of arriving in time for the early levee of the emperor. "However,"

said she, "an emperor must rise late." Oh! how she wished to plunge the sun again beneath the horizon, which was already its approach by the increased light.

It seemed to her that all around must feel the agitation which tormented her, that she should see the whole population of Asti on foot, preparing for the journey to Alessandria; and then, in that multitude of carriages, and conveyances of all kinds, she should be able to attain a place, were it in the public boat.

What then was her astonishment on entering the city to find the streets silent and deserted! The light of the sun scarcely penetrated it, and only enlightened the roofs of the highest houses, and the domes of the churches.

She just then remembered one of her maternal relations, who had many years inhabited Asti. He might be of great assistance to her; and seeking on the ground-floor of a rather poor-looking house a reddish light shining through the latticed window, she ventured to knock and inquire for the dwelling of this relation.

A casement was half-opened, and a harsh scolding voice told her, that for three months the individual in question had been at his country-house at Montercello, and the casement was again shut.

Alone in the middle of the street, Teresa began to feel alarmed at her desolate situation. To gain courage, she paid her morning devotions before the Madonna enshrined in a wall at some paces from where she stood, and before whom a little lamp was burning. Then, before her prayer was scarcely ended, she heard footsteps in the street, and a man appeared.

"Pray, sir," said she, "show me where the carriages that go to Alessandria put up."

"You are too late, my good girl," answered the stranger: "carriages and drivers, all have been engaged for three days;" and he passed on.

A second came up to her. At the same demand from Teresa, he stopped, looked at her with a dark scowling air:

"You like the French, then? cursed race!" and he went away more rapidly than the first.

The poor inquirer remained some time intimidated, and did not recover herself till she saw a young artisan coming out of his house singing. For the third time she repeated her question.

"Ah! ah! signora," said he with a good-humoured air, "you wish to see a battle! But there will be no place for pretty girls down there. Believe me, remain with us; it is a holiday, and brave dancers shall fight for the honour of having you for a partner. You are worth a little trouble. A little war in your honour; eh! will that tempt you?"

And advancing with a bow, he endeavoured to put his arm round her waist; but at the glance she darted on him, he resumed his song, and pursued his way.

A fourth—a fifth crossed the street, Teresa no longer thought of inquiring of them; and her eyes were directed towards the doors, now opening on all sides, to the carriages standing at the bottom of the courts. At length, not without trouble, and by special favour, she was received into a coach, to be taken no farther than Ammona, where they were to take in a passenger, whose place she temporarily filled. From Ammona to Felizzano, from Felizzano to Alessandria, there were more obstacles, more difficulties. She triumphed over all.

On arriving at this latter city, Teresa knew that the emperor was no longer there; so, without stopping a moment, she followed with the crowd, and on foot, the road to Marengo.

There, pressed on all sides by the multitude who surrounded her, carefully looking out for openings in the crowd, keeping the side of the road, she constantly endeavoured to gain ground on those who preceded her, paying no attention either to the trumpets, the jugglers, or the discourses of the monks. In the midst of the curious spectators, talking, singing, shouting, dancing, with joy or drunkenness, she struggled on, through heat and dust, the sole stranger to the joys of the day. With an anxious countenance, fixed and preoccupied eye, wiping from her brow the moisture that covered it, she made her way—the gravity of her features strongly contrasting with all those gay faces.

Her whole energy was concentrated in the difficulties of the road, and in the anxiety to proceed. Scarcely during this time did the object she wished to attain, the motives that made her act, present themselves to her mind. But on the crowd showing a disposition to halt, from the front ranks stopping, being obliged to slacken her pace, then remembrance returned. She thought of her father, who would soon be distressing himself at her prolonged absence; for the guide who abandoned her at Turin, could not go to him and inform him of the cause of the delay. She thought of Charney, perhaps cursing the bad choice of the messenger, and accusing her of carelessness and forgetfulness; then from a sudden motion her hand sought her bosom, for fear the petition might have dropped. Then her father, her father again presented himself to her eyes. The old man, distressed at having yielded to her entreaties, may think his daughter lost to him!

At the remembrance of this adored father, a tear moistened the eyelids of Teresa, and she was only aroused from her meditations by the loud exclamations of joy uttered near her. An immense space had been cleared behind her, and around this space the crowd appeared to be whirling. Teresa turned. Immediately two hands seized her on both sides at once, and, notwithstanding her resistance, her fatigue, and the little disposition she felt at that moment above all for such a diversion, she found herself forced to take an active part in a great farandola which was danced on the road, easily increased at every moment by the pretty girls and young men.

This was the most painful incident of her journey. But courage did not yet abandon her, for she hoped she had just arrived at her goal.

After having freed herself from this singular association, making a last effort to open a way through the multitude which was before her, she at length arrived in sight of the plain, and her eye, surprised and pleased, for some time wandering over that fine army drawn out on the fields of Marengo, suddenly fixed with agitation on the mount which formed the base of the imperial throne.

At that sight all her strength, all her constancy, all her ardour returned. But how to gain it through those thousands of men and horses! Could she attempt it?

However, what had been before an obstacle to her progress, was coming to her assistance.

The first ranks of the crowd that was pouring in torrents from Alessandria, to gain a favourable situation, divided to the right and left, gaining the borders of the Tornaro and Bormida. At one moment, when suddenly urged on by the hinder ranks, they encroached so rapidly on the plain, that they seemed invading the field of battle.

A hundred cavalry advanced against this disordered multitude, and making their naked sabres flash, and their horses prance, forced it without difficulty to retire within its limits. All lost their ground as rapidly as they had gained it; all except one.

In one of the hollows of the ground rose a little spring, surrounded by some trees and a strong hedge of hawthorn.

Impelled onwards by the waves of the curious crowd, Teresa, pale and trembling, still directing herself instinctively towards the elevated throne before her, had been hurried and dragged on towards the group of trees. Terrified at this violent impulse, fearing to be crushed against the trees, she threw her arms round the trunk of a poplar as a support; shut her eyes, like the child who thinks the danger past when it has ceased to see it, and remained thus motionless for some time, her ears filled with the roaring of the multitude and the murmurs of the leaves.

The retreat of the people at the approach of the soldiers was so rapid, that when Teresa raised her head and looked around her, she found herself alone, —quite alone; separated from the army by the group of trees and the hedge of hawthorn, and from the multitude by a thick whirlwind of dust, raised by the retreating steps of the fugitives.

Not hesitating to penetrate the hedge, she immediately entered the little grove, and her agitation subsiding, the traveller took a view of the place.

Shaded by twenty poplars and aspens, the spring was half concealed by banks fringed with creeping ivy, moss, and ivy-wort, and bubbling with a slight sound, while escaping in a stream whose course through the plain might still be traced by the eye, from the quantities of forget-me-not and white ranunculus which edged its waters. The fresh air arising from it did more for Teresa in revivifying her from her agitation and fright. It seemed as if she had just discovered an oasis of coolness and repose, and that the enclosing hedge protected her at once against the dust, the heat, and the noise. In an instant the plain became nearly silent; she heard neither the cries of the officers, the hurrahs of the crowd, nor the neighing of the horses.

But a singular bustle took place above her head. It was a continual rustling and crackling in the trees. She looked up, and saw the branches of the aspens and poplars covered with innumerable sparrows, who, driven from the surrounding parts, by the march and tumult of the people, came, like that young girl, to seek a shelter in this little verdant solitude. It might have been said that fear had paralysed their wings and voices; not a cry, not a twitter broke from the midst of their band. They even saw their new asylum invaded without thinking of flight, so much had the noise and spectacles by which they were surrounded struck them mute and insensible. Now the regiments of cavalry advanced to the sound of trumpets, and stationed themselves on the place where just before the people had been moving, and the birds did not abandon their retreat. They only snapped their beaks and hopped from branch to branch, turning from one side to the other, seeming anxious for the end of it all; and it was this sound, increased by the quivering of the foliage, that had just excited the attention of Teresa.

The soldiers, who now closed against her all communication with the road, soon exclusively occupied the attention of the young innocent girl, thus surrounded on all sides by the troops.

"It is only harmless war," said she to herself; "and if I am imprudent, God knows the motive of my efforts, and He will protect."

Then directing her attention to the opposite side, and advancing to the extremity of the clump of trees, she saw at about three hundred paces in front of her the imperial throne, where Josephine and Napoleon had just seated themselves.

From thence to the place where she was, the interval was partly filled by soldiers under arms, going through their manoeuvres, but in some parts also the unoccupied ground left a passage practicable.

Teresa gathered courage: the moment was come. She drew back from the hedge that she might jump over it, but immediately she thought, with an emotion of shame and confusion, on the disorder of her dress. Her hair was falling about or entangled, stuck to her cheeks, or hanging on her shoulders; her hands and face covered with dust. To present herself thus before the sovereigns of France and Italy, was to ensure her repulse, and to prevent the success of her mission.

She therefore returned to the trees, went to the spring, took off her large straw hat, shook down her black hair, passed her fingers through it, replaited it, smoothed the bands in front, and adjusted her collar; then kneeling down by the spring, she looked at herself in it, dipped her hands in, and purified them, as well as her face; then before she rose offered a fervent prayer for her father and Charney,—thus ending that pure toilet, performed in the midst of an army.

Whilst watching again for a favourable moment to cross, suddenly on twenty sides at once, the loud explosions of the artillery were heard. The earth seemed shaken; the poor girl was struck motionless and stupefied, and the birds on the trees above, all taking flight at once, uttering loud cries, whirling about and striking against each other, sought the woods of Valpeda and the shades of Voghera.

The battle had just begun.

Teresa, stunned by the noise of the cannon, alarmed by all this confusion, remained in a state of bewilderment, her eyes constantly fixed on the throne, which by turns appeared and disappeared behind a curtain of lances and bayonets.

In about half an hour, during which time every other thought than that of instinctive terror seemed to abandon her, she recovered her energy of soul. She examined more calmly the difficulties she had to conquer to reach the pavilioned mount, and did not consider them insurmountable.

Two columns of infantry drawn out in line, whose bases rested on the sides of the little grove, had just engaged in a hot fire of musketry one against the other. She hoped to be able through this cloud of smoke to make her way without being even perceived. She was hesitating, however, when suddenly a troop of Hussars burning with thirst made an invasion into her asylum.

Then Teresa hesitated no longer: her courage strengthened by her modesty, she rushed forward between the two columns of infantry, and when the smoke was dissipated, the soldiers uttered exclamations of surprise, on perceiving suddenly in the midst of them a white petticoat, a woman's bonnet, a pretty charming girl, who, notwithstanding their cries, pursued her course.

A squadron of cuirassiers came up to support one of the lines. The captain nearly overthrew Teresa, but seizing her in time by her arm, raised her from the ground, and swearing, *sacré*, without inquiring how a young girl should come on the field of battle, he gave her in charge of two soldiers to take her to the quarters of the women.

She was obliged to mount behind one of the cuirassiers, and thus she was taken towards the place where the ladies of the suite of the Empress Josephine, accompanied by some aides-de-camp and gentlemen, deputies from the towns of Italy, were standing on the hill.

Arrived there at length, within reach of her object, Teresa could no longer fail in her enterprise. She had surmounted too many difficulties to allow herself to be conquered by the last; so when on her demand to speak to the emperor, they told her that he was on the plain at the head of the troops, "Well! I wish then to see the Empress!" said she with firmness. But this one was scarcely more easy than the other. To get rid of her importunity they tried to intimidate her; they could not do it. They told her that she must wait the end of the evolutions; she refused to do so, and tried to make her way to the throne; they held her back; she struggled, raised her voice with vehemence, until at length the attention of Josephine herself was attracted towards her.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The orders of Josephine were not transmitted till, in the midst of the half-opened crowd, the young girl appeared in supplication, held back, and still resisting.

At a gracious sign from the Empress, which all comprehended, they disappeared from before the captive, who, darting forward, freed, yet disordered by the struggle she had just maintained, arrived panting on the steps of the throne; bent down, and drawing hurriedly from her bosom a handkerchief, which she eagerly waved, exclaimed:

"Madame! Madame! a poor prisoner!"

Josephine did not at first comprehend what the handkerchief thus presented to her meant.

"Is it a petition that you would give me?" said she.

"Here it is, Madame,—here it is! It is the petition of a poor prisoner!"

—(See engraving, page 637.)

And the tears ran down the cheeks of the pleader, while a celestial smile of hope animated her countenance. The empress answered her by another smile, held out her hand to her, made her rise, and bending towards her with an air of kindness—

"Come, come, my child, recover yourself. Does this poor prisoner interest you so much, then?"

The young girl blushed, and cast down her eyes.

"I have never spoken to him," replied she; "but he is so unhappy! Read, read, Madame!"

Josephine opened the handkerchief, sad at thinking how many miseries and privations this linen bore witness of, imprinted with difficulty with a factitious ink; then stopping at the first word,—

"But it is to the Emperor that he addresses himself!"

"What matter! Are you not his wife? Read, read, Madame; read for pity's sake! It is of such consequence!"

It was during the height of the combat; the Hungarian column, though attacked with grape by the artillery of Marmon, had persevered in its formidable movement. Zach and Dessaix were at length opposed to each other, and on their encounter would depend the safety or ruin of the army. The cannon thundered in every direction; the field of battle was in confusion; the cries of the soldiers, mixing with the trumpets of war, seemed to agitate the air like a tempest; when the Empress read as follows:

"Sire,—Two paving-stones less in the court of my prison will not shake the foundations of your empire, and such is the only favour I am going to ask of your Majesty. It is not for myself I implore the effects of your protection; but in this walled desert where I expiate my offences towards you,



a single being has brought some alleviation to my sorrows.—a single being has thrown some charm over my life. It is a plant, Sire; it is a flower, unexpectedly come up between the paving-stones of the court where I am sometimes allowed to breathe the air and see the sky. Ah! be not in haste to accuse me of folly and madness! This flower was to me the source of soothing and consoling studies. While fixed on it, my eyes have opened to truth; to it I owe reason, repose, perhaps life. I love it as you love glory!"

"Well, at this moment my poor plant is dying for want of space and earth; it is dying, and I cannot relieve it, and the commandant of Fénestrella sends my complaint to the governor of Turin; and when they will have decided my plant will be dead. And this is why, Sire, I address myself to you,—to you who with a word can do all, even save my flower! Let them take up the stones that press on me as well as on it; save it from destruction,—save me from despair! Command it; it is the life of my flower that I implore of you; that I entreat with earnestness, with supplication, my knee on the earth, and I swear to you, that deep in my heart this benefit shall be placed to your account.

"Why should it die? It has, I confess, deadened the blow your powerful hand would have dealt to me; but it has broken my pride also, and it is this that now throws me a suppliant at your feet. From the height of your two-fold throne, deign to cast your eyes upon us! Can you comprehend what links may connect a man to a plant, in that solitude which leaves to a prisoner only a vegetative existence? No, you cannot know it, Sire; and may your star keep you from ever knowing what captivity can do to the proudest, firmest mind. I do not complain of mine; I support it with resignation; prolong it; let it last as long as my life; but mercy for my plant!"

"Remember, Sire, that this favour I implore of your Majesty must be immediate, must even be to-day! You may let the sword of the law long hang suspended over the head of the criminal, and remove it at length, and pardon him; but Nature follows other laws than that of the justice of man; two more days, and perhaps the Emperor Napoleon may be able to do nothing for the captive of Fénestrella."

CHARNEY.

A tremendous explosion of artillery suddenly took place; a thick smoke, divided in every direction by a hundred thousand flashes from the musketry, covered the field of battle with a vast canopy at once bright and sombre; then the fires were extinguished, and it seemed as if a hand extended from on high suddenly removed this canopy which hid the combatants. There was then a magnificent spectacle for the sun to contemplate. That brilliant charge in which Dessaix had lost his life, had just been made. Zach and his Hungarians pressed in front by Boudet, taken on the left by the cavalry of Kellermann, were broken and in disorder, and the intrepid consul, immediately re-establishing his new line of battle, from Castle-Cerolo to St. Julien, resumed the offensive, overthrew the Imperialists at every point, and obliged Melas to sound the retreat.

This sudden change of position, these great movements of the army, this flux and reflux of men, obedient to the voice of a chief alone motionless in the midst of this apparent disorder, had something in it to seize on the coldest imagination; applause and vivas rose from the midst of the groups of spectators stationed around the throne; and these sounds, contrasting with the others that surrounded her, at length roused the empress from the deep reverie into which she had been plunged. For, of these last and brilliant manoeuvres, of those imposing scenes that passed before her, the future Queen of Italy had seen nothing; attentive, and absorbed, her eyes were fixed on the singular petition, which she still held in her hand, but which, however, she had ceased to read.

She moved to encourage the young girl, who, standing before her, was on her side also lost in thought.

Joyful, and charmed with that look so full of sweet promises, Teresa, certain of success, kissed a thousand times, with gratitude and emotion, that hand, at once so frail and yet so powerful, where shone the nuptial ring of Napoleon. She returned to the quarter of the women, and the plain being now clear, she immediately sought a church or chapel, where she might shed her tears in silence, and perform her act of thanksgiving at the feet of the Virgin, that other protectress of those who suffer.

Judge if the Empress-Queen would not be impressed with a deep sentiment of pity on reading this supplication. Would not each word awaken all her pity? Josephine also was a flower-worshipper; it was her favourite science, her passion; and more than once did she forget the pomps and fatigues of power while watching a half-opened bud, or studying the structure of a blossom, in her beautiful conservatories at Malmaison.

There often had she felt more happy in contemplating the purple of her cactuses than the purple of her imperial mantle, and the perfumes of her magnolias had more deliciously intoxicated her senses than the poisonous flatteries of her courtiers. There she loved to reign, there she united under one sceptre a thousand vegetable tribes, brought from all quarters of the world. She knew them, classed them, enrolled them in orders and races; and when one of her subjects newly arrived, displayed itself for the first time, she knew well by examination how to interrogate it on its age and habits, and learn from it its name and family, and then it went amongst the crowd of its brethren to take its natural place; for each tribe had its flag, each family its standard.

According to the example of Napoleon, she respected the laws and customs of the conquered people. The plants of every country there found their primitive soil and native climate. It was a world in miniature. There, in a circumscribed spot, were to be seen savannahs and rocks, the earth of virgin forests, and the sand of the deserts; beds of marl and clay, lakes, cascades, and inundated marshes. There you passed from tropical heats to

the refreshing atmosphere of the most temperate zones; there all those different races grew and developed themselves side by side, separated only by a slight wall of verdure, or by frontiers of glass.

When Josephine looked on them, sweet dreams arose at the sight of certain flowers. The Hortensia had but recently borrowed the name of her daughter. Thoughts of glory also visited her; for after the triumphs of Buonaparte she had claimed her share of the booty; and the remembrances of Italy and Egypt seemed to increase and spread under her eyes! The Soldanella of the Alps, the Violet of Parma, the Adonis of Castiglione, the Pink of Lodi, the Willow and Plantain of the East, the Cross of Malta (*Lychnis Chalcedonica*), the Lily of the Nile, the Hybiscus of Syria, the Rose of Damietta;—these were her conquests! And of these at least some still remain to France.

In the midst of all her riches she still preserved her cherished flower, her flower by adoption, her beautiful Jasmine of Martinique; the seed of which, gathered, sown, and cultivated by her, recalled her country, her infancy, the ornaments of her youth, the paternal roof, and her first interchange of affections with her first husband.

Oh! how well she could understand the terrors of the unfortunate for his plant! How he must love it, for he has but one! And how did she feel for the fate of the poor prisoner! The widow of Beauharnois had not always dwelt in a consular or imperial palace. She had not forgotten her days of captivity. Then Josephine had known that same Charney: so calm, so proud, so careless in the midst of the pleasures of the world; so sarcastic on the sweetest human affections! What change had been wrought in him? What had brought down that haughty spirit? Thou didst refuse to bend even before God, and now thou art on thy knees asking mercy for thy plant! Oh! she shall be preserved to thee.

To Josephine, the last evolutions of the troops, all this vain semblance of battle, only caused impatience and vexation, for she feared to see the loss of one of those moments, so necessary perhaps to the existence of the captive's flower. So that when Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, came to rejoin her, expecting doubtless her congratulations, and still flushed with that warlike toil which pleased him so much, her first words were—

"Sire, an order for the commandant of Fénestrella! An express immediately!" While her eye was animated, her voice raised, as if a new victory were in question, and that it was her turn to display all the activity of command; and she showed the handkerchief, holding it extended with both her hands, that he might read it immediately.

Napoleon, after having looked at it from top to bottom, with an astonished and discontented air, turned his back and passed on. It might have been supposed he finished his review with it, and came simply to inspect it the last.

From habit he then went to examine the field of battle, which no blood had reddened, and where nothing was overthrown but the future harvest. The corn and rice were crushed and broken; in some parts the furrowed earth, torn by heavy wheels, showed the manoeuvres of the artillery; here and there were seen, strewn about, gloves of dragons, plumes, and epaulettes; then some lamed foot-soldiers, some disabled horses who were being led away. This was all.

In the mean time the affair had nearly become serious at one moment. The soldiers, occupying the village of Marengo, in character of Austrians, unwilling to play the part of the vanquished, prolonged their resistance beyond the time indicated by the programme. Hence resulted a great irritation between them and their adversaries. The two regiments bore different arms, and had had disputes in garrison. They insulted and provoked each other on both sides, and bayonets were crossed.

A terrible collision was on the point of taking place, and all the efforts of the generals were necessary to prevent the mock fight from becoming real. At length, but not without difficulty, they consented to be reconciled by exchanging canteens; but the canteens were empty: to fill them they forcibly entered the cellars in the village; excesses took place, but to the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" and it was all set down to the account of enthusiasm. After twenty parleys, and as many bumpers, the Austrians decided on beating a retreat, reeling away, and the French conquerors made their entrance into Marengo dancing the farandole, singing the Marseillaise, and mixing at times with their watch-words their ancient cry of "Vive la république!" They put all this down to the account of drunkenness.

The troops resumed their lines. Napoleon distributed crosses of honour amongst the old soldiers, who, five years before, had been on the same place. In their turn, the principal magistrates of the Cisalpine Republic were decorated by him. Then, with Josephine, he laid the first stone of a monument, destined to perpetuate the memory of the battle of Marengo. After which the emperor, the empress, the ambassadors, the magistrates, the people, and the army, all resumed the road to Alessandria.

And the fate of Picciola was not yet decided!

That evening Napoleon and Josephine were in one of the apartments prepared for them in the Hôtel-de-Ville of Alessandria, after the public dinner that had just taken place; the one dictating letters to his secretary while walking up and down at a quick pace, and rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction; the other before a large mirror, admiring with natural coquetry the elegance of her costume, and the richness of the ornaments in which she was attired.

When the secretary was gone, Napoleon sat down, put both his elbows on a long table covered with crimson velvet fringed with gold, leant his head upon his hands, and seemed to reflect; but his reflections were far from being on any painful subject, for his countenance was characterised by pleasing meditation.

Josephine, in the mean time, became tired of the silence which followed. She had already managed badly once that day on the subject of the petition

from Fénestrella, and perceiving that her protection had been unskillfully, because too hastily, extended, she had determined to watch a more favourable opportunity.

She thought the right moment was now arrived. She went and sat down on the other side of the table opposite to him, leant on her elbows also, and like him affected an air of abstraction, and soon both looked at one another and smiled.

"Of what are you thinking?" said Josephine, with a caressing voice and look.

"I am thinking," said he, "how well a diadem becomes you; and that it would have been a pity if I had neglected to place one in your casket."

Josephine's smile gradually vanished, that of Napoleon became more marked: for he loved to combat the painful apprehensions of which she could not divest herself when thinking of the degree of elevation to which they had recently arrived. It was not for herself, noble woman, that she trembled!

"Do you not like better to see me emperor than general?" pursued he.

"Certainly, emperor: you have the right of granting favours, and I have one to ask you."

This time it was from the countenance of the husband that the smile was effaced to pass to that of the wife. He frowned and prepared to be firm, fearing lest the influence that Josephine exercised over his heart might lead him into any vexatious weakness.

"Again? Josephine, you promised me not to seek any more to interrupt the course of justice! Do you think that the right of granting favours is only bestowed on us to gratify the caprices of our hearts? No! we should only use it to soften the too rigorous application of the law, or to repair the errors of tribunals! To be always stretching out the hand to our enemies, is to try to increase their number and insolence!"

"Sire," replied Josephine, restraining a burst of laughter ready to escape, "you will however grant me this favour that I implore of your majesty?"

"I doubt it!"

"And I do not doubt it. First, and above all, I ask you to dismiss two oppressors! Yes, sire, let them leave their places! let them be driven from them, torn from them, if necessary!"

Speaking thus, she pressed her handkerchief to her mouth; for on seeing the astonished countenance of Napoleon, she was no longer mistress of herself.

"What! is it you who excite me to punish; you, Josephine! And to what does it refer then?"

"To two paving-stones, sire, that are in the way in a court."

And a burst of laughter, hitherto restrained with difficulty, at last escaped. He rose quickly, and putting his arms behind him, looking at her with an air of doubt and surprise, exclaimed,

"How! what does all this mean? Two paving-stones! Are you jesting?"

"No," said she, rising in her turn, and leaning her two crossed hands on his shoulder with her graceful Creole ease,

"On these two stones depend a precious existence. Listen to me attentively, sire, for it needs all your kindness to comprehend me."

She then told him the subject of the petition, and all that she had learnt from the young girl respecting the prisoner, whom however she did not name, and what had been the devotion of the poor child; then, in speaking of the prisoner, of his flower, of the love that he bore it, the words flowed from her lips, sweet, tender, caressing, full of charm, and of that eloquence which comes so naturally from the heart.

(To be continued.)

## THE HALLOWED NAME.

I once could speak those simple words  
With gay and cheerful tone,  
And hear them fall from other lips,  
As lightly as my own;  
But now my voice grows tremulous  
And low as if it came  
Through tearful mists, where'er I breathe  
That fond, familiar name.  
When others utter it, the sound  
Awakes a sudden start,  
That with concentric motion thrills  
The surface of my heart:  
All other visions break before a  
That circle's widening sway,  
Until the trembling memories melt  
In silent tears away.  
Why should those sounds have power to call  
Such sadness to my brow?  
And wherefore has that name become  
So consecrate as now,—

That I can only murmur it  
In mournful under breath?  
It hath been hallow'd—sanctified  
By the dread seal of death.  
Far off, above a grave that lies  
'Mid other graves unknown,  
Strange eyes will see it cut upon  
The monumental stone:  
They seek not, as the sad, brief line  
They frame with thoughtless air,  
Through what a gush of tears my eyes  
Would read it graven there!  
Deep down within my brooding heart  
Is hid that sacred word,  
Which midst the throngs of living men  
Shall never more be heard:  
I could not find on earth again  
Scope for his spirit's aim;  
Oh! since an angel bears it now  
It is a hallow'd name!

**CLASSICAL NAMES.**—Such is the rage for giving classical names to the manufactures of the present day, that a comic writer suggests to James the propriety of introducing his next novel thus:—"It was on a sunny evening in the merry month of June, that a solitary horseman might have been seen cantering leisurely along the gravelled ride of Rotten-row. His dress evidently bespoke him as one who anxiously watched the many ebbs and flows of the changing tide of fashion. His carefully-brushed Levior Plumâ sat jauntily on his head. The snowy whiteness of his Estreka, studded with malachites, was just discernible underneath the carefully-buttoned Pardessus, on which a Siphonia hung lightly and loosely. The tips of his Resilients pressed firmly in the stirrups; while the Antigropelos which protected his Anexyrydians flashed back the sun's beams from their polished sides."

## LITERARY FAME.

LITERARY fame, especially cotemporary fame, is a very unsubstantial thing, after all, and often rests upon very unsubstantial causes. Talents and genius do not always secure to their possessor the consideration which is their due. Even the fame enjoyed by men of undoubted genius is often attributable less to their intellectual superiority than to other and accidental causes. It would be interesting to go over the list of popular poets and analyse the elements of their fame. We should find, in the words of a recent English writer:

"There's many a fame that the wearer but owes  
To the personal writings of critics he knows,  
And many a name that is smother'd through pique,  
Through not being quite of a sect or a clique,  
To instance the first, look to what a false height  
Consumption and Southey threw up a Kirke White;  
See how churchmen prefer what 's clumsy or feeble,  
And puff into poets Montgomery and Keble;  
How Scotchmen, who hold it's damnation to read  
A couplet that's not written north of the Tweed,  
Have found, and will stick to their faith until doom,  
A Milton in Bollock, because he has gloom."

How much of the notoriety Byron has gained is owing to his being Lord, to his licentious life, and his domestic troubles! Undoubtedly these causes have diverted attention from the real merits of his poetry, as well as from its defects. Moore had great popularity in his day, but unquestionably much of it was caused by his obsequious flattery of the aristocracy. He early learned to discard the liberal sentiments of his youth, and to look up to a live lord as something more than a common mortal. His poetry lacks back-bone. It is all sweetness and splendour, dazzling with theatrical tinsel, rather than rousing the energies of men to great thoughts and mighty deeds—the true mission of the poet. For our part, in the words of the critic just quoted:

"We would rather,—if have one we must,—  
Have the plague that in Egypt came down with the dust,  
Than bear an eternal infliction of blisses,  
An awful existence of nothing but kisses."

On the whole, we think the following verdict on Moore is very near the truth:

"Yes, monarchs have flatter'd, and courts have attracted him,  
Stars and garters, and dukes, and princesses, have acted him.  
And what caught their far eyes?—prayer, what are your guesses?  
Why, mark me, he wrote most of stars and princesses!  
He never disgusts a taste aristocratic,  
With interest even for a pair in an attic;  
His heroes drink wine out of real golden chalices,  
Have each fifty peacocks and five hundred palaces,  
And as to the jewels he gives 'em, believe 'em!  
Why rubies and brilliants? we cannot conceive 'em!  
We're bewildered with splendours of number so puzzling,  
With hours in nothing, and a life in a trice,  
Till spite of Goldondas and vales of Cashmere,  
We long for something more sober and near,  
Such passions as Larry the but of your heart on  
In an Admiral's daughter, Jane Eyre,—Mary Barton;  
With sorrows that never drew tears, we would part  
For a grief that, though low, should come home to the heart."

It is but fair to admit, however, that Moore had a stinging satire, which he sometimes directed against objects well worthy of it:

"I blipputian his arrows may be, but too small  
Though they may be to slaughter, they're mighty to gull."

Wordsworth's reception was quite different from that of Moore. Some doubted if he could be called a poet. He has lived down that doubt, but it is not without interest that we turn to the judgment of his cotemporaries. The following anecdote was written at the time of the appearance of his earlier poems.

### RECIPE FOR A POEM.

"Weigh out three pounds of moonlight beams;  
Of twinkling stars and mountain streams,  
Rivers and lakes, and wat'ry stuff,  
Don't spare, but give quantum suff.  
Stir in an old man's hoary head,  
With grey eyes turn'd, by weeping, red,  
One ounce of spirit of donkey's bray,  
Rectified sans empyreuma.  
This mixture sold with Wordsworth's name,  
Has given rise to all his fame."

Though the popularity of some writers may be affected by accidental and temporary causes, there is another class whose claim to our admiration and our love is never disputed. They knock at our hearts, and they are opened unto them. They deal with the affections, with the joys and sorrows of humanity, and neither poverty nor pomp can obscure the sunshine of their genius, which bathes in a mellow and genial light everything upon which it falls. Goldsmith and Lamb are of this class, and we cannot better conclude these rambling thoughts than by quoting the following clever and truthful characterization of the gentle Elia:

"Charles Lamb, better known by his alias Elia,  
A shade sad and gentle as that of Ophelia,  
Whose spirits' soft sunshine so gladsomely played,  
O'er the gloom of his sorrows, you saw not the shade.  
In all that he wrote, grief and joy took a part;  
Men seeing but nature, mistook it for art.  
'Tis an April sweetness his writings endears,  
A rainbow-like charm, spring of gladness and tears,  
When the darkest of shadows are tender with light,  
And the gloom does but render the darkness more bright.  
A Yorick, to set the whole room in a roar—  
A Sterne, to draw tears where he draw laughs before—  
A Howard, in pity for guilt and for pain—  
The gentlest of natures more gentle again:  
As free as the creature that named him from blame,  
In short, a new Goldsmith in all but the name."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 668.)

It was three hours past noon when they entered the valley, and the shadows of the western mountains were already falling on the scene. The pines upon the summits were tinged with crimson, and a rich yellow played round the slopes and gilded the mass upon the precipices. A filmy haze hung over the lake, and in the shadows could be seen long lines of thin, blue smoke, floating motionless against the cliffs. The same air of quiet repose still pervaded the valley, but deepened and more solemn, like the silence of some vast building, in which we tread more softly and are conscious of no reason. The little island rested on the bosom of the waters, "like a castle with its moat;" but it seemed far distant through the haze, and over its leafy solitude a dreamy magic seemed to reign. No living thing was visible within the valley; but far up the eastern ridge, dotting its green slopes with snow, were feeding flocks of goats, and so transparent was the atmosphere that the form of each could be distinguished from the rest, as each moved slowly up and down, or sprang from rock to rock.

The horsemen rode in silence up the little stream, and the Texan captain led the way towards the hacienda.

"The valley seems deserted," said Allen.

"Something worse than you have heard has happened," said the ranger, and, spurring his horse forward, he and Vernon galloped round the gardens to the front of the house. It was a mass of blackened and still smoking ruins! The dome of the chapel was still standing, and the Gothic window was entire; but traces of fire were visible even here; and the roofs of every other part had fallen in, and lay, a pile of smoking rubbish, in each room. Even the gates and massive doors were burned, and round the whole circumference of the house the trees were scorched and withered by the flames. Even the offices around the court-yard had been consumed; the blackened walls in many places had fallen in, and from the heaps of beams and stones were slowly rising thin wreaths and lines of smoke. The whole place was ruined and deserted. Not a human being could be found, and when the rangers rode within the court-yard, the footsteps of their horses on the pavement echoed from the ruined walls, and rang among the lonely rooms.

"Canales has been here," said the ranger. "I knew the place had been sacked, but I had no idea of this ruin."

"These ruins are still smoking," said a ranger; "perhaps they may be in the valley yet."

"That's not very likely," said the captain; "for evil takes too good care of his own for that. But still we will not leave without examining. Come, boys," he continued, spurring through the gateway, "let us find them if they're here!"

The rangers followed with the alacrity characteristic of these men when in pursuit of an enemy, and the little band rode rapidly towards the southern end of the valley. The same ruin was found wherever they went—every house had been burnt, and not a human being could be seen. Even the cattle had been driven away, and, in some places, trees were felled upon the walls to break them down.

"This looks like our work, boys," said the ranger, laughing. "These fellows have been actuated by revenge."

"You do not suppose Americans have done this?" said Allen.

"Oh! no!" said the captain; "but as you go down to the Rio Grande you will find many a place that looks like this, and every one made so by Americans."

"Here is a woman," exclaimed one of the men, pointing to the right, "and a grave, too!"

"It is the wife of the steward of the place," said the captain, as they all rode under the tree where she was sitting. Her head was bowed, and one arm rested on a new-made grave, on which the sod was dry and withered. Upon this tree her husband had died; here he was buried; and it was his grave over which she was mourning. He had been a coarse, tyrannical, and jealous husband; but he was dead, and the tears shed over his grave were no less tears of love. She did not look up as the horsemen approached, but continued singing in low, plaintive tones, a Spanish ballad, whose story, which I have rendered as follows, she imagined bore some resemblance to her own—

"The knight came pricking in armour bright,

To visit his lady love;  
The moon was sailing in silver light,  
The fleeting gray clouds above,  
The wind was sighing the boughs between,  
And the leaves were rustling low;  
The light shone upward among the green,  
From the silvery stream below.

"The knight came pricking, and at his back

Were riding his trusty band;  
They followed in silence his fiery track,  
Each trooper with lance in hand,  
From his horse, in his armour, sprang the knight,

To his page he threw the rein;  
And he hasten'd away to his lady bright,  
To seek in her smile again.

"The lady sat in her bower green,  
And, shining upon her face,  
The moonlight fell with a silvery gleam—  
Revealing the knight's disgrace!"

For another sat at the lady's feet,  
And his arm was round her form;  
And to him the lady gave kisses sweet,  
For embraces long and warm.

"Grew dark and stern, the brow of the knight,  
And the curl of his haughty lip.  
And on the hill of his sabre bright,  
Fell his hand with an angry grip.  
But he turned away from the guilty pair,  
And summon'd his well-tried band;  
To his rival here, and an oak tree there,  
He pointed them with his hand.

"He died an ignominious death—  
The tree is withering now;  
And where he hung, the south winds  
breath,  
Of its leaves, hath stripped the bough.  
By his grave the lady weeps each day—  
And she fades with the fading tree;  
And when all of its leaves have been  
washed away,  
The lady will cease to be."

She sang in tones of exquisite melancholy, and the humble poetry and music, by the magic of feeling alone, sank, like a strain from the clouds, into the hearts of the strangers. They sat silently listening till her song was done; and when the rough ranger captain broke the silence, the harsh tones of his voice were softened down, and in his manner was visible—rare feeling for a ranger!—deep compassion.

She looked up as he spoke to her, but her gaze was vacant and thoughtless. Her face was pale and haggard, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes sunken; but no expression of intelligence or recognition lit her features. Her mind was shattered, and its impressions broken and insane. The blow which had thus stunned her intellect, had left the impression of itself alone; and her sorrow sat like a spirit on her face. She turned indifferently away, and again began her chant.

"She is mad," said the captain; "but there must be some else near—she certainly cannot live here alone."

He spurred up to the door of a partially ruined *ranchito*—the same from which Melton had issued when the steward was hung by his order—and pushed back the half-open door with sword. An old and wrinkled face peered from among the broken ruins; a moment afterwards a short, swarthy woman came to the door and demanded what he wanted, in tones whose harshness well accorded with her appearance.

"Is there no one else living here but you?" asked the ranger.

"Si, senor, she replied, "Marina."

"Is there no one else in the valley?"

"No one else alive, senor—plenty dead."

"And do you take care of Marina?"

"She is my daughter," said the old woman, sharply.

"Whose grave is that?"

"Her husband's—murdered by the villain, Melton."

"Who desolated the valley in this way?"

"Melton's and Urra's lancers, driven back from Marina," said the woman; and she turned to re-enter the house, as if tired of being questioned.

"Stop, Muger," said the ranger, "I want to inquire about two Americans left sick in the valley; can you tell me what has become of them?"

"The lancers burnt the house down over them," said the woman; adding, in a muttering tone, "it was the only righteous act they did."

"And they both perished in the flames?"

"Si, senor, if they were not dead before," and the pinched features of the old hag relaxed into a malignant smile. The fiery ranger raised his sword to cleave her down, but Clayton arrested his arm, and Vernon rode forward.

"Was one of those who perished," he asked of the old woman, "a prisoner brought here by Colonel Melton?"

"Yes," she said, "an officer and a friend of Catharina."

"And where is she?" asked Allen.

"Gone to Saltillo with the senora," said the woman.

"That is her aunt," said the captain, and the woman abruptly entered the house, and refused sullenly to answer more.

The party rode silently back to the principal ruin, and searched it thoroughly for any remains of those who had perished so miserably; but after an hour thus spent, they were convinced that the bodies had been consumed, or so buried in the ruins that it would be impossible to find them. Allen and Clayton, seconded by all the rangers, narrowly examined every part of the huge pile—but entirely without success.

"After all," said the ranger, "this story of the woman may be false—she may have only told us so to pain us. The few Mexican women who do hate us, make up by the fervour and refinement of their hatred for their small numbers—and this woman was far more likely to be actuated by that feeling than by a desire to tell the truth."

"Yet," said Allen, "her story is probable; because we know that both these men were unable to escape without help."

"True," replied the ranger; "but, at all events, we have done all we can. It is time to return."

Reluctantly, Clayton and Vernon consented to abandon the search, though its continuance promised no good result. They rode rapidly out of the valley, and about two hours after dark re-entered Monterey. Parting from the Texans with many expressions of gratitude and good-will, they sought their quarters. On the second day after this they joined the escort for Camargo, and were on their journey homeward.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"They praise, and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other."—MILTON.

"When lovers meet in adverse hour,  
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,  
A watery ray, an instant seen,  
Then darkly closing clouds between."—SCOTT.

TIME and change are synonymous—not in terms alone, but in substance and effect; and the succession or progress of existence, each moment of which is marked and perceived by a change, is not only all that makes the lapse of time perceptible, but is actually the lapse of time itself. Time, as we use the word, is a mere abstraction—there is no such thing; it is only the gradation of occurrences, or of ideas, which we so name. If that gradation should cease, we would lose the idea of time altogether—we could have no more conception of it than a blind man has of colours. A man's life is not measured by time. His term of existence is only an appointed succession of events; or thoughts, one succeeding another in what we call order of



time; and when all the events or thoughts are exhausted, or have occurred, like the grains of sand in an hour glass, his life is at an end, and for him time has ceased.

Change, too, in this world is not only progressive, but lateral and incidental also—for so abhorrent is monotony to Nature, that she will not even have an unbroken succession of changes. We measure what we call time by the regular occurrence of one day after another; the sun rises every morning and sets every evening. But, though it would have been just as easy to have created the universe in such a manner, as that his position should not vary from day to day—and though, from aught we know, this arrangement would have been just as good as the present—yet we see that, even in this, there is allowed no monotony. Change, is, therefore, a condition of the existence of the universe—if mutation should cease, the universe could no longer exist. And so with man: should the mutations, which constitute what he calls time, at any stage of their progress, terminate, his existence would end, not as a consequence merely, but *ipso facto*—just as, when all the sand has left the glass, it ceases to run, not as a consequence of its exhaustion, but because the exhaustion and the ceasing are one fact.

If, then, time and change are not only necessarily connected, but are one and the same, it follows, that there can be no pause in the existence, not only of a man, but even of the inanimate and apparently unchanging creation. Even the granite rock, frowning from the mountain side, to which we would think a thousand years to be as one day, must obey the law of its existence—its particles must indurate or soften, by the action of the winds or rains, be modified by the vicissitudes of its own nature—it must cover itself with a mantle of moss, sink deeper in its bed of rocks, or loosen itself, and bound headlong to the plain. Decay, too, is only another phase of change, another variation of what we call time. The progress of existence from its beginning to its close, is but a circle of events, ending where it began.

The shortest absence is long enough to change everything we have left; and our return can find nothing as we left it. We may not see the difference, it may be perceptible to God alone; and yet we may be certain that for us the universal law has not been suspended. Sometimes we do see the change—old, familiar places, ruined for us by another's taste, old friends gone to their slumbers, and loving hearts estranged. And it is in these forms that the law of change appears most cruel. If the presence and affection of those who loved us, and the places that we loved be left us, we can hear all else.

Vernon had at last returned; and the moment to which he had looked forward as the happiest in his life, was bitter as death. He had gone away honoured and envied, with fair prospects in life and a name still more fair: he returned with a name blighted by calumny, prospects nipped in the bud, and none even to envy him. To him the law of change was hard indeed! But to him, also, there was a compensation—for in the places he had loved he could see no change, and those who had loved him, now loved him more. His summer friends had fallen off like leaves in the early frosts of autumn, and the blast of calumny had blown them away. Many who had envied now affected to pity him, and still more, who had been his friends while his friendship was worth something in the world, now tailed at his iniquity, and were the louder in their denunciations because they had been "taken in." Some whom he had shunned, and many who had never known him even by sight, now declared that they had always suspected him. It surprised even some of his enemies, to discover how equivocal a reputation he had always had, and in the general storm his friends were almost silenced. A few, only, dared to say they believed him innocent, and their own characters suffered not a little in consequence. Society, like a herd of wild buffaloes, was running in a fixed direction; and they would overrun and crush everything that lay in their way. At another time, perhaps, the same amount of evidence, upon which they now condemned him, and which rendered his former good character nugatory, or even a disadvantage, would have satisfied them that he was slandered, persecuted, the victim of an infamous plot—all the circumstances of improbability surrounding the charge would have been remembered, magnified, commented on, and adjudged conclusive of his innocence—his uniform good character would not have been forgotten, his exemplary support of his father (the very purpose for which this money was borrowed), his praiseworthy and unassuming labour, all would have been recalled, he would have been pronounced innocent, persecuted, and forthwith been "lionized." But now, it happened, that society was not in a very good humour. As the schoolmaster, who, with aching head and puzzled brain, has tolerated the confusion among his pupils as long as human patience can endure, at last rises in wrath, and flags the first he catches; so society, having been blind and complacent as long as its patience would last, now rose for a victim, and was determined soundly to punish the first it might catch, innocent or guilty. Vernon happened to be the unlucky individual—for (may I be forgiven the heresy!) there is "luck" even in popular opinion.

But we have said there was a number, small indeed, but all the better for that, who persisted obstinately in believing Allen innocent. In some measure, these shared his obloquy; for, from a mere smile of incredulity, when first told that certain persons did not believe him guilty, the prosecuting party soon came to be "astonished at" them. Now, this phrase is like a certain other word used among the slanderous—"imprudence"—which means anything, from the wearing of a thin shoe in wet weather, to downright immodesty; it is capable of any interpretation which may be chosen, according to the character of the hearer. It has also two advantages, which the other has, also—its intangibility and its capability of expressing what the speaker does not feel, in such a manner as to gain him the credit of sincerity. To be "astonished at" one for not believing in the guilt of another, may mean, "I am surprised that his good sense does not at once see his guilt;" or it may

mean, "I am surprised to find that he has so strong a sympathy with vice or crime;" and it may mean anything between these two extremes. What a happy thing it is, that society has flexible terms at command, which express the very worst, and yet incur no responsibility!

So people were "astonished at" Allen's friends, and if something could not be done to stem the tide, the time seemed approaching when both Allen and his friends would be included in the same category. Various means were suggested to divert public attention, to allay the excitement and mitigate public indignation. But none of them would answer. Could they have discovered a "horrible murder," or imported a foreigner with moustachios, they might have had some hope—could they have gotten an opera dancer, a little more shameless than the rest—could they even have introduced a company of "model artists" (under, of course, the respectable programme of "*tableaux vivans*"), the herds of the city wilderness would have been turned another way, and Vernon saved a world of abuse. But nothing of the kind could be produced. The season was, moreover, dull, and people actually had nothing else to talk about. And, besides, the forgery (if any had been committed) was committed by a needy man upon two wealthy ones, who each had thousands to throw away, and, of course, it could not be forgiven. Had the case been reversed, and the money swindled by the rich man from the needy, the "public opinion" would have been, that he was "a shrewd fellow;" and a shrug of the shoulders, and a meaning, half-approving smile, would have been the only commentary on the villainy. And in this honest complacency, the poor themselves would have joined with others; not a few would have envied the swindler his good fortune, and all would have bowed to him; he would have been made President of the Board of Trustees for Charitable Institutions, while men of talent and qualification would have been placed below him at the council table. But here the case was different; the poor had robbed the rich, and, of course, the offence was beyond forgiveness. People were "astonished at" you, if you doubted the guilt of the accused; and to attempt to bring another over to your way of thinking, was an offence almost as bad as heresy.

Notwithstanding all this stormy weather, there were a few who still held steadily to their friendship—whom nothing could convince of his guilt, and who bade fair to have people "astonished at" them till the end of time. Among these, and, as the reader might divine, among the warmest, was Cara Talbot, whom no evidence could convince and no storm shake; and to her we will now return.

On a bright sunny morning early in April, she was walking thoughtfully up and down the richly-furnished room, where her first interview with Allen had taken place at her father's house. The sun shone warmly upon the crimson curtains which covered the tall window, and cast a tender, rosy light within the room, tinging everything with colours more lovely, and making Cara's face and hands still more like veined marble. The rosy tints of sunlight shaded by crimson, were even more remarkable than usual, and some undiscovered affinity between it and the veins of the human frame, made her skin more transparent, and brought out, as it were, the blue lines upon her graceful neck and exquisite hands. She seemed changed, but for the better—the slight appearance of levity, which we noticed in her manner before, was now entirely gone; and without making her decidedly grave, or destroying the volatility of her features, had left her thoughtful though serene. There was a deep light in her eye, probably deepened by the prevailing tint of the room; and an eager though subdued expression about her lip, which denoted expectation. At every turn she stopped and gazed at the picture of "The Sunset," which hung where Allen had placed it, illumined by the red light of the morning, and mellowed into almost deceptive colours by the shadows. The other accompaniments of her retirement were the same that we have seen them—the prevailing colour beautifully contrasting with the pure white of her loose morning costume. A book of drawings lay open on the table near the window, and on one page might be seen a miniature in water colours preserving the features of her lover; on the opposite lay several sheets of fine note paper and a pen, with which she had been writing. She passed several times across the room, and her light and graceful form swept noiselessly over the rich carpeting beneath her feet; several times she stopped and gazed, with folded arms, upon the miniature, and now and then she raised the curtain and gazed out upon the busy street beneath. A step was heard upon the stairs, and her eye lit up with a still warmer light. She hastily closed the portfolio, and advanced a step or two towards the door. It opened, and her father entered. Her eye fell to the floor in disappointment, and she listlessly sank into a seat. He whom she had been expecting was not before her, and even the appearance of her father could not prevent her feeling the difference. He closed the door quietly, and crossing the room, seated himself beside her, and took her hand.

"My daughter," he commenced affectionately, though the affection could not wholly overcome the somewhat pompous dignity of his manner, "I have, for some time, been wishing to converse with you upon a serious subject."

"Upon what subject, father?"

"About young Mr. Vernon. He has now returned, and it is time we should understand each other."

"I thought we did so, father, some time since," she said.

"So we did," he replied. "But I told you then that I hoped you would, before his return, see the folly of your course, or, at all events, would see the propriety of holding no intercourse with him for the present."

"Father," she replied, firmly, "I told you then, and I am ready to repeat, that, could I be convinced of his guilt, no one would spurn him away sooner than I; but I cannot consent, so long as I believe him innocent, to treat him as if I thought him guilty. Independently of my private feelings—were



"How dare you enter my door, sir!" exclaimed Talbot.

they no more than the merest friendship—nothing on earth but conviction of the criminality would induce me to change my course."

"But, my daughter, it is of your course in obstinately persisting in the belief that he is innocent, after he has been proven guilty, that I complain. Unless you think me perjured, you can believe nothing else."

"Far be it from me to even dream such a thing, for a moment!" she exclaimed; "and fortunately there is no such alternative. I am sure that what you say is true—that you never signed the note—but I am equally sure that Allen Vernon did not sign it either."

"Then who did?" asked her father.

"That," said she, "I cannot tell—I only know Vernon did not."

"I hope," said Talbot, "he may be able to establish his innocence; but it is impossible."

"Would he ever have returned if he had been guilty?" she argued.

"He knew nothing of the charge against him," said her father; "and no doubt was hurried back, by the hope of being able to take up the note before the discovery of the forgery."

"You are mistaken," said Cara; "I myself wrote to him a full statement of his position, and I know he received the letter, because only yesterday I received his answer."

"You! you wrote to him!" exclaimed Talbot.

"I did, father—I wrote to him to hasten home, and at once to meet the charge, and, like an innocent man as he is, he has come."

The old man was surprised and grieved—too much grieved to reply, and Cara went on—

"I am sorry to grieve you thus, father," she said, and threw her arms about his neck; "but I cannot believe him guilty. You do not know him, indeed you do not, or you would be as sure of his innocence as I am. You are blinded by fallacious evidence. If he were guilty—if he could be guilty—father, I would despise him as you do. Forgive me, father, I cannot, cannot believe it!"

"Do you suppose," said he, drawing her arms away, and angrily pushing her from him, "dare you suppose that, even if he should succeed in avoiding the punishment due to him, I would ever allow you to see him again?"

"You may exert your authority, father," she said, faintly, while the tears rolled down her cheeks; "I shall not question that—at least while it lasts—but you can never convince me of his guilt."

"While it lasts!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

She attempted to throw herself again upon his neck, but he pushed her angrily back. She gazed into his flashing eyes for a moment, with an expression of mingled sorrow and reproach. Gently disengaging her arm from his grasp, she rose and walked to the window, sobbing as if her heart were breaking. Her father sat as if confused by his own violence. He was about to go to her, when the door was opened; a servant announced "Mr. Vernon," and Allen walked quietly into the room. The old man's wrath exploded at once.

"How dare you enter my door, sir!" he exclaimed, and made a step forward, as if to thrust him out. But Cara came forward and interposed, frankly giving Allen her hand.

"He is here, father," she said, "by my invitation, and the weight of your anger must fall upon me. I have a communication to make to him, which is essential to his defence."

"I should certainly not have intruded my presence," said Allen, "where it is not welcome; and so soon, sir, as I am at liberty to do so, I will leave you. I would have been glad to have some conversation with you, also, in order to my defence, but I perceive you have prejudged me."

"I believe nothing except upon evidence," said Talbot, haughtily.

"I hope to give you evidence of my innocence," said Allen, "at some future time; for the present, I can only ask a suspension of your opinion until I shall have had a hearing."

"That's nothing but just! at all events," said he, more coolly, perhaps seeing that no good end was to be gained by violence; perhaps, also, impressed, as every ignorant man always is, by the confident tone assumed by Allen. "There has been bad blood between your father and me," he continued, "but no one would rejoice more sincerely than I to be convinced of your innocence."

"For the present," said Allen proudly, "I will not even give you my assurance of it; but if I fail to establish it before a jury of my country, I shall be content to be branded as a felon."

"Have you any evidence?" he inquired eagerly.

"I am sorry to say, but little," answered Allen; "but I have confidence in the ultimate triumph of the right. I feel my innocence, and I do not believe I shall be abandoned by Providence."

"Providence is not sworn a witness in our courts," said he, with a coarse attempt at a jest. A reproachful look from his daughter checked his ill-timed mirth.

"Sit down," said Cara, pointing to a seat, "and I will give you the information I promised you."

"I will take it standing if you will allow me," said Allen.

"Well," said Talbot, recovering his self-possession, "I am glad to see that you know what is proper. You may be able to establish your innocence, and, as I said before, no man would rejoice more than I would; but I must say, that until you do so—"

"You interdict my intercourse with your daughter," interrupted Allen. "You are right, sir—I cannot blame you—and you may depend upon my not violating propriety in that way, at all events."

"Then I will bid you a very good morning," said the colonel; and he went out, probably seeing that his presence only lengthened the visit, since Cara did not seem disposed to speak while he remained.

"I understand your feelings, Vernon," said she, as soon as her father was gone, "and will not detain you. I sent for you to give you this paper in the hope that it may be of value to you."





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LIGHT.

"Let there be light: and there was light."—GEN. I. 3.

It is not necessary to suppose that the Almighty uttered these express words; but, understanding them as an expression of His sovereign will, they may be considered as an instance of the truest sublimity. This extraordinary expression, says Boileau, which marks so well the obedience of the creature to the commands of the Creator, is truly sublime, and has in it something divine. If, in stead of those few words (says he), we were to substitute—"The Sovereign Lord of all things commanded that light should be formed, and at the same time, this wonderful work, which we call light, was produced," what littleness should we not perceive in these pompous expressions, when opposed to—"God said, Let there be light: and there was light."—*Reflex. Crit. v.*

The simplicity of the words, the brevity of the whole, and the rapidity with which this wonderful and glorious work, proceeding from the First Great Cause of all things, was accomplished, when taken collectively, are truly admirable. Besides, we cannot help adverting to the great benefit and blessing of the thing created, by means of which the beauties of creation are unveiled to our senses, and we enjoy, with the least possible exertion, the most innocent, varied, and extensive pleasures.

A difficulty has arisen, however, in the minds of some persons, to account for the production of light before the creation of the sun, which has been considered as its source, and they have indulged various conjectures on the subject. Some have supposed that it was caused by an imperfect sun, in which the elements of light and fire were not yet collected in sufficient quantities to illuminate the earth. Others have imagined, that though the sun existed, his rays could not penetrate through the dense atmosphere, to render the surface of the terraqueous globe visible. A third conjecture is, that this first-created light was only a lucid cloud, of the same nature as the shechinah, which guided the Israelites by night in their journeyings through the wilderness. But this difficulty has arisen from adopting, with implicit confidence, a mere hypothesis of modern philosophy, an hypothesis which the recent improvements of science seems to render every day more questionable. Instead of the great elementary body of light emanating from the sun, there is reason to believe that light itself is an inconceivably subtle fluid, pervading all space, and wholly independent of the sun, which may be considered as its principal excitor, or the great agent in nature which gives it motion and renders it the medium of vision. The late experiments in chemistry and galvanism have served to render such a fluid or elementary principle more familiar to us. Besides, we know that there are many substances capable of emitting light, independently of the sun. Among others may be mentioned, besides culinary fire, the different kinds of phosphori, the diamond, the glow-worm, the Bologna stone, the fire-fly, ignis-fatuus, putrescent fish, &c., and frequently the waters of the sea are seen to emit light, respecting which last the reader may find some very curious observations in the "Philosophical Transactions," vol. lix. p. 446, et seq.

Another genus of mollusca, called pyrasoma, seen and described by M. Perou (whose veracity may certainly be relied on), presents one of the most singular phenomena of this kind of light.—"On the 14th of December," he relates, "the horizon was loaded with heavy clouds, and the darkness was intense. We had discovered, at a little distance, a broad belt of phosphoric light spread upon the waves. We presently reached it, and found that the brilliancy was caused by an innumerable quantity of small animals, which, lifted by the waves, floated at different depths, appearing under a variety of shapes. The pieces that were more deeply immersed presented the idea of masses of burning matter, or of enormous red-hot balls, whilst those on the surface perfectly resembled large cylinders of iron heated to whiteness."

Bouguer, Hawksbee, and Bernouilli, instituted many curious experiments, by which they produced various kinds of artificial light, as did, also, the philosopher Franklin. The supposition that light is a subtle elementary fluid, or a substance independent of the sun, is at least as old as Aristotle, and supported by the opinion of many writers of eminence, among whom may be mentioned the Abbé Pluché, the ingenious author of "Spectacle de la Nature," Dr. J. Taylor, Dr. Franklin, and that profound mathematician, Euler. Nor should it be forgotten, that the sentiments of Milton on this

subject are conformable to the declaration of Moses. His invocation to light is one of the most poetical passages in his immortal work. He calls it—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,  
Before the heav'n's thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, did'st invest  
The rising world of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless infinite!"

"Universal space, as far as we know of it," says Dr. Franklin, "seems to be filled with a subtle fluid, whose motion or vibration is called light; but I am not satisfied with the doctrine that supposes particles of matter, called light, are continually driven off from the sun's surface, with a swiftness so prodigious as philosophers suppose. Must not the smallest particle conceivable have, with such a motion, a force exceeding a twenty-four pounder discharged from a cannon? Must not the sun diminish exceedingly by such a waste of matter? And the planets, instead of drawing near to him, as some have feared, recede to greater distances through the lessened attraction; yet these particles, with this amazing motion, will not remove the least and slightest dusk they meet with, and the sun, for aught we know, continues of his ancient dimensions, and his attendants move in their ancient orbits. May not all the phenomena of light be more conveniently solved by supposing universal space filled with a subtle and elastic fluid, which, when at rest, is not visible, but whose vibrations affect that fine sense in the eye, as those of air do the grosser organs of the ear? We do not, in the case of sound, imagine that any sonorous particles are thrown off from a bell for instance, and fly in straight lines to the ear; why must we believe that luminous particles leave the sun and proceed to the eye? Some diamonds, if rubbed, shine in the dark, without losing any part of their matter. I can make an electrical spark as big as the flame of a candle, much brighter, and therefore visible farther; yet this is without fuel; and I am persuaded that no part of the electric fluid flies off in such case to distant places, but that all goes directly, and is to be found in the place to which I destine it."

"It appears," says Dr. J. Taylor, in his "Scheme of Scripture Divinity," "from electrical experiments, that light is a distinct substance from all others, as much as air is from water, and that by being properly excited, it may be made to appear in midnight darkness; which shows that it did exist in that darkness previously to its being excited, and that it was rendered visible by being excited. Consequently it may, and I doubt not doth, exist, expanded through the whole visible system of things at all times, by night as well as by day, and that the sun is in our system the great exciter, by which the substance of light is impelled and becomes visible."

"By light," says the Abbé Pluché, "we do not mean that sensation which we experience in ourselves, on the presence of any illuminated body, but that inconceivably subtle matter which makes an impression on the organ of sight, and paints on the optic nerve those objects from the surface of which it was reflected to us."

Taken in this sense, light is a body quite different from the sun, and might have existed before it, seeing that it now exists in its absence as well as when present. It is diffused from one end of the creation to the other, traverses the whole universe, forms a communication between the most remote spheres, penetrates into the inmost recesses of the earth, and only waits to be put in motion to make itself visible. Light is to the eye what the air is to the ear; air cannot be called the body of sound, though it equally exists all around us, when there is no sonorous body to put it in motion; so the light equally extends, at all times, from the most distant fixed stars to us, though it then only strikes our eyes when impelled by the sun, or some other mass of fire. The body of light, therefore, either exists independently of the luminous body, or we must suppose that every luminous body, whether it be the sun, a candle, or a spark, produces this light from itself, and projects it to a great distance; but to assert the latter, is to assert a very great improbability; for if a spark, which is seen in every part of a large room, fifty cubic feet in dimensions, emits from its own substance a quantity of light sufficient to fill the whole room, then there must issue from that spark, which is but a point, a body, the contents of which are fifty cubic feet. How incredible the supposition! On the contrary, how simple and natural is it to suppose, that as the air existed before the bell that put it in motion, so, in like manner, the light existed in the room before the spark was struck which excited its vibrations and made it visible. Thus, the sun and stars made themselves visible, without suffering any diminution of substance; God having placed between those luminous globes and us the body of that light which we see, and which is impressed on the organs of vision by their actions and influence, but which does not proceed from them, nor owe its existence to them. The account of Moses, therefore, is agreeable to truth, as well as a useful lesson of caution, when he informs us that God, and not the sun, was the author of light; and that it was created by his Almighty fiat, before there was a sun to dart it on one part of the earth, and a moon to reflect it on the other. Dr. Young, in his "Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts," has maintained nearly the same theory, by reasoning and deductions equal, at least, in force and depth of science, to any that have preceded him. A very remarkable property of light is the uniformity of its velocity in the same medium; and no other instance of nature of a simple projective, moving with a velocity uniform in all cases, whatever be its cause. Light, therefore, if it consist not in the emission of very minute particles from luminous substances, which are actually projected, is probably an affection of elastic ether, pervading the universe in a state so rare, that although it constitutes a continuous medium, it suffers all bodies to move through it without sensible resistance, and is admitted into their pores with perfect freedom.

## ONWARD!

**CLEANING MACHINERY.**—An apparatus for beating, brushing, scouring, and drying carpets has been patented by Mr. Horn, of Belgrave-street, Piccadilly. The carpet is fixed on rollers, and made to pass between spring-whips and revolving brushes. In purifying feathers, wool, &c., dust is first removed: they are then subjected to steam, and dried by heat.

**THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.**—It is said that 184,200 dollars have been subscribed towards the fund of 200,000 dollars required for the erection of the Crystal Palace in Reservoir-square. The directors calculate on "140 per cent. as the profits of the concern, and the building on hand, at the close of the first season, with power to keep open the Exhibition during the continuance of the lease."

**PROPOSED NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF METAL-WORK AT SHEFFIELD.**—Preparations, according to the local papers, are in progress towards the formation of an exhibition of metal-work next year at Sheffield. The authorities connected with the local school of Ornamental Art are taking an active interest in the project, and the superintendents of the central department of practical art are said to approve of the idea.

**NEW ACT FOR SCHOOL SITES.**—According to an Act now in operation, the provisions of former Acts with respect to sites for schools, are extended to schools and colleges for the religious and educational training of the sons of yeomen or tradesmen, or others, or for the theological training of candidates for holy orders, of the Established Church, which are erected and maintained in part by charitable aid.

**RAISING SUNKEN SHIPS, &c., BY AIR-TUBES.**—Experiments for raising sunken vessels, &c., by means of gutta-percha tubes, have been made on the Seine, near the Bridge de l'Archêvêche. Amongst others, a boat laden with between 5,000 and 6,000 kilogrammes (from five to six tons) was sunk, and then raised with its burden by the tubes filled with air. The experiments were witnessed by Prince N. Bonaparte, and others.

**A NEW KIND OF PAPER.**—It appears that a gentleman named Senefelder, nephew of the inventor of lithographic printing, has proposed to the French government an invention of his, termed *papier de sûreté*. With this paper, it is said, not only the slightest attempt at forgery of public or private documents would be rendered impossible, but also that of a second time using stamped paper by means of chemical preparations. In the departments of the Seine the treasury suffers a yearly loss of 500,000 f. by the art employed to render stamped paper again fit for use. Independently of other advantages, it is supposed that by the introduction of such prepared paper, the French state would gain from 10,000,000 f. to 12,000,000 f.

**ELECTRO-MAGNETIC MOTIVE POWER.**—A patent has been out by Dr. Kemp for an arrangement of machinery for the obtaining of a maximum power from numerous short strokes of electro-magnetic power, acting on one long piston-rod in the cylinder of a hydraulic press, thus neutralizing the difficulty which is presented of the rapid decrease of force with the increase of the magnetic distance. This result is obtained by an arrangement of cylinders and pistons, in pairs, connected by levers in such manner, that as one ascends the other descends, and forces water, in a continuous circle, through valves into a chamber in connection with a long cylinder and piston, or hydraulic press, in connection with the prime moving crank of the engine.

**IRISH SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—The Submarine Telegraph—the "final fetter," or the "cable of concord," as it is variously called—is completed between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, and the wires are now in use. The strength of the cord was accidentally put to a severe and satisfactory test while the work of "paying out" was going on: for when the men raised a part of the sunk cable to connect it with that on board, they brought up a large anchor, covered with shells and sea-weed, and supposed to have been at the bottom of the sea at least a century. While on the subject of marine telegraphs, we may add, that the cables for the new lines to Belgium and Holland are in rapid progress of being made at the various workshops, and it is believed they will be ready for laying in a few weeks. These new lines are to connect Dover with Ostend, and Harwich with some point on the Dutch coast. The wonderful results of these submarine telegraphs will, no doubt, act upon the character of people generally, and tend to bring them into closer union and brotherhood.

**INDUSTRIAL AND PROVIDENT PARTNERSHIPS AND SOCIETIES.**—An Act was passed at the end of last Session (15 & 16 Vict., c. 31), "to legalise the formation of Industrial and Provident Societies." It is intended by this Act that societies of working men may be established for attaining the objects of the Friendly Societies' Acts by means of joint trade, except banking. The rules of such societies are to be framed in accordance with the Act. The funds are not to be invested with the National Debt Commissioners, and societies established before the passing of the Act shall come under its provisions so soon as they shall conform to the provisions thereof. As to the liability of members, it is provided that "nothing in this or the said recited Act (Friendly Societies' Act) shall be construed to restrict in anywise the liability of the members of such society established under or by virtue of this Act, or claiming the benefit thereof, to the lawful debts and engagements of such society; provided always, that no person shall be liable for the debts or engagements of any such society after the expiration of two years from his ceasing to be a member of the same." The Act is to be cited as the "Industrial and Provident Societies' Act, 1862."

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## CARE.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.—*Shakespeare's Henry VI.*

Care that in cloisters only seals her eyes,  
Which youth thinks folly, age and wisdom owns;  
Fools, by not knowing her, outlive the wise;  
She visits cities, but she dwells on thrones.—*Sir W. Davenant.*

But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They mak' enow themselves to vex them.—*Burns.*

He woke,—to watch the lamp, and tell  
From hour to hour the castle-bell,  
Or listen to the owl's cry,  
Or the sad breeze that whistles by,  
Or catch by fits the tuneless rhyme  
With which the warden cheats the time;  
And envying think, how, when the sun  
Bids the poor soldier's watch be done,  
Couch'd on his straw, and fancy-free,  
He sleeps like careless infancy.—*Scott's Rokeby.*

And on, with many a step of pain,  
Our weary race is sadly run;  
And still, as on we plod our way,  
We find, as life's gay dreams depart,  
To close our being's troubled day,  
Nought left us but a broken heart.—*Percival.*

Ah! who can say, however fair his view,  
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?  
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,  
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye  
The illusive past and dark futurity.—*Kirke White.*

I do not starve!—not yet; not yet;  
But wait to-morrow! Famine will be here.  
In the mean time, we've still grim Care—(whose tooth  
Is like the tiger's—sharp,) lest dreams should fall,  
And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness.—*Barry Cornwall.*

## CAUSE.

Circumstance must make it probable  
Whether the cause's justness may command  
Th' attendance of success: For an attempt  
That's warranted by justice, cannot want  
A prosperous end.—*Nab's Hannibal and Scipio.*

Justness of cause is nothing,  
When things are risen to the point they are;  
'T is either not examined or believed  
Among the warlike.—*Suckling's Brennoralt.*

This is a cause which our ambition fills;  
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste  
In vain, like giants, who did heave at hills;  
'T is too unwieldy for the force of haste.

*Sir W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Small are the seeds fate does unheeded sow  
Of slight beginnings to important ends;  
Whilst wonder, which does best our reverence show  
To heaven, all reason's sight in gazing spends.—*Ibid.*

## CAUTION.

But now so wise and wary was the knight  
By trial of his former harms and cares,  
That he desisted, and shunned still his slight:  
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.  
*Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

Who 'scapes the snare  
Once, has a certain caution to beware.  
*Chapman's Revenge for Honour.*

They that fear the adder's sting, will not come  
Near his hissing.—*Chapman's Widow's Tears.*

Nones pities him that's in the snare,  
And warn'd before, would not beware.—*Herrick.*

The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches  
To the bottom of the worst.—*Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.*

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*The Home Bazaar.*

THIS game requires some preparation, but is productive of much amusement. A stall is erected at one end of a large apartment, by means of a slight frame like a window; coarse print hangings, and pink calico drapery over the table. It should be made to resemble, as much as possible, the booth of a fair, and the articles to be sold should also partake of that character. The larger ones, which have required considerable trouble in their fabrication, may be raffled for, and this adds not a little to the general amusement. Bonbons, toys which are ingenious, and droll pictures, caricatures, &c., are excellent subjects for the sale, which should be conducted by two or three young ladies, in some pretty or droll costume; and instead of actual money, each guest should be presented on their entrance with an equal number of caraway-comfits in a little bag, the articles being priced to correspond, and every one thus placed on an equal footing as to their means of expenditure. Various amusements may be contrived by an ingenious arrangement of articles; and the author can vouch for the screams of delight, and the prolonged fun, which this mode of passing an evening has occasioned.

## ENIGMAS.

I.  
At first a golden crown I wear,  
That glitters in the sun;  
And when I reach maturer age,  
A white wig I put on.  
But from my head my wig is torn,  
And scatter'd in the air;  
And then my naked head is left  
Disconsolate and bare.  
Yet for my wig I would not grieve,  
But this afflicts me more,  
My children to my wig are stuck—  
The offspring that I bore.  
Still, pity for me there is none,  
For Christians, bad and good,  
Cut my poor body into shreds,  
And drink my very blood.  
Although a creature's teeth I wear,  
I'm harmless as a lamb;  
So, gentle reader, if you know,  
Pray tell me who I am.

T. MILNER.

II.  
Ever eating, never cloying,  
All devouring, all destroying,  
Never finding full repast,  
Till I eat the world at last.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

I.  
Pray can you on a number fix,  
Which multiplied by seven times six,  
And then divided by thrice eleven,  
Shall give the product twelve times seven?

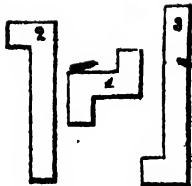
II.  
A MOTHER said—"Now, Ann, my dear,  
Your age is twelve, mine thirty-two;  
What will our ages be, declare,  
When I'm just twice as old as you?"

## PRACTICAL PUZZLES.



I.  
Now, sir, your coat is off!  
And see—  
Your right-hand pocketed!  
So let it be:  
While o'er your arm  
An endless string—  
Some three yards round—  
Hangs like a sling.  
Take the string off—  
But, just for fun,  
It must be done—

Keeping your right-hand in its place,  
And not a smile must stir your face.  
Until you find this puzzle out,  
No coat shall wrap your back about.



II.

With three pieces of cardboard, of the shape and size of No. 1, and one each of Nos. 2 and 3, form a cross.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SIX OF HEARTS.—ARTS MILITAIRES.

## CHARADE.

ONE of the plagues that blight this world of woe  
From pole to tropics, wheresoe'er you go,  
By coach or railway, diligence or car,  
Your steps to number, and your joys to mar,  
My *first* pursues you with its with'ring curse,  
Curtails your journey, and contracts your purse.  
Yet strange it is, this much abused thing  
Such comfort to the inward man can bring—  
Is so much valued at the journey's end—  
So much reported of from friend to friend—  
So praised—so thoroughly enjoy'd—when good,  
'Twould seem as precious as our daily food!

Go, seek my *second* underneath the floors  
Of populous cities, where its glitt'ring stores  
Lie dark and silent; seek it on the plains  
Of old Judea, when the latter rains  
Have fill'd its hollow breast; or on our farms  
And British homesteads, wreath'd with rural charms;  
Under the apple-bough, or in the shade  
Of elm or elder, where the busy maid,  
At morn and eve, to its rich cave may come,  
And blithely bear its sparkling treasure home.

My *whole*—the saddest, yet the kindest word  
That ever friend from friendship's tongue hath heard.  
Unravel quickly from so plain a clue,  
Else, gentle friend, 't is what I say to you!

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 669.

**SOLUTION OF ENIGMA.**—The general answer is, "Iron," which (1) is by nature concealed beneath the ground. (2) Is brought thence by man. (3) Is at first united with the dross in the ore. (4) When iron is smelted, it is of a brilliant white colour. (5) It is then manufactured into innumerable articles—viz. (6) Iron steam-ships; (7) Locomotive steam-engines. (8) The sword is in the hand of him who wields it, in the heat of battle. (9) Cannons, by their firing, announce the storming of a town. (10) The needle of the mariner's compass is steel, i.e. iron. (11) Cannon-balls, in military terms, "shot." (12) The axe. (13) A key. (14) Steel springs. (15) A diving-bell. (16) Steel spurs. (17) A steel curb.

**SOLUTION OF RIDDLE.**—A SHIP. All the words in italics are nautical terms for different parts of a ship and her equipment. To "pay a ship" is to fill the interstices between the planks with pitch, to prevent the admission of water. The needle is the compass-needle. A ship is sounded with a string, to ascertain if any water has entered.

**SOLUTION OF PUZZLE.**—INDIA-RUBBER.—(1) India-rubber, when procured from the tree which produces it, is a white liquid like milk, and, as it consolidates, it becomes a very dark colour. (2) India-rubber is used in the composition of slates. (3) For erasing pencil-marks, &c. (4) For balls, and various children's toys. (5) For watch-guards, bracelets, &c. (6) For ladies' pages. (7) India-rubber rings for papers, &c. (8) For waterproof clothing. (9) For swimming-belts. (10) India-rubber shoes. (11) The fastenings of parasols.

**TRANSPOSITION.**—Bleak, lak, tale, lake, lea.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

Who are the most disinterestedly good? Those who are good for nothing.

Why is a man who deals in stale jokes like a stock jobber? Because he depends on fun-dead property.

A gentleman observed one day to Mr. Erskine, that punning is the lowest sort of wit. "It is so," answered he; "and therefore the foundation of all wit."

Two Irishmen one day meeting, "I am very ill, Pat," said one, rubbing his head. "Then," replied the other, "I hope you may keep so—for fear of being worse."

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized? "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know of; but I've been *watinated*."

A gentleman of Cork ordered his man to call him up at six o'clock; but he awoke him at four. Being asked the reason, he replied, "He came to tell him he had two hours longer to sleep."

A native of Cork hiring himself to a needy alderman, was asked if he could live hard. "By my faith," says Pat, "and I can live upon bread and water, provided your honour will feed me well every day of my life."

## ON FEAR.

BY SIR THOMAS MORE.

Evils come not, then our fears are vain;  
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

"How many years have you been dumb?" said an Irish gentleman to an Irish beggar man. "Five years last St. John's Eve, please your honour," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

DRUNKEN DAVE going home one night, said—"If I find my wife up, I'll lick her—What business has she to sit up and burn out fire and candle? And if she's gone to bed, I'll lick her—for what business has she to go to bed till I get home."

A lady going into a tea-shop in Leitli, and buying a pound of tea, the merchant said he would send it home. "Oh, no," said she; "it is not inconvenient, as it is light." "Why," said he, "it is as light as I could possibly make it."

"HAVE you seed a fox go by here?" "Wal, yes." "Have you seed a dog go by here?" "Wal, yes; they was a rummin' along like blazes." "How was they?" "Wal, about nip and tuck—dog a little ahead." Bob sloped, and gave the dog up for a hard one.

TEDDY O'FLANNIGAN, with his uncle, being at sea in a great storm, he waked his uncle, who was asleep, told him he was afraid he would be drowned, and know nothing at all, at all, of the matter, and then when he waked in other world, he would be angry with him, for not telling him.

LADY C——, an old coquette, and very fond of her reminiscences, and a censor of all present fashions and arts, looking into her glass, beheld sundry wrinkles, freckles, &c. "Now, here is my new glass," said her ladyship, "not worth a farthing. They cannot make mirrors so well as they used to do."

The Hon. Henry Erskine, observing a spot of grease upon a friend's coat, said, that he was at present in the same situation with his horse. "How is that?" the gentleman asked. "Because," replied Mr. E., "you are *greased*." "Oh, Harry," said his friend, "that wit is *far-fetched*." "By no means," exclaimed Mr. E., "it is *made upon the spot*."

A young Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the veterinary college) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise?" After considering for a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell as soon as possible."

MR. TWISS, a romancing traveller, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?" "About ten yards," said Twiss. "This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

## ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

WHEN a twister in twisting will twist him a twist,  
For the twisting his twist he three times doth entwine;  
But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.  
Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,  
He twines with his twister the two in a twine;  
The twist having twisted the twines of the twine,  
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.  
The twine that in twisting before in the twine,  
As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine;  
Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more between,  
He twisteth his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

A gentleman, on a tour through the west of England, happened to be at a very populous town on a Sunday, and being acquainted with the minister, he accompanied him to church, which, to his great surprise, was very thinly attended. As they were returning home, he asked his friend, "if there were many dissenters in the town." "No," said the other, "but there are numerous dissenters."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

INTELLIGENCE IN A WASP.—Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," relates an anecdote of apparent ratiocination in a wasp, which had caught a fly nearly as large as itself. Kneeling down, the doctor saw the wasp discover the head and tail from the trunk of the fly, and attempt to soar with the latter; but finding, when about two feet from the ground, that the wings of the fly carried too much sail, and caused its prize and itself to be whirled about, by a little breeze that had arisen, it dropped upon the ground with its prey, and deliberately sawed off with its mandibles, first one wing and then the other: having thus removed these impediments to its progress, the wasp flew away with its booty, and experienced no further molestation from the wind.

SEA WATER.—Sea water, when taken up at a distance from the shore, appears limpid, tastes salt, nauseous, and bitter; it purifies by keeping: it contains, upon the coasts of Great Britain, from one twenty-eighth to one thirty-eighth of salt. The sea water lately examined by a very accurate hydrometer, two successive seasons at Hastings, is to distilled water as 1,023 to 1,000, and holds in solution a thirty-sixth part of saline matter. The purgative qualities of sea water depends, in a great measure, upon the muriated magnesia it contains, which is a neutral substance, formed naturally from the earth of magnesia, and the acid of sea salt, and which gives sea water its bitter taste; the other saline contents are chiefly common culinary salt, with a very small proportion of selenite salt.

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S PLAN OF STUDY.—Some idea of the acquirements of the resolute industry with which Jones pursued his studies may be formed from the following memorandum:—"Resolved to learn no more rudiments of any kind, but to perfect myself in—first, twelve languages, as the means of acquiring accurate knowledge of

- |              |                 |                |
|--------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Man       | II. Arts.       | 2. Nature.     |
| 1. Rhetoric. | 2. Poetry.      | 3. Painting.   |
| 1. Law.      | 2. Mathematics. | 3. Dialectics. |
|              | III. Sciences.  |                |

"N.B. Every species of human knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even law belongs partly to the history of man partly as a science to dialectics. The twelve languages are Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, English.—1780."

## COMPARATIVE NUTRIMENT OF FOOD.

TABLE of the comparative nutriment contained in various articles of Food. The figures appended to each article denote the proportion of nutriment in every 1,000 parts:—

|                    |     |                   |     |                    |     |
|--------------------|-----|-------------------|-----|--------------------|-----|
| Mutton .....       | 290 | Beans (dry) ..... | 800 | Melons .....       | 30  |
| Chicken .....      | 270 | Rice .....        | 850 | Cucumbers .....    | 25  |
| Beef .....         | 260 | Bread .....       | 800 | Plums .....        | 250 |
| Veal .....         | 250 | Eye .....         | 702 | Grapes .....       | 270 |
| Pork .....         | 240 | Oats .....        | 745 | Ch. files .....    | 350 |
| Fish, about .....  | 200 | Almonds .....     | 650 | Peaches .....      | 60  |
| White of Egg ..... | 140 | Beets .....       | 118 | Gooseberries ..... | 100 |
| Milk .....         | 72  | Potatoes .....    | 120 | Apples .....       | 170 |
| Wheat .....        | 950 | Carrots .....     | 98  | Pears .....        | 160 |
| Peas (dry) .....   | 930 | Cabbage .....     | 75  | Strawberries ..... | 125 |
| Barley .....       | 290 | Turnips .....     | 42  |                    |     |

From Dr. Beccumet's Tables it appears that the following articles were digested in the times indicated:—

|                              | H. M. |                               | H. M. |
|------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| Rice, boiled soft .....      | 1 0   | Oysters, stewed .....         | 3 30  |
| Apples, sweet and ripe ..... | 1 30  | Eggs, raw .....               | 2 2   |
| Sago, boiled .....           | 1 1   | " soft boiled .....           | 3 0   |
| Bread, stale .....           | 2 0   | " hard boiled .....           | 3 30  |
| Milk, boiled .....           | 2 0   | Beef, roast or boiled .....   | 3 0   |
| Cabbage .....                | 2 0   | " salted .....                | 3 30  |
| Baked Custard .....          | 2 45  | Mutton, roast or boiled ..... | 3 0   |
| Parasols, boiled .....       | 2 30  | Pork, boiled .....            | 3 30  |
| Potatoes, roasted .....      | 2 30  | " salted and boiled .....     | 4 30  |
| " boiled .....               | 3 30  | " roast .....                 | 5 0   |
| Turnips, boiled .....        | 3 30  | Veal, roasted .....           | 5 30  |
| Carrots, boiled .....        | 3 15  | Turkey and Goose .....        | 2 30  |
| Butter and Cheese .....      | 3 30  | Domestic Fowls .....          | 4 0   |
| Venison .....                | 1 35  | Wild Fowls .....              | 4 30  |
| Oysters, raw .....           | 2 3   |                               |       |

## OMNISCIENCE DISPLAYED IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

—In the constitution of the atmosphere we have ample scope to admire the design and execution of a structure calculated, with such prodigious precision, to fulfil its purposes. Were the atmosphere to consist wholly of oxygen, and the different kinds of objects which compose, and are found upon, the globe, to remain what they are, the world would run through the stages of decay, renovation, and final destruction in a rapid cycle. Combustion, once excited, would proceed with ungovernable violence; the globe, during its short existence, would be in a continual conflagration, until its ashes would be its only remains: animals would live with hundred-fold intensity, and terminate their mortal career in a few hours. On the other hand, were the atmosphere wholly composed of azote, life could never have existed, whether animal or vegetable, and the objects of the Creator in forming this world would not be fulfilled. But the atmosphere is a wholesome mixture of these two formidable elements, each neutralizing the other's baneful influence. The life of animals quietly runs through its allotted space; and the current of nature flows within prescribed limits, manageably and moderately.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

**INSURANCE AGAINST LOSS OF LIFE,**  
with COMPENSATION for PERSONAL INJURY  
BY RAILWAY ACCIDENT during an Excursion, or single  
journey by Railway. The Tickets of the RAILWAY  
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of £200 in a second-class 3d.  
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travelling in any class carriage on any Railway, are also  
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Company's Offices, 3, Old Broad-street, London.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

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**PENCILS.**—A new kind of over-pointed Pencil in  
Wood, lined through with Lead, requiring no cutting, as  
he lead is propelled to the point by a novel, easy, and in-  
genious contrivance; is more economical than even the  
best Pencil, which is destroyed as used; whereas in these  
Pencils the lead only is consumed, the Pencil remaining as  
perfect as at first, ready to be refilled, and this is required  
only at long intervals.

Prepared and sold by the Proprietor, HENRY STEPHENS,  
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**TENTS, Square or Round, MARQUEES**

with Square, Gable, or Circular Ends, and Socketed  
Poles, complete with Pegs, Mallets, &c.  
Military, or Hall Tent, 30 ft. round, socketed  
pole..... £2 10s.

Square Tent, 8 ft. square, and 5 ft. 6 in. walls,  
socketed pole..... £3 0s.

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Iron Folding Bedsteads, 31 in. wide, with sack  
ing and mattresses..... £1 5s.

To be had of R. G. PAGE, Tent and Rick-Cloth Maker,  
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TO EMIGRANTS AND VOYAGERS.

**MOORE AND BUCKLEY'S PATENT**  
**CONCENTRATED MILK** will be found a great  
 desideratum, as it supplies Fresh Milk at all times. It is  
preserved in hermetically sealed tins, which will keep sweet  
in the hottest climate many days after being opened; and  
in producing seven times the quantity of pure milk.

"The milk is most admirable; none should go to sea  
without it."—*Captain Ommeney, H. M. S. Assistance,*  
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Consumers of Cocoa and Chocolate are invited to try  
**MOORE AND BUCKLEY'S COCOA AND MILK,** and  
**CHOCOLATE AND MILK,** which are combinations of the  
finest Trinidad Cocoa and the choice English and French  
Chocolates with the Patent Concentrated Milk, in hermeti-  
cally sealed tins. These delicious preparations are wholly  
free from the admixtures so common in the packet cocoa,  
and, considering their quality, are equally inexpensive;  
for example, a breakfast cup of Pure Cocoa, combined  
with Milk and Sugar, can be had at the cost of a Penny,  
by merely adding boiling water.

The PRIZE MEDAL at the GREAT EXHIBITION was  
awarded to these preparations.

**MOORE AND BUCKLEY'S INFANT'S FOOD** is a combination  
of the Concentrated Milk with pure Fatina, and will be  
found a light and nourishing diet for Infants as well as  
Infants, requiring only boiling water for its instant prepa-  
ration.

The whole of the above are prepared under the immediate  
inspection of Mr. Moore, the Patentee, who was for  
many years the ordinary medical attendant of the Royal  
Family, in London.

The finest FINEST CHOCOLATES imported, and in every  
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**FOOD,** without medicine, inconvenience, or expense, (as  
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71, of Dyspepsia:—"From the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart  
de Decles:—"I have derived considerable benefit from Du  
Barry's Revalenta Africain Food, and consider it due to  
yourself and the public to authorize the publication of  
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suffered from indigestible agony from dyspepsia, nervous-  
ness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sick-  
ness at the stomach, and vomiting, have been removed by  
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2 lb., 4s. 6d.; 3 lb., 6s. 9d.; 4 lb., 9s. 0d.; 5 lb., 11s. 3d.;  
6 lb., 13s. 6d.; 7 lb., 15s. 9d.; 8 lb., 18s. 0d.; 9 lb., 20s. 3d.;  
10 lb., 22s. 6d.; 12 lb., 26s. 0d.; 15 lb., 32s. 6d.; 20 lb., 42s. 0d.;  
25 lb., 52s. 6d.; 30 lb., 62s. 0d.; 40 lb., 82s. 6d.; 50 lb., 102s. 0d.;  
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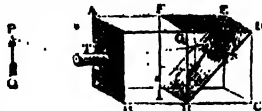


### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.**—No. 18.  
**Cries of Children.**—If we inquire into the causes which produce the crying of infants, we shall find that it seldom originates from pain, or uncomfortable sensations;

for those who are apt to imagine that such causes must *always* operate on the body of an infant, are egregiously mistaken; inasmuch as they conceive that the physical condition, together with the method of expressing sensations, is the same in infants and adults. It requires, however, no demonstration that the state of the former is essentially different from that of the latter. In the first years of infancy, many expressions of the tender organs are to be considered only as efforts or manifestations of power. We observe, for instance, that a child, as soon as it is undressed or disencumbered from swaddling clothes, moves its arms and legs, and often makes a variety of strong exertions; yet no reasonable person would suppose that such attempts arise from a preternatural or oppressive state of the little agent. It is therefore equally absurd to draw an unfavourable inference from every inarticulate cry; because, in most instances, these vociferating sounds imply the effort which children necessarily make to display the strength of their lungs, and exercise the organs of respiration. Nature has wisely ordained, that by these very efforts the power and utility of functions so essential to life, should be developed, and rendered more perfect with every inspiration. Hence it follows, that those over-anxious parents or nurses, who continually endeavour to prevent infants from crying, do them a material injury; for, by such imprudent management, their children seldom or never acquire a perfect form of the breast, while the foundation is laid in the pectoral vessels for obstructions, and other diseases. Independently of any particular causes, the cries of children, with regard to their general effects, are highly beneficial and necessary. In the first period of life, such exertions are the almost only exercise of the infant: thus the circulation of the blood, and all the other fluids, is rendered more uniform; digestion, nutrition, and the growth of the body, are thereby promoted; and the different secretions, together with the very important office of the skin, or insensible perspiration, are duly performed. Hence it is extremely improper to consider every noise of an infant as a claim upon our assistance, and to intrude either food or drink, with a view to satisfy its supposed wants. By such injudicious conduct, children readily acquire the injurious habit of demanding things, or nutriment, at improper times, and without necessity; their digestion becomes impaired; and consequently, at this early age, the whole mass of the fluids is gradually corrupted. If, however, the mother or nurse has no recourse to the administration of aliment, they at least remove the child from its couch, carry it about, frequently in the middle of the night, and thus expose it to repeated colds, which are in their effects infinitely more dangerous than the most violent cries. We learn from daily experience, that children who have been the least indulged, thrive much better, unfold all their faculties quicker, and acquire more muscular strength and vigour of mind, than those who have been constantly favoured, and treated by their parents with the most solicitous attention: bodily weakness and mental imbecility are the usual attributes of the latter. The first and principal rule of education ought never to be forgotten; that man is intended to be a free and independent agent; that his moral and physical powers ought to be *spontaneously* developed; and that he should as soon as possible be made acquainted with the nature and use of all his faculties, in order to attain that degree of perfection which is consistent with the structure of his organs; and that he is not originally designed for what we endeavour to make of him by artificial aid. Hence the greatest art in educating children, consists in the continual vigilance over all their actions, without ever giving them an opportunity of discovering that they are guided and watched. There are, however, instances in which the loud complaints of infants deserve our attention. Thus, if their cries be unusually violent and long continued, we may conclude that they are troubled with colic pains; if, on such occasions, they move their arms and hands repeatedly towards the face, without finding any account for the cause; and if they exhibit phenomena accompanying their attacks, or if these appearances be repeated at certain periods of the day, we ought not to alight them, but endeavour to discover their proximate or remote cause.

**CAMERA OBSCURA.**—J. S.—The simplest form of the Camera obscura consists of a darkened room, with a round hole in the window-shutter, through which the light enters. Pictures of opposite objects will then be seen, inverted, on the wall, or on a white screen placed so as to receive the rays. We give here a very simple form of camera, which our readers may easily construct. A B C D is a small rectangular box, closed on all sides, except the space E F G D which is covered with a piece of ground glass. In the other end is a moveable tube, T, with a proper lens; and in the body of the box is a



mirror E I H D, set to an angle of 45 degrees. Upon this mirror the image of the object, P Q falls, and is reflected upon the ground-glass plate.

**POLLING.**—D. F.—A rejected candidate lately was heard to remark that there is no kind of excitement equal to that which he experienced on the polling day. He felt as if all his ends were coming together, and he was going to be regularly rolled up. He saw no means of escape from being *come down upon* by the whole weight of adversity, and sweat in quarts, as the *rain* fell in buckets full, in the Island of Prospero. Such is an extract from our correspondent's letter, which does not incline to much sympathy with the unfortunate candidate, whose polling propensities, we trust, have been confined to politics, and not extended so far as *physics*. We are all aware that at elections extraneous often meet, as we see that the ends of the earth are about to be brought together by a new adventure in steam navigation. Calcutta and England will, it is expected in the course of a couple of years, be within thirty days of each other, and if enterprise progresses at such a rate, who knows but what the *Poles* may be yet united by the force of steam; but we hope in a more friendly way than they are here by



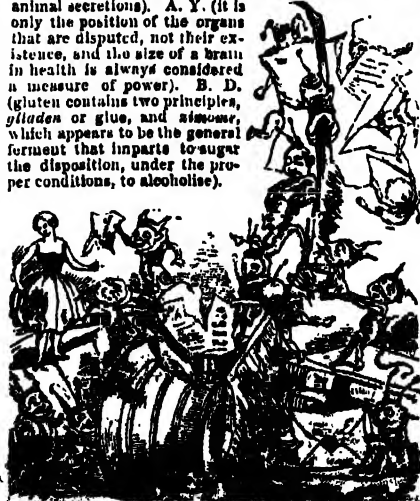
THE FORCE OF GRAVITATION.

**CONSUMPTION OF PAPER IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—G. F.—In the Bank of England no fewer than sixty folio volumes or ledgers, are daily filled with writing in keeping the accounts: To produce these sixty volumes, the paper having been previously manufactured elsewhere, eight men, three steam presses, and two hand presses are continually going within the bank! In the copper-plate printing department, twenty-eight thousand bank-notes are thrown off daily; and so accurately is the number indicated by the machinery, that to purloin a single note without detection is an impossibility.

**M. THIERS.**—M. S.—No; M. Thiers is not the most eloquent of orators; he has not the dignity of M. Guizot, nor the imagination of M. de Lamartine, nor the passionate bursts of eloquence of M. Berryer, nor the periphrastic and caustic grace of M. de Montalembert, nor the enthusiasm, sometimes tinged with grandeur, of M. Ledru Rollin, but he has clearness, precision, method, logical reasoning, boldness, vigour, and unexpectedness,—all that seduces and fascinates; he does not make a speech, he holds a conversation, in which he is the only speaker. Never is there a moment's hesitation in what he says, never a forgetfulness, never the slightest disorder in his mind; each deduction comes at the proper moment, and each word expresses, to the most delicate shade of meaning, what he desires to convey. The more confused the subject the clearer he will make it. Figures of arithmetic are as familiar as facts to this marvellous intelligence.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—J. W. (your position is certainly unenviable, and the only advice we can offer is, to persevere until you can get out of it). T. F. (wood pavement commenced in 1836). R. A. (there is a philosophical society in London, and also in many provincial towns). M. F. (curks are cut from large albes of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries of Europe. The sap is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak).

It is taken when the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quantity of the bark consumed each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. T. B. (we cannot say anything about the box of the man who eat the first apple, but he who took the first show of tobacco must have had, in our opinion, a more than ordinary share of that commodity). D. A. (we will be happy to pursue the manuscript). S. A. (powdered nitre strewed on a fire that burns dull, will cause it to revive, and produces the effect which quicker than the bellows). V. V. (we find a piece of soft wash leather by far the best thing for wiping pens. There is always a degree of face in the smoothest cloth). H. M. (immense quantities of naphtha are made at Neath; it is getting into general use as a good and cheap light, and particularly in places where coal is dear). T. F. (the principal ingredient used in cleaning kid gloves is spirits of turpentine). G. F. R. (our belief is quite the reverse; we conceive that an improved course of husbandry would cause a great deal more employment to labourers, and the augmented produce would compensate for any deficiency of prices). G. L. (inadmissible). G. B. R. (in the London porter breweries, all the butts and other casks, if long kept, and not sweet when returned (as from the country), are steamed, after being washed with boiling water. After the steaming, in which the force of the steam is considerable, they are again washed with hot water). G. M. (roses will force well for years in succession; but every autumn they should be turned out of the pots, a good portion of the old soil shook away, and fresh supplied. Some few will probably require larger pots, of which we must judge by the condition of the plant and roots). L. E. (cut some brown paper into very small bits, so as to go with ease into the decanters; then cut a few pieces of soap very small, and put some water, milk warm, into the decanters upon the soap and paper; put in also a little pearlsh; by well working this about in the decanter, it will take off the rust of the wine, and give the glass a fine polish). T. D. (had principled men can never excite confidence when they are known; it is only so long as the motives upon which they act are concealed, that they can be successful). J. W. (Yes; and it certainly seems a great absurdity, although it shows how far the force of prejudice will carry a people. Another instance we have in the Hungarians, who have an irreconcilable aversion to the name of Queen, and consequently whenever a female succeeds to the throne of Hungary, she reigns with the title of King. Thus, in 1383, when Mary, the daughter of Charles Duras, came to the crown, she was styled King Mary). A. A. (St. Paul's within is 500 feet). G. T. (No; it is a curse rather than a blessing. No human invention has ever tended more to corrupt the morals and ruin the character, constitution, and circumstances of numbers of mankind than distillation. In all nations spirituous liquors have been considered as a proper subject of heavy taxation for the support of the state). G. L. (we have the authority of Scripture (see Exodus xxxi.) for its early introduction, and in profane history, the art of carving is first mentioned 772 years before Christ, and is referred to the Egyptians). J. A. (the diamond is the hardest of all known bodies). G. S. (the term honeymoon arose from the Teutonic custom of drinking diluted honey for thirty days, or a month's age, after a wedding). M. R. (the defect in your kitchen range probably arises from some fault in the flues, and we recommend you to apply to the person who set the range). C. H. (eight hours may be taken as the maximum of sleep that may be indulged in by a person in a good state of health). S. R. (five drops of sulphuric acid put into a full quart of bad water, will cause the noxious particles to fall to the bottom. The water should stand two hours; pour off about three parts for use and throw the rest away). G. A. (a glazier's diamond, or even a common fluid may be used to write on self or china). P. G. (there is no example in history of any purely agricultural or pastoral state attaining eminence or superiority over others). D. F. (perfumes for the use of the toilet are derived from the fragrant principle of flowers and other vegetable productions, united generally to enhance their fragrance with one or other animal secretions). A. Y. (it is only the position of the organs that are disputed, not their existence, and the size of a brain in health is always considered a measure of power). B. D. (gluten contains two principles, *gluten* and *glue*, and *amidon*, which appears to be the general ferment that imparts to sugar the disposition, under the proper conditions, to alcoholise).



Printed by WILKINSON, TAYLOR, and SONS, Stationers, London, and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 69, Fleet-street, London.



A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE INTERESTING

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## (Continued from page 672.)

Curran watched the hours, minutes, and seconds. It seemed to him that the smallest divisions of time were heaped on one another, to wait upon his going, and to break it. Two days had passed, the messenger brought no news, and the witness himself grew and mounted in his tears, not knowing what to fear of this moment and delay, suggested obstacles, and the possibility of the devotion of the woman charged with the message (without her abandoning his daughter), and endeavored still to keep alive the hope of his companion. But hope which was extinguished in his eyes.

...the fact that the defendant had been reported to the ...  
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It might be said that a veil of mourning had fallen suddenly over this place of misery, when, formerly, notwithstanding the absence of liberty, signs of joy and happiness appeared at intervals.

The plant advanced further and higher on her road to destruction. Charnay, in despair, attended on the last agonies of Florella. His noble cause for grief; he feared losing the object of his love, the treasure of his life, and having vainly humbled himself. What should he have bowed in vain? That he should have asked a favour, something himself to the earth, and that he should have been repulsed. As he struggled against him, Ludovico, formerly so frank, so communicative, now even avoided addressing a word to him. Silent and morose, he went up, he passed, not touching his pipe, almost without looking at him, and seemed to enjoy his misfortune. It was, that from the first, Ludovico, on hearing the speech of the commandant, foresaw the instant when he should have to choose between his inclination and duty. He knew that duty must be first, and he made himself more and more ready, to give himself up. His humanity would certainly be repulsed, and beforehand he had made up his mind.

It is these forces whose education has not suffered usually and the enormous impulse of this work when it is necessary to give a final impulse, rather than seek to take their numbers under great numbers. It is not to wonder that England and even above the waters of heart it





The intervention of Josephine had not thus been as powerful as she so first promised. No. After her sweet pleading in favour of the plant and the prisoners, when she put the hankkerchief containing the petition into the hands of Napoleon, he recalled the singular intention, so offensive to his pride, which the empress had shown that very morning, during the warlike ceremonies of Marengo, and the signature of Charney increased the vexatious impression he received from it.

Josephine would have raised her voice to exclaim against the title of Jacobin, so lightly applied to the noble count; but at that moment a chamberlain came to announce to the emperor, that the generals as well as the ambassadors and deputies of the Italian states waited in the reception hall. He hastened to join them, and, inspired much more by their presence than by the contents of the petition, he made the prisoner's name an occasion for a vigorous attack upon idealists and philosophers, returning again upon the Jacobins, whom he should know well, he said, how to keep in order and bring to submission! And he raised his voice to a tone of determination and menace, not that he was as warm as he pretended to be, but skillful in profiting by circumstances, he wished that his words might be heard and repeated, above all by the Prussian ambassador, who was present. It was this act of divorce from the Revolution which he there proclaimed.

"Well, sire," said she, "why all this noise? This has nothing to do with Jacobins or Revolutionists, but only with a poor flower that has never conspired against any one."

"Do they think to dupe me with such idle tales?" cried he. "This Chien-ai is a dangerous man, but not a fool. The flower is a pretence. The object is gaining the stones! It is an escape he is meditating, doubtless. You must watch over it, Menqu. And how has this man been able to write without the demand passing through the hands of the commandant? Is this the way in which the contrivance of the state prisons is carried out?"

"Be not impatient further in this affair, madame!" said the master. And Josephine, repulsed and discouraged, was silent, and cast down her eyes beneath his angry glance.

...saw, said by the experts, did not spare reproaches on the captain-  
...of the district of Vinnitsya, and he in his turn, hastened to  
...with severity the prisoners to whom he owed these harsh reprimands.  
...I truly suffered from his slanders, and, with her heart full of hope, had  
...the officers of the garrison to require an order to quit the terri-  
...there at Vinnitsya immediately, and not to re-appear there. Rachinski had  
...the matter, then submitting the Charter to a conciliatory suit. But

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**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

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As they sat on the porch with their backs to the door, suddenly, he came in with a gun in his hand. He pointed the muzzle and threw work in his hands. He came in the yard in a sort of fury. When he saw the first of the children there, he ran from the porch and into the yard and threw them in the water. It seemed to him that he was chased into the water, and that he also had a gun.

During this time Charney remained motionless as  
he lay fixed on his place, now entirely unattended, until he  
died.

The day had been cool; the sky cloudy; the stars had appeared in the evening, and from the midst of the darkness, a woman appeared. It might be said Flodrig was gathering up his Flodrigs!—his Flodrigs!—his real wife, and his wife's pivot on which his life turned,—the sole thing which he thought he will be no more! And he, poor devil! whose heart had suspended, he must then be arrested in his flight, of true science! How shall he now find consolation? how all the void to his heart? Flodrig's life seems to be again a desert. No more projects, no more wishes, no more dreams; no more observations to record, nothing more to love, confined will his prison be now!—how miserable the life he will! It will be now only a tumb,—the tumb of Flodrig! What! the gold, that sibylline bough, which has driven him, the sole thing he was bent—it will be there no longer to defend him against incredulous, the disenchanted philosopher will be obliged to an ancient life, with all his bitter thoughts, less to face with

"No! rather die, than return to that cold night from whence I

At that moment, Pham saw something like a shadow appear in the lattice window. It was the old man.

"Ah," said he to himself, "I have robbed him of his only treasure. I have deprived him of his daughter. He is surely come to seek for damages to curse me doubly. Has he not a right to do so, and what is my answer by the side of his despair?"

When he looked towards that side, he perceived him grasping at earth with his weak hands, trembling with emotion. Charles turned and cast his eyes to seek pardon from the heart of his son, who, before he could have time to preserve ; he feared to see on that noble countenance the mark and evidence of reproach or disdain ; and when their eyes met, at the tender look, passionate look, that the poor father turned towards him, forgetful of his own sorrows that he might partake those of his unfortunate companion, he was penetrated to his inmost heart, and two tears, the only ones he had ever shed, started to his eyes.

These tears were sweet to him, but the lingering remains of his pain made him dry them quickly. He feared being suspected of unmanly weakness by those men who stood by.

Of all the witnesses of this scene, the two officers alone, both of whom were spectators, seemed to comprehend nothing of the drama in which they were playing a part. They examined by turns, the prisoner, the chief of the commandant, the jailer, astonished at the strong and violent impression imparted on all their countenances, and asked each other in a low voice some important secret must not exist under that mask, so well guarded.

At length the fatal work was finished. Excited by the captain, he had endeavoured to remove the supports of the rustic bench; but they were too firm.

"A hammer (take a hammer!)" cried the peasant.  
Lyudoviko took one; it fell out of his hands.  
"Death! make an end of it!" roared the other.

At the first blow the bomb exploded at the front it was thrown forward and exploded over the plane, it was regained standing in front of the wreck. The count was nine and ten, the instructor said that the plane was destroyed.

"But I don't why kill is! It is going to die! .. .. ."  
 once more descending to the character of a suppliant.  
 The captain looked at him, smiled ironically, and .. .. .

Full resource library, paginated, I will have it done. I will

...the hands to rock it down the road.

[illegible]



large, rough, hands of the jailor. Its corolla, almost hidden amongst some leaves, from the midst of which it appeared with its bright tints, was opening, and turned towards Charney. He fancied he smelt its perfume, and, his eyes wet with tears, he saw it dazzle, increase, disappear, and again show itself.

The man and the plant were exchanging a last look of adieu.

If, at that moment, when so many passions and interests were agitated around a weak vegetable, strangers had suddenly made their appearance in that prison-court, over which a deep and sombre hue was cast by heaven, the only witness of the scene, would they not, on beholding the aspect of those officers of justice, with their tri-coloured scarfs and that military chief, dictating his pitiless orders, think they were present at some secret and bloody execution, where Ludovico played the part of executioner, and Charney that of the criminal, to whom the sentence had just been read? Yes, is it not so? Well! these men, they will come! they come! they are here!

The one was an aide-de-camp of General Menou; the other, a page of the empress. The dust that covered them told sufficiently that they had made good haste to arrive.

It was in time.

At the noise that announced their entrance, Ludovico let go Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney looked at each other: both were pale!

The aide-de-camp gave to the captain an order from the governor of Turin; the captain considered it, appeared seized with a feeling of hesitation, made two turns in the yard shaking his cane, compared the message he had just received with that which came the evening before; then at last, after having several times raised and lowered his eyebrows, to show his great astonishment, affecting a half-contemptuous air, he drew near Charney, and graciously laid in his hands the letter of the general.

The prisoner, trembling with emotion, read aloud the following lines:—

"His majesty the emperor and king has just transmitted me an order. M. le Commandant, to let you know that he at length consents to the demand of M. de Charney, relative to the plant that grows amongst the paving-stones of his prison. Those which injure it shall be taken up. I charge you to see to the execution of the present order, and to communicate on this subject with M. de Charney."

"Long live the emperor!" cried Ludovico.

"Long live the emperor!" murmured another voice, that seemed to come from the wall.

During the reading, the captain leant his hip on his cane, to give himself support, the two men in scarfs, still unable to find the key to all this, were amazed, and sought from each other by what means they should connect these events with the supposed conspiracy; the aide-de-camp and the page inquired why they were obliged to come so quickly. At length, the latter, addressing himself to Charney, said,—

"There is a postscript from the empress."

And Charney read at the end:

"I recommend M. de Charney to the kind attention of Captain Morand. I shall be particularly grateful to him for what he may do to soften the situation of the prisoner."

"Signed,

"JOSEPHINE."

"Long live the empress!" cried Ludovico.

Charney kissed the signature, and kept the message some moments before his eyes.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE commandant of Fénestrella had resumed all his courtesy towards the protégé of her majesty the empress and queen. Not only Charney was not sent to occupy the cell of the bastion, but he was allowed to reconstruct his defences and shelters, of which the languishing, half-transplanted Picciola more than ever required the succour. The fury of Captain Morand towards the man and the plant were so entirely allayed, that every morning he desired Ludovico to inquire from him if the prisoner wished for anything, and how Picciola was.

Taking advantage of his good disposition, Charney obtained from his liberality, pens, ink, and paper, that he might again record from recollection his studies and observations on vegetable physiology; for as the letter of the governor of Turin did not annul the right of inquest and seizure, the two judicial officers had carried away his linen archives, and, after a deep examination, declaring they could not, with all their efforts, find the key to this correspondence, they had sent it all to Paris to the minister of police, to be commented upon, examined, and deciphered by the most skilful and most expert among them.

Charney also suffered from another privation, the more important because it could not be so easily supplied. The commandant, as a punishment to Gerhardi for the reproaches addressed to him by General Menou on his want of watchfulness, had banished him to another part of the fortress, where he could not communicate with any one. This separation, which placed the old man in complete solitude, fell on the heart of Charney with the weight of remorse, and precluded the captain's favours from having their full effect.

He passed great part of the day with his eyes fixed on the grating and the little closed window. He imagined he still saw the good old man at the moment, when, with difficulty passing his arm through the lower bars, he had vainly tried to let him touch a friendly hand; he saw his supplication to the emperor graze up the wall, and mount to that grating, to go from him to

Gerhardi, from Gerhardi to Teresa, from Teresa to the empress; and behind those bars shone and smiled again that look of pity and of pardon, which had come so recently to sustain him in the midst of his agony, and he heard the cry of joy coming from that crushed heart when the pardon for Picciola had arrived! That pardon, it is to him, it is to them, that he owes it; and for that mad attempt that could only profit Charney, they alone have been punished—punished cruelly! Poor father! Poor, poor girl!

She also often appeared to him at the same place where he had seen her appear for a moment, on his awaking from that painful dream which predicted the death of his plant. Then, in the confusion of his ideas, he seemed to discover in her all the features of the Picciola of his dreams; and it was thus he thought he saw her now.

One day, as the prisoner was dwelling on these sweet visions, something moved behind the dim, dusty, casement; the little window was opened; a woman appeared at the grating. She had a dirty, brown skin, an enormous goitre, and cunning, avaricious eyes. It was Ludovico's wife.

From this time Charney saw nothing more there.

Freed from its confinement, surrounded by good earth, with a wide space around it, Picciola recovered from its disasters, again flourished, and triumphed over all its misfortunes. It had lost its flowers, however, except the little one which had opened so lately at the foot of the stalk.

In the ample space, in the seed which was swelling and ripening in the calyx, Charney foresaw new and sublime discoveries, and even thought of the *Dies Seminalis*, of the feast of seed-time! For now there is no want of earth, it is more than sufficient for Picciola; perhaps she may become a mother, and see her daughters grow under her shade.

While waiting this great day, he had an anxious wish to know the real name of his companion, with whom he had passed such delightful moments.

"What! shall I never, then, be able to give Picciola, the poor foundling, that name which science and custom have bestowed on her beforehand, and which she bears in company with her sisters of the plains or mountains?"

The commandant had paid him a visit; Charney mentioned to him his wish to possess a work on botany. Without refusing his request, as he did not wish to incur any responsibility, he first applied for authority from the governor-general of Piémont; and Menou not only hastened to give it to him freely, but also sent him, from the library at Turin, an enormous collection of volumes to assist the prisoner in his researches:

"Hoping," he wrote, "that her majesty the empress and queen, well versed herself in this branch of knowledge, as in many others, would not be sorry to know the name of that flower, in which she was so greatly interested."

At the sight of this mass of science, which was brought to him by Ludovico, who bent under its weight, Charney smiled.

"Is such great artillery necessary," said he, "to force a flower to tell me its name?"

It was, however, with a sentiment of pleasure that he laid his hand once more upon books. He turned them over with that thrill of delight which he had formerly felt, when knowledge was to him a mysterious and desirable thing. How long it was since his eyes had wandered over printed characters! Already he was forming projects for sweet, holy studies.

"If ever I leave this place," said he, "I shall be a botanist! There I shall find none of those scholastic, pedantic, controversies which mislead rather than enlighten. Nature must show herself the same to all her disciples; always true though changing, always beautiful though madorned!"

And he made himself acquainted with these newly-arrived books, their names and titles also. There were the "Species Plantarum" of Linnæus, the "Institutiones Rei Herbariæ" of Tournefort, the "Theatrum Botanicum" of Bauhin; then, the "Phytographia," the "Dendrologia" the "Agrostographia" of Plunket, Aldrovando, and Scheuchzer; and others in French or Italian.

Though a little alarmed at this array, so entirely scientific, Charney was not discouraged; and, as a preparation for more serious researches, he first opened the thinnest volume, that he might seek at random in the tables for the most pleasing names a plant could bear.

He wished he could make his choice in that floral calendar, amongst *Alcea*, *Alisma*, *Andryala*, *Biometra*, *Celosia*, *Coronilla*, *Euphrasia*, *Helvella*, *Passiflora*, *Primula*, *Santolina*, or any other name, pleasing to the lip, harmonious to the ear!

The fear suddenly seized him that his plant might bear, with a ridiculous and unpleasing name, a masculine or neuter termination, which would be entirely at variance with all his ideas respecting his friend and companion.

What would become of the young girl of his dreams, if he must apply to her a designation such as *Rumex obtusifolius*, or *Satyrion Hyoscyamus*, or *Gossypium*, or *Cynoglossum*, or *Cucubalus*, or *Cenchrus*, *Buxus*! or even some French name more barbarous still, such as *Arrête-bœuf* (rest-harrow), *Attrape-mouche* (fly-catcher), *Herbe à paupere homme* (hedge-hyssop), *Bes-de-grue* (crane's bill), *Dent-de-chien* (dog's tooth), *Langue-de-cerf* (hart's tongue), or *Pleur-de-coucou* (cuckoo flower)! Would it not be sufficient to disenchant him for ever? No, he will not risk the trial!

Notwithstanding, he resumed each volume by turns, opened it, turned over the leaves again; was in raptures at the innumerable wonders of Nature; was angry at the systematising spirit of men, who of this study, which he had hitherto found so attractive, had made a science the rudest, the most technical, the most confused of all sciences.

During a whole week he endeavoured, by examining his plant, to find out its name; he could not succeed. In this chaos of so many strange words, thrown from one system to another, bewildered in the midst of this unwieldy and immense nomenclature,—a true net of Vulcan, which covers Botany with a veil as if to hide her charms, and weighs on her almost to suffocation,

—in vain he consulted all his authors, one after another; descending from class to order, from order to family, from family to genera, from genera to species, he continually lost the traces, and always ended by mathematising his faithless guides, who were often at variance with each other, either on the general character, or even on the use and denomination of each of the parts of a plant.

In the midst of these investigations, which he renewed a thousand times, the little flower, the only flower—examined petal by petal, explored even into its calyx—suddenly broke off in the hand of the examiner—the dissector, and fell; carrying away with it the projects of study on the fruit, the hopes of seed, the maternity of Picciola!

Charney was in consternation; and, after a long silence, apostrophising, with an agitated voice and an angry look, the books which he still held open upon his knees—

"She is named Picciola!" exclaimed he, "nothing but Picciola, the plant of the prisoner, his consoler, his friend! What does she want with another name? and why did I wish to know it? Fool, what is there, then no certain remedy in this thirst to know, and can it not be cured?"

Then, with an impulse of anger, he seized the books he had before him, one after the other, and dashed them on the ground. A little paper came from between the leaves of one of them, and fell in the courtyard. Charney immediately picked it up. It contained some words recently written, and in a female hand. He read the following:—

"Hope, and tell your neighbour to hope, for neither he nor you have I forgotten."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

CHARNEY read and read this billet twenty times over. Its sense could not be doubtful, for amongst women one alone had been for him all heart and all devotion; and that woman he had scarcely seen, thought he; he was ignorant of the sound of her voice, and if she had suddenly presented herself before him, he should certainly scarcely recognize her. But by what means, eluding the vigilance of his Arguses, had she been able to send him these lines? "Tell your neighbour to hope." Poor girl, who dared not name her father! Poor father! to whom he cannot even show the remembrance of his daughter!

When thinking of that excellent old man, on whom he had brought such bitter misfortune, and whose sorrow he was prevented from alleviating, Charney felt overwhelmed with regret; and in the midst of sleepless nights, the idea of Gerhardi sadly pursued him.

During one of these nights, an unaccustomed noise was heard above him, in the chamber of the upper story, hitherto empty; and his mind was filled with various conjectures, one more absurd than the other.

In the morning Ludovico entered his room with an air of business, and though he tried to compose his features to discretion, his sparkling animated eyes announced great news.

"What is the matter?" said Charney, "and what has been passing over my head to-night?"

"Oh! nothing, signor count, nothing; except that yesterday an addition of prisoners arrived here, and the vacant lodgings will be occupied.—Yes," pursued he, with a tone of affected commiseration, "you must share the enjoyment of your court with a companion in captivity; but be easy, we only receive good men here. When I say good men," resumed he, immediately; "I mean there are no thieves amongst them. But look, here is the newcomer, who is going to pay you his visit of installation."

At this unexpected announcement, Charney rose, much surprised, not knowing if he should rejoice or be sorry at the change, when suddenly he saw Gerhardi enter his chamber.

Both looked at each other as if they still doubted the reality of the meeting; and at the same instant, their hands, united and pressed together, testified how warm was the pleasure they experienced in seeing each other again.

"Come, come," said Ludovico, laughing, "I see that the acquaintance will be very soon made;" and he went out, leaving the two in an ecstasy, gazing on each other.

After a moment's silence,—

"What has reunited us, then?" said Charney.

"My daughter! I am sure of it, I cannot doubt it; and how could I be deceived? Does not all the happiness I experience in life come from her?"

Charney cast down his eyes with an air of embarrassment, and his hands strongly pressed those of the old man. At length, taking from his box a little paper, he presented it to him:

"Do you know this writing?"

"It is hers!" cried Gerhardi; "it is my daughter's! my Teresa's! No, she has not forgotten us; and her promise was not long in being realised, since we are reunited. But how did this billet reach you?"

Charney told him, and then unthinkingly made a gesture as if to resume possession of the note; but seeing Gerhardi holding it in his hands, that were trembling with emotion—reading it slowly word by word, letter by letter, kissing it a thousand times, he felt that it was no longer his, and in his inmost heart he experienced a vivid sentiment of regret, which he knew not how to explain to himself.

After the first few moments, when they had exhausted all their conjectures with respect to Teresa, her fate, and her present place of residence, Gerhardi, casting his eyes with a feeling of natural curiosity over the chamber of his host, stopped before each of the inscriptions on the wall. Two amongst them

had been modified already: he comprehended the influence of the plant and understood directly the important part it had played in respect to the prisoner. In his turn he took the charcoal. One of the sentences contained these words:

*Men are placed upon this world as, later, they will be placed beneath it; one near another, but without links to connect them. To the body, this world is a populous arena, where men jostle against each other on every side; to the heart—it is a desert!*

He added:

*If we have no friends!*

Then turning affectionately towards his companion, he opened his arms to him.

Still agitated with the thoughts that had just filled his mind, his heart palpitating, his eyes moist, Charney threw himself into them, and both sealed that holy bond of friendship by a long and warm embrace.

The next day they breakfasted together, tête-à-tête, in the chamber on the first floor, one sitting on the bed, the other on the chair, having between them the little sculptured table, then holding, besides the double prison ration, a beautiful trout from the lake, craw-fish from the Cenise, a bottle of excellent wine of Mondovì, and a tempting morsel of that delicious cheese from Millesimo, known throughout Italy by the name of *Rubiola*. This was a feast for the captives! But Gerhardi did not want money, nor the captive's complaisance, since the new orders had been received.

An unreserved and affectionate conversation was carried on between the two friends. Never had Charney so completely or so long enjoyed the pleasures of the table; never had a repast appeared so delicious to him. Certain it is, that if exercise and the waters of the Eurotas could season the black broth of Sparta, the presence and conversation of a friend add much more to the flavour of the finest meats.

Confidence soon followed in its turn. They loved each other so well already, though they were scarcely acquainted. Without any incitement, without hesitation, without preamble, only as if he were fulfilling the contract of friendship entered into the preceding day, Charney related the presumptuous labours and the vain follies of his youth. The old man then commenced in his turn, and in a similar manner confessed the early errors of his life.

Gerhardi was born in Turin, where his father possessed a vast manufactory of arms. Piémont has always been a passage for the merchandise and ideas of France to Italy, as well as for the merchandise and ideas of Italy to France. A portion of both always remains on the way. The wind of France had blown on his father—he was a philosopher, a reformer; the breath of Italy had rested on his mother—she was devout to excess. As to him, poor child, loving, respecting, listening to both with the same confidence, he must necessarily participate in both their natures, and so he did. A republican devotee, he dreamt of a reign of religion and liberty, a very excellent alliance certainly; but he had his own peculiar ideas of it, and he was only twenty. We are still young at that age.

He was not long in pledging himself to both parties.

At that time the Piémontese nobility enjoyed certain privileges, that were very humiliating to the other classes of society. Its members alone, for example, could appear in the boxes of the theatre, and could it be believed, dance at a public ball! for the dance was then considered an aristocratic exercise, and the citizens could only attend as spectators.

At the head of a band of young men of the city, Giacomo Gerhardi one day publicly attacked this singular privilege. He was bold enough to establish a plebeian in the midst of the patrician quadrilles. The noble dancers were indignant, the plebeians, dancers and spectators, uttered a terrible cry, claiming the dance for all! To this seditious noise other cries of liberty succeeded, and in the midst of the tumult which followed, after twenty challenges given and refused, not from cowardice, but from pride, the impudent Giacomo, carried away by the warmth of his age and of his feelings, struck the proudest and highest titled of his adversaries a blow on his face.

The insult was great; the powerful family of San Marsano swore to be avenged. The knights of St. Maurice, those even of the Annunciation—all the nobility of the country in short, who when in danger form but one body,—now seemed to have but one face, so much did each feel himself offended on his own account.

By order of his father, Giacomo took refuge with one of his relations, the curé of a little village in the principality of Masserano, in the environs of Bielle. But, notwithstanding his flight, he was condemned for contumacy to five years' exile from Turin. The foolish importance given to this affair, which was called "the dancing conspiracy," raised Giacomo in the eyes of his countrymen. The one side regarded him as the avenger of the people; the other, as one of those dangerous innovators who still dreamed of the independence of Piémont; and whilst at court this giver of blows was looked upon as one of the most active members of the democratic party, the poor little conspirator was quietly serving mass in the village, and never left the church, where he had just received the holy communion.

This stormy opening of a life which might have flowed on so calmly long influenced the fate of Giacomo Gerhardi. The old man paid dearly for the follies of his youth: for when he was arrested for the pretended attempt on the First Consul, his accusers did fail to bring against him the sentence formerly passed upon him as a disturber and mad republican.

From the time of his leaving Turin, and during his exile, Giacomo allowed that love of equality which his father had kindled in his mind to be entirely extinguished, while, on the other hand, the religious sentiments he derived from his mother were developed more and more.

(To be continued.)

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 682.)

"You think," said Clayton, "as I do, that Thorpe has taken advantage of Vernon's absence to change the purport of the note left by Talbot, and sign the forged name to the other?"

"Precisely," said Carlin. "And the only thing which is unaccountable is his carelessness in not destroying this paper."

"It is a fatality which always attends the commission of crime," said Clayton; "and through this mistake of his, like every evil-doer, he will be exposed and punished."

"If we can prove it," suggested Carlin. "It is one thing to feel assured of a fact, and another thing to establish it in a court of justice. Men have a notion that it should take more evidence to prove a fact there than in any other place; and here we have not even the usual out-of-doors amount. This, however, we must remedy by ingenuity and close watching. It is certain, of course, that the charge against our friend here is false. Now no untrue story ever was, or ever will be, consistent—God has so made the world, that no fact, which is really a fact, can be made the foundation of a lie—error cannot be built upon truth, without betraying its falsehood. Well, of course there will be real facts proven; facts, unlike many established in courts of justice, which are true, and, if we watch closely, we cannot avoid detecting the discrepancy between them and the case attempted to be made out—for, I repeat, a true fact and a false story cannot by human ingenuity be made consistent. This, so far as I see, and unless we make some further discovery, is our only chance for an acquittal. This many would suppose to mean a hopeless case; but you and I know, Clayton, that it is not so. More than half the great legal reputations of the country have been made by such vigilance alone; and from this you can form some estimate of the number of causes, which are commenced without hope, and triumphantly closed. This, indeed, is the great benefit of having a class of lawyers—men whose intellects are practised in ferreting out falsehood and discovering truth—whose minds are unavoidably so trained that, whatever evil they may now and then do in particular cases, in the long run, the cause of truth must be benefited by their training. Ignorant men—and only ignorant men—abuse the lawyers as a class; but in proportion to their ignorance are they benefited by them and preserved from imposition. For there is no institution, not even that of the gibbet, which is a greater terror to mal factors than the institution of the bar."

"A very flattering comparison, to say the least of it," said Clayton with a smile, "but I believe a true one, too. At all events, I hope your anticipation may prove correct in this case, if in no other."

"But gentlemen," said Vernon, looking up from the floor where he had been gazing throughout Carlin's lecture on lawyers, "it seems to me that you overlook a very important circumstance. When you suppose Thorpe to have done this act in my absence; for Hugh Manning was in the house when I left it, and had not gone when I returned—so that if, according to your supposition, the forgery was committed in that interval, as indeed it must have been, he must have been present; and yet he never said a word to me of the matter, during all the time since elapsed."

"Hugh is dead, I believe," said Carlin.

"Yes," answered Vernon, "he was killed near Monterey."

"It can do us no good, then," said the other, "to mention the fact of his having been there; it will only weaken in the minds of the jury the probability of Thorpe's having committed the act."

"Besides," said Clayton, "Hugh might have been out for a few moments, or he might have even seen Thorpe there, without suspecting anything wrong; and this may account for his never mentioning the circumstance; for I believe he never heard that any such charge as this was made."

"What was it you said," Carlin suddenly asked, "about Thorpe's procuring an attack to be made upon Hugh in Mexico?"

"I see you are coming to the same conclusion which I tried to impress upon Vernon," said Clayton; and he then briefly related the adventure, and the reason he had for believing Thorpe to have been the mover of the attack.

"It is as clear as sunlight," said Carlin. "You may rest assured that we have the end of the string, whether we ever get any more or not. Hugh has been rash enough to let Thorpe suspect the fact that he knew of his villany, and it has cost him his life."

"But," said Allen, "I do not see how he could have made the discovery, except at the moment of its commission; and if he saw it done, how could Thorpe be ignorant of it?"

"We may be very certain that a thing exists," said Carlin, "without being able to tell exactly how; and after all we must not lay too much stress upon our conjectures, probable as they are, for we are not able to prove them, and have arrived at them only through a course of reasoning, which it will be very difficult, with the restrictions of the law of evidence, to make any jury understand. The utmost we can expect is, to so array the evidence that they will doubt which of the two, Thorpe or Vernon, committed the act; and in that case we may possibly get an instruction from the Court, that they cannot convict, until the doubt is cleared up."

"But," said Clayton, "the object of our client is to show that there can be not even be a doubt of his innocence."

"True, true; but we may as well be candid, and tell him now, that no such good fortune is to be expected. If Manning were alive and here, we could speak somewhat differently; but I understand you to say that there is not even enough probability of his re-appearance upon which to found an affidavit for a continuance."

"Unfortunately, there can be no doubt of his death," said Vernon; and a

continuance is not what I want, unless I were certain of being able to establish my innocence at the end of the time."

"We have nearly two months, at any rate," said Carlin, "in which to prepare our defence. Something may turn up in the mean time, and if nothing should, we must fall back upon the hope I suggested a few minutes ago—trust to Providence and our own watchfulness. The only point of any strength we now have, is the testimony of Miss Talbot."

"I could wish not to call her if we can do without it," said Allen.

"Of course," said Clayton; "but we cannot do without it. We will, then, rigidly cross-examine the witnesses for the prosecution; and if we elicit nothing, I fear the case is a hopeless one. The lawyer's motto, however, is 'never despair,' and even at the last moment accident may enable us to come off with flying colours."

"Your conclusion, then," said Allen, "is simply to hope *contra spem*?"

"Exactly," replied the lawyer. "And now for another matter. Have you surrendered yourself yet?"

"Not yet," answered Allen, "for I did not know that I would be able to procure bail, and I wished to have a day's liberty to arrange my affairs."

"Well," said Carlin, "you will have that time, at all events; and when you are arrested, Mr. Clayton and I will see that you have sureties. We can do nothing more now," he continued, rising, "and to-morrow Clayton and I will take the matter over again."

He shook Allen's hand cordially again, bade him not despair, and took his leave, walking quietly down the street, and now and then smiling pleasantly at his own ingenuity in unravelling a difficult case—totally forgetting that in every conclusion to which he had come, he had been anticipated by his younger colleague. He was, after all, more of an advocate than counsellor, and it was in his subtle and forcible reasoning before a jury that his strength principally lay. No one could penetrate more ingeniously the disguises which iniquity wears, and no one could tear off the villain's mask with more effective oratory or more fervent conviction, while in his element before the panel. But in consultation, as the reader may have observed, he was apt to be diffuse and collateral—and here, as in all other places, his tendency to lecture was sometimes too strong for him. He was a good *talker* as well as an eloquent *speaker*—qualities seldom combined—and his conversation was often rich in thought and beautiful in imagery. But when his mind was not bent by the necessity of the moment to rigid argument, the very qualities, easy and fluent diction and a vivid imagination, which made him a fine conversationalist, suggested immaterial points; detracted from his value as a counsellor, by leading him to sink the lawyer in the pleasant companion. He had been retained at the suggestion of Clayton, for his powers as an advocate—and, to say the truth, not for any advantage he was expected to bring in the way of preparation. Clayton, though a much younger man, was immeasurably his superior in all that relates to the disposition for the fight; cool, deliberate, acute, and profound, he would long since have taken a far higher rank at the bar, but for two obstacles to his advancement—ill health, and a constitutional indolence, which led him to undervalue the results to be attained, in comparison with the effort necessary to secure them. He was also an able speaker, though in this his more showy colleague held an admitted pre-eminence. With either of them singly, the force would not have been complete; but with both of them every arm necessary to success was fully represented. For the great law which makes the division of labour in all things a necessity, obtains equally in the conflicts of mind. It is only when men mistake their vocation, and intermeddle with departments for which they are not fitted, that this great law of God's providence is defeated.

Clayton was, by nature, not more sanguine than his colleague, but his very cautiousness in this case made him hope better things than Carlin had dared to anticipate; and when he shook Vernon by the hand, and was left alone, it was with far better spirits, and with a far more sanguine expectation of success, than he had felt since the disappearance of Hugh Manning. He had, as every true lawyer has, some of Carlin's confidence in the efficacy of watching the course of events; but it was with far more sincerity that he bade Vernon never despair when he left him.

Allen had walked but a few steps from the office door, when he was suddenly stopped by Morris Thorpe, who cordially extended his hand. This Vernon did not deem it prudent to refuse; and he therefore met him, as nearly as he could, as if he had no reason to suspect him.

"You must have travelled slowly," said Thorpe. "I left Buena Vista more than a week after you, and yet arrived here on the same day."

"I had nothing to anticipate at home, so pleasant as to hasten me," said Allen.

"True," Thorpe replied. "That is an unfortunate affair, and I am almost as unfortunate in it as you are."

"How so?" asked Allen, with a start which did not escape Thorpe.

"I have been requested to accept a retainer for the prosecution," he said, "and by a man, too, whom it would embarrass me to refuse—Colonel Talbot. The State's Attorney has notified him that he will need assistance, and Talbot came accordingly to me."

"I cannot justly object to that," said Vernon. "You are a lawyer, and it is your duty to give your efforts to those who call for them."

"I am glad to find that you take that view," said Thorpe, with an air of relief; "for, otherwise I would have refused at all hazards. But, on reflection, I think it better for you that you should be assured of a fair trial, by having a friend on the other side. I assure you that you shall have nothing to complain of in my course; and that no one will more sincerely rejoice should you be able to establish your innocence. For my part, I have never doubted it."

"None who know me ever have doubted it, I believe," said Allen; "but whether I shall be able to make it appear, is another question."



"I sincerely hope you may," said Thorpe, with every appearance of candour.

Vernon expressed his thanks for the kind wish, and after several repetitions of the same substance, they parted—Vernon continuing down the street, and Thorpe resuming his walk with a sneering smile.

"Another question, indeed!" he muttered in his usual fashion, half-thinking, half-speaking. A few steps brought him to the court-house—one of those abominable, barn-looking piles of brick and mortar, which disgrace so many of our cities—and entering, he sought a door, over which was nailed a dingy tin sign, with the words, "SHERIFF'S OFFICE," in faded yellow paint.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Within the oyster's shell uncouth,  
The purest pearl may hide—  
Trust me, you'll find a heart of truth,  
Within that rough outside."—OSGODD.

THE room entered by Thorpe was of moderate dimensions, and very scantily furnished. A large stove stood in the middle of the floor, and under it seemed to have been swept the accumulated dirt of the whole preceding winter. It was cold, now, the warm weather rendering fire unnecessary; but a little tin pan, very red inside, and very black outside, stood on top half full of very dirty water. A long, rickety table, and two smaller ones, with, perhaps, a dozen crazy chairs, half of them without backs, well rounded at the corners, and notched on the sides by penknives, comprised the furniture of the office. Cobwebs, bending towards the floors with loads of dust, ornamented the ceiling and corners, and the windows looked as if divorced, *à vinculo*, from everything moist.

At one of the smaller tables, whose drab fustian cover was well dabbled with ink, and split into ribbons by the aforesaid penknives, sat a short, heavy-made man, with fierce black whiskers, and a very dark complexion. With a pair of grappling-iron hands, he was arranging a large number of summonses, subpoenas, cost-bills, and executions, spelling over their titles, and laying each in its place. He turned as Thorpe entered, and springing up grasped his extended hand, with a gripe like a vice.

"Glad to see you back, sir—glad to see you back!" he exclaimed, in a harsh, grating voice, which always reminded Thorpe of manacles. "When did you return?"

"Only yesterday, Gillam," said the colonel, in his softest accents; "I hope you have been well."

"Never was better in my life, sir," answered the sheriff. "How does campaigning agree with you?"

"Admirably," the colonel replied; "so much so that I was sorry to be recalled."

"Wouldn't have come, sir," said the sheriff. "What induced you to give it up—fought battles enough?"

"Not that exactly," said Thorpe, "but my business was suffering from my absence. And that reminds me—have you not a warrant in your hands for the apprehension of one Allen Vernon?"

"Yes," said Gillam, "for forgery—has he returned, too?"

"I met him in the street but a few moments ago; and it occurred to me, that, perhaps, you were not aware of his return."

"I was not, sir; glad you told me; I'll have him forthwith," said the officer. "But what has induced him to come back?"

"I apprehend that he did not know the forgery had been detected, and perhaps thought of lifting the note," said the colonel.

"Had case," mused the sheriff, "very bad—I'm sorry for him, and for his old fool of a father too. But it can't be helped now. Better luck, or better sense, next time."

"It is a hard case," said Thorpe; "but your duty and mine have brought us in contact with very many hard cases. In this instance we must obey it, as usual. I am retained for the prosecution, and I advise you to arrest him as soon as possible."

"I'll do that, of course," said the officer duly; and having accomplished the object for which he came, Thorpe took his leave.

"Humph," said Gillam, as he closed the door. "What the devil could induce him to come home, expressly to prosecute this young Vernon? I wonder? A friend of his, too, they say. I wonder if there can be any truth in this story about old Talbot's daughter interesting herself for Vernon; and I wonder whether the colonel wouldn't like to convict a rival like him! Whew!" And the officer whistled a deep long note of peculiar meaning. He then shook his head several times doubtfully.

"Some foul play there, certainly," he said. "However, the sly rascal was right about my duty—I must hunt him up and arrest him."

He hastily bundled up his papers, and putting them into a large pocket-book, left the office.

In the meantime Allen held on his way down the street, for several squares, until coming opposite to a house with the name of "Uriah Manning" above the door, he crossed over and entered. The front room—the same in which he had first met Hugh—was no longer used as a shop. Neither the noise of hammer nor of saw broke the stillness of the place. A few boards were piled against one of the walls, and—mute witness of Uriah's thrift—a heap of scraps and shavings occupied one corner. A chest, probably containing Hugh's tools, sat at the lower end, near the open door of the counting-room; and within this could be discerned the thrifty money-lender, poring over a paper looking marvellously like a mortgage deed. The same old-fashioned strong box stood in its

ancient place, and the same solitary chair, now becoming rickety with age, bore the burden of its owner's body. The old man did not look up, and as Vernon approached him, he thought that, could memory be sunk, one might believe that not five minutes had passed since the unlucky day when he had deposited his note and received the money. He approached within a few feet before his presence was heeded; but when the old man looked up, he gave a start which at once dissipated every appearance of abstraction.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you back!" As he spoke he somewhat hastily turned the key of the safe, and deposited it in his pocket.

"My return seems to surprise as well as alarm you," said Allen quietly.

"Surprise me," said the money-lender, shifting his position from the chair to the safe, and gazing at him as if the emotion had deprived him of further speech.

"Yes, and alarm you," Allen repeated, smiling at his appearance.

"It will surprise more people than me," said he at last, as if recovered from a sort of dream.

"You did not expect me, then?" Vernon asked.

"Never expected to see you again in the world!" he said, pushing the chair towards him, but not inviting him to sit.

"You believe me guilty of the charge made against me?" said Allen taking the chair so ungraciously offered.

"Believed you guilty!" exclaimed Uriah. "Believed, indeed!" And he gave a kind of chuckle, as if he had detected some one in a simplicity, which with him was equal to a dishonesty.

"I am not here to argue that question, Mr. Manning," said Vernon, feeling his choler rising, and unwilling further to bandy words with one who hesitated so little to wound his feelings. "I am the bearer of some tidings from your son, which I thought it my duty to deliver to you in person."

"Hugh!" said the money-lender, with an appearance of interest; "Hugh? What of him? When is he coming home?"

"Not soon, I fear," said Allen, "indeed, never!"

"What!" shouted the old man, with a bound which brought him within a foot of Allen. "Is he dead?"

"I fear I must say yes," answered Vernon.

The old man placed his hands upon his bent knees, and stooping, gazed with a deprecating smile of unutterable mournfulness in Allen's face.

"Don't tell me any lie, now," he whispered coaxingly. "Don't wring a poor old man's heart because he has to prosecute you; come, now, don't say so. Think of it—do think of it again, and see how cruel it would be. I didn't press the accusation against you, indeed I didn't; it was old Talbot, indeed it was. Come, now, tell me Hugh is not dead!" In his earnestness he placed one hand on Allen's shoulder caressingly, and Allen could feel it trembling like an aspen leaf. He did not wink, either, and his eyes dilated and fixed their gaze upon Allen's face, with almost frenzied intensity.

"I ought to have been more cautious," said Allen, "but it is unfortunately too true."

The old man slowly withdrew his hand, and his eyes drooped to the floor. He sank back feebly upon the safe, and his hands hung helplessly by his sides.

"Dead!" he murmured; "and there goes the hope of twenty years! Twenty years! and such years!"

He rose painfully, as if the strength that had sustained him through all those weary years had been destroyed at one blow, and walked with tottering steps to and fro across the room. Allen rose to assist him; but he shook his head and continued his walk. Minute after minute went by, and still he never looked up. Indeed, he seemed entirely to have forgotten that he was not alone; and muttering to himself words broken and disjointed, he seemed utterly unconscious of everything around him. He was reviewing those years—"such years!"—counting his gains only as losses, eating the fruit which, like the apple of Sodom, had turned to ashes. The son for whom he had pinched and hoarded—for whom he had ground the needy and forgotten the poor—for whom he had lived meanly and worked hard—for whose benefit he had neglected every duty, and accumulated thousands upon thousands—that son was taken from him, and his wealth was no longer of value! To have been deprived of his hoard, stripped naked, and turned shelterless upon the world's charity, it seemed to him now, would have been a merciful sentence, could his son have been spared him. To be the possessor of thousands with no object for whom to save them, was bitter beyond conception. He was a miser without doubt; but in him, as unfortunately in many, the very best traits had only watered and nourished and strengthened the worst. He loved his son, and from this genial but perverted soil, had grown and flourished the very darkest of his passions. But the punishment had come; and in the agony of that moment, God may have concentrated a punishment equal to his sins.

Vernon had no consolation to offer—he felt that none he could give could heal the wounded spirit. The old man was stricken beyond human art; and though he had not spoken of the business for which in part he came, he turned from the room and left the mourner alone in his grief.

As he stepped out of the front door, a short man, with black whiskers, accosted him with the question whether his name was Vernon?

"That is my name, sir," said Allen, simply.

"Then, I am sorry to say I have a warrant for you," said Gillam, the sheriff, producing the paper and handing it to Allen.

"It is not unexpected," said the latter, returning it. "Will you be good enough to walk with me to Mr. Clayton's office?"

"Certainly," said the officer, "if you want me to do so; but if you will come with your sureties to my office at three o'clock, I will go back and not trouble you with my presence."

"Thank you!" Allen exclaimed, "a thousand times! I will either bring you sureties or come myself alone."

"That will do, sir," said the officer. "And now I have another word or two to say. Can't say that I can suggest anything about your case, that Clayton will not see when he hears the evidence. But I heard what was sworn before the Grand Jury, which he did not, and I hope I can put you upon the track of a defence."

"It is not possible for man to do me a greater favour," said Allen, "and nothing could command gratitude so warm."

"No favour at all," said Gillam, waving his hand. "I am an officer of justice, sir; it is part of my duty to see justice administered; and allow me to say, sir, that I believe it would not be done if you were unable to establish your innocence: I believe there has been foul play, sir!"

"There has, indeed," said Allen.

"Well," continued Gillam, "I'll not detain you longer than five minutes. As I said before, I know precisely what was sworn before the Grand Jury, and Clayton does not. Colonel Talbot swore that you asked him to go upon your paper, and showed him this identical note—that he did not know whether his business would allow it, and took the matter under advisement to ascertain—that on the following morning, finding he could not do it, and being called away from home, he went to your house, and not finding you at home, left this note with a few lines, explaining the reason why he could not sign it, and requesting Hugh Manning, who was there, to give it to you when you should return."

"Precisely," said Allen, "and when I did return Hugh was there yet, and he pointed out the note already signed, saying that it had been left there by Colonel Talbot."

"Yes," resumed the officer; "and Uriah Manning swore that you came into his office, when you got the money, with his son Hugh, who had been at your house doing some work."

"That is true, also," said Allen.

"Well," said Gillam, "if the note was *not* signed when it was left there, and *was* signed when you returned, and Hugh was there all the time, the conclusion is that *he* signed it. No jury on earth would believe anything else."

"That is impossible," said Allen: "I would not, could not, believe it, even if I had no reason, other than my knowledge of Hugh's character, to believe the contrary."

"I don't know Hugh," said Gillam; "I am only arguing the case upon the evidence. But if he did not do it himself, I have no doubt he could explain how it was done."

"That may be," said Allen, "if we could produce him; but he is past giving evidence in human courts now."

"How is that—is he dead?"

"He is," said Allen, "and this is the only thing that embarrasses me."

"That is unlucky!" said the sheriff. "But do you know whether he was on terms of intimacy with Colonel Thorpe before his death?"

"He was not," said Vernon; "why do you ask?"

"Because," answered Gillam, "Thorpe came to me but an hour ago, and directed me to arrest you immediately—telling me that his return was owing entirely to his business. Now I happen to know that his business was not suffering at all; and I am certain that his only object in returning was to prosecute you."

"Why should he wish to prosecute me?" asked Allen.

"If you know of no reason, I know of none," said Gillam smiling.

"Well, well," said Allen, "I am much obliged to you for your good opinion—though you are mistaken as to Hugh."

"Not at all obliged," said the officer, drawing out his watch. "I must go back to the office—you will be there at three?"

"Punctually," answered Allen; and turned away.

"If you cannot easily get bail," said the officer, recalling him, "you can command anything I can do for you—I may be able to find a friend for you, though my recognizance would not be taken."

"I am a thousand times obliged," said Allen; "but I think I will have no difficulty. Mr. Carlin told me he would procure sureties."

"Moses Carlin?" said Gillam. "Have you employed him?"

"He was retained for me by Mr. Clayton," said Allen.

"Then you are safe enough," said the officer; "for if those two cannot smoke this villain out, it is hidden deeper than villainy ever was before. But, still, Thorpe is singly a match for either—and if he had the right side, for both; and I know he will leave no stone unturned."

"I suppose not," Allen replied; "though why he should be so virulent against me, I am at a loss to conjecture."

"You don't know him," said Gillam. "He never forgives an injury, and never pardons any one for being in his way."

"I have never injured him," said Allen.

"No; but you are in his way, and he is determined to be rid of you. But I must go back to the office. Here is the key," he continued hastily, "of your house that old Manning attached. I suppose since you have returned he will not press the attachment; and, at all events, you shall have the possession if you wish it."

"There is nothing I desire more, except the means of establishing my innocence; but if your kindness is to bring you into any risk of censure or loss, I could not honourably receive it."

"No risk at all," said Gillam, under whose rough exterior there was a heart as soft as a child's; "and if there were, why, d—n it! you are an innocent man, and you shall have your property!"

Allen warmly thanked him; but, in the midst of his protestations, the officer turned abruptly on his heel, and hurried away down the street, as if in pursuit of a whole bevy of housebreakers. Vernon gazed after him a

moment, and then turned away, convinced that however true the novel portraits of the officers of the law may be in general, sometimes, at least, a human heart can be found even among them. As Gillam disappeared among the crowd, Allen hurried away once more to his own home.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"As tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man."—SHAKESPEARE.

AN artist has to contend with two fundamental difficulties, which are inter-reactive. The difference and vitiated taste of those upon whom he depends for encouragement, and the lassitude and despair which these produce. It seems to be a condition of genius that it shall be acutely alive to what others think and say; and thus, as prophecies are often the means of their own fulfilment, every slighting word or deprecating judgment contributes to produce its own justification. Sensitive men are only so because they lack self-confidence; and they are very apt to believe in the unfavourable judgments of others. And even if they do not thus believe—if, as is sometimes the case, they have a sublime consciousness that they were made for noble purposes, how often does their sensitiveness produce disgust and neglect of their art! It would be a curious and instructive book, in which should be faithfully set down the mental history of a neglected man of genius.

Another condition of genius—almost as universal as its sensitiveness—is *poverty*; and, to aggravate the misfortune, *pride* generally accompanies it. Even in the learned professions, the struggles for subsistence of one who wishes to rise, are bitter enough—often resulting in the resort to questionable expedients, and the formation of habits which retard, if they do not degrade. Pride—the petty ambition of having a son at the bar, or in another profession—accompanied by poverty too pinching to enable the candidate to await the slow returns of his employment—has ruined more fine minds, and degraded more high moral organizations, than any other cause, excepting only intemperance. But if it be so in those walks of life in which the returns are comparatively rapid, how much more destructive must it be in the pursuit of excellence in art! The leading necessity of genius is calmness—freedom from every disturbing care—in order that its inborn majesty may "erect itself in silence and composure." But how can this be, while it is engaged in a daily harrowing struggle for bread, while every noble conception must be toned down to suit the taste of those who buy, while the slowly maturing image is broken into fragments by the constant recurrence of petty, sordid cares, and the time, for which the imagination thirsts, to form or body forth its teeming fancies, is consumed in a mean inquiry what shall I eat, and wherewithal shall I be clothed? God has thought proper so to order the good things of this life, that the very qualities which fit a man for getting money, unfit him for appreciating art; so that he who has the means of gladdening the heart of the artist, by giving him an adequate return for his labour, and thus enabling him to pursue his art, has not the soul to appreciate what, in the artist or his works, is really admirable. If he will waste his time and bury his talents, in painting a senseless portrait of a face without expression, he shall have money—though even this he cannot command, until, by having acquired a name, he has placed himself above the want. If portraits be not required, and Dives have sense or taste enough to know that aught else can be desirable, the chances are a thousand to one that he will want the artist to paint his fancies and not his own—to illustrate history and poetry in his way, and to paint in all things as his taste requires. And if there be any situation under heaven, altogether beyond human endurance, it is to want, and yet be unable to compass the means of livelihood, except by prostituting talents, given for noble purposes, to the vulgar fancies and opinions of another! How many luckless sons of poverty and genius have been thus beleaguered by their enemies, none can now imagine; and how long the fight against the ills of life is yet to last, let us not have the temerity to conjecture.

We have seen, in the beginning of our story, that Allen Vernon was one of the unfortunate; and few had ever drunk deeper of this bitter cup than he. For, added to the grinding and ever-recurring necessity of effort for bread, was the never absent recollection of the fancies in which he had indulged in earlier life—fancies which it would have been far better for him never to have had—which now only made him miserable by their recollection. We cannot say that he was a genius of the first order; the causes which combined to check and cripple him, may, for aught we know, have ruined an artist greater than Michael Angelo; or by the energy which they brought out, may have developed the only valuable talent he had. And it is precisely because of this uncertainty, produced by causes such as we have indicated, that we lament the condition of genius.

We have seen how Allen bent the powers of his mind to the exigencies of his new position; we have seen him painting portraits, that last resort of the needy artist, surrounded by all the aggravations of his pitiable condition. We have seen him, also, once giving a loose rein to his imagination, painting, from his own conception, a picture which was to have a greater influence upon his fortunes than all the others of his works. But this was not the only occasion upon which he had allowed his pencil to stray away from the path prescribed by his necessities. He had painted many pictures from his memory, and many more from fancy. But these he had preserved from profane eyes; and when he went upon his eventful expedition to the seat of war, he had left them, as we have seen, where no eye would look upon them. Some of them were left unfinished; and to these his imagination had wandered while far away; many of them he had already completed in his meditations, and he longed again to be at work upon his easel. When, therefore, he received the key of his house from Gillam, he hastened away with a beating heart, once more to look, like the miser, upon his treasures.

He entered the house with feelings which few can understand, and having locked himself securely in, proceeded to open the closet where all his pictures were deposited. One by one he took them out, pausing upon each, filled with the recollections it called up. First came a gorgeous Sunrise among the mountains—where, just peeping through a grove of stately pines upon the summit of a cragged ridge, the sun, round, red, and shorn of his glaring beams by the filmy haze, was beginning to look over into a secluded valley; and, shining like jewels in the morning light, the dewdrops hung upon the leaves and glittered on the grass. On the mountain-side the flocks of sheep were grazing listlessly, and watching them, a sunny-faced boy, with his dog reclined beside him, sat on the sward, caressing with one hand his beautiful companion. Far down in the valley, embowered among the foliage and wearing a garment of green vines, lay a lovely cottage; and before the door stood a matron, upon whose minutely-painted countenance sat peace and love. A little stream meandered through the vale, and, growing less and less in the hazy distance, at last vanished among the green hills.

This picture had been painted from imagination—not a single feature had been copied. And yet he paused and meditated over it, as if it were a painting of his boyhood's home. Why he did so, at first he knew not; for, though a piece on which he had spent many, many hours, it had never before presented any point of interest above many others. At last, however, he remembered; for in it there was a strong resemblance to the valley which he and Clayton had visited in search of Hugh. He had painted (not copied) from nature, and accident had led him to a scene where all the features of his fancy were thrown together.

"Can it be," he thought, "that nature and our powers are commensurate—that all the combinations we are capable of making may be found somewhere in the world, precisely as we have painted them?"

His conjecture may not have been far wrong. At least, it is certain that so long as truth is not violated in a picture, precisely such a combination is possible, and may actually exist. The artist may never see the scene; and yet, in the most gorgeous of his fancies, he may, unconsciously, be only transferring to the canvass an actual landscape. And would not such an occurrence be evidence beyond a cavil of the painter's genius? But of this Allen never thought; his mind was too full of memories and cares to leave him even this moment for reflection. He set the picture down with a sigh, in which came back his griefs and fears. Even among the shadows of his mind, freedom from care was not allowed him.

He took all the pictures out, and ranged them round the walls. The light was by this time growing dim, and he went out to open a blind, and let the waning sunlight in. At the door he was met by a stout gentleman in black, with a silver-headed cane and white cravat. He approached with a stately, solemn tread, as if about to announce a sentence of death; and on his countenance sat an expression as of the grave. A beholder could not have hesitated to pronounce him an undertaker, a doctor, or some other purveyor to the tomb; and it was to the latter class that he belonged. Doctor Gordon, notwithstanding the very suspicious solemnity of his bearing, was really a benevolent man and an able physician. And though no man paid more especial attention to the pecuniary branch of his profession where fees were to be collected, no man was more willing to relinquish his claims where a rigid adherence to them was likely to produce distress. A little quackery is as inseparable from the practice of medicine, as a little pedantry is from the profession of a pedagogue. Every physician must use a little claptrap, or lose his practice among those who are most able to pay him for his services; and Doctor Gordon, being a successful practitioner, was, of course, not without this essential accomplishment of his calling. He had been summoned to the bedside of Allen's father a few weeks before his return, when attacked by what the doctor pronounced a fever brought on by an ill-regulated temper. By his assiduous and judicious treatment, the old man had rallied a little, and, when Allen returned, was again upon his feet. The day after Allen's return he had been prostrated again, though it was supposed only temporarily; and the doctor was again called in.

"You have recovered possession, I see," said Gordon, as Allen stepped forward to meet him.

"Yes," replied the latter; "and I hope to be established here, in the old way, once more, as soon as my father is well enough to be removed."

"That will be but a short time," said the doctor, solemnly.

"I hope so, indeed," said Allen; "for I am anxious—"

"You misapprehend me," interrupted the doctor. "Your father will never be removed except to the grave."

Allen started, as if a gun had been fired at his ear.

"What!" he exclaimed; "is he worse?"

"Not much worse than he was this morning," said Gordon; "but it is quite plain that he can never recover."

Allen was too much surprised and grieved to speak. He had not for a moment contemplated the possibility of his father's death.

"You had, perhaps, better go to him," said the doctor.

"I ought not to be away a moment," Allen replied; and hastily locking the door again, he hurried away.

"And they accuse this young man of forgery," said the doctor, musing; "but for once, I do not believe it."

(To be continued.)

An American writer says:—"We are born in a hurry; we are educated with speed, we make a fortune with a wave of a wand, and lose it in like manner, to re-make and re-lose it in the twinkling of an eye. Our body is a locomotive, travelling at ten leagues an hour; our spirit is a high pressure engine, our life resembles a shooting-star, and death surprises us like an electric stroke."



WILLIAM C. MACREADY, ESQ.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY was born in London, in the parish of St. Pancras, March 3, 1793, and in his seventeenth year, while looking forward to speedy matriculation at Oxford, his father's affairs became deeply embarrassed. This fact brought him, in June, 1810, to make his first appearance on the boards in the character of *Romeo*, at the Birmingham Theatre. He was at once recognized as a provincial "star." Success attended his exertions, and till Christmas, 1814, he remained with his father's company as principal actor and stage director; performing with great applause at Birmingham, Sheffield, Chester, and Newcastle. The two following years saw him at Bath, Dublin, and Glasgow, with a widening and rising reputation, which ensured him a metropolitan engagement. On the 16th September, 1816, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, as *Orestes*, in the "Distressed Mother." This performance fixed him at once in the foremost rank of his profession. It was the commencement of a series of successes. It was also the commencement of a series of struggles and difficulties.

Macready's first season at Covent Garden Theatre was John Kemble's last season. The veteran favourite was running through his whole range of characters, previous to his retirement. Miss O'Neil was in the zenith of her fame. Kean was thundering and electrifying at the other house. And Young was firm in his stately position. The town had other topics for its talk, more attractive than the new aspirant. If we may judge by its later characteristics, Macready's style of acting was nearly as new as his person to the boards. In those days, Shakspeare—and all tragic actors are tested by Shakspeare—was the monopoly of the two patent theatres. There was no open arena for competition. And to render the system still more exclusive, almost every prominent dramatic character was claimed as a sort of private property by some established performer.

"Within that circle none durst walk but he."

A club called "The Wolves" threatened any intruder on Kean's domain with the force and fury of organized opposition. Under this combination of influences, Mr. Macready was for a long period either restrained from, or not appreciated in, those Shakspearean representations in which he appeared. He became the hero of what (as distinguished from our own great classic, himself romantic,) may be termed the romantic drama. In this sphere, but in this principally, his power was acknowledged. He was pronounced great in *Gambin*, and won renown in *Rob Roy*. That is to say, he made character where he did not find it; filled up with vitality and expression the imperfect outline; and could "create a soul beneath the ribs of death." At length the *Virginius* of Sheridan Knowles afforded him chance for justice. In it, he took the heart of the public by storm. The play itself was the revival of a purer dramatic taste, and there could be no question that the power manifested by the actor was of the highest order.

For the sake of the theatrical art, it might be well that the difficulties of such a career, the petty jealousies, the base intrigues, the popular prejudices, and the literary censorship which often panders to them, besides having its own purposes, caprices, and corruptions, should be fully detailed: they would serve for the warning and guidance of future aspirants. Within the limits of this notice, we must jump gradations; say nothing of new characters, chiefly Shakspearean, from year to year; of a triumphant visit to America, in 1826, and an enthusiastic reception at Paris in 1828, where he



was pronounced second only to Talma, after Young, C. Kemble, and Kean had been coldly regarded; and view him in 1835-6, the one great actor of the British stage, by universal acclamation.

In October, 1837, Mr. Macready commenced his arduous and glorious career as manager of *Covent Garden Theatre*. His task was indeed arduous. He had everything to do, and Mr. Macready is the only manager in our time who brought the drama before public view with anything approaching to completeness. System, science, and poetry were the characteristics of his management.

In all that belongs to the *mise en scene*, Mr. Macready never forgot that his function was to *illustrate*. No splendid or striking effects induced him to depart from this duty. The gorgeousness of many revivals occasioned an imputation of overlaying Shakspeare with theatrical splendour. The critics disregarded the fact that some of these dramas, "King Lear," for instance, had never been so simply presented, so divested of "barbaric pearl and gold." Nor did "As You Like It," *haunt with spangles*. It was redolent of the green wood. Sylvan glades and the song of birds, and grotesque trunks of trees harmonized with the life of idle forestry, and realised the vision of the poet, dreaming of the remote rustic sojourn of princely courtesy. A hundred minute instances of arrangement introduced by Mr. Macready, and some happily become permanent on the stage, might be enumerated, from memory, which show his unwavering fidelity to the work of illustration, as well as his consummate skill in its details.

He also in many instances restored the text of our great dramatist. The two most extensive and remarkable of these restorations were those accomplished in the "Tempest," and "King Lear," and an unprecedented season of numerous and appreciating audiences was the public response to the appeal thus made at Covent Garden Theatre.

It has often been said that Mr. Macready's management failed, and proved the decline of a taste for the Shakspearean drama, but the fact had and again at Drury-lane afterwards), to struggle with an enormous outlay, rendered necessary by the forlorn condition in which he found the scenery and properties of both houses, and by the costliness of his own efforts; with an almost total neglect on the part of the aristocratic and fashionable world; and with proprietary arrangements, or disarrangements, which yielded no security for an expenditure that could only have repaid itself in a series of years, and the immediate profits of which were liable to be preyed upon by undefined and encroaching claims. Yet, notwithstanding these serious drawbacks, so far as the public was concerned, the *career* was complete.

Mr. Macready took leave of Covent Garden Theatre, at the end of his second season. A grand public entertainment, H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair, was soon afterwards given him at Fecussons' Hall. His reception was most enthusiastic. A subscription was commenced for presenting him with some appropriate memorial. The result was a felicitous design, chaste executed in silver, of the actor studying a drama for illustration; the Arts and Muses are grouped around to render him their aid; bas-reliefs of celebrated scenes surround the base, and the form of Shakspeare crowns the summit. The most illustrious names of which our country can boast were in the list of contributors; and, as if to render more noticeable the absence of aristocratic patronage during the season of struggle, as one royal duke had presided at the commencement of the subscription, another, the Duke of Cambridge, presided at the presentation.

After a twelve-month's engagement at the Haymarket, where the public became more familiar with the qualities of his acting, Mr. Macready undertook the management of Drury-lane Theatre, where he continued till June, 1843.

This second management was, in spirit, a prolongation of the first. The same Shakspearean splendour where splendour is required, the same reversion to the genuine text, and careful regard for the poetical idea of each drama, in its illustration; the same harmonised combination of costume and scenery; and of the individual talent of each member of the well-organised company; the same abundant success, in public enthusiasm, and the same abrupt termination from causes wholly extrinsic to the national drama, but inseparably connected with the condition, as to property, of the two large theatres.

At the close of his second season at Drury-lane, in June, 1843, Mr. Macready retired from the management. Up to this period, the two great theatres possessed a legal monopoly of the legitimate drama. This privilege implied a corresponding obligation, of which both had shown themselves utterly regardless. Other interests than those of the national drama had a paramount influence. Legally proscribed at the minor theatres, it was practically banished from the established theatres. In Mr. Macready's farewell speech, he animadverted with just severity on the sinister influence of the monopoly; which had been the real cause of blighting the prospects of the drama by the premature termination both of this and of his former management. The public heartily responded. A petition from Mr. Macready, in which the mischievousness of the system was more elaborately exposed, and its injurious bearing shown on the profession of an actor, and on the interests of society, was soon after presented to the Legislature. The result was, that before the close of the session, a new "Act for regulating Theatres" was passed, which may be regarded as a dramatic charter. It authorises the Lord-chamberlain, in the metropolis and wherever her Majesty may reside, and justices of the peace in other cities or towns, to grant licenses to the theatres; and throws open the whole range of the drama to theatres so licensed. Under this Act an immense improvement has taken place in the provision for public amusement. Several of the saloons and music-rooms in the suburbs have become regular theatres; and Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner commenced the honourable and successful enterprise of domesticating Shakspeare at Sadler's Wells.

In the autumn of 1843, Mr. Macready sailed for the United States.

During the ensuing twelve months, he performed at all the principal theatres in the Union, and also made a short visit into Canada. American enthusiasm for illustrious English visitors might be presumed to have undergone some chill about this time, when the "American Notes" had just been succeeded by "Martin Chuzzlewit." No symptom of the kind, however, anywhere attended the appearance of Mr. Macready.

Rapid was the transition and great must have been the contrast of the visit to Paris which promptly followed. A small but efficient corps, with Miss H. Faucit for the heroine, was formed by Mr. Mitchell for this enterprise, of English theatricals in Paris. The triumph of the experiment was attested by a succession of large, attentive, and applauding audiences. On the conclusion of the season, there was a special performance before the court in the private theatre of the Tuilleries. "Hamlet" was selected, by the royal command, and the present of a richly jewelled Oriental dagger evinced the gratification of the French monarch.

Mr. Macready's first appearance in London, after his retirement from Drury-lane Theatre, was in the interval between the visit to America and that to France. On this occasion the *Times* remarked:—"That whatever his opponents might say, it was an indisputable fact, that whenever Mr. Macready was absent, the poetic drama languished in the shade, and was called into immediate life when he returned to breathe a spirit over it."

Mr. Macready again visited the United States; where his enthusiastic reception excited the jealousy of Mr. Forrest, an American tragedian, who had been well received in this country; and a riot at New York was the consequence. In this unfortunate affair eight individuals lost their lives.

Subsequently to Mr. Macready's return from the United States, he made a professional tour through the provinces; and we need scarcely say was enthusiastically received everywhere. It was in this interval that Mr. Macready applied to the authorities of one of the universities for the use of their large hall, in order to give a reading, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the completion of the purchase-money of the house of our national bard. The application was rejected by the little great men with whom it rested to decide.

Mr. Macready having entered into an engagement with the management of the Haymarket for a limited number of final performances in each of his principal and favourite characters, it was there he repeated all those high-act personations upon which his fame has been built; and there he virtually closed as *King Lear*—he whom all men pity less as a king than as a father—his long and triumphant theatrical career of five-and-thirty years.

In reference to the acting of Mr. Macready, amongst many of the lovers of the histrionic art, there is but one opinion, and that is—excellence. It is not, therefore, our wish to institute any comparisons between him and other professors who have figured in the same line of characters as he has adopted. As tragedy is the noblest, so is it the most difficult walk in his profession, and Mr. Macready has, particularly in the tragic heroes of the plays of James Sheridan Knowles, evinced the possession of the highest powers of conception. In those Shakspearean representations, however, which require the development of strong natural passion and pathos, we never thought him happy. The artificiality of his school carries too much of the cool deliberation of elaborate study, both in action and delivery, to meet the requirements of those vivid, picturesque, and towering outbreaks of natural disposition which mark the tragic embodiments of Shakspeare. All who remember the elder Kean, and have seen Mr. Macready in the same characters, will agree with us in this—that the one seemed to act from natural impulse, and the other from artificial study; that the conceptions of the one were marked by the intuitive creative properties of original genius, and those of the other by no originality in the conception whatever, but by great elegance in the reading, and great force in the declamation. The inequalities of Kean's acting was his principal charm, and the evenness of Macready's is his. In the representation of real dignity Kean was inferior to Macready, whose perfection lies in the equanimity with which he can throughout sustain a character, when severely tried by the blows of adversity. Therefore, when he exhibits mental repose, when encompassed by a war of jarring elements, he is always great, and reminds us of one of those marble columns of classic antiquity, which, amidst the storms of all time still preserves its beauty, its grandeur, and its proportions.

**VENTRILLOQUISM.**—The real nature of ventriloquism is so little understood by the persons who write the "humorous sketches" of the day, that the most ludicrous blunders are made by them, and their readers are led into egregious errors in regard to the true philosophy of sounds produced by ventriloquists. We frequently read an account of scenes in which Signor Blitz, or some other professor of magic, has, while travelling *incog.*, thrown parties into great disorder by causing his voice to be heard in various directions, appearing to come from the lips of various persons of the company. This is simply ridiculous, when we consider that all the ventriloquist can do is to produce articulate sounds in his throat, and the appearance of distance is produced by making the sounds lower in the throat, and softer in their tone. The ventriloquist must be at some distance from his audience, and must have some aid from their imaginations, in order to produce the desired effect upon their minds. He directs their attention to a box, or window, or the floor of the stage, and, as the imaginary "Jack" recedes into the cellar, he forms the replies supposed to come from "Jack" lower and lower in his throat, as "Jack" vanishes in the distance. When you occupy the middle of a room, a ventriloquist standing at one side of the room cannot "throw his voice" over your head, and make it appear to come from the side opposite to himself, even by the help of your own imagination. He will never attempt such a feat as that, and those who write or read on the subject should keep this fact in view in order to maintain consistency and probability in the matter.

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### SUCCESS IN LIFE.

If you would be successful in life, live for some definite object. This is one of the most important elements of success. If you will read the biographies of our most successful men, you will find that the single object, in the attainment of which they became distinguished, was fixed in their minds at an early age, as the great object of life. They may have been wild and unpromising in their first years, but something happened in their history that changed the entire current of their life.

Not only should our object of life be definite, but it should become our ruling passion to gain it. It should awaken every emotion in your soul. It should fire you with a zeal that will not let you rest or sleep merely for comfort, for, with right notions, your comfort is not there, but at the end of your journey. Everything else should be forgotten. We do not here speak of the motives by which you should be governed, our object being simply to point out what is requisite to success.

Another element of success is decision of character. When your object of life is chosen, let it be the fixed purpose of your soul to gain it; otherwise you will be turned aside by every trivial circumstance. Let what will be your object in life, there will be obstacles and difficulties to be overcome at every step. No man ever has, or ever will, succeed in life without severe struggles. His life must be a battle. If we find nothing to fight it is because we are diones; if we do not gain the victory it is for want of bravery.

Suppose, after the plans of life are laid, and you have entered upon its business, you are easily induced to attend places of amusement, to spend your money for that which is of no profit, or to engage in every fancy speculation that is presented, is it not evident that you would squander what you might have in your possession, and form habits of idleness and dissipation, that would result in your ruin?

Is it not true that we need a "single eye" to succeed in its temporal affairs, as truly as in our spiritual life? When our object of life is chosen, we should see nothing but that, or, at least, we should never suffer ourselves to engage in anything contrary to its nature.

There is something noble in a decided character. Especially is this trait exhibited when the community is rocking under some great excitement. Amid such scenes he holds himself still and true to the great object of his life. He acts with deliberation; hence he moves, when he moves at all, with great strength. He never turns from his course, but trims his sails to the wind. In this way everything favours him, for by his own strength he has made everything his servant.

He can be trusted, for all know where to find him. His advice is asked and followed, simply because he is ever firm and even in his life. He exhibits the same nobleness in his struggles against difficulties. He cannot be discouraged or disheartened. If his property is burned up, his business is suspended but a few days. Wherever he is known he has credit.

Few men know their full strength until it is called out. All of us are strong enough, were our strength properly expended, to place us in the front rank of heroes. But most men lack courage and faith. Be not afraid. There is no obstacle but you may overcome, if you will not suffer it to overcome you. What has been done can be done again.

If you will consult the history of our best and most successful business men, who are now reaping the fruit of their labours, you will read of their early struggles and sleepless nights. You will also find that they neither wavered nor staggered in any situation. Their faith sustained them! If they

ran behind this year, they laboured the harder to succeed the next. They did not change their business. They plunged into the rushing current, having staked their all in a single labour of life. For that they lived.

Whatever be your calling in life, maintain a strict integrity. Never swerve from the right and the true. Let your simple word be as sacredly binding as your bond. Fulfil every engagement, however trifling. Do as you agree. Be punctual to a moment. Remember when you promise to meet your friend at a certain place at eight o'clock, you have no right to wait one moment past the time. Be on the ground when the bell strikes.

School yourself in these little things; if you would be punctual in paying a bank-note, or in meeting more important engagements in after life. Be fair and honourable in your trade. Let every man know where to find you. You need have no fears of being unknown, and your good actions unacknowledged and unappreciated, for a noble life cannot long remain concealed.

While you may be in the employment of others, if trusts are committed to you, keep them as you would your life. In this way you will form a character that is invaluable, and make yourself a name that will stand for integrity and honour so far as you are known. Never stoop to any low artifice or dishonourable means for obtaining the various wants of life. Walk with your head up, through the world. Fear no one, flatter no one, nor court any man's favour. All this may be experienced by strict integrity of heart and purpose. When you are proved, you will be loved and respected.

Self-denial will be required of those who are successful in life. We mean by self-denial, giving up what we have the right to enjoy for the sake of obtaining some higher good. Here is a young man just commencing life, penniless and without friends. His business affords him but a meagre support. He is proud and ambitious. He loves social intercourse, and would be glad to mingle with his young friends, but he finds it impossible to keep up with them in external appearance.

His coat is soiled, and his hat out of the fashion. He knows that men are usually rated according to their appearance, not by their true worth; hence, as he cannot associate with them as an equal, he abandons their society. Now comes the temptation. What shall be done? Shall he spend his whole income for dress, or live alone, waiting his turn, or seek association with those beneath his level? Here is the rock on which thousands have been shipwrecked.

If he spends all his earnings and spare time with his fellows in scenes of pleasure, he may be called noble-hearted and generous; but he will not only be without funds when he would enter into business himself, but he has formed habits of dissipation and prodigality that will not be easily broken.

If he lives alone, and dresses as he can afford, seeking the improvement of his mind and skillfulness in his business, he will doubtless be called niggardly and covetous, but he is all the while forming a character that is more valuable than gold, and habits of business that will be of more service than a rich inheritance. He will increase while others will decrease.

It may be difficult, at first, to make this sacrifice of feeling, but it can be done. Fix your eye on the end of your race, and you will be sustained. How many a young man has been saved by some little incident that has fixed his eye on the end of a year, or some brief period! For that he lives. To gain it he can sacrifice his ease and time.

Let temptation assail him; let him be introduced to some gay young men, and hear some remark made in reference to his appearance, it may require a struggle, but he can endure it all. He would be glad to dress, but he cannot consistently with the purpose of his life. His heart is fixed. He lives a life of virtue, not by laying hold of his passions, compelling their conformity to the right, but by living for a higher, nobler object.

Nor is he penurious or selfish. He may appear so to others, but it is in appearance only. His heart is generous and free. There can be no benevolence and generosity in a course of life that is sure to make one poor in after life.

Live, then, with your eye on a noble object, and self-denial is sweet. If gentlemen of the middle ages could sacrifice their ease, their time, and their life for their betrothed, can not you withstand temptation when the eyes of kindred are on you? Ask the student who has earned a world-wide fame, or the man of princely fortune, and learn of them their toil and struggles!

In conclusion, let me entreat you to seek the control of the elements by forethought, if you would be successful. It matters not what your profession may be; there are certain laws that govern it. Learn the laws by which every trade, and all intercourse with men are governed, and conform to them. Think! There is more strength in true thought than in the whirlwind or the lightning. The time has gone by when mere physical force will be sufficient to serve us. Our work is too great, and too heavy to be done by our hands. We must have the winds, and the streams, and the lightning to aid us.

Persevere against discouragement. When you have chosen your object of life, pursue it without fear or faltering. Be not discouraged amid difficulties. Let your will be under the control of reason and a sound judgment, and your success, in whatever you undertake, is beyond a doubt.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where, perhaps, you may find something more valuable than that which you intend to appropriate. Never put salt in your soup before you have tasted it; I have known gentlemen very much enraged by doing so. Never burn your fingers, if you can help it; people burn their fingers every day, when they might have escaped it if they had been careful. Let no gentleman ever quarrel with a woman: if you are troubled with her retreat; if she tear your cloak, give her your coat; if she box your ear bow; if she tear your eyes out, feel your way to the door, and—fly.

## ONWARD!

**MATCH-MAKING.**—A new machine for splitting the timber used in making matches, has lately been introduced at Augusta, Georgia. It splits with ease twenty thousand a minute, or one million an hour, and turns them out ready to be dipped. *Magnus* will say it is much better that a split should precede a match than follow it.

**ELEMENTARY DRAWING-SCHOOLS.**—By a decision of the department of ornamental art, the teachers for the elementary drawing-schools shortly to be established will be selected from among the most talented and diligent pupils of the schools of design. The approved pupils will go through a course of preliminary training at the central school, and during that period will be allowed £1 a week, and the lowest salary, when they receive an appointment, will be £70 a year.

**NEW ZEALAND STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.**—A New Zealand Steam Navigation Company, for local communication with the islands, has been started under influential auspices. Dr. Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand, has strongly advocated the measure, as did Sir W. Molesworth, in his speech in the House toward the close of last parliament, and others interested in the colony. Committees of management have been formed in London and in the colony. The steamers are to run from Auckland in the north to Otago in the south, visiting, in their course, New Plymouth, Nelson, Wellington, and Canterbury, and to be in connection with the Australian Pacific Mail Steam-Parcel Company from London.

**COASTING STEAMERS.**—The first coasting steamer of the Newcastle coal-trade has entered the Thames—no unimportant event in social and commercial progress. The ship, the *John Bowes*, ran from Newcastle in forty-eight hours, the speed being kept low on account of the engines being new. The average passage will probably be about forty hours, the consumption of coal about eight tons, and the cargo 600 tons. The crew consisted of eight, including the master, making, with the engineers and firemen, twelve in all. The vessels are to be open throughout, except gangways; and as they will be brought under the shoots as required, and no coal-trimmers be necessary, there will be great saving of time and expense in loading. The discharging of the cargo will be also now more rapid, with aid of machinery—this vessel having been cleared in one day, and having returned the same night to the north.

**MODEL DWELLING-HOUSES.**—A site of land at the back of the brewery in Broad-street, Golden-square, Westminster, bounded by New-street, Hopkings-street, and Husband-street, has been taken by the General Society for Improving the Dwellings of the Working-classes (Lord Viscount Ingestre, president), and the same has been cleared of the old and dilapidated buildings, long the haunt of the lowest and most vicious of the London poor. It is intended by the Society to erect at once on this site, under the superintendence of their architect, Mr. Lee, eight double houses, each to contain accommodation, consisting of a sitting-room, two bed-rooms, and other conveniences for eight families, or for sixty-four families in the whole. This arrangement it is hoped will, besides giving good accommodation to the families housed, produce improvement and change for the better in the character of the locality, which is one of the worst in that part of the metropolis. The expenditure is proposed to be about £7,000, independent of the ground, and a return of about 7 per cent. is looked for.

**RAILWAY EXTENSION.**—Most important, perhaps, of all the iron ways now in course of construction, is that at the Isthmus which separates the ocean over which Columbus sailed from that which Nunez discovered. All other railways are local and provincial—this is of universal interest. A letter from Herman Melville, printed in the *Panama Star*, describes the first trip made on a portion of this line—that is, as far as the crossing of the river opposite San Pablo. The works, according to report, proceed without interruption; and the author of "Omoo" expresses an opinion that they will be completed in about a year from this date. Before this time every one has heard of the opening of the Strasburg line; but what is more important to note than the facility with which a pontoon was thrown across the Rhine, is the fact, that the completion of this iron way has brought London and its pent-up population within forty-eight hours of the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the historic glories of Heidelberg, and the romantic scenery of the Odenwald. The chain of Swiss railways is lengthening out daily. The section from Basle to Zurich will soon be finished. From this last city to the foot of the Splügen is already but one day's journey by the lakes; and one day more carries the tourist thence to Como and the vine-gardens of Lombardy. This year, the line from Milan to Venice—by Brescia, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Montebello (Shakspeare's Belmont)—is expected to be open throughout; when the distance between the two capitals of Northern Italy will be reduced to a single ride. Other facilities of communication are preparing in that land of old poetry and art. The treaty between Austria, Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, for the construction of a system of railways between those states—some particulars of which we laid before our readers last autumn—has just been made public; and in this more formal document it appears that the new lines are to connect Florence and Mantua, passing through Modena and Bologna, and clearing the Apennines either at Pistoia or at Prato. It is stipulated that an electric telegraph shall be laid down the whole length of these lines. In our own country we may notice the projection of several new lines, intended to open up to tourists—and open out to the inhabitants—a considerable part of the most romantic scenery of North Wales. One of these is to be from Rhaydon to Rethin, through the splendid vale of Clwyd, running into the Chester and Holyhead Railway at Rhyl. Another will connect Aberystwith with Shrewsbury, by way of Newton and Llanidloes.

## [ POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## CAUTION.

It seems it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.—*Shakspeare's Hamlet*.

When clouds are seep, wise men put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:  
All may be well; but if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.—*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

## Be advised;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it doth singe yourself; we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by overrunning. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised.  
*Shakspeare's Henry VIII.*

## Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,  
And holdfast is the only dog.—*Shakspeare's Henry V.*

Man's caution often into danger turns,  
And his guard falling, crushes him to death.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

He knows the compass, sail, and oar,  
Or never launches from the shore;  
Before he builds, computes the cost,  
And in no proud pursuit is lost.—*Gay's Fables.*

All's to be fear'd where all is to be lost.—*Byron.*

Let no man know thy business save some friend,  
A man of mind.—*Bailey.*

## CEREMONY.

Ceremony was but devised at first,  
To set a gloss on faint deeds,—hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry e'er 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

*Shakspeare's Timon of Athens.*

And what art thou, thou idol, ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth:  
What is thy toll, O adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?  
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
Than they in feasting?  
What drunk'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,  
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.—*Shakspeare's Henry V.*

Then ceremony leads her bigots forth,  
Prepar'd to fight for shadows of no worth;  
While truths, on which eternal things depend,  
Find not, or hardly find, a single friend:  
As soldiers watch the signal of command,  
They learn to bow, to kneel, to sit, to stand;  
Happy to fill religion's vacant place  
With hollow form, and gesture and grimace.—*Cowper.*

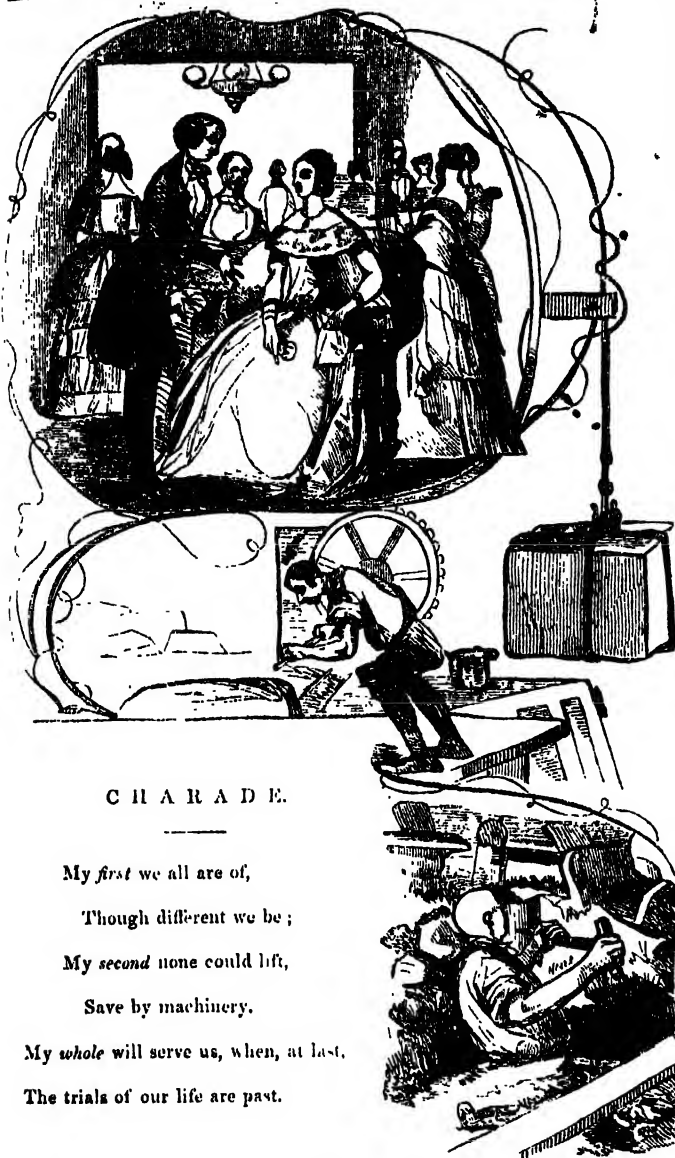
It was withal a highly polished age,  
And scrupulous in ceremonious rite,  
When stranger stranger met upon the way,  
First each to other bow'd respectfully,  
And large professions made of humble service.—*Pollock.*

## CHALLENGE.

I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.—*Shakspeare's Henry IV.*

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,  
My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven;  
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant.—*Shakspeare's Richard II.*





CHARADE.

My first we all are of,  
Though different we be;  
My second none could lift,  
Save by machinery.

My whole will serve us, when, at last,  
The trials of our life are past.

PARLOUR PASTIME.

*The Nosegay of Flowers.*

ONE of the tallest boys present holds at arm's length a piece of wood or stiff card, about six inches square, on which is placed a small bouquet of real or artificial flowers, and the board is suspended by four strings, one from each corner, to the end of a stick, which the boy holds at the other end. Taking his place at the side of the room, he calls out,—

"The blind man's bride sits alone in her bower,  
As yet undeck'd by a single flower."

Upon this, another boy or girl comes forward, and being placed at eight feet distance from the challenger, and carefully blinded, takes a small wand in his right hand, and manfully steps forward, in hopes of walking straight to the bouquet, which, if he succeeds in hitting the board so as to shake it to the ground, becomes his to present to a young girl, previously selected and seated on the sofa, or an easy chair. Should he fail, the challenger takes off the covering from his eyes, saying—

"Go, worthless knight, and banish'd be,  
From this noble company."

Others try to do better, and the game is closed by tying as many bouquets as have been won into a wreath, which is then placed on the head of the same young girl, the rest of the party singing or saying—

"Gentle bride, we bind thy hair,  
With a wreath both sweet and fair;  
She who's sworn the blind to cheer,  
Unto every heart is dear;  
So upon thy youthful brow  
Place the crown of honour now.  
May thy lifetime, strew'd with flowers,  
Be happy as these evening hours."

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE FIVE OF HEARTS.—WINDLASSES.

ARITHMETICAL RECREATIONS.

I.  
Suppose I bought two hundred eggs,  
One half at five a-penny,  
The other half at four—because  
I could not get so many.  
Soon after, to oblige a friend,  
I sold him all the lot;  
Pray tell how I disposed of them,  
When I no profit got?

II.  
What number is that of which  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{5}$ , and  $\frac{1}{6}$  added together make 145?

III.  
My age, if you will multiply by three,  
And two-sevenths of the produce trippled be;  
The square-root of two-ninths of that is four,  
Now tell my age, or never ask me more?

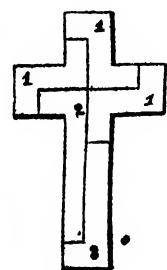
ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 685.

ENIGMAS.—1. The *Dandelion* belongs to the class and order *Syngenesia polygamia Equalis*. On the top of a hollow stalk it unfolds a crown of bright yellow florets; these wither and drop off, and are succeeded by the seed-down or pappus. The stalk of the down rises from the top of the seed, radiating from the receptacle, and forming a white globular head. The seeds are attached to the little parachutes of down, which are carried through the air, and deposited in various parts, there to germinate and produce another dandelion the succeeding year. The sap of the dandelion is an excellent remedy for various complaints. This flower is often gathered and made into tea, and drunk by people in declines and consumptions. Dandelion is taken from the French, *dent-de-lion*, which signifies, the tooth of the lion. The generic name, *Leontodon*, taken from the Greek, has the same meaning. This name is given to it because the teeth of the leaves resemble in form the teeth of the lion. 2. Time.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.

1. The string must be put through the armhole, and over the head, then through the opposite armhole; then the hand must be put up underneath the waistcoat, and the string drawn down around the body until the former drops down about the waist, when the experimenter may jump out of it and claim his coat.



CHARADE.—FARE-WELL.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

NEVER look a gift shark in the mouth.

It is the early excise-man who catches the still-worm.

The man who squints rarely makes a good astronomer.

It is not every baby that curried lobster will agree with.

A mathematical line is straight enough, but the lines in geology are strata.

The man with two wooden legs should never ride anything but a clothes horse.

The best "house of correction" is the one in which a mother-in-law dwells.

If a "still tongue proves a wise head," then the wisest of mortals must be dumb persons.

Which are the two letters in the English language most disagreeable to ladies? D K—decay.

Of all flatterers the portrait painter may be said to carry off the brush; for no flatterer understands the art so well as he, of flattering a person to his very face.

The following is a rich specimen of Transatlantic poetry:

O, Jenny Lind has gone away,

The people loudly hollers,

And from our purses led astray

A mighty lot of dollars.

But we, in place of these, have had

A precious deal of notes;

But whether good, or whether bad,

There has been a great diversity of opinion, so that it is

impossible to come to a conclusion until the Presidential question is settled by the people's votes.

A bachelor, the other morning, remarked that wives who use the needle are like the enemy spoken of in the parable—they *see* TARS while the husbandmen sleep.

A wag, passing through a country town in the north, observed a fellow placed in the stocks,—"My friend," said he, "I advise you by all means to sell out." "I should have no objection, your honour," he replied drily, "but at present they seem much too low."

SHERIDAN being asked, whether he thought Mr. O'Brien was right in his assertion, that many thousands of the electors of Westminster would vote for the Duke of Northumberland's porter, were he put up, coolly replied, "No; my friend O'Brien is wrong; but they might for Mr. Whitbread's porter!"

## RAILROAD EPIGRAMS.

A sudden pitch

From a misplaced switch,

Laid me dead in this ditch.

Off the track the engine rushed—

Some were drowned, and I was crushed.

What is life? 'Tis but a vision,

Here I died by a collision.

Twenty more died by the same,

Verdict—"Nobody to blame!"

Sister, mother, aunt, and me,

Were run over—here we be.

We should have had time to mizzle,

Had they blown the engine's whistle.

THREE Venetians, whom Lord Byron brought with him into this country, were so dreadfully attacked by ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eye-sight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune. "Why," said Dr. L., "at the worst, we can set each of them up as a *Venetian Blind*!"

SIR Watkin, William Wynne, talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mis-hroom. "Ay," said he, "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me; it filled above five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin, '*About this time the world was created*!'"

A wealthy young lover once sought for his bride,

A dame of the blue-stocking school;

"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,

"That I never would marry a fool!"

"Then think pot of wedlock," he answered, "my fair,

Your vow was Diana's suggestion,

Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,

Would venture to ask you the question!"

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the figs at least) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you; you can't do it!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

CHANGE.—The world, like the individual, flourishes in youth, rises to strength in manhood, falls into decay in age; and the ruins of an empire are like the decrepit frame of an individual, except that they have some tints of beauty which Nature bestows upon them. The sun of civilization rose in the East, advanced towards the West, and is now at its meridian; in a few centuries more it will probably be seen sinking below the horizon even in the New World, and there will be left darkness only where there is a bright light, deserts of sand where there were populous cities, and stagnant morasses where the green meadow or the bright corn-field once appeared.

SILK A PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION.—A silk covering of the texture of a common handkerchief is said to possess the peculiar property of resisting the noxious influence, and of neutralizing the effects of malaria. It is well known that such is the nature of malaria poison, that it is easily decomposed by even feeble chemical agents. Now it is probable that the heated air proceeding from the lungs, may form an atmosphere within the veil of silk, of power sufficient to decompose the miasma in its passage to the mouth, although it may be equally true, that the texture of the silk covering may act mechanically as a non-conductor.

WHY A ROPE-DANCER CARRIES A POLE.—The feats of rope-dancers are experiments on the management of the centre of gravity. The evolutions of the performer are found to be facilitated by holding in his hand a heavy pole. His security in this case depends, not on the centre of gravity of his body, but on that of his body and the pole taken together. This point is near the centre of the pole; so that, in fact, he may be said to hold in his hands the point on the position of which the facility of his feats depends. Without the aid of the pole, the centre of gravity would be within the trunk of the body, and its position could not be adapted to circumstances with the same ease and rapidity.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.—Wind your watch as nearly as possible at the same hour every day. Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the machine, when the key is worn or cracked; there are more mainsprings and chains broken through a jerk in winding, than from any other cause. As all metals contract by cold and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature, is a necessary piece of attention. Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something soft. The hands of a chronometer or duplex-watch, should never be set backwards,—in other watches this is of no consequence. The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. On regulating a watch, should it be fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow, and if going slow, do the reverse. You cannot move the regulator too slightly or too gently at a time, and the only inconvenience that can arise is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once.

PHOSPHORUS.—This singular substance was accidentally discovered in 1667, by an alchemist of Hamburg, named Brandt, when he was engaged in searching for the philosopher's stone. Kunkel, another chemist, who had seen the new product, joined one of his friends, named Kraft, to purchase the secret of its preparation; but Kraft, deceiving his friend, made the purchase for himself, and refused to communicate it. Kunkel, who at this time knew nothing further of its preparation than that it was obtained by certain processes from urine, undertook the task and succeeded. It is on this account that this substance long went under the name of Kunkel's phosphorus. Mr. Bayle is also considered as one of the discoverers of phosphorus. He communicated the secret to the Royal Society of London, in 1680; and the process to Godfrey Hankwitz, an apothecary, who for many years supplied Europe with phosphorus. In the year 1737, a stranger having sold to the French Government a process for making phosphorus, the Academy of Sciences charged Dufay, Duhamel, and Hellot, to superintend it, and an account of the success of the experiment was published. In 1743, Margraf made a great improvement in the process; but still it continued to be obtained with difficulty, and in a very small quantity. In the year 1774, the Swedish chemists, Gahn and Scheele, made the important discovery, that phosphorus is contained in the bones of animals; and they improved the processes for procuring it.

TREATMENT OF DEAFNESS.—One of the latest efforts to restore to a deaf ear its original function, consists in applying a cup that fits closely to the side of the head, round the outer ear, and exhausting it with an air-pump. A common cupping apparatus answers every purpose, provided the glass will fit so well as to prevent the ingress of atmospheric air under the edge. In a variety of cases, the simple process of carrying on this exhaustion till a new sensation is felt, something like extreme tension in the lining membrane of the meatus externus, is represented to restore the organ to its normal state. Under such circumstances the theory of the remedy is, that deafness results from an impoverished flow of *cerumen*, in consequence of the inertia of the excretory ducts; and by taking off the atmospheric pressure, their proper fluid oozes out upon the tube and instantly modifies the condition of the mechanism, exterior to the drum. Having thus been roused from a state of torpor and suspended activity, they continue afterwards to act with energy. If they subsequently fall partially back to their abnormal condition, the pump must be reapplied, as occasion may suggest. As there is no witchcraft about it, and almost every practitioner has a breast-pump or similar contrivance, by which an experiment could be made, and there being no hazard attending it, it may be worth a trial, and it is very possible that one out of a dozen cases might be essentially benefited by this simple operation.







### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.**—No. 10.  
*Bathing.*—If to preserve health be to save medical expenses, without even reckoning upon time and comfort, there is no part of the household arrangement so important to the domestic economist as cheap convenience for personal ablution. For this purpose baths upon a large and expensive scale are by no means necessary; but though temporary or tin baths may be extremely useful upon pressing occasions, it will be found to be finally as cheap, and much more readily convenient, to have a permanent bath constructed, which may be done in any dwelling-house of moderate size, without interfering with other general purposes. As the object of these remarks is not to present essays, but merely useful economic hints, it is unnecessary to expatiate upon the architectural arrangement of the bath, or more properly speaking the bathing-place, which may be fitted up for the most retired establishment, differing in size or shape agreeable to the spare room that may be appropriated to it, and serving to exercise both the fancy and the judgment in its preparation. Nor is it particularly necessary to notice the salutary effects resulting from the bath, beyond the two points of its being so conducive both to health and cleanliness, in keeping up a free circulation of the blood, without any violent muscular exertion, thereby really affording a saving of strength, and producing its effects without any expense either to the body or to the purse. Whoever fits up a bath in a house already built must be guided by circumstances, but it will always be proper to place it as near the kitchen fire-place as possible, because from thence it may be heated, or at least have a temperature preserved by means of hot air through tubes, or by steam prepared by the culinary fire-place, without interfering with its ordinary uses. Where circumstances do not permit these arrangements, a small boiler may be erected at very small expense in the bath-room. Whenever a bath is wanted at a short warning, to boil the water necessary will always be the shortest mode; but where it is in general daily use, the heating the water by steam will be found the cheapest and most convenient method. As a guide for practice, we may observe it has been proved by experiment, that a bath with five feet water at the freezing point, may be raised to the temperature of blood heat, or 96 degrees, by 304 gallons of water turned into steam at an expense of 50lbs. of Newcastle coal; but if the door be kept closed, it will not lose above four degrees of temperature in twenty-four hours, by a daily supply of 3lbs. of coal. This is upon a scale of a bath of 5,000 gallons of water.

**THE THAMES.**—G. R.—This is only a scholarly name given to the Thames, probably from the termination of its Latin form *Tamisis*. In none of the ancient documents in which it is mentioned does the name *Isis* occur. The credit of having been the first to notice this, is usually given to Camden, but that excellent old antiquary appears not to have suspected the truth of the common notion. The Latin poem called "The Marriage of Thame and Isis" is even attributed to him by his biographer. It was Bishop Gibson, in his "Additions to Camden," who pointed out the error; and cited the various authorities in proof that it was an error, and the mistake of attributing it to Camden, no doubt arose from the manner in which the "Additions" are mixed up with the original text.

**THE HORSE GUARDS.**—S. T.—The Horse Guards were instituted in the reign of Edward VI., about the year 1550. The first troop of the Horse Grenadier Guards was raised in 1693, and was commanded by General Cholmondeley; and the second troop, commanded by Lord Forbes, was raised in 1702. There was a reduction of the Horse and Grenadier Guards, and the Life Guards as now established was raised in their room, May 26, 1788. The present edifice called the Horse Guards was erected by Ware, about 1780. In a part of the building is the office of the Commander-in-chief.

**NIKE OF DIAMONDS.**—M. C.—There are two reasons assigned for its being called the Curse of Scotland, namely that it was on the back of that card that the Duke of Cumberland wrote the cruel order to give no quarter to the Scots who fought on the side of Prince Charles Edward Stuart at the battle of Culloden; and that it was owing to a Scotch member of Parliament, part of whose family arms was the nose of diamonds, having voted for the introduction of the malt-tax into Scotland.

**SPECTACLES FOR THE BIRD OF A MAN DOG.**—K. R.—Take the yolks of three fresh eggs, and a little more than half

a noggin of olive oil, mix, and simmer the mixture over a slow fire until they are well incorporated. The patient before taking it must fast from food or drink six hours, and after taking it, for six hours more, and be kept quiet. If a man or woman, it is best that he or she lie in bed for the latter period, which must be repeated in like manner the following day, and in the same quantity. If the stomach reject it, more must be taken. The wound must be scratched open with a bit of wood, three times each day, and the above mixture applied as an ointment. If for a dog or any small animal, a double portion each time; if for a cow or horse, four times the quantity.

**THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.**—T. WILKIN.—The Habeas Corpus Act is the famous statute, 31 Charles II. cap. 2. "The oppression of an obscure individual (says Judge Blackstone), gave rise to the famous Habeas Corpus Act." "The individual here alluded to, was one Francis Jenks, who (says De Lolme) having made a motion at Guildhall, in the year 1678, to petition the king for a new parliament, was examined before the Privy Council, and afterwards committed to the Gate-house, where he was kept about two months, through the delay made by the several judges to whom he applied, in granting him a Habeas Corpus." Mr. Fox, in his "Life of James II." has characterized this Act as "the most important barrier against tyranny, and best framed protection for the liberty of individuals that has ever existed in any ancient or modern commonwealth."

**TRANCE.**—E. G.—We are unable to define, with any degree of certainty, the cause of those trances which have occasionally taken place, and left behind them the most singular and unaccountable memorials of their effects. We are all aware, however, that it is a state in which the voluntary functions of the body are suspended, and the soul seems to be wrapt in visions. So far as we know, it is a state similar to that of *syncope*, wherein the patient continues without any sensible motion or respiration, accompanied with a suspension of the action of the brain, and a temporary loss of sensation or volition. It is from these characteristics of the disease, that the word has been adopted in grammar to signify the elision or retrenchment of a syllable from the middle of a word, as it might be the retrenchment of a man from the middle of his charger. These traits of the disease are certainly bad enough, but usually not so violent as when the neophyte huntsman is caught, as in this case, in a complete and visibly distressing state of



SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

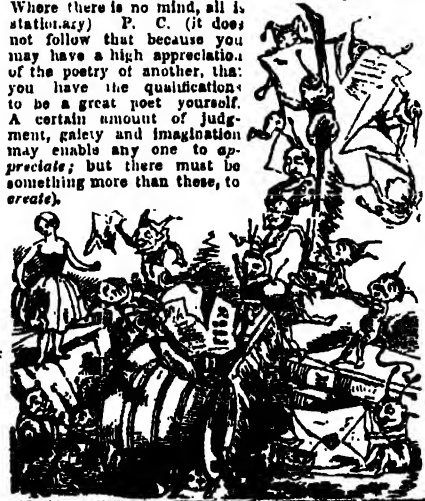
**ADULTERATED CAYENNE PEPPER.**—T. M. Yes; everything you take in at the mouth almost, saving the pure element water, is adulterated. The *Lancet* gives the following results of an analysis of twenty-eight samples of cayenne pepper, regarding which you write, obtained at different shops:—"That out of the twenty-eight samples of cayenne pepper subjected to analysis, twenty-four were adulterated. That out of the above number, four only were genuine. That out of the twenty-four adulterated samples, twenty-two contained mineral colouring matter. That red-lead, often in large and poisonous quantities, was present in thirteen samples. That Venetian red, red ochre, black-lead, or some other analogous ferruginous earths, were contained in seven samples. That cinabar, vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury, was detected in one sample. That six samples consisted of ground rice, turmeric and cayenne, coloured with red-lead, or a red ferruginous earth. That six contained salt, frequently combined with rice and red ferruginous earth, or red lead. That one of the samples was adulterated with a quantity of the husk of white mustard-seed. That two contained rice only, coloured with red lead or a ferruginous earth."

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—P. M. (there is no accounting for taste, and you are entitled to yours as well as another; but we think you would be just as fashionable in a corduroy kilt, as in a pair of pantaloons with tasselled Hessians at the present day. If it will particularly gratify you to wear the dress, do so, by all means; but do not call boys rude if they stare at you, and put the tips of their thumbs on the points of their noses and extend their digits before your face). G. F. (It was James I. of Scotland who was so long a prisoner in Windsor Castle).

D. S. ("Consider the ant and be wise," then you may retrieve your circumstances, and yet resume your position in society). M. A. (Plato was a hetman of the Cossacks, and did visit London with the Russian Emperor Alexander, and was the object of great admiration). D. A. (the freaks of fashion are sometimes as wonderful in its own world, as are the "fantastic tricks" of Nature in hers. For example, it was customary in the days of Hogarth for ladies to adorn (1) their lovely countenances with black patches, so disposed as to smite them to the designation of beauty spots, and Frolsart narrates that, on one occasion, a number of young Englishmen put each a patch on one of his eyes, making a solemn vow to his "lady love" that he would not take it off till he had performed some notable exploit in France to her honour, and these gentlemen were greatly admired. Persons who would do such things now-a-days would be esteemed nothing less than mad; and if you should mount the Charles II. peruke, notwithstanding the picturesque of which you speak, we promise you a greater amount of ridicule than admiration). F. C. (coaches were introduced into England as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and long prior to that time, carriages under the different denominations of chairs, cabs, carriages, and whiffles, were used by the gentry). C. N. (a Knight of the Post, was a hired witness, or one ready to swear to anything for money; so called from the whipping-post, to the punishment of which his crimes frequently brought him. Butler partially defines the character in the following couplet:

"But faith and love and honour lost,  
Shall be reduced to a Knight of the Post.")

M. G. (It was in 1823, that Captain Johnston received £10,000 for making the first steam voyage to India in the *Enterprise*, which sailed from Falmouth). K. C. (the monument of James II. is at the back of Whitehall). A. Y. (No). A. LOVER or FAIR PLAY (we must decline offering an opinion regarding the Association in question). G. R. (the wild boar was the undoubted progenitor of all the European varieties of the hog, and was formerly a native of the British Islands, and very common in the forests until the time of the Civil Wars in England). T. C. ( cider is the juice of apples made spirituous by fermentation; the apples are gathered in the autumn, because they are then ripe, then ground in a mill, and the juice being pressed out is put in casks to ferment). P. C. (we do not doubt it. The beautiful lake of Geneva is contracting, and the lakes in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire have become dry in our days. The marine palace of Canute is now twenty miles from the sea). T. S. (the house-wren is one of the most useful birds we have, from its capacity to devour poisonous insects). R. L. (it is folly talking so. A governess has not the power of choosing an occupation. She is by education and habits of thought a gentlewoman, and can follow no other line of exertion. It is much to be deplored that such are not treated with more tender consideration than they are in some families). M. G. (one fourth of yeast, and three of warm water, is the proportion for baking). C. C. (the peculiar influence of tea, especially of the green variety, over the nervous system, depends on the volatile oil which it contains). R. R. (Water Flannel is a microscopical plant, composed of jointed threads, secreting carbonate of lime on their surface, and forming seeds composed of starch within them). M. S. A. (consult a medical practitioner). G. C. (the historical traces of the use of cards are found earliest in Italy). M. D. (No; a hundred candles give no more light than a gas-pipe of an inch diameter). X. L. (canker in trees is caused by a superabundance of sap, which forces its way through the bark, and is checked by sudden cold). D. M. (the "Capati Sensi," were the lowest class of Roman citizens, who, having no property, were counted by their heads). P. L. (No; the thinner the stratum of cement, the firmer it will hold). C. A. ("Why is the air esteemed salubrious at sea?" Because the continual motion of the waters preserves the oxygen and nitrogen in due proportions). U. R. (give up the argument. In animals habit and instinct are the same now as they ever were. Where there is no mind, all is statorary). P. C. (it does not follow that because you may have a high appreciation of the poetry of another, that you have the qualification to be a great poet yourself. A certain amount of judgment, galeity and imagination may enable any one to appreciate; but there must be something more than these, to create).



Printed by WILLIAM TILES, Bolt-court, London: and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 68, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 45.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"He held up the gold piece and screamed at every leap; 'Counterfeit! false! false coin! counterfeit!'"*

## UNDINE: A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER I.

ONCE on a beautiful evening, it may now be many hundred years ago, there was a worthy old fisherman who sat before his door mending his nets.

Now the corner of the world where he dwelt was exceedingly picturesque. The green turf, on which he had built his cottage, ran far out into a great lake; and this slip of verdure appeared to stretch into it as much through love of its clear waters, blue and bright, as the lake moved by a like impulse, strove to fold the meadow, with its waving grass and flowers, and the cooling shade of the trees, in its embrace of love. They seemed to be drawn toward each other, and the one to be visiting the other as a guest.

With respect to human beings, indeed, in this pleasant spot, after excepting the fisherman and his family, there were few, or rather none, to be met with. For in the background of the scene, toward the west and north-west, lay a forest of extraordinary wildness, which, owing to its sunless gloom and almost impenetrable recesses, as well as to fear of the strange creatures and visionary illusions to be encountered in it, most people avoided entering, unless in cases of extreme necessity. The pious old fisherman, however, many times passed through it without harm, when he carried the fine fish,

which he caught by his beautiful strip of land, to a great city lying only a short distance beyond the extensive forest.

Now the reason he was able to go through this wood with so much ease, may have been chiefly this, because he entertained scarcely any thoughts but such as were of a religious nature; and, besides, every time he crossed the evil-reported shades, he used to sing some holy song with a clear voice, and from a sincere heart.

Well, while he sat by his nets this evening, neither fearing nor devising evil, a sudden terror seized him, as he heard a rushing in the darkness of the wood, that resembled the trampling of a mounted steed, and the noise continued every instant drawing nearer and nearer to his little territory.

What he had fancied, when abroad in many a stormy night, respecting the mysteries of the forest, now flashed through his mind in a moment; especially the figure of a man of gigantic stature and snow-white appearance, who kept nodding his head in a portentous manner. Yes, when he raised his eyes toward the wood, the form came before him in perfect distinctness, as he saw the nodding man burst forth from the mazy web-work of leaves and branches. But he immediately felt emboldened, when he reflected that nothing to give him alarm had ever befallen him even in the forest; and, moreover, that on this open neck of land the evil spirit, it was likely, would be still less daring in the exercise of his power. At the same time, he prayed aloud with the most earnest sincerity of devotion, making use of a passage of the Bible. This inspired him with fresh courage; and soon perceiving the illusion, the strange mistake into which his imagination had betrayed





## PICCIOLA;

OR,

## THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 693.)

He soon carried them to excess; and his relation, a good and worthy ecclesiastic, whose mind, perhaps, wanted expansion, but whose intentions were good, and convictions sincere, instead of seeking to control this enthusiasm in its commencement, excited it, hoping that Christian humility might prove a shield to the warmth of his character. He afterwards discovered the error in his calculation: Giacomo had no longer any desire, any wish, but to enter the church.

To ward off this blow, which would have deprived them of their only son, his father and mother recalled him home; and relying on the warm affection he felt for them, they managed so well, that they persuaded, or rather obliged him, by their supplications and tears, to marry.

Giacomo married accordingly; but his marriage turned out at first very differently from what they had expected: he lived with his wife as with a sister. She was young and beautiful, and felt the tenderest affection for him. He used his influence over her heart, he exerted his natural impetuous eloquence, not to make her comprehend the happiness of the domestic tie, but the charms of a religious life. He succeeded so completely, so well, that, a year after their union, the young wife retired into a convent, and he remained in the environs of Bielle.

A little distance from the village he inhabited, rises a chain of heights, the last branch of the Pennine Alps. At the base of Mount Mucrona, the highest peak of these mountains, a little valley, suddenly sinking, dark and sombre, covered with vapour, filled with rocks, bordered with precipices, some from a distance to answer the description Virgil and Dante gave us of the mouth of hell. But in proportion as you approach, the rocks appear clothed with beautiful verdure pleasing to the eye; the precipices present slopes of a gentle inclination, where flowering shrubs climb up the beautiful hill, covered with natural groves; and the vapours, changing their tint, with the rays of the sun, by turns white, rose, or violet at length entirely disappear. Then may be seen, at the bottom of this lovely valley, a lake of about five hundred paces wide, fed by the springs, and from whence issues the little river of Oroppa, which at some distance from thence empties into one of the smaller hills of the chain, at the summit of which is a church consecrated at great expense to the Virgin Mary, by the piety of the people. This church is the most celebrated in the country.

If we may believe the legend, St. Eusebius, on his return from Syria, in this solitary spot deposited a wooden image of the Virgin, carved by St. Luke the evangelist, which he wished to preserve from the profanation of the Arabs.

Well, in this little valley, on the point of those rocks, on the slopes of these precipices, on the borders of that lake and river, on that mountain, in that church, at the foot of that image, Giacomo Gerhardt passed five more years of his life, entirely forgetting the world, his friends, his family, his wife, his mother for the Virgin of Oroppa!

Ignorant that credulity is not belief, that superstition leads to idolatry, and that all excess estranges us from God, it was not the celestial Mary, the mother of Christ, that he adored; it was his own virgin! his virgin of the mountains. His days and his nights passed away in prayer, in weeping before her for imaginary faults, for his heart was like that of a child. In vain, his relation, the good curate, more and more alarmed at this excessive favour, sought to bring him back to reason; he could do nothing. In vain to distract him from this engrossing and dangerous propensity, he proposed his visiting other places where the virgin was honoured. What mattered to Giacomo Our Lady of Loretto, and St. Mary of Bologna, or of Anan! It was only the material object, the image, the piece of black warm cloth which he adored, and not the holy woman it so unworthily represented. This feeling of enthusiasm only lost in depth to gain in extent.

The Virgin of Oroppa had around her her suite of saints, both male and female.

Amongst them Giacomo had distributed all the celestial powers, all the attributes of the Divinity. Of one he asked to dissipate the hail-clouds, which sometimes descended on his mountain from the heights of Mount Mucrona; of another, to soften his mother's sorrow, or to sustain his wife under her trials; of this, to watch over his sleep; of that, to defend him against temptation; the same with the rest; and his devotion became an impure polytheism,—his mountain of Oroppa an Olympus, where God alone had no place!

Imposing upon himself the most severe penances and privations, he fasted, he macerated his body, sometimes remained three days without taking food, and would then sink into a state of exhaustion, which he honoured by the name of ecstasies. He had visions and revelations; he thought, like some Quietists, that, by subduing his material nature, he was able to render his soul visible; he held conversations with it; and his health was destroyed, his reason lost—he was mad!

One day he heard a voice coming from on high, ordering him to go and convert the heretical Vaudois, some remains of whom still existed, not far from him, in the Valais. He set out, crossed the country watered by the Tesino, attained the summit of the great Alps, on the side of Monte Rosa; but suddenly shut in by winter, in the midst of a tribe of herdsmen, he was obliged to pass several months sheltered under the wide roof of a chalet, for the accumulating snows had stopped up all the passes.

This chalet, called in the country *les strablas*, or the stables, was an oblong building, five hundred feet in length, open only on the southern side, and covered closely in every other part with strong planks of pine, cemented with gums, resins, mosses, and lichens. In the cold season, men, women, children, and flocks, all collected together there, under the direction of the most ancient of the tribe. In the centre of the habitation, a fire, constantly kept up, boiled an enormous cauldron, where, sometimes in turn, sometimes together, they prepared for the community dried vegetables, bacon, mutton, quarters of chamois, or outlets of marmot, which they ate with chestnut bread; and for wine they had a somniferous liquor, composed of several kinds of whortle-berries fermented.

Their numerous occupations—the care of the flocks and children, preparing cheeses, spinning hemp—making agricultural instruments, that later, during the fast-fleeting summer of those climates, they might force their rocks to give them fruits—forming cloths of sheepskin, baskets of bark, little elegant articles of larch or sycamore wood, destined for the towns, kept the whole population of the chalet employed. They were laborious but gay, and mingled laughter and songs with the sound of axes, wheels, and hammers. There, labour seemed a pleasure, study and prayer were considered duties and recreations. They sang their holy songs with harmonious and practised voices; the old taught the young reading and arithmetic; to the better prepared, music, and even a little Latin, for civilization in the High Alps, like its vegetation, is preserved under its snow, at least among these tribes, and it is not uncommon to see, on the return of spring, minstrels and schoolmasters descend from these stables to the villages of the plains, and spread instruction and pleasure at the foot of the mountains.

The hosts of Giacomo were Vaudois.

For a missionary this was a fine opportunity; but at the first word he pronounced of the subject of his religion, the chief of the family, an old cottager, a man less respectable even than his age than from his labours and virtues, by which every instant of his life had been marked, imposed silence upon him.

"Our fathers," said he, "have suffered exile, dispersion, death even, rather than consent to you heretics; do not hope then to do with us what you of perfection could not accomplish with them. Suffer, you are here, and do not live in our way; pray in your way, we will pray in ours; but none your efforts with ours in the common labours; for here, far from the noise and distraction of the world, where a would kill you. Be our companion, our brother, as long as the snows surround us. Then, when the roads are free, you may quit us, if it seem good to you, without blessing the month that warmed you, without even turning to salute those who have lodged and fed you. You will owe them nothing; you will have worked for them; and if the balance be on our side, God will discharge it."

Oblived to submit, Giacomo remained during five months with these good people; during five months he was a witness of their virtues; during five months, morning and evening, he heard the devotions they addressed to the one God. His mind, ceasing to be excited by the objects of his exclusive worship, became calm; and when that prison which the ice had closed behind his feet was opened by the sun at the period that was, and the magnificence of a nature from which he had been severed for so long a time, and which placed itself to him from the top of the Alps, the idea of an Eternal and All-powerful Ruler entered fully and vividly into his mind, and resumed its imperial place.

The removal of the early buds—the sight of the first plants which appeared covered with flowers from beneath the snow—the remainings of the swarms which surrounded them,—all excited transports of joy and love in his heart.

A whole volume would not be sufficient to describe the numerous and varied sensations that Giacomo then experienced. The good old man had felt attached to him, he knew little of books of science, but he had added all his own observations to those of his fathers, and was delighted to explain to him the Creator by the creation. At length, from that asylum, before which he had passed and himself with his idol of fanaticism and intolerance, the great event away almost entirely composed. The habit of employment, the duties of a family, led back Giacomo's ideas to the duties he ought to fulfil. He had retired to the parlour of his wife's convent. It would again require a complete history to relate the means he was obliged to use to reconquer that heart which he himself had formerly repulsed. This history will, perhaps, be worth telling another time.

In fact, after unheeded efforts to tear his wife from her cloistral life, to destroy himself the effect of his former lessons, his earlier instructions, Giacomo Gerhardt, restored to reason, to happiness, to rational belief, became the best of husbands, and some years after the happiest of fathers.

Twenty-five years of wisdom and virtue redeemed his errors. On his return to Turin, in the midst of his own family, he created, by his industry, occupations worthy of him. He possessed a tolerably good fortune, which business might have considerably increased if his benevolence had not swallowed up his gains. It was so delightful to him to do good! The love of his fellow-creatures filled his heart with joy, and the study of Nature added an inexhaustible charm to his life. Animated nature, above all, excited his curious investigations; and as God is great even in the least of his works, insects, offering themselves most readily to the hand of the religious philosopher, obtained the preference over the other productions of the Divine Artist. And thus it was that later, during his days of captivity, old Gerhardt gained from Ludovico the singular appellation of the fly-catcher.

The two captives had soon no secrets from each other. After having rapidly gone over the principal events of their existence, they resumed it in detail, to impart to each other the slightest emotions that had marked its course. They also talked of Teresa; but at that name Charney felt embarrassed, and the blood would mount to his forehead; the old man himself

became pensive, and a moment of silence, sad and solemn, always followed the recollection of the absent angel.

More willingly, they interrupted their recitals by some grand dissertation on a point of morality, or by observations on the caprices of human nature. The philosophy of Gerhardt, always gentle and consoling, made happiness consist in love of our neighbour; while Charney, often in opposition to him, could not comprehend how this warmth of indulgence and tenderness could be maintained for man, in spite of the injustice and persecutions which the victim of the Piedmontese had suffered from them.

"But," said he to Gerhardt, "did you not then curse these men, the day when, after having shamefully calumniated you, they deprived you of your liberty, and of the sight of your child?"

"The fault of some should not fall on all! These, even, who have injured me—who know!—might not they, deceived by appearances, blinded by political fanaticism, have acted sincerely? Believe me, my friend, we must think of the evils we have endured with the thought of pardon in our hearts. Which of us does not require it for himself? Which of us has not mistaken error for truth? The apostle John said, 'God is love!' Oh! how beautiful and true is this word! Yes, it is by loving that we rise to God, and that we derive from him strength to support misfortune. If I had entered prison with a feeling of hatred towards mankind, I should certainly have died of despair. But no! Heaven be praised, these painful sentiments were far from me. The remembrance of so many kind friends, faithful in my misfortunes—so many hearts that have suffered from my sufferings, made me still love my fellow-creatures; and the worst moment of my captivity was that when the sight of man was denied me!"

"What! did they use such severity towards you?" said Charney.

"At the first moment of my arrest," pursued his new friend, "I was taken to the citadel of Turin, put in solitary confinement, shut up in a subterranean gallery, where the jailors even could not communicate with me. They passed my food through a revolving box, and, during one long month, nothing came to interrupt this silent solitude. You must know what I experienced then, fully to comprehend how truly, notwithstanding all the reveries of our savage philosophers, a state of society is the natural state of the human race; and what privation he endures who is condemned to perfect solitude! Not to see a human being! to live without being supported by one look, without one voice sounding in your ear! To clasp no hand in yours! To lay your head, your breast, your heart, only on cold and insensible objects, it is frightful; and the strongest reason would sink under it. One month, one eternal month! passed thus away with me. Even at its commencement, when my turnkey came every two days to renew my provisions, the noise merely of his footsteps caused me inexpressible joy. I waited the moment with anxiety. I exclaimed 'Good day' to him through the iron door that separated us, but he did not reply. I endeavoured, during the rotation of the box, to catch a glimpse of his face, hands, or even his clothes. I could not succeed, and I was in despair. Had he borne upon his features the signs of cruelty and vice, I should have thought him beautiful. Would he have extended his hand to me, were it only to have repulsed me, I should have blessed him. But, nothing!—nothing! I only saw him the day of my removal to Fénestrelle. My only distraction, my only pleasure, my only company, then, were little spiders, which I observed for whole hours; but I had already observed them so often! I made friends of them, for I crumbled my bread to feed them. Rats, also, were not wanting in my dungeon; but these animals have always inspired me with dread, and an invincible disgust. I fed them also as well as I could, while defending myself from their approach and contact. However, the care that I took of my spiders—the terror, even, with which my poor villanous rats inspired me, was not sufficient to occupy me, and despair overwhelmed me when thinking of my daughter!"

Charney sighed; Gerhardt comprehended what was passing in his mind, and resumed the calmness of his demeanour, hastened to continue.

"Good fortune, ere long, came to me! Light came to my gallery by a dormer window, strongly barricaded by an iron cross (it was before that cross of my prison I performed my morning and evening devotions); a sloping shade which widened towards the outer end, was set up before this window, and only permitted my eyes to reach the upper extremity of a large piece of wall built to connect two bastions. Above me was situated the keep of the citadel. One day—Celestial Providence, how I thank thee for it!—the shadow of a man was suddenly thrown upon that part of the wall that was within my sight. The person I could not see, but I guessed his movements by those of the shadow. That shadow went and came. It was that of a soldier recently placed as a sentinel on the platform of the keep. I distinguished the out of his coat, his epaulettes, the form of his cartouche-box, the point of his bayonet, the waving of his plume. How can I tell you, my friend, the joy with which my soul was filled! I was no longer alone! a companion had just arrived! The next day, the following day, the shadow thrown by the soldier appeared on the wall, his shadow or that of another! But at least it was always a man, one of my fellow-creatures, who lived, who moved there, under my eyes! I observed and followed the passing and repassing of the shade; I placed myself in correspondence with it, I walked along my gallery in the same direction as the soldier along his platform. When they came to relieve guard, I said 'Adieu' to the departing 'Good day' to the coming sentinel; whose turn of duty it was. I knew the corporal; I soon knew all my military guards by their outline: shall I confess it? for some I felt nameless, accountable preferences. According to their attitude, their step, the slowest or the vivacity of their motions, I endeavoured to guess their age, their character, their feelings. One evening the shade, turned his musket rapidly in his hand, as moved his head in numerous ways he was doubtless young and naturally gay; he was singing, or muttering himself with dreams of love. Another passed with his head bent, sometimes stopping; and leaning both his arms

on his piece, he would remain long in a melancholy attitude. I was reminded of his absent mother, of his village, of all he had left behind him. His head was lifted to his face, perhaps to dry a tear. And these were the moments for whom I felt affection; I was interested in their fate, I forgot my own prayers for them; And thus new feelings of tenderness arose in my heart and consoled it. Believe me, my friend, we must love our fellow-creatures; we must love them with all our souls; for thus alone can we secure happiness."

"Excellent man!" said Charney, much touched, "who would not love you! Why did I not know you sooner? My life might have been changed. But ought I to complain? Have I not found here what the world refused me,—a devoted heart, a solid support, virtue, truth;—you and Picciola!"

For in the midst of all these affusions Picciola was not forgotten. The two companions had constructed together, near it, a larger, pleasant, more commodious bench than the first. They sat on it beside one another, opposite the plant, and they would imagine they were all three conversing. This bench they called the *bench of conference*. It was there the simple, modest man endeavoured to be eloquent, that he might be persuasive; to be persuasive, that he might be useful; and natural eloquence and persuasion did not fail him. That bench was the bench of the school, the chair of instruction. There were seated the professor and the pupil—the professor, he who knew the least, but who knew the best;—the professor was Gerhardt,—the pupil Charney,—the book, Picciola!

## CHAPTER XIX.

THEY were reposing on their accustomed seat. Autumn was approaching. Charney, losing all hope of seeing his Picciola flower again, was speaking to his friend of his regret for the fall of her last blossom; and he, to supply the loss as much as he could, laid before him a general view of the fructification of plants.

There, as elsewhere, the print of a Divine hand is shown in all the acts of nature. Gerhardt told how some plants, with large spreading leaves, that would stifle each other, by growing near together, have their seeds furnished with plumes, that the wind may more easily disperse them; how, when the plumes are wanting, these seeds ripen in pods, provided with an elastic spring, which suddenly starting at the moment of their maturity, throws them to a distance to separate them. Plumes and springs are feet or wings which God has given them, that each may choose its place in the sun.

What eye can follow, in their rapid flight through the agitated air, the membranous fruit of the elm—that of the maple, pine, and ash, whirling about in the atmosphere, in the midst of a cloud of other seeds, whose lightness is sufficient to raise them, and appear to be hastening of their own accord to meet the birds whose hunger they are to appease.

The old man also explained how water-plants—plants destined to ornament the streams or adorn the edges of ponds—have their seeds so formed that they may float on the water, and plant themselves on the sides of the banks, or pass from one shore to another; how, when their weight draws them to the bottom, it is that they require to grow in the bed of the river, or the slime of the marsh, as the flags and reeds, that come up like an army of lances from the bosom of the stagnant waters, and the brilliant water-lilies, which, while their roots are in the mud, rise to the surface, and spread their round shining leaves on the bosom of the stream, with their beautiful white or golden flowers. And he told him also of the loves of the Vallaneria, separated from her husband, which lengthens herself by extending the spiral cord that serves for her foot-stalk, to flower above the water; whilst her spouse, destitute of that faculty of extension, violently breaks the bands that retain him, to rise and blossom beside her, and die in fertilising her.

"What! do these things exist?" cried Charney, "and men in general do not deign to turn their eyes towards them!"

This was one of the old man's lessons.

"My friend," said his companion to him one day, as they were sitting together on the bench of conference, "have the insects which you have made your favourite study offered as many wonders to your observation as Picciola to me?"

"Quite as many," replied the professor. "Believe me, you will not thoroughly appreciate your Picciola till you have made acquaintance with those little animated beings that sometimes come to visit her, and fly and hum around her. Then you will see those numerous relations, those secret laws, that connect the insect with the plant, as the insect and the plant to the rest of the world: for all is born from the same Will,—all is governed by the same Intelligence! Newton has said, the universe was created by a single effort. Hence that harmony, that general union, which cannot be understood in its vast whole, but which nevertheless exists."

Gerhardt was going on to develop his ideas, when, stopping suddenly, he fixed his eyes on Picciola, and kept an attentive silence for some moments.

A butterfly of rich colours had alighted on one of the branches of the plant, its wings agitated with a peculiar quivering.

"What are you thinking of, my friend?"

"I am thinking," replied the professor, "that Picciola will assist me in replying to your former question. Look at that butterfly! At the moment I am speaking, it is obliging me to form an acquaintance with it. Yes, for it has placed its hope of future progeny on me, and is waiting."

Charney bent forward to see it; this was all. The butterfly, after having hovered a moment with a quivering voice as before, alighted on the leaf of the plant.

"Well, replied Gerhardt, "it is by chance that I have seen it; but it has come to coincide with some of my present thoughts. Tell me, my friend,

below. The insect has reserved a species of plant for each species of insect. Every plant has its insect, its large and small. Now, understand what there is in this. It is the law of nature. It was at first a caterpillar itself, and when it became an insect, it was the substance of a small plant. It afterwards went through its transformations, and, faithful to its first affection, it flew indifferently to any flower, to suck the juices of its host. Well, when the moment of maturity is come to it, to that butterfly that has not known its mother, and will not see its children (for its work is accomplished, and it will die), to that butterfly, that consequently experience cannot have instructed, it comes to confide its eggs to the plant, like that which nourished itself under another form, and in another season. It knows that the little caterpillars will come from the eggs, and for them it has forgotten the wandering habits of a butterfly. Who, then, has taught it this? Who, then, has given it the remembrance, the reasoning and faculty of recognizing that plant whose foliage now is no longer what it was in spring? Praised eyes are sometimes deceived, but the butterfly never!"

Charney was going to express his surprise.  
"Oh! this is not all!" interrupted Gerhardt. "Now examine the branch which it has chosen. It is one of the oldest and strongest; for the new shoots, weak and tender as they are, may be destroyed by the winter frosts, or broken by the wind. This it also knows. Again—who, then, has taught it?"

Charney was in amazement. "But," said he, "pardon me, my friend; I fear lest you should be deceived by some illusion."

"Silence, sceptic!" cried the old man, with one of his intelligent smiles; "you will perhaps believe what you see. Attend to me well. Picciola is going to play her part in her turn. This does not refer to the foresight of the insect only, but to that of nature,—to one of those laws of harmony which I spoke of just now, and which obliges the plant to accept the legacy of the butterfly. In the approaching spring we shall be able to verify this prodigy together," said he, repressing a sigh addressed to his daughter. "Then, when the first leaves of Picciola shall show themselves, the little larvae enclosed in the eggs will hasten to break their shells. You know, doubtless, that the buds of different shrubs do not open at the same time, and also the eggs of the different kinds of butterflies are not hatched on the same day; but here a law of unity regulates the bursting forth of the plant, by that of the insect. If the larvae came before the leaves, they would find nothing to feed upon; if the leaves became matured before the birth of the little caterpillars, they would be unable to feed on them with their feeble jaws. It cannot but be so. Nature never deceives! Each plant follows in its progress the course of the insect it is to nourish; the one opens its buds, when the other opens its eggs; and after having grown and strengthened together, together they will open their flowers and their wings."

"Picciola! Picciola!" murmured Charney, "thou hast not, then, told me all!"

Thus from day to day succeeded these delightful instructions; and when the evening came, the captives embraced while saying adieu, and returned to their chambers to wait there for sleep, or to think, often unknown to each other, of the same object—the daughter of the old man. What had become of her since the order of the captain forcibly exiled her from the prison of her father?

Teresa had at first followed the emperor to Milan; but she soon learned by experience that it is sometimes more difficult to cross an antechamber than an army. However, the friends of Gerhardt, stimulated by her entreaties, again redoubled their efforts, and promised before long to put an end to his captivity; and Teresa, more tranquil, had retraced the road to Turin, where a relation offered her an asylum.

The husband of this relation was librarian of the city; it was he whom Menou commissioned to make choice of the books to be sent to the fortress of Fénestrella. The nature of these books enabled Teresa easily to guess for whom they were destined. Hence, in one of the volumes, the insertion of that little note, whose mystic style could compromise neither her father nor her protégé. She was ignorant then that her father and Charney were more than ever separated from each other; and when the news reached her by the very messenger who had taken the books, terrified for the consequences of such complete solitude to her father, one single thought above all others occupied her mind—the reunion of the two captives!

Not only did she address letter upon letter to the governor of Piedmont, but she also interested the principal inhabitants of Turin in her cause, and even the wife of Menou. He had sufficient motives for not opposing a prolonged resistance to such numerous and pressing solicitations, and all that she asked was granted to Teresa.

Some time after, when, on being presented to the governor of Piedmont by Madame Menou, she offered her thanks, and poured out to him the expression of her gratitude, the old general, pleasantly surprised at seeing her—touched by that eloquence of filial tenderness which flowed from her lips, lost for an instant his usual roughness; and taking her affectionately by the hand, said—

"Come and see me sometimes, or rather come and see my wife. Perhaps before a month she may have some good news to give you."

Teresa immediately thought the favour to be granted was, her being allowed to return to Fénestrella, and pass part of her time in the prison with her father; she threw herself at the feet of the general, and thanked him: a thousand times with a countenance radiant with happiness.

Repeat, not of these beautiful runs of October which recall those of spring. Gerhardt and Charney were sitting on their bench. Both silent and pensive, and leaning on the arms of their rustic seat, they might have been supposed indifferent to all around them. It was the eyes of the count had not turned, with an expression of interest and anxiety, towards his companion, who was

entirely sunk in a deep reverie. The features of Gerhardt were nearly changed by the dark appearance of distress. Charney might easily have guessed from the cause that gave rise to it, and he was deceived.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed he, suddenly breaking a long silence, "separation is horrible! horrible! when it is not merited! to live separated from what we love!"

Gerhardt raised his head, and, to his own raising himself from the meditation in which he had been sunk, said—

"Separation is the great trial of life, is it not so, my friend?"

"I, your friend!" replied Charney. "Does that name suit me? Is it not I who have separated you from her? Can you forget it? Alas! you do not deny it, you were thinking of your daughter, and she, thinking of her, you could not turn your eyes towards mine. What chance, then, have I? I can well believe the sight of me must be odious to you."

"You deceive yourself strangely on the cause of my sorrow," said Charney. "Never, perhaps, did the remembrance of my daughter pain me more than to my mind with more consolation than to-day, for she has written to me, and I have her letter!"

"Can it be possible! She has written to you? They have permitted her! And Charney drew near the happy father, with an emotion of joy immediately repressed. "But does that letter tell you any melancholy news then?"

"No—quite the contrary."

"Then, why this sadness?"

"Alas! what would you, my friend? man is thus made. Regret always mixes with our dearest hopes. Our happiness here below casts its shadow before it, and it is on that shadow our eyes first rest. You speak of separation! Here, take this letter; read it; and you will soon guess why, this morning, a feeling of sadness came over me near you."

Charney took the letter, and held it some time without opening it. His eyes fixed on Gerhardt, he seemed to be endeavouring to guess what it contained by the features of his dear companion; then he examined the direction, and was touched on recognizing the writing. At length, opening the paper, he tried to read it aloud; but his voice trembled, and the words died on his lips; he stopped, and finished the letter to himself.

He read as follows:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,—

"This note that you now hold in your hands, kiss it a thousand and a thousand times; a thousand times have I kissed it, and there is a complete harvest for you to gather from it."

"Oh! I have not failed to do so," murmured Gerhardt, "dear child!"

Charney continued—

"It is to you, as to me, a vivid satisfaction, is it not, to be permitted at length to correspond? We owe eternal gratitude to General Menou for it! It is he who has at length ended the silence, that, perhaps more even than distance, separated us. May he be blessed! Henceforth, at least, our thoughts will fly to meet each other: I shall tell you my hopes, and they will sustain you; you will tell me your sorrows, and, when weeping over them, I shall think myself weeping near you. But, dear father, if a greater favour still should be in reserve for us!—Oh! pray suspend for a few moments reading this letter, and before going farther, prepare your soul for the sudden joys there remain for me to tell you!—Father! suppose I may soon be allowed to return to you!—to see you from time to time, to hear you, to surround you with my cares; during two years this happiness detained me, and then captivity appeared light to you. Well, if my hope should be realized, soon I shall return to those walls whence I was exiled."

"She is returning. What! here, to be with you?" interrupted Charney, with a cry of joy.

"Read, read," said the old man, sadly.

Charney read again the last sentence, and continued—

"Soon I shall return to those walls whence I was exiled. You will be happy, very happy, I am sure of it. Rest, then a little, on this sweet thought. Your daughter, your Teresa, begs you to do so! do not hasten to reach the end of this letter too quickly. Violent emotions are sometimes very dangerous! Have I not said enough to you? Charged to accomplish your wishes, did an angel descend from heaven, you would not have dared to ask more from him; I, too exacting, perhaps, before he resumed his flight, would have interceded with him for your liberty—your complete deliverance. At your age it is so sad to live away from your native country! The hands of the Doris are so beautiful; and, in your garden on La Colline, the plants, planted by my dead mother and my poor brother, have so greatly flourished. There, their memory dwells more than anywhere else! Then you must regret your friends—your friends whose generous efforts have so much aided my weak endeavours.—Oh! my father; my father! the pen burns my fingers! my secret will escape. It has certainly escaped already. Oh! I implore you, arm yourself with strength and constancy, for this is the happiness that is coming. In a few days I shall rejoin you, no longer only to soften your captivity, but to end it. No more to remain with you for certain hours, and within the bars of a prison, but to bring you out with me—free and proud! Yes, proud! for you will have a right to be so; for your faithful Delphine and Cotenna have not obtained a pardon for you, but justice, reparation!"

"Adieu! my dearest father: oh! how I love you, and how happy I am!"

There was not a word in this letter, a single word of remembrance for Charney. This absent word he had sought for with agony during the whole time he was reading the letter; and yet, notwithstanding the disappointment he felt at not finding it, it was an exclamation of joy that first broke from him.



"You will be free, then," cried he. "You will be able to repose under the trees, and see the sunrise!"

"Yes," said the old man. "I am going to quit you! And this is the shadow that preceded my happiness to obscure it."

"And what matter," replied Charney, proving by the vehemence of his feelings, and his generous forgetfulness of himself, how capable he had become of comprehending true friendship. "You will be restored to her at last. She will have ceased to suffer by my fault. You will be happy. And I shall no longer feel at the bottom of my heart that weight which has oppressed me. During the few moments that remain for us to pass together, we shall, at least, be able to speak of her."

These latter words he uttered in the arms of his old friend.

The idea of the approaching separation seemed to redouble the mutual tenderness of the two captives. Always together, they were never tired of those long and instructive conversations on the "bench of conference."

There was a certain subject, however, one of very deep interest, which Gerhardt sometimes attempted to touch upon, and which Charney, on the contrary always avoided. The old man attached too much importance to it, to let himself be easily discouraged. For if he succeeded, he should leave him with less regret. One day an occasion for returning to it presented itself.

"Do you not admire," said his companion to him, "the fate that has united us two here; we, who, separated from one another by the countries in which we were born, imbued with opposite prejudices, by very different routes had arrived at the same point—denial of the Divinity?"

"Against that latter article, I defend myself," said Gerhardt, smiling: "to forget is not to deny."

"Granted: but which of the two was the more blind, the more to be pitied?"

"You!" said the old man, without hesitation; "yes, you, my friend. All excess may conduct man to his ruin, doubtless; but in superstition there is belief, there is passion, there is life. In incredulity all is dead. The one is the river turned from its true course; it inundates, it overwhelms, it displaces the vegetable fostering mould, but it is impregnated with its substance, and carries it with it; it may be able later to repair the disasters it has caused. The other is drought—sterility; it kills, it burns, without the hope of future benefit; of the soil it makes sand, of the opulent Palmyra a ruin in a desert! Incredulity, not content with separating us from our Creator, loosens the links of society, and even those of family; by depriving man of his dignity, it produces around him isolation and desertion, and leaves him alone—alone with his pride! I have said justly, a ruin in a desert!"

"Alone with his pride," repeated Charney, in a low voice, his elbow leaning on the arm of the bench, his head sunk on his hand. "The pride of human science! Why, then, is man so pleased to destroy the elements of his happiness, by wishing to penetrate, to analyse them? Even if he should owe that happiness to a lie, why seek to raise the mask, and hasten voluntarily to meet the ruin of his illusions? Is truth, then, so delightful? Will science be sufficient for his ambitious desires? Fool! it was thus with me. I am but a worm! I said, then, to myself, a worm destined to annihilation: but, planning myself on my dunghill, I was proud of knowing it. I was proud of my naked weakness. I had doubted happiness and virtue; but, before annihilation, my scepticism stopped. I believed. My degradation became glorious to me, since I had discovered it. And had I not good cause to congratulate myself! In exchange for my fine discovery, I had only given my kingly mantle and my treasure of immortality!"

The old man held out his hand to his companion.

"The worm, after having crawled upon the earth," said he, "after having fed on bitter leaves, after having dragged itself through the mud of the morass and the dust of the roads, will construct its chrysalis, a transient tomb! whence it will come forth, transformed and purified, to fly from flower to flower, to live on their perfumes; and then, displaying its brilliant wings, it will rise towards heaven! Is not the history of the worm ours in fact?"

Charney shook his head.

"Incredulous!" replied Gerhardt, reproving him by a smile characterised by sadness; "you see your malady was greater than mine. The cure is longer. Have you, then, forgotten the lessons of your Picciola?"

"No," said Charney, with a grave impressive voice; "I confess God! I now believe in that First Cause which Picciola has revealed to me; in that Eternal Power, the admirable Regulator of the Universe! But your comparison of the worm refers to the future destiny of man, and what proves that?"

"What proves it? his mind! That is all future, and bears him constantly onward. His life is consumed in ceaseless desire; even he turns in spite of himself towards that unknown pole that attracts him! for is his most glorious portion a fruit of the earth? Where are the people amongst whom ideas of immortality have not existed? And why should not that hope be realised? Can the mind of man go farther than the power of God? What proves it?—I will not bring the authorities of revelation and the holy scriptures; convincing as they would be without force for you, as the wind which impels the vessel on its way can do nothing against the immobility of the rock; for the rock has no sails to receive it, and its base is fixed in the earth. But, my friend, should we believe in the immortality of matter, and not in the eternity of that intelligence which serves to regulate our judgment on matter itself? What! genius, love, genius, can all these come to us by the attributes of certain fermentable, fusible molecules? Can that which does not think make us think? What! can brute matter create intelligence when intelligence directs and governs matter? Then, the stones also should love and think? Speak, speak, answer!"

"That matter may be endowed with thought," replied Charney, in the English tone he appeared inclined to assume. "There is no doubt in my opinion, for he denies innate ideas, while admitting instinctive knowledge. Then, interrupting himself, he exclaimed, laughing, 'Take care, my friend! Do you wish to draw me again into that labyrinth of metaphysics, metaphysics?'"

"I do not understand anything of metaphysics," said Gerhardt.

"And I not much," answered Charney. "It is not, however, from want of having devoted time to them. But let us leave a discussion which can only be useless or fatal. You are convinced, keep your convictions. They are dear to you, I know; suppose I were to shake them?"

"You cannot do so, and I accept the trial."

"What have you to gain by it?"

"To bring you back entirely to consoling faith. You cited Locke just now; I only know one fact respecting him: it is, that constantly, and, on the bed of death, he declared the only real happiness for man was in a pure conscience, and the hope of a future life."

"I can understand how pleasant it is to pour out, beforehand the draught of immortality, but my reason refuses to allow me to take a share. Do not let us talk of it more, believe me."

Both kept a constrained silence.

At that moment, something that was flying about above their heads suddenly settled before them on the leaves of the plant. It was a greenish beetle, a beautiful striped buprestis, with white wavy bands and a narrow body.

"Here, my friend," said Charney, "here is something to interest us. Reveal some more of the wonders of God to me!"

Gerhardt took the insect, carefully examined it, seemed to reflect; then suddenly his features were animated as with hope and triumph! One might have said an irresistible argument had just fallen from heaven; and, resuming at first his professor's tone, but raising it gradually in proportion, as the secret motive of the lesson became more apparent.

"I, the fly-catcher," said he, with apparent gaiety, "I ought, I know, to confine myself within the limits of my modest studies. I am not a savant!"

"The most enlightened mind, the best stored with science," replied Charney, "quickly perceives the bounds of its intelligence and strength, when it wishes to penetrate too far into things mysterious here below. Genius itself is worn out and destroyed, before it can make the true light burst forth!"

"We ignorant people," replied the old man, "go to the point by the easiest and shortest way; we simply open our eyes, and God is revealed to us in the sublimity of his works."

"On this point we are agreed," said Charney.

"Let us pursue our way then! A simple plant has been sufficient to make you comprehend that Intelligence which governs the world; a butterfly has given you a glimpse of the law of universal harmony: now this pretty buprestis, which has life and motion also, and whose organization is even superior to that of the butterfly, will conduct us perhaps farther. You have yet only read one page of the immense book of nature; I am going to turn over the leaf."

Charney drew near, and, with a very attentive air, in his turn examined the insect the old man held.

"You see this little being. Had it the power of creating, all human genius could add nothing to its organization, so well is it calculated for its wants, and the end that has been assigned it. It has wings to transport itself from one place to another, elytra above its wings to protect them and defend it from injury from hard bodies. It has besides a breast covered with a cuirass—eyes guarded with a network of mail that the thorn of the ragwort or the sting of an enemy may not destroy its sight. It has antennae, to examine the obstacles that present themselves; living by the chase, it has swift feet to reach its prey—hard, strong mandibles to devour it, to dig in the earth to make its abode, to deposit its booty or its eggs. If a dangerous adversary dare attack it, it keeps in reserve, an acrid and corrosive liquid which will soon send it away. An innate instinct has from the first taught it the means of providing its food, and constructing a habitation; to make use of its instruments and its arms. And do not think that other insects are less favoured than this. All have had their part in the magnificent distribution of the gifts of Nature. Imagination is appalled at the variety and multiplicity of the means employed by her to secure the existence and duration of these infinite small races. Now let us compare, and you will see that this frail creature will furnish sufficient to establish the immense line of demarcation which separates man from the brute!"

"Man has been thrown naked upon the earth; weak, incapable of flying like a bird, of running like a stag, of creeping like a serpent; without means of defence, in the midst of terrible enemies armed with claws and fangs; without the means of braving the inclemency of the seasons, in the midst of animals covered with wool, scales, or fur; without shelter, when every other has its den, its burrow, its nest, its abode; without arms, when all are armed around him and against him. Well! he has asked of the Heav his saviour, a dwelling, and the Heav has retired before his glance; he has spoiled the bear of his fur, and it was his first clothing; he has torn his horn from the bull, and formed it into his first gun. Then he scathed the earth to its inmost parts, to seek the instruments of his future power of a rifle, of a sword, he has made himself arms; and the metals, that at first formed his weakness, and his nakedness, prepared to seize him, for his power, he made the fulcrum of his feet, only to furnish him a support as an antagonist for his best friend."

"And what animals, is there one, a single one, who could live and flourish in the midst of such conditions? Let us divide, for a moment, the workman-

from his work; let us separate God from Nature. Well! Nature does all for this insect, and nothing for man. It is that man must be the offspring of intelligence, much more than that of matter; and God, in granting him this celestial gift, this ray of light, a portion of the divine fire, created him weak and miserable, that he might make use of it, and that he might be obliged to find in himself the elements of his greatness!"

"But, my friend," interrupted Charney, "what good then has this faculty, self called divine, done to our species? Superior to animals under so many relations, we are inferior to them under many others, and that insect itself, whose wonders you have just detailed to me, is it not worthy to excite our envy, and to raise in us a sentiment of humility rather than of pride?"

"No, for animals in their important actions have never varied. Such they are, such they have always been; what they know they have always known. If they are born perfect, it is that there can be no progression amongst them. They do not live by their own impulse, but by that given them by the Creator. Thus, from the commencement of the world, the beavers have built their huts on the same plan, the caterpillars and spiders have spun and woven their epouvons and their webs in the same form, the cells of the bees have always formed a regular hexagon; and lion ants have always traced, without a compass, circles and spiral lines. The character of their industry is uniformity and regularity, that of the industry of man is diversity, for it comes from free and creative thought. Now, observe. Of all the beings of creation, man alone has memory, presentiment, an idea of duty and hidden causes, reflection, love! He alone is determined by reason, and not by instinct, he alone can catch a glimpse of the universe in its whole—he alone anticipates another world, he alone knows life and death!"

"What doubt," said Charney, "but again, is what distinguishes him from animals so much to his advantage then? Why has God given us reason that misleads, science which deceives us? With our high intelligence we are often objects of pity to ourselves! Why is the only privileged being the only one liable to error? Why have we not the instinct of animals, and in its cur reason?"

"It is that they were not created for the same end. God does not expect virtue from them. Grant them reason, the liberty of choice in their dwellings and in their food, and you instantly destroy the equilibrium of the world. The Creator has decreed that the surface of the globe and even its most parts, should teem with animated beings that life should be everywhere. And accordingly, in the plains in the valleys in the forests from the summits of the mountains to their bases, on the trees as on the rocks—in the seas in the lakes, in the rivers in the streams, on their banks or in their beds in the swamps—in every climate, in every latitude from one pole to the other all is peopled all move in harmony with each other. In the depth of the desert as behind a blade of straw the insect and the ant are at the post that has been assigned to them. Each has its part each has his place marked out before him, each moves there in its appointed circle, each is there confined within its own limits, for it is necessary that all the squares of the immense chess board should be filled, they are so none can leave his place without dying. Man alone goes everywhere and lives everywhere—he crosses the oceans, and the deserts, he plants his tent on the wild, or constructs his palace on the shore of the lake, he lives in the midst of the surges of our life, under the tropical suns, he has the world for his son!"

But if this world is governed by God, said Charney, "why so many crimes in the bosom of human society, and so many disasters in nature? I admire with you the sublime distribution of created beings, my reason is overwhelmed before this vast whole; but when my eyes turn towards man—"

"My friend," interrupted the sage, "do not accuse God either of the errors of man, or the eruption of a volcano he has imposed on matter eternal laws, and his work is accomplished without his being anxious if a vessel sinks in the midst of a tempest or a town disappears under an earthquake. What matter to him a few existences more or less! I think he then of death? No! but to our soul he has left the care of regulating itself; and what proves it is the independence of our passions. I have shown you animals obeying in all things the instinct which directs them, having only blind impulses, possessing only qualities inherent in their species: man alone forms his virtues and his vices, he alone has free-will, for him alone this earth is a world of trials. The tree of happiness which we cultivate here below with so many efforts, will only flourish for us in heaven. Oh! do not think that God can change the heart of the wicked and will not that he can leave the just in sorrow, without reserving for him a recompense. What could he then have willed in creating us? If we were in this world to receive the reward of our virtues or our crimes, all prosperity would be honorable, and a thunderbolt would be a death of infamy!"

Charney was struck with surprise on hearing this simple man suddenly attain to eloquence from the depth of his convictions, he followed his eye, he admired his noble countenance, on which shone all the splendor of a religious soul; and involuntarily he felt moved and affected.

"But," said he, in a low voice, "why has not God given us a warranty of our immortality?"

(To be continued)

And the king, who had been seated at the foot of the throne, now rose and trembled in every limb at the sight of water-cresses. Dishes nearly expired at the sight of a fox, Omelette of Poland, raw from the sight of apples; Aristo shuddered at the sight of a buck, Curden at the breaking of an egg; Cassin at the cracking of a cock, Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish; Henry of Navarre, and the Cardinal Gardon, from the odor of a rose.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 67.)

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Learn—When to my father,  
King—Dead!—Wretched man.

At the close of a long, dark day, when the night seems about to descend, without one ray to mitigate its gloom, the clouds are sometimes lifted like a curtain, and beneath their sable folds eludes out the starry firmament, and the bow of the Covenant is set in the east, spanning the world in the arch of promise. At such times, the clouds are all pervaded by the light, we see far into their vapory depths, and can almost count the glistening drops that float suspended in mid-air. And the rain-drops hang trembling on the leaves, and the branches wave gently in the evening wind, not violent enough to shake them off, but only to present the thousand colors of the rainbow light, reflected from each tiny globe. And then the birds come out and sing to heaven their joyful songs, or flitter and play along the little rivulets, and by the rain. "The heart is lifted up in silent adoration," and the music of the heavens and the earth finds an echo of gladness in the soul.

Like such an evening as this, is sometimes closed a stormy life, and the pilgrim, whose way has been shadowed by adversity, often finds in the serenity of the hour of death, a compensation for the gloom of all the day. A life of splendour, gilded by the admiration of the world, too often closes in obscurity and neglect, and the bitterness of the passage to the grave is aggravated by the recollection of the triumphs that are past. And as the clouds of evening overshadow even the glory of the noonday, so the mild and pure serenity of the sunset may dispel, or gild the memory of all the storms that darkened the meridian. To live happily and die in misery, is a fate far worse than to live miserably and die in peace. For the moment of death is the moment to which all life has been tending, and for which all life was made. In natural landscapes, every smiling plain and blooming mead is bounded by the wood within whose darkened lines, imagination pictures deep ravines and gloomy shades, while beyond these haunted precincts, some again the open fields and flower-enamelled plains. And so it is in life—an alternation of lights and shades, the one but leading to the other; and happy is he who dies while the sun shines before another cloud hath curbed out the light!

It was with William Vernon a life of bitter disappointments was drawing to a close. But the clouds had broken away, and the sun was shining brightly and clear along the western sky.

His son sat at the head of his bed and held his hand, and the old man's eyes were bent upon him with an affection they had not often of late years shown. When he last saw him he was dozing and peevish; upon his features shone that imbecile and helpless expression, always accompanying such a state. Particularly was the visible about the mouth—that most truly expressive feature of expression—but it also distorted every other point of his wrinkled countenance. Now, it was gone not a vestige of his shining, and potent impatience could be traced. His mind went back across the waste of ill-spent years, and lingered on the moment when this son was born. He thought of her who bore him, and his memory dwelt with tenderness of late too seldom felt, upon the joys of their too early severed union. He looked forward, too, for he knew he had but a brief time to live—and thought of the reunion, perhaps not more than an hour, in the future. And as he thought of her, earth faded from his eyes, and calmly he resigned his joys.

There was but one thing I regretted, Allen," said he, feebly, drawing his son's hand nearer to him, "and that was that I could not leave you this wealth I once possessed. But I am convinced that it is all for the better, and I regret it no longer."

"It is indeed, father!" said Allen anxious to convince him, if any doubt disturbed his mind. "I shall do much better without it, and I only regretted its loss because it subjected you to privation."

"You are ambitious," continued the old man, pursuing his train of thought, "and if you were raised by wealth above the necessity of effort, you might not succeed so well."

"I would not I know," said the son; "it is better as it is now."

"I believe it is," sighed his father, "though I could never think so. I was peevish, I think, now since I can reflect—and, Allen my son, I have been fretful and unreasonable with you. You must forgive all that, Allen, for now you know it was not unkindness but disappointment."

"Do not think of it, father," sobbed the son, "for, indeed, I have nothing to forgive."

"It is very good in you to say so, Allen," said the old man feebly, "and I am glad you think so, it makes me more resigned. If I could only live to see you free from this criminal charge, I think I could die perfectly at peace. Are you sure you can establish your innocence, Allen—did you not say you were sure?"

"Yes, father," Allen answered, willing to exaggerate his hopes, which in fact were low enough, to smooth the pillow of the dying man, "I think I shall not have any difficulty. Do you need not think of that for a moment."

"Then I can die in peace," he whispered, and as he spoke, Allen felt his grasp relax, the life seemed to move, and the eyes became fixed. Allen gently placed his hand upon his breast, and felt for the pulsation of his heart—but it had ceased to beat.

Allen covered his face with his hands for a few moments, and in those moments came upon his heart the full sense of his utter loneliness. He rose,

and calling in the nurse, retired to his room, to pass in solitude the hours of melancholy thought. Affliction generally makes us selfish, or apparently so; for the adversity or anxiety, which absorbs our thoughts, necessarily excludes all other things. But with Allen it was not so; for during that long night, and the day and night following, he recollected the difficulties of his situation only as concomitants of this chief affliction—circumstances which made this grief endurable—and not, as usual, as griefs to which this was only an incident. On the second day, the mortal remains of a disappointed, but finally contented man, were committed to the tomb; and as Allen turned away, to seek again the solitude in which alone is found relief, the scene of his bereavement settled on his spirit like a weight; and all the scenes and faces round him, were as a shadowy pageant, fleeting, deceptive, and unreal.

But it was not his nature to despair—and it is only wilful and culpable repining which can find no amelioration of its grief. A week passed away, and he was once more at his easel, if not with as much zest as ever, at least with the zeal which no true artist ever loses. He had turned over and arranged a series of sketches he had made in Mexico; and one or two of them he had already begun to paint. He had thus laid out for himself a whole year's work; and yet within less than two months he must stand before a court of justice, upon a charge, which, were he convicted, would deprive him of his liberty for perhaps many years, and effectually destroy every hope in life. But he did not believe he would be convicted; he had an abiding faith in his innocence, and he felt that he would not be abandoned to his enemies. He had, also, a portion of that reliance, which every unprofessional man has, in his counsel; and he was confident that if human effort could triumph against falsehood and malice, he would certainly be able to establish his innocence. How it was to be done he could not precisely see; but that Clayton and Carlin would, with the help of Providence, find some way, he was sure. They had furnished him money for his bail, and feeling thus secure, he abandoned the management of his case almost entirely to them; showing nothing of the fidgetty, max-plot spirit, suitors so often exhibit, and confining himself almost exclusively to his own recovered home.

One bright spring morning, about a week after his father's death, he was as usual seated at his easel, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Clayton. That gentleman, as we have seen, was far more sanguine of success in the contest before him, than his more showy colleague; and to him, perhaps was attributable Vernon's confidence. He had been indefatigable in his preparations, and was anxious to inform himself precisely of what he might expect, even in matters which Carlin deemed trivial, and this morning his visit was made in a great measure for such a purpose.

"I am sorry to call your mind from things so pleasant," he said, as Allen laid down his palette and pencils, "especially when I have no pleasant substitute. But it occurred to me, that I could not do better than examine the precise position of this room. I do not know that it can do us any good; but it may be well to understand it. Where was it that you found this unlucky note?"

"Upon that table," said Allen, pointing to the place. "Everything is now arranged precisely as it was then."

"And what was it that Hugh Manning was putting up?"

"The rack in this closet," said Allen, opening the door.

"Strange," said his companion, inquiringly, "if he did see this crime committed that he never told you. But he may have had reasons which we do not understand; or, more probably, he may have thought he had reasons which he really had not."

"You still think, then," asked Allen, "that Hugh saw the note signed?"

"I scarcely know what to think," replied Clayton; "though we cannot doubt that he could give us some light if he were here."

"I cannot believe he would have been silent," said Allen. "The only time he ever said a word, to indicate that he even suspected Thorpe's ill will to me, was one day while we were on the excursion that ended in his death. And even that was apparently predicated upon facts entirely foreign to this accusation."

"What facts?" asked Clayton.

"I mean suppositions, when I say facts," said Allen; "a supposed state of things connected with Miss Talbot and her relations to Thorpe."

"I understand," said Clayton, turning quickly aside and examining a picture which stood near. "I asked the question because we can never know that any two facts, however wide apart, are really foreign to each other. My experience has taught me that it is unsafe to act upon any such supposition; for the discovery of any third fact may show a very close connection between the other two, which we had determined were entirely disconnected. And in this suspicion of Manning's I see that he had come to the same conclusion with Mr. Carlin and myself."

"I know what you mean," said Allen; "and you may be right—"

"But you do not believe it?" said Clayton.

"I did believe it," answered Allen, "but on reflection I cannot reconcile it with either my previous knowledge of Thorpe, or with the principles upon which men ordinarily act."

"Do you recollect what Carlin said the other day? 'In consistency with preconceived notions of men, the apparent absence of sufficient motive, or even the violation of usual modes of action, should never lead us to think men innocent or guilty.'"

Allen was disposed to dispute this lawyer's maxim, and combated it with all his power. But in doing so he experienced mind, his practical good sense was not without its force. It may be true that man never act without motive; but upon different men, inducements act with such unequal force—some men are so easily moved in comparison with others—that we can never

be thoroughly satisfied whether we have discovered their true motives or not. And human nature is so infinite in its varieties that a perfect knowledge of each individual is necessary to a positive conclusion. Even with this knowledge, in cases of mixed motives, we may often be at a loss to ascertain how far one inducement operated, what weight was given to another, or whether in fact either had any force at all.

"I see we all never agree," said Clayton, after talking some minutes; "and the abstract question is not of sufficient importance to justify the discussion. Do you know that Major Bryce has returned?"

"I had not heard of it," said Allen; "when did he arrive?"

"Yesterday, I believe. Would it not be well for you to call on him? Perhaps he may have some tidings of Hugh."

"Of that there can be no hope," said Allen.

"Still," said the lawyer, "it is a maxim of our craft that a death is not proven until the corpus be shown; and you know we could not find even a vestige of Hugh."

"There was but too good reason for that," replied Allen.

"Either one of two reasons was good enough," said Clayton: "the fire, or his captivity. I cannot but hope that we may yet hear of him."

"I will call on the major, at all events," said Allen, "though not with any hope of this good fortune. I may perhaps prove something by him, about the manner in which my engagement to go with him to Mexico was made."

"This money was borrowed, I believe, in consequence of that engagement?" said Clayton.

"Yes," said Allen; "will that fact be of any service to us?"

"I cannot tell, now," answered the other. "But, at any rate, it is better to call on him as soon as possible. Another thing," he continued more rapidly, "I am going to call to-day at Colonel Talbot's to ascertain precisely what can be proved by Cara. Have you anything to say to her?"

"Nothing," said Allen, after a moment's thought, "except that I am sorry for the necessity of calling her into such a place as a court of justice."

"I am much mistaken in her," said Clayton, "if she would consent to allow any consideration of mere timidity to keep her away."

After some further conversation, Clayton left him to go to Talbot's; and Allen went out to call on Major Bryce. We will accompany the former.

As he entered the room where Cara sat, there crossed his face a flush of which he was himself, perhaps, not conscious; and upon her countenance, also, might be traced a consciousness, that he who stood before her looked upon her with feelings far from indifferent. She observed it, too, in his manner, though he strove to conceal it; and regret mingled with her thoughts. She, however, advanced and frankly gave him her hand, replying to his first words with a voice whose tremor answered to the unsteadiness of her step. There was nothing of the coxcomb in Clayton's nature; and he, therefore, ascribed her manner to its proper cause—anxiety and agitation, consequent upon the danger of one she loved. She seemed sad, and even after she had recovered from her momentary agitation, one could have seen that she was full of some absorbing trouble. She was dressed as usual, plainly and simply, and Clayton thought, perhaps correctly, that about the simplicity of her attire there was wanting a portion of her accustomed care for neatness. An anxious mind cannot attend to minor things with the studied care of cheerfulness; and nowhere does grief sooner show itself than in the mourner's dress. Indeed, it too often shows itself in the dress, when it exists nowhere else; and as an importunate beggar driven from the house will seek a refuge in the fields or outhouses, so sorrow, finding no resting-place within the heart, takes hold upon externals, and shows itself in funeral and deceitful black. Or like the sun-rays on a cloud, whose centre they cannot illumine, seizing firmly on the skirts and fringes, gilding them and hiding from the world their natural darkness. It was not thus with Cara; for she was unconscious of the change which Clayton observed. The situation in which Vernon was placed—the disappointment of hopes so fondly cherished—her father's commands that she should see him no more—all conspired to weigh upon her spirits; and though none could be more elastic, it was not strange that a sadness insensibly came over her, and was visible even in her dress.

"I have been expecting to see you for several days," she said, after a pause. "Mr. Vernon left the impression on my mind, that the little I could tell you would be of service to him."

"I would have called sooner had I been able," said Clayton; "for what you speak of was almost the first ray of light we had, in a mystery of unusual darkness."

"And will it enable you to clear up the mystery?" she asked.

"Perhaps not entirely," he replied, and her eager eyes fell to the floor. But he hastened to add: "yet it directs our efforts to the proper point, and determines our minds upon a certain course of action—and that is a great point gained."

"It has enabled you to find other evidence, then?"

"It has supplied a missing link," he replied, "in a chain, of which we only lacked this. Another point of equal importance gained, and our triumph will be certain."

"Have you any hope of gaining that point?" she asked.

"We have very sanguine hopes," he replied, "of being able to establish Allen's innocence—though I must acknowledge that the evidence we do not as yet very clearly see."

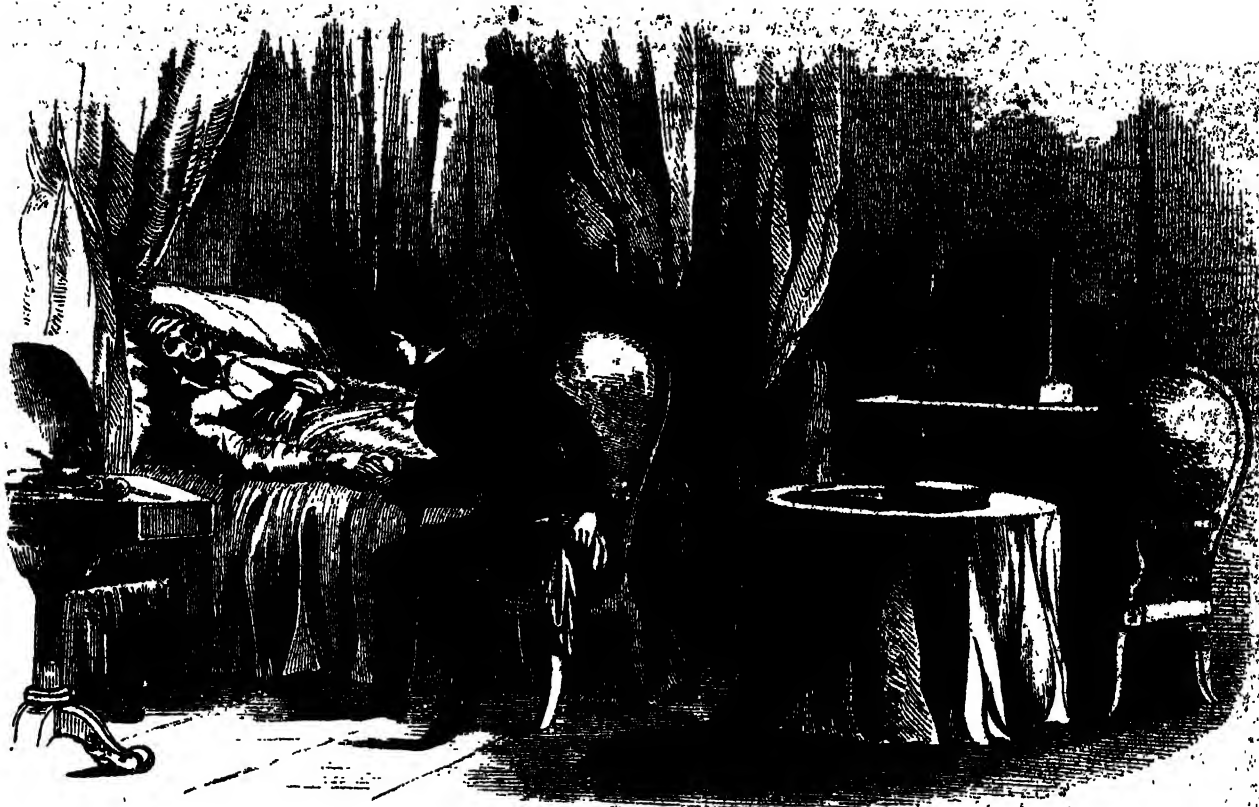
"Does he fully understand his position?"

"Perfectly," answered Clayton.

"And how does he bear it—bravely?"

"Yes," said he, "far more firmly than could be expected."





"His son sat at the head of his bed and held his hand, and the old man's eyes were bent upon his with an affection they had not often lately shown."

"Have you seen him within a short time?"

"I left him but a few minutes ago," Clayton replied.

"And did he send me no message?"

"Nothing, except that he is sorry to be under the necessity of calling you as a witness."

"Tell him," said she, raising her eyes, "not to regret it for one moment. I am only sorry that I cannot give sufficient evidence to carry him safely through his troubles. If every one knew him as well as I do, this accusation would never have been made."

"You are willing, then," said Clayton—glad to draw her from such a strain, generous as he was—"you are willing then to allow us to call you as a witness?"

"Certainly," she replied; "I would be false to every feeling of my heart, if I allowed any consideration to make me refuse."

"Very well," said Clayton, a little nervous in spite of his efforts at self-control; "I called to ascertain precisely what we can depend upon your testifying—in order that we may fully comprehend our position."

A conversation ensued, the purport of which the reader will understand hereafter, and with which we need not therefore trouble him now. Let us return to Allen, at Major Bryce's.

As he entered the room where he had been received the year before, he perceived Miss Mary Bryce seated on an ottoman, "dressed for company," as the phrase is, and apparently deep in the fascinating pages of a French novel. She was very little, if at all, changed since Allen had last seen her. The same contradiction between face and form still forced itself upon the observation; but if there was any change in her appearance, it was in the fact that this contradiction was less obtrusive. Not, however, because her form had diminished in its essential characteristics of grossness, but because her face had gradually contracted a portion of the same expression. It is impossible for a delicate mind long to preserve its delicacy, when connected with a gradually developing animal nature; and the face, which is the exterior of the mind, must partake of the internal gangrene. So it was with her. Those who were constantly beside, who saw her every day—and all her acquaintances did that, for no day passed without her appearing in public—became accustomed to the change while it was taking place, and were not conscious that she was different from what she had been years before. Those, however, who had been absent, though for a few months only, could see a very sensible change. Vernon had not seen her for nearly a year; and he at once observed that the indulgence of indelicate tastes and ungenteel passions was fast stealing away even the small remains of beauty he had seen in her during his former acquaintance. Perhaps an example of those tastes might have been found in the pages of the book before her. At all events, she either was, or appeared to be, deeply engrossed; for Allen had entered and walked nearly across the room before she seemed to notice him; and when she did so, it was with a start and a little aversion, which to a more experienced man would have appeared rather too theatrical.

"Mr. Vernon!" she exclaimed, with a tragic air,—first, however, hiding the book under the sofa-cushion,—"*how glad I am to see you! I began to think you had forgotten us!*"

"Far from it," said Allen, pleased with the frankness of her reception—for of late he had felt as "a marked man"—"*I should have done myself the honour of calling sooner, had it not been for circumstances—*"

"Oh! don't mention them!" she implored, placing her fat, red hand upon his arm, and convulsively grasping it, as if even the mention of the "circumstances" was likely to end her useful life. "It is too infamous," she continued, "that men should make such odious charges!" And she again lifted up those hands, and her head drooped back and a little to one side, her eyes rolled up to the ceiling, and she grieved over the iniquities of the world.

"I alluded to the death of my father," said Allen, "which occurred only three days after my return."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, gasping alarmingly, and again dashing her hands up. But before she could say more, the door was opened, and a soft voice pronounced her name. She turned away, recovering immediately from what Allen began to fear was a fainting fit, and with an apology left the room. Allen seated himself, and waited several minutes; he then got up and examined the pictures upon the wall, looked out of the window, turned over the books on the table, and resorted to every other allowable expedient to kill time in such a situation. Half an hour went past, but Mary did not return, nor did any one else enter the room. Ten minutes longer elapsed, and the door was at last opened. A servant girl stopped within, and addressed him in these words—

"Mrs. Bryce bids me say, that the major will not be at home for several hours; but if you will return at four o'clock you may probably find him."

There was a half insolent smirk on the girl's face, which told more plainly than words, that she understood the purport of her message. Allen replied not a word; but passed out, and, in bitterness of spirit, left the house. At the door he met Thorpe, but they passed each other with a cold bow; for both began to feel that cordiality between them was entirely misplaced.

## CHAPTER XX.

"Virtue must be thrown off like a soiled garment.  
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court."—DANIEL.

Six weeks passed away, seeming, to Allen scarcely longer than as many days. After his bitter slight at Major Bryce's, he secluded himself almost entirely at home—visiting no one and receiving none except Clayton. Once, indeed, Manning called to ask the particulars of his son's death. Allen related them as circumstantially as he could, and the old man went away without a word of acknowledgment. But Allen forgave him readily for the worn, sorrow-stricken look of the old man precluded resentment. It was plain that he had forgotten the forgery while he was with Allen; and it

was still more evident that he cared not for any further injury that could be done him. With bent form and feeble step he went away, and Allen saw no more of him. But Clayton told him that the money-lender was no longer what he had been. The objects for which he had toiled had lost their value; and, as if conscious that the world would not know him long, he had begun a new, and for him, strange life. He had closed his counting-rooms, opening it only to receive the money due to him, and expending large sums as he received them in profuse and generous charities. The house of God, too, to the wiles of which his feet had so long been strangers, he now frequented regularly; and among all the throng who wore the garb of piety, none were more devoted than the money-lender. He seemed to be striving earnestly to redeem an ill-spent life; and although the worldly vanity which often leads the followers of Christ to triumph more over the conversion of a wealthy sinner, than over the reclamation of a hundred poor ones, might lead him to excessive exultation over his accession to their ranks, surely, if it might justify the feeling, it is the conversion of an usurer—the diversion of a stream of gold from the usurer's chest to the coffers of the church! As he entered the house of worship with a feeble step, scores, who had let the poor and pious pass them unheeded, and sent themselves uncared for on the great steps, were alert in opening their pews to invite him to a seat upon their velvet cushions; for they respected him doubly—as a convert, firstly; and secondly and most, as a rich convert.

But Vernon heard of these things only through Clayton; for he scarcely ever went abroad, and when he did, it was only for a few trifling moments. His painings were unceasing, and his own thoughts occupied him quite enough. For a several weeks he had held no consultation, even with his lawyers; everything they could hope for had been effected, and the trial of their defence was set off. Clayton had written letters to the Commandant of every Post in Mexico, making inquiries about Hught, and requesting them to take pains to ascertain his fate. But to several of these answers had come, announcing that no tidings were to be gathered. At last the regiment was ordered home, and Hught's companions brought accounts of his death at his residence, so circumstantial and detailed that no room was left for doubt or hope. Nothing now remained but to make the best defence they could, for the only chance of success lay in a rigid cross-examination of the prosecutor's testimony, and in the hope of casting doubt upon the transaction through the evidence to be given by Cara Talbot. If these failed, there was no hope except in the executive; and a pardon for an offence which he had not committed Allen would not receive if it were offered.

He was fully cognizant of his position; for Clayton had opened to him the extent of his danger. And yet he pursued his labours with unabated zeal—even hastening to finish a picture he was painting, as if he expected to be cut short by the sentence of the law. It cannot be denied, that now and then a pang of deep sorrow shot through his heart, with the reflection that he was about to be condemned unjustly—even the utmost despair of which men are susceptible, cannot wholly exclude the thought of what others will think; and it was in view of the anticipated blackening of his name, that he felt sick at heart. Cara, too, beautiful and loving, was always before his eyes; and the bitterness of his grief was their separation. He sometimes received from her messages of encouragement; but her father's prohibition prevented his ever seeing her, or even returning a message of more than ordinary acknowledgment. He was alone in the worst sense of loneliness—separated from what he most loved.

But few of his former friends had called upon him; and these, more as they would have gone to see some spectacle of *outré* interest, than as meeting a former friend. He was evidently an object of curiosity to them, and his sensitive nature shrank from such contact. He received them, therefore, coldly, and their visits were not repeated. Probably this would have been so had he met them cordially, for they came not to see Mr. Vernon, but the reputed forger. Of all the hundreds who had made his house a thoroughfare, in the days of his honest fame, not a score had stepped within its threshold since his return; and though they were right enough to stay away—for the evidence against him was convincing—he felt their desertion far more keenly than he should. Major Bryce had started several times to call on him; for the major was really a man of kind feelings; but he had never succeeded in reaching the door. In the first place, the major had a suspicion that Allen had not been well treated while at his house; and feeling the need of an apology, he was still at a loss how to make it. The major was a timid man, moreover, always afraid of the world's opinion, as was indicated by his pompous manner, and he was doubly so now, because his fortunes, although regretted by his official position in the army, like his health, had been failing for several years; he felt insecure, as a man does who feels the sand on a wet beach giving way beneath his feet. The major was in debt, and it was not wonderful that he shrank from anything which promised to compromise him even slightly. But above all, the major owed Allen for his services in Mexico in his department; and though he had the money, he would not now be convenient for him to pay it; for some reason which we must leave to the imagination of the knowing reader, he would rather wait until his accounts should be settled with the government; and being a conscientious man, he was afraid that, if he found himself once in Allen's presence, he would be inclined to pay him whether his creditor introduced the subject or not. For these, and other reasons which we cannot stay to catalogue, the major kept away; and sincerely hoping that Vernon would be acquitted of the charge against him, he was nevertheless too timid to give him the support of his presence and countenance, when he needed it most. Whether these or other motives operated upon others, we do not know, but certain it is, that after Allen's return from Mexico, he found himself (excepting Clayton's visits), as solitary as a hermit.

(To be continued.)

## FRIENDS AND ASSOCIATES.

A want of prudence in the use of money, at the beginning, may become confirmed into habits that will mar a man's fortunes for life; but a want of due caution in regard to our associates is fraught with consequences far more direful. The effects of the first error are felt mainly in the inconveniences and dissipation of natural life; but the effects of the latter reach far deeper and influence themselves upon man's spiritual and substantial part.

The laws of association are governed by mental and moral—or, to speak more correctly, spiritual—affinities, and are based upon the qualities of mind and heart. The good are attracted toward each other, and the same thing occurs with the evil, when reciprocal interchanges of thoughts and feelings take place. Now, in every society of either the good or the evil, there is a sphere of the quality of that society pervading the whole; and all who come into it, and voluntarily remain there, are more or less strongly affected by this sphere, and thus feel with the rest. Let a man, who has a respect for order and obedience to the laws, go into a mob, and voluntarily remain there for a time, and he will be surprised to find his liveliest sympathies on the side of mob law; and the reason of it is, he feels the sphere of the quality of that mob's associations—he is in it, and breathes it, and feels an impulse to act with it.

From this may clearly be seen the great importance of choosing with care our associates. If we mingle with those who make light of both human and divine laws, we shall be led into the same error, and sink, instead of rising, in the scale of moral excellence. But if we choose more wisely our companions, we shall not only be elevated ourselves, but help to elevate others.

Keeping this in view, the whole subject of his duties and his danger—every young man may see how much depends upon his choice of associates. If he mingles with those who are governed by right principles, his own good purposes will be strengthened, and he will strengthen others in return. But if he mingles with those who make light of virtue, and revel in selfish and sensual indulgence, he will find his own respect for virtue growing weaker, and he will gradually become more and more in love with the grosser enjoyments of sense that drag a man downward, instead of lifting him upward, and throw a mist of obscurity over all his moral perceptions.

It not infrequently happens, that young men—either from feeling the dangers attendant upon associations with others, or from a natural disinclination for society—shut themselves, and take for companions books and their own thoughts, becoming hermits in the very midst of society. This is an error that effectually prevents a healthy development of character. One of the first laws of our being is the law of association, and whoever disregards it, disregards not only his own, but the common good. Society is a man in a larger form, and we are all members, and must act in concert with the rest, and do our duty to the whole, or we shall find ourselves—like a hand that lies inactive appropriating the life-blood that flows into it, without doing anything for the whole body—gradually losing our power, and withering away into mental imbecility.

It is known that no two men are precisely alike in appearance, disposition, or ability; that no two men are able to do the same thing with equal skill; and it is also known that there is some one thing in which every particular man can excel his fellow, if he will but direct to that thing all the powers of both his mind and body. One man comes into the province of the head, and his chief delight and activities consist in a regard to things of government, either in the affairs of the nation, as a whole, or in some one of its thousand subdivisions into lesser associations. He sees ends, causes, and effects far more clearly than his neighbour, who may be, perhaps, in the province of the hand, and ever ready to execute what others plan. The one is a man of thought, the other of execution, and they act in harmony in the attainment of the general good; one is not more honourable than another, except so far as he does his appropriate work more faithfully. It would be an interesting task to trace here the correspondence between the attributes and functions of common society, and those of the individual man; but a mere declaration of the fact, with the simple and apparent illustration of it that we have given, will cause it to strike almost every one as true, and enable every one to trace out this correspondence for himself. But, if there are any who cannot comprehend what has been assumed in regard to society being a man in a larger form, let them consider this plain proposition. Society is an aggregate of individual men, and must, therefore, be the complex of those qualities, attributes, wants, and abilities, which appertain to individual men; consequently society is a greater man, and must be sustained in health by an observance of the laws which preserve the individual.

The conclusion arrived at in the last sentence is what we are particularly desirous of impressing upon the minds of such of our readers as feel inclined to separate themselves from society, and live in selfish seclusion. All the members of the body act in harmony: the eye does not for itself; the ear hears not for itself; the hand works not for itself; but all labour for the common good, while each part is sustained from the whole. If any part ceases to perform its functions, that part at once begins to suffer decay; its sinuses shrink, its veins and arteries decrease in volume, the blood circulates feebly through it; it becomes weak and helpless, and affects the whole body with disease more or less serious, as the part approaches or is more remote from the seat of life. Just such will be the effect produced in every case where a man deliberately withdraws himself from the use of society; and the more serious will be the result, the higher the function he is called to fill. The duty of each intercourse is not to impede, but to aid in the duty of performing faithfully the work of our office in life, be it what it may.

Let every young man, then, seek for associations in life, but let him be exceedingly careful to make his selection. Almost everything depends upon its being done with prudence.

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**THE HOME COMPANION:**  
A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

**THE MUSTER ROLL.**

"ATTENTION!" We are rapidly progressing towards the completion of our First Volume, which closes with the Fifty-second Number. And having already matured our plans for the Second Volume, we will proceed to state them, after a brief retrospective glance.

We venture to assert, that no publication of the present day comprises, within the limits of a volume, an equal amount of matter of the same standard character as that included in the First Volume of the HOME COMPANION.

Of ENGLISH Standard Literature the Volume will contain, complete and unabridged, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Picciola*, *Undine*, and *Nature and Art*. Of AMERICAN Literature, *Shadow and Sunshine*, *The Pioneer's Daughter*, *Love's Trials*, *The Catfowls*, and *Caroline and Catharina*. The cost of these works collectively, in their separate forms, even reckoning the English works at the prices of the cheapest unillustrated editions, would be about TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS, the American works being chiefly expensive, and not hitherto reprinted in this country.

In addition to the above, the Volume will contain a great number of ORIGINAL Tales, Essays, Enigmas, Biographies, Poems, and Miscellaneous Articles, humorous and instructive, illustrated by THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. The Price of the Volume, elegantly bound, will be Six Shillings and Sixpence. Cases for binding will be issued immediately upon the close of the volume, price 1s. 6d. each. And we respectfully urge our Subscribers to order immediately the back Numbers to complete their sets, that they may possess a handsome volume a few weeks hence.

THE FUTURE! With No. 53, commencing the Second Volume, will be commenced a NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE of great interest, by the EDITOR, entitled MABEL LEE; OR, THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN ORPHAN'S LIFE. All the other Articles will be Original, and be written expressly for the HOME COMPANION. Each Number will contain, in addition to the continuous tale by the Editor, a Complete Story, founded upon a popular drama, under the general title of "TALES FROM CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS," and after the manner of "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare." These will include, *The Bandman*, *The Maid of Honour*, *The Duke of Milan*, *The Picture*, *The Fatal Doury*, *The Great Duke of Florence*, *The Alchemist*, *The Fair*, *The Blind Woman*, *The Broken Heart*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Faustus*, *Volpone*, *Coriolanus*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Philoctetes*, *King and No King*, *The Elder Brother*, *Macbeth*, *The Young Stranger*, *Wit without Money*, and various others.

Departments will be opened for the Artist, the Mechanic, the Farmer, the Gardener, the Housewife, and the Jeweller. Under these heads will be given every kind of new discovery, and every fact of interest. Each department

will be under the care of an Editor, whose attention will be earnestly directed to the bringing together of the essence of information and interest relating to the several subjects mentioned, derived from peculiar and authentic sources. Poetry, Biography, Letters, and Correspondence, articles upon Natural History, Mathematics, &c. &c. together with Light and amusing Anecdotes, will complete the arrangements for the New Volume of the HOME COMPANION, the whole giving it the highest title to UNIVERSAL ACCESSION BY THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

And FURTHER! On Saturday, the 2nd of October, will be published THE HOME COMPANION ALMANACK, for 1853. This will be undeniably the greatest literary wonder of the day. It will contain HENRY TOWN'S ENGRAVINGS, designed expressly for the work. These will include, hitherto unpublished Pictures of *Elizabeth*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *James I.*, *Charles I.*, *James II.*, *George I.*, *George II.*, *George III.*, *William IV.*, *Victoria*, &c. &c. Appropriate spaces and numbers will be left for Readers to enter their conjectural answers to the Pastimes published in the Almanack, in comparison with the actual Answers, which will be published in the next Number of the HOME COMPANION. In the centre will be given a LARGE DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING, displaying the *Flags of all Nations*, borne by people in the costumes of their countries, followed by a procession of people in their distinctive dresses, bearing the *Heraldic devices of the principal Counties, Cities, and Towns of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales*, with numerical references for explanation. The Almanack will be exactly the size of *Punch's Almanack*, will contain an equal number of engravings by the first artists, and will be charged to our Subscribers, ONE PENCE ONLY! A sale of at least 200,000 is expected, and therefore the Order of the Trade should be immediately registered at our Office, 69, Fleet-street.

**MABEL LEE.**

I have undertaken, at the request of many friends, to write the history of MABEL LEE, whose name alone is fictitious. I confess that I am not given to the invention of Tales, made up of startling and improbable incidents, but being reminded that the life of MABEL LEE is more strange than fiction, and may be written all the more vividly, because absolutely true, I have willingly entered upon the subject, and have already far advanced in its execution. I have never read a novel that interested me half so much as the story of this orphan girl; full of the most remarkable vicissitudes, of many of which I was an actual observer. The Reader must not expect from me a thrilling romance, but a story plainly and truthfully told, that will appeal to every heart, and supply many elements of good example to those who, like MABEL LEE, may have to struggle against the bitter tide of adversity, with a spirit too high and impulsive to submit to the harsh control often imposed upon virtuous but helpless poverty.

THE EDITOR.

**THE CONTENTED WIFE.**

I would not change this happy scene  
For all the earth calls proudly great;  
I would not change my humble home  
For kingly rank or queenly state.  
I would not change my husband's love  
For all that earth can give of fame;  
Nor barter his approving smile  
To wreath a half round bay name!

I would not change my child's sweet face  
For all the new earth's wealth could gain;  
Nor change the certain bliss I feel  
For all ambition might obtain.  
What blessings, great and numberless,  
My God with sweetest hopes hath blest—  
A happy home, endearing friends,  
With health, and love, and true content!

PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—People who may see a locomotive tearing up and down the land at the rate of forty miles an hour, making the earth groan beneath its giant tread, and the heavens reverberate with its fearful blatter, scaring nature with its unearthly din, and frightening all creation from its propriety almost, people who only see it in its terrible aspect, have no idea what eminently social virtues it is endowed with. This is its public character. Its private one is another affair. Now and then, one of these huge monsters, in whose iron bowels number more than a thousand giant hoppers, comes up and stands under our window, smokes away at its giant power, and the most exemplary cooking stove, its huge steam pipes sing a tune as soft and as dulcet as the most amiable tea-kettle, and its lungs puff something as sweetly as an infant in its slumbers. But the demon of noise is there. Let any one but touch its ears, and no venerable spinster's life will be more fiercely let down from those iron hands, and the uproar which was tamed to so soft a strain send forth a yell as if heaven and earth were coming together, and those lungs which first breathed so quietly, cough like a volcano; and off it goes, darkening the heavens with its volume of smoke.



## ONWARD!

**TRANSMISSION OF MOTIVE POWER.**—M Fontanemoreau, of South-street, Finsbury, has patented a plan for the transmission of power in lieu of cog-wheels, and pinions, straps, and bands. This is effected by means of an angularly grooved wheel, with another working therein of a wedge form; and by the grip so obtained any description of machinery may be set in motion.

**NEW STEAM-ENGINE.**—Mr. James Sinclair, of Stirling, according to a local paper, has invented a steam-engine "entirely divested of the complicated machinery commonly in use. It consists of an oscillating cylinder, working in a journal and bush at the bottom; by which the steam is admitted to and escapes from the cylinder, without the aid of any mechanical contrivance, but simply by its own oscillations. The inventor," it is added, "has a small model of it working by water-power, and another of larger construction now in course of progress."

**MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH PROGRESS.**—The various police stations in London and in the suburbs are to be forthwith connected, by means of the magnetic telegraph with each other and with Scotland yard. The electric telegraph has at length connected the metropolis with the principal towns in the west of England. The Admiralty have now the means of instantaneous communication with Plymouth for either transmitting or receiving intelligence relating to matters of importance connected with the arsenal or the port.

**STEAM PROGRESS.**—We learn that the project of establishing a line of steamers between Hull and St. Peterburgh, to go by way of the Gotha Canal instead of the Sound—thus saving some hundreds of miles of stormy sea and dangerous navigation—is about to be realized. A Society with this object has been formed at Stockholm, and eight iron steamers have been ordered for the service. The new line will have the advantage of passing over some of the finest lakes and through some of the most splendid mountain scenery in Sweden, thus affording greater facilities and pleasure to the tourist.

**SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION.**—A letter from Copenhagen, of late date, says, that "the palace for the exhibition of Scandinavian manufactures is now completed. The vast edifice constructed according to the plans of Messrs. Hansen and Moeler, architects to the court is of iron. The internal arrangements closely resemble those of the Crystal Palace of London. It covers nearly the whole of the grounds of the palace of Christianburg, at Copenhagen, so that, in fact, it stands within the enclosure of the royal palace, and exactly faces the windows of the state apartments of the royal family. The opening of this first exhibition of Scandinavian arts and manufactures is fixed for the 1st of September next."

**A NEW PLASTIC MATERIAL.**—A Parisian sculptor, M. Duttoit, has obtained an English patent for a chemical combination of certain agents for obtaining a new product to be used in the plastic arts. The patentee combines with gutta percha oxide of zinc, amianthus, and sulphate of baryta, in conjunction with various colours. The gutta percha is first prepared and bleached by being dissolved in rectified naphtha, benzole, or sulphuret of carbon. When the compounds do not possess sufficient elasticity, caoutchouc is added. The gutta percha being prepared, after filtration he places the solution in a still, adds the other ingredients, and stirs the whole well together. Heat is then applied until all the volatile oil is driven off, when the material is removed to the desired moulds. It is said to be suitable for numerous moulded works of art, tissues, or artificial flowers. It may be used as leather, when rolled into sheets, or it may be diluted with naphtha, or benzole, and employed as liquid paint.

**INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE ASSOCIATION.**—The Cheap Colonial and International Postage association, finding that "the influence of the Society has already produced sensible effects in promoting the objects in view, and might be extended much wider by the possession of funds for the purpose of collecting, printing, and circulating information," have resolved to give to the Association a larger basis, by admitting all persons into its ranks who are favourable to the general purpose, on payment of a small yearly subscription. This step goes to disprove the assertion—lately made against it—that the Association was disposed to work in secret, and to rely on official influence rather than on public support for the contemplated reform. Under its new form the Association promises to be even more active and influential than before. Earl Granville has accepted the presidency, and Don Manuel de Yasa, the new honorary Secretary, has begun the subscriptions by a liberal donation of a hundred pounds. At a meeting held at the room of the Society of Arts, a short time since, the Association adopted what may be called a programme of opinion, on which to appeal to the general public for support, in the four following resolutions, which were unanimously carried:—(1.) That it appears to this Association that all the arguments used by Mr. Rowland Hill in favour of the justice of an uniform rate of postage apply certainly as colonial, and probably to foreign correspondence. (2.) That the cost of conveyance, as was proved by Mr. Rowland Hill, depends upon the number of letters, and not upon the distance, and that therefore the justice of an uniform rate is evident. (3.) That the Association welcomes the recognition of this principle in the recent adoption of uniform rates of postage by the colonies. (4.) That the simplicity and convenience of pre-payment also appear to apply to colonial and foreign correspondence. We are pleased to see that steps are now taking in the right direction for accomplishing the desirable object now engaging public attention.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## CHANGE.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep  
A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep.—*Bryant.*

Not in vain the distance beckons,  
Forward, forward let us range;  
Let the people join for ever  
Down the ringing grooves of change.—*Tennyson.*

I ask not what change  
Has come over thy heart,  
I seek not what chances  
Have doom'd us to part,  
I know thou hast told me  
To love thee no more,  
And I still must obey  
Where I once did adore.—*Hoffman.*

In bower and garden rich and rare  
There's many a cherish'd flower,  
Whose beauty fades, whose fragrance farts  
Within the flitting hour.  
Not so the simple forest leaf,  
Unprized, unnoticed, lying—  
The same through all its little life—  
It changes but in dying.  
Be such, and only such, my friends,  
Once mine, and mine for ever,  
And here's a hand to clasp in theirs,  
That shall desert them never  
And thou be such, my gentle love,  
True, chance, the world defying,  
And take, 'tis all I have, a heart  
That changes but in dying.—*G. W. Doane.*

## CHARACTER.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that fishes from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.—*Shakespeare's Othello.*

Gnats are unnoticed whereso'er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon by every eye.—*Shakespeare.*

Stand free and fast,  
And judge him by no more than what you know  
Ingenuously, and by the right laid line  
Of truth, he truly will all styles deserve,  
Of wise, good, just, a man both soul and nerve.

*Shirley's Admiral of France.*

She can't be parallel'd by art, much less  
By nature she'd baffle painters to decypher  
Her exactly, as bad as agnes puzzle doctors.

*Robert Neville's Poor Scholar.*

As through the hedgerow shades the violet steals,  
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals,  
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,  
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.—*Rogers.*

Though gay as mirth, as curious thoughts sedate,  
As elegance polite, as power elate;  
Profound as reason, and as justice clear,  
Soft as compassion, yet as truth severe.—*Savage.*

With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and birth,  
His early dreams of good out-stripped the truth,  
And troubled manhood followed baffled youth.—*Byron.*

Though looks and words,  
By the strong mastery of his practiced will,  
Are overruled, the mounting blood betrays  
An impulse in its secret spring, too deep  
For his control.—*Longfellow.*

It is not mirth, the mirth she is too still,  
It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill,  
But that certain sweetness, a rich with ease,  
Pleases all round it, and the wish to please.—*The New York Times.*

Those who see that my full-blown pride,  
Knew little of what I meant'd within,  
And young will be to thee.—*Tennyson's Anna.*

# PARLOUR PASTIME

## The Trespasser.

THE room being divided by a dead line, visible by means of the pattern of the carpet or a piece of tape, all but one take possession of one of the lots of the vacant lot, and some twelve or fourteen, small articles are scattered about before him on the floor. The object of the game is to steal one by one these articles, so softly as not to be caught by the blind individual; who, as soon as he hears a sound approaching, is at liberty to remove his hand from his eyes and pursue the offender. If caught on the owner's lot, he is put into prison; that is, behind some table, until the game is ended. Here, also, are banished all similarly taken in the fact; but should the blind owner not succeed in taking a single prisoner before his game is all gone, then he is bound by the rules of the game to play the owner over again. Of course the trespassers are safe the moment they cross the boundary line and arrive in their own territory.

## RIDDLES.

I.  
A THING from thee, loved one, I crave—  
A thing which thou canst never have,  
Nor never had from ages past,  
Nor never will while time shall last;  
Yet give it me, dear girl, I pray;  
For if thou wilt, I know thou may.

II.  
We left our little ones at home,  
And whither bent we did not know;  
We, for the church's sake, did roam,  
And lost our lives in doing so.  
We walked in a perfect road,  
With all the wicked full in view;  
We lived for man, we died for God,  
Yet of religion nothing knew.

III.  
No ship her weary way can find  
Without it leaves my first behind,  
My second the seat of care and strife,  
The poor man's hope, the prop of life,  
My fourth in England will be found,  
A little village much renown'd.

IV.  
My first to the fair is applied,  
My next is a palpable blunder,  
My fourth to my first is applied  
Before they were parted asunder.

V.  
WHAT kill'd a poor queen to love much inclined,  
And what on a beggar we commonly find,  
With you and me, together combined,  
Tells the name of an herb which in gardens you find.

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are fine clothes like a horsewhipping?
2. What is the difference between a tired auctioneer and the lot he is selling?
3. How does a labourer thrashing out peas act contrary to his own heart?
4. What colour does a man in difficulties most dislike?
5. When are you like the sun?
6. Why is badly clarified coffee like a falsely-based argument?
7. Why is the *Home Companion* like the victim of sharpers?
8. Why is the hippopotamus from Egypt coming to visit his cousins the pigs like the patriarch Jacob?
9. What garden vegetables remind one of general postmen?
10. Why should a saddle-horse on his journey never want provender?
11. What letters remind one of the head-dress of beaux of the last century?
12. Why is Jenny Lind like the old lady of Threadneedle-street?
13. Why is a first-rate tailor like a good arithmetician?
14. At what two seasons of the year does a farmer's wheat-crop resemble a lady's dress?
15. Why is a bishop like a sailor?
16. When is a drunkard most despondent?
17. Why is a man in love the worst of all to make an economical purchase?
18. If the letter C were to die, why would it be like yielding a point?
19. At what English port should clever punsters dine?
20. Why are shares in an unfinished railway like a fashionable London residence?
21. What English word of four letters has three vowels and three syllables?
22. Why is a man transacting business by himself like the Chancellor of the Exchequer borrowing money?
23. What is that which we chase which yet cannot handle; lose, steal, and give away, and always carry about with us?—J. J. REYNOLDS.

# TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE FOUR OF HEARTS—A CHARGE OF INFANTRY.

## CHARADES.

I.  
A house, though not of brick or stone,  
And though foundation I have not,  
Still rooms and furniture I own,  
And doors and windows I have got.  
For miles and miles, behold, I ride,  
But never upon land am found  
I've many names and wings beside,  
And what I shake at is the ground.

II.  
What being's most despised by man,  
Yet does him all the good he can,  
Who bore the greatest Prince on earth,  
And gave to righteousness new birth;  
Who does ofttime o'er death prevail,  
And health restore, when doctors fail.

III.  
A comb doth my proud head adorn,  
For dignity I greatly prize,  
I am the herald of the morn,  
And order sluggards to arise.

## PRACTICAL PUZZLES.



A CAPITAL PUZZLE AT THE DINNER-TABLE.  
LAY a sixpence between two half-crowns, and place upon the larger coins a glass, as in the diagram. Remove the sixpence without displacing either of the half-crowns, or the glass.



II.  
CUT a piece of card-board about four inches long, the shape of the diagram, and make three holes in it as represented. The puzzle is to make one piece of wood pass through, and at the same time exactly fill each of the three holes.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 701.

PICTORIAL CHARADE—See page.

ARITHMETICAL RECREATIONS—1. 3 4-oth eggs for a penny. 2. 100. 3. 25 yards.

## OUR CORNER-CUPBOARD!

Why is a soldier like a shoe?—Because he is listed, trained, has ten drills (tendrils), and shoots!

How did Jonah ~~feel~~ when he was in the whale's belly?—Very much down in the mouth, and inclined to blubber!

An Irish footman, who got a situation at the west end of London, on entering a room where there was a vase with golden fish, exclaimed, "Well, by J—, this is the first time I ever saw red herrings alive!"

If thou study law and physics, endeavour  
To know both and to need neither.

ANAGRAMS.—Every one will admit that *Astronomers* are moon-starches; now who can deny that the *Telegraph* is a great help; or that *Lawyers* are sly wares? There are some who deem *Radical* reform a rare mad frolic.

THREE FISH FOR DINNER.—Scene—an Eating-house. "Now, waiter, what's to pay?" *Waiter*.—"What have you had, sir?" "Three fish." *Waiter*.—"Only brought up two, sir." "No, three; I had two mackerel, and one smelt!" [Exit Waiter.]

A nobleman who was very ignorant, being at the same table with Descartes, and seeing him eat of several nice dishes with pleasure; "How!" said he to him, "do philosophers meddle with dainties?" "Why not?" answered Descartes; "is it to be imagined that the wise God created good things only for fools?"

"I fear," said a minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon, that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have understood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will now prove, I hope, by your present contribution, that you are no longer labouring under the same mistake."

A schoolmaster in Paris wished to prove that he was the finest person in the world. He argued thus:—Europe is the finest quarter of the world; France is the finest country in Europe; Paris is the finest town in France; the University is the finest place in Paris; my room is the finest in the University; I am the finest in my room; ergo, I am the finest person in the world.

HERE lies Pat Steele.—

That's very true;

Who was he? What was he?—

What's that to you?

"My James is a very good boy," said an old lady, "but he has little fallings, for none of us are perfect." He threw the cat in the fire, flung his grandmother's wig down the cistern, put his daddy's powder-horn in the stove, tied the coffee-pot to Jowler's tail, let off squibs in the barn, took my cap-bobbin for fishing lines, and tried to stick a fork in his sister's eye; but these are only childish follies—he's an excellent boy, after all."

PREPARING FOR A STORM.—A few nights ago, Mr. Bodkin, who had been out taking his glass and pipe, on going home late, borrowed an umbrella; and when his wife's tongue was loosened, he sat up in bed and suddenly spread out the parapluie. "What are you going to do with that thing?" said she. "Why, my dear, I expected a very heavy storm to-night, and so I came prepared." In less than two minutes, Mrs. Bodkin was fast asleep.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favourite attitude—standing with his hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, "Oh, how like! it's the very picture of him." An old farmer only dissented. "Taint like!" exclaimed everybody, "just show us wherein 'taint like.'" "Taint—no 'taint," responded the farmer; "don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 't would be as like again if he had it in somebody else's."

## PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

SAYS the Earth to the Moon, "You're a pilfering jade,

What you've stole from the Sun is beyond all belief."

Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your prate,

The *recluse* is always as bad as the thief."

DOMESTIC DEFINITIONS.—*Home*. The place where children have their own way, and married men resort when they have nowhere else to keep themselves. *Wife*. The woman who is expected to purchase without means, and sew on buttons before they come off. *Baby*. A thing on account of which its mother should never go the opera, consequently need never have a new hat. *Dinner*. The meal which is expected to be in exact readiness whenever the master of the house happens to be at home to eat it, whether at twelve, or half-past three.

MANY excellent puns derive their sources from the olden times, for our ancestors much delighted in the exercise of ingenious puns; for instance, a string of epigrams surpassing all others, may be seen in a scarce work published in the reign of James I. A specimen—a divine, willing to play more with words than to be serious in the expounding of his text, spoke thus in one part of the sermon:—"This day I shew we must *die* all; yet, notwithstanding, all houses are turned into *ale houses*; our ears are turned into *cats*; our paradise into a *par* of *die*; our marriage, into a *marry* age; our matrimony, into a *mother* of *moths*; our divines into *dry* clipes. It was not so in the days of Noah, *at* *not* *it*."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

SOCIABILITY.—We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the universe; then, why should we not endeavour to make the way as pleasant to each other as possible? Short as our journey is, it is long enough to be tedious to him who talks in his corner, sits uneasy himself, and allows his neighbours to make him tide uneasy also.

ALPHABETS.—The English alphabet contains twenty-four letters; to which, if we add *j* and *v*, consonants, there will be twenty-six; the French contains twenty-three; the Hebrew, Chaldean, Syriac, and Samaritan, twenty-two each; the Arabic twenty-eight; the Persian thirty-one; the Turkish thirty-three; the Georgian thirty-six; the Coptic thirty-two; the Muscovite forty-three; the Greek twenty-four; the Latin twenty-two; the Slavonic twenty-seven; the Dutch twenty-six; the Spanish twenty-seven; the Italian twenty; the Ethiopic and Tartarian, each two hundred and two; the Indians of Bengal twenty-one; the Burmese nineteen; the Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet, except we call their whole language by that name; their letters are words, or rather hieroglyphics, amounting to about eighty thousand.

## THE HUSBAND.

FROM THE GREEK.

Faithful as a dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;

True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;

Firm as the shaft, that props the towering dome;

Sweet as the shipwreck'd seaman's land and home;

Lovely as a child, a parent's sole delight;

Radiant as morn, that breaks nocturn night;

Grateful as streams, that in some deep recess,

With hills unhop'd the panting traveller bless,

Is he, that links with me his chain of life,

Names himself lord, and deigns to call me WIFE.

## THE WIFE.

IN IMITATION OF THE ABOVE.

Beautiful as young day, when the sweet season's waking;

Joyous as the bird of song, when the gay morn is breaking;

Mild as Zephyr's softest sigh, on Flora's bosom breathing;

Chaste as that fair queen, who found the art of endless wreathing;

Constant as Apollo's flower, which blooms but in his beaming;

Fond as the moon of that bright star, upon her pathway gleaming;

Graceful as the slightest reed, upon the green bank waving;

Courteous as the rippling stream, which that green bank is laying;

Yet great in soul, and high in mind, the charm, the bliss of life

Is she, the gentlest of her kind, I proudly call MY WIFE.

PLANTING TREES.—The best month for planting trees is November; observing the old saying of a celebrated gardener, "Take them with their old leaves to their new graves."—Just as the sap begins to go down and the leaves to turn, there can be no better time for planting all sorts of fruit and other deciduous trees; but with respect to ornamental shrubs, and more particularly evergreens, early planting is of the greatest consequence. When the weather is open, fruit-trees and forest-trees may be planted from the beginning of October to the end of February; but those that are planted before Christmas will do the best, especially if the following summer should be very hot and dry. But evergreens must be planted early, so that October is a better month for them than November, that the soil may be settled about the roots before the frosts come, and that the trees may have at least some hold of the ground before they have to encounter the heat of the sun and the cold east winds of March, the most trying month they have to stand against. It is folly to ask a gardener whether it is a good time to plant, if he is standing in the market with trees to sell. Persons who have done so, and, at their recommendation, planted evergreens in February and March, found that they almost all died; while to the gardener, who was paid for his trees, it was no loss at all; but, on the contrary, he had to supply others at Michaelmas. "In the borders of my pleasure-garden," says a practical gardener, "I have no shrubs but evergreens; and the more I view them in the winter, the more I rejoice that I planted no others. Always green and cheerful in the gloomy months of winter, they give a beauty to my garden, which it otherwise would not possess. The Portugal and the common laurel, the broad-leaved phil-larex, the red cedar, and evergreen oak—these, as they grow to some considerable height, may (with here and there a yew) be planted in the back-ground, and form a rich variety; while these—the Grecian and Siberian arbor vite, the juniper, the arbutus, the prunus, the silver-berry, the laurel-tin, &c., should be planted in the fore-ground—especially the laurel-tin, which is handsome in its growth, as well as beautiful in its flower. As it is rather a tender shrub, it is better to buy them in pots, and then turn them out carefully, and plant them in a sheltered and warm situation, with the soil adhering to the roots. But no evergreen should be planted too thickly, as they do not like the knife, and few persons have resolution enough to remove a tree before it has materially injured, and perhaps spoiled the growth of its neighbour. Where the soil is good, and the situation open, evergreens planted in October will make some very vigorous shoots the second spring, and will fill up the ground they are intended to occupy with astonishing rapidity. In situations where it may be desirable to plant a few trees, I would by all means recommend the Scotch. It looks coarser and less inviting to the eye than other trees when it is young; but it is a tree which increases every year of its growth, losing that stiffness and awkwardness which are the characteristics of all in general, and becoming richly adorned in its bark."



WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

... Cornhill, some side of the way at the Royal Exchange.

Chesapeake; 47, Bishopsgate Street Within.

Letter: "The young man has two pots, but he will not sell them. I want you to send me the pots for other questions."

Letter: "The young man has two pots, but he will not sell them. I want you to send me the pots for other questions."



### Editor's Note-Book.

#### DOMESTIC HINTS:—No. 20.

**China and Glass Ware.**—The best material for cleaning either porcelain or glass-ware, is Fuller's earth; but it must be beaten into a fine powder, and carefully cleared from all

rough or hard particles, which might endanger the polish of the brilliant surface. In cleaning porcelain it must also be observed that some species require more care and attention than others, as every person must have observed that china-ware in common use frequently loses some of its colours. The red, especially of vermilion, is the first to go, because that colour, together with some others, is laid on by the Chinese after burning. The modern Chinese porcelain is not, indeed, so susceptible of this rubbing or wearing off, as vegetable reds are now used by them instead of the mineral colour. Much of the red now used in China is actually produced by the snails extracted from the cuttings of scarlet cloth, which have long formed an article of exportation to Canton. It ought to be taken for granted that all china or glass-ware is well tempered; yet a little careful attention may not be misplaced, even on that point: for though ornamental china or glass-ware are not exposed to the action of hot water in common domestic use, yet they may be injudiciously immersed in it for the purpose of cleaning; and, as articles intended solely for ornament, may not be so highly annealed as others, without any fraudulent negligence on the part of the manufacturer, it will be proper never to apply water to them beyond a tepid temperature. An ingenious and simple mode of annealing glass has been some time in use by chemists. It consists in immersing the vessel in cold water, gradually heated to the boiling point, and suffered to remain till cold, when it will be fit for use. Should the glass be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, it will be necessary to immerse it in oil. Having thus guarded against fractures, we naturally come to the best modes of repairing them when they actually take place, for which purpose various mixtures have been proposed; and it will here be sufficient to select only those which excel in neatness and facility. Perhaps, the best cement, both for strength and invisibility, is that made from mastic. The process, indeed, may be thought tedious; but a sufficient quantity may be made at once to last a lifetime. To an ounce of mastic add as much highly rectified spirits of wine as will dissolve it. Soak an ounce of isinglass in water until quite soft, then dissolve it in pure rum or brandy, until it forms a strong glue, to which add about a quarter of an ounce of gum ammoniac, well rubbed and mixed. Put the two mixtures together in an earthen vessel over a gentle heat; when well united, the mixture may be put into a phial and kept well stopped. When wanted for use, the bottle must be set in warm water, when the china or glass articles must be also warmed and the cement applied. It will be proper that the broken surfaces, when carefully fitted, shall be kept in close contact for twelve hours at least, until the cement is fully set; after which the fracture will be found as secure as any part of the vessel, and scarcely perceptible. It may be applied successfully to marble, and even to metals. When not provided with this cement, and in a hurry, the white of an egg well beaten with quicklime, and a small quantity of very old cheese, form an excellent substitute, either for broken china, or old ornamental glass-ware. It is also a fact well ascertained, that the expressed juice of garlic is an everlasting cement, leaving no mark of fracture, if neatly done. These are fully sufficient for every useful purpose; but we may still further observe, in respect to the cement of quick lime, that it may be improved, if, instead of cheese, we substitute the whey produced by boiling milk and vinegar, separating the curd carefully, and beating up with half a pint of it, the whites of six eggs, adding the sifted quick-lime until it forms a thick paste, which resists both fire and water.

**DIRECTIONS FOR MARRIAGE.**—G. A.—It exceeds computation. The hand of Arabia is sometimes carried three hundred miles over the Mediterranean, by the sweeping winds. The hands and feet of bronze statues are in time wasted away by the kisses of devotees; marble steps are worn by the crowds of kneeling pilgrims in Catholic countries; and the gentle dropping of water will in time perforate a rock. The minute must be the particular watchword in each of these cases.

**SILVER.**—G. A.—Common silver is a potential, butious plant, found growing wild in some parts of this country, which gives it reason to believe that it may be indigenous, but it is probably that it was originally brought from Asia.

It is cultivated for medical use in great abundance in Cambridgeshire and Essex, formerly about Sutton Walden, but it is now confined to Sturford. It flowers in September; the blossoms are extremely beautiful, resembling in form the spring crocus, but of a very rich violet colour, and having a brilliant golden pistil, three-lobed.

**LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.**—S. C.—Closed windows are dangerous during lightning, because the inner sides of the frames acquire an opposite electricity to the outside, and then any conducting body is likely to concentrate the action on the inside. Metallic bodies, picture-frames, coated mirrors, bell-wires, &c., display electricity by induction, during a storm. The best lightning conductor is lead or copper, on the ridge of the roof, with perfect continuation of metal pipes into the ground.

**THE USE OF SILK.**—J. A. T.—Silk is an agreeable and healthy material. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture covers, it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a quicker brilliancy, and it heightens colours with a charming light. It possesses a cheerfulness of which the dull surfaces of wool and linen are destitute. It promotes cleanliness, and will not readily imbibe dirt. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty even owe something to silk.

**FERMENTED LIQUORS.**—A. B.—The subject has already been investigated, and it has been indubitably proved that an ingredient in the composition of pale ale is strychnine. It is the great end of the science of chemistry to detect by careful analysis every species of matter that exists in bodies, however complicated in their manufacture these may be; and by reducing them to their primitive or simple elements, show incontestably of what they are composed. In the case to which you allude Professor Liebig was called in to test, by practical experiment, the composition of the ale submitted to his proofs; and all those who are inclined to doubt the authority of so eminent a chemist may follow their own tastes, and perhaps they will be able, like him, after a little experience to arrive at the same result.



AN ALL-ING DEMONSTRATION.

**THE IRISH SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.**—M. X. Y.—The cable lately sunk between Holyhead and Howth weighed 110 tons, was 70 miles long, and was submerged in 18 hours, being the greatest exploit yet in connection with submarine dynamics.

**INTELLECTUAL GREATNESS.**—L. A.—It was not the prowess of war alone that made eternal the fame of Athens, or the renown of Rome? By no means. The citizens of Athens, many of them, were scholars; and Athens, in consequence, became the glory of Greece—

"Of Freedom's birth-place, Freedom's home,  
Where Freedom's children joy to roam."  
Take away Homer and Demosthenes and Socrates and Plato, with a host of others of like character, and could it be said, with propriety, that Greece ever was a great nation, or that the Grecians were a great people? But these men were not military men, and probably they were not wealthy men. But they were intellectual men. Without them, Greece would be as destitute of renown as is Central Africa.

**METALLIC TREES.**—M. C.—The lead-tree is produced as follows:—Put into a glass bottle about half an ounce of sugar of lead, and fill up to the neck with distilled or rain water; then fasten to the cork or stopper, a piece of zinc wire, so that it may hang in the centre; then place the bottle where it may remain undisturbed. The wire will soon be covered with crystals of lead, precipitated from the solution, and assuming a tree-like form very pleasing to the eye. For the first time, as before, and put in three drachms of muriatic acid, and about ten drops of nitric acid. The tin tree has a more interesting appearance than the lead tree. The silver tree is prepared by a solution of four drachms of nitrate of silver, in distilled or rain water, as before; to which add about an ounce of quick-silver.

**CONSECRATION REQUIRED.**—D. E. (the value of a Spanish doubloon is 25 s.). A. C. (the Queen Dowager is the widow of Philip). E. F. (William the Conqueror first made the title of Earl hereditary, giving it in fee to his nephew, and allocating them for the support of their estate the third part of the Sheriff's court, turning out of all pleas of the law whence they had the title. At present the title is accompanied by no territory, private or judicial rights, but confers nobility, and a hereditary seat in the House of Lords). X. M. (Herzick is, of all our old poets, the most perfect imitator of the customs of the harvest field). D. H. (Geoponics means the science of cultivating the earth). G. E. (you; the Latin word for the general guardian of all orphans and minors throughout the realm). G. A. (the Viking were Northmen who infested the European seas in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. They were generally the sons of northern kings, who bestowed themselves to piracy, as a means of becoming distinguished, and of obtaining an independent command). R. S. (yes; steel alloys with rhodium in razors made of rhodium, and with gold and nickel; also with platinum, in the proportion one platinum, eight steel, with the finest polish). E. U. (the principle by which a balloon rises in the atmosphere, is exactly the same as that which causes the ascent of a cork from the bottom of a vessel filled with water. The weight of the volume of air which it displaces must exceed the weight of the balloon, and all that it carries with it). H. G. (No; one block can only print one colour; and, therefore if five or six colours form the design, and all be printed by blocks, there must be five or six blocks, all equal in size, but the raised part in each block corresponding with the depressed part in all the other blocks. The principle involved is precisely the same as that displayed in floor-slab printing). U. T. (we do not think you are likely to succeed better in the United States than here; the trade of brick-making is mostly all done there by the use of machinery). E. R. (the odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark, their odour is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is strongest in sunny climates. The fraxinella takes fire in hot evenings, by burying a candle near its root). P. R. (No; the sensitiveness of the pig to pain is as acute as that of most other animals. It even suffers under the irritation arising from the punctures of goats and other small insects, and endeavours to protect itself from their persecutions by rolling in moist places and covering himself with mud). E. M. (casting the fly is a knack, and cannot well be taught but by experience. The spring of the rod should do the chief work, and not the labour of your arm). E. C. D. (No; there is no instrument equal to the organ in magnitude and power. The sublimity of its effects is known and felt by everybody. Few that have listened to the religious service of our venerable cathedrals and have not experienced the feelings so well expressed by Milton:—

"But let my duo feet never fail,  
To walk the cloister's studious pale,  
And love the high embayer'd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight  
Shedding a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full voiced choir below.  
In service high and anthem clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.")

**A NATURALIST.** (Yes; every species of spider produces its own kind of web, each in accordance with the size and structure of the animal). E. F. (the discoverer of the optic nerves is reputed to have been N. Varole, a surgeon and physician of Bologna, about the year 1538). J. W. (we believe the first oratorio in London was performed in Lincoln's Inn theatre, in Portugal-street, in 1735). G. A. (the flies are unsuitable). J. S. (there are seven classes of clouds, the cirrus, cumulus, stratus, cirrocumulus, alto-stratus, cumulo-stratus, nimbus). V. A. (the height of humidity is two miles in the arctic regions, and four and a half at the equator). M. L. (the ossification of soft parts of bodies arises from the deposit of phosphate and carbonate of lime on the part). E. R. (all animals ruminant which have horns and cloven feet). T. M. (thanks for your suggestions).



Printed by WILLIAM TYLE, Stationer, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES, 65, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 46.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"He then pronounced the few solemn words of the priest, and laid her out."*

## UNDINE: A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 106.)

"Then pray, for goodness sake, father, let us follow her," cried Huldbrand anxiously.

"Wherefore should we?" replied the old man; "it would be a sin were I to suffer you, all alone, to search after the foolish girl amid the loneliness of night; and my old limbs would fail to carry me to this wild rover, even if I knew to what place she has betaken herself."

"Still we ought, at least, to call after her, and beg her to return," said Huldbrand, and he began to call in tones of earnest entreaty: "Undine! Undine! come back, come back!"

The old man shook his head, and said: "All your shouting, however loud and long, will be of no avail; you know not as yet, sir knight, what a self-willed thing the little wilding is." But still, even hoping against hope, he could not himself cease calling out every minute, amid the gloom of night: "Undine! ah dear Undine! I beseech you, pray come back,—only this once."

It turned out, however, exactly as the fisherman had said. No Undine could they hear or see; and as the old man would on no account consent that Huldbrand should go in quest of the fugitive, they were both obliged at last to return into the cottage. There they found the fire on the hearth almost

gone out, and the mistress of the house, who took Undine's flight and danger far less to heart than her husband, had already gone to rest. The old man blew up the coals, put on kindling stuff and billets of wood, and by means of the renewed flame, hunted for a jug of wine, which he brought and set between himself and his guest.

"You, sir knight, as well as myself," said he, "are anxious on the silly girl's account, and it would be better, I think, to spend part of the night in chatting and drinking, than keep turning and turning on our rush-mats, and trying in vain to sleep. What is your opinion?"

Huldbrand was well pleased with the plan; the fisherman pressed him to take the empty seat of honour, its worthy occupant having now left it for her couch; and they relished their beverage and enjoyed their chat, as two such good men and true ever ought to do. To be sure, whenever the slightest thing moved before the windows, or at times when even nothing was moving, one of them would look up and exclaim, "There she comes!"—Then would they continue silent a few moments, and afterwards, when nothing appeared, would shake their heads, breathe out a sigh, and go on with their talk.

But since they were both so pre-occupied in their minds, as to find it next to impossible to dwell upon any subject separate from Undine, the best plan they could devise was, that the old fisherman should relate, and the knight should hear, in what manner Undine had come to the cottage. So the fisherman, giving an account of the circumstances, began as follows:

"It is now about fifteen years, since I one day crossed the wild forest with fish for the city market. My wife had remained at home as she was wont to do; and at this time for a reason of more than common interest, for although



we were beginning to feel the advances of age, God had bestowed upon us an infant of wonderful beauty. It was a little girl, and we already began to ask ourselves the question, whether we ought not, for the advantage of the newcomer, to quit our solitude, and, the better to bring up this precious gift of Heaven, to remove to some more inhabited place. Poor people, to be sure, cannot in these cases do all you may think they ought, sir knight; but still it behoves every one to do as much for his children as he is able.

"Well, I went on my way, and this affair would keep running in my head: it put my mind into a perfect whirl. This tongue of land was most dear to me, and I shrank from the thought of leaving it, when, amidst the bustle and broils of the city, I was obliged to reflect in this manner by myself; 'In a scene of tumult like this, or at least in one not much more quiet, I, too, must soon take up my abode.' But in spite of these feelings, I was far from murmuring against the kind providence of God; on the contrary, when I received this new blessing, my heart breathed a prayer of thankfulness too deep for words to express. I should also speak an untruth, were I to say, that anything befell me, either on my passage through the forest to the city, or on my returning homeward, that gave me more alarm than usual, as at that time I had never seen any appearance there, which could terrify or annoy me. In those awful shades the Lord was ever with me, and I felt his presence as my best security."

Thus speaking, he took his cap reverently from his bald crown, and continued to sit, for a considerable time, in a state of devout thoughtfulness. He then covered himself again, and went on with his relation:

"On this side the forest, alas! it was on this side that woe burst upon me. My wife came wildly to meet me, clad in mourning apparel, and her eyes streaming with tears. 'Gracious God!' I cried, 'where is our child? Speak!'

"With the Being on whom you have called, dear husband," she answered; and we now entered the cottage together, weeping in silence. I looked for the little corpse, almost fearing to find what I was seeking; and then it was I first learned how all had happened.

"My wife had taken the little one in her arms, and walked out to the shore of the lake. She there sat down by its very brink; and while she was playing with the infant, as free from all fear as she was full of delight, it bent forward on a sudden, seeing something in the water, a perfect fairy wonder of beauty. My wife saw her laugh, the dear angel, and try to catch the image in her tiny hands; but in a moment,—with a motion swifter than sight,—he sprang from her mother's arms, and sunk in the lake, the watery glass into which she had been gazing. I searched for our lost darling again and again; but it was all in vain; I could nowhere find the least trace of her.

"Well, our little one was gone. We were again childless parents, and were now on the same evening sitting together by our cottage hearth. We had no desire to talk, even would our tears have permitted us. As we thus sat in mournful stillness, gazing into the fire, all at once we heard something without, a slight rustling at the door. The door flew open, and we saw a little girl, three or four years old, and more beautiful than I am able to tell you, standing on the threshold, richly dressed, and smiling upon us. We were struck dumb with astonishment, and I knew not for a time whether the tiny form were a real human being, or a mere mockery of enchantment. But I soon perceived water dripping from her golden hair and rich garments, and that the pretty child had been lying in the water, and stood in immediate need of our help.

"'Wife,' said I, 'no one has been able to save our child for us; still, we doubtless ought to do for others what would make ourselves the happiest parents on earth, could any one do us the same kindness.'

"We undressed the little thing, put her to bed, and gave her something to drink; at all this she spoke not a word, but only turned her eyes upon us, eyes blue and bright as sea or sky, and continued looking at us with a smile.

"Next morning we had no reason to fear that she had received any other harm than her wetting, and I now asked her about her parents, and how she could have come to us. But the account she gave was both confused and incredible. She must surely have been born far from here, not only because I have been unable for these fifteen years to learn anything of her birth, but because she then spoke, and at times continues to speak, many things of so very singular a nature that we neither of us know, after all, whether she may not have dropped among us from the moon. Then, her tall, rans upon golden castles, crystal domes, and heaven knows what extravagances besides. What of her story, however, she related with most distinctness, and what appeared to have in it some shadow of likelihood, was this, that while she was once taking a sail with her mother on the great lake, she fell out of the boat into the water; and that when she first recovered her senses, she was here under our trees, where the gay scenes of the shore filled her with delight.

"We now had another care weighing upon our minds, and one that caused us no small perplexity and uneasiness. We of course very soon determined to keep and bring up the child, we had found in place of our own darling that had been drowned; but who could tell us whether she had been baptized or not? She herself could give us no light on the subject. When we asked her the question, she commonly made answer, that she well knew she was created for God's praise and glory; and that as to what might promote the praise and glory of God, she was willing to let us determine.

"My wife and I reasoned in this way: 'If she has not been baptized, there can be no use in putting off the ceremony; and if she has been, it is more dangerous, in regard to the duties of religion, to do too little than too much.'

"Taking this view of our difficulty, we now endeavoured to hit upon a

good name for the child, since while she remained without one, we were often at a loss, in our familiar talk, to know what to call her. We at length concluded that Dorothea would be most suitable for her, as I had somewhere heard it said, that this name signified a *Gift of God*, and surely she had been sent to us by Providence as a gift, to comfort us in our misery. She, on the contrary, would not so much as hear Dorothea mentioned; she insisted, that as she had been named Undine by her parents, Undine she ought still to be called. It now occurred to me, that this was a heathenish name, to be found in no calendar, and I resolved to ask the advice of a priest in the city. He too would hear nothing of the name of Undine, even for a moment; and yielding to my urgent request, he came with me through the enchanted forest, in order to perform the rite of baptism here in my cottage.

"The little maid stood before us so prettily adorned, and with such an air of gracefulness, that the heart of the priest softened at once in her presence; and she had a way of coaxing him so adroitly, and even of braving him at times with so merry a quiver, that he at last remembered nothing of his many objections to the name of Undine.

"Thus then was she baptized Undine; and during the holy ceremony, she behaved with great propriety and gentleness, wild and wayward as at other times she invariably was. For in this my wife was quite correct, when she mentioned the name, anxiety, and vexation the child has occasioned us. If I should relate to you—"

At this moment the knight interrupted the fisherman, with a view to direct his attention to a deep sound, as of a rushing flood, which had caught his ear, within a few minutes, between the words of the old man. And now the waters came pouring on with redoubled fury before the cottage windows. Both sprang to the door. There they saw, by the light of the now risen moon, the brook which issued from the wood rushing wildly over its banks, and whirling onward with it both stones and branches of trees in its rapid course. The storm, as if awakened by the uproar, burst forth from the clouds, where immense masses of vapour poured over the moon with the swiftness of thought; the lake roared beneath the wind, that swept the foam from its waves; while the trees of this narrow peninsula grouched from root to topmost branch, as they bowed and swung above the torrent.

"Undine! for pity's sake, Undine!" cried the two men in an agony. No answer was returned; and now, regardless of everything else, they hurried from the cottage, one in this direction, the other in that, searching and calling.

### CHAPTER III.

THE longer Huldbrand sought Undine beneath the shades of night, and failed to find her, the more anxious and confused he became. The impression, that she was a mere phantom of the forest, gained a new ascendancy over him; indeed, amid the howling of the waves and the tempest, the cackling of the trees, and so entire a transformation of the scene, that it discovered no resemblance to its former calm beauty, he was tempted to view the whole peninsula, together with the cottage and its inhabitants, as little more than some mockery of his senses; but still he heard, afar off, the fisherman's anxious and incessant shouting, "UNDINE!" and also his aged wife, who, with a loud voice, and a strong feeling of awe, was praying and chanting hymns amid the commotion.

At length, when he drew near to the brook which had overflowed its banks, he perceived by the moonlight, that it had taken its wild course directly in front of the haunted forest, so as to change the peninsula into an island.

"Should it be," he breathed to himself, "that Undine has ventured a step within that fearful wood, what will become of her?—perhaps it was all owing to her sportive and wayward spirit, because I could give her no account of my adventures there;—and now the stream is rolling between us, she may be weeping alone on the other side, in the midst of spectral horrors!"

A shuddering groan escaped him, and clambering over some stones and trunks of overthrown pines, in order to step into the impetuous current, he resolved, either by wading or swimming, to seek the wanderer on the further shore. He felt, it is true, all the dread and shrinking we creeping over him, which he had already suffered by daylight among the now tossing and roaring branches of the forest. More than all, a tall man in white, whom he knew but too well, met his view, as he stood grinning and nodding on the grass beyond the water; but even monstrous forms like this only impelled him to cross over toward them, when the thought rushed upon him, that Undine might be there alone, and in the agony of death.

He had already grasped a strong branch of a pine, and stood supporting himself upon it in the whirling current, against which he could with difficulty keep himself erect; but he advanced deeper in with a courageous spirit. That instant a gentle voice of warning cried near him: "Do not venture, do not venture! that old man, the stream, is too tricky to be trusted!"—He knew the soft tones of the voice; and while he stood as it were entranced, beneath the shadows which had now duskily veiled the moon, his head swam with the swell and rolling of the waves, as he saw them momentarily rising above his knee. Still he disdained the thought of giving up his purpose.

\* Some of these images may remind the reader of the vivid pictures of "The Buccaneer," that rich contribution to the permanent literature of America:

"The acid is driving wildly over head,"  
"The sea run high;  
Their white tops, flashing thro' the night,  
Give to the eager, straining eye,  
A wild and shifting light."

"If you are not really there, if you are merely gambolling round me like a mist, may I too bid farewell to life, and become a shadow like you, dear, dear Undine!" Thus calling aloud, he again moved deeper into the stream. "Look round you, ah, pray look round you, beautiful young stranger! why rush on death so madly?" cried the voice a second time close by him; and looking sideways, as the moon by glimpses unveiled its light, he perceived a little island formed by the flood, and, reclined upon its flowery turf, beneath the high branches of embowering trees, he saw the smiling and lovely Undine.

Oh with what a thrill of delight, compared with the suspense and pause of a moment before, the young man now plied his sturdy staff! A few steps freed him from the flood, that was rushing between himself and the maiden, and he stood near her on the little spot of green-sward, in secret security, covered by the primeval trees that rustled above them. Undine had partially risen, within her tent of verdure, and she now threw her arms around his neck, so that she gently drew him down upon the soft seat by her side.

"Here you shall tell me your story, my handsome friend," she breathed in a low whisper; "here the cross old people cannot disturb us. And, besides, our roof of leaves here will make quite as good a shelter, it may be, as their poor cottage."

"It is happiness itself," cried Huldbrand; and folding her in his arms, he kissed the lovely and affectionate girl with fervour.

The old fisherman, meantime, had come to the margin of the stream, and he shouted across to the young lovers: "Why how is this, sir knight? I received you with the welcome which one true-hearted man gives to another; and now you sit there caressing my foster-child in secret, while you suffer me in my anxiety to wander through the night in quest of her."

"Not till this moment did I find her myself, old father," cried the knight across the water.

"So much the better," said the fisherman; "but now make haste, and bring her over to me upon firm ground."

To this, however, Undine would by no means consent. She declared, that she would rather enter the wild forest itself with the beautiful stranger, than return to the cottage, where she was so thwarted in her wishes, and from which the handsome knight would soon or late go away. Then closely embracing Huldbrand, she sang the following verse with the warbling sweetness of a bird:

'A RILL would leave its misty vale,  
And fortunes wild explore;  
Weary at length it reached the main,  
And sought its vale no more.'

The old fisherman wept bitterly at her song, but his emotion seemed to awaken little or no sympathy in her. She kissed and caressed her new friend, who at last said to her: "Undine, if the distress of the old man does not touch your heart, it cannot but move mine. We ought to return to him."

She opened her large blue eyes upon him in perfect amazement, and finally spoke with a slow and lingering accent: "If you think so—it is well; all is right to me, which you think right. But the old man over there must first give me his promise, that he will allow you, without objection, to relate what you saw in the wood, and—Well, other things will settle themselves."

"Come, only come!" cried the fisherman to her, unable to utter another word. At the same time, he stretched his arms wide over the current toward her, and, to give her assurance that he would do what she required, nodded his head: this motion caused his white hair to fall strangely over his face, and Huldbrand could not but remember the nodding white man of the forest. Without allowing anything, however, to produce in him the least confusion, the young knight took the beautiful girl in his arms, and bore her across the narrow channel, which the stream had torn away between her little island and the solid shore. The old man fell upon Undine's neck, and found it impossible either to express his joy, or to kiss her enough; even the ancient dame came up, and embraced the recovered girl most cordially. Every word of censure was carefully avoided; the more so, indeed, as even Undine, forgetting her waywardness, almost overwhelmed her foster-parents with caresses and the prattle of tenderness.

When at length, after they were able to realise the joy of recovering their child, they seemed to have come to themselves, morning had already dawned, opening to view and brightening the waters of the lake; the tempest had become hushed; the small birds sang merrily on the moist branches.

As Undine now insisted upon hearing the recital of the knight's promised adventures, the aged couple good-humouredly consented to gratify her wish. Breakfast was brought out beneath the trees, which stood behind the cottage toward the lake on the north, and they sat down to it with delighted hearts. —Undine lower than the rest (since she would by no means allow it to be otherwise) at the knight's feet on the grass. These arrangements being made, Huldbrand began his story, in the following manner.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"It is now about eight days, since I rode into the free imperial city, which lies yonder on the farther side of the forest. Soon after my arrival, a splendid tournament and running at the ring took place there, and I spared neither my horse nor my lance in the encounters."

"Once, while I was pausing at the lists, to rest from the brisk exercise, and was handing back my helmet to one of my attendants, a female figure of extraordinary beauty caught my attention, as, most magnificently attired, she stood looking on, at one of the balconies. I learned, on making inquiry

of a person near me, that the name of the young lady was Bertalda, and that she was a foster-daughter of one of the powerful dukes of this country. She too, I observed, was gazing at me, and the consequences were such as we young knights are wont to experience: whatever success in riding I might have had before, I was now favoured with still better fortune. That evening I was Bertalda's partner in the dance, and I enjoyed the same distinction during the remainder of the festival."

A twinge of pain in his left hand, as it hung carelessly beside him, here interrupted Huldbrand's relation, and drew his eye to the part affected. Undine had fastened her pearly teeth, and not without some keenness too, upon one of his fingers, appearing at the same time very gloomy and displeased. On a sudden, however, she looked up in his eyes with an expression of tender melancholy, and whispered almost inaudibly:

"You blame me for being rude, but you are yourself the cause."

She then covered her face, and the knight, strangely embarrassed and thoughtful, went on with his story:

"This lady Bertalda, of whom I spoke, is of a proud and wayward spirit. The second day I saw her, she pleased me by no means so much as she had the first, and the third day still less. But I continued about her, because she showed me more favour than she did any other knight; and the result of my indiscretion was, that I playfully asked her to give me one of her gloves."

"When you have entered the haunted forest all alone," said she; "when you have explored its wonders, and brought me a full account of them, the glove is yours."

"As to getting her glove, it was of no importance to me whatever, but the word had been spoken, and no honourable knight would permit himself to be reminded of such a proof of valour a second time."

"I thought," said Undine, interrupting him, "that she felt an affection for you?"

"It did appear so," replied Huldbrand.

"Well!" exclaimed the maiden, laughing, "this is beyond belief; she must be very stupid, to drive from her one who was dear to her! And, worse than all, into that ill-omened wood! The wood and its mysteries, for all I should have cared, might have waited a long while."

"Yesterday morning, then," pursued the knight, smiling brightly upon Undine, "I set out from the city, my enterprise before me. The early light lay rich upon the verdant turf. It shone so rosy on the slender boles of the trees, and there was so merry a whispering among the leaves, that in my heart I could not but laugh at people who feared meeting anything to terrify them in a spot so delicious. I shall soon trot through the forest, and as speedily return," I said to myself in the overflow of joyous feeling; and ere I was well aware, I had entered deep among the green shades, while of the plain that lay behind me, I was no more able to catch a glimpse."

"Then the conviction for the first time impressed me, that in a forest of so great extent I might very easily become bewildered, and that this perhaps might be the only danger which was likely to threaten those who explored its recesses. So I made a halt, and turned myself in the direction of the sun, which had meantime risen somewhat higher; and while I was looking up to observe it, I saw something black among the boughs of a lofty oak. My first thought was, 'It is a bear!' and I grasped my weapon; the object then accosted me from above in a human voice, but in a tone most harsh and hideous: 'If I overheard here do not gnaw off these dry branches, wise-acre Sir Noodle, what shall we have to roast you with, when midnight comes?' And with that it grinned, and made such a rattling with the branches, that my courser became mad with affright, and rushed furiously forward with me, before I had time to see distinctly what sort of a devil's beast it was."

"You must not name it," said the old fisherman, crossing himself; his wife did the same without speaking a word; and Undine, while her eyes sparkled with delight, looked at the knight and said: "The best of the story is, however, that as yet they have not actually roasted you. But pray make haste, my handsome young friend. I long to hear more."

The knight then went on with his adventures: "My horse was so wild that he well nigh rushed with me against limbs and trunks of trees. He was dripping with sweat, through terror, heat, and the violent straining of his muscles. Still he refused to slacken his career. At last, altogether beyond my control, he took his course directly up a stony steep; when suddenly a tall white man flashed before me, and threw himself athwart the route my mad steed was taking. At this apparition he shuddered with new affright, and stopped trembling. I took this chance of recovering my command of him, and now for the first time perceived, that my deliverer, so far from being a white man, was only a brook of silver brightness, foaming near me in its descent from the hill, while it crossed and arrested my horse's course with its rush of waters."

"Thanks, thanks! dear Brook," cried Undine, clapping her little hands. But the old man shook his head, and deeply musing, looked vacantly down before him.

"Hardly had I well settled myself in my saddle, and got the reins in my grasp again," Huldbrand pursued, "when a wizard-like dwarf of a man was already standing at my side, diminutive and ugly beyond conception, his complexion of a brownish yellow, and his nose scarcely of less magnitude than all the rest of him. The fellow's mouth was slit almost from ear to ear, and he showed his teeth with a smirking smile of idiotic courtesy, while he overwhelmed me with bows and scrapes innumerable. The scene now becoming excessively irksome, I thanked him in the fewest words I could well use, turned about my still trembling charger, and purposed either to seek another adventure, or, should I meet with none, to take my way back to the city; for the sun, during my wild chase, had passed the meridian, and

was now hastening toward the west. But this villain of a manikin sprang at the same instant, and with a turn as rapid as lightning stood before my horse again. "Clear the way there!" I cried fiercely; "the beast is wild, and will make nothing of running over you."

"He will, will he!" cried the imp with a snarl, and snorting out a laugh still more frightfully idiotic. "Pay me, first pay what you owe me!—I stopped your fine little nag for you; without my help, both you and he would be now sprawling below there, in that stony ravine: Ugh! from what a horrible plunge I've saved you."

"Well, pray don't stretch your mouth any wider," said I, "but take your money and off, though every word you say is false. It was the brook there, you miserable thing, and not you that saved me."—And at the same time I dropped a piece of gold into his wizard cap, which he had taken from his head while he was begging before me.

"I then trotted off, and left him; but, to make bad worse, he screamed after me, and on a sudden, with inconceivable quickness, he was close by my side. I started my horse into a gallop; he galloped on with me, impossible for him as it appeared; and with this strange movement, half ludicrous and half horrible, forcing at the same time every limb and feature into distortion, he held up the gold piece, and screamed at every leap: 'Counterfeit! false! false coin! counterfeit!' and such was the strange sound that issued from his hollow breast, you would have supposed, that at every scream he must have tumbled upon the ground dead. All this while, his disgusting red tongue hung lolling from his mouth.

"Discomposed at the sight, I stopped and asked: 'What do you mean by this screaming? Take another piece of gold, take two, but leave me!'

"He then began again his hideous salutations of courtesy, and screeled out as before: 'Not gold, it shall not be gold, my smart young gentleman: I have too much of that trash already, as I will show you in quick time.'

"At that moment, and thought itself could not have been more instantaneous, I seemed to have acquired new powers of sight. I could see through the solid green plain, as if it were green glass, and the smooth surface of the earth were round as a globe, and within it I saw crowds of goblins,\* who were pursuing their pastime, and making themselves merry with silver and gold. They were tumbling and rolling about, heads up and heads down; they pelted one another in sport with the precious metal, and with irritating malice blew gold-dust in one another's eyes. My odious companion stood half within and half without; he ordered the others to reach him up a vast quantity of gold; this he showed to me with a laugh, and then flung it again ringing and clinking down the measureless abyss.

"After this contemptuous disregard of gold, he held up the piece I had given him, showing it to his brother goblins below and they laughed themselves half dead at a bit so worthless, and hissed me. At last, raising their fingers, all smatched with ore, they pointed them at me in scorn, and wilder and wilder, and thicker and thicker, and madder and madder the crowd were clamouring up to where I sat gazing at these wonders. Then terror seized me, as it had before seized my horse. I gave him both spurs to the quick; and how far he rushed with me through the forest during this second of my wild heats, it is impossible to say.

"At last, when I had now come to a dead halt again, the cool of evening was around me. I caught the gleam of a white-foot-path through the branches of the trees; and presuming it would lead me out of the forest towards the city. I was desirous of working my way into it; but a face perfectly white and indistinct, with features ever changing, kept thrusting itself out and peering at me between the leaves. I tried to avoid it; but wherever I went, there too appeared the unearthly face. I was maddened with rage at this interruption, and determined to drive my steed at the appearance full tilt, when such a cloud of white foam came rushing upon me and my horse, that we were almost blinded, and glad to turn about and escape. Thus from step to step it forced us on, and ever aside from the foot-path, leaving us, for the most part, only one direction open. But when we advanced in this, it kept following close behind us, yet did not occasion the smallest harm or inconvenience.

"When at times I looked about me at the form, I perceived that the white face which had splashed upon us its showers of foam, was resting on a body equally white and of more than gigantic size. Many a time too I received the impression, that the whole appearance was nothing more than a wandering stream or torrent, but respecting this I could never attain to any certainty. We both of us, horse and rider, became weary, as we shaped our course according to the movements of the white man, who continued nodding his head at us, as if he would say: 'Perfectly right! perfectly right!'—And thus, at length, we came out here, at the edge of the wood, where I saw the fresh turf, the waters of the lake, and your little cottage, and where the tall white man disappeared."

"Well, Heaven be praised that he is gone!" cried the old fisherman; and he now began to consider how his guest could most conveniently return to his friends in the city. Upon this, Undine began tittering to herself, but so very low that the sound was hardly perceivable. Huldbrand, observing it, said: "I had hoped you would see me remain here with pleasure; why then do you now appear so happy, when our talk turns upon my going away?"

"Because you cannot go away," answered Undine. "Pray make a single attempt; try with a wherry, with your horse, or alone, as you please, to cross that forest stream which has burst its bonds. Or rather, make no trial at all, for you would be dashed to pieces by the stones and trunks of trees, which you see driven on with such violence. And as to the lake, I am well acquainted with that; even my father dares not venture out with his wherry far enough to help you."

\* Kobolds or sprites

Huldbrand rose, smiling, in order to look about, and observe whether the state of things were such as Undine had represented it to be; the old man accompanied him, and the maiden in mockery, went gambolling and playing her antics beside them. They found all, in fact, just as Undine had said; and that the knight, whether willing or not willing, must submit to remaining on the island, so lately a peninsula, until the flood should subside.

When the three were now returning to the cottage, after their ramble, the knight whispered the little girl in her ear:

"Well, dear Undine, how is it with you? Are you angry on account of my remaining?"

"Ah," she pettishly replied, "not a word of that. If I had not bitten you, who knows what fine things you would have put into your story about Bertalda!"

## CHAPTER V.

At some period of your life, my dear reader, after manifold triumphs and repulses in the crusade of the world, you may have reached a situation where you were happy; that love for the calm of our own fire-side, which we all feel as an affection born with us, again rose within you; you imagined that your home would again bloom forth, as from a cherished grave, with all the flowers of childhood, the purest and most impassioned love; and that in such a spot it must be delightful to dwell, and build your tabernacle for life.

Whether you were mistaken in this persuasion, and afterwards made a severe expiation for your error of judgment, it suits not my purpose to inquire, and you would be unwilling yourself, it may be, to be saddened by a recollection so ungrateful. But again awake within you that foretaste of bliss, so inexpressibly sweet, that angelic salutation of peace, and you will be able perchance, to realise something of the knight Huldbrand's happiness, the tender visions of his heart, while he remained on the point of land, now surrounded by the lake.

He frequently observed, and no doubt with heartfelt satisfaction, that the forest stream continued every day to swell and roll on with a more impetuous sweep; that, by tearing away the earth, it scooped out a broader and broader channel; and that the time of his seclusion on the island became, in consequence, more and more extended. Part of the day he wandered about with an old cross-bow, which he found in a corner of the cottage and had repaired, in order to shoot the water-fowl that flew over; and all that he was lucky enough to hit, he brought home for a good roast in the kitchen. When he came in with his booty, Undine seldom failed to greet him with a scolding because he had cruelly deprived her dear merry friends of life, as they were sporting above in the blue ocean of the air; nay more, she often wept bitterly when she viewed the waterfowl dead in his hand. But at other times, when he returned without having shot any, she gave him a scolding equally serious, since, owing to his indolent strolling and awkward handling of the bow, they must now put up with a dinner of pickerel and eel-fish. Her playful taunts ever touched his heart with delight; the more so, as she afterwards strove to make up for her pretended ill-humour with that most endearing of prattle, of which lovers alone are able to understand the value.

In this familiarity of the young people, their aged friends saw a resemblance to the feelings of their own youth: they appeared to look upon them as betrothed, or even as a young married pair, that lived with them in their age, to afford them assistance on their island, now torn off from the mainland. His retired situation too, strongly impressed the young Huldbrand with the feeling, that he was already Undine's bridegroom. It seemed to him, as if, beyond those encompassing floods, there were no other world in existence, or at any rate as if he could never cross them, and again associate with the world of other men; and when at times his grazing steed raised his head and neighed to him, seemingly inquiring after his knightly achievements and reminding him of them, or when his coat-of-arms sternly shone upon him from the embroidery of his saddle and the caparisons of his horse, or when his sword happened to fall from a nail, on which it was hanging in the cottage, and flashed on his eye as it slipped from the scabbard in its fall—he quieted the dubious suggestions of his mind, by saying to himself:

"Undine cannot be a fisherman's daughter; she is, in all probability, a native of some remote region; and a member of some illustrious family."

There was one thing, indeed, to which he had a strong aversion: this was hearing the old dame reprimanding Undine. The wild girl, it is true, commonly laughed at the reproof, making no attempt to conceal the extravagance of her mirth; but it appeared to him like touching his own honour; and still he found it impossible to blame the aged wife of the fisherman, since Undine always deserved at least ten times as many reprimands as she received: so he continued to feel in his heart an affectionate tenderness for them all, even for the ancient mistress of the house, and his whole life flowed on in the calm stream of contentment.

But still there came some interruption at last. The fisherman and the knight had been accustomed at dinner, and also in the evening, when the wind roared without, as it rarely failed to do towards night, to enjoy together a flask of wine. But now their whole stock, which the fisherman had from time to time brought with him from the city, was at last exhausted, and they were both quite out of humour at the circumstance. That day Undine laughed at them excessively, but they were not disposed to join in her pleasantries with the same gaiety as usual. Towards evening she went out of the cottage, to escape, as she said, the sight of two such lengthened and tiresome faces.

While it was yet twilight, some appearances of a tempest seemed to be again mustering in the sky, and the waves already rushed and roared around



them: the knight and the fisherman sprung to the door in terror, to bring home the maiden, remembering the anguish of that night when Huldbrand had first entered the cottage. But Undine met them at the same moment, clapping her little hands in high glee.

"What will you give me," she cried, "to provide you with wine? or rather, you need not give me anything," she continued; "for I am already satisfied, if you look more cheerful, and have a livelier flow of spirits, than throughout this last most wearisome day. Only come with me; the forest stream has driven ashore a cask; and I will be condemned to sleep a whole week, if it is not a wine-cask."

The men followed her, and actually found, in a bushy cove of the shore, a cask, which inspired them with as much joy as if they were sure it contained the generous old wine for which they were thirsting. They first of all, and with as much expedition as possible, rolled it towards the cottage; for a heavy shower was again rising in the west, and they could discern the waves of the lake, in the fading light, lifting their white foaming heads, as if looking out for the rain, which threatened every instant to pour upon them. Undine helped them as much as she was able; and as the shower, with a roar of wind, came suddenly sweeping on in rapid pursuit, she raised her finger with a merry menace toward the dark mass of clouds, and cried:

"You cloud, you cloud, have a care!—beware how you wet us; we are some way from shelter yet."

The old man reproved her for this sally, as a sinful presumption; but she laughed to herself with a low titling, and no one suffered any evil from her wild behaviour. Nay more, what was beyond their expectation, they reached their comfortable hearth unwet, with their prize secured; but the moment the cask had been broached, and proved to contain wine of a remarkably fine flavour, then the rain first poured unrestrained from the black cloud, the tempest raved through the tops of the trees, and swept far over the billows of the deep.

Having immediately filled several bottles from the cask, which promised them a supply for a long time, they drew round the glowing hearth; and, comfortably secured from the tempest, they sat tasting the flavour of their wine, and bandying their pleasantries.

As reflection returned upon him, the old fisherman suddenly became extremely grave, and said:

"Ah, friends, here we sit, rejoicing over this rich gift, while he to whom it first belonged, and from whom it was wrested by the fury of the stream, must there also, it is more than probable, have lost his life."

"His fate, I trust, was not quite so melancholy as that," said Undine, while, smiling, she filled the knight's cup to the brim.

But he exclaimed:

"By my unsullied honour, old father, if I knew where to find and rescue him, no exposure to the night, nor any thought of peril, should deter me from making the attempt. But I give you all the assurance I am able to give, that provided I again reach an inhabited country, I will find out the owner of this wine, or his heirs, and make double and triple reimbursement."

The old man was gratified with this assurance; he gave the knight a nod of approbation, and now drained his cup with an easier conscience and a more delicate relish.

Undine, however, said to Huldbrand:

"As to the repayment and your gold, you may do whatever you like. But what you said about your venturing out, and searching, and exposing yourself to danger, appears to me far from wise. I should cry my very eyes out, should you perish there on such a wild jaunt; and is it not true, that you would prefer staying here with me and the good wine?"

"Most assuredly," answered Huldbrand, smiling.

"Well," replied Undine, "you spoke unwisely then. For charity begins at home: our neighbour ought not to be our first thought; and whatever is a calamity to him, would be one in our own case also."

The mistress of the house turned away from her, sighing and shaking her head, while the fisherman forgot his wonted indulgence toward the graceful little girl, and thus reproved her:

"That sounds exactly as if you had been brought up by heathens and Turks;" and he finished his reproof by adding: "May God forgive both me and you,—unfeeling child."

"Well, say what you will, this is what I think and feel," replied Undine, "be they who they may that brought me up,—and how can a thousand of your words help it?"

"Silence!" exclaimed the fisherman, in a voice of stern rebuke; and she who with all her wild spirit was extremely alive to fear, shrunk from him, moved close up to Huldbrand, trembling, and breathed this question in the lowest tone possible:

"Are you also angry, dear friend?"

The knight pressed her soft hand, and tenderly stroked her locks. He was unable to utter a word; for his vexation, arising from the old man's severity towards Undine, closed his lips; and thus the two couples sat opposite to each other, at once heated with anger and in embarrassed silence.

(To be continued.)

"PROFESSIONAL" DIGNITY.—Now-a-day we find "the march of intellect" has destroyed all vulgar distinctions, and a few days ago we perused an advertisement in which a "shaving shop" is offered for sale "in consequence of the present occupant's retiring from the PROFESSION." This is, in our opinion, carrying the levelling system too far. It can only be matched by the coolness of the chimney-sweeper who lately told a police magistrate that he could not proceed with his case because "another gentleman of the profession," who was a material witness, "had taken his lady down to Ramsgate, and it was quite uncertain when he would return."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 714.)

THINGS were in this situation, when one Sunday evening Clayton informed him, that on the following day was to commence the session of the Court which was to decide his fate. It was not without a thrill of excitement that he heard this announcement, calmly as he had awaited the day—no man can be otherwise than excited in a crisis whose contingencies, though they affect him alone, depend upon others. The gambler who bets upon a game played by another, is far more excited than if he played himself. But with Allen the excitement was short-lived; and when on the following day he entered the court-room, and looked around upon the motley crowd always in attendance in such places, his eye was as calm, and the beating of his heart as regular, as if he had no stake in the game about to be played, by the legal gamblers before him.

When he entered, the judge was not yet on the bench; and the members of the bar were lounging about that tobacco precinct, some smoking, some talking and laughing, some poring over long, ill-written papers or large calf-bound books, and all big with the ponderous interests depending upon them, and the eloquence and learning with which they were "crammed" for the occasion. A crowd was collected in the room, impatiently awaiting the opening of the court, during the progress of which many expected cause for exultation, many feared defeat; and a still larger number neither wished for success nor feared defeat, but only came to pick up an occasional fee as jurymen, when the panel should be exhausted, and laugh over the agonies and foul passions of other men, when dissected and laid bare by the merciless operators within the bar. Many were witnesses, also; and the idle lawyers were scanning their motley faces, with many shrewd remarks as to whether this man could speak the truth with such a face, whether that were not a witness of a false *alibi*, or another the leading witness of a malicious prosecution. They all agreed—and those who were most experienced were most decided in the opinion—that there were in that crowd at least fifty perjurers ready to be sworn, and at least fifty more false oaths, to be taken innocently, under the influence of mistake, forgetfulness, prejudice, and confusion. Among the suitors, too, there was variety enough; but it was the variety of the same species—just as the leopard and the cat are of the same species, differing only in particulars. With a few honourable exceptions, they all bore the marks of litigiousness upon their faces—a mixture of obstinacy, cunning, and dishonesty, which is so constantly before the lawyer, that he almost thinks an honest face a *lunus naturæ*. Here was the sturdy farmer, litigating with his neighbour about a division fence, whose position would never have been disputed, but for a quarrel about a neighbouring road; and now both were willing to sink their paternal acres in a cost-bill, rather than give an inch of land for peace. Here stood a knavish horse-trader, brought here by his duple to expiate his sharper tendencies, and swallow up, in fees and costs, the value of both the horses traded.

"I say, Joe," said one of the younger members of the Bar to another, "isn't that the fellow that sued Tom Carter for slander?"

"Yes," replied the other; "why?"

"If he wants any damages, he had better not make profit of himself before the jury," said the first.

"You think his face a letter patent, authorizing him to commit whatsoever crime he may have been charged with?" laughed the other.

"Or," rejoined the first, "a mandamus from the High Court of Fate, commanding him to do it, as a condition of his being."

And both the wits laughed loudly at their own conceit. And the object of the jest—a black-browed fellow, with small, watery, gray eyes—showed his teeth in a complacent grin, utterly unconscious that he had furnished the matter of their amusement.

Beside this fellow stood an old offender against all laws of "nine and thine;" and he too laughed pleasantly with the lawyers, though out of ear-shot—for all such people think it best to keep terms with the lawyers, never knowing what "a day may bring forth." Behind this last was standing a notorious usurer, tall, hook-nosed, and stooping; and as his little gray eyes wandered over the merry group of lawyers, it was astonishing to see how much alike were the three pairs of optics in this little group. Here was a "young and tender" rascal, who, having married one of the heirs of a man of moderate wealth, was now in court to get a partition of his real estate, so that her portion might follow the ready cash she had inherited; and bashfulness, and fear, and cunning, each reigned alternately in his face. Not far from him was seen a red-faced man, whose first object was to escape by "hook or crook"—or if that was not practicable, then to "stave off" the debts for which he stood defendant here; and he was now protesting various good intentions, if he could only get a little time, &c., all of which his legal auditor believed—of course.

Neither Clayton nor Carlin was in the room when Allen entered, nor could he see Thorpe among the crowd; although that gentleman was seated quite near him, talking in the lowest tones to a man in a broad-brimmed white hat, who looked as if he might influence some votes. Allen walked back from the bar, ascending several steps which led to a kind of amphitheatre upon which the seats for spectators were arranged. These and the galleries were all filled by men, except the rear-most tiers; and along those were seated some twenty or thirty ladies, attracted perhaps, by interest in some cause to be tried during the present term. Their attendance was not unusual there—and it is a pity it is not more common in other places—but, unfamiliar as was Allen with courts, he felt flashed by their presence, suspecting that they had been attracted by the hope of hearing his trial. He was not far wrong either: for, excepting a few who resort to every public place,

merely to find a crowd and be observed, there was not one among that score of rustling, fluttering spectators, who would have been there that day for any other reason.

At the end nearest Allen sat Maria Thorpe, and next to her Mary Bryce. And as he walked unconsciously nearer them, the former turned away her head with a glance of great disdain, and the latter imitated her as best she could, by throwing her fat hands up towards the ceiling—a gesture which the reader already knows, was, with her, expressive of even opposite emotions. The acting was, however, not perceived by Vernon, and therefore, was soon terminated—being succeeded by a very deep breath, which threatened hooks-and-eyes and corset string most imminently. Allen's attention was riveted by a form some distance from him, on the same tier; for beneath the close hood and under the folds of a plain green veil, he thought he recognized one but too well known. It was a lady dressed in plain black, with nothing to distinguish her from others to a common eye, except a hand of most exquisite mould and whiteness, which held away the veil to enable her to see the crowd before her. That hand was not a stranger to him; and though it held the gauze in such a manner as to conceal from him the face that corresponded with it, he knew each feature of that face and saw them graven in his memory as plainly as if nothing interposed.

It was Cara, gazing anxiously among the crowd, where she expected him to be. Gradually she turned her face towards the spot where he stood, with his eyes eagerly bent upon her hand. The veil was thrown back, and her peerless beauty, enhanced rather than diminished by a slight paleness, was revealed in all its fullness. At the same moment her eyes met his, and she shrank suddenly back as if in alarm; but the next moment she half rose up as if to go to him; and again she sank back, her face flushed crimson, and her hand trembling so much that she could scarcely draw down her veil, while she returned Allen's deep salutation.

"Who is that that Vernon is bowing to?" said Mary Bryce; and she leaned forward to look along the row of faces, until her head touched the shoulder of a man in front of her; but the veil was down too soon, she could not gratify her curiosity.

She had not, however, given it up; and probably would not have done so, if she had been forced to lean upon the shoulder of every man in the house, had she not been diverted by something more engrossing—when her attention was attracted by a movement at the door. Those who were leaning on the railing round the bar precipitately fell back, and through the passage thus opened walked the judge so impatiently expected. He was a tall, thin man, with gray hair and a massive countenance, whose chief expression was severity. He had risen from the humblest rank of his profession, through no other talents than those which are classed under the word energy, and with no particular recommendation except an inflexible love of justice. One would suppose that this would have been the quality of all others best fitting him for his station; but the lawyers thought not so. "For," said they, "a judge sits on the bench to administer the law, what the experience of ages, and the wisdom of many able judges, has determined is most just in the long run, and *not* to administer what his notions may mistake for justice. The length of a man's foot, according to Coke, would be as safe a measure as his ideas of justice, by which to be guided in judgment; as one man has a long foot, and another a short foot, so one man's notion of justice may be broad and another's limited. Admit this principle, and with each successive judge you have a new code of laws; in the end you will find it had been better even to have had a partial and sometimes unjust system, to which men might become accustomed, than this no-system at all." But whether they were right or not, Judge Lausung was universally respected as a clear-headed and upright man. And when he took his seat upon the bench, and gravely set his hat beside him, the murmur which had filled the room ceased entirely, or fell to a whisper. The lawyers seated themselves decorously, took off their hats, and threw away their cigars—the clerk opened his desk and fumbled with his papers, and the sheriff proclaimed the opening of the term.

Immediately behind the judge came several members of the bar, and among them Clayton and Carlin, with another—a short man, of some forty years of age, whom Allen heard with some interest named as Mr. Elliot, the State's Attorney. They all took their places without noticing the crowd around them; apparently unconscious that hundreds of eyes were directed upon them, and that hundreds of hearts fluttered with excitement, in anticipation of what each one was to say and do before the end of the term.

The grand and petit juries having been called, the former sworn, charged, and sent about their business, and the latter enjoined to remember the overwhelming importance of their functions, "and not part the court without leave," the judge, who seemed for going through the docket at a gallop, addressed the gentlemen of the bar.

"I shall first call the people's docket, gentlemen," said he, "and the counsel for the defence, in each case, will please state whether or not they are ready for trial. The prosecution are ready, of course."

"The court will consider," commenced Elliot jumping to his feet—

"The court will consider nothing, sir," said the judge, tartly interrupting him, "which is likely to delay the administration of justice."

"Of course not; but—"

"And," continued the judge, not heeding him, "it is the right of every defendant to have a speedy trial. It is presumed that those who exhibit charges are always ready to prove them. The People v. Smith—who is for Smith? Are you ready for trial, sir?"

"I believe not, sir," said a lawyer, rising, "but we will try to be by the middle of this week."

"Set for Wednesday," said the judge, writing on his docket. "The People v. Harrison."

"In that case I enter a motion for a continuance," said another.

"File your affidavit, then," said the judge, "and let it be disposed of now."

The lawyer scratched a few hieroglyphics on a piece of paper, told his client to swear to it, filed it without letting him read it, and the continuance was granted.

"The People v. Thomas," read the judge.

"We are willing that a plea of guilty shall be entered to the first count in the indictment, if Mr. Elliot will strike out the other," said Mr. Carlin, rising slowly from his chair.

"I have no objections," said Elliot.

"Let it be entered," said the judge; and by paying his fine for one offence, the man got rid of two others; the State's Attorney avoided a contest with a formidable antagonist, and Carlin's indulgence was gratified by winning his fees without an effort.

"The People v. Allen Vernon," said the judge.

"In that case," said Thorpe, rising calmly from a corner of the courtroom, "on the part of the prosecution, we are ready for trial."

"What say the defence?" asked the judge.

"We are not quite ready," said Clayton, rising in his turn; "but I think we will be if allowed a week to prepare."

"A week!" Thorpe exclaimed. "That would be equivalent to a continuance; and if delay is the object, we demand that the motion be made now."

"We have no disposition to delay the matter unreasonably," said Clayton, mildly; "but we claim a moderate time for preparation."

"You are entitled to that, of course," said the judge; but seeing Vernon come forward and talk eagerly to Clayton, he waited his further action.

"Of course you desire no delay," said Clayton in answer to Allen; "I knew that all the time." Then turning to the judge he continued; "If the court please, Mr. Vernon has just told me that he desires nothing more than a speedy and impartial trial. His counsel could have wished a little more time; but he is extremely averse to remaining longer under this imputation; and he therefore instructs us to say, that we will be ready for trial to-morrow morning."

"Set for to-morrow morning, first case," said the judge writing; and immediately the house began to thin—most of those present being there only to hear Allen's trial. A smile passed between the old members of the bar as the order was made—a smile of intelligence, not of derision; for those experienced tacticians understood full well that the argument of the case was already commenced—was commenced by Clayton.

"Adjourn court till to-morrow morning, nine o'clock."

"Pretty well done!" said Carlin, as they left the court house together.

"What?" asked Clayton.

"Your opening of the case," answered the elder.

"It was opened by Thorpe before me," said his junior, "though I was glad of the opportunity to make a favourable first impression. The theory of the trial by jury supposes a perfectly independent tribunal, in which twelve men, totally uninfluenced by the opinions of others, sit in judgment on the testimony alone. But it is not in the nature of things, that twelve men, or any other number of men, should be so completely isolated as not to see and feel the prevailing opinion in the bystanders. Though no demonstration of approval or of disapprobation be made—though neither word nor act nor gesture may indicate a preference, yet something in the very atmosphere, something in the looks of the crowd, conveys to a jury, as infallibly as words could do, a knowledge of what others think and feel. And independent as jurymen may be, it is impossible—absolutely impossible—that they should not be affected by the knowledge. Men have an instinctive shrinking from opposition to what is called 'public sentiment,' and a corresponding desire to be with their neighbours in opinion."

"And hence," said Carlin, taking up the thread—"and hence arises the importance of making first impressions favourably, even upon the bystanders, not one of whom will have any direct influence in the decision."

People who know nothing of law and lawyers except from novels—where there is generally necessary to the development of the plot, some one who combines villainy with such knowledge and capacity, as only lawyers have—such people will say, that this theory of Clayton's was only part of a system of trickery, and the practice under it only a legal mode of covering up the truth. But those who object to legal subtlety because corrupt men sometimes—often—make it subservient to bad ends, may, with equal reason, discard every good thing on earth. The cause of religion suffers because evil men will "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in;" but it only suffers because men are habitually illogical—confounding the thing itself with its semblance or abuse, pronouncing the truth a lie because a liar pretends to believe it.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"As thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest."—SHAKESPEARE.

LONG before the hour appointed for the opening of the court, a large and eager crowd had assembled—probably in precisely the same spirit which would have brought them together to see a bull-fight or a bear-baiting. Among them might be recognized many of the faces which had gazed so eagerly down from the elevated benches the day before; the most of those who had left the court-house when the time of Allen's trial was fixed, had now returned, and with them had come many more, moved by the same curiosity. The upper tiers of seats, too, were filled by ladies in greater numbers than on the day before; and as Allen entered and cast his eyes almost involuntarily to the point where Cara had sat before, he again ob-

served the plain black dress, the close, small bonnet and the drawn veil, which hid the pale face of her whose heart beat far more tumultuously at this crisis than even his. This time, however, the veil was not withdrawn,—the face was not revealed; no sign told him that his presence was noted. No sign told him—no; but had he seen the heart within, could he have felt the pulse which throbbed so full, he would have known that his entrance was not unheeded. She had been looking for him long, had nerved herself to draw aside her veil and smile her confidence and love, she was determined that no consideration should induce her to act as if she felt the faintest fear or distrust; she resolved to let all the world see, if they wished, that she at all events had not prejudged him; but, when he came actually before her, and the moment for her courage had arrived, her hand trembled too much to allow her to draw away the veil; she felt that her face was too much flushed to be uncovered; and with a self-reproachful pang, she sat still under his wistful gaze, and let him pass without a sign of recognition or encouragement. She almost hated herself for it a moment afterwards; but it was then too late; he had entered the bar and seated himself beside Clayton, with his back towards her, and was engaged in earnest conversation. She had resolved to be firm, and the resolution of such a nature is of some avail; but the crowd reared her, the anticipation of what was to come, and yet could not be hastened, agitated and unsettled her. Could she have been called at once to the stand, and sworn now in the presence of the assembled multitude, she felt that she would be calm. But the protracted waiting, the deferred expectation, the uncertainty, the interest at stake, all combined to shake her nerves. She drew a deep breath, however, as Allen sat down out of her sight, and determined to be calm. Situated as she was—alone, unsupported, afflicted, and alarmed—calmness would have been a great triumph. The lady who sat beside her—some commonplace acquaintance—chattered like a magpie, caressing—about the court, about the lawyers, the judge, the crowd, and worst of all, about Allen. She wished Clara to point out to her the man to be tried, and seemed surprised when Clara replied simply—“I do not see him.” This was becoming serious; she was about to move to another seat, where she could possess her soul in silence, if not in peace, when her movement was arrested by the appearance of the judge. Clara gazed at him with an interest which no judge had ever inspired in her before; she thought, in her ignorance, that it was he who was to decide a question, to her most important.

Gillam, the sheriff, stepped forward at a nod from the judge.

“*Oyes! Oyes!*” he proclaimed. “This court has now met pursuant to adjournment.” And immediately all hats came off, and the hitherto careless-looking lawyers sank noiselessly beside their desks, and forthwith became the most absorbed men in the world. The crowd settled themselves gradually in their seats, leaning back and making themselves comfortable for a long sitting. Many of them drew out quids of tobacco and filled their cheeks, so that they might give their whole attention to the court. The shuffling of feet and clacking of benches gradually subsided, while the judge and the sheriff concurred in frowning ominously at the dense crowd, and the clerk looked inquiringly at the former for orders to read. As the noise diminished, which it did very fast when the people caught a sight of the clouded brow of the judge, that cloud gradually disappeared; and when it had become so still that the busy pens of the lawyers might be heard all over the house—(what noisy pens some lawyers have, by-the-bye!)—he turned with a grave face and nodded to the clerk. The sheriff, who had till now stood forward, like a mastiff before his master, waiting for a hiss to spring upon his enemy, observing that the judge was satisfied, cleared his brow and quietly sat down.

The record occupied but a short time, during which the crowd sat, impatiently awaiting the spectacle they had come to see. The clerk put away his book and sat down, and all eyes were turned upon Thorpe, who arose and announced that the prosecution were now ready to proceed with the case of the People v. Vernon.

“Have the defence any preliminary motion?” asked the judge.

“No, sir,” said Clayton, slowly rising and unfolding a paper which appeared to be a copy of the indictment. “We had intended to enter a motion to quash the indictment—which is manifestly defective in several points—but our client instructs us that he does not wish to avoid a trial upon any technical point of law. All he desires is a fair trial, in which the issue shall be, is he guilty or innocent. But our duty requires that we should so make up the record as not to prejudice his interests. We are therefore willing that the motion should be entered and overruled without argument.”

“That is scarcely usual,” said the judge. “Perhaps on consultation you will conclude to argue the motion?”

“They are too well aware of its futility,” said Thorpe, with a sneer.

“Our object,” said Clayton, calmly, “is to bring the real perpetrator of this crime to speedy punishment; and upon a motion to quash we cannot introduce evidence to this end. We ask, therefore, that the motion may be entered.”

“We consent to the course he suggests,” said the State’s attorney.

“Let it be so entered,” said the judge. “Are you ready for trial?”

Both parties answered in the affirmative.

“Call the jury, then,” said the judge; and while the clerk was arranging his lottery of names, the crowd settled back once more into their seats—satisfied that they were not to be balked of their sport by the interposition of anything formal or technical. They had felt as a crowd of spectators at a Spanish bull-fight might be supposed to feel, when accident prevents the appearance of the bull; and they now felt as the same crowd would feel when the zeal of the managers has provided a substitute.

“What the deuce does Clayton mean by throwing away his chances in this way?” asked a junior member of the bar of his neighbour.

“He must have ‘two bullets and a blagger,’” answered the other, drawing his illustrations from another game, which occupied far more of his thoughts than the legal game, his ostensible occupation.

“But somebody may have ‘the age’ of him,” said the other, winking as if he, too, was familiar with that “other game.”

His neighbour made no reply, but leaned back against the wall, and closing his eyes, betook himself to slumber—a refreshment far from unnecessary, since that “game” had usurped the most of sleep’s appropriate hours on the night preceding. Several of the lawyers gathered up their papers, and to the astonishment of the eager crowd, walked leisurely and indifferently out of court—feeling no interest in any contest of which they were not combatants.

Meantime the routine of calling, swearing, and examining the jurors went slowly on. Many were rejected because they had already formed opinions, some were peremptorily challenged, some challenged for ‘cause,’ and not a few either because their faces did not promise well, or they had been known to be refractory or wrong-headed on previous juries. Some were challenged by the prosecution because the defence seemed too willing to take them; and in one instance, Clayton had abstained from questioning a juror whom he did not want to take, in order that he might save one of his own challenges, by inducing the other party to send him away on suspicion. The stratagem was successful, and the point was gained. Some sharp conversation passed between the counsel, the judge interposed as if to quell a threatened outbreak, and each party sat quietly down, smiling covertly at the dulness of any in supposing them agitated or incensed. Each was endeavouring to exasperate the other, to secure an advantage over him; and both failed completely. The crowd expected to see a regular pitched battle; but the lawyers smiled incredulously, and the sheriff never took his feet from the table where he had comfortably deposited them. At last the tiresome ceremony was over—all the twelve jurymen answered to their names—and the crowd again settled themselves in their seats.

“Go on, gentlemen,” said the judge, and Thorpe rose to open the case for the prosecution. He knew that his witnesses were men whom his art could not influence, and he knew that he was closely watched by men fully equal to the task of exposing his artifice. He was therefore careful to appear candid and open. His manner was that of a man who performs an unpleasant duty, but performs it resolutely, though kindly. His voice was pitched low; and its notes, always musical, now became feeling and regretful. His words were spoken calmly and almost reluctantly. He seemed to be uttering the honest convictions of his heart; and no one there who did not know him thoroughly, would for a moment have suspected that he was engaged in one of the most pleasing occupations that had ever called him before a jury. No one there saw the hatred rankling in his heart, the fell determination to crush a rival, the thirst of revenge which moved him to the consummation of his purpose.

“Gentlemen of the jury,” said he, “you are empanelled to try an issue, in whose decision you will pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar, charged with the high crime of forgery. You occupy a responsible position, gentlemen; you have undertaken a duty, for the faithful performance of which you will have to answer to the community of which you are a part, to the offended laws of the land, and to your own consciences. I know this responsibility must appear to you a heavy one, and in truth it is so. But its weight will, I think, be in no small degree diminished by the knowledge that you have a plain path open before you, leading not obscurely to a conclusion. If you feel that to pass upon the liberty of this young man be an ungrateful task, the pain of the reflection cannot but be diminished by the knowledge that he has justly incurred the penalty you are called upon to inflict. If the case were a doubtful one, gentlemen—if there could be the least doubt of the prisoner’s guilt—while the conflict would be embarrassing to you, it would be a relief to me; for I assure you, could I hesitate for a moment in coming to a conclusion upon the testimony, I should not be here as prosecuting counsel.”

“One of the most unpleasant things in the life of a lawyer is his being often placed in positions, where his duty requires him to resist and dispute the claims of those for whom he feels friendship. How much more irksome must this duty be gentlemen, when it falls to his lot to prosecute, for an infamous crime, one for whom he has cherished respect and even attachment! I feel embarrassed on the present occasion by these considerations—considerations, for alluding to which, since they are personal to myself, I must claim your indulgence.”

“Were this a common case, gentlemen, I should make no such allusions. But it is not so. It is, on the contrary, peculiar in all its phases. It is a crime very seldom committed, because easy of detection, and punished severely; and in this case it has been committed under peculiar circumstances. The manner of its commission, the motive, the time, the persons upon whom committed, and the relations of the prisoner to those persons, are all alike singular. But the strangest of all the strange things connected with the case, is the reckless and hardened openness with which the fraud was perpetrated. Though this openness, gentlemen, may tend to disembarass you, and is in that view fortunate, it is, in another view, unfortunate, since it cannot but shake that salutary confidence in human nature, once held by those who would far sooner have suspected each other of this crime than the prisoner at the bar; since it gives a painful lesson, teaching how abandoned may be the hearts of those with whom we are in daily conversation, and who possess our unlimited confidence.”

He proceeded to give a clear, and withal nearly impartial, account of what the evidence was to be; remarked briefly upon circumstantial evidence, giving it justly the first rank in the scale of testimony, and closed his address.

(To be continued.)



## PICCIOLA:

OR,

## THE PRISON FLOWER.

(Continued from page 711.)

"Has he willed it? Ought he to will it?" replied the pious man, rising with dignity, and laying his hand affectionately on the shoulder of his companion. "Doubt may, perhaps, be necessary to humble the pride of our reason. What would be virtue, if its reward were certain beforehand? What would become of free-will? The mind of man is immense, not infinite; it is at once expanded and contracted. It is expanded to make him comprehend his dignity, and enable him to rise to God by the contemplation of his works; it is contracted to make him feel his dependence on that same God. Man here below can only see a part, faith does the rest—My God! my God!" exclaimed Gerhardt, clasping his hands with fervour, and raising toward heaven his eyes, wet with tears—"grant me thy strength to raise this fallen spirit, who wishes to rise towards thee. Lend me thy aid to assist this immortal soul, now ignorant of itself, to resume its flight. Let my words be persuasive, since my heart is convinced. But here, what can an advocate do to the cause, where all nature brings its unanimous testimony? Is there even so much as that necessary? A flower, an insect, is sufficient to proclaim thy Almighty power, to reveal to man his future destiny. Oh! let this plant here finish its work. Is it not, my God, like all thy creatures, enlightened by thy sun, and fertilised, by the breath that emanates from thee?"

The old man then appeared to forget himself in a silent ecstasy—doubtless he was praying inwardly; and when he turned towards his companion, he found him with both his hands on the back of the rustic bench, his head resting on them, and his features also presenting an expression of holy meditation.

## CHAPTER XXII.

In the purified heart of Charney the blood flowed more calmly; in his enlightened mind, softer, more consoling, more affectionate thoughts succeeded each other. Thus, like the Piémontese sage, he felt a vague desire to expand his soul in tenderness; he then thought with delight on beings whom, by links of gratitude or friendship, he could attach to himself. Amongst these, Josephine, Gerhardt, and Ludovico first offered themselves to people his celestial world. Then, like shadows, two female forms appeared on the extremities of this rainbow of love that had come after the storm, as we see in the pictures of some churches, two seraphim, their heads bent forwards, their robes floating, their wings half spread to mark the limits of Eden.

One of these shades was the fairy of his dreams, Picciola, the young girl, that pure image born of the perfumes of his flowers; the other, the angel of his prison, his second Providence, Teresa Gerhardt.

By a strange contradiction, the first, which only existed in idea, alone offered itself to his memory under a clear, distinct, and fixed form. He saw her slightly contract her brow, her eye sparkle, her lips smile. Such she had appeared to him in his dreams,—such he had always found her. As to Teresa, his eyes having never rested upon her, or at least believing he had never seen her, but through an illusion, when, in his transports of gratitude, he invoked her as herself, under what features could she appear before him? The seraph had her face veiled; and if Charney wished to turn aside the veil, it was still the countenance of Picciola that appeared—Picciola multiplying herself suddenly, whatever he might do, to receive the homage of the heart destined for her rival.

One morning, the prisoner, when quite awake, thought himself completely a prey to this singular hallucination. The day was just begun. Already up, he was thinking of Gerhardt. This latter supposed his liberation was near; and his adieu of the evening had been expressed with such touching indications of sorrow, that the count had not been able to sleep during the night, so much did the idea of this separation agitate him. After having walked some time up and down his room, his eye turned mechanically towards the bench of conference, where, the evening before, he had conversed of the daughter with the father, when in the court of the prison, on that same bench, through one of the grey fogs of autumn, he suddenly saw a young woman sitting. She was alone, and appeared to be attentively considering his plant. Charney immediately thought of Teresa—of her arrival.

"It is she," said he; "and I am going to see her for a moment, then never to see her more! and my old companion will follow her!"

As he said this, the young woman turned her head towards him, and the countenance which he then perceived was again, and again, and always, that of Picciola! In amazement, he passed his hand over his brow, his eyes—touched his clothes, the cold bars of his window, to assure himself that this time he was not in a dream.

The young woman rose, advanced a few steps towards him, and smiling—confused—saluted him with a timid gesture. Charney did not reply either to this gesture, or to that smile: he looked fixedly on the graceful form that moved through the mist; it was the very same which he had formerly seen in the fêtes he gave to Picciola—the same features that constantly pursued him in his thoughts and reveries; and supposing himself attacked by a feverish delirium, he threw himself on his bed to recover his senses. Some minutes after his door opened, and Ludovico entered.

"Alas! alas! good and bad news, signor count!" said he; "one of my

birds is going to fly away,—not over the walls, but through the door. So much the better for him; so much the worse for you!"

"What! is it then for to-day?"

"I think not, signor count: however, it cannot be long, for the act is signed in Paris, they say, and it must be on the road to Turin. At least the *Giovana* told her father so before me."

"What!" cried Charney, half rising from his bed, "she is arrived?—she is here?"

"At Fénestrella since yesterday, in the evening, with a permission in proper form to come amongst us. Unfortunately, the orders do not allow the drawbridge to be lowered so late for a woman. She was obliged to put off her visit till to-day. I knew it very well myself, but I took care not to tell the poor old man: he would not have closed an eye through the night, and the time would have appeared too long, if he had known his daughter was so near him! This morning she was up before the sun, and came with the dawn, to wait, in the midst of the fog, at the gate of the citadel, the worthy creature of a good God!"

"But," interrupted Charney, astonished and confused, "has she not remained some time in the court, sitting on the bench?"

And he hurried towards the window, cast a glance into the court, and turning towards Ludovico, said:

"She is there no longer!"

"Certainly not; she is there no longer, but she was there," replied he. "Yes, she stayed there while I went up to prepare the good man for the visit: for people sometimes die of joy. Joy, as it seems, resembles strong liquors: a little drop at a time is good; but we must not empty the gourd at a single draught. Now they are together, very happy both, and I, seeing them so full of joy—*pro Bacco!*—I felt suddenly sad. I thought of you, signor count—of you, who would soon have to remain without a companion; and I am come to remind you, that you still have Ludovico, and Picciola also. She is beginning to lose her leaves, but that is the effect of the season; we must not despise her for that."

And he went away, without waiting for Charney's reply.

As to him, not yet recovered from his surprise and emotion, he endeavoured to explain this singular vision, and began at length to think that the sweet image assumed by Picciola the young girl, might have been no other than that of Teresa, half seen by him formerly at the little grated window, and the remembrance of which had doubtless been unconsciously retraced in his dreams.

Whilst he was reasoning thus, the murmur of two voices reached his ear from the top of the stair, and he heard a light, timid foot gliding down the steps, scarcely touching the stone, by the side of the well-known one of the old man. This regular sound soon ceased at his door. He started; but Gerhardt alone appeared.

"She is here," he said, "and waits you by the plant."

Charney followed him silently, without having the power to articulate a word, and his heart full of constraint and sadness, rather than pleasure.

Was it the embarrassment of presenting himself before a woman to whom he owed everything, and towards whom he could not acquit himself? Did he remember the manner in which that morning he had received her smile and salute? Then as the separation approached, did he feel his courage and his resignation fail? Whichever of these causes it might be, and perhaps of many others also, when he presented himself before her, in his manners, in his language, no one could have recognised the brilliant Count de Charney; the ease of the man of the world, the firmness of the philosopher, had given place to a stammering awkwardness, to which Teresa, no doubt, owed that appearance of coldness and reserve which was shown in her answers and manner.

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Gerhardt to place his daughter and friend on an equal footing with one another, the conversation at first only turned on the common-places of hope and consolation for the future. Recovered from his first agitation, Charney only saw indifference on the calm features of the Turinese, and easily persuaded himself that in the services she had rendered him, she had only obeyed the impulse of her own adventurous character, or the command of her father.

Then he almost regretted having seen her; for should he find again, when thinking of her, all her former charm? Whilst they were sitting all three on the bench, Gerhardt contemplating his daughter, and Charney uttering some cold words without meaning, as Teresa was turning towards her father, a large medallion that hung round her neck, and had been hidden in a fold of her dress, escaped. Charney saw on one side of it the white hairs of the old man, and on the other a dried flower, carefully preserved between the silk and the crystal. It was the flower that he himself had sent to her by Ludovico.

What! that flower—she had kept it, preserved it precious, near the hair of her father!—of her father whom she adored! The flower of Picciola no longer shone in the hair of the young girl; it reposed on her heart! That sight entirely changed Charney's feelings. He again examined Teresa, as if she had just undergone a metamorphosis, and he discovered what he had not before seen. In fact, her face, turned towards her father, was enlightened with a double expression of tenderness and serenity; she appeared then beautiful as Raffaele's virgins are beautiful—as pure and loving souls are beautiful! Charney slowly followed with his eye that graceful, animated profile, where gentleness and strength, energy and timidity, harmonised so well together! It was long since he had contemplated a human face so resplendent with the light of youth, beauty, and virtue! He was enchanted with the sight; and after having glanced over the elegant form of her neck, shoulders, and figure, his eyes returned to the medallion, on which they earnestly fixed.

"You have not, then, disdained my poor present?" said he, in a low voice; but low as he spoke, Teresa turned quickly towards him, and her first impulse was to replace the ornament; but, at the same time, and in her turn, she examined the change that had passed over the features of the count, and both blushed at the same time.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked Gerhardi, seeing her emotion.

"Nothing," said she; and immediately resuming, as if she feared denying to herself a pure and honourable feeling; "it was the medallion. Here, my father, is your hair." Then turning towards Charney—"See, sir, here is the flower that I received from you, and which I keep,—which I shall always keep!"

There was in her words—in the tone of her voice—in that instinctive modesty which induced her to address her explanation to her father as well as to the stranger—so much at once of frankness and modesty, an expression so tender and so chaste, that Charney felt a delight such as he had never before experienced.

The rest of the day passed in the expression and effusions of a friendship which seemed to increase every minute. Setting aside the secret attraction that draws us towards each other, intimacy always proceeds in proportion to the time we know permitted us to accomplish the circle of our new affections.

Charney and Teresa had never spoken before that day; but they had thought so much of one another, and so few hours remained to them, perhaps! Thus, when Charney, from a feeling solely of etiquette and politeness, was going to retire, wishing, he said, after so long an absence, to leave the father and daughter quite alone to the happiness of their reunion—

"You quit us!" cried Teresa, retaining him by a look, whilst Gerhardi stopped him with his hands. "Are you, then, a stranger to my father—or to me?" added she, in a tone of pleasing reproach.

The better to make him comprehend how little his presence constrained her, she began to detail all she had done from her quitting Fénelastra, and the means she had employed to unite the two captives. Having finished her recital, she begged Charney to commence his, and to tell her the employment of his time, and his occupations with Picciola.

He then began the history of the first period of his captivity; his weariness of mind, and his manual labours; the welcome arrival of his plant, its progressive development; and Teresa, with a gay and curious air, pressed him with questions on each of his discoveries.

Seated between the two speakers, Gerhardi, holding, in each of his hands, the hand of the daughter who was just restored to him, and of the friend he was going to leave, listened and looked at them by turns, with a mingled feeling of joy and sadness. But sometimes the hands of the old man approached each other, and consequently those of Charney and Teresa. Then the two young people, agitated and embarrassed, with speaking looks, were silent with their voices. At length the young girl, without any appearance of prudery or affectation, gently disengaged her hand, and laying it on her father's shoulder, carelessly leaned her head on it in a graceful attitude, and smilingly turned her eyes towards Charney, to ask him to continue.

Emboldened and led on by so much grace and self-possession, he came at length to the relation of his dream beside his plant. I have said that these were the great events of his life during his solitude. He spoke of that simple, attractive young girl, in whom Picciola was personified; and whilst with warmth, with transport, he sketched her portrait, the countenance of Teresa gradually lost its smile, and her bosom heaved while listening to him.

The narrator took care not to name the true model of the sweet image; but, finishing the history and misfortunes of his plant, he described the moment when, by order of the commandant, the dying Picciola was going to be torn from the earth before his eyes.

"Poor Picciola!" cried Teresa; "ah! thou belongest to me also, dear little one! for I contributed to thy deliverance!"

And Charney, transported with joy, thanked her in his heart for that adoption, which thus established a holy community between him and her.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARNEY certainly would very willingly and for ever have renounced liberty, fortune, the world, if his days could have thus flowed on in prison—between Teresa and her father. That young girl—he loved her as he had never loved. That sentiment,—at once passionate and gentle, bitter and soothing, like an acid fruit which pleases the mouth while irritating it,—until then a stranger to his soul, now took possession of it. It was revealed to him by the agonies of an unknown joy, by emotions of tenderness which comprehended all things—God, man, and the whole of nature. He felt as though his mind, heart, bosom, were expanding and enlarging, to contain the hopes, the projects, the sensations, which were crowding upon him.

The next day all three were again in the court, by the side of the plant—the two friends on the bench, Teresa opposite to them on a chair, which Ludovico had had the forethought to bring down.

She had brought some female work with her—embroidery: and, happiness on her features, her countenance coloured with the hue of health and pleasure, her head following the movements of her needle, raising her eyes at the same time with her hand, she cast her smile by turns on her father and Charney, throwing in some gay, trifling observations in the midst of their grave conversation. Then, at length, she rose, and without caring for interrupting the two thinkers, she pressed her father in her arms, and kissed his gray hair.

That conversation which she interrupted was not resumed; Charney fell into deep meditation.

Was he loved by Teresa? At this inquiry, which he addressed to himself,

two opposing feelings agitated him at the same time: he feared to believe it—he trembled to doubt it. She had preserved the flower he had given, and had promised to keep it for ever; she was agitated when, in the evening, their hands approached on the old man's knees; her bosom heaved at the recital of his passionate dreams; but those words, uttered in so tender a voice, were spoken before her father. What interpretation could he give to those flattering signs—signs of pity, interest, and devotion? Had she not given him proofs of it long before this interview, when their eyes had not yet met—when they had never exchanged a word? Fool! fool! who believes so easily he has a place in that heart, which is entirely filled by a sentiment of filial tenderness, and mistakes the modest shrinkings of a maiden for the palpitations of love.

What matter? he loves her; he will love her long—for ever; and for a phantom, henceforth insufficient, substitute that angelic reality.

That love he will lock up in his own heart; to seek to make it shared would be a crime. Why should he poison so fair a future? Are they not destined to live separated from each other;—she free and happy in the midst of a world where she will not be long in choosing a husband; he alone, in his prison, where he must remain with Picciola and his eternal remembrance of an instant?

Thus the part of Charney was soon taken; from that day, from that moment, he will affect indifference towards Teresa, or at least he will wrap himself up in the false semblance of calm, tranquil friendship. Woe to her, woe to both, if she loved him!

Full of these fine projects, when he roused himself from his reflections, he heard the father and daughter carrying on a lively conversation.

She was entirely occupied by the prospect of her father's approaching deliverance, and appeared to be trying to convince the old man of it, who, either feignedly or from conviction, was affirming that the year would certainly end before his captivity.

"I know the delays of Court; so little a thing is sufficient to suspend the justice or good intentions of powerful men!"

"If it be thus," said Teresa, "to-morrow I will return to Turin to hasten the execution of their promises."

"Why should we be in such a hurry?" said Gerhardi.

"What! do you, then, prefer your confined dark room, and this wretched court, to your house and beautiful gardens of La Colline?"

This disposition evinced by Teresa, the kind of impatience she showed to leave Fénelastra, ought to have pleased Charney, by proving to him that he was not loved, and that the danger he dreaded for her was far from being imminent. Yet what favoured his wishes so well, distressed him so much as to make him at once forget his intended part. He affected neither indifference, nor calm, tranquil friendship. A prey to painful vexation, he could not help showing it; but Teresa did not appear to pay any attention to him, except to joke with him on his silence and discontented air; and again she resumed her arguments, to prove that if the decree was much longer delayed, she must immediately go to Menou, and even to the Emperor, to Paris, if necessary!

She, usually so considerate, so reserved, seemed suddenly under the influence of an incomprehensible desire to jest and talk.

"What is the matter with thee this morning?" said her father, quite astonished to see her thus gay before the poor captive whom they were so soon going to leave behind them.

Charney knew not what to think of her.

It was, that Teresa also had made the same reflections as Charney. The day before she had not felt the approach of love, but she had discovered that it had long been in her heart. Like Charney, she would willingly accept it for herself, with its risks and its perils; but, like him, also, she dreaded it for the other; and this joy of loving, this fear of being loved, led her into those contradictions to herself, and that profusion of words, by which she strove to stifle the feelings of her heart.

But soon all these efforts, all this attempt to disguise their true sentiments, suddenly failed of themselves on both sides at once. Calmly attentive to the accounts of Gerhardi, who was telling them how often he had known prisoners, whose pardon had been publicly announced, vainly wait the effect of it during whole months, they suffered themselves to be convinced with pleasure, with delight; it might have been said, that, henceforth and for ever, that prison might serve them for an asylum, so many projects succeeded one another for the next and for the following days; and that, united there with their guardian angel, the captives now had but one thing to dread—liberty for one only!

All three having recovered their serenity, the philosophers had resumed their discussions, and Teresa her embroidery and joyous conversation.

A pale ray of sunshine enlivened the court, and lightened up the countenance of Teresa; the wind, which was rising, slightly agitated the folds and ribands of her collar; and, for an instant suspending her work, her head thrown back, shaking her hair from her brow, she seemed delighting in air, light, and happiness, when suddenly the little door of the yard opened.

Captain Morand, followed by an officer and Ludovico, came to notify to Gerhardi that the act of his liberation was arrived. Gerhardi was to quit the prison immediately; a carriage waited near the glacis of the place, to transport him and his daughter to Turin!

On the entrance of the commandant, Teresa had risen. She soon sunk again upon her chair, took up her work, and, in the look that she then threw on Charney, he might have seen how rapidly were effaced from that noble countenance the lively colour and the joyous smiles. But Charney himself remained on the bench, with his head bowed down, while they were communicating to Gerhardi the papers which re-established him in his honour, and restored him to liberty. The preparations for departure could not be long.

Ludovico had already come down from the chamber of the former prisoner, with the trunk containing his effects. The officer waited to accompany him to Turin. The hour of separation was come. Teresa rose again, and appeared occupied in endeavouring to put her work into her bag, and arranging her collar; then she tried to draw on her gloves; she could not do it.

Charney now, summoning all his resolution, advanced towards Gerhardt, and opened his arms:

"Adieu, my father!"

"My son! my dear son!" sobbed his old companion—"Courage—depend on us—adieu! adieu!"

He pressed him some time to his bosom, then suddenly loosening him from his embrace, he turned towards Ludovico; and the better to hide his emotion, addressed to him some last useless recommendations for him whom he left alone. Ludovico made no answer, but offered his arm to the old man, who required support.

In the mean time, Charney approached Teresa, to take leave of her also. One hand on the back of the chair, her eyes fixed on the ground, she stood melancholy and motionless in her place, as though she would never quit that residence. When she saw Charney beside her, she recovered herself, and looked at him some moments without saying anything. He was pale and dejected, and words seemed to fail his lips. Suddenly forgetful of her resolutions, she stretched her hand towards the plant of the captive.

"It is our Picciola whom I take to witness," said she. She could articulate no more.

One of her silk mittens, which she held in her hand, dropped: Charney picked it up, impressed a kiss upon it, and silently returned it to her.

Teresa took the mitten, and with it dried the tears that gushed from her eyes, and then returned it to Charney, with a last look of love, a last smile of hope.

"*Au revoir!*" she exclaimed; and she led her father out of the little court.

The count followed them with his eyes; they were gone; the little door had long closed between them and him; and he remained as if petrified, his eye fixed on that spot, and his hand still convulsively pressing to his heart the little mitten of Teresa.

### CONCLUSION.

A PHILOSOPHER has said that greatness must be lost to be appreciated: he might have said the same of fortune, of happiness, of all those pleasant advantages to which the mind so easily becomes habituated.

Never did the prisoner so fully value the wisdom of Gerhardt, the virtues and charms of his daughter, as after the departure of his two guests. Deep dejection succeeded to the vivid excitement of a day. The efforts of Ludovico, the cares that Picciola claimed, were not sufficient to remove it; yet those germs of strength and of morality, drawn from the source of his sweet studies, at length produced their fruit, and he recovered his spirits.

During the struggle his character was perfected. He had at first blessed his solitude, which permitted him to converse with himself of his absent friends; afterwards he saw with joy some one come and sit on the bench, where the old man's place had remained empty.

Of his new companions, the first and the most assiduous was the chaplain of the prison, that good priest whom he had formerly repulsed so harshly. Informed by Ludovico of the deep sadness to which the prisoner was a prey, he presented himself, forgetful of the past, to offer his consolations; and they were received with gratitude. Better disposed towards mankind, Charney was not long in loving him; and the rustic seat again became the bench of conference. The philosopher praised the wonders of his plant, and those of nature; he repeated the lessons of the old Gerhardt: the priest, without entering into the discussion of dogmas, spoke of the sublime morality of Christ; and each derived support from the other.

The second visitor was the commandant of the fortress, Captain Morand. Known better, he was a very good sort of man, with his heart in a military situation; that is to say, he only tormented his people by word of command; he almost reconciled Charney to subaltern tyrants.

At length Charney paid his adieu to the abbé as well as to the captain. One fine day, when he least expected it, the gates of the prison were opened for him also.

On his return from Austerlitz, Napoleon, entreated by Josephine, who perhaps had had some intercessor with her for the prisoner of Fénestrella, had an account given him of the seizure that had been made there. They brought the linen manuscripts to the emperor, which had been deposited in the archives of the minister of justice; he looked over them himself, and, after a mature examination, declared aloud that the Count de Charney was a madman, but a madman henceforward harmless.

"He who can thus prostrate his intellect before a blade of grass," said he, "may make an excellent botanist, but no longer a conspirator. I grant him pardon; let his estates be restored to him; and let him cultivate them himself, if such be his good pleasure!"

Charney then, in his turn, quitted Fénestrella! But he did not go alone. Could he separate himself from his first, his constant friend! After having had it transplanted into a large box well filled with good earth, he brought his Picciola away in triumph—Picciola, to whom he owes his reason; Picciola, who has saved his life; Picciola, from whose bosom he has drawn his consoling emotions; Picciola, who has made him acquainted with friendship and love; Picciola, in short, who has just restored him to liberty!

And as he was crossing the drawbridge of the fortress, a large, rough hand was suddenly extended towards him.

"Signor count," said Ludovico, stifling strong emotion, "give me your hand; now we can be friends,—since you are going,—since you quit us,—since we shall not see one another again!—Thank God!"

Charney threw himself on his neck.

"We shall see one another again, my dear Ludovico! Ludovico, my friend!"

And after having embraced him,—after having pressed his hand a hundred time,—he left the citadel.

He had passed the esplanade,—left behind him the hill on which the fortress was situated,—crossed the bridge thrown over the Clusane, and was already turning for the road to Suss: a voice was still raised, crying aloud from the ramparts,

"Adieu, signor count! Adieu, Picciola!"

Six months after, a rich equipage stopped before the state prison of Fénestrella. A traveller got out, and asked for Ludovico Ritti. It was the old captive, come to pay a visit to his friend the jailor. A young lady leaned her two hands affectionately on the arm of the traveller. That young lady was Teresa Gerhardt, countess of Charney. Together they visited the court, and the chamber, formerly inhabited by ennui, incredulity, and hopelessness. Of all the despairing sentences that had blackened the white walls, one only remained:

"Science, talents, beauty, youth, fortune—all here below, are powerless to bestow happiness."

Teresa added, "Without love!"

A kiss that Charney imprinted on her brow confirmed what she had thus written.

The count had come to beg Ludovico to be godfather to his first child, as he had been to Picciola; and he found that he must hold himself in readiness towards the end of the year.

Their mission accomplished, they returned to Turin, where Gerhardt expected them in their beautiful domain of La Colline.

Near his own private apartments, in the centre of a rich bed, enlightened and warmed by the rays of the rising sun, Charney had placed his plant, that no other might interfere with its growth. By his order no strange hand was to interfere with it, its culture, its health. He had forbidden it. He alone was to watch over it. It was an occupation, a duty, a debt, imposed by his gratitude.

How rapidly the days passed on then! Surrounded by large gardens—on the borders of a river—under a beautiful sky—Charney tasted the life of the happy of the world. Time added a new charm—a new strength to all these bonds; for habit, like the ivy of our walls, cements and consolidates what it cannot destroy. The friendship of Gerhardt, the love of Teresa, the blessings of those who lived beneath his roof—nothing was wanting to his happiness; and the moment arrived when that happiness would be still more increased. Charney became a father!

Oh! then his heart overflowed with bliss. His tenderness for his daughter seemed to redouble that which he bore to his wife. He was never tired of contemplating, of adoring them both. To leave them for a moment was a punishment!

In due time Ludovico arrived to keep his promise; he first wished to visit his former god-daughter—that of the prison. But, alas! in the midst of these transports of love—of that happiness which filled the habitation of La Colline—the source of all its joys, of all that happiness,—*la povera Picciola* was dead!—dead for want of attention!

END OF PICCIOLA.

### THE FIRST BORN.

Like the sweet snowdrop 'mid its sheltering leaves,  
So lay my babe within its cradle bed;  
Its little hands were folded on its breast,  
And calm as angels' brow its quiet sleep;  
One tiny foot from 'neath the mantle's folds  
Had strayed, all stainless from the dust of earth.  
I hush'd the song that hung upon my lips,  
For voice like mine wrought not such blissful repose,  
But music, such as cherubs chant in heaven,  
Had lull'd the slumb'erer in the arms of peace.  
I bent me o'er the couch of this sweet babe,  
And all the gushing tenderness of love  
Came welling up from my fond, happy heart!  
A mother's pangs were all forgotten then,  
All lost in the overwhelming tide of love.  
Just then the babe awoke, and turned its soft

Blue eyes up to my own, and smiled. It was  
His first bright smile, and to my spirit seem'd  
Like heaven's blessing on the holy bond.  
Oh! there are moments in this fleeting life  
When every pulse beats love, and the soft air  
Is full of fragrance from a purer clime.  
And then how sweet it is to pray—far better  
Than to praise—that is the voice of gladness,  
But deepest joy doth vent itself in prayer:  
And thus my o'erfraught heart found sweet relief.  
O God! I thank thee for this precious gift;  
Oh! make me pure, my spirit fresh baptize,  
That I may guard my precious treasure well.  
Nor dim its brightness by a breath of sin;  
But, with a sleepless vigil in a world  
Of guile, be faithful to the holy trust,  
And bear it back to thee when thou shalt call.  
A polish'd jewel for my Maker's crown.

PERSEVERANCE is often not only a substitute for ability, but it is something more. Many a one of very ordinary capacity has, by dint of the same valuable quality which enabled the tortoise in the fable to out-journey the hare, accomplished wonderfully greater things than another possessing superior abilities, but less perseverance.



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## THE MUSTER ROLL.

"ATTENTION!" We are rapidly progressing towards the completion of our First Volume, which closes with the Fifty-second Number. And having already matured our plans for the Second Volume, we will proceed to state them, after a brief retrospective glance.

We venture to assert, that no publication of the present day comprises, within the limits of a volume, an equal amount of matter of the same standard character as that included in the First Volume of the HOME COMPANION.

Of ENGLISH Standard Literature the Volume will contain, complete and unabridged, *Sir Roger de Coverley*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Piccolini*, *Undine*, and *Nature and Art*. Of AMERICAN Literature, *Shadow and Sunshine*, *The Pioneer's Daughter*, *Love's Trials*, *The Californians*, and *Caroline and Catharina*. The cost of these works collectively, in their separate forms, even reckoning the English works at the prices of the cheapest unillustrated editions, would be about TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS, the American works being chiefly expensive, and not hitherto reprinted in this country.

In addition to the above, the Volume will contain a great number of ORIGINAL Tales, Essays, Enigmas, Biographies, Poems, and Miscellaneous Articles, humorous and instructive, illustrated by THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS. The Price of the Volume, elegantly bound, will be Six Shillings and Sixpence. Cases for binding will be issued immediately upon the close of the volume, price 1s. 6d. each. And we respectfully urge our Subscribers to order immediately the back Numbers to complete their sets, that they may possess a handsome volume a few weeks hence.

THE FUTURE! With No. 53, commencing the Second Volume, will be commenced a NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE of great interest, by the EDITOR, entitled MABEL LEE; OR, THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN ORPHAN'S LIFE. All the other Articles will be Original, and be written expressly for the HOME COMPANION. Each Number will contain, in addition to the continuous tale by the Editor, a Complete Story, founded upon a popular drama, under the general title of "TALES FROM CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS," and after the manner of "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare." These will include, *The Bondman*, *The Maid of Honour*, *The Duke of Milan*, *The Picture*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The Great Duke of Florence*, *The Alchemist*, *The Fox*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Broken Heart*, *The Jew of Malta*, *Faustus*, *Victoria Corrombosa*, *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *King and No King*, *The Elder Brother*, *Boadicea*, *The Loyal Subject*, *Wit without Money*, and various others.

Departments will be opened for the Artist, the Mechanic, the Farmer, the Gardener, the Housewife, and the Juvenile. Under these heads will be given every kind of new discovery, and every fact of interest. Each department will be under the care of an Editor, whose attention will be earnestly directed to the bringing together of the essence of information and interest relating to the several subjects embraced, derived from peculiar and authentic sources.

Essays, Biographies, Letters from Correspondents, articles upon Natural History, Enigmas, &c., &c., together with a light and agreeable miscellany, will complete the arrangements for the New Volume of the HOME COMPANION, the whole giving it the highest title to UNIVERSAL RECEPTION BY THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

AND FURTHER! On Saturday, the 2nd of October, will be published THE HOME COMPANION ALMANACK, for 1853. This will be undeniably the greatest literary wonder of the day. It will contain EIGHTY-ONE ELABORATE ENGRAVINGS, designed expressly for the work. These will include, hitherto unpublished *Pictorial Enigmas*, *Chronicles*, *Notions*, *A Comic Biography*, *Amusing Experiments in Natural Philosophy*, *Comic Cards*, *Humorous Tales*, &c. Appropriate spaces and numbers will be left for Readers to enter their conjectural answers to the Puzzles published in the Almanack, for

comparison with the actual Answers, which will be published in the 1st Number of the HOME COMPANION. In the volume will be given a DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING, displaying the *Page of Nations*, people in the costumes of their countries, followed by a procession of people in their distinctive dresses, bearing the Heraldic devices of the principal Kings, Queens, and Princes of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with numerous references for explanation. The Almanack will be the size of French's Almanack, will contain an equal number of pages, and will be charged to our Subscribers, ONE PENNY ONLY! A sale of at least 200,000 is expected, and therefore the Office of the Trade should be immediately registered at our Office, 10, Pall Mall street.

## MABEL LEE.

I have undertaken, at the request of many friends, to write the history of MABEL LEE, whose name alone is fictitious. I confess that I am not given to the invention of Tales, made up of startling and improbable incidents, but being reminded that the life of MABEL LEE is more strange than fiction, and may be written all the more vividly, because absolutely true, I have willingly entered upon the subject, and have already far advanced in its execution. I have never read a novel that interested me half so much as the story of this orphan girl; full of the most remarkable vicissitudes, of many of which I was an actual observer. The Reader must not expect from me a thrilling romance, but a story plainly and truthfully told, that will appeal to every heart, and supply many elements of good example to those who, like MABEL LEE, may have to struggle against the bitter side of adversity, with a spirit too high and impulsive to submit to the harsh control often imposed upon virtuous but helpless poverty.

THE EDITOR.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## INGENUITY AND SKILL.

It would be amusing to count up the "many men of many minds," who have attempted to invent perpetual motion. Some of these minds were imbued with real genius, and it was a loss to the world when that genius was employed upon an effort to produce what has been proved to be impossible. Thousands of days and millions of money have been wasted upon this shape perpetual motion, and yet it continues to be a favourite project; and not a year passes without some such wonderful invention being announced as perfectly successful.

Model after model has been made and rejected, of course; for until a machine can be invented with self-existing power—the power to set itself in motion, as well as to continue it, there can be no perpetual motion. This self-existent, independent power belongs alone to the Almighty Creator.

Many other attempts at invention seem equally absurd. A bird is a very beautiful object, and as it glides or flits through the air, excites the envy of man, and he is dissatisfied to plod along upon the earth; he would fain compete with the bird in his own element. Hitherto, however, no flying-machine has proved successful, for the balloon is yet an unwieldy, unmanageable affair. It cannot, however, be proved impossible that a flying-machine can be constructed that will outstrip the carrier pigeon in speed; but a man of inventive genius would be foolishly wasting time, money, and strength upon such a doubtful project.

It is true that many important discoveries in mechanics have resulted from the efforts of mistaken men, while pursuing a different object, but far more have arisen from what is termed accident. To the man of right religious faith, there is nothing accidental—he sees in every minute circumstance or combination an overruling Providence; neither is there any such thing as accident to the mechanical philosopher—he finds a cause adequate to produce every effect or result, or if he cannot discover it, he knows, certainly, that such cause exists; accidents, then, are only such to the irreligious and the ignorant.

To discover, is to find out something which was already in existence, but which had not been previously known. To invent, is to make a new combination of materials for a special purpose. A discovery of vast importance may come to the knowledge of a man without any effort of his own; an invention requires thought, and oftentimes long and patient labour, before it can be brought to perfection.

But discovery and invention go hand in hand. The article glass is said to have been discovered. The old Roman writer, Pliny, gives the following account of this discovery:—A merchant vessel, laden with nitre, or fossil alkali, was driven ashore on the coast of Palestine, near the river Belus. The sailors hunted up some provisions, and when they cooked them, placed kettles upon pieces of the fossil alkali, and then made a fire under them. The sand upon which the alkali was placed became mixed with it, and solidified by the action of fire.

This hint was taken, and some ingenious person invented a use for the new material, perhaps a drinking vessel, or a flower vase. So wonderful a conjurer was the ignorant discoverer, who first rendered glass malleable, that Pliny asserts that he had his house demolished; and another Roman historian goes further, and says the unfortunate man was beheaded by order of the

**Emperor Tiberius.** The use of glass was known in very ancient times among the Phœnicians, Egyptians, and Chinese; yet the very material seems not to have been known to the Romans until it was discovered in the manner which Pliny relates.

Steam had been known for ages to possess vast power; yet, from time to time, those circumstances called accidental discoveries took place. In 1698, Captain Savery, having emptied a flask of wine at a tavern, threw the flask on the fire, and called for a basin of water. A small quantity of wine remaining in the flask began to boil, and steam issued from the mouth. The captain seized the flask with a gloved hand, and plunging the mouth of the flask into the water, that liquid immediately rushed into the vessel, and filled it. To a common observer this fact would have been of little consequence, but Captain Savery was a man of inventive genius; he immediately set himself to work to make a practical use of his discovery, and invented a steam-engine, which was, "in reality, the germ of the steam-engine as we now have it."

When Oliver Evans, an American, was an apprentice to a wagon-maker, he tried to invent some way of propelling land-carriages without horse or other animal power. He made experiments to give them perpetual motion, which proved so unsuccessful, that he was about giving up the notion of making a carriage go all by itself. But some boys were one day playing with a gun; they poured into it a small quantity of water, and plugged up the touch-hole, crammed down wads, and held the gun over the fire. Off went the wads, with a loud report. Here was the power Evans had so long wanted to propel his land-carriages—the mighty power of steam. But how was he to apply it? Here his invention was taxed to the utmost. He had to encounter incredulity and ridicule. What! a carriage go by steam? The man must be crazy! Evans was too poor in purse, and perhaps had not sufficient knowledge to carry out his own invention to a successful result, but the prophetic prediction which has, since his death, been successfully accomplished, remains as a testimony of his inventive genius.

"The time will come when people will travel in stages (coaches) moved by steam-engines, from one city to another, almost as fast as birds fly—fifty or twenty miles an hour. Passing through the air with such velocity, changing the scenes in such rapid succession, will be the most exhilarating exercise. A carriage will set out from Washington in the morning, the passengers will breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia, and sup in New York, the same day. To accomplish this, two sets of railways will be laid, so nearly level as not in any way to deviate more than two degrees from a horizontal line, made of wood or iron, or smooth paths of broken stone or gravel, with a rail to guide the carriages, so that they may pass each other in different directions, and travel by night as well as by day."

Here, surely, was the germ of "the locomotive," the mighty iron horse, which accomplishes far more than even the sanguine Evans would have dared to hope.

But because Evans could not accomplish all that he wished, he did not let the discovery he had made pass away from his own mind, without producing an important result. "His steam-engine, the first ever invented on the high-pressure principle, is the only one that can be applied on railways, and is now in universal use on the Mississippi and other rapid rivers, where great power is required."

Scientific men of that day denounced Evans and his plans as utterly chimerical, and attempted to demonstrate their absurdity; and one of them went so far as to make out an elaborate report to the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, to show "the entire impossibility of rendering steamboats useful."

It too frequently happens that men of inventive genius have but little perseverance and industry, consequently they leave to others to finish what they begin, or to follow out what they suggest, so that they lose the fame and the emolument which results in the end from the invention.

A father was heard to say, "I would rather my son would only know enough to come in when it rains, than to be a mechanical genius."

"Why so?"

"Because men of genius are poor as church mice all their lives."

This was a mistake, for genius frequently meets with its due reward. But supposing the man of inventive talent does not become rich, if he possesses means enough to make him free from actual want, he may be quite as happy, and even more so, than a rich man without genius. Remember the wise injunction of Sydney Smith:—"Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."

**THE MORAL CHARACTER OF PIGS.**—Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or in a China plate, is, it seems to us, merely a matter of taste and convenience, on which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor poison their breath by drinking whiskey. As to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor picking his way up the muddy streets in kid alippers. Pigs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire-hole than his neighbour, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such. And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts off any aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim, "Every pig must stand upon its own bottom."

## ONWARD!

**FISH PADDLES FOR STEAMERS.**—A working shipwright at Liverpool, according to the local Journal, has patented (or secured for six months at least, that capitalists may see) an invention for the propulsion of vessels by paddles shaped and working like fish fins, by means of which the inventor, Mr. Hampson, offers to beat both screw and wheel paddle.

**SELF-ACTING BREAKS TO RAILWAY CARRIAGES.**—A trial has been made on the South-Western Railway of a means of applying self-acting breaks, with a view to prevent accidents. On all occasions of stopping, it is said, the breaks acted satisfactorily: when the speed was great, and the stoppage sudden, the self-acting breaks brought the wheels to a "dead lock;" on other occasions not applying themselves so forcibly. When the train was backed, the breaks were instantaneously thrown out of action by the guard.

**CRYSTAL PALACE IN DENMARK.**—Some time ago it was announced that a "Crystal Palace" had been erected at Copenhagen, for an exhibition of Scandinavian manufactures. This edifice having been completed, and stocked with articles representing the industry of the three Scandinavian nations, was opened very lately, with a good deal of pomp, by the king of Denmark, attended by the royal princes, the ministers, and the great dignitaries of the kingdom. The structure is of considerable beauty and extent.

**THE NEW YORK EXHIBITION.**—The opening is definitively fixed for Monday, 2nd May, 1853. Ample funds, it is reported, have been subscribed to carry out the undertaking in a brilliant manner, and all parties join in forwarding its success. The corporation has granted a site for the building—the Legislature has incorporated the Association—the Customs has constituted the building a bonded warehouse—and the Company undertake to carry out and bring back, if unsold, all articles intended for exhibition, free of expense to the owners.

**A BRITISH INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.**—In a preceding page it was announced in our columns that there was reason to believe his Royal Highness the Prince Consort "contemplated the foundation of a great building and establishment, in which theory would be combined with practice in the advancement of science and art, by a concentration of talent and skill." We believe we may now state, without any impropriety, that in all probability the surplus of £160,000 and upwards, in the hands of the Royal Commission of the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, will be devoted to the foundation of an Industrial University in London. This central concentration of science and industry will ultimately be organized, with radii or branch institutions, throughout the whole country; but we scarcely think that the Royal Commissioners, as has been stated, have as yet formed any definite scheme for the establishment of such a university, although it is their known design to carry out the idea.

**NEW ACT ON PHARMACY.**—Among the public Acts passed in the late session was one for regulating the qualifications of pharmaceutical chemists. It is declared to be expedient for the safety of the public that persons exercising the business or calling of pharmaceutical chemists in Great Britain, should possess a competent practical knowledge of pharmaceutical and general chemistry, and other branches of useful knowledge. Further, it is declared that it is expedient to prevent ignorant and incompetent persons from assuming the title of, or pretending to be, pharmaceutical chemists, and to that end it is desirable that all persons, before assuming such title, should be examined as to their skill, and that a register should be kept by some legally authorised officer of all such persons. The charter of the pharmaceutical chemists is confirmed by this Act. By-laws are to be framed, and to be approved by the Secretary of State. A registrar is to be appointed, and all members, associates, &c., of the society at the passing of the Act are entitled to be registered. The examiners are to grant certificates of competency. All persons registered as pharmaceutical chemists are eligible to be elected members, as also assistants and apprentices. No person is to assume the title of pharmaceutical chemist unless registered, under penalties to be recovered in England and Scotland. The Act took effect from the 30th ult., when it received the Royal assent.

**THE ELECTRIC CLOCK.**—Among all the wonders of that wonder-working principle, electricity, whether we view its power in the instantaneous conveyance of information between distant places, its agency in blasting rocks in safety, the deposition of metals from their solutions, or others of its numerous appliances, there is not one of them which strikes the mind as more extraordinary or interesting than its application as a prime mover for the measurement of time. "We believe," says a contemporary, in speaking of this subject, "that the first idea of working clocks by electricity is due to Mr. Alexander Bain, who commenced putting it in practice in 1837. His first attempt was to make a common clock transmit its time to other clocks at a distance, by the action of electro-magnets, in which he was perfectly successful. The next step was the application of the electric power to work single clocks, so that no winding might be required, and the common clock be dispensed with altogether; and, in prosecuting his experiments, Mr. Bain, in 1842, discovered that a plate of zinc and one of copper, buried in the earth, gave a uniform and continuous force of sufficient power to work clocks of any size, from the smallest mantel time-piece to large church clocks. The cost of its plates is a trifle, and it has been ascertained that they will retain their efficacy for years. It is now shown to be possible that all the principal clocks in the kingdom might be united to keep time with one governing one, which again derives its moving power from the earth, without winding up or need of attendance of any kind from one year's end to the other." Mr. Bain's warehouse for these clocks is 43, Old Bond-street.



CHARADE.

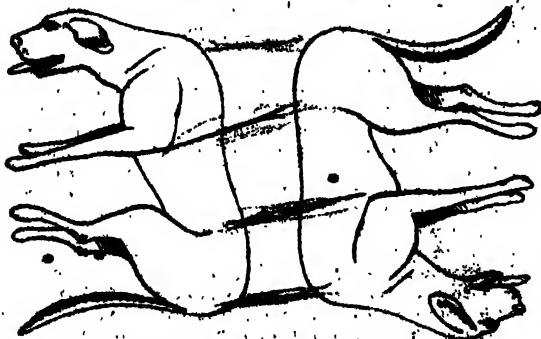
My first where'er you want a  
jaunt  
Will help you on your way;  
My second will present his  
paw,  
If you teach him the way.  
My whole will yield its com-  
fort where  
Young Fido plays before the  
chair.

PARLOUR PASTIME.

*The Miraculous Vessel.*

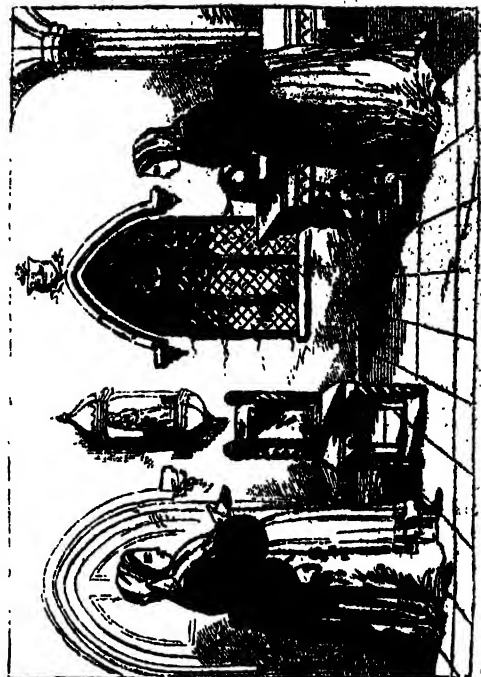
TAKE a tin vessel of about six inches in height, and three in diameter, and having a mouth of only a quarter of an inch wide; and in the bottom of the vessel make a number of small holes, of a size sufficient to admit of a common sewing needle. Plunge the vessel into water, with its mouth open, and when it is full, cork it, and take it out again; then, as long as the vessel remains corked, no water will come out of it, but as soon as it is uncorked, the water will immediately issue from the small holes at the bottom. It must be observed, however, that if the holes at the bottom of the vessel be more than one-sixth of an inch in diameter, or if they be too numerous, the experiment will not succeed; for, in this case, the pressure of the air against the bottom of the vessel will not be sufficient to confine the water.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.



These dogs are dead you well may say:  
Add four living wires, they'll run away!

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE TWO OF CLUBS.—TIME PAST WITHOUT PASTIME.

ENIGMA.

SPECTATOR I of Numa's happy reign; (1)  
Of Scotia's beauteous queen by sister slain; (2)  
I've seen Orestes and his faithful friend; (3)  
Witness'd of Troy's prolonged siege the end. (4)  
My brow grew dark when Zion's temple burn'd; (5)  
And routed Poles to Austria return'd. (6)  
I've gaz'd on Plato, Cromwell, Brougham and Homer; (7)  
On Magna Charta, and Boerhaave's diploma. (8)  
I saw the convict Frost receive his doom; (9)  
But never saw the two young princes' tomb. (10)  
Caractacus in chains, at Rome I saw, (11)  
And Peter put to death by Nero's law. (12)  
My favour'd votaries in the west do dwell, (13)  
Yet by my aid, do goods in Bond-street sell. (14)  
Painters and architects my presence crave, (15)  
But Mahomet and Paul I could not save. (16)  
Napoleon sought my aid; (17) and once I caus'd  
Another victory, as I, silent, paus'd. (18)  
I'm fond of flowers, yet one I cannot bear, (19)  
Though sweet its odour, and its beauty rare. (20)  
I love not Christmas, or the opera's show, (21)  
Yet I to weddings and executions go. (22)  
To me Perelope her work reveal'd (23)  
Yet its unravelling from me conceal'd. (24)  
Happy for men the day when I was born, (25)  
They know not when from them I may be torn; (26)  
But since it's doom'd that Heav'n I us'er shall see, (27)  
May no eternal future wait for me! (28)—M. R.

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 717.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. They make one smart. 2. The one is knocked up and the other is knocked down. 3. Its pulse is beating while he is beating his foot. 4. A dun. 5. When you rise in the morning. 6. Because the grounds are unsettled. 7. It is taken in by everybody. 8. Because he was a stranger in the land of Ham. 9. Scarlet runners. 10. Because he always has a bit in his mouth. 11. Powder and quinine (two p's and q's). 12. Because her notes are good and will change the gold anywhere. 13. He is clever with his figures. 14. When it is sown and gathered. 15. Because he lives on the sea (can). 16. When he is out of spirits. 17. He always has a dear object in his eye. 18. It would be coded (C dead). 19. At Whitstable (Wit's table). 20. Because the calls are frequent. 21. I-o-ta. 22. He is a good thing a loan (alone). 23. The human heart.

CHARADES.—1. A SWIF. 2. An Ass. 3. A Cock.

PRACTICAL PUZZLES.—1. After having placed the glass and coins as before, simply scratch the table-cloth with the nail of the fore finger, in the direction you would have the diamonds to move, and it will answer immediately. The diamonds are necessary—for this reason the trick is never suited to be brought out or done in a dark room. 2. Take a round cylinder of wood of the diameter of the circular hole, and of the height of the square hole. Having drawn a straight line across the end, divide it into two equal parts, cut an equal section from either side to the edge of the circular hole.





[illegible]









handed his own suit into the room they had left for the females to dry. The aged stranger thanked them in a manner the most humble and courteous, but on the knight's offering him his splendid cloak to wrap round him, he could not be persuaded to take it, but chose instead an old gray over-coat that belonged to the fisherman.

They then returned to the common apartment. The mistress of the house immediately offered her great chair to the priest, and continued urging it upon him, till she saw him fairly in possession of it.

"You are old and exhausted," said she, "and are moreover a man of God."

Undine shoved under the stranger's feet her little cricket, on which at all other times she used to sit near to Huldbrand, and showed herself, in thus promoting the comfort of the worthy old man, in the highest degree gentle and amiable. On her paying him these little attentions, Huldbrand whispered some raillery in her ear, but she replied gravely:

"He is a minister of that Being who created us all, and holy things are not to be treated with lightness."

The knight and the fisherman now refreshed the priest with food and wine, and when he had somewhat recovered his strength and spirits, he began to relate how he had the day before set out from his cloister, which was situated afar off, beyond the great lake, in order to visit the bishop, and acquaint him with the distress into which the cloister and its tributary villages had fallen, owing to the extraordinary floods. After a long and wearisome wandering, on account of the rise of the waters, he had been this day compelled towards evening to procure the aid of a couple of boatmen, and cross over an arm of the lake which had burst its usual boundary.

"But hardly," continued he, "had our small ferry-boat touched the waves, when that furious tempest burst forth, which is still raging over our heads. It seemed as if the billows had been waiting our approach, only to rush upon us with a madness the more wild. The oars were wrested from the grasp of my men in an instant; and shivered by the resistless force, they drove farther and farther out before us upon the waves. Unable to direct our course, we yielded to the blind power of nature, and seemed to fly over the surges toward your remote shore, which we already saw looming through the mist and foam of the deep. Then it was at last, that our boat turned short from its course, and rocked with a motion that became more and more wild and dizzy: I know not whether it was overset, or the violence of the motion threw me overboard. In my agony and struggle at the thought of a near and terrible death, the waves bore me onward, till I was cast ashore here beneath the trees of your island."

"Yes, an island!" cried the fisherman. "A short time ago it was only a point of land. But now, since the forest stream and lake have become all but mad, it appears to be entirely changed."

"I observed something of it," replied the priest, "as I stole along the shore in the obscurity; and hearing nothing around me but a sort of wild uproar, I perceived, at last, that the noise came from a point, exactly where a beaten foot-path disappeared. I saw caught the light in your cottage, and ventured hither, where I cannot sufficiently thank my heavenly Father, that, after preserving me from the waters, he has also conducted me to such pious people as you are; and the more so, as it is difficult to say, whether I shall ever behold any other persons in this world except you four."

"What mean you by those words?" asked the fisherman.

"Can you tell me, then, how long this communion of the elements will last?" replied the spiritual man. "And the years of my pilgrimage are many. The stream of my life may easily sink into the ground and vanish, before the overflowing of that forest stream shall subside. And, indeed, taking a general view of things, it is not impossible that more and more of the foaming waters may rush in between you and your forest, until you are so far removed from the rest of the world, that your small fishing canoe may be incapable of passing over, and the inhabitants of the continent entirely forget your age amid the dissipation and diversions of life."

At this melancholy foreboding, the old lady shrunk back with a feeling of alarm, crossed herself, and cried:

"May God forbid!"

But the fisherman looked upon her with a smile, and said:

"What a strange being is man! Suppose the worst to happen: our state would not be different, at any rate your own would not, dear wife, from what it is at present. For have you, these many years, been farther from home than the borders of the forest? And have you seen a single human being beside Undine and myself?—It is now only a short time since the coming of the knight and the priest. They will remain with us, even if we do become a forgotten island; so, after all, you will derive the best advantage from the disaster."

"I know not," replied the ancient dame, "it may be so; still it is a dismal thought, when brought fairly home to the mind, that we are for ever separated from mankind, even though, in fact, we never do know nor see them."

"Then you will remain with us, then you will remain with us!" whispered Undine, in a voice scarcely audible and half singing, while with the intense fervour of the heart she moved more and more closely to Huldbrand's side. But he was immersed in the deep and strange musings of his own mind. The region on the farther side of the forest-river, since the last words of the priest, seemed to have been withdrawing farther and farther, in dim perspective, from his view; and the blooming island on which he lived, grew green and smiled more freshly before the eye of his mind. His bride glowed like the fairest rose, not of this obscure nook only, but even of the whole wide world; and the priest was now present.

Beside these hopes and reveries of love, another circumstance influenced him; the mistress of the family was directing an angry glance at Undine,

because, even in the presence of their spiritual director, she was leaning so fondly on the knight; and it seemed as if she was on the point of breaking out in harsh reproof. Then was the resolution of Huldbrand taken: his heart and mouth were opened; and, turning towards the priest, he said,

"Father, you here see before you an affianced pair, and if this maiden and these aged and worthy people of the island have no objection, you shall unite us this very evening."

The aged couple were both exceedingly surprised. They had often, it is true, anticipated an event of this nature, but as yet they had never mentioned it; and now when the knight made the attachment known, it came upon them like something wholly new and unexpected. Undine became suddenly grave, and cast her eyes upon the floor in a profound reverie, while the priest made inquiries respecting the circumstances of their acquaintance, and asked the old people whether they gave their consent to the union. After a great number of questions and answers, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all; and the mistress of the house went to prepare the bridal apartment for the young couple, and also, with a view to grace the nuptial solemnity, to seek for two consecrated tapers, which she had for a long time kept by her.

The knight in the meanwhile busied himself about his golden chain, for the purpose of disengaging two of its links, that he might make an exchange of rings with his bride. But when she saw his object she started from her trance of musing and exclaimed:

"Not so! my parents by no means sent me into the world so perfectly destitute; on the contrary, they foresaw, even at so early a period, that such a night as this would come."

Thus speaking, she was out of the room in a moment, and a moment after returned with two costly rings, of which she gave one to her bridegroom, and kept the other for herself. The old fisherman was beyond measure astonished at this; and his wife, who was just re-entering the room, was even more surprised than he, that neither of them had ever seen these jewels in the child's possession.

"My parents," said Undine, "made me sew these trinkets to that beautiful raiment, which I wore the very day I came to you. They also charged me, on no account whatever to mention them to any one before my nuptial evening. At the time of my coming, therefore, I took them off in secret, and have kept them concealed to the present hour."

The priest now cut short all further questioning and wondering, while he lighted the consecrated tapers, placed them on a table, and ordered the bridal pair to stand opposite to him. He then pronounced the few solemn words of the ceremony, and made them one; the elder couple gave the younger their blessing; and the bride, slightly trembling and thoughtful, leaned upon the knight.

The priest then spoke plainly and at once:

"You are strange people after all; for why did you tell me that you were the only inhabitants of the island? So far is this from being true, I have seen, the whole time I have been performing the ceremony, a tall, stately, man, in a white mantle, stand opposite to me, looking in at the window. He must be still waiting before the door, if peradventure you would invite him to come in."

"God forbid!" cried the old lady, shrinking back; the fisherman shook his head without opening his lips, and Huldbrand sprang to the window. It appeared to him, that he could still discern some vestige of a form, white and indistinct as a vapour, but it soon disappeared in the gloom. He convinced the priest that he must have been mistaken in his impression; and now, inspired with freedom and familiarity of perfect confidence, they all sat down together round a bright and comfortable hearth.

## CHAPTER VII.

BEFORE the nuptial ceremony, and during its performance, Undine had shown a modest gentleness and maidenly reserve; but it now seemed as if all the wayward freaks that effervesced within her, were foaming and bursting forth with an extravagance only the more bold and unrestrained. She teased her bridegroom, her foster-parents, and even the priest, whom she had just now revered so highly, with all sorts of childish tricks and vagaries; and when the ancient dame was about to reprove her too frolicsome spirit, the knight by a few serious and expressive words, imposed silence upon her, by calling Undine his wife.

The knight was himself, indeed, just as little pleased with Undine's childish behaviour as the rest; but still, all his winking, hemming, and expressions of censure were to no purpose. It is true, whenever the bride observed the dissatisfaction of her husband,—and this occasionally happened,—she became more quiet, placed herself beside him, stroked his face with caressing fondness, whispered something smilingly in his ear, and in this manner smoothed the wrinkles that were gathering on his brow. But the moment after some wild whim would make her resume her antic movements, and all went worse than before.

The priest then spoke in a kind although serious tone:

"My pleasant young friend, surely no one can witness your playful spirit without being diverted; but remember betimes so to attune your soul, that it may produce a harmony ever in accordance with the soul of your wedded bridegroom."

"SOUL!" cried Undine, with a laugh, nearly allied to one of derision, "what you say has a remarkably pretty sound, and for most people, too, it may be a very instructive rule and profitable caution. But when a person has no soul at all, how, I pray you, can such attuning be then possible? And this in truth is just my condition."

The priest was much hurt; but continued silent in holy displeasure, and turned away his face from the maiden in sorrow. She, however, went up to him with the most winning sweetness, and said:

"Nay, I entreat you, first listen to some particulars before you frown upon me in anger; for your frown of anger is painful to me, and being means ought you to give pain to a creature that has itself done nothing injurious to you. Only have patience with me, and I will explain to you every word of what I meant."

It was evident that she had come to the resolution to give a full account of herself, when she suddenly faltered, as if seized with an inward shuddering, and burst into a passion of tears. They were none of them able to understand the intenseness of her feelings, and, with mingled emotions of fear and anxiety, they gazed on her in silence. Then wiping away her tears and looking earnestly at the priest, she at last said:

"There must be something lovely, but at the same time something most awful, about a soul. In the name of God, holy man, were it not better that we never shared a gift so mysterious?"

Again she paused and restrained her tears, as if waiting for an answer. All in the cottage had risen from their seats, and stepped back from her with horror. She, however, seemed to have eyes for no one but the holy man: a fearful curiosity was painted on her features, and this made her emotion appear terrible to the others.

"Heavily must the soul weigh down its possessor," she pursued, when no one returned her any answer, "very heavily! for already its approaching image overshadows me with anguish and mourning. And, alas, I have till now been so merry and light-hearted!"

And she burst into another flood of tears, and covered her face with her veil.

The priest, going up to her with a solemn look, now addressed himself to her, and conjured her by the name of God most holy, if any evil or spirit of evil possessed her, to remove the light covering from her face. But she sunk before him on her knees, and repeated after him every sacred expression he uttered, giving praise to God, and protesting "that she wished the well-being of the whole world."

The priest then spoke to the knight:

"Sir bridegroom, I leave you alone with her whom I have united to you in marriage. So far as I can discover, there is nothing of evil in her, but assuredly much that is wonderful. What I recommend to you in domestic life is—prudence, love, and fidelity."

Thus speaking he left the apartment, and the fisherman with his wife followed him, crossing themselves.

Undine had sunk upon her knees; she uncovered her face, and exclaimed, while she looked fearfully round upon Huldbrand:

"Alas, you will now refuse to regard me as your own; and still I have done nothing evil, poor unhappy child!"

She spoke these words with a look so infinitely sweet and touching, that her bridegroom forgot both the confession that had shocked, and the mystery that had perplexed him; and hastening to her, he raised her in his arms. She smiled through her tears, and that smile was like the dawn playing upon a small stream.

"You cannot desert me!" she whispered, with a confiding assurance, and stroked the knight's cheeks with her little soft hands. He was thus in some degree withdrawn from those terrible apprehensions, that still lay lurking in the recesses of his soul, and was persuading him that he had been married to a fairy, or some spiteful and mischievous being of the spirit-world; but, after all, only this single question, and that almost unawares, escaped from his lips:

"Dearest Undine, pray tell me this one thing: what was it you meant by 'spirits of earth' and 'Kühleborn,' when the priest stood knocking at the door?"

"Mere fictions! mere tales of children!" answered Undine, laughing, now quite restored to her wonted gaiety. "I first awoke your anxiety with them, and you finally awoke mine. This is the end of the story and of our nuptial evening."

"Nay, not exactly that," replied the enamoured knight, extinguishing the tapers, and a thousand times kissing his beautiful and beloved bride, while, lighted by the moon that shone brightly through the windows, he bore her into their own bridal apartment.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE fresh light of morning awoke the young married pair. Undine bashfully hid her face beneath their covering, and Huldbrand lay lost in silent reflection. Whenever during the night he had fallen asleep, strange and horrible dreams of spectres had disturbed him; and these shapes grinning at him by stealth, strove to disguise themselves as beautiful females; and from beautiful females they all at once assumed the appearance of dragons. And when he started up, aroused by the intrusion of these hideous forms, the moonlight shone pale and cold before the windows without; he looked affrighted at Undine, in whose arms he had fallen asleep, and she was reposing in unaltered beauty and sweetness beside him. Then pressing her rosy lips with a light kiss, he again fell into a slumber, only to be awakened by new terrors.

When he had now perfectly awoke, and well considered all the circumstances of this coimection, he reproached himself for any doubt that could lead him into error in regard to his lovely wife. He also earnestly begged her pardon for the injustice he had done her, but she only gave him her fair hand, heaved a sigh from the depth of her heart, and remained silent.

But a glance of fervent tenderness, an expression of the soul beaming in her eyes, such as he had never witnessed there before, left him no undoubting assurance, that Undine was conscious of no evil design against him whatever.

He then rose with a serene mind, and, leaving her, went to the common apartment, where the inmates of the house had already met. The three were sitting round the hearth with an air of anxiety about them, as if they feared trusting themselves to raise their voice above a low apprehensive undertone. The priest appeared to be praying in his inmost spirit, with a view to avert some fatal calamity. But when they observed the young husband come forth so cheerful, a brighter hope rose within them, and dispelled the cloudy traces that remained upon their brows: yes, the old fisherman began to be facetious with the knight, but in a manner perfectly becoming, so that his aged wife herself could not help smiling with great good-humour.

Undine had in the meantime got ready, and now entered the door; when all were on the point of rushing to meet her, and yet all continued standing in perfect adoration, so changed, and at the same time so familiar was the young woman's appearance. The priest, with paternal affection beaming from his countenance, first went up to her, and as he raised his hand to pronounce a blessing, the beautiful bride, trembling with devotion, sunk on her knees before him; she begged his pardon in terms both respectful and submissive, for any foolish things she might have uttered the evening before, and entreated him, in a pathetic tone, to pray for the welfare of her soul. She then rose, kissed her foster-parents, and, after thanking them for all the kindness they had shown her, said:

"O, I now feel in my inmost heart, how much, how infinitely much you have done for me, you dear, dear friends of my childhood."

At first she was wholly unable to tear herself away from their affectionate caresses; but the moment she saw the good old mother busy in getting breakfast, she went to the hearth, applied herself to cooking the food and putting it on the table, and would not suffer her aged friend to take the least share in the work.

She continued in this frame of spirit the whole day; calm, kind, attentive—at the same time, a little mistress of a family, and a tender, modest young woman. The three who had been longest acquainted with her, expected every instant to see her capricious spirit break out in some whimsical change or sportive vagary. But their fears were quite unnecessary. Undine continued as mild and gentle as an angel. The priest found it all but impossible to remove his eyes from her, and he often said to the bridegroom:

"The bounty of Heaven, sir, making me its unworthy instrument, entrusted to you last evening an invaluable treasure; regard and cherish it as you ought to do, and it will promote your temporal and eternal welfare."

Toward evening Undine was hanging upon the knight's arm with lowly tenderness, while she drew him gently out before the door, where the setting sun shone richly over the fresh grass, and upon the high slender boles of the trees. Her emotion was visible; the dew of sadness and love swam in her eyes, while a tender and fearful secret hovered upon her lips, but sighs, and those scarcely perceptible, were all that made known the wish of her heart. She led her husband farther and farther onward without speaking. When he asked her questions, she replied only with looks, in which, it is true, there appeared to be no immediate answer to his inquiries, but yet a whole heaven of love and timid attachment. Thus they reached the margin of the swollen forest-stream, and the knight was astonished to see it gliding away with so gentle a murmuring of its waves, that no vestige of its former swell and wildness was now discernible.

"By morning it will be wholly drained off," said the beautiful woman with an accent of weeping, "and you will then be able to travel, without anything to hinder you, whithersoever you will."

"Not without you, dear Undine," replied the knight, laughing; "for pray remember, even were I disposed to leave you, both the church and the spiritual powers, the emperor and the laws of the realm would require the fugitive to be seized and restored to you."

"All this depends on you, all depends on you," whispered his little companion, half weeping and half smiling. "But I still feel sure that you will not leave me; I am in truth too fondly attached to you to fear that misery. Now hear me over to that little island which lies before us. There shall the decision be made. I could easily, indeed, slip through that mere rippling of the water without your aid, but it is so grateful to rest in your arms; and should you determine to put me away, I shall have sweetly rested in them once more . . . for the last time."

Huldbrand was so full of strange anxiety and emotion, that he knew not what answer to make her. He took her in his arms and carried her over, now first realizing the fact, that this was the same little island from which he had borne her back to the old fisherman, the first night of his arrival. On the farther side he placed her upon the soft grass, and cherished with a lover's fondness the hope of sitting near his beautiful bride; but she said to him:

"Not here, if you please,—there, over against me. I shall read my doom in your eyes, even before your lip pronounces it: now listen very attentively to what I shall relate to you." And she began:

"You must know, my dear love, that there are beings in the elements, which bear the strongest resemblance to the human race, and which, at the same time, but seldom become visible to you. The wonderful salamanders sparkle and sport amid the flames; deep in the earth the meagre and malicious gnomes pursue their revels; the forest spirits belong to the air, and wander in the woods; while in the seas, rivers, and streams, live the wide-spread race of water-spirits. These last, beneath sounding domes of crystal, through which the sky appears with sun and stars, inhabit a region of light and beauty; lofty coral trees glow with blue and crimson fruits in



their gardens; they walk over the pure sand of the sea, among exquisitely variegated shells, and amid whatever of beauty the old world possessed, such as the present is no more worthy to enjoy—creations which the floods covered with their secret veils of silver; and now the noble monuments sparkle below, stately and solemn,\* and hedged by the water, which loves them, and calls forth from their crevices delicate moss-flowers and enwreathing tufts of sedge.

"New the nation that dwell there are very fair and lovely to behold, for the most part more beautiful than human beings. Many a fisherman has been so fortunate as to catch a view of the delicate maiden of the waters, while she was floating and slinging upon the deep. He then spread to remotest shores the fame of her beauty, and to such wonderful females men are wont to give the name of Undines. But what need of saying more?—You, my dear husband, now actually behold an Undine before you."

The knight would have persuaded himself that his lovely wife was under the influence of one of her odd whims, and that she was only amusing herself and him with her extravagant inventions. He wished it might be so. But with whatever emphasis he said this to himself, he still could not credit the hope for a moment: a strange shivering shot through his soul; unable to utter a word, he gazed upon the sweet speaker with a fixed eye. She shook her head in distress, heaved a sigh from her full heart, and then proceeded in the following manner:

"In respect to the circumstances of our life, we should be far superior to yourselves, who are another race of the human family,—for we also call ourselves human beings, as we resemble them in form and features,—had we not one evil peculiar to ourselves. Both we, and the beings I have mentioned as inhabiting the other elements, vanish into air at death, and go out of existence, spirit and body, so that no vestige of us remains; and when you hereafter awake to a purer state of being, we shall remain where sand, and sparks, and wind and waves remain. We, of course, have no souls; the element moves us, and again is obedient to our will while we live, though it scatters us like dust when we die; and as we have nothing to trouble us, we are as merry as nightingales, little gold fishes, and other pretty children of nature.

"But all beings aspire to rise in the scale of existence higher than they are. It was, therefore, the wish of my father, who is a powerful water-prince in the Mediterranean Sea, that his only daughter should become possessed of a soul, although she should have to endure many of the sufferings of those who share that gift.

"Now, the race to which I belong have no other means of obtaining a soul, than by forming with an individual of your own the most intimate union of love. I am now possessed of a soul; and I, the very soul itself, thank you, dear Huldbrand, with a warmth of heart beyond expression; and never shall I cease to thank you, unless you render my whole future life miserable. For what will become of me, if you avoid and reject me? I was not, permitted, however, to retain you as my own by artifice. And should you decide to cast me off, then do it now, and return alone to the shore. I will plunge into this brook, where my uncle will receive me; my uncle, who here in the forest, far removed from his other friends, passes his strange and solitary existence. But he is powerful, as well as revered and beloved by many great rivers; and as he brought me hither to our friends of the lake, a light-hearted and laughing child, he will also restore me to the home of my parents, a woman, possessing a soul, full of affection, and heir to suffering."

She was about to add something more, when Huldbrand, with the most heartfelt tenderness and love, clasped her in his arms, and again bore her back to the shore. There, amid tears and kisses, he first swore never to forsake his affectionate wife, and esteemed himself even more happy than Pygmalion, for whom Venus gave life to his beautiful statue, and thus changed it into a beloved wife. Supported by his arm, and cherishing within her the sweet confidence of affection, Undine returned to the cottage; and now she first realized, with her whole heart, how little cause she had for regretting what she had left, the crystal palaces of her mysterious father.

#### CHAPTER IX.

NEXT morning, when Huldbrand awoke from slumber, and perceived that his beautiful wife was not by his side, he began to give way again to his wild imaginations: these represented to him his marriage, and even the charming Undine herself, as only a shadow without substance, a mere illusion of enchantment. But she entered the door at the same moment, kissed him, seated herself on the bed by his side, and said:

"I have been out somewhat early this morning, to see whether my uncle keeps his word. He has already restored the waters of the flood to his own calm channel, and he now flows through the forest, a rivulet as before, in a lonely and dreamlike current. His friends too, both of the water and the air, have resumed their usual peaceful tenor; all in this region will again proceed with order and tranquillity; and you can travel homeward without fear of the flood, whenever you choose."

It seemed to the mind of Huldbrand, that he must be wrapt in some

reverie or waking dream, so little was he able to understand the nature of his wife's strange relative. Notwithstanding this, he made no remark upon what she had told him, and her infinite sweetness soon lulled every misgiving and discomfort to rest.

Some time afterward, while he was standing with her before the door, and surveying the verdant point of land, with its boundary of bright waters, such a feeling of bliss came over him in this cradle of his love, that he exclaimed: "Shall we then, so early as to-day, begin our journey? Why should we? It is probable that, abroad in the world, we shall find no days more delightful than those we have spent in this little asylum, so secret and so secure. Let us remain here, and enjoy two or three more of its glorious sunsets."

"Just as my lord shall command," replied Undine, meekly. "Only we must remember that our aged friends will, at all events, think of my departure with pain; and should they now, for the first time, discover the true soul in me, and how fervently I can now love and honour them, their feeble eyes would surely become blind with weeping. As yet, they consider my present calm and exemplary conduct as of no better promise than my former occasional quietness,—merely the calm of the lake just while the air remains tranquil,—and they will now become as much accustomed to cherish a little tree or flower, as they have been to cherish me. Let me not, then, make known to them this newly-bestowed, this love-inspired heart, at the very moment they must lose it for this world; and how could I conceal what I have gained, if we continued longer together?"

Huldbrand yielded to her representation, and went to the aged couple to confer with them respecting his journey, on which, however, he proposed to set out that very hour. The priest offered himself as a companion to the young married pair; and, after their taking a short farewell, he held the bridle while the knight lifted his beautiful wife upon his horse; and with rapid step they crossed the dry channel with her toward the forest. Undine wept in silent but intense emotion; the old people, as she moved away, were more clamorous in the expression of their grief. They appeared to feel, at this moment of separation, a presentiment of what they were losing in their affectionate foster-daughter.

The three travellers had reached the thickest shades of the forest without interchanging a word. It would have been a picturesque sight, in that hall of leafy verdure, to see the figure of this lovely female sitting on the noble and richly-ornamented steed; on her right hand the venerable priest in the white garb of his order; on her left the blooming young knight, clad in splendid raiment of scarlet, gold, and violet, girt with a sword that flashed in the sun, and attentively walking beside her. Huldbrand had no eyes but for his wife; Undine, who had dried her tears of tenderness, had no eyes but for him; and they soon entered into the mute and voiceless converse of looks and gestures, from which, after some time, they were awakened by the low discourse which the priest was holding with a fourth traveller, who had meanwhile joined them unobserved.

He wore a white gown, resembling in form the dress of the priests' order, except that his hood hung very low over his face, and that the whole drapery floated in such wide folds around him, as obliged him every moment to gather it up and throw it over his arm, or by some management of this sort to get it out of his way, and still it did not seem in the least to incommode him in his movement. When the young couple became aware of his presence, he was saying:

"And so, venerable sir, many as have been the years I have dwelt here in this forest, I have never received the name of hermit in your sense of the word. For, as I said before, I know nothing of penance, and I think, too, that I have no particular need of it. Do you ask me why I am so attached to the forest? It is because its scenery is so peculiarly picturesque, and affords me so much pastime, when, in my floating white garments, I pass through its world of leaves and dusky shadows;—and then a sweet sunbeam glances down upon me, at times, before I think of it."

"You are a very singular man," replied the priest, "and I should like to have a more intimate acquaintance with you."

"And who, then, may you be yourself, to pass from one thing to another?" inquired the stranger.

"I am called Father Heillmann," answered the holy man, "and I am from the cloister of Our Lady of the Salutation, beyond the lake."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "my name is Kühleborn; and were I a stickler for the nice distinctions of rank, I might with equal propriety require you to give me the title of noble lord of Kühleborn, or free lord of Kühleborn; for I am as free as the birds in the forest, and, it may be, a trifle more so. For example, I now have something to tell that young lady there."

And before they were aware of his purpose, he was on the other side of the priest, close to Undine, and stretching himself high into the air, in order to whisper something in her ear. But she shrunk from him in terror, and exclaimed:

"I have nothing more to do with you."

"Ho, ho!" cried the stranger, with a laugh, "what sort of a marriage have you made, then, so monstrous and genteel, since you no longer know your own relations? Have you no recollection, then, of your uncle Kühleborn, who so faithfully bore you on his back to this region?"

"However that may be," replied Undine, "I entreat you never to appear in my presence again. I am now afraid of you; and will not my husband fear and forsake me, if he sees me associate with such strange company and kindred?"

"You must not forget, my little niece," said Kühleborn, "that I am with you here as a conductor; otherwise those madcap spirits of the earth, the

\* No reader of English poetry need be reminded of Southey's admirable description of the City of Babel, in his "Curse of Kehama."

"In sun-light and sea-green,  
The shadowed palaces were seen  
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes  
Were built by giants for the immortal gods.  
How silent and how beautiful they stand,  
Like things of nature!"

gnomes that haunt this forest, would play you some of their mischievous pranks. Let me, therefore, still accompany you in peace; even the old priest there had a better recollection of me than you appear to have, for he just now assured me that I seemed to be very familiar to him, and that I must have been with him in the ferry-boat, out of which he tumbled into the waves. He certainly did see me there, for I was no other than the water-spout that tore him out of it, and kept him from sinking, while I safely wafted him ashore to your wedding."

Undine and the knight turned their eyes upon Father Heilmann; but he appeared to be moving forward, just as if he were dreaming, or walking in his sleep, and no longer to be conscious of a word that was spoken. Undine then said to Kùhleborn:

"I already see yonder the end of the forest. We have no further need of your assistance, and nothing now gives us alarm but yourself. I therefore beseech you, by our mutual love and good-will, to vanish, and allow us to proceed in peace."

Kùhleborn seemed to be transported with fury at this: he darted a frightful look at Undine, and grinned fiercely upon her. She shrieked aloud, and called her husband to protect her. The knight sprung round the horse as quick as lightning, and, brandishing his sword, struck at Kùhleborn's head. But, instead of severing it from his body, the sword merely flashed through a torrent, which rushed foaming near them from a lofty cliff; and with a splash, which much resembled in sound a burst of laughter, the stream all at once poured upon them, and gave them a thorough wetting. The priest, as if suddenly awaking from a trance, coolly observed:

"This is what I have been some time expecting, because the brook has descended from the steep so close beside us,—though at first sight, indeed, it appeared to resemble a man, and to possess the power of speech."

As the waterfall came rushing from its crag, it distinctly uttered these words in Huldbrand's ear:

"Rash knight! valiant knight! I am not angry with you; I have no quarrel with you; only continue to defend your charming little wife with the same spirit, you bold knight! you rash blade!"

After advancing a few steps further, the travellers came out upon open ground. The imperial city lay bright before them; and the evening sun, which gilded its towers with gold, kindly dried their garments that had been so completely drenched.

## CHAPTER X.

THE sudden disappearance of the young knight, Huldbrand of Ringstetten, had occasioned much remark in the imperial city, and no small concern among those of the people who, as well on account of his expertness in tourney and dance as in consequence of his mild and amiable manners, had become attached to him. His attendants were unwilling to quit the place without their master, although not a soul of them had been courageous enough to follow him into the fearful recesses of the forest. They remained, therefore, at their public-house, in the indulgence of idle hope, as men are wont to do, and, by the expression of their fears, kept the fate of their lost lord fresh in remembrance.

Now when the violent storms and floods had been observed immediately after his departure, the destruction of the handsome stranger became all but certain: even Bertalda had quite openly discovered her sorrow, and detested herself for having induced him to take that fatal excursion into the forest. Her foster-parents, the duke and duchess, had meanwhile come to take her away, but Bertalda persuaded them to remain with her until some certain news of Huldbrand should be obtained, whether he were living or dead. She endeavoured, also, to prevail upon several young knights, who were assiduous in courting her favour, to go in quest of the noble adventurer in the forest. But she refused to pledge her hand as the reward of the enterprise, because she still cherished, it might be, a hope of its being claimed by the returning knight; and no one would consent, for a glove, a riband, or even a kiss, to expose his life to bring back a rival so very dangerous.

When Huldbrand now made his sudden and unexpected appearance, his attendants, the inhabitants of the city, and almost all the people, rejoiced. We must acknowledge, indeed, that this was not the case with Bertalda; for although it might be quite a welcome event to others, that he brought with him a wife of such exquisite loveliness, and Father Heilmann as a witness of their marriage, Bertalda could not but view the affair with grief and vexation. She had in truth become attached to the young knight with her whole soul; and then her mourning for his absence or supposed death, had been more unreservedly shown than she could now have wished.

But notwithstanding all this, she conducted herself like a prudent woman in circumstances of such delicacy, and lived on the most friendly terms with Undine, whom the whole city looked upon as a princess that Huldbrand had rescued in the forest from some evil enchantment. Whenever any one questioned either herself or her husband relative to surmises of this nature, they had wisdom enough to remain silent, or wit enough to evade the inquiries. The lips of Father Heilmann had been sealed in regard to idle gossip of every kind; and, besides, on Huldbrand's arrival, he had immediately returned to his cloister; so that people were obliged to rest contented with their own wild conjectures; and even Bertalda herself ascertained nothing more of the truth than others.

In addition to all this, Undine daily regarded this young lady with increasing fondness.

"We must have been heretofore acquainted with each other," she often used to say to her, "or else there must be some mysterious connection between us; for it is incredible that one individual so perfectly without cause,

I mean without some deep and secret cause, should be so fondly attached to another as I have been to you from the first moment of our meeting."

And even Bertalda could not deny that she felt a confiding impulse, an attraction of tenderness, toward Undine, much as she deemed this fortunate rival the cause of her bitterest disappointment. Under the influence of this mutual regard, they found means to persuade, the one her foster-parents, and the other her husband, to defer the day of separation to a period more and more remote; nay, more, they had already begun to talk of a plan for Bertalda's accompanying Undine to Castle Ringstetten, near one of the sources of the Danube, and spending some considerable time with her.

Once, on a fine evening, while they were promenading the city by star-light, they happened to be talking over their scheme just as they passed the high trees that bordered the public walk. The young married pair, though it was somewhat late, had called upon Bertalda to invite her to share their enjoyment; and all three proceeded familiarly up and down beneath the dark blue heaven, not seldom interrupted in their converse by the admiration which they could not but bestow upon the magnificent fountain in the middle of the square, and upon the wonderful rush and shooting upward of its water. All was sweet and soothing to their minds; among the shadows of the trees stole in glimmerings of light from the adjacent houses; a low murmur as of children at play, and of other persons who were enjoying their walk, floated around them; so lonely were they, and sharing at the same time so much of social happiness, under a serene sky, and amid the living world, that whatever had appeared difficult by day, now became smooth and easy of its own accord, and the three friends could no longer see the slightest cause for hesitation in regard to Bertalda's taking the journey.

At that instant, while they were just appointing the day of their departure, a tall man approached them from the middle of the square, bowed respectfully to the company, and spoke something in the young bride's ear. Though displeased with the interruption and its cause, she walked aside a few steps with the stranger, and both began to whisper, as it seemed, in a foreign tongue. Huldbrand thought he recognized the strange man of the forest; and he gazed upon him with a look so intense and immovable, that he neither heard nor answered the astonished inquiries of Bertalda. All at once Undine clasped her hands with delight, and turned back toward the stranger, laughing; he, frequently shaking his head, retired with a hasty step and discontented air, and descended into the fountain. Huldbrand now felt perfectly certain that his conjecture was correct, but Bertalda asked:

"What, then, dear Undine, did the master of the fountain wish to say to you?"

Undine secretly laughed within herself, and made answer:

"The day after to-morrow, my dear child, when the anniversary of your name-day\* returns, you shall be informed."

And this was all she could be prevailed upon to disclose. She merely asked Bertalda to dinner on the appointed day, and requested her to invite her foster-parents; and soon afterward they separated.

"Kùhleborn?" said Huldbrand to his lovely wife, with an inward shudder, when they had taken leave of Bertalda, and were now going home through the darkening streets.

"Yes, it was he," answered Undine, "and he would have wearied me with stupid warnings and forebodings without end. But in the midst of his senseless trash, what was altogether the reverse of his intention, he delighted me with a most wholesome piece of news. If you, my dear lord and husband, wish me to acquaint you with it now, you need only command me, and I will freely and from my heart tell you all without reserve. But would you confer upon your Undine a very, very peculiar pleasure, only wait till the day after to-morrow, and then you too shall have your share of the surprise."

The knight was quite willing to gratify his wife in regard to what she had requested with so beautiful a spirit; and this spirit she discovered yet more, for while she was that night falling asleep, she murmured to herself, with a smile: "How she will rejoice and be astonished at what her master of the fountain has told me,—the dear, happy Bertalda!"

## CHAPTER XI.

THE company were sitting at dinner; Bertalda, adorned with jewels and flowers without number, the presents of her foster-parents and friends, and resembling some goddess of spring, sat beside Undine and Huldbrand at the head of the table. When the sumptuous repast was ended, and the dessert was placed before them, permission was given that the doors should be left open: this was in accordance with the good old custom in Germany, that the common people might enjoy the privilege of seeing the splendour and sharing the festivity of their superiors. Among these spectators the servants carried round cake and wine.

Huldbrand and Bertalda waited with secret impatience for the promised explanation, and never, except when they could not well help it, removed their eyes from Undine. But the beautiful woman still continued silent, and merely smiled to herself with secret and heartfelt satisfaction. All who were made acquainted with the promise she had given, could perceive that she was every moment on the point of revealing a secret, which she felt to be of an exciting nature; and yet, as children sometimes delay fasting their

\* A literary friend, from whose kindness I have derived the best aid in reviving and correcting my version, informs me that this term refers to a German custom of celebrating not only the birth-day, but also the name-day, that is, the day which in the almanac bears the person's Christian name. The old almanacs contained a name for each day in the year, being either the name of a saint or some other remarkable personage in history.

choicest dainties, she still withheld the communication, with a denial, that made it the more desired. Bertalda and Huldbrand partook of the same delightful feeling, while in anxious hope they were expecting the unknown disclosure, which they were to receive from the lips of their friend.

At this moment several of the company pressed Undine to give them a song. This appeared to her to be quite a well-timed request, and, ordering her lute to be brought, she sung the following words:

"Mingling so bright,  
Wild flowers so gay,  
Where high grass so dewy  
Covers the wavy lake's border.

"On the meadow's verdant bloom,  
What glimmers there so white?  
Have wreaths of snowy blossoms,  
Soft-floating, fallen from heaven?

"Ah, see! a tender infant!—  
It plays with flowers unwitting;  
It strives to grasp morn's golden beams.  
O where, sweet stranger, where's your home?

Afar from unknown shores,  
The waves have wafted hither  
This helpless little one.

"Nay, clasp not, tender darling,  
With thy hand the flowers;  
No hand returns the pressure,  
The flowers are strange and mute.

"They clothe themselves in beauty,  
They breathe a rich perfume,

But cannot fold around you  
A mother's loving arms;—  
Far, far away that mother's fond embrace.

"Life's early dawn just opening faint,  
Your eye yet beaming Heaven's own smile,  
So soon your tenderest guardians gone;—  
Severe, poor child, your fate,—  
All, all to you unknown.

"A noble duke has cross'd the mead,  
And near you check'd his steed's career:  
Wonder and pity touch his heart;  
With knowledge high and manners pure  
He rears you,—makes his castle home  
your own.

"How great, how infinite your gain!  
Of all the land you bloom the loveliest,  
Yet, ah! the priceless blessing,  
The bliss of parents' fondness,  
You left on strands unknown."

'That priceless blessing,  
The bliss of parents' fondness,'

it was beyond our power to give you."

"But we must hear, also, what happened to the poor parents," said Undine, as she struck the chords, and sung:

"Through her chambers roams the mother,  
Searching, searching everywhere;  
Seeks and knows not what, with yearning,  
Childless house still finding there.

"Childless house!—O sound of anguish!  
She alone the anguish knows,  
There by day who led her dear one,  
There who rock'd his night-repose.

"Deceit buds again are swelling,  
Sunshine warms again the shore,

Ah, fond mother, cease your searching,  
Comes the loved and lost no more.

"Then when ails of eve are fresh'ning,  
Home the father wends his way;  
While with smiles his voice he's veiling,  
Gushing tears his heart betray.

"Well he knows, within his dwelling  
Still as death he'll find the gloom,  
Only hear the mother moaning,—  
No sweet babe to smile him home."

"O tell me, in the name of God tell me, Undine, where are my parents?" cried the weeping Bertalda. "You certainly know, you must have discovered them, you wonderful woman, for otherwise you would never have thus torn my heart. Can they be already here? May I believe it possible?"

Her eye glanced rapidly over the brilliant company, and rested upon a lady of distinction, who was sitting next to her foster-father.

Then, with an inclination of her head, Undine beckoned toward the door, while her eyes overflowed with the sweetest emotion.

"Where, then, are the poor parents waiting?" she asked, and the old fisherman, diffident and hesitating, advanced with his wife from the crowd of spectators. Swift as the rush of hope within them, they threw a look of inquiry, now at Undine, and now at the beautiful lady, who was said to be their daughter.

"It is she!—it is she, there, before you!" exclaimed the restorer of their child, with the imperfect utterance of rapture, and both the aged parents embraced their recovered daughter, weeping aloud and praising God.

But, shocked and indignant, Bertalda tore herself from their arms. Such a discovery was too severe for her proud spirit to bear, especially at the moment when she had doubtless expected to see her former splendour increased, and when hope was picturing to her nothing less brilliant than a royal canopy and a crown. It seemed to her as if her rival had contrived all this, and with the special view to humble her before Huldbrand and the whole world. She reproached Undine, she abused the old people, and even such offensive words as "deceiver, bribed and perjured impostors," burst from her lips.

The aged wife of the fisherman then said to herself, but in a very low voice: "Ah, my God! what a worthless vixen of a woman she has grown! and yet I feel in my heart that she is my child."

The old fisherman, however, had meanwhile folded his hands, and offered up a silent prayer that she might not be his daughter.

Undine, faint and pale as death, turned from the parents to Bertalda, from Bertalda to the parents; she was suddenly cast down from all that heaven of happiness, of which she had been dreaming, and plunged into an agony of terror and disappointment, of which until now she had never formed even a dream.

"Have you, then, a soul? Can you really have a soul, Bertalda?" she cried again and again to her angry friend, as if with vehement effort she would rouse her from a sudden delirium or some distracting dream of night, and restore her to reason.

But when Bertalda became every moment only more and more enraged, as the disappointed parents began to weep aloud, and the company, with

much warmth of dispute, were espousing opposite sides, she discovered a prompt and admirable presence of mind: she begged for the liberty of speaking in this her husband's dining-hall; and so worthy of praise was her purpose, and so earnest were her expressions and tones, that all around her were in an instant hushed to silence. She then advanced to the upper end of the table, where, both humbled and haughty, Bertalda had seated herself, and, while every eye was fastened upon her, spoke in the following manner:

"My friends, I am grieved to see you appear so dissatisfied and disturbed. This entertainment of mine, which you are interrupting with your heated discussion, I had hoped would prove a satisfaction to you and myself. Ah, my God! I knew nothing of these your heartless maxims, these your unnatural ways of thinking; and never, so long as I live, I fear, shall I become reconciled to them. The disclosure I have made, it seems, is unwelcome to you; it has produced all this excitement and confusion; but I am not to blame for such a result. Believe me, little as you may imagine this to be the case, it is wholly owing to yourselves. One word more, therefore, is all I have to add, but this is one that must be spoken: I have uttered nothing but truth. Of the certainty of the fact I give you the strongest assurance; no other proof can I or will I produce; but this I will affirm in the presence of God. The individual who gave me this information, was the very person who decoyed the infant Bertalda into the water, and who, after thus taking her from her parents, placed her on the green grass of the meadow, where he knew the duke was to pass."

"She is an enchantress," cried Bertalda, "a witch, that has intercourse with evil spirits. She has even now confessed it herself."

"Never!—I deny it," replied Undine, while a whole heaven of innocence and truth beamed from her eyes. "I am no witch; look upon me; see and acknowledge the injustice of her words."

"Then she utters both falsehood and folly," cried Bertalda, "and she is unable to prove that I am the child of these low people. My noble parents, I entreat you to take me from this company, and out of this city, beyond the breath of calumny and abuse. Nothing but detraction meets me here."

But the aged duke, a man of honourable feeling, remained unmoved by her excited state, and his lady remarked:

"We must thoroughly examine the circumstances of this matter. God forbid that we should move a step from this hall before we do so."

Encouraged by this kind word, the aged wife of the fisherman drew near, made a low obeisance to the duchess, and said:

"Exalted and pious lady, you have opened my heart. Permit me to tell you, that if this evil-disposed maiden is my daughter, she has a mark, like a violet, between her shoulders, and another of the same kind on the instep of her left foot. If she will only consent to go out of the hall with me—"

"I will not consent to uncover myself before the peasant woman," interrupted Bertalda, haughtily turning her back upon her.

"But before me you certainly will," replied the duchess, with solemnity. "You will follow me into that room, young woman, and the worthy old lady shall go with us."

The three disappeared, and the rest continued where they were, in the hush of almost unbreathing expectation. In a few minutes the females returned, Bertalda pale as death; and the duchess said:

"Truth must be acknowledged as truth; I therefore declare that our lady hostess has spoken with perfect correctness. Bertalda is the fisherman's daughter; no further proof is required; and this is all of which, on the present occasion, you need to be informed."

The princely pair went out with their adopted daughter; the fisherman, in consequence of a sign from the duke, followed them with his wife. The other guests retired in silence, or but imperfectly suppressing their murmurs, while Undine sunk weeping into the arms of Huldbrand.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE lord of Ringstetten would certainly have been more gratified had the events of this day been different; but even such as they now were, he could by no means look upon them as unwelcome, since his wife had discovered so much discretion, kindness of spirit, and cordial affection.

"If I have given her a soul," he could not help saying to himself, "I have assuredly given her a better one than my own."

And now what chiefly occupied his mind, was to soothe and comfort his weeping wife, and even so early as the morrow to remove her from a place which, after this cross accident, could not fail to be distasteful to her. Yet it is certain that the opinion of the public concerning her was not changed. As something extraordinary had long before been expected of her, the mysterious discovery of Bertalda's parentage had occasioned little or no surprise; and every one who became acquainted with the disclosure of Bertalda's story, and with the violence of her behaviour on that occasion, was only disgusted and set against her. Of this state of things, however, the knight and his lady were as yet ignorant; besides, whether the public condemned Bertalda or herself, the one view of the affair would have been as distressing to Undine as the other; and thus they came to the conclusion, that the wisest course they could take was to leave behind them the walls of the old city with all the speed in their power.

With the earliest beams of morning, a brilliant carriage, for Undine, drove up to the door of the inn; the horses of Huldbrand and his attendants stood near, stamping the pavement, impatient to proceed. The knight was leading his beautiful wife from the door, when a fish-girl came up and met them in the way.

(To be continued.)



## THE PAST AGES.

BY RICHARD MANSQN.

THE PAST AGES! As we repeat the words the pages of history unfold, and the records of times long gone stand openly revealed, and we see the visionary forms of all the great warriors, statesmen, philosophers, and knaves, who strove above their fellows to excel in the great battle of life,—and venerable ones too are seen, who in their day and time bore to a sinning world the messages of its God. Greece and Rome pass on before us,—the soldier, the poet, the orator, are gone! The princely magnificence of Nineveh—its gorgeous halls, its emblematic sculptures, its wide extended palaces—flit mistily before us—are past us—are vanished. Rude tribes are seen, with flocks and herds, the sole occupants of a fertile soil,—those, too, are gone! And still on goes the shadowy panorama—but in vain we look for man, or signs of his all-altering hand. No man! no house! no boat!—all, all untouched,—all, all unseen by aught of human kind!

But must we not stop here? Can our adventurous flight go further? Six thousand years have fled before us—the limit assigned to man's history here—has been attained. What more is there to know? On, press on, and as the antehominal world passes in review, mark how strange, how far surpassing all romance are the marvellous scenes it can show.

See where the gay city of Paris now stands, a deep ocean rolls its foaming waves! What are those we see on shore? Monkeys skipping up and down, tropical birds and monstrous serpents, opossums, squirrels and racoons. The fox and the wolf are there, and animals too of now unseen shape,—the Anoplothere and the Xiphodon, and a strange-looking creature, a sort of link between the tapir and the horse, with but three toes on each foot, and provided with a short proboscis to aid it in its search after food: Palæotherium is its name.

But on we go, and lo! new animals appear before us—a creature some twenty feet long, with legs ten feet in length, and a huge, unwieldy body, and a head like that of an elephant, with strong and powerful proboscis is seen quietly lying on the muddy banks of an inland lake. It slowly stirs its sluggish body, and without exerting itself, plunges into the water and swims off towards a small island. It lands, and see, now you can perceive the use of its two large tusks, curved downwards, as in the walrus. They are two pickaxes, and well does the monster use them in his researches after his vegetable food.

And now again on! The elephant, the deer, the mammoth, the rhinoceros, are seen living in regions now covered with the ice and snow of a Siberian winter; but here comes another strange monster; a dull, heavy-looking brute, as big as a rhinoceros, but with a monstrous head, and it, too, has a proboscis. You see it feeding on the twigs and branches of trees, and walking leisurely along. Mark its head: it has four horns; one pair in front, like those of a cow; and another pair, palmated like those of an elk, placed behind. Such is the Sivatherium of the Sewalik hills. And here we must stop; we have gone through hundreds, through thousands, through millions of years, and yet we have millions to pass through ere we arrive at the first signs of life. How grand a study to produce such knowledge to carry us back so far into the past ages of our world's history!

There is a romance about the science that can achieve such things, that can assure us, nay, more, can prove to us, that for ages upon ages ere man trod this earth, it was the habitation of creatures of gigantic size, and uncouth form, who enjoyed, without fear of man's taking it away, God's blessing—life!

Having travelled back through the epoch of the pachyderms and gigantic mammalia of the tertiary, before us now, in one vast lengthened sheet, extends the ocean of the chalk. No land is near to break the dread monotony. No graceful palm, no sturdy oak, no even rush or lowly grass—all seen—all deep, all rolling, tossing surge. Truly did our noble Byron address it—

"Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!"

As it rolls now, so rolled it then, when through its dashing spray nought but the sharp-fanged, slinky reptile paddled—fit company for all the varied swarm of powerful fish that thronged its waters. And mark; there's one—in haste we pass, for ages yet untold loom in the distance. How quick and agile in his motions—swiftly he stems the wave with the strong help of powerful paddles and large vertical tail; his mouth, wide open, seems filled with teeth. Gone is the Mosasaurus, and quickly too the rest. See, there's a fish, one third of which is head; and, oh, what hordes of sharks! but stay, what's this so quietly swimming along, just like a little bag, with animated strings at its mouth? The Mazaripite: the bag is its stomach, and the strings are as many arms expanding in search of prey, and when they have found any, bringing it into the mouth or stomach entrance.

Did you not mark that fish—one bound, one plash, and down it sank like lead; and there, another, and another. What ails them? Ah, look there! See those full eyes, that horrid beak, more like a parrot's than aught else, those powerful arms each studded as it were with sharpened barbed fish-hooks. One moment watch the wily monster, down he sinks, but still his eyes glare up. A fish swims slowly over him—up in an instant, with wide spread tentacles he seizes the unsuspecting prey; deep sink the hooks into the soft belly, and the Bellemnite can at its ease tear off and feed upon its finny victim's flesh.

And here, too, are creatures of forms well-known—we pass the turtle and the crab, the starfish, and sponges in abundance; but still on—and again a change!

Far on the bright horizon, again land comes to view; but still the sea rolls

on and breaks upon the shore, as if it maddly felt a check, and could not rest while it was not overcome. And so it dashes on, and all the while works its own loss, for while it wears away, all that it does wear down goes but to form new bounds, new limits to its empire.

Had man, one solitary man, lived then, would he have ever thought that all the life around him would become extinct—that fishes turned to stone, that sponges changed to flint, and, stranger still, that animals, in so minute that twenty-two thousand in a row would measure but an inch, and turned to chalk, could by any possibility be of utility to any living creature? Assuredly not: and yet, so it is. Flint and chalk are both used in no inconsiderable degree, and from them and their imbedded fossils comes one page of the vast history of the past we are endeavouring to unfold. Cavil against it who may, aloud these fossil bones proclaim the fact, that God's wisdom framed our planet, and caused it to receive its fit inhabitants; at a period so remote that man's poor, puny thought can but wonder at, without understanding its immense antiquity.

And now the sea is past, and the green clothed shore appears, bright with tropical vegetation, and animated with the still strange forms of antehominal monsters. Tall pines and ferns of varied shape, and a dense growth of underwood, are seen clothing the distant scene, and as we pass, the quiet hum of the golden beetle and the quick buzz of the swift dragon-fly exulting in the freedom of life, are borne to our ears by the gentle breeze.

Let us stay a moment at you point, and gaze upon the tranquil scene. How lovely all appears—no quiet—all so undisturbed. Here is the point we are to rest upon. Ah! we have been wrong. Did you not hear that shriek of pain? What was it?

No longer do we gaze upon a tranquil, lovely picture; but on one where life to live has to destroy life, and where the existence of one depends on the death of another. That horrid monster yonder, small though he be, has just devoured the little quadruped that played without fear by that green tree. What jaws the thing has got—sharp-pointed teeth show what it feeds upon. Look at it! after another victim. Away it runs, for in its turn a larger reptile is pursuing it. See, it will be caught. No! How extraordinary a monster! It throws its crocodile-like head back, bends its long neck, and spreading out its wings, upward it goes. Could man have ever thought of aught more horrible than this? Mark its flight: it's off to sea, and now recovered from its fright, down quick it swoops, and carries up—snatched from the deep—a fish. Now down again, you see it swimming on the waves. But its career is near an end. Behind it comes a reptile of huge size and wondrous form. One powerful effort with its paddles, a quick snapping of the jaws, and before the Pterodactyl can be off, it has become the prey of the Plesiosaurus; another monster, approximating to the crocodile, its neck four times as long as its body, its spoon-shaped jaws containing no less than a hundred teeth: its neck swells gradually down until it joins the body, and the body again tapered off until it forms the tail—the whole perhaps some thirty feet in length; and to propel it in the water and probably to assist its locomotion on the land it has four strong paddles, by which it can surprise its living prey. Such is the Plesiosaur.

Turn again to the land. Crash, crash, crash, and the ferns and lowly shrubs are trodden down beneath the feet of some approaching animal, an enormous body elevated some fifteen feet above the ground, and extending some forty feet in length. Supported on powerful legs, appears an enormous body; but though so big, so vast in size, and having such sharp and awful-looking teeth, the creature does not live on flesh, satiates its appetite on no quivering limbs, but nipping off the tender plant, the monstrous-sized Iguanodon can rank itself among the "vegetarians."

But on again: sharks in abundance, more Bellemnites; and see that pretty shell, the Ammonite,—aye, whole fleets of them, and Nautili, too. Examine for a moment the curled up Ammonite. There, now we've caught one. It is just like a cuttle-fish inside a shell. How it rings its cold and slimy tentacula about, and all the rest are gone—frightened at the loss of their companion, they drew their bodies into their shells, and sank for safety to the bottom of the deep. Off, what a splendid shell, "soulstuffed all over with Nature's chisellings!" Let the creature go; that dead shell floating by will satisfy abundantly all our curiosity. You see where the dead animal dwelt, the shell does not seem all hollow; for, but a little way in, there is a shelly partition that stops us, and in it there is a small hole near the top of the shell. Just break it open—ah! it is fashioned inside like some of our own boats, divided into water-tight boxes; these made it float, or rather helped it; but what is the use of the tube running through these chambers? That tube is called the siphuncle, and kept up the vitality of the shell; without which it would have dried and broken off, and thus destroyed the buoyancy of the creature. When it wants to swim it protrudes its body, and the increased surface offered to the water, aided by the chambers, straightway brings it to the surface; and when again it wants to sink, in it goes, and the increased gravity speedily sends it down. As Richardson says:

"The Nautilus and the Ammonite were launched in friendly strife,  
Each sent to float in its tiny boat on the wild wide sea of life.  
And each could swim on the ocean's brim, and when weary its sail could fur,  
And sink to sleep in the great sea deep, in its palace all of pearl."

(To be continued.)

**HUMILITY.**—Humility is a virtue strongly recommended by all, though practised by a very few, and yet it is a subject to which everybody lends a willing ear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servants, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity; but certain it is that nothing makes us so acceptable in the sight of the Deity and man, as to rise high by our own exertions, and yet sink low in virtuous humility.

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 727.)

"In conclusion, gentlemen," he said, "I have to repeat that no one will rejoice more sincerely than we, if the prisoner at the bar shall be able to establish his innocence. But so long as this damning array of evidence remains unexplained, we can hope for no such result."

He sat down; and Clayton rose to open the defence.

"We are not disposed, gentlemen," said he, "to attempt to better our cause by forestalling the testimony; since, after all, your verdict must depend upon what is proven. The plea, as you have heard, is 'Not Guilty'; and the truth of this plea we expect to establish by evidence, and not argument or oratory. We shall certainly not controvert anything said by the counsel for the prosecution, in support of circumstantial evidence; and if, in the course of this trial, we give no example of its force—if we afford no opportunity to the counsel to apply his theory—we will be content to abide a verdict against us."

With this brief and, to both spectators and lawyers, inexplicable address, he sat calmly down—quietly nodding to Thorpe to proceed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Let it work—"

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon."—SHAKESPEARE.

As Clayton finished his short address and sat down, a close observer might have seen a slight paleness overspread Thorpe's cheek, for a very brief moment; but an effort to command himself was at once successful; he leaned back in his chair and gazed, with the most disengaged air possible, over the dense crowd, now filling every seat. His eye fell upon Cara's face, shown for a moment, as she drew aside her veil to observe what was going forward. A calm, though somewhat cynical smile played around his mouth, and lit up his eyes; but he turned them from her, and seemed to be absorbed in watching the crowd, while his colleague, the State's attorney, called the names of the witnesses.

Major Bryce, John (Colonel "John") Talbot, and Uriah Manning were called, and all sworn together. The two latter were told to sit down, and the first was called to the stand. Up to this time, deep as had been the interest in the case, there had been a low murmuring in the court, which all the efforts of Gillam and his deputies were insufficient to silence; but as the major took the stand, it entirely ceased. Every eye was bent upon him; and, as if he knew it and enjoyed his importance, he erected himself pompously, and looked proudly around upon the crowd. The attorney for the State commenced the examination, while Thorpe still gazed out over the bar.

"I wish you, major," said he, "to tell the jury whether or not you were acquainted with Allen Vernon in May of last year."

"I was, sir," said the major; "he went to Mexico with me."

"Yes," said the attorney; "will you now relate to the jury what conversation took place between you in regard to that trip?"

"I will, sir. It had been suggested to me that Mr. Vernon would make a good clerk in my department in the army; and accordingly I made a proposition to him, which he accepted. There was, however, one difficulty in the way: his father was old, and unable to support himself during his son's absence; and Allen said he would have to borrow the money to support him. I asked him from whom he could borrow it; and on finding he did not know, I suggested the name of Mr. Manning, as one from whom he would probably be able to get it. I asked him, at the same time, what security he would be able to give; and he answered that a mortgage upon his house was the only security in his power. I suggested personal security; he said he knew of no one whom he could ask, but added that my offer (of the clerkship) was so advantageous that nothing should prevent his getting the money."

"He was determined to have the money at any cost, then?" said the attorney.

"He seemed so, sir," said the major, "if I might judge by what he said."

"Well," continued the lawyer, "was this all he said?"

"It was all he said at that time. A short time afterwards he came to me to ask when we would probably leave for the seat of war; and in the course of the conversation, he informed me that he had succeeded in borrowing the money he wanted."

"Did he tell you how he had succeeded?"

"No; I asked him,—but he either did not hear, or thought proper not to notice my question, and I said no more."

"How long was Vernon with you in Mexico?"

"Between seven and eight months," said the major.

"Did you ever recur to this subject?"

"Yes," he replied; "once, and but once: I asked him how he had raised the money to support his father during his absence. He did not appear very communicative—indeed, he seemed averse to talking about it—and replied that a friend had kindly consented to endorse for him."

"Did he tell you who that friend was?"

"He did not; and though I said something equivalent to a question, he made no reply, and soon afterwards left me. I inferred that he did not wish to talk about it, and therefore never recurred to the subject."

"You will be so good, major," said Carlin, blandly, "as to give the jury the benefit of your knowledge only—reserving your inferences for some place where they are admissible."

"I shall tell the truth, sir," said the major, bristling up.

"I would be a heretic to doubt it, major, for a moment," said Carlin; "but still, I insist upon having your knowledge, *only*."

The major did not deign a reply; and the attorney said—

"You may take the witness, gentlemen," with quite an air.

"I understand you to say, major," commenced Carlin, "that it had been suggested to you that Vernon would make a good clerk?"

"I said so, sir," answered the major, with the air of a man over whom ingenuity could gain no advantage.

"Will you be good enough to tell the jury by whom this suggestion was made?"

"It was made by Colonel Thorpe," said the major.

"Tell us now what he said on the occasion."

The State's attorney bounced to his feet and objected to the testimony as irrelevant, and consuming time unnecessarily. Carlin was about to reply, when the court stopped him.

"It is unnecessary to reply, Mr. Carlin," said the judge. "This court cannot undertake to say, at this stage of the inquiry, precisely, what is relevant and what is not: injustice might be done by excluding testimony on this ground, whereas, if it be really irrelevant its admission can do no wrong excepting the consumption of time. And probably this objection would be of no force, since more time must be consumed in arguing and deciding the point, than would be taken up in answering the question."

The attorney sat down in chagrin, and Carlin repeated the question.

"Well," said the major, "I do not recollect all he said. But if my memory serves me, he made the suggestion on the ground that Vernon was a young artist, to whom an opportunity of painting fine scenery might be an advantage. I saw the propriety of the suggestion, and adopted it immediately."

"Major," said Carlin, "try to recollect: did he say nothing about its being convenient to himself, to get Vernon out of the way by some means?"

The jury turned their eyes quickly upon the witness, as did also all who had not been looking at him, and awaited his answer.

"He said nothing of the kind," said the witness; and all eyes were immediately turned from him to Carlin.

"He did not make a confident of you, then?" said the latter.

"Not upon that subject," replied the major.

"I suppose," said Thorpe, rising calmly, and speaking for the first time, "there can be no question about the irrelevancy of this testimony. But since it seems in some way pointed at me—how I cannot conjecture—I shall make no objection to it. It is, however, due to myself to state that the witness is perfectly correct—the suggestion *was* made upon the precise ground stated."

"Go on, Mr. Carlin," said the judge, bowing to Thorpe.

"I have but one more question to ask," said Carlin, after consulting with Clayton. "It is this, major—How long have you known Mr. Vernon, and what has been his character?"

"I have known him from boyhood," said the major, "and until this charge, never heard a word to his disparagement—on the contrary, his character has been, in all relations of life, so far as I know, perfectly irreproachable."

"So is every man's character before he commits his first crime," said Thorpe with a smile, which, like all his smiles, partook largely of the nature of a sneer.

"And so," said Carlin, "is many a man's character after he has committed many crimes."

"True enough," said Thorpe carelessly, and turned away.

"I consider it proven," whispered Carlin to Clayton, "that Thorpe is guilty; for if he had not been, he would have applied my remark to our client."

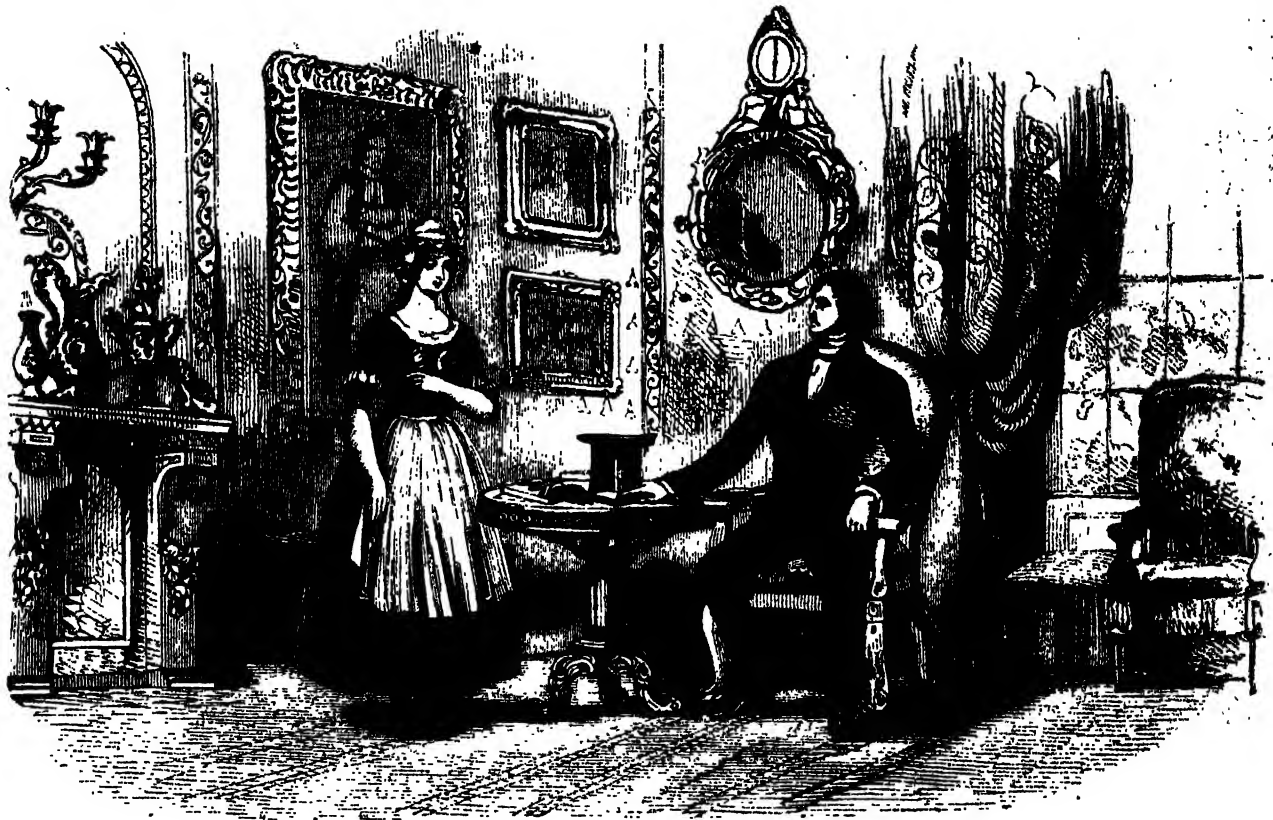
Clayton nodded, and told the major he could go down. Carlin had gained his point—he had awakened the attention of the jury, and connected Thorpe, in their minds, with the case. This object secured, the amount of direct testimony necessary to establish his defence was greatly diminished. He smiled complacently to himself, and mysteriously at the jury and bystanders. It was evident to all that he thought something gained; and to no one was it more evident than to Thorpe himself. He evinced his consciousness of the fact, by throwing off the listlessness which he had put on, and assuming the initiative in examining the next witness called to the stand. The light of his eyes became deeper, and the lines of his face harder; while his voice, bereft of its usual music, sounded cold and stern. He was evidently nerved for a struggle; and when he drew his chair forward, the State's attorney instinctively gave way, as to one who had a right to take precedence of him. This change took place while they were awaiting the slow and feeble movements of the senior Manning, who was the next witness. Vernon had seen him but once since the day on which he announced to him the death of his son; and so great was the change in his appearance, that he could scarcely recognize him. His form was bent low as if with age, and his wan, wasted face was cadaverous in the extreme. His step was infirm and tottering; and when he spoke, his voice was thin, low, and broken. The court directed a chair to be handed him; and when he sat down, it seemed to be with an effort patiently to endure great pain.

"Mr. Manning," said Thorpe in his now hard tones, "are you acquainted with Allen Vernon, the prisoner here?"

The old man turned his shaking head towards the place where Allen sat, and bowed in affirmation.

"Be so good as to relate to the jury where, when, and how you became acquainted with him."

The old man hesitated a moment, as if to recall a wandering memory, and then answered:



"Mrs. Bryce bids me say, that the Major will not be at home for several hours; but if you will return at four o'clock you may probably find him."

"I think it was in the month of May in last year, that I first saw him. He came one day to my counting-room, and applied to me to borrow a thousand dollars. He offered me real estate security—a mortgage, I think, upon a house on Franklin-street—but I refused to lend upon this security, and he went away. He, however, asked me before he left me, what kind of security I would take, and whether John Talbot would do? I answered yes, and he then left me. Afterwards he returned with a note signed by himself, with Talbot's name as surety, for one thousand dollars."

"Is that it?" said Thorpe, holding up the paper.

The old man took it, and examined it.

"It is, sir," he replied, at length. "I forgot to mention that I wrote the note at Vernon's request, at his first visit; and when he returned with it signed, as I said, I paid him the money on it, and took the note. I held it for several months without discovering the forgery; and indeed I do not know now whether the signature is not genuine."

"We will prove that by another witness," said Thorpe. "Gentlemen, you may examine Mr. Manning."

"When and where did you next see Mr. Vernon?" asked Carlin.

"On the second of April last—I remember the date, for I closed my office the same day," said the witness. "He came into my counting-room to announce to me the news of the death of my son, who was killed in Mexico."

"Have you heard that news from any one else?"

"Yes; from Colonel Thorpe. He told me how it happened the same day on which Mr. Vernon told me he was dead."

"What did he tell you?" asked Carlin, after consultation.

"Mr. Carlin," said the judge, "that question seems to me very wide of this inquiry."

"I beg the indulgence of the court," said Carlin, rising; "I would not have put the question now, had I not understood the counsel for the prosecution to waive all objections as to relevancy in questions connected with himself. We think we can show a conspiracy to procure our client's conviction; and it unfortunately happens that this is the only way to approach it."

"I have no objection to the question," said Thorpe, smiling. It was evident, however, that he was tortured almost beyond endurance. He set his teeth hard, his lips grew ashy pale, and his eye smaller and darker, as Carlin repeated the question.

"He said," answered Manning, "that my son had left the camp at Agua Nueva in company with Mr. Vernon; and that, when the latter returned to the camp, he reported that Hugh had been killed in endeavouring to reach it with him. But he said that he had afterwards given a different account of my son's death—so that, Vernon being the only witness, and contradicting himself, it was hard to tell what the truth was, or whether, in fact, the Mexicans had any agency in his murder."

"You understood him to insinuate, then," said Carlin, "that Vernon had himself compassed your son's death?"

"He did not say so," said Manning, "but I understood him to mean something of the kind."

"Did he give you any reason why Vernon should wish to put Hugh out of the way?"

"Yes, sir; he said Hugh was probably a witness in some way against him in this case."

"In some way, you say: did he specify how?"

"He said that Hugh had been in the house at work, on the same day on which the forgery was committed, and must have known something of it; which had no doubt induced Vernon to put him out of the way."

"Had you then told Thorpe, or any one else, that Hugh was with Vernon on that day?"

"No, sir," said Manning; "but I supposed Thorpe knew it from Colonel Talbot."

"We will see about that hereafter," said Carlin. "Tell the jury now, if you please, how your son came to be there on that day."

"Mr. Vernon employed him to put up some sort of rack, and he was then at work doing so. When Mr. Vernon came in with the note, Hugh was with him. I know that he had just come from Vernon's, because he brought his tools in with him—the same he had taken away with the rack."

"I think you told me the other day," said Carlin, "that you had the means of verifying the precise time when Vernon got the money."

"I have, sir; it is my practice—or was when I made a loan of money—to put down in my book the precise hour at which each note became due. I generally, also, noted it upon the margin of the note. I did this after an expensive lawsuit in which I was once involved, in consequence of a dispute as to the time of the day when a note was due."

Every lawyer pricked up his ears; and the younger ones looked out upon the wondering crowd with a smile of superior knowledge, whispering each to his neighbour; "That was under the old statute of '18."

"Let me see that note," said Carlin. "I find here, 'Due fifteen minutes after eleven, A.M., May 16, 1847,' is that the time?"

"It is, sir. You told me to bring my book, and (taking up a calf-bound ledger) here is the same entry."

"We wish the jury to note this point particularly," said Carlin; and the jury all leaned forward, as if to give greater attention, though each already understood it perfectly.

"That's a good symptom, at all events," whispered Carlin.

"Now," he continued, aloud, "tell us how you happened to discover the forgery before the maturity of the note?"

"Colonel Talbot came to my house," replied Manning, "and asked me if I had a note for one thousand dollars signed by Mr. Vernon as principal, and by himself as security. I replied that I had, and supposing he had come



to take it up, I took the note out and showed it to him. He immediately pronounced it a forgery; and said the first he had known of its existence was through a letter he had that morning received from Mexico."

"Did he tell you from whom that letter came?" asked Carlin.

"He did not; but I inferred from the conversation—"

"Stop!" thundered Thorpe, in a voice quivering with passion. "Tell only what passed, and leave the inference for the jury!"

"Ah!" said Carlin. "The galled jade winces."

Thorpe recovered himself immediately, and rose from his seat.

"If the court please," said he, "I have permitted this course of examination without objection, because I saw there was an effort to be made, in some way, to cast suspicion upon myself. Now in all I have done in the matter, I have been actuated by but one motive—the desire to see justice done to a young man, for whom I had a very high esteem. I therefore desire no concealment; and though the letter now referred to was a private one from myself, as legal adviser, to Colonel Talbot, I hope he will consent that it may be read. Indeed, I demand that such parts of it as refer to this subject shall now be given to the jury."

"This is precisely what we wish," said Carlin, rising; "and our only object is to have suspicion rest where it belongs."

"Where is the letter?" asked the judge.

"At the request of Mr. Clayton," said Colonel Talbot, rising, and stepping forward, "I brought it into court. It is here, dated, 'October 24, 1846.'"

"Read what relates to this matter," said the judge.

"Here is the passage," said Talbot: "He had been speaking of some unfinished business, when he changes the subject, and writes thus: 'I was glad to hear that you had reconsidered your resolution in regard to young Mr. Vernon. You recollect you told me you had refused to sign a note to Uriah Manning with him for one thousand dollars. He is a very deserving young man; and I was therefore pleased to hear, which I did to-day for the first time, that you had changed your mind, and thus enabled him to join this expedition.' This is all there is in the letter on the subject," continued Talbot; "the remainder relates to private business."

"That's enough," said Carlin. "We will now proceed with Mr. Manning. You have heard," he continued to the latter, "that Thorpe says in this letter that he had, on that day, October 24, 1846, learned, for the first time, that Colonel Talbot had signed this note; is that true?"

"It is not, Sir," said Manning: "I told him of it before he went to Mexico. I knew Talbot and the elder Vernon had been a long time enemies; I was therefore surprised to see Talbot's name on the note; and, knowing that Thorpe was familiar with his affairs, I showed him the note and asked an explanation."

"You knew that he was familiar with Talbot's affairs? Did he say anything further?"

"I do not recollect distinctly; but since Mr. Clayton called my attention to it the other day, I think I remember that I said something to him about his interests suffering in consequence of the reconciliation which he had related to me."

"Explain a little more minutely," said Carlin.

"Well," said Manning, after an objection had been made and peremptorily overruled, "I had heard that Thorpe was to be married to Colonel Talbot's daughter; and when I found Talbot endorsing for Vernon, I thought perhaps some new arrangements had been made; and joked Thorpe accordingly."

"What reply did he make?"

"He smiled, and said his interests were in no permanent danger."

Several other questions were asked, with a view of eliciting any facts which fortune might have thrown into the knowledge of the witness. Lawyers treat witnesses as anglers do trout streams; throwing their hooks in for whatever fish may happen to come in their way, always hoping that it may prove of the right species; whipping the waters where there are no fish to catch, and not unfrequently abusing them afterwards—when their angling has been of little avail. Carlin fished Manning to the bottom; not satisfied with his success, and persisting in his cross-examination, until Clayton became uneasy lest he might weaken the force of what he had gained, by leading the jury to think he was not satisfied with his success.

When at last he announced that he was done, every one expected a rigid re-examination by Thorpe. But that gentleman contented himself with asking him to repeat, that this note had been written by himself and given to Vernon—that Vernon had brought it back to him signed with Talbot's name—and that he had paid Vernon the money upon it. This course was well calculated; for when he sent Manning away and calmly called up Talbot, every one felt that Vernon's chance of acquittal was but slight.

Talbot came upon the stand with evident reluctance; but whether it was because the cross-examination of Manning had shaken his convictions, or for some other reason, Carlin's ingenuity was not acute enough to divine. He gave his testimony in the most straightforward manner—telling the story simply and plainly, with no indication of bias or desire to convict or acquit. He was too honest to colour the truth wilfully against any one; and all who were acquainted with him knew that he was not likely to be prejudiced in Vernon's favour. It is unnecessary to do more than recapitulate the outline. He related the conversation in which Allen had asked him to endorse the note—his taking it under advisement, concluding not to "break a business rule," as he expressed it—his leaving the note at Allen's house, as the reader knows, and the manner in which the note had next come to his hands. From what had passed on the examination of Manning, Thorpe knew it was necessary to be cautious. He therefore contented himself with bringing distinctly before the jury the facts above-stated, and turned him over to

Carlin. A consultation of several minutes ensued, before the latter spoke, but when he did so, he rose from his chair, and passing round the little desk before him commenced the cross-examination in a manner which gave some indication of the importance he attached to it.

"Colonel Talbot," said he, "at what hour on the morning of this forgery did you leave home?"

"It was just in time to reach the train for L—," said he. "I had barely time to get a ticket and take my seat. I think it must have been a little before ten o'clock—the cars start at a quarter-past ten—at least, they did then."

"You must have been on the road then twenty minutes."

"About that length of time; and, adding ten minutes for my detention at Vernon's house, brings me to the time stated."

"Do you recollect the terms of the note you left for Vernon?"

"Not precisely," said Talbot: "I have already stated its substance."

"Is that the same?" he asked, handing Talbot a paper.

"It is, sir, the very same!" he exclaimed. "I left it on the table in the south-eastern corner of the room!"

"Read it," said Thorpe; "it is sufficiently authenticated by the source from whence it comes."

"Do you think so?" asked Carlin, meaningly. "But stop, Colonel Talbot; we are not ready to give it to the jury yet. You have forgotten one circumstance," he continued, handing the paper to Clayton. "Who was in that room when you wrote that note?"

"A young man whom I did not know—I afterwards found he was the son of Mr. Manning."

"Have you ever told any one he was present until now?"

"Nobody but Colonel Thorpe."

"When did you first tell him?"

"On the day after the death of the elder Mr. Vernon. I remember his announcing that event introduced the subject."

"Are you quite sure that you had never mentioned it before?"

"I am. I was unwilling to do anything to cast a suspicion on any one; and, but for this prosecution, I would have been still silent."

"Do you recollect the date of Vernon's death?"

"I have it in my pocket-book, I think."

Thorpe sprang to his feet. "I have suffered this to go on as long as patience can be expected to go," said he, in a deep, stern tone. "I know my rights, and intend to insist upon them. I object to allowing the witness to read anything. Let him speak from memory."

Carlin was about to speak, but the judge interposed. "The witness may refresh his memory," said he, "by looking at any note or memorandum made at the time."

"He died on the fourth, and was buried on the sixth of April," said Talbot, after examining the book.

"Then you first told Thorpe of young Manning on the seventh?"

"Either on the sixth or seventh—certainly not before."

A movement among the jury showed the effect of this answer. Carlin waited a few moments to allow the impression to be felt, and then proceeded as before—

"Were you ever in Vernon's house before that day?"

"No, sir; and have never been there since."

"We wish the jury particularly to observe this answer," said Carlin, "as upon this point depends much of our defence." The jury again manifested their attention, and he proceeded—

"I am about to ask you a question, colonel, which I should not ask were it not absolutely necessary to the defence of an innocent man. You need not be very particular as to details; but simply answer 'yes' or 'no' to the question, whether or not it has been understood in your family, up to about the time of this forgery, that Colonel Thorpe was to be your son-in-law?"

"I submit to the court," said Thorpe, rising, whether this is allowable?"

"It seems to be a question of some delicacy," said the judge; "and I will, therefore, leave it to the discretion of the witness to answer it or not."

"I would have preferred not to have my private affairs the subject of discussion here; but since the question has been asked, it might lead to misconception if I refused to answer. I say, therefore, such was the fact; and that about the time stated it ceased to be so. I hope I shall not be required to say more."

"Certainly not, colonel," said Carlin; "I will pass to another point. When did Allen Vernon first enter your house?"

"About two months before this forgery," answered the Colonel.

"That will do. Take the witness." And he sat down.

"Colonel Talbot," said Thorpe coolly, "these gentlemen have wandered from the case. Let us return to it. Please repeat to the jury what you said about this note in the first place?"

Talbot recapitulated his former testimony, giving each point with precision, and telling heavily upon jury and crowd. The excitement of the cross-examination was over—the reaction had come, and Thorpe was calmly and skillfully taking advantage of it. When he told the Colonel to sit down, and announced that the prosecution was through with the testimony—although the cross-examination had been damaging to Thorpe—no one could yet see its bearing, and all considered Vernon's case a hopeless one.

(To be continued.)

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

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## THE HOME COMPANION: A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### A GOOD REPUTATION.

THE young live much in the future. They are fond of gazing into its unknown depths, and of endeavouring to trace the outline, at least, of the fortunes that await them. With ardent hope, with eager expectation, they anticipate the approach of coming years, confident that they will bring to them naught but unalloyed felicity. But they should allow their anticipations of the future to be controlled by a well-balanced judgment, and moderated by the experience of those who have gone before them.

In looking to the future, there is one important inquiry which the young should make: What do I most desire to become in mature life? What position am I anxious to occupy in society? What is the estimation in which I wish to be held by those within the circle of my acquaintance?

The answer to these inquiries, from the great mass of young people, can well be anticipated. There are none among them who desire to be disrespected and shunned by the wise and good; none who are anxious to be covered with disgrace and infamy; none who seek to be outcasts and vagabonds in the world. The thought that they were doomed to such a condition would fill them with alarm.

Every discreet youth will exclaim, "Nothing would gratify me more than to be honoured and respected, as I advance in years; to move in good society; to have people seek my company, rather than shun it; to be looked up to as an example for others to imitate, and to enjoy the confidence of all around me."

Surely there can be none so blind to the future, so lost to their own good, as to prefer a life of infamy, and its ever-accompanying wretchedness, to respectability, prosperity, and true enjoyment. But how are these to be obtained? Respectability, prosperity, the good opinion of community, do not come simply at our bidding. We cannot reach forth our hands and take them, as we pluck the ripe fruit from the bending branch. Neither will wishing or hoping for them shower their blessings upon us. If we would obtain and enjoy them, we must labour for them—EARN them. They are only secured as the well-merited reward of a pure and useful life.

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a GOOD CHARACTER. In all their plans, anticipations, and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting-point—the chief corner-stone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition.

A good character, established in the season of youth, becomes a rich and productive moral soil to its possessor. Planted therein, the Tree of Life will spring forth in vigorous growth. Its roots will strike deep and strong in such a soil, and draw thence the utmost vigour and fruitfulness. Its trunk will grow up in majestic proportions; its wide-spreading branches will be clothed with a green, luxuriant foliage; and at length each limb and bough shall bend beneath the rich, golden fruit, ready to drop into the hand.

Beneath its grateful shade you can find rest and repose, when the heat and burden of life come upon you; and of its delicious fruit you can pluck and eat, and obtain refreshment and strength when the soul becomes wearied with labour and care, or the weight of years. Would you behold such a tree? Remember, it grows alone on the soil of a good reputation. Labour to prepare such a soil.

To a young man, a good character is the best capital he can possess to start

with in life. It is much better, and far more to be depended on than gold. Although money may aid in establishing a young man in business, under favourable circumstances, yet without a good character, he cannot succeed. His want of reputation will undermine the best advantages, and failure and ruin will sooner or later, overtake him with unerring certainty.

When it is known that a young man is well-informed, industrious, attentive to business, economical, strictly temperate and moral, a respecter of the Sabbath, the Bible, and religion, he cannot fail to obtain the good opinion and the confidence of the whole community. He will have friends on every hand, who will take pleasure in encouraging and assisting him. Blessed with health, such a youth cannot fail of success and permanent happiness.

But let it be known that a young man is ignorant, or indolent—that he is neglectful of business, or dishonest—that he is given to intemperance, or disposed to visit places of dissipation, or to associate with vicious companions, and what are his prospects? With either one or more of these evil qualifications fixed upon him, he is hedged out of the path of prosperity.

To cover up such characteristics for a great length of time, is a moral impossibility. Remember this, I beg of you. It is beyond the power of mortals to conceal vicious habits and propensities for any long period. And, when once discovered, who will repose confidence in such a youth? Who will trust him, or encourage him, or countenance him? Who will give him employment? Who will confide anything to his oversight? Who will render him assistance in his business affairs, when he is straitened and in need of the aid of friends?

How can the young secure a good character? Its worth, its importance, its blessings we have seen. Now, how can it be obtained? This is a question worthy the serious consideration of every youth. Let me say, in reply, that a good character cannot be inherited. However respectable and worthy parents may be, their children cannot share in that respect, unless they deserve it by their own merits. If they would inherit their parents' good name they must imitate their parents' virtues.

A good character cannot be purchased with gold. The glitter of gold cannot conceal an evil and crabbed disposition, a selfish soul, a corrupt heart, or vile passions and propensities. A good character cannot be obtained by simply wishing for it. It is only by persevering industry and patient toil, contented to take one step at a time, that his wish is gratified, and the good character secured.

Let the young fix their eyes upon this prize of a good reputation—the only end worth striving for in life. Let them studiously avoid evil practices, corrupt associates, and vicious examples. Let them patiently and faithfully lay the foundations of virtuous habits, and practice the lessons of wisdom and the precepts of religion, and in due time the prize shall be theirs. The spotless wreath of a virtuous character shall rest upon their brow, and the commendation, the confidence, and the good-will of man shall accompany them.

### MY BOOK.

Come out, old honest friend—"my book,"  
This winter night, so drear and cold;  
Come out—from out thy dusty nook—  
And talk to me as wont of old:  
My lamp grown dim, I will retrim;  
My fire shall be renewed, I trow;  
For this is meet when two friends greet—  
And such two friends as I and thou.

My life has changed since last we met;  
Thou'lt mind, I think, that summer time  
When, every hour, my heart was set  
To music breathed in thy sweet rhyme:  
My life has changed—yet still a place  
My heart has sacred kept for thee;  
And, of all other friends, no face  
Than thine to-night would welcome be.

Nor is this strange, when I reflect  
How thoughtless late I've been of thee,  
Who always, spite of my neglect,  
Has proved so true a friend to me;  
Who always had a word of cheer,  
Just fitting for my mood of mind,  
And one that I believed sincere,  
As it was ever warm and kind.

Then leave old friend, thy dusty place;  
Come, bring to-night back "other days,"  
And, sitting here, thus face to face,  
Rechant to me thy charming lays;  
For they have power, thou knowest, of old,  
To take from me all fear of ill,  
And, by their tenderness, to mould  
My stubborn passions to their will.

**THE ROSE.**—The rose in all countries, and in all times, has been held as the queen of flowers. The name, as it came to us, is from the Greek *rhodon*; it has relation to the colour, red. The Greeks took their impressions of the rose, and matters of state in the vegetable kingdom, from the Egyptians, Persians, and other nations of Asia. Everywhere it is the type of beauty and love. The Greeks had more taste than imagination, and they found in their beautiful fables the luxuriant growth of Oriental fancy. They have this tradition:—The god of Love made a present to Harpocrates, the god of Silence, of a beautiful rose, the first that had been known, to engage him not to discover any of the secrets of his mother, Venus; and hence it has become a custom to have a rose placed in their rooms of mirth and entertainment, that under the assurance thereof, they might lay aside all restraint, and speak what they pleased. Thus did the rose become a symbol of silence, and *sub rosa*, under the rose, denotes as much as to be out of danger of any disclosure. In India, and other portions of the East, the rose was beauty, and its perfume made it in their imaginations, a match for the sweetest of nature's music; and hence the nightingale was married to the rose. Flowers are delightful to all. The tasteful Athenians, who had a market for the sale of them, were obliged to pass sumptuary laws to restrain the extravagance of purchasers. Such was the passion in every mind in the East for flowers, that from them has been made a universal language of friendship, affection, and love. It is one of no difficult acquirement, and fragments have been diffused far and wide. Roses are ornaments of the altar of Hyman, and vases of lilies are placed upon the grave of youth and innocence.

## ONWARD!

**SCIENTIFIC BALLOON ASCENT.**—The second balloon ascent for scientific purposes, under the direction of the Kew Committee of the Council of the British Association was lately made from Vauxhall, in the Nassau Balloon—Mr. Green being again the driver. The ascent took place at 20 minutes before 5 in the evening; and the observers, Messrs. Welch and Nicklin, remained up nearly three hours—the descent being safely effected about five or six miles from the Boxmoor station, at 35 minutes past 7. The greatest altitude attained was somewhat less than on the former occasion—being 19,000 feet; and the lowest temperature experienced was the same,—viz. 7° of Fahrenheit. The air at this altitude was found to be extremely dry.

**AUSTRALIAN GOLD.**—The *Duchess of Northumberland* has arrived from Sydney with 4,694 ounces of gold, valued at £18,200. The *Nelson* has arrived from Melbourne with 23,000 ounces. The *Derwent* has arrived with 2,684 ounces, valued at £10,786. The *Vanguard* sailed on the 16th of the same month with 15,465 ounces, valued at £61,860; and another is on her way with 85,000 ounces of gold, which, at the price of 80s. per ounce, would be equal to about £340,000. Great difficulty was experienced in obtaining a sufficient number of hands to navigate the vessels to England, and the *Vanguard* had been obliged to pay as much as from £45 to £50 per man for the run home.

**DISCOVERY OF A NEW PLANET.**—Mr. Hind, of Mr. Bishop's Observatory, Regent's-park, has discovered another planet, being the sixth he has detected during the past five years, a sufficient proof that the members of the planetary system must be far more numerous than was formerly supposed. It is in the constellation Aquarius, and will be readily seen with a telescope of very ordinary power. In brightness it equals a star of the ninth magnitude, and appears to have the same yellowish tinge that has been noticed about Pallas, Melpomene, and others of the same group of planets. At 11h. 36m. 38sec., Greenwich mean time (Aug. 22), its right ascension was 22h. 22m. 29.7sec., and its north polar distance 97° 32' 14"; the diurnal motion in right ascension is 53sec. towards the west, and in N. P. D. about 6m. towards the south.

**PROGRESS IN AUSTRALIA.**—Australia, Emigration, and Gold, are still the great topics. The emigration is assuming the dimensions of an Exodus. About forty vessels, varying from 500 to 2,000 tons, have recently sailed to the different provinces of Australia, laden with eager and happy emigrants—and it is to be observed that these forty vessels are the contribution of three ports only—London, Liverpool, and Plymouth—to the noble fleet of merchantmen which now cover the seas between England and Australia engaged in conveying the surplus labour of the Old Country to the vacant fields of the New. From most of the other ports of England and Scotland, an Australian emigration is also in progress. From the Clyde there is already a steady efflux; and we observe that even Sunderland has added an Australian liner to the crowd of rough and dusky colliers which cluster about the outlet of her famous Wear River. It is computed that, taking a series of weeks together, the emigration from the United Kingdom to all parts of Australia amounts to more than 4,000 souls per week. At such a rate, the annual drain upon the home population would be more than 200,000 persons: and it is not improbable that the total emigration of the present year from all parts of the United Kingdom may approach towards half-a-million of souls. This is a prodigious fact;—and it will produce consequences which not the most sagacious person amongst us can foretell, even in their most immediate bearings. We are gratified to observe, that the policy of helping hale and industrious paupers to proceed to Australia by loans or donations from the parish, is receiving some share of the attention which it deserves. Where the applicant for relief is willing to undertake the voyage, and is eligible as an emigrant, a few pounds spent in providing him with a passage is, beyond all question, the best form in which the cause of charity can be served and the competition for wages lessened. Up to the present time gold does not appear to have been discovered in the province of South Australia, the capital of which is Adelaide; but the latest newspapers from that capital are filled with accounts and rejoicings connected with the successful issue of an attempt made by Captain Tolmer, one of the Police Commissioners of the colony, to explore a practicable overland route from Adelaide to the Diggings at Mount Alexander, in the province of Victoria,—that is, the province or district known until last year as the Melbourne, or Port Philip, district. Captain Tolmer appears to have successfully carried through his scheme in February last; and the result is, that a route or line of march well supplied with water, about 338 miles in length, and which Captain Tolmer traversed in eight days, has been opened out between the Port of Adelaide and the Gold regions. On this route a Government escort is to be established for the conveyance of gold, at the rate of 2 per cent. on the value; and Captain Tolmer began the traffic by carrying back with him to Adelaide upwards of a quarter of a ton of the precious metal. A newspaper before us gives a long list of the names of the persons from, and to whom the multitude of small packages making up this quarter of a ton of gold were addressed:—and some very curious speculations are suggested on running the eye over this matter-of-fact invoice. There are no ladies among the consignees,—but nearly all the consignees are of the gentle sex. Husbands, brothers, lovers, appear to have gone to the diggings,—and have dedicated the first-fruits of their good fortune to those near connections of the other sex who would not follow them to the rude scenes of the new Colonies. This is a gratifying fact, and tends to elevate our opinion of the rougher sex.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## CHARACTER.

The angels sang in heaven when she was born.—*Longfellow*.  
Devoted, anxious, generous, void of guile,  
And with her whole heart's welcome in her smile.—*Mrs. Norton*.

## CHARITY.

Gold is no good, but if it be spend;  
God giveth gold for none other end.—*Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar*.

Charity ever  
Finds in the act reward, and needs no trumpet  
In the receiver.—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage*.

It was sufficient that his wants were known,  
True charity makes others' wants their own.  
*Robert Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort*.

For true charity  
Though ne'er so secret finds a just reward.—*May's Old Couple*.

For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping.—*Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra*.

Nothing truly can be term'd mine own  
But what I make mine own by using well.  
Those deeds of charity which we have done  
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth  
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep;  
The other is not ours.—*Middleton*.

'Mongst all your virtues  
I see not charity written, which some call  
The first-born of religion; and I wonder  
I cannot see it in yours. Believe it, sir,  
There is no virtue can be sooner miss'd,  
Or later welcomed; it begins the rest,  
And sets them all in order.—*Ibid*.

Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.—*Shakespeare's Lear*.

Think not, the good,  
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,  
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the prisoner,  
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,  
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,  
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee.—*Rowe's Jane Shore*.

How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,  
And court the offices of soft humanity!  
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,  
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,  
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!—*Ibid*.

Great minds, like heaven, are pleas'd in doing good,  
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
Are barren in return.—*Rowe's Tamerlane*.

The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.—*Dryden's Don Sebastian*.

Is there a variance? enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses left the place,  
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.—*Pope's Moral Essays*.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity.  
All must be false that thwart this one great end;  
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.—*Pope's Essay on Man*.

Self-love thus push'd to social,—to divine,  
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.  
Is this too little for the boundless heart?  
Extend it—let thine enemies have part,  
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,  
In one close system of benevolence:  
Happier as kinder, in what'er degree;  
And height of bliss but height of charity.—*Ibid*.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens soft white hands;—  
This is the best crop for thy lands;  
A heritage it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.—*J. R. Lowell*.



PARLOUR PASTIME.

*A Curious Chemical Experiment, called the Tree of Diana.*

MAKE an amalgam, without heat, of two drams of leaf-silver with one dram of quicksilver. Dissolve this amalgam in two ounces, or a sufficient quantity, of pure nitrous acid of a moderate strength; dilute the solution in about a pound and a half of distilled water, agitate the mixture, and preserve it for use in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. When you would make your tree, put into a phial the quantity of an ounce of the above preparation, and add to it about the size of a pea of an amalgam of gold or silver as soft as butter: the vessel must then be left at rest, and soon afterwards small filaments appear to issue out of the ball of amalgam, which quickly increase, and shoot out branches in the form of shrubs. A metallic arboration, somewhat similar, may be produced in the following manner:—Dissolve a little sugar of lead in water, and fill a phial with the solution. Pass a wire through the cork, and affix to the upper part of the wire a small bit of silver or zinc, in such a manner that it may be immersed in the solution not far from its surface. Set the phial in some place where it may remain undisturbed, and in about twenty-four hours you will perceive the lead beginning to shoot round the wire. This process will continue going on slowly till you have a beautiful metallic tree. If you have a wide-mouthed phial, or glass jar, the experiment may be pleasingly diversified, by arranging the wire in various forms.

REBUSES.

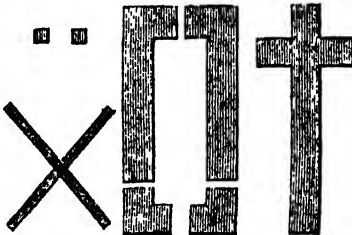
I.  
A venomous insect, if transposed,  
Will name the juice of a tree;  
And if one letter more you add,  
A desile you will see.

II.  
A mechanical power, read backwards, will make  
A feast of which I have no wish to partake.—ANNA S. H.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

THE PUZZLE OF THE CROSS.

Cut out of a single piece of paper, and with one cut of the scissors, a PERFECT CROSS, and all the other forms in the annexed engraving:



CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why was Titian's fat daughter Mary, like William Cobbett?
2. Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old woman?
3. In which month do ladies talk least?
4. What is the difference between fish alive, and live fish?
5. Why is an old woman who cannot work, like a young woman who can work and does work?
6. Why is a wall-eye like a note of interrogation?
7. Why is an egg underdone like the same overdone?
8. What town in Devonshire will denote a woman making a wry face?
9. Why is a pig like the letter N?
10. Why is Paris like the letter F?
11. What snuff-taker is that, whose box gets the fuller the more snuff he takes?
12. Why is a clergyman unlikely to be an impartial critic on dramatic performance?
13. Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?
14. Why is the letter S like a furnace in a battery?
15. How many sides are there to a tree?
16. Why is a lover like a crow?
17. Why is a pig with a curled tail like the ghost in "Hamlet"?
18. Why is a town in Essex like a noisy dog?
19. Where did the Emperor Napoleon stand when he landed at St. Helena?
20. What is that which is too much for one; enough for two; but worse than nothing for three?
21. Which is the greatest Friday in the year?
22. What word is that, which, when a letter is taken from it, makes you sick?
23. Why are Dissenters like vermin?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

I.  
If I can plant with seventeen trees  
Twice fourteen rows, in each row three,  
A friend of mine I then shall please,  
Who says he'll give them all to me.

II.  
A country woman carrying eggs to a garrison where she had three guards to pass, sold at the first half the number she had, and half an egg more; at the second, the half of what remained, and half an egg more; and at the third, the half of the remainder and half an egg more. When she arrived at the garrison, she had three dozen still to sell. How was this possible, without breaking any of the eggs?

TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SIX OF DIAMONDS.—CUTTING CAPERS.

CHARADES.

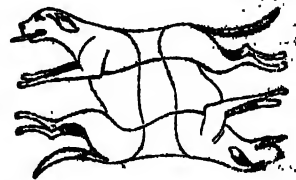
I.  
A word which signifies to make additions,  
That which the letter d from f partitions,  
Together with the French for ugly placed,  
Will name a queen whose presence Bushey graced.

II.  
My first at the work-table often is used,  
And for clothing in winter is seldom refused:  
Of my second was told many wonderful tales,  
When fairies and elves flitted by on the gales:  
My whole on a map of Old England you'll see;  
'Tis a small town of Kent, and not far from the sea.

ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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PICTORIAL CHARADE.—CAR PET.



PRACTICAL PUZZLE:

See now the four lines. "Tally-ho!"  
We've touch'd the dogs, and away they go!

ENIGMA:

The sun's bright rays pour'd down on  
Rome's campaign, (1)  
And saw Queen Mary by her sister  
slain. (2)  
The sun looks down on every faithful  
friend, (3)  
And of most battles sees the various  
end. (4)  
Its rays were "quite eclipsed" when Zion  
blazed, (5)  
Six centuries ago. On wretched Poles,  
amazed, (6)  
And many famous men, (7) its rays looked  
down,  
Smiling on freedom's signs, and science's  
crown. (8)  
Its beams beheld the prisoner doom'd, but  
yet, (9)  
They fell not where the hapless Edward  
slept. (10)  
Peter, Caractacus, and many more, (11)  
Met death in daylight, as they did of  
yore. (12)  
Peruvians worship still the "greater  
light," (13)  
Which well assists each cockney trades-  
man's sight. (14)

Artists on sun-beams date. (15) But a  
dark midnight  
Did Paul and Mahomet effect their  
flight. (16)  
On Austrian plains Napoleon bless'd the  
sun, (17)  
As Joshua on Gibeon had also done. (18)  
"The night-blowing carous," a splendid  
sower. (19)  
Blooms after twilight, in some midnight  
hour. (20)  
Short winter's days. (21) But the patient  
sun  
Delights in morning fêtes, and sees stern  
justice done. (22)  
By daylight did Penelope her weaving  
do. (23)  
At night the whole day's work she'd  
undo. (24)  
Happy are men, bless'd by the sun's warm  
rays, (25)  
Yet know not when that when that sun  
will end his days. (26)  
Its glories light will not in heaven be  
known. (27)  
For God hath promised us a brighter  
His own. (28)

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

If necessity is the mother of invention, who is the father?

Nothing is so dangerous as to pretend to be in love with a woman—the reality is sure to follow.

When a man is a little pale, thoughts of kicking the bucket naturally suggest themselves.

How many fine hats serve as a cover for worthless heads, and how many painted shirt-bosoms cover a hollow cavern where a heart should be lodged!

A dog with a wooden leg was seen lately in St. Charles-street, New Orleans, getting along quite comfortably.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Lucy, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't live now, I'm married," replied the girl.

Mrs. Grumphy thinks that there are now so many books, that the people need not take the trouble to think at all, as they can find all they want to say in the books.

When a Kentucky judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honour?" he replied, "If the court understand herself, and she think she do, it are!"

An Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his own father, replied, "Yes, sure enough, he's the parent iv me; but he trades me as if I was his son by another father and mother!"

Poetry permits her votaries to indulge in many metaphorical ideas, but the latest one we have met is positively the most original. Hear!

"With eye of fire, majestic he rose,  
And spoke divinely through his double-barrell'd nose."

A person asking Diogenes what was the best dinner-hour, was answered "Any hour." "Nay," said the man, "any hour will not suit rich and poor too." "But it will, though," retorted the philosopher; "a rich man can dine any hour that he likes; but a poor man, any hour that he can."

PRINTING versus PUBLISHING.—A young lady explained to a printer the other day the distinction between printing and publishing; and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said, "You may print a kiss upon my cheek, but you must not publish it."

"Here's your money, dolt. Now, you intolerable jackass, tell me why your soundreilly master wrote me eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?" said an exasperated debtor. "I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it were because seventeen letters didn't fetch the cheese!"

A hen-pecked husband, whose wife must have been an exceedingly "emancipated" female, and splendidly qualified to lecture upon the "woman's rights" question, wrote the following epitaph after her demise:

"Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Betsey Rhett,  
Who was a whole team and horse to let!"

SCENE ON BOARD AN ATLANTIC STEAMER.—"Can I do anything for you in Europe, Mr. Smith?" "Yes—send me an elephant." "By mail?" "Yes—but if males are scarce, a female will do." "Shall I put it in a box, or do it up in a piece of paper?" "Why, as you would not think of sending an elephant without his trunk, suppose you put the elephant into the trunk!"

It was always considered a great affair for a youth to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. This is the way it was done by one promising sprout:—"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days, they just made a hole in both ends, and sucked."

DEFINITION OF A HUSBAND.—The English language is a copious one. If we had not been previously aware of the fact, it would have been made evident to our understanding by reading the following paragraph in a Scotch paper:—"What is a husband? Hear a lady's definition. 'He is,' said she, 'a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy froward, cross, gruffy, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, dry, brutish, fierce, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, towzily, fractious, rugged, blustering, capitious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, maundering, upish, grating, frumpish, humorsome, envious dog in a manger, who neither eats himself nor lets others eat.'"

GOOD.—In company, an English lady, half jocularly of course, attributed a very polite readiness for wine to the fair daughters of Erin. "I believe that in Ireland," she observed, "it is quite customary for a lady, if she only catches the eye of a gentleman earnestly directed to her at the dinner-table, to say, 'Port, if you please.' Promptitude is the order of the day." "Yes," replied the Irish lady, not over-pleased with the insinuation, and determined to repay it with interest, "and the promptitude takes another direction in your country, madam." "How do you mean?" "Why, when an English lady finds a gentleman's eye upon her at the table, I understand she averts her countenance, and blushing, says in her gentlest tones, 'You must ask papa!'"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

BLUE DRESSES.—The beautiful ultramarine blue prints (cotton) which have been so much worn, is fixed by an ingenious process, that may be thus briefly described. The blue is mixed with white of egg, which, in the raw state, is perfectly soluble in water; it is then put into the steam-chest in the usual way, when the white of egg is, so to speak, boiled, and being then insoluble in water, the colour is fixed. The most beautiful goods exhibiting the greatest variety of design and colours, are obtained by this process of printing with steam colours, and subsequently with blocks, in the manner of block-printing.—*Art Journal*.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SYMPATHY.—Happy, thrice happy, the families in whose narrow circle no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—no glance, no smile can be unreturned—and where friends say to each other daily, with notions rather than words,—"Thy joys, thy happiness, are mine too." Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly encloses the weary pilgrim of earth, which collects around the friendly blazing hearth—the old man, leaning on the staff, the strong middle-aged man, the loving wife, and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a day passed in innocence with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON UPON THE WEATHER.—A Paris astronomer has published the results of twenty years' observations upon the influence of the moon upon the weather. From the new moon to the first quarter it rained (during the period of twenty years embraced in the calculations) 764 days; from the first quarter to the full moon it rained 845 days; from the full moon to the last quarter it rained 761 days; and from the last quarter to the new moon it rained 696 days. So that during the moon's increase there were 1,609 rainy days, and during her decrease only 1,457—a difference of 152 days. This difference is more likely to have been accidental than the result of any natural cause, and the conclusion which we derive from the statement is, that the moon has no influence upon the weather.

FREQUENT DRINKING.—Labourers in the fields, in hot weather, who are always drinking and yet always dry, would do well to try Major Denham's plan, instead of pouring down their throats such quantities of beer and cyder, the money expended in which would obtain for them a nourishing meal of beef or mutton. For health and strength, in regard to drink, the half is better than the whole. Frequent drinking after the sun has risen, should always be avoided; it causes the same sickness, drooping, and thirst in the animal, that may be observed in the vegetable kingdom. Plants may be completely saturated with water at night, and will preserve their freshness through the whole of the following day, though exposed to the sun; but if slightly watered in the morning, how different is their appearance! So it is with man. During the whole of our desert travelling, on going to rest, I always drank freely, seldom venturing to put the cup again to my lips till the following night; yet I suffered less from the heat and thirst than my companions, who usually drank during the day.

"DARE forsake what you deem wrong;

Dare to walk in wisdom's way;

Dare to give where gifts belong;

Dare God's precepts to obey.

"Do what conscience says is right;

Do what reason says is best;

Do with willing mind and heart;

Do your duty, and be blest."

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—The main temperature of England may be taken as follows:—in the month of January, 47 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer; and April, 47; in July, 69; and in October 46 degrees. The average temperature of one year with another is found not to vary more than 4½ degrees. The heat of London is about 2 degrees greater than that of the surrounding country; and there are places in Devonshire, Cornwall, and other parts of the south coast, where the heat is as much as seven degrees above the average. Penzance is believed to be the place least visited by the cold. The largest proportion of rain falls in the north west of England, particularly in Westmoreland and Lancashire, owing to the neighbourhood of those counties to the sea, and the height of their mountains, which attract the clouds. The quantity of rain there is often double of what falls elsewhere: but the mean quantity of rain falling throughout England may be taken at 1,483 inches in January; 1,786 inches in April; 2,516 inches in July; and 2,078 inches in October.

THE MORNING AIR.—There is something in the morning air that, while it defies the penetration of our proud and shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigour to the whole frame—the freshness of the lip, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest marks of health. If ye would be well, therefore—if ye would have your heart dancing gladly, like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook—up with the lark—"the merry lark," as Shakespeare calls it, which is "the ploughman's clock," to warn him of the dawn; up and breakfast on the morning air—fresh with the odour of budding flowers and all the fragrance of the maiden spring;—up from your nerve-destroying down bed, and from the foul air, pent within your close drawn curtains, and, with the sun, "walk o'er the dew of yon high eastern hills." But we must defend the morning air from the aspersions of those who sit in their clove, off-settles, and talk of the chilling dew and the unwholesome damps of the dawn. We have all the facts in our favour that the fresh of the morning is uniformly wholesome; and, having the facts, we pitch such shallow philosophy to fools who have nothing else for a foot-ball.







### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS:—No. 22.**  
**Preserving Fruit.**—The grand secret of preserving is to deprive the fruit of its water of vegetation in the shortest time possible; for which purpose the fruit ought to be gathered just at the point of proper maturity. An ingenious French writer considers fruit of all kinds as having four distinct periods of maturity—the maturity of vegetation, of honeyfication, of expectation, and of coction. The first of these he considers as the period when, having gone through the various vegetable processes up to the ripening, it appears ready to drop spontaneously. This, however, is a period which arrives sooner in the warm climate of France than in the colder orchards of England; but its absolute presence may be ascertained by the general falling out of the rind, by the bloom, by the smell, and by the facility with which it may be plucked from the branch. But even in France, as generally practised in England, this period may be hastened, either by cutting circularly through the outer rind at the foot of the branch, so as to prevent the return of the sap, or by bending the branch to a horizontal position on an espalier, which nearly answers the same purpose. The second period, or that of honeyfication, consists in the ripeness and flavour which fruits of all kinds acquire if plucked a few days before arriving at their first maturity, and preserved under a proper degree of temperature. Apples may acquire or arrive at this second degree of maturity upon the tree, but it too often happens that the flavour of the fruit is thus lost, for fruit over ripe is always found to have parted with a portion of its flavour. The third stage, or of expectation, as the theorist quaintly terms it, is that which is acquired by pulpy fruits, which, though sufficiently ripe to drop off the tree are yet even then hard and sour. This is the case with several kinds both of apples and pears, not to mention other fruits, which always improve after keeping in the confectionery,—but with respect to the medlar and the quince this maturity of expectation is absolutely necessary. The fourth degree of maturity, or of coction, is completely artificial, and is nothing more nor less than the change produced upon fruit by the aid of culinary heat. We have already pointed out the first object necessary in the preservation of fruit, its maturity of vegetation; and we may apply the same principle to flowers or leaves which may be gathered for use. The flowers ought to be gathered a day or two before the petals are ready to drop off spontaneously on the setting of the fruit; and the leaves must be plucked before the season has begun to rob them of their vegetable juices. The degree of heat necessary for the purpose of drying must next be considered, as it differs considerably with respect to different substances. Flowers or aromatic plants require the smallest increase of heat beyond the temperature of the season, provided that season be genial: something more for rinds or roots, and a greater heat for fruits; but this heat must not be carried to excess. Philosophic confectioners may avail themselves of the thermometer; but practice forms the best guide in this case, and therefore we shall say, without speaking of degrees of Fahrenheit or Reaumur, that if the necessary heat for flowers is one, that for rinds or roots must be one and a quarter, that for fruits one and three quarters, or nearly double of what one may be above the freezing point.

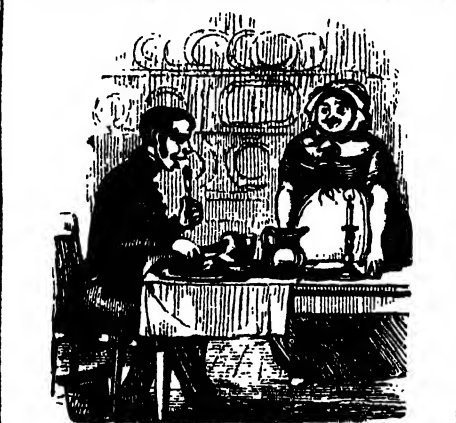
**LOVE OF BURIAL PLACES.**—E. R.—The feeling is no doubt poetical, as may be proved from the many celebrated men who have signalled their love of gardens and shrubberies, by causing themselves to be buried in them. Flaubert was interred in the groves of Académie; Sir William Temple gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and then placed under a sun-dial opposite his library window. Rousseau was buried in the Island of Poplars, in the garden of Ermenonville; Horne Tooke was buried in his own garden; Bismarck often walked to a fountain in the Island of St. Helena, and said to his confidential companions, "If it is destined that I die on this rock, let me be buried in this place," pointing to some willows near the fountain he so frequently visited.

**EATING.**—E. B.—Every animal eats as much as it can procure, and as much as it can hold. A cow eats but to sleep, and sleeps but to eat; and content with eating all day long, "twice it lays the table," and eats its dinner over again. A whale swallows ten millions of living shrimps at a draught; a nursing canary-bird eats its own bulk in a day; and a caterpillar eats five hundred times its weight before it lies down to rise a butterfly. The mouse and the maggot eat the very world in which they live, they pebble and build in their own roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to sciatitis. Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcass of Captain Cochrane's Siberian friend, who eats 40lbs of meat, with 20lbs. of rice porridge at a sitting?—Go to!—this will answer you.

**EMPIRICISM.**—N. F.—We cannot say, but as you state it, we think it would be better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in this kingdom, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king; at length an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: "Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it, an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot."

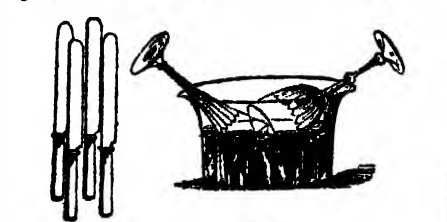
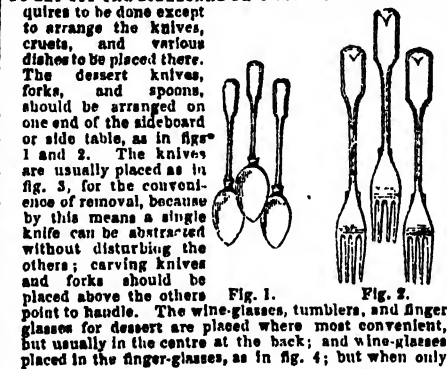
**GURRA PRACHA.**—L. E.—Being impervious to water, it is better to use it in winter than summer for soles, and then the risk is not so great of its detaching itself from the portion of the leather to which it may have adhered. Its applications are almost endless, not only to the useful purposes of life, but even science has, in several instances, laid it under contribution to its advancement. Being one of the most powerful negative electrics, it may be used for insulating positive electric surfaces, or for developing quantities in place of the glass cylinder. A thin sheet of it wrapped round a bottle or wooden cylinder, and turned by hand, will give a copious supply of the fluid for experiment. From the plasticity of its character at a certain heat, it is capable of taking any form, from the minutest ornament of the lady's boudoir up to that most formidable and elastic instrument of destruction known as

live, they pebble and build in their own roast beef; and the hyena, for want of better, eats himself. Yet a maggot has not the gout, and a whale is not subject to sciatitis. Nor does Captain Lyon inform us that an Esquimaux is troubled with the tooth-ache, dyspepsia, or hysterics, though he eats ten pounds of seal, and drinks a gallon of oil at a meal, and though his meal lasts as long as his meat. But if eating is to produce diseases, which of all the nosology would be absent from the carcass of Captain Cochrane's Siberian friend, who eats 40lbs of meat, with 20lbs. of rice porridge at a sitting?—Go to!—this will answer you.



A LIFE PRESERVER.

**TO LAY OUT THE SIDEBOARD ON TRAY.—E. F.**—Little requires to be done except to arrange the knives, cruets, and various dishes to be placed there. The dessert knives, forks, and spoons, should be arranged on one end of the sideboard or side table, as in figs 1 and 2. The knives are usually placed as in fig. 3, for the convenience of removal, because by this means a single knife can be abstracted without disturbing the others; carving knives and forks should be placed above the others, as in fig. 4; but when only



one glass is used, that is placed in the centre, mouth downwards. At very large or fashionable dinners, the finger-glasses are sometimes placed on the dinner table with the plain and coloured wine-glasses in them, and the same reloaded, are placed on again at dessert. The cruet, sauce, &c., are placed at one end, and the vegetable, &c., in the centre front of the sideboard.

**COWARDICE.**—C. U.—That cowardice is indelible which the love of power cannot overcome. In the heat and frenzy of the French revolution, the contentions of place and power never sustained the smallest diminution; appointments and offices were never pursued with more eagerness and intrigue, than when the heads of those who gained them, had they been held on merely by pieces of sticking plaster, could not have sat more loosely on their shoulders. Demagogues sprung up like mushrooms, and the crop seemed to be fertilized by blood; although it repeatedly happened that the guillotine had finished the favourite, before the plasterer had finished the model, and that the original was dead, before the bust was dry.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—P. A.** (Just as water burns potassium, calcium, &c., so it heats all other alkaline bodies, by imparting its oxygen to them; and this union and loss of bulk is the cause of earthquakes, volcanoes, hot-springs, &c.). **M. A.** (No; it is unjust for any employer to occupy a servant's time for which he does not pay). **A. BUILDING** (the Moorish arch is described by centres above the base line). **C. U.** (one-half die before the age of twenty-six, and two-thirds before that of fifty). **L. R.** (worms increase as moles are destroyed, mice as owls are shot, and rats, mice, &c., as foxes are diminished). **A. NATURALIST** (all countries have their peculiar insects; those of China differ from those of Europe and Africa. Those on the east and west sides of the Andes are different). **J. W.** (No; waste and increased density reduces every hundred tons of pig-iron to seventy of wrought-iron). **P. L.** (butter is half or two-thirds sweet). **R. A.** (shells consist of carbonate of lime and animal gluten). **M. A.** (all enamel paintings to be perfect, should be in copper or gold). **C. L.** (the art of sacred interpretation is called *exegesis*). **P. F.** (No; excessive fermentation is always injurious to liquors). **P. C. A.** (the most famous museum in Italy is that in the Vatican). **IMAGINER** (atmospheric tides are certain periodical changes in the atmosphere, similar to those of the ocean, and produced from nearly the same causes; of this description are the equinoctial gales). **A. B. C.** (it will go out otherwise. A constant draught of air is necessary to support a fire). **P. C.** (the beautiful colour of the ruby is caused by its chromic acid). **THOMAS** (*ciclosis* is an Italian word signifying one who dangles about females). **D. A.** (No; animal food is the most required in the decline of life). **E. F.** (fore-shortening is an artistic term used in painting, signifying the art of correctly conveying to the mind the impression of the entire length of an object, when represented as viewed in an oblique or receding position). **C. L.** (we believe English glue is universally allowed to be the best in the world). **E. F.** (No, the Gothic language is not entirely extinct, for fragments of it are found in our own). **JOCKY** (Yes; the temper of a horse may be known by his physiognomy, as well as that of a man, and we would advise you, if you can, always to avoid a quarrel with one that has a frowning look). **P. A. R.** (No; the proper essence of melody lies in its expression, which must be in accordance with the nature of its subject). **E. A.** (the stamp duty on newspapers used to be fourpence; it is now a penny; and the duty on each advertisement used to be three shillings and sixpence, which is now reduced to one shilling and sixpence). **J. W. S.** (It is the wood of the Norway fir that is called white deal). **R. M.** (metal pins were not known in England till the 16th century). **P. C. S.** (it is not all gold that glitters, and although the news from "the diggings" is remarkably dazzling, still there may be a good deal more brass in it, than real gold. No doubt some fortunes have been luckily found, but many more have been lucklessly searched for). **C. R. C.** (the lines are by the elegant Lovelace:—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet, take  
That for an hermitage.")

**S. R.** (Yes; in some cities of America females are employed as compositors). **P. C.** (it takes three thousand loads of timber to build a 74 gun s.s.). **DAVID** (all winged insects undergo some kind of metamorphosis). **E. L.** (the ignis fatuus is occasioned by an ascent from the ground of phosphuretted hydrogen gas, decomposed from animal and vegetable remains, whose own motions ignite it in the air. It is vulgarly called *Will o' the Wisp*, or *Jack o' Lantern*).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Bolt-court, London, and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 48.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"And she vanished into the side of the boat."*

## UNDINE: A MINIATURE ROMANCE.

(Continued from page 742.)

"We have no occasion for your fish," said Huldbrand, accosting her; "we are this moment setting out on a journey."

Upon this the fish-girl began to weep bitterly; and then it was that the young couple first perceived it was Bertalda. They immediately returned with her to their apartment, when she informed them, that, owing to her unfeeling and violent conduct of the preceding day, the duke and duchess had been so displeased with her, as entirely to withdraw from her their protection, though not before giving her a generous portion. The fisherman, too, had received a handsome gratuity, and had, the evening before, set out with his wife for his beloved peninsula.

"I would have gone with them," she pursued, "but the old fisherman, who I called my father—"

"He certainly is your father, Bertalda," said Undine, interrupting her. "Pray consider what I tell you: the stranger, whom you took for the master of the water-works, gave me all the particulars. He wished to dissuade me from taking you with me to Castle Ringstetten, and therefore disclosed to me the whole mystery."

"Well, then," continued Bertalda, "my father—if it must needs be so—my father said, 'I will not take you with me until your mind and manners are changed. If you will venture to come to us alone through the ill-omened forest, that shall be a proof of your having some regard for us. But come not to me as a lady; come merely as a fish-girl.'—I am determined, therefore, to do just what he commanded me; for since I am abandoned by all the world, I will live and die in solitude, a poor fish-girl, with parents equally poor. The forest, indeed, appears very terrible to me. Horrible spectres make it their haunt, and I am so timorous. But how can I help it? I have only come here at this early hour, to beg the noble lady of Ringstetten to pardon my unbecoming behaviour of yesterday. Dear madam, I have the fullest persuasion that you meant to do me a kindness, but you were not aware how severely you would wound and injure me; and this was the reason that, in my agony and surprise, so many rash and frantic expressions burst from my lips. Forgive me—ah, forgive me! I am in truth so unhappy already. Only consider what I was but yesterday morning, what I was even at the beginning of your yesterday's festival, and what I am at the present moment!"

Her words now became inarticulate, lost in a passionate flow of tears, while Undine, bitterly weeping with her, fell upon her neck. So powerful was her emotion, that it was a long time before she could utter a word. At length she said:

"Dearest Bertalda, do not despair; you shall still go with us to Ringstetten; all shall remain just as we lately arranged it; only, in speaking to me, pray continue to use the familiar and affectionate terms that we have

been wont to use, and do not pain me with the sound of 'madam' and 'noble lady' any more. Consider, we were changed for each other, when we were children, even then we were united by a like fate, and we will strengthen this union with such close affection as no human power shall dissolve. Only, first of all, you must go with us to Ringstetten. As to the manner in which we shall share our sisterly enjoyments, we will leave that to be talked over after we arrive."

Bertalda looked up to Huldbrand with timid inquiry. He pitied her in her affliction, took her hand, and begged her, with the greatest tenderness, to entrust herself to him and his wife.

"We will send a message to your parents," continued he, "giving them the reason why you have not come;"—and he would have added more about his worthy friends of the peninsula, when, perceiving that Bertalda shrank in distress at the mention of them, he waived the subject. He took her under the arm, lifted her first into the carriage, then Undine, and was soon trotting blithely beside them; so persevering was he, too, in urging forward their driver, that in a short time they had left the limits of the city, and with these a crowd of painful recollections; and now the ladies experienced a satisfaction more and more exquisite, as their carriage rolled on through the picturesque scenes which their progress was continually presenting.

After a journey of some days, they arrived, on a fine evening, at Castle Ringstetten. The young knight being much engaged with the overseers and menials of his establishment, Undine and Bertalda were left alone. Eager for novelty, they took a walk upon the high rampart of the fortress, and were charmed with the delightful landscape, which fertile Suabia spread around them. While they were viewing the scene, a tall man drew near, who greeted them with respectful civility, and who seemed to Bertalda much to resemble the director of the city fountain. Still less was the resemblance to be mistaken, when Undine, indignant at his intrusion, waved him off with an air of menace; while he, shaking his head, retreated with rapid strides, as he had formerly done, then glided among the trees of a neighbouring grove, and disappeared.

"Do not be terrified, Bertalda," said Undine; "the odious monster of the fountain shall do you no harm this time." And then she related to her the particulars of her history, and who she was herself,—how Bertalda had been taken away from the people of the peninsula, and Undine substituted in her place. This relation at first filled the young woman with amazement and alarm; she imagined her friend must be seized with a sudden alienation of mind. But, from the consistency of her story, she became more and more convinced that all was true, it so well agreed with her former adventures, and still more from that inward feeling, with which truth never fails to make itself known to us. She could not but view it as an extraordinary circumstance, that she was herself now living, as it were, in the midst of one of those wild fictions of romance which she had formerly heard related for mere amusement. She gazed upon Undine with awe, but could not avoid feeling a shudder, which seemed to separate her from her friend; and she could not but be extremely astonished when the knight, at their evening repast, showed himself so kind and affectionate towards a being who appeared, after the discoveries just made, more to resemble a phantom of the spirit-world than one of the human race.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE WRITER of this history, because it touches his own heart, and because he wishes it may equally move the hearts of others, begs you, dear reader, to grant him a single indulgence. Excuse him, if he now passes over a considerable period of time, and gives you only a general account of its events. He is well aware that, perfectly conforming to the rules of art, and step by step, he might delineate the process by which Huldbrand's warmth of attachment for Undine began to decline, and to be transferred to Bertalda; how Bertalda gradually became more and more attached, and met the young man's glance with a glow of love; how they both seemed rather to fear the poor wife, as a being of another species, than to sympathise with her; how Undine wept, and her tears produced remorse in the knight's heart, yet without awakening his former tenderness, so that his treatment of her would discover occasional impulses of kindness, but a cold shuddering would soon drive him from her side, and he would hasten to the society of Bertalda, as a more congenial being of his own race;—all this, the writer is aware, he could describe with the minute touches of truth; and perhaps this is the course that he ought to pursue. But his heart would feel the task to be too melancholy; for, having suffered calamities of this nature, he is impressed with terror even at the remembrance of their shadows.

You have probably experienced a similar feeling yourself, my dear reader, for such is the inevitable allotment of mortal man. Happy are you, if you have rather endured than inflicted this misery, since, in matters of this kind, more blessed is he that receives than he that gives. For in this case, when such remembrances come over the mind, only a soft pensiveness steals into the soul, and perhaps a tender tear trickles down your cheek, while you regret the fading of the flowers, in which you once took a delight so exquisite. But of this no more; we would not linger over the evil, and pierce our hearts with a thousand separate pangs, but just briefly hint the course of events, as I said before.

Poor Undine was extremely distressed, and the other two were far from being happy; Bertalda in particular, whenever she was in the slightest degree opposed in her wishes, attributed the cause to the jealousy and oppression of the injured wife. In consequence of this suspicious temper, she was daily in the habit of discovering a haughty and imperious demeanour, to which Undine submitted in sad and painful self-denial; and such was the

blind delusion of Huldbrand, that he usually supported the impropriety in the most decisive terms.

What disturbed the inmates of the castle still more, was the endless variety of wonderful apparitions which assailed Huldbrand and Bertalda in the vaulted passages of the building, and of which nothing had ever been heard before within the memory of man. The tall white man, in whom Huldbrand but too well recognised Undine's uncle Kühleborn, and Bertalda the mysterious or spectral master of the water-works, often passed before them with threatening aspect and gestures; more especially, however, before Bertalda, so that she had already several times fainted and fallen through terror, and had in consequence frequently thought of quitting the castle. But partly owing to her excessive fondness for Huldbrand, as well as to a reliance on what she termed her innocence, since no declaration of mutual attachment had ever been distinctly made, and partly, also, because she knew not whither to direct her steps, she lingered where she was.

The old fisherman, on receiving the message from the lord of Ringstetten, that Bertalda was a welcome guest in his family, returned answer in some lines almost too illegible to be deciphered, but still the best his advanced life and long disuse of writing permitted him to form.

"I have now become," he wrote, "a poor old widower, for my beloved and faithful wife is dead. But bereaved and disconsolate as I am, sitting solitary in my cottage, I prefer Bertalda's remaining where she is, to her living with me. One thing is all I have to ask, which is this, that she do nothing to hurt my dear Undine, or to make her unhappy. Should she be thus guilty, she must expect, what she will certainly have, the visitation of a father's curse."

The last words of this letter, awful as they were, Bertalda flung to the winds; but the permission to remain from home, which her father had granted her, she remembered, and clung to as a peculiar indulgence, just as we all are wont to do in like circumstances.

One day, a few moments after Huldbrand had ridden out, Undine called together the domestics of the family, and ordered them to bring a large stone, and carefully to cover with it a magnificent fountain that was situated in the middle of the castle court. The servants ventured to hint, as an objection, that it would oblige them to bring their water from the valley below, which was at an inconvenient distance. Undine smiled with an expression of melancholy.

"I am sorry, dear children," replied she, "to increase your labour; I should prefer to bring up the water-vessels myself, but this fountain must indeed be closed. Believe me when I say that it must be done, and that by doing it we only avoid a greater evil,—one that may well be called a calamity."

The domestics were all delighted to gratify their gentle mistress; and making no further inquiry, they seized the enormous stone. While they were raising it in their hands, and were now on the point of adjusting it over the fountain, Bertalda came running to the place, and cried, with an air of command, that they must stop; that the water she used, so improving to her complexion, she was wont to have brought from this fountain, and that she would by no means allow it to be closed.

This time, however, Undine, while she showed her usual gentleness and more than her usual resolution, remained firm to her purpose; she said it belonged to her, as mistress of the house, to direct the regulations of the establishment according to her best judgment, and that she was accountable in this to no one but her lord and husband.

"See, O pray, see!" exclaimed the dissatisfied and indignant Bertalda, "how the beautiful water is curling and curving, winding and waving there, as if disturbed at being shut out from the bright sunshine, and from the cheerful view of the human countenance, for whose mirror it was created."

In truth, the water of the fountain was agitated, and foaming, and hissing in a surprising manner; it seemed as if there were something within possessing life and will, that was struggling to free itself from confinement. But Undine only the more earnestly urged on the accomplishment of her command. This earnestness was scarcely required. The servants of the castle were as happy in obeying their sweet-tempered lady, as in opposing the haughty spirit of Bertalda; and with whatever rudeness the latter might even scold and threaten, still the stone was in a few minutes lying firm over the opening of the fountain. Undine leaned thoughtfully over it, and wrote with her beautiful fingers on the flat surface. She must, however, have had something very acrid and corrosive in her hand; for when she retired, and the domestics went up to examine the stone, they discovered various strange characters upon it, which none of them had seen there before.

When the knight returned home toward evening, Bertalda received him with tears, and complaints of Undine's treatment of her. He threw a severe look at his poor wife, and she cast down her eyes in evident distress. Still she spoke with great firmness:

"My lord and husband, you never reprove even a bond-slave, before you hear his defence, how much less, then, your wedded wife!"

"Speak; what moved you to this singular conduct?" said the knight, with a gloomy countenance.

"I could wish to tell you when we are entirely alone," said Undine, with a sigh.

"You can tell me equally well in the presence of Bertalda," he replied.

"Yes, if you command me," said Undine; "but do not command me. Pray, pray, do not!"

She looked so humble, affectionate, and obedient, that the heart of the knight was touched, and softened, as if it felt the influence of a ray from better times. He kindly took her arm within his, and led her to his apartment, where she spoke as follows:

"You already know something, my beloved lord, of Kühleborn, my evil-



disposed uncle, and have often felt displeasure at meeting him in the passages of this castle. Several times has he terrified Bertalda even to swooning. He does this because he possesses no soul, being a mere elemental mirror of the outward world, while of the world within he can give no reflection. Then, too, he sometimes observes that you are displeased with me—that in my childish weakness I weep at this; and that Bertalda, it may be, is laughing at the same moment. Hence it is that he conceives every sort of wrong and unkindness to exist, and in various ways mixes with our circle unbidden. What do I gain by reproving him, by showing displeasure, and sending him away? He does not believe a word I say. His poor imperfect nature affords him no conception that the vicissitudes and satisfactions of love have so mysterious a resemblance, and are so intimately connected, that no power on earth is able to separate them. Even in the midst of tears, a smile is dawning on the cheek, and smiles call forth tears from their secret recesses."

She looked up at Huldbrand, smiling and weeping, and he again felt within his heart all the magic of his former affection. She perceived it, and pressed him more tenderly to her, while amid tears of joy she went on thus:

"When the disturber of our peace would not be dismissed with words, I was obliged to shut the door upon him; and the only entrance by which he has access to us, is that fountain. His connection with the other water-spirits, here in this region, is cut off by the valleys that border upon us, and his kingdom first commences farther off on the Danube, in whose tributary streams some of his good friends have their abode. For this reason I caused the stone to be placed over the opening of the fountain, and inscribed characters upon it, which baffle all the efforts of my suspicious and passionate uncle, so that he now has no power of intruding either upon you, or me, or Bertalda. Human beings, it is true, notwithstanding the characters I have inscribed there, are able to raise the stone without any extraordinary trouble whatever; there is nothing to prevent them. If, therefore, this be your resolve, remove it according to Bertalda's desire; but she assuredly knows not what she asks. The rude Kühleborn looks with peculiar ill-will upon her; and should much come to pass that he has imperfectly predicted to me, and which is quite likely to happen, without your meaning any evil, —I fear, my husband, that you yourself would be exposed to peril."

Huldbrand felt the generosity of his amiable wife in the depth of his heart, since she had been so active in confining her formidable defender, and even at the very moment she was suffering in consequence of the reproaches of Bertalda. Influenced by this feeling, he pressed her in his arms with the tenderest affection, and said with emotion:

"The stone shall remain unmoved; all remains, and ever shall remain, just as you choose to have it, my dear, very dear Undine!"

At these long-withheld expressions of tenderness, she turned his caresses with lowly delight, and ending what she had to say, observed:

"My dearest husband, since you are so very kind and indulgent to-day, may I venture to ask a favour of you? Pray observe, it is with you as with summer. Even amid its highest splendour, summer puts on the flaming and thundering crown of glorious tempests, in which it strongly resembles a king and god on earth. You, too, are sometimes terrible in your rebukes; your eyes flash lightning, while thunder resounds in your voice; and although this may be quite becoming to you, I in my folly cannot but sometimes weep at it. But never, I entreat you, discover such violence toward me on a river, or even when we are near a piece of water. For if you should, my relations would acquire a right to exercise authority over me. They would tear me from you in their fury with inexorable force, because they would conceive that one of their race was injured; and I should be compelled, as long as I lived, to dwell below in the crystal palaces, and never dare ascend to you again; or should they send me up to you, O God! that would be infinitely more deplorable still. No, no, my beloved husband, let it not come to that, if your poor Undine is dear to you."

He solemnly promised to do as she desired, and, infinitely happy and full of affection, the married pair returned from the apartment. At this very moment Bertalda came with some work-people, whom she had meanwhile ordered to attend her, and said, with a fateful air, which she had assumed of late:

"Well, now the secret consultation is at an end, it is to be hoped the stone may be permitted to come down. Go out, workmen, and execute your business."

The knight, however, highly resenting her impertinence, said, in brief and very decisive terms, "The stone remains where it is;" he reproved Bertalda also for the vehement and undisciplined spirit that she had discovered towards his wife. Whereupon the workmen, smiling with secret satisfaction, withdrew; while Bertalda, pale with rage, hurried to her room.

When the hour of supper came, no Bertalda appeared; they waited for her in vain. They sent for her; but the domestic found her apartments empty, and brought back with him only a sealed billet, addressed to the knight. He opened it in alarm, and read:

"I feel with shame that I am only the daughter of a poor fisherman. That I for one moment forgot this, I will make expiation in the miserable hut of my parents. Farewell, with your beautiful wife!"

Undine was troubled at heart. With passionate emphasis she entreated Huldbrand to hasten after their friend, who had flown, and bring her back with him. Alas! she had no occasion to urge him. His passion for Bertalda again burst forth, with vehemence. He hurried round the castle, inquiring whether any one had seen which way the fair fugitive had gone. He could gain no information, and was already in the court upon his horse, determining to take, at a venture, the road by which he had conducted Bertalda to the castle; when there appeared a shield-boy, who assured him that he had met the lady on the path to the Black Valley. Swift as the impulse of passion, the knight sprang through the gate in the direction pointed out,

without hearing Undine's voice of agony, as she cried after him from the window:

"To the Black Valley? O, not there!—Huldbrand, not there!—or if you will go, for God's sake take me with you!"

But when she perceived that all her calling was of no avail, she ordered her white palfrey to be instantly saddled, and followed the knight, without permitting a single servant to accompany her.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE Black Valley lies secluded far among the mountains. What its present name may be, I am unable to say. At the time of which I am speaking, the country people gave it this appellation from the deep obscurity produced by the shadows of lofty trees, more especially by a crowded growth of firs, that covered this region of moor-land. Even the brook, which ascended into it from among the crags, assumed the same dark hue, and exhibited nothing of that cheerful aspect which streams are wont to wear, that have the blue sky immediately over them.

It was now the dusk of evening, and the view between the heights had become extremely wild and gloomy. The knight, in great anxiety, skirted the border of the brook; he was at one time fearful that by delay he should allow the fugitive to advance too far before him; and then, again, in his too eager rapidity, he was afraid he might somewhere overlook and pass by her, should she be desirous of concealing herself from his search. He had in the meantime penetrated pretty far into the valley, and felt assured of soon overtaking the maiden, provided he were pursuing the right track. The fear, indeed, that he might not as yet have gained it, made his heart beat with more and more of anxiety. In the stormy night, which was now impending, and which always hovered more fearfully over this valley, where would the delicate Bertalda shelter herself, should he fail to find her? At last, while these thoughts were darting across his mind, he saw something white glimmer through the branches on the ascent of the mountain. He felt quite certain that the object he discerned was Bertalda's robe, and he directed his course toward it. But his horse refused to go forward; he reared with a fury so uncontrollable, and his master was so unwilling to lose a moment, that (especially as he saw the thickets were altogether impassable on horseback) he dismounted, and, having fastened his snorting steed to an elm, worked his way with caution through the matted underwood. The branches, moistened by the cold drops of the evening dew, smote his forehead and cheeks; thunder muttered remotely on the further side of the mountains; and everything put on so strange and mystic an appearance, that he began to feel a dread of the white figure, which now lay at a short distance from him upon the ground. Still he could see with perfect clearness that it was a female, either asleep or in a swoon, and dressed in long white garments, such as Bertalda had worn the past day. Approaching quite near to her, he made a rustling with the branches, and a ringing with his sword,—but she did not move.

"Bertalda!" he cried, at first low, then louder and louder; yet she heard him not. At last, when he uttered the dear name with an energy yet more powerful, a hollow echo, from the mountain-summits around the valley, returned the deadened sound—"Bertalda!" Still the sleeper continued insensible. He stooped low, with a view to examine her countenance, but the darkness of the valley and the obscurity of twilight would not allow him to distinguish her features. While with agonising uncertainty he was bending near to her, a flash of lightning suddenly shot across the valley. By this stream of light he saw a frightfully distorted visage close to his own, and a hoarse voice reached his ear:

"You enamoured shepherd, give me a kiss!"

Huldbrand sprang upon his feet with a cry of horror, and the hideous figure rose with him.

"Home!" it cried with a deep murmur; "the fiends are abroad. Home! or I have you!" And it stretched toward him its long white arms.

"Malicious Kühleborn," exclaimed the knight with restored energy, "if Kühleborn you are, what business have you here?—what's your will, you goblin?—There, take your kiss!" And in fury he flashed his sword at the form. But the form vanished like vapour; and a rush of water giving the knight a thorough drenching, left him in no doubt with what foe he had been engaged.

"He wishes to frighten me back from my pursuit of Bertalda," said he to himself; "he imagines that I shall be terrified at his senseless enchantments, and resign the poor distressed girl to his power, so that he can wreak his vengeance upon her at will. But, impotent spirit of the flood! he shall find himself mistaken. What the heart of man can do, when it exerts the full force of its will, the strong energy of its noblest powers, of this the feeble enchanter has no comprehension."

He felt the truth of his words, and that, in thus giving utterance to his thoughts, he had inspired his heart with fresh courage. Fortune, too, appeared to be in league with him; for, before reaching his fastened steed, he distinctly heard the voice of Bertalda, where she was now weeping and now moaning not far before him, amid the roar of the thunder and the tempest, which every moment increased. He flew swiftly toward the sound, and found the trembling maiden, just as she was attempting to climb the steep, hoping to escape from the dreadful darkness of this valley. He stepped before her, while he spoke in tones of the most soothing tenderness; and bold and proud as her resolution had so lately been, she now felt nothing but the liveliest gratitude, that the man whom she so passionately loved would rescue her from this frightful solitude, and extending to her his arms of welcome, would still cast a brightness over her existence in their re-union.

at the castle. She followed almost unresisting, but so spent with fatigue, that the knight was glad to accompany and support her to his horse, which he now hastily unfastened from the elm: his intention was to lift the fair wanderer upon him, and then to lead him carefully by the reins through the uncertain shades of this lowland tract.

But, owing to the mad appearance of Kühleborn, the horse had become wholly unmanageable. Rearing and wildly snorting as he was, the knight must have used uncommon effort to mount the beast himself; to place the trembling Bertalda upon him was impossible. They were compelled, therefore, to return home on foot. While with one hand the knight drew the steed after him by the bridle, he supported the tottering Bertalda with the other. She exerted all the strength in her power, in order to escape from this vale of terrors as speedily as possible; but weariness weighed her down like lead, and a universal trembling seized her limbs, partly in consequence of what she had suffered from the extreme harassment with which Kühleborn had pursued her, and in part from her continual fear, arising from the roar of the tempest and thunder amid the mountain forest. At last she slid from the arm of her conductor, and, sinking upon the moss, she said:

"Only let me lie here, my noble lord. I suffer the punishment due to my folly, and I must perish here through faintness and dismay."

"Never, Bertalda, will I leave you," cried Huldbrand, vainly trying to restrain the furious animal he was leading; for the horse was all in a foam, and began to chafe more ungovernably than before, till the knight was glad merely to keep him at such a distance from the exhausted maiden as would secure her from still greater fear and alarm. But hardly had he withdrawn five steps with the frantic steed, when she began to call after him in the most sorrowful accents, fearful that he would actually leave her in this horrible wilderness. He was at a loss what course to take. He would gladly have given the enraged beast his liberty; he would have let him rush away amid the night, and exhaust his fury, had he not shuddered at the thought that, in this narrow defile, his man-shed hoofs might come trampling and thundering over the very spot where Bertalda lay.

During this extreme peril and embarrassment, a feeling of delight shot through him, when he heard the rumbling wheels of a wagon, as it came slowly descending the stony way behind them. He called out for help: answer was returned in the deep voice of a man, bidding them have patience, but promising assistance; and two horses of greyish-white soon after shone through the bushes, and near them their driver, in the white frock of a carter; and next appeared a great sheet of white linen, with which the goods he seemed to be conveying were covered. The whitish greys, in obedience to a shout from their master, stood still. He came up to the knight, and aided him in checking the fury of the foaming charger.

"I know well enough," said he, "what is the matter with the brute. The first time I travelled this way, my horses were just as wilful and headstrong as yours. The reason is, there is a water-spirit haunts this valley, and a wicked wight they say he is, who takes delight in mischief and witcheries of this sort. But I have learned a charm; and if you will let me whisper it in your horse's ear, he will stand just as quiet as my silver greys there."

"Try your luck, then, and help us as quick as possible!" said the impatient knight.

Upon this the wagoner drew down the head of the rearing courser close to his own, and spoke some half-dozen words in his ear. The animal instantly stood as still and subdued as usual, except his quick panting and snoking sweat produced by his recent violence.

Huldbrand had little time to inquire by what means this had been effected. He agreed with the man, that he should take Bertalda in his wagon, where, as he said, a quantity of soft cotton was stowed, and he might in this way convey her to Castle Ringstetten; the knight could accompany them on horseback. But the horse appeared to be too much exhausted to carry his master so far. Seeing this, the man advised him to mount the wagon with Bertalda. The horse could be attached to it behind.

"It is down-hill," said he, "and the load for my greys will therefore be light."

The knight accepted his offer, and entered the wagon with Bertalda; the horse followed patiently after, while the wagoner, sturdy and attentive, walked beside them.

Amid the silence and deeper obscurity of the night, the tempest became more and more remote and hushed; in the comfortable feeling of their security and their commodious passage, a confidential conversation arose between Huldbrand and Bertalda. He reproved her in the most gentle and affectionate terms for her resentful flight; she excused herself with humility and emotion; and from every tone of her voice it was clear, just as a lamp guides a lover amid the secrecy of night to his waiting mistress, that she still cherished her former affection for him. The knight felt the force of what she said far too powerfully to regard the import of her words, and his replies related merely to the impression he received,—to the feeling and not the confession of love.

In the midst of this interchange of murmured feelings, the wagoner suddenly shouted with a startling voice:

"Up, my greys, up with your feet! Hey, my hearts, now together show your spirit! Do it handsomely! remember who you are!"

The knight bent over the side of the wagon, and saw that the horses had stepped into the midst of a foaming stream, and were, indeed, almost swimming, while the wheels of the wagon were rushing round and flashing like mill-wheels, and the teamster had got on before to avoid the swell of the flood.

"What sort of a road is this? It leads into the middle of the stream!" cried Huldbrand to his guide.

"Not at all, sir," returned he with a laugh, "it is just the contrary. The stream is running in the middle of our road. Only look about you, and see how all is overflowed."

The whole valley, in fact, was covered and in commotion, as the waves, suddenly raised and visibly rising, swept over it.

"It is Kühleborn, that devil of a water-spirit, who wishes to drown us!" exclaimed the knight.

"Have you no charm of protection against him, companion?"

"Charm! to be sure I have one," answered the wagoner, "but I cannot, and must not, make use of it before you know who I am."

"Is this a time for riddles?" cried the knight. "The flood is every moment rising higher, and what does it concern me to know who you are?"

"But mayhap it does concern you, though," said the guide, "for I am Kühleborn."

Thus speaking, he thrust his head into the wagon, and laughed with a distorted visage; but the wagon remained a wagon no longer; the greyish-white horses were horses no longer; all was transformed to foam, all sunk into the waves that rushed and hissed around them; while the wagoner himself, rising in the form of a gigantic surge, dragged the vainly-struggling courser under the waters, then rose again huge as a liquid tower, swept over the heads of the floating pair, and was on the point of hurrying them irrecoverably beneath it; when, at that instant, the soft voice of Undine was heard through the uproar,—the moon emerged from the clouds, and by its light Undine became visible on a rising ground of the valley. She rebuked, she threatened the flood below her; the menacing and tower-like billow vanished, muttering and murmuring; the waters gently flowed away under the beams of the moon; while Undine, like a hovering white dove, dipped down from the knoll, seized the knight and Bertalda, and supported them to a green spot of turf on the hillock, where, by her earnest efforts, she soon restored them, and dispelled their terrors. She then assisted Bertalda to mount the white palfrey, on which she had herself been borne to the valley, and thus all three returned homeward to Castle Ringstetten.

## CHAPTER XV.

AFTER this last adventure, they lived at the castle undisturbed and in peaceful enjoyment. The knight was more and more impressed with the heavenly goodness of his wife, which she had so beautifully discovered by her instant pursuit, and by the rescue she had effected in the Black Valley, where the power of Kühleborn again commenced. Undine herself felt that peace and security which the mind never fails to experience, so long as it has the consciousness of pursuing the path of rectitude; and she had this additional comfort, that, in the newly-awakened love and regard of her husband, Hope and Joy were rising upon her with their myriad beams of promise.

Bertalda, on the other hand, showed herself grateful, humble, and timid, without taking to herself any merit for so doing. Whenever Huldbrand or Undine began to explain to her their reason for covering the fountain, or their adventures in the Black Valley, she would earnestly entreat them to spare her the recital, since the fountain had occasioned her too much shame, and the Black Valley too much terror, to be made topics of conversation. With respect to these, therefore, she learned nothing farther from either of them; and why was it necessary that she should be informed? Peace and Joy had evidently taken up their abode at Castle Ringstetten. They enjoyed their present blessings in perfect security; and in relation to the future, they now imagined it impossible that life could produce anything but pleasant flowers and fruits.

In this grateful union of friendship and affection, winter came and passed away; and spring, with its foliage of tender green and its heaven of softest blue, succeeded, to gladden the hearts of the three inmates of the castle. The season was in harmony with their minds, and their minds imparted their own lives to the season. What wonder, then, that its storks and swallows inspired them also with a disposition to travel! On a bright morning, while they were taking a walk down to one of the sources of the Danube, Huldbrand spoke of the magnificence of this noble stream; how it continued swelling as it flowed through countries enriched by its waters; with what splendour Vienna rose and sparkled on its banks; and how it grew lovelier and more imposing almost the whole of its progress.

"It must be a glorious privilege, once in our life, to trace its course down to Vienna!" Bertalda exclaimed, with warmth; but, immediately resuming the humble and modest demeanour she had recently shown, she paused, and blushed in silence.

This incident, slight as it may appear, was extremely touching to Undine; and, with the liveliest wish to gratify her friend, she said:

"Who, then, shall prevent our taking this little voyage?"

Bertalda leaped up with delight, and the two females the same moment began the work of imagination, painting this enchanting trip on the Danube in the most brilliant colours. Huldbrand, too, agreed to the project with pleasure; only he once whispered, with something of alarm, in Undine's ear;

"But, at that distance, Kühleborn becomes possessed of his power again?"

"Let him come,—let him come," she answered, with a laugh; "I shall be there, and he dares do none of his mischief in my presence."

Thus was the last impediment removed; they prepared for the expedition, and soon set out upon it with lively spirits and the brightest hopes.

But be not surprised, O man, if events continually happen very different from what you expect. That malicious power which lies in ambush for our destruction; delights to lull its chosen victim asleep with sweet songs and golden delusions; while, on the other hand, the messenger of Heaven, sent

to rescue us from peril, often thunders at our door with the violence of alarm and terror.

During the first days of their passage down the Danube, they were unusually gratified. The farther they advanced upon the waters of this proud river, the views became more and more picturesque and attractive. But amid scenes otherwise most delicious, and from which they had procured themselves the purest delight, the stubborn Kühleborn, dropping all disguise, began to show his power of annoying them. He had few other means of doing this, indeed, than by mere tricks and illusions, for Undine often rebuked the swelling waves or the contrary winds, and then the insolence of the enemy was instantly humbled and subdued; but his attacks were renewed, and Undine's admonition again became necessary; so that the pleasure of this little water-party was completely destroyed. The oarsmen, too, were continually whispering to one another in disney, and eyeing their three superiors with distrust; while even the servants began more and more to form dismal surmises, and to watch their master and mistress with looks of suspicion.

Huldbrand often said to himself, in the silence of his soul, "This comes to pass when like marries not like,—when a man forms an unnatural union with a female of the sea." Excusing himself, as we are most of us so fond of doing, he frequently pursued a train of thought like this:—"I did not, in fact, know that she was a maid of the sea. It is my misfortune, that my steps are haunted and disturbed by the wild humours of her kindred, but it is not my crime."

Making reflections like these, he felt himself in some measure strengthened; but, on the other hand, he only the more entertained a feeling of ill-humour against Undine, almost amounting to malevolence. He cast upon her glances of fretfulness and ill-nature, and the unhappy wife but too well understood their meaning. One day, grieved by this unkindness, as well as exhausted by her unremitting exertions to frustrate the artifices of Kühleborn, while rocked and soothed by the gentle motion of the bark, she toward evening fell into a deep slumber. But hardly had she closed her eyes, when every person in the boat, in whatever direction he might look on the water, saw the head of a man, beyond imagination frightful: each head rose out of the waves, not like that of a person swimming, but quite perpendicular, as if firmly fastened to the watery mirror, and still moving on with the progress of the bark. Every one wished to show to his companion what terrified himself, and each perceived the same expression of horror on the face of the other, only his hand and eye were directed to a different quarter, as if to a point where the monster, half laughing and half threatening, rose opposite to himself.

When, however, they wished to make one another understand the sight and all cried out, "Look there!" "No, there!" the frightful heads all became visible to each, and the whole river around the boat swarmed with faces of the most horrible expression. All raised a scream of terror at the sight, and Undine started from sleep. The moment she opened her eyes upon the mad group, the deformed visages disappeared. But Huldbrand was made furious by the frequent recurrence of these hideous visions. He would have burst out in wild imprecations, had not Undine, with the most submissive air and in the gentlest tone of supplication, thus entreated him:

"For God's sake, my husband, do not express displeasure against me here!—we are on the water."

The knight was silent, and sat down absorbed in a profound reverie. Undine whispered in his ear:

"Would it not be better, my love, to give up this foolish voyage, and return to Castle Ringstetten in peace?"

But Huldbrand murmured, in a voice expressive of the embittered state of his mind:

"So I must become a prisoner in my own castle? and not be allowed to breathe a moment but while the fountain is covered? Would to Heaven that our fratricidal union—"

At these fatal words, Undine pressed her fair hand on his lips with the most touching tenderness. He said no more, but, assuming an air of composure, pondered on all that Undine had lately warned him to avoid.

Bertalda, meanwhile, had given herself up to a crowd of wild and wandering thoughts. Of Undine's origin she knew a good deal, but not the whole, and the terrible Kühleborn had, more especially, remained to her an awful and yet in every view an impenetrable mystery; never, indeed, had she once heard his name. Musing upon this series of wonders, she unclasped, without being fully conscious of what she was doing, a golden necklace, which Huldbrand, on one of the preceding days of their passage, had bought for her of a travelling trader; and she was now letting it swing in sport just over the surface of the stream, while in her dreamy mood she enjoyed the bright reflection it threw on the water, so clear beneath the glow of evening. That instant a huge hand flashed suddenly up from the Danube, seized the necklace in its grasp, and vanished with it beneath the flood. Bertalda shrieked aloud, and a laugh of mockery and contempt came pealing up from the depth of the river.\*

The knight could now restrain his wrath no longer. He started up,

\* This fine passage of Pouqué bears a strong resemblance to a finer one in Southey's "Thalaba," Book v.

"And he drew off Abdalad's ring,  
And cast it in the gulf.  
A skinny hand came up,  
And caught it as it fell,  
And peals of devilish laughter shook the Cave."

The reader, I, ne takes any interest in these coincidences of genius, may compare with these passages the account of King Arthur's death, in Percy's Ballads, where a hand comes Arthur's sword

gazed fiercely upon the deep, poured forth a volley of reproaches, heaped curses upon all who interfered with his connection or troubled his life, and dared them all, water-spirits or mermaids, to come within the sweep of his sword.

Bertalda, meantime, wept for the loss of the ornament so very dear to her heart; and her tears were to Huldbrand as oil poured upon the flame of his fury; while Undine held her hand over the side of the boat, dipping it in the waves, softly murmuring to herself, and only at times interrupting her strange mysterious whisper, when she addressed her husband in a voice of entreaty:

"Do not reprove me here, Huldbrand; throw whatever blame upon others you will, but me, show me no unkindness here. Surely you know the reason!"

And, in truth, though his tongue was trembling with excess of passion, he with strong effort kept himself from articulating a single word against her.

She then brought up in her wet hand, which she had been holding under the waves, a coral necklace of such exquisite beauty, such sparkling brilliancy, as dazzled the eyes of all who beheld it.

"Take this," said she, holding it out with affectionate sweetness to Bertalda; "I have ordered it to be brought, to make some amends for your loss, and do not be troubled any more, poor child."

But the knight rushed between them, and, snatching the beautiful ornament out of Undine's hand, hurled it back into the flood, and in a flame of rage, exclaimed:

"So, then, you have a connection with them for ever? In the name of all witches and enchanters, go and remain among them with your presents, you sorcerers, and leave us human beings in peace!"

But poor Undine, with a look of mute amazement and eyes streaming with tears, gazed on him, her hand still stretched out, just as it was when she had so kindly offered her brilliant gift to Bertalda. She then began to weep with more and more of impassioned anguish, like a tender child, all innocence and bitterly grieved. At last she said, in a tone of voice the most faint and affecting:

"Alas, dear friend, all is over,—farewell! They shall do you no harm; only remain true, that I may keep them from you. But I, alas! must go away, I must go away even in this early dawn of youth and bliss. O woe, woe, what have you done! O woe, woe!"

And she vanished over the side of the boat. Whether she plunged into the stream, or whether, like water melting into water, she flowed away with it, they knew not, her disappearance so much resembled both united, and neither by itself. But she was gone gliding on with the Danube, instantly and completely; only little waves were yet whispering and sobbing around the boat, and they seemed almost distinctly to say,

"O woe, woe! Ah! remain true! O woe!"

But Huldbrand, in a passion of burning tears, threw himself upon the deck of the bark, and a deep swoon soon wrapped the wretched man in a blessed forgetfulness of misery.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE brief period of our mourning—ought we to view it as a misfortune, or as a blessing? I mean that deep mourning of the heart, which gushes up from the very well-springs of our being; that mourning which becomes so perfectly one with the lost object of our affection, that this even ceases to be a lost thing to the sorrowing heart: and which desires to make the whole life a holy office dedicated to the image of the departed, until we too pass that boundary which separates it from our view.

Some men there are, indeed, who have this profound tenderness of spirit, and who thus consecrate their affections to the memory of the departed; but still their mourning softens into an emotion of gentle melancholy, having none of the intenseness of the first agony of separation. Other and foreign images intervene, and impress themselves upon the mind; we learn at last the transitory nature of everything earthly, even from that of our affliction; and I cannot therefore but view it as a misfortune, that the period of our mourning is so brief.

The lord of Ringstetten learnt the truth of this by experience; but whether he derived any advantage from the knowledge, we shall discover in the sequel of this history. At first, he could do nothing but weep,—weep as bitterly as the poor amiable Undine had wept, when he snatched out of her hand that brilliant ornament, with which she so beautifully wished to make amends for Bertalda's loss. And then he stretched his hand out as she had done, and wept again like her with renewed violence. He cherished a secret hope that even the springs of life would at last become exhausted by weeping; and when we have been severely afflicted, has not a similar thought passed through the minds of many of us with a painful pleasure? Bertalda wept with him, and they lived together a long while at the castle of Ringstetten in undisturbed quiet, honouring the memory of Undine, and having almost wholly forgotten their former attachment.

To encourage Huldbrand in this conduct, the good Undine, about this time, often visited his dreams; she soothed him with soft and affectionate caresses, and then went away again, weeping in silence, so that when he awoke, he sometimes knew not how his cheeks came to be so wet,—whether it was caused by her tears, or only by his own.

But as time advanced, these visions became less frequent, and the severity of the knight's sorrow was softened; still he might never while he lived, it may be, have entertained any other wish than thus to think of Undine in silence, and to speak of her in conversation, had not the old fisherman arrived unexpectedly at the castle, and earnestly insisted on Bertalda's re-



turning with him, as his child. He had received information of Undine's disappearance, and he was not willing to allow Bertalda to continue longer at the castle with the unmarried lord.

"For," said he, "whether my daughter loves me or not is at present what I care not to know; but her good name is at stake, and where that commands or forbids, not a word more need be said."

This resolution of the old fisherman, and the fearful solitude, that, on Bertalda's departure, threatened to oppress the knight in every hall and passage of the deserted castle, brought a circumstance into distinct consciousness, which, owing to his sorrow for Undine, had of late been slumbering and completely forgotten,—I mean his attachment to the fair Bertalda; and this he made known to her father.

The fisherman had many objections to make to the proposed marriage. The old man had loved Undine with exceeding tenderness, and it was a doubtful conclusion to his mind, that the mere disappearance of his beloved child could be properly viewed as her death. But were it even granted that her corpse were lying stiff and cold at the bottom of the Danube, or swept away by the current to the ocean, still Bertalda would not be guiltless in her death, and it would be wrong for her to step into the place of the poor banished wife. The fisherman, however, had felt a strong regard also for the knight; this, and the entreaties of his daughter, who had become much more gentle and respectful, as well as her tears for Undine, all exerted their influence; and he seems to have been forced at last to give up his reluctance, for he remained at the castle without objection, and a courier was sent off expressly to father Heilmann, who, in former and happier days, had united Undine and Huldbrand, requesting him to come and perform the ceremony at the knight's second marriage.

But the holy man had hardly read through the letter from the lord of Ringstetten, ere he set out upon the journey, and made much greater dispatch on his way to the castle, than the messenger from there had made in reaching him. Whenever his breath failed him in his rapid progress, or his old limbs ached with fatigue, he would say to himself:

"Perhaps I may still be in season to prevent the commission of a crime; then sink not, weak and withered body, before I arrive at the end of my journey."

And with renewed vigour he pressed forward, hurrying on without rest or repose, until, late one evening, he entered the embowered court-yard of the castle of Ringstetten.

The betrothed pair were sitting arm-in-arm under the trees, and the aged fisherman in a thoughtful mood sat near them. The moment they saw father Heilmann, they rose with a spring of joy, and pressed round him with expressions of cordial welcome. But he, in the fewest words possible, urged the bridegroom to accompany him into the castle; and when Huldbrand stood mute with surprise, and delayed complying with his earnest request, the pious priest said to him:

"Why do I then defer speaking, my lord of Ringstetten, until I can address you in private? There is no occasion for the delay of a moment. What I have to say as much concerns Bertalda and the fisherman as yourself; and what we must inevitably hear, it is best to hear as soon as possible. Are you then so very certain, knight Huldbrand, that your first wife is actually dead? It hardly appears so to me. I will say nothing, indeed, of the mysterious situation in which she may be now existing; in truth I know nothing of it with certainty. But that she was a most devoted and faithful wife, so much is beyond all dispute. And for fourteen nights past, she has appeared to me in a dream, standing at my bedside, wringing her tender hands in anguish, and imploring me with deep sighs: 'Ah, prevent him, dear father, I am still living! Ah! save his life! Ah! save his soul!'"

"What this vision of the night could mean, I was at first unable to divine, then came your messenger, and I have now hastened hither, not to unite, but, as I hope to separate, what ought not to be joined together. Leave her, Huldbrand! Leave him, Bertalda! He still belongs to another; and do you not see on his pale cheek the traces of that grief which the disappearance of his wife has produced there? That is not the look of a bridegroom, and the spirit breathes the presence on my soul; 'If you do not leave him, you will never, never be happy!'"

The three felt, in their inmost hearts, that father Heilmann spoke the truth; but still they affected not to believe him, or they strove rather to resist their conviction. Even the old fisherman had become so infatuated, that he conceived the marriage to be now indispensable, as they had so often, during the time he had been with them, mutually agreed to the arrangement. They all, therefore, with a determined and gloomy eagerness, struggled against the representations and warnings of the spiritual man, until, shaking his head, and oppressed with sorrow, he finally quitted the castle, not choosing to accept their offered shelter even for a single night, or indeed so much as to taste a morsel of the refreshment they brought him. Huldbrand persuaded himself, however, that the priest was a mere visionary or fanatic, and sent at day-break to a monk of the nearest monastery, who, without scruple, promised to perform the ceremony in a few days.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

It was at the earliest moment of dawn, when night begins faintly to brighten into morning twilight, that Huldbrand was lying on his couch half waking and half sleeping. Whenever he attempted to compose himself to sleep, he was seized with an undefined terror, that made him shrink back from the enjoyment, as if his slumbers were crowded with spectres. But whenever he awoke and sought to rouse himself, the wings of a swan seemed to

The betrothed are called bride and bridegroom in Germany

be waiving around him, and soothing him with the music of their motion, and thus in a soft delusion of the senses he sunk back into his state of imperfect repose.

At last, however, he must have fallen perfectly asleep; for, while the melody of the swan-wings was murmuring around him, he seemed to be lifted by their regular strokes, and to be wafted far away over land and sea, and still their music swelled on his ear most sweetly.

"The music of the swan! the song of the swan!" he could not but repeat to himself every moment; "is it not a sure foreboding of death?"

Probably, however, it had yet another meaning. All at once he seemed to be hovering over the Mediterranean Sea. A swan sang melodiously in his ear, that this was the Mediterranean Sea. And while he was looking down upon the waves, they became transparent as crystal, so that he could see through them to the very bottom.

At this a thrill of delight shot through him, for he could see Undine where she was sitting beneath the clear domes of crystal. It is true, she was weeping very bitterly, and such was the excess of her grief, that she bore only a faint resemblance to the bright and joyous being she was during those happy days they had lived together at the castle of Ringstetten, both on their arrival and afterward, a short time before they set out upon their fatal passage down the Danube. The knight could not avoid dwelling upon all this with deep emotion, but it does not appear that Undine was aware of his presence.

Kühleborn had meanwhile approached her, and was about to reprove her for weeping, when she assumed the boldness of superiority, and looked upon him with an air so dignified and commanding, that he was well-nigh terrified and confounded by it.

"Although I too now dwell here beneath the waters," said she, "yet I have brought my soul with me. And therefore I may well be allowed to weep, little as you may conceive the meaning of such tears. They are even a blessed privilege, as everything is such a privilege, to one inspired with the true soul."

He shook his head with disbelief of what she said, and after the recollection of a moment, replied:

"And yet, niece, you are subject to our laws of the element, as a being of the same nature with ourselves; and should *he* prove unfaithful to you and marry again, you are obliged to take away his life."

"He remains a widower to this very hour," replied Undine, "and he still loves me with the passion of a sorrowful heart."

"He is, however, a bridegroom withal," said Kühleborn, with a chuckle of scorn, "and let only a few days wear away, and then comes the priest with his nuptial blessing, and then you must go up and execute your share of the business, the death of the husband with two wives."

"I have not the power," returned Undine, with a smile. "Do you not remember? I have sealed up the fountain forever, not only against myself but all of the same race."

"Still, should he leave his castle," said Kühleborn, "or should he once allow the fountain to be uncovered, what then? for doubtless he thinks there is no great number in such trifles."

"For that very reason," said Undine, still smiling amid her tears, "for that very reason he is this moment hovering in spirit over the Mediterranean Sea, and dreaming of this voice of warning which our conversation affords him. It is for this that I have been studious in disposing the whole vision."

That instant Kühleborn, inflamed with rage, looked up at the knight, wrathfully threatened him, stamped upon the ground, and then, swift as the person that moved him, sprang up from beneath the waves. He seemed to swell in his fury to the size of a whale. Again the swans began to sing, to waive their wings, to fly; the night seemed to be soaring away over mountains and streams, and at last to night at Castle Ringstetten, where he awoke upon his couch.

Upon his couch he actually did awake, and his attendant, entering at the same moment, informed him that father Heilmann was still lingering in the neighbourhood; that he had, the evening before, met with him in the forest, where he was sheltering himself under a bow, which he had formed by interweaving the branches of trees, and covering them with moss and fine brushwood; and that to the question,

"What he was doing there, since he had so firmly refused to perform the nuptial ceremony?" his answer was:

"There are yet other ceremonies to perform, beside those at the altar of marriage; and though I did not come to officiate at the wedding, I can still officiate at a very different solemnity. All things have their seasons, and for this we must wait. Besides marrying and mourning are by no means so very far from each other, as every one, not wilfully blinded, must know full well."

In consequence of these words and of his dream, the knight made a variety of reflections, some wild and some not unminged with alarm. But a man is apt to consider it very disagreeable to give over an affair which he has once settled in his mind as certain, and therefore all went on just according to the old arrangement.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

SHOULD I relate to you the events of the marriage festival at Castle Ringstetten, it would seem to you as if you were viewing a crowded assemblage of bright and joyous things, but all overspread with a black mourning crape, through whose darkening veil the whole splendour appeared less to resemble pleasure, than a mockery of the nothingness of all earthly joys.

It was not because some spectral confusion disturbed the scene of festivity, for the castle, as we well know, had been secured against the mischief and menaces of water-spirits. But the knight, the fisherman, and all the guests, were unable to banish the feeling that the chief personage of the feast was still wanting, and that this chief personage could be no other than the amiable Undine, so dear to them all.

Whenever a door was heard to open, all eyes were involuntarily turned in that direction; and if it was nothing but the steward with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a supply of wine of higher flavour than the last, they again looked down in sadness and disappointment; and the flashes of wit and merriment which had been passing at times from one to another ceased, and were succeeded by tears of mournful remembrance.

The bride was the least thoughtful of the company, and, therefore, the most happy; but even she occasionally found it difficult to realize the fact, that she was sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green garland and gold-embroidered garments, while Undine was lying a corpse, stiff and cold, at the bottom of the Danube, or carried out by the current into the ocean. For, ever since her father had suggested something of this sort, his words were continually sounding in her ear; and this day, in particular, they would neither fade from her memory nor give over their intrusion.

Evening had scarcely arrived, when the company returned to their homes; not dismissed by the impatience of the bridegroom, as wedding parties are sometimes broken up, but constrained solely by painful associations, joyless melancholy, and forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants, to undress; but these young bridesmaids and bridesmen, such was the gloomy tenor of this festival, made no attempt to amuse bride or bridegroom with the usual pleasantry and frolicsome good-humour of the occasion.

Bertalda wished to awake a livelier spirit: she ordered them to spread before her a brilliant set of jewels, a present from Huldbrand, together with rich apparel and veils, that she might select from among them the brightest and most beautiful for her dress in the morning. The attendants eagerly seized this opportunity of gratifying both their young mistress and themselves; and while, with many wishes and promises of happiness, they indulged their love of talking in her presence, and declared how charmed they were with all they saw, they failed not to extol the beauty of the new-married lady with their liveliest eloquence. They became more and more absorbed in this admiration and flattery, until Bertalda at last, looking in a mirror, said with a sigh:

"Ah, but do you not see plainly how freckled I am growing? Look here on the side of my neck."

They looked at the place, and found the freckles, indeed, as their fair mistresses had said; but they called them mere beauty-spots, the faintest touches of the sun, such as would only heighten the whiteness of her delicate complexion. Bertalda shook her head, and still viewed them as a blemish.

"And I could remove them," she said at last, sighing. "But the castle fountain is covered, from which I formerly used to have that precious water to purifying to the skin. O, had I this evening only a single flagon of it!"

"Is that all?" cried an alert waiting-maid, laughing, as she glided out of the apartment.

"She will not be so frantic," said Bertalda, in a voice of inquiry and agreeably surprised, "as to cause the stone-cover of the fountain to be taken off this very evening."

That instant they heard the tread of men already passing along the courtyard, and could see from the window where the damsel, so kindly officious, was leading them directly up to the fountain, and that they carried ladders and other instruments on their shoulders.

"It is certainly my will," said Bertalda, with a smile, "if it does not take them too long."

And, charmed with the conviction that the merest hint from her was now sufficient to accomplish what had formerly been refused with a painful reproof, she looked down upon their operations in the bright moonlight of the castle court.

The men seized the enormous stone, as if they must exert all their strength in raising it; some one of their number indeed would occasionally sigh, when he recollected they were destroying the work of their former beloved mistress. Their labour, however, was much lighter than they expected. It seemed as if some power, from within the fountain itself, aided them in raising the stone.

"It certainly appears," said the workmen to one another in astonishment, "as if the confined water were become a jet or spouting fountain." And the stone rose more and more, and almost without the assistance of the work-people, rolled slowly away upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But an appearance, from the opening of the fountain, filled them with awe, as it rose like a white column of water: at first, they imagined it to be a spouting fountain, until they perceived the rising form to be a pale female, veiled in white. She wept bitterly, raised her hands above her head, and wrung them with anguish, as with slow and solemn step she moved toward the castle. The servants shrunk back, and fled from the fountain; while the bride, pale and motionless with horror, stood with her maidens at the window. When the figure had now come close beneath their room, it looked up to them and uttered the low moaning of misery, and Bertalda thought she recognised through the veil the pale features of Undine. But the mourning form passed on as sad, reluctant, and lingering, as if going to the place of execution. Bertalda screamed to her maids to call the knight; not one of them dared to stir from her place; and even the bride herself became again mute, as if trembling at the sound of her own voice.

While they continued standing at the window, overpowered with terror and

motionless as statues, the mysterious wanderer had entered the castle, ascended the well-known stairs, and traversed the well-known halls, her tears ever flowing in silent woe. Alas, with what different emotions had she once wandered through these rooms!

The knight had in the mean time dismissed his attendants. Half undressed and in deep dejection, he was standing before a large mirror; a wax taper burned dimly beside him. At this moment he heard a low tapping at his door, the least perceptible touch of a finger. Undine had formerly tapped in this way, when she wished to amuse him with her endearing sportiveness.

"It is all illusion! a mere streak of fancy!" said he to himself. "I must to my nuptial bed."

"You must, indeed, but to a cold one!" he heard a voice, choked with sobs, repeat from without; and then, as he saw in the mirror, that the door of his room was slowly, slowly opened, and the white wanderer entered, and gently secured it behind her.

"They have opened the fountain," said she in a low tone, "and now I am here, and you must die."

He felt, in the shock and death-pang of his heart, that this must indeed be his doom; but, covering his eyes with his hands, he cried: "Do not, in my death hour, do not drive me to distraction with terror. If you have a visage of horror behind that veil, do not lift it! Take my life, but let me not see you!"

"Alas!" replied the wanderer, "will you not then look upon me once more? I am as beautiful as when you wooed me on the peninsula!"

"O would to God it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and that I might die by a kiss from you!"

"Most willingly do I grant your wish, my dearest love," said she. And as she threw back her veil, her dear face met his view, smiling with celestial beauty. Trembling with love and the awe of approaching death, the knight stooped to give and receive the embrace. She kissed him with the holy kiss of heaven; but she relaxed not her hold, pressing him more passionately in her arms, and weeping as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes, while a thrill both of bliss and agony shot through his heart, until at last he expired, sinking softly back from her fair arms, and resting upon the pillow of his couch, a corpse.

"I have wept him to death!" said she to some domestic, who met her in the ante-chamber; and passing through the terrified group, she went slowly out and disappeared in the fountain.

## CHAPTER XIX.

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS had returned to the castle as soon as the death of the lord of Ringstetten was made known in the neighbourhood; and he arrived at the very hour when the monk who had married the unfortunate couple was hurrying from the door, overcome with dismay and horror.

When Father Hellmann was informed of this, he replied: "It is all well; and now come the duties of my office, in which I have no need of an assistant."

He then began to console the bride, now become a widow, small as was the advantage her worldly and light-minded spirit derived from his kindness.

The old fisherman, on the other hand, though severely afflicted, was far more resigned in regard to the fate of his son-in-law and the calamity of his daughter; and while Bertalda could not refrain from accusing Undine as a murderess and fiend-like enchantress, the old man calmly said: "The event, after all, could not have happened otherwise. I see nothing in it but the judgment of God; and no one, I am sure, could have his heart more pierced by the death of Huldbrand, than she who was obliged to accomplish his doom, the poor forsaken Undine!"

He then assisted in arranging the funeral solemnities as suited the rank of the deceased. The knight was to be interred in a village church-yard, in whose consecrated ground were the graves of his ancestors; a place which they, as well as himself, had endowed with rich privileges and gifts. His shield and helmet lay upon his coffin, ready to be lowered with it into the grave, for lord Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, hitting their melancholy songs amid the calm unclouded heaven; Father Hellmann preceded the procession, bearing a lofty crucifix, while Bertalda followed in her misery, supported by her aged father.

While proceeding in this manner, they suddenly saw in the midst of the dark-habited mourning females, in the widow's train, a snow-white figure, closely veiled, and wringing its hands in the wild vehemence of sorrow. Those next to whom it moved, seized with a secret dread, started back or sideways; and owing to their movements, the others, next to whom the white stranger now came, were terrified still more, so as to produce almost a complete disarrangement of the funeral train. Some of the military escort were emboldened to address the figure, and attempt to remove it from the procession, but it seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again, with slow and solemn step, among the followers of the body. At last, in consequence of the shrinking away of the attendants, it came close behind Bertalda. It now moved so slowly, that the widow was not aware of its presence, and it walked meekly on behind, neither suffering nor creating disturbance.

This continued until they came to the church-yard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then it was that Bertalda perceived her unbidden companion, and, prompted half by anger and half by terror, she commanded her to depart from the knight's place of final rest. But the veiled female, shaking her head with a gentle refusal, raised her hands towards Bertalda in lowly supplication, by which she was greatly moved, and

could not but remember with tears, how Undine had shown such sweetness of spirit on the Danube, when she held out to her the coral necklace.

Father Heilmann now motioned with his hand, and gave order for all to observe perfect stillness, that over the body, whose mound was well-nigh formed, they might breathe a prayer of silent devotion. Bertalda knelt without speaking; and all knelt, even the grave-diggers, who had now finished their work. But when they rose from this breathing of the heart, the white stranger had disappeared. On the spot where she had knelt, a little spring, of silver brightness, was gushing out from the green turf, and it kept swelling and flowing onward with a low murmur, till it almost encircled the mound of the knight's grave; it then continued its course, and emptied itself into a calm lake, which lay by the side of the consecrated ground. Even to this day, the inhabitants of the village point out the spring;—and they cannot but cherish the belief, that it is the poor deserted Undine who in this manner still fondly encircles her beloved in her arms.

END OF UNDINE.

## THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that the pedestrian, bent on a visit to this interesting museum, finds himself emerging from the crowded thoroughfares of the city into the great square of Lincoln's-inn Fields. Around are fine, old mansions, fraught with historic recollections. Here it was that Babington and his youthful associates perished in the prime of manhood, when, having sought to dethrone their sovereign, they precipitated the doom of the ill-fated Scottish Mary. Here Lord Russell was led to the scaffold; that distinguished and admirable man, whose trial has given both to poets and historians subjects of enduring excellence.

But a more extended and deeper interest centres here. Scarcely a town or village in the remotest parts of England is without its youthful aspirants for the honours and emoluments of a profession, the entrance to which is through Lincoln's-inn Fields.

Admire the noble proportions and graceful beauty of the stately portico, which owes much to the chaste and impressive designs of Mr. Barry. The College of Surgeons was built before his time, yet widely different in appearance, and we owe to him its present dignified and harmonious aspect.

Many persons are passing beneath the portico into the Hall. Let us follow them. Some proceed into the inner vestibule, with its low roof and open pillars, towards the theatre, others into the Secretary's room, on the left: the latter are mostly young and gentlemanly-looking men: they are going to register their names for examination. Success to you, young aspirants after knowledge! your profession opens to you the means of diffusing continually recurring benefits to mankind!

Turning from the secretary's room, we look around and see in the far corner on the left, a staircase ascending to the Council-room and Library, and the doorway to the Theatre. We enter, and see a gallery on three sides, with crimson seats, wainscoted walls, and a square panelled roof, in the centre of which is a skylight. Above us is the Student's-gallery; in front a wooden floor, with a table for the lecturer, and seats rising on either side. One single bust recalls the memory of John Hunter.

Lavater and Spurzheim, if contemplating the rows of faces that look steadily from the members'-gallery and the body of the theatre towards the lecturer's table, might recognise many to whom humanity is deeply indebted. Expressions of thought and intellect always acute, sometimes of the highest character, is indelibly written on many a face and brow. Presently a small door beside the table opens, and the head of the College enters with the gilt mace, which he lays reverently on the table. Members of the Council follow; lastly the lecturer, in a black robe with crimson edgings, and at once commences his lecture. One, we remember to have heard, was on the brain of fishes. The lecturer described, in brief but expressive language, the process of declension from the brain of creation's lord, through inferior animals and birds, to such creatures as inhabit the water, showing how clearly each individual and species is linked with that above and below it. The lecturer lastly pointed to the extraordinary development of brain in the shark, the most energetic perhaps among the finny tribes, as opposed to those which imbed themselves in mud and become torpid nearly half the year.

Leaving the theatre, a handsome staircase, with its roof of delicately tinged green hue, and its entablature having a richly sculptured frieze, conducts us to the landing at the top, where are busts of Cheselden and Sir W. Banks. On the right, a door opens into the Library; on the left, into the Council-room. What a noble apartment is the library—how wide and lofty! How pleasing the waiving and glimmering of the trees in the gardens, seen through the lower range of windows.

Portraits of Sir Caesar Hawkins, by Hogarth, and of Serjeant-Surgeon Wiseman, of Charles II.'s time, are conspicuous among others; but the greatest gem in the College is the cartoon of Holbein's picture of the Grant of the Charter to the Barber-Surgeons. A smaller room is entered from the west end of the library—it is called the Museum Library.

The other extremity of the building presents a door opening into the Council-room, where sits the awful conclave of Examiners. We have no business there at the present moment—no, not even to peep at a chair, and he who sits therein; while right and left and front, are extended a line of grave faces. Ah! that poor youth, nervous, excited, trembling—well for him that sense and memory do not fail under the important and deliberate questions that successively reach his ears!

He has a widowed mother, perhaps, who has parted with everything to procure for her son a professional education. Many who wish him well are walking to and fro on the pavement in front of the College, looking anxiously from time to time at the windows of an anteroom, attached to the one where the young student undergoes his examination. They well know what sacrifices have been made to meet expenses till the examination-day; perhaps even an appointment waits the final decision to be immediately accepted or lost for ever. There he is—his usually pale face flushed with success. He exclaims, with emotion, "All's right!" and hurries on to make glad his mother's heart.

The antechamber contains refreshments for the students, who are often completely overcome by anxiety and previous study.

Here we are in the Museum! What a magnificent apartment, in form, proportion, size, and general appearance! Not lighted, as you observe, by windows in the side walls, nor yet by lanterns from above, but by a series of windows set in a deep cove, extending all round the building, between the top of the wall and the ceiling; the effect is delightful, and equally beneficial as regards the contents of the museum. The walls exhibit three stories; first, glass-cases placed between half pillars of the Doric style; secondly, a gallery having preparations in glass vessels, with a balcony; and thirdly another gallery. Two ranges of solid, broad, glazed cases, breast high, extend down the floor of the room, from side to side; and such, in short, is the shell of the Museum, but how shall we comprehend somewhat of its invaluable contents? Perhaps almost everything that imagination can conceive, as required for the study of physical life, is here brought within the student's reach, having been sought for in every part of the known world. Dissected organs of plants and animals are classed according to their different vital functions, and each class is so arranged as to present every variety of form, beginning from the simplest, and passing upwards to the most complex.

In walking through the museum, the mind is almost bewildered by its overpowering multiplicity of objects. The eye passes along a seemingly interminable series of skeletons; first of quadrupeds, as llamas, zebras, rams, antelopes, deers, armadillos, squirrels, seals, lions, cats, and wolves, bears, monkeys, kangaroos, creatures of all forms, and varying instincts, from regions covered with snow that rarely melts, to the sultry regions of the line, and such as pertain to intermediate climates; then of birds, from the exquisite little humming-bird, the creature of sunbeams and ambrosia, to the giant ostrich; and, lastly, of fishes and of reptiles. Skulls of all nations, presenting different varieties of the one great family of man, are extensively arranged. The high and ample forehead of the most gifted races through numerous gradations, with that of the least intellectually developed.

Adorning the open railing of the balcony which projects in front of the first gallery, in its entire sweep around the Museum, are the horns of every known animal. We may try to span that gigantic specimen over the entrance into the museum, by extending our arms at full stretch, but vain will be our attempt. They were borne by the extinct Irish elk or stag, among primeval forests in the remotest periods of Ireland's history.

A beautiful series of preparations show the gradual growth of such antlers as are carried proudly in the present day through many an English park, from the first putting forth of the tender sprout, with its blood-vessels and soft velvet-like covering, to their full expansion.

Isolated skeletons, placed on pedestals, are prominent objects at the ends and in the centre of the room. Beside the door of the entrance is a cast of the hinder parts of the megatherium, one of those stupendous animals which have no representatives on earth. This enormous quadruped was unknown in Europe till the viceroy of Buenos Ayres sent to the museum at Madrid a considerable portion of a gigantic skeleton, and subsequently portions of two other skeletons followed. Men came from all parts to contemplate such prodigies, but the general characteristics of the animal could not be ascertained till remains were collected by Sir Woodbine Paris, from the river Salado, which runs through the flat alluvial plains to the south of Buenos Ayres. Three dry seasons had succeeded one after the other, causing the waters of the river to become low, and consequently uncovering those huge remains that would otherwise have still escaped observation.

The dimensions of the megatherium, whose gigantic skeleton is now before us, are about fourteen feet in length, and about eight in height; the upper part of its tail must have measured at least two feet across. Its thigh-bone is twice the size of the largest known elephant; its heel bone actually weighed more than the entire foot of the great elephant whose skeleton is in the museum, and its fore-foot must have exceeded a yard in length. "Thus heavily constructed," says Dr. Buckland, "he could neither run, nor leap, nor climb, nor burrow under ground, and all his movements must have been necessarily slow; but what need of rapid motion in a creature whose occupation of digging roots for food was almost stationary?" His entire frame was an apparatus of colossal mechanism, exactly adapted to the work he had to do, strong and ponderous in proportion as the work was heavy, and calculated to be the vehicle of life and enjoyment to a gigantic race of quadrupeds, which, although they have ceased to be accounted among the living inhabitants of our planet, have left in their fossil bones imperishable monuments of the consummate skill with which they were constructed. The ancestor of this huge creature undoubtedly passed with others of the animal creation, before our first father, when they received names from him. This is evident; for in cleaning the bones on their arrival at the college, some small portions of animal matter were discovered, changed into the peculiar fatty and waxy substance first brought to light during the last century. The inference I have mentioned was, therefore, justly drawn, "unless," as wrote an intelligent anatomist, "we dare to suppose that the soft animal matter was imperishable as the fossil bones themselves."



Opposite the megatherium is a heavy-looking skeleton of the hippopotamus or river-horse, the supposed Behemoth of the book of Job. Down the centre of the rooms are numerous small objects of great interest; a series of teeth belonging to the elephant, who changes them at least twelve times; teeth of animals in various stages of growth; vascular organs of the human body, sponges, and fossil shells. On our left is a fine cast of a negro; on our right the amazingly tall skeleton of Charles Byrne, or O'Brien, the Irish giant—that unhappy man, who killed himself by drinking, at the early age of twenty-two. Either from the dread of being exposed to public gaze in the Hall of Surgeons, or else from looking upon himself as a kind of half-monster, he desired to be sunk in the sea, trusting that all traces of him would disappear. Such, however, was not his lot, and this noble, though bony edifice, once tenanted by an immortal spirit, has beside it, in strange contrast, the skeleton of Mdlle. Cruchani, a Sicilian girl ten years old. The little being was only twenty inches high; and this is her brief history:—Her mother was an Italian woman, the wife of a soldier in the Duke of Wellington's army. Having been exposed to great hardships during the peninsular war, and frightened into fits by a monkey previous to her confinement, this infant was reared with great difficulty; it became consumptive, and being brought to London was publicly exhibited in Bond-street, where it was much visited, by medical men especially, to whom it became an object of considerable interest. The poor child could at length walk alone, but with no confidence; her sight was quick, and vividly attracted by bright objects; she delighted in everything that glittered, and was mightily pleased with fine clothes. Her voice was shrill and low, and she had some taste for music, her disposition was mild and affectionate, and consequently very susceptible of kindness. Neither did she appear deficient in intellect, having learned to speak a few words in English. Her death occurred in 1824, the year of her coming to England.

On the same pedestal is a minute and beautifully-constructed ivory skeleton of the human form.

Stop! do not go on too fast, nor yet look too intently at the strange contrast between gigantic and dwarfish proportions. Observe the colossal structure of the largest living quadruped, the Indian elephant. Wonderful creature!—thy skeleton measures twelve feet four inches in height—thy horns among palms and citrons, in a sunny clime—thy dying-place, Exeter Change—thy name, "Chunuy." Who has not heard of Chunuy, whose sad history excited no ordinary interest,—that sagacious, affectionate, and noble quadruped, whom it was needful to destroy?

A giraffe and Bactrian camel flank the skeleton of poor Chunuy on either side.

A door on the left opens into another museum, equally lofty, but comparatively small; it is chiefly devoted to preparations of extraordinary surgical cases of disease, which few may perhaps contemplate without feelings of deep thankfulness for their exemption from similar calamities. Here is a cast of the hand which united the Siamese twins, and a row of mummies standing upright in open wooden boxes. The embalmed wife of the once notorious Martin Van Butchell occupies one of them, with a parrot or some similar bird in the case beside her. We look, as a matter of course, familiarized by long habit, on mummies brought from Egypt, but we cannot help recoiling from the sight of a countrywoman denied the rights of burial in a Christian land. An Egyptian mummy, in its inner case, unopened, and of great antiquity, holds a near position; and in affecting contrast with this artificially preserved human being, is a figure painful to behold, seated, monkey-fashion, on a high pedestal, the chin resting upon its knees, and its shrivelled hands pressed against its sunken cheeks. Sad is the history connected with its discovery—the melancholy object itself a fearful memento of the dreadful lengths to which superstition conducts its votaries. Tradition had long pointed in Peru to a certain sepulchre, as the site of a voluntary sacrifice of the life of a Curaca, one of the orders of nobles next in rank to members of the royal family. The district wherein stood this sepulchre was that of Caxumarea, and the governor determined to ascertain the truth of the current opinion. The tomb was opened accordingly, and at the depth of ten, or eight, feet three bodies were exhumed—of a female, who crumbled to dust on exposure to the air; a child, now in the museum of Buenos Ayres; and the man upon whom we are now gazing. The three stood, most probably, in the relationship of husband, wife, and child. This dreadful entombing is believed to have taken place shortly before the arrival of Pizarro, or between the years of 1530 and 1531. The preservation of the bodies was owing to the peculiar nature of the soil. An axe or bludgeon of green jade stone was drawn out, as also a large ball of very fine thread, or worsted, placed under the arm of the child, a symbol, most probably, of its undeveloped career.

Again in the open air. Rain falls gently, but deeply, and the lilacs and hawthorns give out a sweeter fragrance. Let us wait till the shower is somewhat abated, and meanwhile I can tell you some particulars concerning the history of John Hunter. You cannot forget his bust in front of the pedestal on which stands the giant elephant, the only one which decorates the museum. His ample and intellectual forehead, his benevolent features, the fine expression of his countenance, are indeed worthy of remembrance.

John Hunter was born in 1728, at Long Calderwood, near Glasgow. His father was a small farmer, himself one of nine children. Left fatherless, while yet a stripling, and having but scarce means of improvement, he mostly spent his time in field sports till the age of seventeen. Weary, at length, of such an unprofitable mode of life, he went to Glasgow, and laboured there industriously in the workshop of his brother-in-law, a cabinet-maker. The three years thus spent were invaluable to him, as forming habits of manual dexterity which subsequently became available in his scientific pursuits; and thus time went on till the fame of his brother, as an anatomical and scientific lecturer, roused his hitherto dormant wish for similar attainments. His

brother, to whom he wrote without hesitation a letter expressive of his hopes, cordially invited him to London, and John Hunter, laying aside his plane and hammer, reached the great city, and became the pupil of the Surgeon Cheselden, attending with him the Hospital of Chelsea, and afterwards engaging himself to Pott, in connection with St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The change was, however, too sudden from manual labour to intense mental application, and Hunter was constrained to relax his studies. He obtained, therefore, the appointment of staff-surgeon to a regiment that was ordered to a milder climate; from whence he returned at the end of three years to recommence that distinguished career which rendered his name immortal. A young man has often many trials to overcome, and such was the case with Hunter. "Have you five guineas in your pocket?" said he one day to Mr. F. Nicol, "if so, lend them me, and we will go halves." "Halves in what?" was the natural inquiry,—"Why halves in a magnificent tiger, dying in Castle-street." The money was lent, and the great anatomist made off rejoicing. Previous to this request, the foundation of the comprehensive museum, which we have just seen, was laid, in some exquisitely prepared specimens, which gradually went on increasing till the time of John Hunter's death, when they amounted to at least ten thousand preparations, obtained at the cost of seventeen thousand pounds.

Thus ends the brief history of this great anatomist; a history which recalls to mind a remark once made, when considering the excellent deeds of a comparatively humble individual,—“See how much good a single man can do.” Ladies are not admitted at the Hunterian Museum.

## THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PRINCE ALBERT.

It is the lofty Inselberg—a mountain high and strong—  
Where once a noble castle stood—the  
giants held it long;  
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste  
and lone,  
And if he looks for giants there, they are  
all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth, the  
castle gate before,  
And played with a child's delight before  
her father's door:  
Then sauntering down the precipice, the  
girl will gladly go,  
To see, perchance, how matters went in  
the little world below.

With few and hasty steps she pass'd the  
mountain and the wood,  
At length approaching near the place  
where dwelt mankind, she stood;  
And many a town and village fair, and  
many fields so green,  
Brought her wondering eyes appear'd, a  
strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all  
the scenes around,  
She saw a peasant at her feet a tilling of  
the ground,  
The little creature crawl'd about so slowly  
here and there,  
And, lighted by the morning sun, his  
plough shone out so fair;

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cries the child,  
"I'll take it home with me."  
Then with her infant hands she spread her  
kerchief on her knee,  
And cradling man, and horse, and plough,  
so gently on her arm,  
She bore them home quite cautiously,  
afraid to do them harm.

She hastens with joyous steps and glad (we  
know what children are),  
And spying soon her father out, she  
shouted from afar—  
"Oh father! dearest father! what a play-  
thing I have found!  
I never saw so fair a one upon our mountain  
ground!"

Her father sat at table then, and drank his  
wine so mild,  
And smiling with a parent's smile, he  
ask'd the happy child—  
"What struggling creature hast thou  
brought so carefully to me?  
Thou leapt' at for very joy, my girl! come,  
open, let us see!"

She open'd her kerchief cautiously and  
gladly, you may deem,  
And show'd her eager sire the plough, the  
peasant, and his team;  
And when she'd placed before his sight the  
new found pretty toy,  
She clapp'd her hands, and scream'd  
aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father look'd quite seriously, and  
shaking low his head,  
"What hast thou brought me here, my  
girl?—this is no toy," he said.  
"Go take it to the vale again, and put it  
down below:  
The peasant is no plaything, child! how  
could'st thou think him so?"

"So go without a sigh or sob, and do my  
will," he said:  
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we  
none of us had bread;  
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the  
race of giants are;  
The peasant is no plaything, child—no,  
God forbid he were!"

THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE. — A miser, having amassed an immense sum of money by denying himself the common necessities of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it in security. After much consideration, he fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure in a hole which he had dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces on his way home, when his anxiety returned, and he could not forbear going back to see that everything was safe. This he repeated so often that he was observed by a man who was looking over a hedge in an adjacent meadow. He, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these frequent visits, marked the spot, and coming in the night, and discovering the prize, carried it away. Early the next morning the miser renewed his visit, when, finding his treasure gone, he broke out in the most bitter exclamations. A traveller who was passing, moved by his complaint, enquired the cause. "Alas!" replied the miser, "I have sustained a most irreparable loss. Some villain has robbed me of a sum of money which I buried under this stone." "Buried!" returned the traveller, with a look of surprise; "why did you not keep it in your house, that it might be ready for your daily wants?" "What!" replied the miser, with an air of astonishment and indignation, "do you imagine I so little know the value of money? On the contrary, I had prudently resolved to lay it by, and not to touch a single shilling of it." "If that was your resolution," answered the traveller, "you have only to put this stone in the place of your treasure, and it will answer all your purposes just as well."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 746.)

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Six or seven witnesses were called and sworn, and told to stand aside for the present; when a long consultation ensued between Carlin and Clayton. Vernon meanwhile leaning back abstracted and melancholy. He had protested against several questions put by his counsel, but without effect: they met him with the reply that they were absolutely necessary to his defence, and that his circumstances admitted no scruples of overstrained delicacy. Weary and dejected, he had relapsed into silence; and it was remarked that in all the consultations of his counsel, he bore no part—leaving them to manage the case as best they might, and scarcely manifesting any interest in the testimony. After a pause of several minutes, during which the falling of a pin in the court might have been heard, Clayton beckoned Colonel Talbot to him, and whispered with him. He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then walked out of the bar towards the back part of the house. He approached his daughter, who still sat veiled as at first, and after talking a moment with her, gave her his hand, and brought her forward. As she approached the clerk's bar, she threw back her veil, revealing a face "pale as monumental marble," and quivering with excitement. Her father stood beside her while she was being sworn, and then accompanied her in silence to the witness box. The crowd looked on with the most intense interest, and the jury drew up together as if to catch each breath of her testimony.

"The witness must stand alone," said Thorpe sternly.

"We ask permission for her father to remain with her," said Clayton.

"Go on, sir," said the judge. "No harm can be done by that course."

"Colonel Talbot," said Clayton, rising, "we will examine you first. Is that the note you left for Mr. Vernon on the day of this forgery?"

"It is, sir." He read aloud the note, which the reader remembers.

"Hand it to your daughter, if you please," Miss Talbot," he continued to Cara, "did you ever see that paper before?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "I had it in my possession a long time." Her voice trembled a little at first, and she took her father's arm, as if to support herself. But she grew firmer as she proceeded, and when she answered the next question the tremour had vanished.

"Tell the jury, if you please, how, when, and where, it came to your possession."

"I found it on the parlour floor at home, on the same day on which this crime is said to have been committed. It was lying on the floor at the end of a sofa."

"Can you account for its being there?"

"Not with certainty," she replied. "But it was lying precisely where Mr. Thorpe had been sitting."

All eyes were turned upon Thorpe—those of the jury evidently full of suspicion. But that gentleman sat calmly looking at the witness, his face wearing a cynical, even amused smile. When Cara was brought to the stand, had any one noticed him, he might have seen his nerves shaken; but he had now recovered his composure, and his face wore an expression of conscious strength to triumph.

"When did you first discover the paper?" Clayton continued.

"Almost immediately after he went out."

"What time did he enter the house on that morning?"

"I do not know the exact hour," she answered, "but it must have been a little more than an hour after my father left the house."

"Then, if I understand you," said Clayton, "you testify, that you first observed this note immediately after Thorpe's departure: that it lay precisely where he sat, and that he entered the house somewhere near eleven o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; and Clayton sat down.

"Miss Talbot," said Thorpe, commencing in a calm, insinuating tone. "was there no one else in that room that morning, besides your father?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "Mr. Vernon was there also. He came in almost immediately after my father went away—within ten minutes at least—and was not gone much longer than that when you entered."

"This is where you went, then," said Carlin in an aside to Allen, "when you left Hugh to put up the rack?"

Vernon nodded, and turned again to Cara.

"Can you now state positively," Thorpe continued, "that this note was not on the floor when I came in?"

"I cannot," she replied, "because I do not know when it was written. I only think it could not have been there."

"Still, you are not sure?"

"No, sir—it might have been lost by Mr. Vernon—but—"

"And so it was," interrupted Thorpe, cutting short her reply, and sitting down with a smile of triumph. It was a moment of intense excitement; had Clayton suffered her to retire now, the cause would have been lost. But he had calculated upon this; he knew that Thorpe had met Vernon going away from the house on that morning; and he saw by the smile on his lips that he remembered it now. He determined, therefore, to allow Thorpe to fall into the pit dug for him—to let him draw out testimony about Vernon, and then re-examine, with a view of showing that Vernon could not have committed the crime.

"Wait one moment, colonel," he said, rising, "let me ask her two or three questions more. Miss Talbot," he continued to Cara, "will you repeat what you said about the time of Mr. Vernon's entrance?"

"I said he entered the house a very few minutes after my father left it."

"How long after? Long enough for your father to have ridden to Vernon's house in Franklin-street, to write this note there, and for Vernon to come with it to your father's house in Jefferson street?"

"No, sir—my father could scarcely have been much beyond Franklin-street when Mr. Vernon entered the house, even if he had driven very rapidly."

"How long did Mr. Vernon remain with you?"

"I do not remember precisely—but not longer than an hour—perhaps not more than half an hour."

"It was physically impossible, then, that this note should have been written and got there when Vernon entered?"

"Stop!" said Thorpe, "leave that for the jury."

"Very well," said Clayton, "the jury will see the point. We will not detain you longer, Miss Talbot."

As Cara passed near Allen he bowed deeply, smiling gratefully. She returned the salute with a smile; and, turned as her face was towards the crowd, every one in the house could see her. Mary Bryce, among others, observed her, and threw those fat hands into the air, with a gasp of alarm, at the "shocking impropriety;" and yet she was then sitting with her foot upon the seat before her, and below her several boys and young men had forgotten the trial entirely, in titillating at the view of her fat ankles.

"Andrew Brady," was next called; and answering to the call, a respectable-looking man, of some fifty years, apparently in ill-health, came forward.

"Mr. Brady," said Clayton, "where did you live in May of last year?"

"In the same place where I now live," replied the witness, "in Franklin-street, directly opposite Mr. Vernon's."

"Were you in your house on the 16th of that month?"

"I was—and for several days before and after. I do not know that it was the sixteenth; but I recollect seeing Colonel Talbot enter Vernon's house whatever day that was."

"Tell the jury, if you please, what you observed on that morning."

"Well," said the old man, taking the chair offered him by the sheriff, "I was confined to the house by illness, and amused myself by watching the passengers in the street. On the morning of which I speak, I was, as usual, sitting by the window, when I observed young Manning enter Vernon's house with some sort of rack on his arm. A few minutes afterwards, Mr. Vernon came out and walked away, in the direction of Jefferson-street. He had not been gone more than fifteen or twenty minutes, when a carriage stopped at the door, and a gentleman stepped out and entered, whom I was surprised to recognize as Colonel Talbot. I was surprised, because I knew that he and the elder Mr. Vernon were not upon good terms. He stayed but a few minutes, when he came out, and re-entering his carriage, drove off towards the railroad station at the head of Franklin-street. He was just out of sight, when I observed Colonel Thorpe approach the gate and enter. He knocked at the door and then entered. He was in the house a few minutes—perhaps as many as fifteen—when he came out and walked down Franklin-street, towards Jefferson street in the same direction taken by Vernon. About fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards, Mr. Vernon returned and entered the house. He stayed within but a short time, when he and the younger Manning came out together, and crossing Franklin-street, entered Main-street, and passed out of sight. I saw Mr. Vernon return alone some time afterwards. My memory of these things, I suppose, is made more distinct by my surprise in seeing Colonel Talbot enter, where I knew he was not in the habit of going."

"You may take him," said Clayton to Thorpe, and sat down.

"Mr. Brady," the latter commenced, "is your recollection so distinct as to enable you to swear positively to the order in which these persons entered that house?"

"I suppose," said Brady, "it is possible that I may be mistaken; but it is hardly probable,—indeed not at all probable."

"Still, it is possible?"

"O yes, sir."

"Well, now tell me whether you have not related these circumstances before—I call your attention particularly to the point of Manning's presence there on that morning."

"I have never related them," said the witness, "but once. That was about three weeks ago: I heard that Talbot had left this note at Vernon's house unsigned: I immediately recollected having seen him enter the house, and, on reflection, recollected also the visitors who had entered before and after him. I met Mr. Clayton, and related the circumstance to him: I suppose he had me subpoenaed here to-day."

Thorpe continued his examination nearly an hour—turning the testimony in every conceivable way, and endeavouring by all those time-honoured arts practised by lawyers, to confuse the witness or make him falter. It was all in vain: every one saw, as the examination proceeded, that Thorpe was despairing, and that so far from confusing the witness, he was really losing his own self-possession. Clayton leaned calmly back, and watched his fiery struggles with an aspect denoting the same feelings with which a naturalist watches the convulsive struggles of the insect he has impaled. Clayton was kind at heart—unwilling to inflict pain uselessly at any time,—but he had also a deep love of justice, and to see "the fowler taken in his own net," gratified the instincts of the man and the habits of the lawyer. At last Thorpe gave in; and leaning back, with a face whose chagrin and disappointment he strove hard to conceal, he waved his hand to the witness to go down. He saw that nothing was to be gained by cross-examination, that all depended upon the argument; and feeling his strength, he resolved to rely upon that alone. His bosom swelled with the consciousness of his power, and he longed at once to rise and tear away the fleshless target that encompassed him. But he must wait; his was the closing speech; these addresses were to be made before his; there could be no reply, and knowing this, his face cleared, and reassumed its ancient smile.

(To be continued.)

## WORK OF GREAT INTEREST.

**UNCLE TOM IN ENGLAND; OR, A PROOF THAT BLACK'S WHITE:** being an Echo to the American "UNCLE TOM," by Mrs. BECHER STOWE. Published on TUESDAY the 14th of September, in boards, Price 1s.

London: JOHN BENNETT, 69, Fleet-street; and all Booksellers.

## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

### OUR NEW VOLUME.

In addition to the attractions we have already announced to appear in our New Volume, we are happy to add a Series of Illustrated TALES of SCOTTISH SONG, by JOHN SMITH, the Scottish Vocalist; and also SKETCHES of LIFE in AUSTRALIA, communicated from the spot, with Original Plans and Views, highly interesting to all who intend to emigrate, or whose friends may have already taken their departure.

As already announced, in the Second Volume, will be commenced a NEW and ORIGINAL TALE of great interest, by the EDITOR, entitled MABEL LEE; OR, THE LIGHTS and SHADOWS of AN ORPHAN'S LIFE. All the other Articles will be Original, and be written expressly for the HOME COMPANION. Each alternate Number will contain, in addition to the continuous tale by the Editor, a Complete Story, founded upon a popular drama, under the general title of "TALES FROM CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS," and after the manner of "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare." Those will include, *The Bondman, The Maid of Honour, The Duke of Milan, The Picture, The Fatal Dowry, The Great Duke of Florence, The Alchemist, The Fair, The Silent Woman, The Broken Heart, The Jew of Malta, Faustus, Iulian Corrobbona, The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, King and No King, The Elder Brother, Boadicea, The Loyal Subject, Wit without Money,* and various others.

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### THE ALMANACK

Is NOW READY, and is undoubtedly the greatest wonder of the year. We confidently assert that the Readers of the HOME COMPANION will thank us for affording them a very rich treat. Such an Almanack has never been published before. We quote the following brief preface to the Almanack itself:

"THE EDITOR of the HOME COMPANION having designed the whole of this Almanack upon an entirely original and novel plan, offers a few words in explanation thereof. The title page is full of graphic humour. It will be found to contain upwards of ONE HUNDRED comic figures, of the most lively and varied character. The lower portion of the page represents allegorically, Knowledge destroying Ignorance and Vice. At the top and bottom of each Calendar page will be found PICTORIAL CHARADES, each of which represents a word of two syllables—the first division of the picture illustrates the first syllable—the second division the second syllable—and the whole design the complete word. Thus the Charade No. 1, my first is 'break,' my second 'fast,' my whole 'breakfast!' The PICTORIAL ENIGMAS are constructed upon a different principle, which will be sufficiently understood by a glance at the letter-press which accompanies them. The same remark applies to the EXPERIMENTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, which will be found not only pleasing, but highly instructive. The Calendar is enlivened by numerous conundrums, and humorous notices of historical events. For the purpose of heightening the amusement afforded by the Almanack, it has been deemed proper to withhold the answers to the Pastime. These will appear in No. 53 of the "Home Companion." We give numbers and spaces for the reader to write down the answers he conjectures to be correct, so that by obtaining No. 53 he may have a capital evening's amusement by ascertaining how far he is successful. The Editor hopes that he may be privileged to issue a similar Almanack for many years. Several works projected by him having been wholly or partially pirated by persons who could find no other solution to the Enigma of their prosperity, but by appropriating his ideas, he takes this opportunity of intimating that there is little likelihood of the plan of this Almanack being pirated, for the outlay upon it has been so great, that it will require a sale of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES TO MAKE UP THE FIRST COST. It is undeniably the cheapest Almanack ever issued, and the only one of its kind."

## MABEL LEE.

I have undertaken, at the request of many friends, to write the history of MABEL LEE, whose name alone is fictitious. I confess that I am not given to the invention of Tales, made up of startling and improbable incidents, but being reminded that the life of MABEL LEE is more strange than fiction, and may be written all the more vividly, because absolutely true, I have willingly entered upon the subject, and have already far advanced in its execution. I have never read a novel that interested me half so much as the story of this orphan girl, full of the most remarkable vicissitudes, of many of which I was an actual observer. The Reader must not expect from me a thrilling romance, but a story plainly and truthfully told, that will appeal to every heart, and supply many elements of good example to those who, like MABEL LEE, may have to struggle against the bitter side of adversity, with a spirit too high and impulsive to submit to the harsh control often imposed upon virtuous but helpless poverty.

THE EDITOR.

## IMPROVEMENT OF THE MIND.

No truth in science or morals, or any skill or accomplishment which a man obtains is ever lost to him. Some time in his life he will find it useful. Youth is the season of acquirement, and maturer years the time of action; and the action of maturer years will be perfect or imperfect in an exact ratio with our earlier acquirements. As but few young men venture upon the uncertain experiment of business immediately on becoming of age, most of them have several years of freedom from its absorbing cares, and an opportunity for study, in which many things may be learned, that will, some-time in after life, be found of great importance. The character of these studies should be governed very much by the particular calling in which a young man is engaged. As, for instance, if he have chosen commercial pursuits, he will find an acquirement of a knowledge of the modern languages a very important means of future advancement. If honest and competent as a clerk, he may be selected as best fitted, from his acquaintance with German, French, or Spanish, to conduct a voyage as supercargo, that will not only materially increase his income, but give him an opportunity of seeing foreign nations and coming into actual business contact with them—that most important means of enlarging our ideas, correcting false impressions, and maturing our judgments in those matters of the world that are so essential to success. And so of every other pursuit or calling in which a young man may be engaged. Some particular branch of information will be found to aid materially his advancement therein, and secure his future well-doing. How to direct aright his efforts, every one must decide for himself, from the circumstances of his own position.

But even where no means of using the information proposed to be obtained is presented to the mind, every opportunity for improvement should be embraced, and those branches of knowledge cultivated that accord best with the tastes and inclinations. One or two hours of well-directed study, each day, will furnish the mind, in a few years, with a vast amount of information on all subjects, not a single item of which will be valueless, but, some time in life, be of use to the possessor.

Books of facts and books of principles should make by far the larger portion of a young man's reading, and works of fancy and fiction be resorted to only as mental recreations, or the means of improving the taste. The first are essential to the formation of his rational mind; they contain the food by which it is nourished, and from which it grows into maturity and vigour. If, instead of this kind of reading, mere fiction be resorted to, a puny intellectual growth will be the consequence, and instead of there being the soundness of true mental force and discrimination, there will be only the weakness of a trifling sentimentality. History, biography, and travels, furnish the mind with the main facts to be obtained by mere reading, while the more abstract facts of science, more necessary than these to be known, must be acquired by something more than this superficial mode—by patient and laborious study; but this patience and labour receive a rich reward. Another and equally important branch of reading is that of mental and moral philosophy. There is danger here of acquiring false views; for these abound in nearly every philosophical work extant. History records the naked facts that have transpired; biography tells the story of a man's life; and the book of travel opens up to us the manners, customs, and peculiarities of other nations. We read them all, and form our own conclusions from the facts stated. But books of philosophy come to us as grave teachers, with precepts for our government in actual life. They assume to understand the constituents of the human mind, and to lay down laws for its government. Of these books there are many, and all with systems more or less variant with each other. They cannot all be true, of course. "What, then, am I to do? Who is to lead me into a true system of philosophy?" we hear asked; and we answer, "Your own reason, guided by an earnest desire for the truth for its own sake." "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

This, at first sight, may seem a very unsatisfactory kind of advice; but it is the only advice we can conscientiously give. No man can truly believe anything that he does not understand; and therefore nothing can be truth to him that does not come within the scope of his own reason. Systems of philosophy, when presented to him, ought to be examined; but nothing that they advance should be received as truth, unless his own rationality approve. The test of



all truth is its ability to lead to good. To take a thing for granted because it is gravely stated as truth by a man who has the reputation of being a great philosopher, is the worst of folly. Even if the proposition be true, it is a truth to no one unless it be rationally perceived. A man may assent to it, but it is not a living, but only a dead assent. He is none the wiser.

As the precept, "Man, know thyself," is to all one of vital moment, and as no man can properly know himself unless he understand something of his mental and moral nature, we will make a few plain statements on the subject, from which any one may derive clear ideas, and be able to understand his own mental operations, and the laws that govern them. Such a knowledge will enable him to separate the wheat from the chaff in books, and store up the wheat in the garner of his innermost thoughts.

The mind of man is threefold. It consists of affection, thought, and power; or will, understanding, and action. The will is man's love, or very life, the moving impulse of his being; his understanding gives a form to this affection, clothing it in thoughts; and from both together flows forth activity. In the will of man, which is his love, or life, resides his ends; these work by his understanding, or reasoning faculty, in the procurement of means to their gratification; and when all is prepared, from both flows forth activity in real life. It will require but little reflection to make this clearly apparent. A man has some end in view, which is a desire for something; this is the first impulse he feels. He never thinks first, but always feels or desires first, and thought is but the consequence. As just said, a man has some end in view, which is a desire for something; immediately his reasoning powers awake, and eagerly search about for the means by which that end may be obtained; but still a man might desire for ever, and think for ever, and no effect would be produced, if both affection and thought did not consummate themselves in action. In the erection of a house, the first thing is a desire for a building suitable for a certain purpose; then the understanding takes up the matter, and wisely determines what is to be done, and decides upon the best modes of doing it; and, lastly, all the machinery required is put in operation, and the building is completed, the end accomplished.

That all this is true, the simplest mind can see at a glance. Now, we wish further to say, that whatever be the quality of the mind's affection, such will be the quality of the thoughts that are prompted by this affection, and such the quality of the ultimate action; if good, good; if bad, bad. An evil will acts by false thoughts, and produces evil actions; while a good will acts by true thoughts, and produces good actions.

This philosophy of the human mind, simple and comprehensive as it is, is now seen to be eminently practical. It causes a man to think well of his ends; and the quality of these he can see in his actions, for they reflect the ends which govern a man as clearly as a mirror reflects his face. If the act be wrong, the end in view, from which that action flowed as a natural result, must be wrong also; for a sweet fountain cannot send forth bitter waters.

Ever keeping in view this law of the human mind, the young adventurer on the sea of metaphysical knowledge will at all times be able to determine his position, and to discriminate between the true and false lights by which he is compelled to steer his soul-laden bark.

Man's study of himself, aided by certain data in the outset, is full of interest, and fraught with the most important results. He who carefully observes the operations of his own mind, is soon able to correct false views, and soon acquires a soundness of thinking on all subjects. He makes a stronger impression on society; his influence widens daily.

Very many considerations might be urged upon young men by which to make them feel the importance of improving their minds in every possible way; the highest consideration we can urge is that of man's duties to common society, and the impossibility of his discharging them efficiently, unless every power of his mind be cultivated to the extent of the opportunities afforded him. But too few are able to feel so unselfish a consideration as this, and they must be moved by the lower influences of respectability, eminence, or the possession of wealth, all, or some of which, are the rewards that follow the cultivation of man's intellectual ability. An ignorant man may get rich, but he cannot rise into intellectual society; he can never be anything in the world except a mere money-maker, nor be esteemed for anything but his wealth. He contributes nothing toward the world's true advancement; he is, after all, but a drone in the social hive; and when he dies, his memory soon perishes with him, unless he provides for having it inscribed upon some imposing edifice, built by the money he could no longer use for his own selfish purposes—to no truly great man an enviable fame.

**MEN OF LOW ESTATE BUT LOFTY SOULS.**—Heyne, the celebrated German classical scholar, stands pre-eminent. His father was a poor weaver, who was not able to pay even at the lowest rate for his instruction in the common elements of learning. The youth had a strong desire to learn Latin; and a son of his schoolmaster consented to teach him at fourpence a week; but Heyne was unable to pay even this pittance. One day he was sent for bread; and as he went he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the bakery in tears. On learning the cause of his grief, the kind-hearted baker promised to pay the fee required, at which Heyne says he was quite intoxicated with joy; and as he ran ragged and barefoot through the streets tossing the loaf of bread in the air, it slipped from his hand and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his mother, who could not well afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for nearly two years, when his young teacher told him he had taught him all he knew. Heyne afterwards was celebrated for his great superiority in classical learning; so that at his death, it was said the university where he was Professor, had lost its chief distinction and honour for half a century.

## ONWARD!

**NEW BRICK-MAKING APPARATUS.**—Messrs. Woodworth and Mower, of the United States, have taken out an English patent for some new brick-making apparatus, in which percussion is used to consolidate the plastic materials in the moulds. A sliding mould-charger is in connection with the ram, or piston, in such manner as to render it a part of the mould some time after a percussion of the ram. The moulds have inclined sides, and are connected with machinery, which lifts the moulded article previous to a second percussion, so that it does not adhere to the mould, and allows the compressed air to escape.

**THE DUBLIN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.**—Mr. Benson's design has been adopted for the Exhibition building of next year, presenting a front to Merrion-square of 300 feet. The main feature of the elevation consists of a semi-circular projection, which forms the eastern termination of the central hall, which will be 425 feet in length, and 100 feet in height, covered by a semi-circular roof in one span of 100 feet. On each side of this hall, and running parallel to it for the same length, will be a hall 50 feet wide, with domed roofs, and 65 feet high, and two compartments 25 feet wide, and divided into sections of 25 feet square, forming convenient divisions for the purposes of classification. Over these compartments will be spacious galleries, running the length of the building. The available area of ground-floor will be 147,704 feet. Of wall space there will not be less than 87,000 feet.

**A NEW RAILWAY PROJECT.**—The *Constitutionnel* of France announces a railway project which, if carried out, will have a great social as well as political importance. It is a scheme for connecting the three capitals, Paris, Lisbon, and Madrid, by means of a system of iron ways. The three governments, described as vividly interested in the idea, have engaged to favour, by all the means at their disposal, the formation of Companies willing to execute the works, and to guarantee, so far as each is concerned, the fulfilment of all the conditions stipulated for in the convention. The line is to run from Paris to Madrid, and from Madrid to Lisbon. This will be good news to the hosts of summer tourists, whose vacation is confined to a few weeks, and to whom the south-west of Europe has hitherto been a sealed book. With such a road as is here announced, the Alhambra will soon become as well known as St. Mark's, the bull-fights of Madrid as the horse-races of the Corso.

**CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF 1851.**—The Criminal Tables for the past year, which have lately been published, afford pleasing evidence that the decrease of crime, as compared with the amount ten years ago, continues to be maintained. For, although the slight increase of 4.2 per cent. marks the returns of 1851, as compared with those of 1850, the increase of population may be most fairly adduced as a satisfactory cause for this increase. The commitments during the last ten years stand thus:

|       |         |       |         |
|-------|---------|-------|---------|
| 1842  | 31,309  | 1847  | 28,833  |
| 1843  | 29,591  | 1848  | 30,349  |
| 1844  | 26,512  | 1849  | 27,816  |
| 1845  | 24,503  | 1850  | 26,813  |
| 1846  | 25,107  | 1851  | 27,960  |
| Total | 136,852 | Total | 141,771 |

**SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH EXTENSION.**—The Turin correspondence of the *Gazette de Suive* refers to a great scheme of submarine telegraph extension. The telegraphic lines at Charing-cross are already connected with the French lines to Lyons, whence the corresponding wires will soon enable them to reach—by way of Chambery—Turin and Genoa on the Mediterranean. From this latter point it is proposed that the Sardinian government should lay down a line to Spezia, whence the Submarine Company would carry it under water to the little island of Gorgona, and across it, and then again under water to Bastia. The French government, if this scheme be realised, will then take up the work, carrying the lines to Corsica; whence a great gutta serena tube will be laid to Cagliari in Sicily. From Sicily to the African coast is supposed to be a practicable distance; and Signor Bouelli, whose plans we are describing, proposes, when that shore is reached, to make Tunis a great telegraphic station;—whence France would carry a system of wires to Bongie and Algiers; and England another system to Tripoli, Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez.

**REGULATING TIME BY THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.**—The method of regulating the time of a whole country by a chosen meridian, through the instrumentality of the magnetic telegraph, is about to be introduced into Germany. Dr. Erb, professor of astronomy in the university of Heidelberg, has obtained a grant of land from the corporation of Bamberg—a town on the river Regnitz, in Northern Bavaria,—on which he proposes to erect a high tower, on the top of which will be placed an electrical clock, like the one at Charing-cross. The necessary powers have all been conceded to Dr. Erb by the government at Munich; and the works, it is said, will be forthwith commenced. In itself, Bamberg is a well-selected point for such purposes as a general regulation of time for Germany. It is as nearly as possible in the centre of the Teutonic lands. It is connected by the Leipzig line with the system of northern and eastern railways; the Augsburg line enables it to touch, at the same moment, Stuttgart, Munich, and the Lake of Constance,—the Frankfurt branch brings it into communication with the Rhenish cities from Basle to Düsseldorf. It has also the immense advantage of lying on the great water-route of central Europe by means of the Ludwig Canal, between the Danube and the Rhine, the North Sea, and the Euxine. With a proper feeling for the distinction which these works will confer on their city, the municipality of Bamberg have made a free gift of the site selected by Dr. Erb for his tower.

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*A curious Trick of Legerdemain, called the two Convertible Coins.*

TAKE two sovereigns, which may be counterfeits, and two shillings, and grind part of them away on one side only, so that they may be about half the common thickness, and quite thin at the edge. Then rivet a sovereign and a shilling together, and lay one of these double pieces, with the shilling uppermost, on the palm of your hand, at the bottom of your three first fingers, and the other piece, with the sovereign uppermost, in like manner on the other hand. Having done this, bid the company take notice in which hand is the sovereign, and in which the shilling; and, as you shut your hands, turn the pieces dexterously over, and when you open them again, the shilling and the sovereign will appear to have changed places. This, perhaps, may appear to be a very trifling trick, and so it certainly is when known; but by deceptions similar to this, many celebrities excite universal admiration.

## ENIGMA.

My present task, ye riddlers, is t'nfold  
What's better far, and dearer too than gold.  
Without my aid the parson could not preach;  
Without my aid the tutor could not teach;  
Without my aid the poet could not write;  
Without my aid the hero could not fight;  
Without my aid the plodder could not sow;  
Without my aid the rustic could not mow;  
Without my aid the miser could not hoard.  
His paltry pelf, with which his coffer's stor'd:  
The soldier brave, upon the hostile plain,  
For want of me to quell his foes, is slain;  
The sailor bold, when on the ocean tost,  
For want of me to save his life, is lost.  
The faithful fair one, and the love-sick swain,  
Oft wish for me to fix the roseate chain,—  
When I refuse, they feel despair's keen pain.  
Part of mankind salute me with respect;  
Part of mankind pass by me with neglect;  
But mark, while those are recompensed with gain,  
Behold the heedless punish'd for disdain.  
Then fair ones mind, unto these hints attend,  
And when you find me treat me as a friend.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

I.

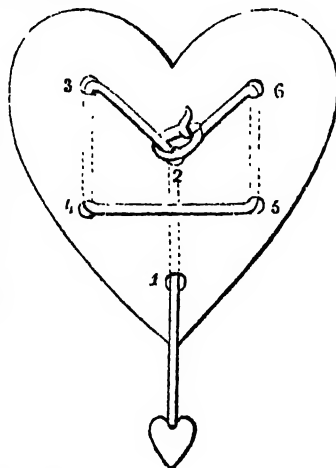
A cunning servant agreed with a master who was unskilled in numbers, to serve him 11 years—without any other reward for his services than the produce of one wheat grain for the first year, and that produce to be sown the second year, and so from year to year, until the end of the time. Now supposing the increase to be uniformly in a tenfold proportion; and 7,680 grains of wheat to fill a pint measure; how much would his 11 years' wages amount to, estimating the corn at 6s. per bushel?

II.

If 100 stones be placed in a right line, exactly a yard asunder, and the first a yard from a basket; what length of ground must a person go who picks them up singly, returning with them one by one to the basket?

## PRACTICAL PUZZLE.

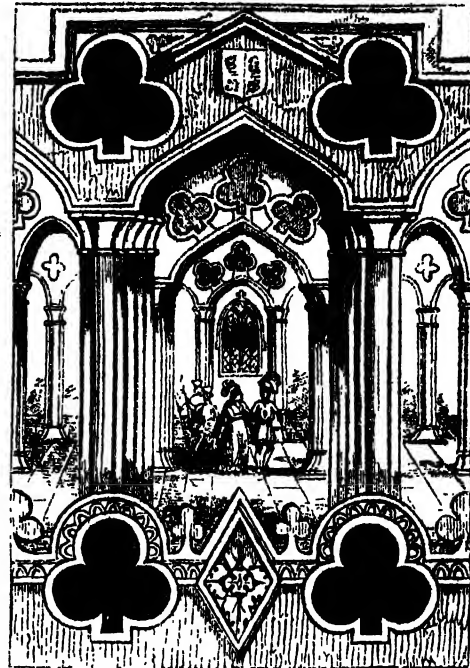
Cut a piece of thin wood the shape indicated by the diagram, and having perforated it as above, draw a piece of string, with a smaller heart attached at the end, through No. 1, pass it behind, and bring it through 2 before, and through 3, and so on to 6, when a loop must be made so as to enclose that part of the string which runs from 2 to 3. The puzzle is to remove the string from the large heart altogether, without unfastening the loop.



## CHARADE.

My first is equally friendly to the friend and the lover, the toper and the student. My second is light's opposite; yet they are frequently seen hand in hand; and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My whole is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, but fatal to the taste.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE FOUR OF CLUBS.—A CLUB-HOUSE WHERE MATCHES ARE MADE.

## CONUNDRUMS

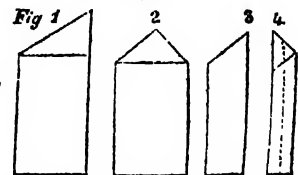
1. Who is that lady, whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcomed by all parties?
2. Who was the greatest man that England ever produced?
3. Why is a drunken man like a Quaker?
4. What is that which few like to give away, and yet nobody wishes to keep?
5. If I raise a fallen man, what tradesman do I resemble?
6. Why is a proud woman like a music-book?
7. Of what trade or profession was Adam?
8. Behold the worst of all beings, and you will discover mischief still remaining.
9. What word is that in the English language, of one syllable, which, by taking away the two first letters, becomes a word of two syllables?
10. What does a stone become in the water?
11. Which of the cardinal virtues will water resemble when just frozen?
12. What viand is that which denotes a lean wife, roasted; with the ruin of man for sauce?
13. Why does a radical wear a white hat?
14. Where did the Witch of Endor live?
15. Why is a soldier in battle like idleness?
16. Where was Peter when the candle went out?
17. Why is Virgil, translated, like hatred?

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

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## REBUSES.—Sap, Asp, Pass. 2. Lever, Revel.

PRACTICAL PUZZLE.—Take a piece of writing paper about three times as long as it is broad, say six inches long and two wide. Fold the upper corner down, as shown in Fig. 1; then fold the other upper corner over the first, and it will appear as in Fig. 2. You next fold the paper in half lengthwise, and it will appear as in Fig. 3. Then the last fold is made lengthwise also in the middle of the paper, and it will exhibit the form of Fig. 4: which when cut through with the scissors in the direction of the dotted line, will give all the forms mentioned.



CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because she was a great Polly Titian. 2. A.—Because it makes her REAR. 3. In February, because it is the shortest. 4. There is a difference. 5. Because one is notable, and the other not-able. 6. Because 'tis a queer-eye. 7. Because it is hardly done. 8. Cockermouth. 9. Because he makes a sty nasty. 10. It is the capital of France. 11. A pair of snuffers. 12. Because he has taken orders. 13. On the head. 14. Because it makes hot sweat. 15. Two, inside and outside. 16. Because he has an attachment to carry on (carrion). 17. It can a tale (tell) unfold. 18. Because it is Barking. 19. On the West. 20. A secret. 21. Shrove-Tuesday. 22. Musick. 23. They are in de-as.

CHARADES.—1. ADD-RE-LAIDE. 2. WOOL-WICH.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

**A KENTUCKY BASS.**—We have a bass singer here who can go so low that it takes three men to get him up again.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said when he robbed the out of her portion of the dinner.

If "reserve is a debt to prudence," then dumb men are the most prudent fellows in the world.

A lady, on being separated from her husband, changed her religion; being determined, she said, to avoid his company in this world and the next.

On Lake Champlain they troll for pickerel with a piece of *stear*, shaped like the bowl of a spoon, to which hooks are attached. Even fish bite at "the tin."

**CURRAN.**—Curran was once asked what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

**DIDEROT** has said, that in order to write well on the subject of females, it would be necessary to dip the pen in the dyes of the rainbow, and dry the paper with powder borrowed from the wings of the butterfly.

**NAIVETE.**—Children sometimes light on odd turns of expression. One hearing that his mother had lost a long lawsuit, ran home, and said, "Dear mamma, I am so glad you have lost that nasty process that used to plague you so."

**LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.**—Lord Loughborough rallying a physician, one day, on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered the witty lord, "is exactly what Jack Ketch says."

**SHAME.**—An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back; but the servant could not overtake him."

**HOW TO GET AN ENEMY.**—Lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce and speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it to fail.

A boy was lately asked, "Who killed Abel?" He promptly replied, "Andrew Jackson." This equals the catechetical examination of a lad living in the wildest regions of the green mountains:—"Into what state did the fall bring mankind?" asked the teacher. With a most rueful expression of countenance, the urchin bawled out "Varmounts."

**SCENE IN COURT.**—Not long since one of the learned counsel in a small suit deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Samuel Butterworth by impugning his veracity. A witness was called to the stand. "Do you know Samuel Butterworth?" "Yes." "What is Butterworth?" "Two and tenpence a pound, although some folks have paid as high as three shillings."

**PASSION.**—A certain member of Parliament is well known to have possessed a most irritable temper. His footman, desiring to be dismissed, "Why do you leave me?" said he. "Because, to speak the truth, I cannot bear your temper." "To be sure, I am passionate, but my passion is no sooner off than it is on again."

**EXPECTORATING JOKES.**—We spit upon the Baltimore platform.—*New York Tribune.* Then you cannot expect to rate as a Whig.—*Rock der American.* He can, if he *chews*.—*Lynn News.* That will depend some upon the disposition of the old sagers.—*Clinton Courier.* Well, supposing he has old Pennsylvania and Virginia to back her?—*Lowell's Populi.* He'll end in smoke as usual.—*Crypt Bag.*

**OLD BAILEY WIT.**—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop-door in Holborn, with which he ran away. Judge, to shoemaker who had pursued and seized the prisoner—"What did he say when you caught him?" Witness—"My lord, he said he took the boots in joke." Judge—"And pray, how far was he off when you caught him?" Witness—"About forty yards, please your lordship." Judge—"I am afraid this is carrying the joke too far;" and he condemned the prisoner.

A young woman meeting a learned doctor, in the square of a certain town, asked him where she might find a shopkeeper whom she wanted. The doctor gave the following direction:—"Move your pedestrian digits along the diagonal of this rectangle, in a line perpendicular to the earth's equator, till you arrive at the junction of the two sides. Diverge then to the left, at right angles—Perge for about fifty paces in that quadrangle, and you will have ocular demonstration of him, standing in an orifice made in an edifice for the purpose of Illumination."

**SHORT DAYS AND LONG NIGHTS.**—A certain vivacious writer, like most wits, is a lover of conviviality, which frequently leads him to spend the whole night in company, and all the next morning in bed. On one of these occasions, an old female relation having waited on him before he had arisen, began to read him a familiar lecture on prudence; which she concluded by saying, "Ah! I see plainly that you'll shorten your days." "Very true, madam," replied he, "but, by the same rule, you must admit that I shall lengthen my nights."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

**THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS.**—"Tis a pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great solitude. The casiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide—not to go; this is to sleep, and not to live. Conceive a man accompanied with omnipotency, you throw him into an abyss. He must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms.

**PERFECTION.**—That historian who would describe a favourite character as faultless, raises another at the expense of himself. Zeuxis made five virgins contribute their charms to his single picture of Helen; and it is as vain for the moralist to look for perfection in the mind, as for the painter to expect to find it in the body. In fact, the sad realities of life give us no great cause to be proud either of our minds or of our bodies; but we can conceive in both the possibility of much greater excellence than exists. The statue of the Belvidere Apollo is quite as likely to be married, as he that will have no wife until he can discover a woman that equals the Venus of Cleomeles.

**ENVY.**—When a statue had been erected by his fellow-citizens of Thasos, to Theagenes, a celebrated victor in the public games of Greece, we are told that it excited so strongly the envious hatred of one of his rivals, that he went to it every night, and endeavoured to throw it down by repeated blows, till at last unfortunately successful, he was able to move it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath it on its fall. This, if we consider the self-consuming misery of envy, is truly what happens to every envious man. He may throw down his rival's glory; but he is crushed in his whole soul beneath the glory which he overturns.

**DISINTERESTED GIFTS.**—The most disinterested of all gifts are those which kings bestow on undeserving favourites; first, because they are purely at the expense of the donor's character; and secondly, because they are sure to be repaid with ingratitude. In fact, honours and titles so conferred, or rather so misplaced, dishonour the giver, without exalting the receiver; they are a splendid sign to a wretched him; an illuminated frontispiece to a contemptible misal; a lofty arch overshadowing a gutter. Count millions lifted up from obscurity by their vices, and splendid, only because they reflect the rays of royal munificence, may be compared to those few, which the sun raises up from a swamp, merely to obscure the beams which were the cause of their elevation.

**DIFFICULTY.**—The word "difficulty" is simply a relative term. "There are a thousand difficulties in the way," is true; "There is no difficulty at all," is also true. The truth of the statement, in each case, depends upon the speaker. There is no difficulty in the thing to be done; the difficulty lies solely in the inability of the proposer. That little child is struggling hard to lift the footstool on which it has been sitting; it cannot. Whence the difficulty? That blind old man makes serious "sport" to thousands, by hurling an amphitheatre to the ground. You could not have done it. Why not? Samson found no difficulty. One of the current falsities of society is, "The thing cannot be done." Yes, it can. Anything can be done, provided it do not involve a contradiction in terms, or a violation of immutable law. Material difficulties will not yield to manual power, except by a very slow process; but bring in mind, and embody it in art, and the difficulty vanishes. Mind masters matter, and art is mind in action.

**PLEASURES OF READING IN YOUTH.**—"The greatest pleasure in life (says Hazlitt) is that of reading while we are young. I have had as much of this pleasure, perhaps, as any one. As I grow older, it fades; or else, the stronger stimulus of writing takes off the edge of it. At present, I have neither time nor inclination for it; yet I should like to devote a year's entire leisure to a course of the English novelists; and, perhaps, clap on that old sly knave, Sir Walter to the end of the list. It is astonishing how I used formerly to relish the style of certain authors, at a time when I myself despaired of ever writing a single line. Probably this was the reason. It is in mental as in natural ascent—intellectual objects seem higher when we look down from any given elevation above the common level. My three favourite writers, about the time I speak of, were Burke, Jannius, and Rousseau. I was never weary of admiring, and wondering at the felicities of the style, the turns of expression, the refinements of thought and sentiments; I laid the book down to find out the secret of so much strength and beauty, and took it up again in despair, to read on and admire. So I passed whole days, months, and, I may add, years; and have only this to say now, that, as my life began, so I could wish that it may end.

**AN AMERICAN SERVANT'S RIGHTS.**—I was told at Boston of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, having engaged a farm-servant, found him very satisfactory in all respects, except that he invariably came into the house, and into his master's room, with his hat on. "John," he said to him one day, "you always keep your hat on when you come into the house." "Well, sir, haven't I a right to?" "Yes, I suppose you have." "Well, if I have a right to, why shouldn't I?" This was a power from one man to another where all have equal rights. So, after a moment's reflection, he shrewdly asked, "Now, John, what'll you take—how much more wages will you ask to take off your hat when you come in?" "Well, that requires consideration, I guess." "Take the thing into consideration, then, and tell me to-morrow morning." The morrow comes. "Well, John, have you considered what additional wages you are to have for taking your hat off?" "Well, sir, I guess it's worth a dollar a month." "It's settled then, John; you shall have another dollar a month." And the gentleman retained a good servant, while John's hat was always in his hand when he entered the house.



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The best Congee Tea ..... 3s. 3d. per lb.  
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**GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH,** used  
in the Royal Laundry, and Wetherpoon's Steam-  
ing Confectionery.—Sold by all respectable Grocers and  
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**SMART YOUNG MEN.**—For your HATS  
go to PARKER'S noted Wholesale and Retail Hat  
Warehouses, opposite Shoreditch Church, where you can  
select from Fifty different Shapes of the best Style and  
Workmanship in London. A first class Hat, in every  
prime shape, 6s. 6d. You are respectfully invited to select  
your shape from the window.—Note, PARKER'S, 127 and  
129, opposite Shoreditch Church, and City road, one door  
from Old-street.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy—rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."—*Hamlet.*

**EVERY WELL-DRESSED MAN KNOWS**  
how difficult it is to find a tailor who thoroughly un-  
derstands the peculiarities of each figure, and can suit its  
requirements with a well-cut gentlemanly fitting garment,  
in which ease and taste being equally regarded, the eye of  
the observer is pleased with its graceful effect, while the  
comfort of the wearer is secured. Hence it is that so few  
feel "at home" during the first day's wear of any new  
garment, and so many are apparently doomed to appear in  
clothes, however costly, that never can become adapted to  
their forms. To remedy so manifest a deformity in cos-  
tume, FREDERICK FOX adopts this means of making  
known that he has practically studied both form and  
fashion in their most comprehensive meaning, and in the  
course of an extensive private connexion has clothed every  
conceivable development during the past thirteen years,  
always adapting the garment, whether coat, waistcoat, or  
trousers, to the exigencies of its individual wearer, and the  
purposes it is intended to serve, thus invariably attaining  
elegance of fit with that regard for economy which the  
spirit of the age dictates.—F. FOX, practical tailor, 73,  
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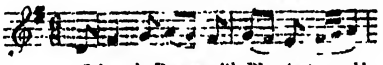
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**MOORE AND BUCKLEY'S PATENT**  
**CONCENTRATED MILK** will be found a great  
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preserved in hermetically sealed tins, which will keep sweet  
in the hottest climate many days after being opened, each  
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The milk is most admirable; none should go to sea  
without it.—*Captain O'Malley, H. M. S. Assistance,*  
25th October, 1851

Commis-sions of Cocoa and Chocolate are invited to try  
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and most of the respectable Grocers and Chemists in the  
Kingdom.



### Editor's Note-Book

#### DOMESTIC HINTS.—No. 23.

**A Kitchen Garden.**—This is one of the most important parts of general domestic economy, whenever the situation of a house will permit a family to avail themselves of its assistance, in aid of butchers' bills. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that small plots of ground, in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis more especially, are too often frittered away into shrubberies and baby gardens, when they might more usefully be employed in raising vegetables for the family, during the week-day residence in town, than wasting their sweetness on the smoky air, in all the pride of lilac, hollyhock, and butchers' buttons, to be merely snuffed to, by the whole immigrating household on the day of rest. With a little care and attention, a kitchen garden, though small, might be rendered not only useful, but, in fact, as ornamental as a modern grass carpet; and the same expense incurred to make the ground a labyrinth of sweets, might suffice to render it agreeable to the palate, as well as to the olfactory nerves, and that even without offending the most delicate optics from Snowhill or St. Mary Axe. For the general management of such a wished-for change, we must of course refer to the numerous didactic books on the subject. It is only in accordance with our plan, to give the hint, and to record such novel points as may facilitate the proposed arrangement. It is one objection to the adoption of a kitchen garden in front of the dwelling, or in sight of the family apartments, that its very nature makes it rather an eye-sore, than otherwise, at all seasons. This, however, is an objection that may be readily got over, by a little attention to neatness and good order: whilst the plants themselves, if judiciously attended to, and the borders sown or planted with ranunculus, polyanthus, nigellotette, &c. in succession, will really be ornamental. But then, in cutting the plants for use, the business must be done neatly, all useless leaves cleared from the ground, the roots no longer wanted taken up, and the ravages of insects to be guarded against by sedulous extirpation. It will also be found a great improvement, where space will admit of it, to surround the beds with neat espalliers, with fruit trees, or even gooseberry and currant bushes trained along them, instead of these being suffered to grow in a state of ragged wilderness.

**HESTITATION.**—E. F.—Hesitation is a sign of weakness, for inasmuch as the comparative good and evil of the different modes of action about which we hesitate are seldom equally balanced, a strong mind should perceive the slightest inclination of the beam with the glance of an eagle, particularly as there are cases where the preponderance will be very minute, even although there should be life in one scale and death in the other. It is recorded of the late Earl of Berkeley, that he was suddenly awakened at night in his carriage by a highwayman, who, ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his lordship had boasted that he never would be robbed by a single highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His lordship putting his hand into his pocket replied, "Neither could I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

**GENIUS.**—L. A.—We suspect the genuineness of eccentric genius; yet, in conversation, Dante was taciturn or satirical. Butler was silent or caustic; Gray and Alfieri seldom talked or smiled. Descartes, whose vocations formed him for meditation and solitude, was silent. Rousseau was remarkably trite in conversation—not a word of fancy or eloquence warmed. Milton was unapproachable and even irritable, when much pressed by talk of others. Addison and Moliere were only observers in society; and Dryden has very honestly told us, "My conversation is dull and slow—my humour is saturnine and reserved; in short, I am not one of those who endeavour to break jests in company, or make repartees."

**ASTIRING.**—A. U.—We agree with you, but when we hear persons gravely affirm that they have made up their minds to forego this or that improper enjoyment, we often think that it would be quite as prudent if they could also make up their bodies as well. Falstaff would have been as abominable at the banquet as a hermit, and as firm in the battle as a hero, if he could but have gained over the consent of his belly, in the one case, and of his legs in

the other. He that strives for the mastery, must join a well-disciplined body to a well-regulated mind; for with mind and body, as with man and wife, it often happens that the stronger vessel is ruled by the weaker, although in moral, as in domestic economy, matters are best conducted where neither parties are unreasonable, and where both are agreed.

**WORDS.**—C. G.—Words are in this respect like water, that they often take their taste, flavour, and character from the mouth out of which they proceed, as the water from the channels through which it flows. Thus, were a spendthrift to discourse of generosity with a miser, a demagogue to declaim on public good to a patriot, or a bigot to define truth to a philosopher, ought we to wonder if the respective parties mutually misunderstood each other? Since, on these particular terms, each is his own lexicographer, and prefers his own etymologies to the industry of a Skinner, the real learning of a Junius, or the assumed authority of a Johnson.

**CONCERTS.**—M. A.—No, a concert is not so intellectual as an opera, therefore it cannot be ranked as a higher enjoyment, although by enabling the reflective faculties to be partially free, it admits of greater power of concentration being given to the musical sense to indulge itself. Never having had the honour of being admitted to the concerts given by the Queen in Buckingham Palace, we cannot speak of them further than by reports. They are, of course, of the very highest classical kind. Those of the Beethoven Rooms, and of the Manchester square Rooms, are similarly selected, and these, we can say, possess all those sublime characteristics which belong to the highest schools of the musical art. Julien's concerts cannot be ranked high. They are no doubt at the very top of their species; but it is rather a noisy than an artistic kind. His school might be denominated the *thundering school*, as the effects which he sometimes produces through the instrumentality of his performers, have frequently produced terrific results in their utterance. The music of the Elton Serenaders has been breathed through such a black atmosphere that it has been much too thick to enter our delicate aural organ, but it evidently has in it all the elements of a Dutch concert which we have lately term



THE STRIFE OF MUSIC.

**EVIL COMPANY.**—P. S.—The following beautiful allegory we have, for your sake, translated from the German:—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up son and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda; "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

**PIGEON HOUSES.**—A. C.—Dove-cots or pigeon houses are of several kinds. If it is intended to keep a large number, the upper floor of a stable, or other building may be fitted up for them. Bricks may be removed from the walls, and stopping tiles fixed. The holes should not be too large, or too numerous, and should always have a southern aspect. Small dove-cots may be made of a cask, or boarded box placed upon a pole or against the wall, taking care to prevent the entrance, or approach of rats. The top should be covered with thatch, so contrived as to shelter the sides from the heat of the sun, and the coldness of the wind. On the sides and top should be resting-boards, on which the birds may bask in the sun. The rearing and training of pigeons require great care, for both domesticated and fancy birds are very delicate. Cleanliness and

a plentiful supply of fresh water is, as with other tamed animals, the first requisite.

**NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.**—F. K.—To make the singular distinctions your question requires, we should say an Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern general has said, that the host troops would be as follows: An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—A. M. (No; by degrading the female character, you most effectually degrade your own.) G. L. (It is a violation of all the relations of friendship; when we stretch out our hand to a friend we should never clench our fist.) P. S. (we should not advise you.) It may be taken as a general rule that young people in their anger mean less than they say; old people more.) E. L. (Albert Durer was both a painter and an engraver.) M. A. (it was George the Fourth.) E. F. (your reasoning is false. He that has a truly great mind, wants nothing to make him greater.) I. W. (our twentieth of the population in France is considered as poor, and one-sixth in the United Kingdom.) G. A. (Turnpikes were so called from poles or bars, swung on a staple, and turned either way when dues were paid.) E. A. (Roman statues were classed according to their drapery.) G. A. (the United States have twenty millions of sheep, which yield annual fifty millions pounds of wool, worth twenty millions of dollars.) I. E. (No; in the newest solid rock formations, whales, seals and birds appear; above these, and animals of enormous size, birds and fresh-water shells all in concrete rocks.) A. B. (No; the centrum of a large crocodile will admit the thumb.) J. S. (we insert your feeling lines—

TO ALICE.

Farewell, Alice! kindest, fairest,  
Dearest of thy gentle sex;  
Since thy love another shares  
May he ne'er thy bosom vex!  
Fate hath made me love in blindness,  
Made me shed for you the tear,  
Made me feel its deep unkindness,  
Parting us for ever here.  
Charming woman! gentlest, dearest,  
May your path be one of peace!  
Still my heart shall claim thee nearest,  
Till its latest throbs shall cease.  
Wilt'er my faults, yet there's a virtue,  
Dwelling in my bosom's core,  
Thinking of you cannot hurt you,  
Though we're doom'd to meet no more.  
In love's sadness, tears are stirring  
From the fountains of mine eyes,  
And each liquid pearl at parting,  
Shines with blissful memories.  
Fare-you-well, then, Alice, dearest!  
None knows what I feel for thee,  
Though thy heart another shares it,  
Still, perhaps, you think of me!

C. M. (we believe it is undecided; but lime-stone is the most metalliferous of the secondary rocks, and lead and copper are the metals usually found in it.) B. F. (the tests of a probable mine are mineral waters, trees or grass discoloured, metallic ore or sand, and the products of borax.) E. L. (Monkshead is the acornite of botany, and is a poisonous plant bearing a fine blue flower.) S. R. (Mosale work probably originated in the East, but received its perfection from the Greeks, and was common with the Romans.) C. D. (the most celebrated light-house of antiquity was on the Isle of Pharos.) C. B. (No, in proportion as friction is removed we observe a tendency in motions to become more and more permanent and uniform.) E. U. (the first recorded novels are the Milesian tales of Archidoro.) P. C. (the American sea-land cotton is the most valuable of any.) D. C. (No, Portsmouth Dock-yard is the largest; it covers one hundred acres; Plymouth ninety-six; Woolwich thirty-six.) V. V. (the Scotch sabbath evening schools commenced in 1787.) T. E. (the effervescent quality of many mineral waters is occasioned by the carbonic acid which they contain.) T. M. (the best goose-feathers are brought from Somersetshire.)



Printed by WILLIAM TYLER, St. Paul's, London:  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNETT  
96, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 49.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*"As the father gazes with rapture on his first child, the creature in whom he has given life, so did Henry survey, with transporting glori, his brother, dressed for the first time as a canon, to preach at his parish church."*

## NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

### CHAPTER I.

At a time when the nobility of Britain were said, by the poet laureate, to be the admirers and protectors of the arts, and were acknowledged by the whole nation to be the patrons of music, William and Henry, youths under twenty years of age, brothers, and the sons of a country shopkeeper who had lately died insolvent, set out on foot for London, in the hope of procuring, by their industry, a scanty subsistence.

As they walked out of their native town, each with a small bundle at his back, each observed the other drop several tears; but, upon the sudden meeting of their eyes, they both smiled with a degree of disdain at the weakness in which they had been caught.

"I am sure," said William (the elder), "I don't know what makes me cry."

"Nor I neither," said Henry; "for though we may never see this town again, yet we leave nothing behind us to give us reason to lament."

"No," replied William, "nor anybody who cares what becomes of us."

"But I was thinking," said Henry, now weeping bitterly, "that if my poor father were alive, he would care what was to become of us: he would not have suffered us to begin this long journey without a few more shillings in our pockets."

At the end of this sentence, William, who had with some effort suppressed his tears while his brother spoke, now uttered, with a voice almost inarticulate,

"Don't say any more; don't talk any more about it. My father used to tell me, that when he was gone we must take care of ourselves; and so we must. I only wish," continued he, giving way to his grief, "that I had never done anything to offend him while he was living."

"That is what I wish too," cried Henry. "If I had always been dutiful to him while he was alive, I would not shed one tear for him now that he is gone: but I would thank Heaven that he had escaped from his creditors."

In conversation such as this, wherein their sorrow for their deceased parent seemed less for his death than because he had not been so happy when living as they ought to have made him; and wherein their own outcast fortune was less the subject of their grief, than the reflection what their father would have endured, could he have beheld them in their present situation.—in conversation such as this, they pursued their journey till they arrived at that metropolis which has received, for centuries past, from the provincial towns, the bold adventurer of every denomination—has stamped his character with experience and example; and while it has bestowed on some coronets and mitres—on some the lasting fame of genius—to others has dealt beggary, infamy, and untimely death.

After three weeks passed in London, a year followed, during which William and Henry never sat down to a dinner, or went into a bed, without hearts glowing with thankfulness to that Providence, who had bestowed on them such unexpected blessings; for they no longer presumed to expect (what still they hoped they deserved) a secure pittance in this world of plenty. Their experience, since they came to town, had informed them, that to obtain a permanent livelihood is the good fortune but of a part of those





Henry had received in his life many thanks from his brother; but such was not a vain man. He generally thought his brother in the right, and consequently submitted with patience; but though he had little self-love, he had for his wife an unbounded affection: on the present occasion, therefore, he began to raise his voice, and even (in the course of expression) showed anger to lift his hand; but the sudden and affecting recollection of what he had done for the dean—the pains, the toils, the hopes, and the fears, he had experienced when soliciting his preferment—this recollection overpowered his speech, weakened his arm, and deprived him of every active force, but that of flying out of his brother's house (in which they then were) as swift as lightning, while the dean sat proudly contemplating—that he had done his duty.

For several days Henry did not call, it was his custom, to see his brother. William's marriage drew near, and he sent a formal card to invite him on that day; but not having had the condescension to name his sister-in-law in the invitation, Henry thought proper not to accept it; and the joyful event was celebrated without his presence. But the ardour of the bridegroom was not so vehement as to overcome every other sensation—he missed his brother; that heartfelt cheerfulness with which Henry had ever given him joy upon every happy occasion—even amidst all the polite congratulations of his other friends—seemed to the dean mournfully wanting. This derogation from his felicity he was resolved to resent; and for a whole year three brothers, whose adversity had entwined closely together; prosperity separated.

Though Henry, on his marriage, paid so much attention to his brother's prejudices, as to take his wife from her public employment, this had not so entirely removed the scruples of William, as to permit him to think her a worthy companion for Lady Clementina, the daughter of a poor Scotch earl, whom he had chosen merely that he might be proud of his family; and, in return, suffer that family to be ashamed of his.

If Henry's wife were not fit company for Lady Clementina, it is to be hoped that she was company for angels: she died within the first year of her marriage, a faithful and affectionate wife, and a mother.

When William heard of her death, he felt a sudden shock; and a kind of fleeting thought glanced across his mind, that had he known she had been so near her dissolution, she might have been introduced to Lady Clementina; and he himself would have called her sister. That is (if he had defied his fleeting idea) they would have had no objection to have met this poor woman for the last time; and would have descended to the familiarity of kindred, in order to have wished her a good journey to the other world.

Or, is there in death something which so raises the abjectness of the poor, that, on their approach to its sheltering abode, the arrogant believer feels the equality he had before denied, and trembles?

The wife of Henry had been dead near six weeks before the dean heard the news: a month then elapsed in thoughts by himself, and consultations with Lady Clementina, how he should conduct himself on this occurrence. Her advice was—

"That, as Henry was the younger, and by their stations, in every sense the dean's inferior, Henry ought first to make overtures of reconciliation."

The dean answered,

"He had no doubt of his brother's good-will to him; but that he had reason to think, from the knowledge of his temper, he would be more likely to come to him upon an occasion to bestow comfort, than to receive it; for instance, if I had suffered the misfortune of losing my ladyship, thy brother, I have no doubt, would have forgotten his resentment and—"

She was offended that the loss of the vulgar wife of Henry should be compared to the loss of her—she lamented her indiscretion in forming an alliance with a family of no rank, and implored the dean to wait till his brother should make some concession to him, before he renewed the acquaintance.

Though Lady Clementina had mentioned on this occasion her indiscretion, she was of a prudent age—she was near forty—yet, possessing rather a handsome face and person, she would not have impressed the spectator with a supposition that she was near so old, had she not constantly attempted to appear much younger. Her dress was fantastically fashionable, her manners affected all the various passions of youth, and her conversation was perpetually embellished with accusations against her own "heedlessness, thoughtlessness, carelessness, and childlike folly."

There is, perhaps, in each individual, one parent motive to every action, good or bad. Be that as it may, it was evident that, with Lady Clementina, all she said or did, all she thought, or looked, had but one foundation—vanity. If she were nice, or if she were negligent, vanity was the cause of both; for she would contemplate with the highest degree of self-complacency "what such an one would say of her elegant person, or what such an one would think of her interesting neglect."

If she complained she was ill, it was with the certainty that her languor would be admired; if she boasted she was well, it was that the spectator might admire her glowing health; if she laughed, it was because she thought it made her look pretty; if she cried, it was because she thought it made her look prettier still. If she scolded her servants, it was from vanity, to show her knowledge superior to theirs; and she was kind to them from the same motive; that her benevolence might excite their admiration. How could it be otherwise, in the company of her equals, from the vanity of comparing herself with them, she who boasted even to domestic slaves in the presence of her superiors, that her rank, told her she was superior to them?—To this vanity she had no remedy; for what vanity does not possess?—She had become an old maid, from vanity, believing no one had loved

worthy of her merits; and when her power of reflection was not taken up, as it is doubted, she married from vanity, to repel the obloquy of her failing charms. In a word, her vanity was of that magnitude, that she had no self-judgment but that she was happy in her own opinion; and it would have been impossible to have convinced her that she thought vain of herself, because she thought so well, as to be assured that her own thoughts understood her.

That, which in a weak woman is called vanity, in a man of sense is termed pride. Make one degree stronger, or the other a degree weaker, and the dean and his wife were infected with the selfsame folly. Yet let not the reader suppose that this failing (however despicable) had spread from either bosom all traces of humanity. They are human creatures who are meant to be portrayed in this little book; and where is the human creature who has not some good qualities to soften, if not to counterbalance, his bad ones?

The dean, with all his pride, could not wholly forget his brother, and dedicate from his remembrance the friend that he had been to him, and resolved, therefore, in spite of his wife's advice, to make him come to him, which he had no doubt Henry's good-nature would instantly accept; and more he became acquainted with all the vain and selfish propensities of Lady Clementina, the more he felt a returning affection for his brother. How could he suspect how much he loved him, till, after sending to request him to inquire for him) he learned that, on his wife's decease, unable to support her loss in the surrounding scene, Henry had taken the child she bore him in his arms, shaken hands with all his former friends—passing over his brother in the number—and set sail in a vessel bound for Africa, with a party of Portuguese and some few English adventurers, to people that the uninhabited part of an extensive island.

This was a resolution, in Henry's circumstances, worthy a man of singular sensibility; but William had not discerned, till then, that every act of Henry's was of the same description; and, more than all, his eyes were turned towards him. He staggered when he heard the tidings; at first thought them untrue; but quickly recollected, that Henry was capable of surprising deeds. He recollected, with a force which gave him torture, the benevolence his brother had ever shown to him—the favours he had heaped upon him—the insults he had patiently endured in requital!

In the first emotion which this intelligence gave the dean, he forgot the dignity of his walk and gesture: he ran with frantic enthusiasm to every corner of his deepery where the least vestige of what belonged to Henry remained; he pressed close to his breast, with tender agony, a coat of his, which by accident had been left there; he kissed and wept over a walking-stick which Henry once had given him; he even took up with delight a music-book of his brother's, nor would his poor violin have then excited his anger.

When his grief became more calm, he sat in deep and melancholy meditation, calling to mind when and where he saw his brother last. The recollection gave him fresh cause of regret. He remembered they had parted on his refusing to suffer Lady Clementina to admit the acquaintance of Henry's wife. Both Henry and his wife he now contemplated beyond the reach of his pride; and he felt the meanness of his former, and the impetuosity of his future haughtiness towards them.

To add to his self-reproaches, his tormented memory presented to him the exact countenance of his brother at their last interview, as it changed; while he censured his marriage, and treated with disrespect the object of his conjugal affection. He remembered the anger repressed, the tear bursting forth, and the last glimpse he had of him, as he left his presence, most likely for ever.

In vain he now wished that he had followed him to the door; that he had once shaken hands and owned his obligations to him before they had parted. In vain he wished too, that, in this extreme agony of his mind, he had such a friend to comfort him as Henry had ever proved.

### CHAPTER III.

THE avocations of an elevated life erase the deepest impressions. The dean in a few months recovered from those which his brother's departure first made upon him; and he would now at times even condemn in anger, Henry's having so hastily abandoned him and his native country, in resentment, as he conceived, of a few misfortunes which his usual fortune should have taught him to have borne. Yet was he still desirous of his return, and wrote two or three letters expressive of his wish, which he anxiously endeavoured should reach him. But many years having elapsed without any intelligence from him, and a report having arrived, that he and all the party with whom he went, were slain by the savage inhabitants of the island, William's despair of seeing his brother again caused the desire to diminish; while attention and affection to a still nearer and dearer relation than Henry had even been to him, now closely engaged his mind.

Lady Clementina had brought him a son, on whom, from his infancy, he doted; and the boy, in ripper years, possessing a handsome person, and striking a quickness of parts, gratified the father's darling passion, pride, as well as the mother's vanity. The dean had, besides this child, a domestic comfort highly gratifying to his ambition; the bishop of ———— became intimately acquainted with him soon after his marriage, and from his daily visits had become as it were a part of the family. This was much honour to the dean, not only because his superior in the church, but was of that rank of the church whose blood is ennobled by a race of nobles, and in which all others on the plain were counted in humble respect. The dean's pride rolled on in pride and grandeur; the bishop had the dean

passing their time in attending levees and in talking politics; Lady Clementina passing hers in attending routs and in talking of *heresies*, till the son arrived at the age of thirteen.

Young William passed his time, from morning till night, with persons who taught him to walk, to ride, to talk, to think like a man—a foolish man instead of a wise child, as nature designed him to be.

This unfortunate youth was never permitted to have one conception of his own—all were taught him; he was never once asked, "what he thought;" but men were paid to tell him "how to think." He was taught to revere such and such persons, however unworthy of his reverence; to believe such and such things, however unworthy of his credit; and to act so and so, on such and such occasions, however unworthy of his feelings.

Such were the lessons of the tutors assigned him by his father. Those masters whom his mother gave him did him less mischief; although they distorted his limbs, and made his manners effeminate, they did not interfere beyond the body.

Mr. Norwyne (the family name of his father, and though but a school-boy he was called *Mister*) could talk on history, on politics, and on religion; surprisingly to all who never listened to a parrot or magpie: for he merely repeated what had been told to him, without one reflection upon the sense or probability of his report. He had been praised for his memory; and to continue that praise, he was so anxious to retain every sentence he had heard, or he had read, that the poor creature had no time for one native idea, but could only redeliver his tutor's lessons to his father, and his father's to his tutors. But whatever he said or did was the admiration of all who came to the house of the dean, and who knew he was an only child. Indeed, considering the labour that was taken to spoil him, he was rather a commendable youth; for, with the pedantic folly of his teachers, the blind affection of his father and mother, the obsequiousness of the servants, and flattery of the visitors, it was some credit to him that he was not an idiot or a brute; though when he imitated the manners of a man, he had something of the latter in his appearance; for he would grin and bow to a lady, catch her fan in haste when it fell, and hand her to her coach, as thoroughly void of all the sentiment which gives grace to such tricks as a monkey.

One morning, in winter, just as the dean, his wife, and darling child had finished their breakfast at their house in London, a servant brought in a letter to his master, and said "the man waited for an answer."

"Who is the man?" cried the dean, with all that terrifying dignity with which he never failed to address his inferiors, especially such as waited on his person.

The servant replied with a servility of tone equal to the haughty one of his master, "he did not know; but that the man looked like a sailor, and had a boy with him."

"A begging letter, no doubt," cried Lady Clementina.

"Take it back," said the dean, "and bid him send up word who he is, and what is his errand."

The servant went, and returning, said,

"He comes from on board a ship; his captain sent him, and his errand is, he believes, to leave a boy he has brought with him."

"A boy!" cried the dean; "what have I to do with a boy? I expect no boy. What boy? What age?"

"He looks about twelve or thirteen," replied the servant.

"He is mistaken in the house," said the dean. "Let me look at the letter again."

He did look at it, and saw plainly that it was directed to himself. Upon a second glance, he had so perfect a recollection of the hand, as to open it instantaneously; and, after ordering the servant to withdraw, he read the following:

"Zocotora Island, April 6.

"My dear Brother William,

"It is a long time since we have seen one another; but I hope not so long, that you have quite forgotten the many happy days we once passed together.

"I did not take my leave of you when I left England, because it would have been too much for me. I had met with a great many sorrows just at that time; one of which was the misfortune of losing the use of my right hand by a fall from my horse, which accident robbed me of most of my friends; for I could no longer entertain them with my performance as I used to do, and so I was ashamed to see them or you; and that was the reason I came hither to try my fortune with some other adventurers.

"You have, I suppose, heard that the savages of the island put our whole party to death? But it was my chance to escape their cruelty. I was heart-broken for my comrades; yet, upon the whole, I do not know that the savages were much to blame,—we had no business to invade their territories; and if they had invaded England, we should have done the same by them. My life was spared, because, having gained some little strength in my hand, during the voyage, I pleased their king when I arrived there, with playing on my violin.

"They spared my child too, in pity to my lamentations, when they were going to put him to death. Now, dear brother, before I say any more to you concerning my child, I will first ask your pardon for any offence I may have ever given you in all the time we lived so long together. I know you have often found fault with me; and I dare say I have been very often to blame; but I here solemnly declare that I never did anything purposely to offend you, but merely all I could to oblige you; and I can solemnly declare that I never saw you there, in consequence of an hour's recalcitration, for anything you might say to me which I thought harsh.

"Now, dear William, after being in this island eleven years, my weakness in my hand has unfortunately returned; and yet there has been no appearance

of complaint, the uninformed islanders think it is all my obliquity, and that I will not entertain them with my music, which makes me say that I cannot, and they have imprisoned me, and threaten to put my son to death if I persist in my stubbornness any longer.

"The anguish I feel in my mind takes away all hope of the recovery of strength in my hand; and I have no doubt but that they intend, in a few days, to put their horrid threat into execution.

"Therefore, dear brother William, hearing, in my prison, of a most uncommon circumstance, which is, that an English vessel is lying at a small distance from the island, I have intrusted a faithful negro to take my child to the ship, and deliver him to the captain, with a request that he may be sent (with this letter) to you, on the ship's arrival in England.

"Now, my dear, dear brother William, in case the poor boy should live to come to you, I have no doubt but you will receive him; yet excuse a poor fond father, if I say a word or two which I hope may prove in his favour.

"Pray, my dear brother, do not think it the child's fault, but mine, that you will find him so ignorant—he has always shown a quickness and a willingness to learn, and would, I dare say, if he had been brought up under your care, have been by this time a good scholar—but you know I am no scholar myself. Besides, not having any books here, I have only been able to teach my child by talking to him; and in all my conversations with him I have never taken much pains to instruct him in the manners of my own country; thinking, that if ever he went over he would learn them soon enough, and if he never did go over, that it would be as well he knew nothing about them.

"I have kept him, also, from the knowledge of everything which I have thought pernicious in the conduct of the savages, except that I have now and then pointed out a few of their faults, in order to give him a true conception and a proper horror of them. At the same time I have taught him to love, and to do good to his neighbour, whoever that neighbour may be, and whatever may be his failings. Falseness of every kind I included in this precept as forbidden, for no one can love his neighbour and deceive him.

"I have instructed him, too, to hold in contempt all frivolous vanity, and all those indulgences which he was never likely to obtain. He has learned all that I have undertaken to teach him; but I am afraid you will yet think he has learned too little.

"Your wife, I fear, will be offended at his want of politeness, and perhaps proper respect for a person of her rank; but indeed he is very tractable, and can without severity be amended of all his faults, and though you will find he has many, yet, pray, my dear brother,—pray, my dear brother William, call to mind he has been a dutiful and affectionate child to me; and that, had it pleased Heaven we had lived together for many years to come, I verily believe I should never have experienced one mark of his disobedience.

"Farewell, for ever! my dear, dear brother William: and if my poor, kind, affectionate child should live to bring you this letter, sometimes speak to him of me; and let him know that for twelve years he was my sole comfort; and that, when I sent him from me, in order to save his life, I laid down my head upon the floor of the cell in which he was confined, and prayed that Heaven might end my days before the morning."

This was the conclusion of the letter, except four or five lines which (with his name) were so much blotted, apparently with tears, that they were illegible.

## CHAPTER V.

WHILE the dean was reading to himself this letter, his countenance frequently changed, and once or twice the tears streamed from his eyes. When it was finished, he exclaimed,—

"My brother has sent his child to me, and I will be a parent to him." He was rushing towards the door, when Lady Clementina stopped him.

"Is it proper, do you think, Mr. Dean, that all the servants, in the house should be witnesses to your meeting with your brother and your nephew in the state in which they must be at present? Send for them into a private apartment."

"My brother!" cried the dean, "Oh, that it were my brother! The man is merely a person from the ship, who has conducted his child hither."

The bell was rung, money was sent to the man, and orders given that the boy should be shown up immediately.

While young Henry was walking up-stairs, the dean's wife was weighing in her mind in what manner it would most redound to her honour to receive him; for her vanity taught her to believe that the whole inquisitive world pried into her conduct, even upon every family occurrence.

Young William was wondering to himself what kind of an unpolished monster his beggarly cousin would appear; and was contemplating how much the poor youth would be surprised and awed by his superiority.

The dean felt no other sensation than an impatient desire of beholding the child.

The door opened—and the son of his brother Henry, of his benefactor, entered.

The habit he had on when he left his father, having been of slight texture, was worn out by the length of the voyage, and he was in the dress of a school-boy. Though about the same age with his cousin, he was something taller, and though a strong family resemblance appeared between the two youths, he was handsomer than William, and from a deficiency of eyes and countenance, a quick impudence in his eye, which denoted a suspicious curiosity and childish surprise at every new object which presented itself—He appeared younger than his informed and well-bred cousin.



He walked into the room, not with a dictated obsequiousness, but with a hurrying step, a half-pleased, yet a half-frightened look, an instantaneous survey of every person present, not as demanding what they thought of him, but expressing almost as plainly as in direct words, what he thought of them. For all alarm in respect to his safety and reception seemed now wholly forgotten, in the curiosity which the sudden sight of strangers, such as he had never seen in his life before, excited; and as to himself, he did not appear to know there was such a person existing: his whole faculties were absorbed in others.

The dean's reception of him did honour to his sensibility, and his gratitude to his brother. After the first affectionate gaze, he ran to him, took him in his arms, sat down, drew him to him, held him between his knees, and repeatedly exclaimed, "I will repay to you, all I owe to your father."

The boy, in return, hugged the dean round the neck, kissed him, and exclaimed,—"Oh, you are my father!—you have just such eyes, and such a forehead: indeed you would be almost the same as he, if it were not for that great white thing which grows upon your head!"

Let the reader understand, that the dean, fondly attached to every ornament of his dignified function, was never seen (unless caught in bed) without an enormous wig. With this, young Henry was enormously struck; having never seen so unbecoming a decoration, either in the savage island from whence he came, or on board the vessel in which he sailed.

"Do you imagine," cried his uncle, laying his hand gently on the reverend habilitament, "that this grows?"

"What is on my head grows," said young Henry, "and so does that which is upon my father's."

"But now you are come to Europe, Henry, you will see many persons with such things as these, which they put on and take off?"

"Why do you wear such things?"

"As a distinction between us and inferior people: they are worn to give an importance to the wearer."

"That is just as the savages do: they hang brass nails, wire, buttons, and cuttings of beads all over them, to give them importance."

The dean now led his nephew to lady Clementina, and told him she was his aunt, to whom he must behave with the utmost respect.

"I will, I will," he replied; "for she, I see, is a person of importance too: she has, very nearly, such a white thing upon her head as you have!"

His aunt had not yet fixed in what manner it would be advisable to behave; whether with intimidating grandeur, or with amiable tenderness. While she was hesitating between both, she felt a kind of jealous apprehension that her son was not so engaging either in his person or address as his cousin; and therefore she said,—

"I hope, dean, the arrival of this child will give you a still higher sense of the happiness we enjoy in our own. What an instructive contrast between the manners of the one, and of the other!"

"It is not the child's fault," returned the dean, "that he is not so elegant in his manners as his cousin. Had William been bred in the same place he would have been as unpolished as this boy."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said young William, with a formal bow and a sarcastic smile; "I assure you, several of my tutors have told me, that I appear to know many things as they were by instinct."

Young Henry fixed his eyes upon his cousin, while, with steady complacency, he delivered this speech; and no sooner was it concluded, than Henry cried out in a kind of wonder,—

"A little man! as I am alive, a little man! I did not know there were such little men in this country! I never saw one in my life before!"

"This is a boy," said the dean, "a boy not older than yourself."

He put their hands together, and William gravely shook hands with his cousin.

"It is a man," continued young Henry—then stroked his cousin's chin.

"No, no; I do not know whether it is or not."

"I tell you again," said the dean, "he is a boy of your own age; you and he are cousins, for I am his father."

"How can that be?" said young Henry: "he called you sir."

"In this country," said the dean, "polite children do not call their parents father and mother."

"Then don't they sometimes forget to love them as such?" asked Henry.

His uncle became now impatient to interrogate him in every particular concerning his father's state. Lady Clementina felt equal impatience to know where the father was; whether he were coming to live with them, wanted anything of them, and every circumstance in which her vanity was interested. Explanations followed all these questions; but which exactly agreeing with what the elder Henry's letter had related, require no recital here.

That vanity which presided over every thought and deed of Lady Clementina, was the protector of young Henry within her house: it represented to her how amiable her conduct would appear, in the eye of the world, should she condescend to treat this destitute nephew as her own son; what envy such heroic virtue would excite in the hearts of her particular friends, and what grief in the bosoms of all those who did not like her.

The dean was a man of no inconsiderable penetration; he understood the thoughts which upon this occasion passed in the mind of his wife; and in order to insure her kind treatment of the boy, instead of reproaching her for the cold manner in which she had at first received him, he praised her tender and sympathetic heart for having shown him so much kindness, and thus stimulated her vanity to be praised still more.

With this mother's own son, far from apprehending a rival in this savage boy, was convinced of his own pre-eminence, and felt an affection for him—though rather as a foil than as a cousin. He sported with his igno-

rance upon all occasions, and even lay in wait for circumstances that might expose it: while young Henry, strongly impressed with everything which appeared new to him, expressed, without reserve, the questions which those novelties excited; wholly careless of the construction put on his observations.

He never appeared either offended or abashed when laughed at: he still pursued his questions, and still discovered his wonder at many replies made to him, though "simpleton," "poor silly boy," and "idiot," were reiterated around him from his cousin, his aunt, and their constant visitor the bishop.

His uncle would frequently undertake to instruct him; so, indeed, would the bishop: but Lady Clementina, her son, and the greatest part of her companions, found something so irredeemably ridiculous in his remarks, that nothing but immoderate laughter followed: they thought such folly had even merit in the way of entertainment, and they wished him no wiser, such was their thoughtlessness.

Having been told, that every morning, on first seeing his uncle, he was to make a respectful bow, and coming into the dean's dressing-room, just as he was out of bed, his wig lying on the table, Henry appeared at a late hour of the two he should bow to—at last he gave the preference to his uncle; but, afterwards, bowed reverently to the wig. In this, he did what he conceived was proper, from the introduction which the dean, on his first arrival, had given him to this venerable stranger; for, in reality, Henry had a contempt for all flattery—and had called even his aunt's jewels, when they were first shown to him, "trumpery," asking "what they were good for?" But being corrected in this disrespect, and informed of their high value, as, like a good convert, gave up his reason to his faith; and becoming, like all converts, over-zealous, he now believed there was great worth in all gaudy appendages, and even respected the earrings of Lady Clementina almost as much as he respected herself.

It was to be lamented, that when young Henry had been several months in England, had been taught to read, and had, of course, in the society in which he lived, seen much of the enlightened world, yet the natural expectation of his improvement was by no means answered.

Notwithstanding the sensibility, which upon various occasions he manifested in the most captivating degree, notwithstanding the seeming gentleness of his nature upon all occasions, there now appeared, in most of his inquiries and remarks, a something which demonstrated either a stupid or troublesome disposition: either dulness of conception, or an obstinacy of perseverance in comments, and in arguments, which were glaringly false.

Observing his uncle one day offended with his conclusion, and hearing him say to him, in a very angry tone, "You shall never drive me again!"

The moment the man quitted the room, Henry (with his eyes fixed in the deepest contemplation) repeated five or six times, in a half-whisper to himself,—

"You shall never drive me again."

"You shall never drive me again."

The dean at last called to him, "What do you mean by thus repeating my words?"

"I am trying to find out what you meant," said Henry.

"What! don't you know?" cried his enlightened cousin: "Richard is turned away: he is never to get upon our coach-box again, never to drive any of us more."

"And was it a pleasure to drive us, cousin? I am sure I have often pitied him: it rained sometimes very hard when he was on the box; and sometimes Lady Clementina has kept him a whole hour at the door all in the cold and snow: was that pleasure?"

"No," replied young William.

"Was it honour, cousin?"

"No," exclaimed his cousin, with a contemptuous smile.

"Then, why did my uncle say so to him, as a punishment, he should never—"

"Come hither, child," said the dean, "and let me instruct you; your father's negligence has been inexcusable. There are in society," continued the dean, "rich and poor; the poor are born to serve the rich."

"And what are the rich born for?"

"To be served by the poor."

"But suppose the poor would not serve them?"

"Then they must starve."

"And so poor people are permitted to live, only upon condition that they wait upon the rich?"

"Is that a hard condition? or if it were, they will be rewarded in a better world than this."

"Is there a better world than this?"

"Is it possible you do not know there is?"

"I heard my father once say something about a world to come; but he stopped short, and said I was too young to understand what he meant."

"The world to come," returned the dean, "is where we shall go after death; and there no distinction will be made between rich and poor—all persons will there be equal."

"Ay, now I see what makes it a better world than this. But cannot this world try to be as good as that?"

"In respect to placing all persons on a level, it is utterly impossible; God has ordained it otherwise."

"How! has God ordained a distinction to be made, and will not make any himself?"

The dean did not proceed in his instructions: he, not being able to think his brother in the right, and that the boy was too young, or too weak to comprehend the subject.

## CHAPTER VI.

In addition to his ignorant conversation upon many topics, young Henry had an incorrigible misconception and misapplication of many words. His father having had but few opportunities of discoursing with him, upon account of his attendance at the Court of the Savages, and not having books in the island, he had consequently many words to learn of this country's language, when he arrived in England: this task his retentive memory made easy to him; but his childish inattention to their proper signification still made his want of education conspicuous.

He would call *compliments*, *lies*—*reserve* he would call *pride*—*state* *limps*, *ostentation*—and for the words *war* and *battle*, he constantly substituted the word *massacre*.

"Sir," said William to his father, one morning as he entered the room, "do you hear how the cannons are firing, and the bells ringing?"

"Then I dare say," cried Henry, "there has been another massacre."

The dean called to him in anger, "Will you never learn the right use of words? You mean to say a battle."

"Then, what is a massacre?" cried the frightened but still curious Henry.

"A massacre," replied his uncle, "is when a number of people are slain—"

"I thought," returned Henry, "soldiers had been people?"

"You interrupted me," said the dean, "before I finished my sentence. Certainly, both soldiers and sailors are people; but they engage to die by their own free will and consent."

"What! all of them?"

"Most of them."

"But the rest are massacred?"

The dean answered, "The number who go to battle unwillingly, and by force are few; and for the others, they have previously sold their lives to the state."

"For what?"

"For soldiers' and sailors' pay."

"My father used to tell me, we must not take away our own lives; but he forgot to tell me, we might sell them for others to take away."

"William," said the dean to his son, his patience tired with his nephew's persevering nonsense, "explain to your cousin the difference between a battle and a massacre?"

"A massacre," said William, rising from his seat, and fixing his eyes alternately upon his father, mother, and the bishop (all of whom were present) for their approbation, rather than the person's to whom his instructions were to be addressed—"a massacre," said William, "is when human beings are slain, who have it not in their power to defend themselves."

"Dear cousin William," said Henry, "that must ever be the case with every one who is killed."

After a short hesitation, William replied, "In massacres people are put to death for no crime, but merely because they are objects of suspicion."

"But in battle," said Henry, "the persons put to death are not even suspected."

The bishop now condescended to end this disputation, by saying emphatically,—

"Consider, young savage, that in battle neither the infant, the aged, the sick, nor infirm are involved, but only those in the full prime of health and vigour."

As this argument came from so great and reverend a man as the bishop, Henry was obliged, by a frown from his uncle, to submit, as one refuted; although he had an answer at the point of his tongue, which it was torture to him not to utter. What he wished to say, must ever remain a secret. The church has its terrors as well as the law; and Henry was awed by the dean's tremendous wig, as much as Paternoster-row is awed by the attorney-general.

If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarrelled with her: if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence in the hope of amending her failings; but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in anything, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world. Lady Clementina went out when she liked, staid at home when she liked, dressed as she liked, and talked as she liked, without a word of disapprobation from her husband, and all—because he cared nothing about her.

Her vanity attributed this indulgence to inordinate affection; and observers in general thought her happier in her marriage than the beloved wife who bathes her pillow with tears by the side of an angry husband, whose affection is so excessive, that he unkindly upbraids her because she is—less than perfection.

The dean's wife was not so dispassionately considered by some of his acquaintances as by himself; for they would now and then hint at her follies; but this great liberty she also conceived to be the effect of most violent love; or most violent admiration; and such would have been her construction had they commended her follies—had they totally slighted, or had they despised her.

Amongst those acquaintances, the aforesaid bishop, by far the most frequent visitor, did not come merely to lounge an idle hour, but he had a more powerful motive; the desire of fame, and dread of being thought a man respecting large offences for unimportant services.

The dean, if he did not possess him the renown he wished, still preserved him from the apprehended censure.

The elder William was to his negligent or ignorant superiors in the church.

such as an apt boy at school is to the rich dances—William performed the prelature tasks for them, and they rewarded him, not indeed with toys or money, but with their countenance, their company, their praise. And scarcely was there a sermon preached from the pulpit, part of the bench, in which the dean did not fashion some periods; blot out some inelegant phrases, render some obscure sentiments intelligible, and was the certain person, when the work was printed, to correct the press.

This honourable and right reverend bishop delighted in printing and publishing his works, or rather the entire works of the dean, which passed for his; and so degradingly did William, the shopkeeper's son, think of his own highest extraction, that he was blinded, even to the loss of honour; by the lustre of this noble acquaintance: for though, in other respects, he was a man of integrity, yet, when the gratification of his friend was in question, he was a liar: he not only disowned his giving him any aid in any of his publications, but he never published any thing in his own name, without declaring to the world, "that he had been obliged for several hints on the subject, for many of the most judicious corrections; and for those passages in page so and so (naming the most eloquent parts of the work); to his noble and learned friend, the bishop."

The dean's wife being a fine lady, while her husband and his friend porced over books, or their own manuscripts, at home, she ran from house to house, from public amusement to public amusement; but much less for the pleasure of seeing than for that of being seen. Nor was it material to her enjoyment whether she were observed, or welcomed where she went, as she never entertained the smallest doubt of either, but rested assured that her presence roused curiosity and dispensed gladness all around.

One morning she went forth to pay her visits, all smiles, such as she thought captivating: she returned all tears, such as she thought no less endearing.

Three ladies accompanied her home, entreating her to be patient under a misfortune to which even kings are liable,—namely, defamation.

Young Henry, struck with compassion at grief, of which he knew not the cause, begged to know "what was the matter?"

"Inhuman monsters, to treat a woman thus!" cried his aunt in a fury, casting the corner of her eye into a looking-glass to see how rage became her.

"But comfort yourself," said one of her companions; "few people will believe you merit the charge."

"But few! if only one believe it, I shall call my reputation lost, and I will shut myself up in some lonely hut, and for ever renounce all that is dear to me!"

"What! all your fine clothes?" said Henry, in amazement.

"Of what importance will my best dresses be, when nobody would see them?"

"You would see them yourself, dear aunt; and I am sure nobody admires them more."

"Now you speak of that," said she, "I do not think this gown I have on becoming; I am sure I look—"

The dean with the bishop, (to whom he had been reading a treatise just going to the press, which was to be published in the name of latter, though written by the former,) now entered, to inquire why they had been sent for in such haste.

"Oh, dean! oh, my lord bishop!" she cried, resuming that grief which the thoughts of her dress had for a time dispelled, "my reputation is destroyed: a public print has accused me of playing deep at my own house, and winning all the money!"

"The world will never reform," said the bishop: "all our labour, my friend, is thrown away."

"But is it possible," cried the dean, "that any one has dared to say this of you?"

"Here it is in print!" said she, holding out a newspaper.

The dean read the paragraph; and then exclaimed, "I can forgive a falsehood spoken—the want of conversation may excuse it; but to write and print an untruth is unpardonable,—and I will prosecute this publisher."

"Still the falsehood will go down to posterity," said Lady Clementina; "and after-ages will think I was a gambler."

"Comfort yourself, my dear madam," said young Henry, wishing to console her, "perhaps after-ages may not hear of you, nor even the present age think much about you."

The bishop now exclaimed, after having taken the paper from the dean, and read the paragraph, "It is a libel, a rank libel, and the author must be punished."

"Not only the author, but the publisher," said the dean.

"Not only the publisher, but the printer," continued the bishop.

"And must my name be bandied about by lawyers in a common court of justice?" cried Lady Clementina; "how shocking to my delicacy!"

"My lord, it is a pity we cannot try them in an ecclesiastical court," said the dean with a sigh.

"Or by the Indian delinquent bill," said the bishop with vexation.

"So totally innocent as I am!" she vociferated with sobs. "Everyone knows I never touch a card at home, and this libel charges me with playing at my own house; and though, whenever I do play, I own I am apt to win, yet it is merely for my amusement."

"Win or not win, play or not play," exclaimed both the churchmen, "this is a libel—no doubt, no doubt, a libel."

Poor Henry's confined knowledge of his native language, tormented him so much with curiosity upon this occasion, that he went softly up to his uncle and asked him, in a whisper, "What is the meaning of the word libel?"

(To be continued.)

## THE PAST AGES.

BY RICHARD MANSON.

(Continued from page 743.)

Again, who can gaze on the vast profusion of reptile life in the past ages, and on the singular combinations of structure that are twisted in so many of the powerful saurians, for the purpose of providing for the gratification of their carnivorous appetites, and at the same time believe that God is a god of love; unless he sees that the fierce and terrible attacks of their powerful assailants were but merciful dispensations towards the animals destroyed, and that "the speediest fate, though violent and terrible, is best."

With such feelings only can we look on the voracious monsters of the Lias in a proper spirit, for otherwise disgust and horror take possession of our minds and almost efface our astonishment at these ancient monarchs of the deep.

One more only, of this period, can we notice; for while we gaze in awe, and with almost unconscious eye, new scenes loom on in the distance, and a dark fringe on the horizon betokens the advent of fresh epochs.

Met playmate for the Plesiosaur, fit inmate for the abode dwelt in by the fierce shark and bulky Cetiosaur, was the dreadful Ichthyosaurus. See where the ocean foams in crimson waves—sure evidence of death. Aye, there he comes—the huge black head, some eight feet long, and the teeth encircled jaws appear above the foam, and as the monster slowly paddles past we see his glaring eye fixed on us. But what an eye—what extent would an orbit of forty inches in circumference not embrace? Nor is it merely its size that makes it wonderful; but, like the owl, the outer-coat of it is made up of moveable, thin, bony plates, by which its sight can be adapted to near or distant objects, as the creature wills. Note, too, his length,—full forty feet: his black and shiny skin, his paddles, and his tail. But see, the water boils, as off he goes, propelled by the quick striking paddles, to some new scene of carnage. Our last glimpse is had of the Liassic Ichthyosaurus. Well could we say of him, as a great poet sang of a character of still blacker hue:—

"With head uplift above the waves, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed; his other parts, besides,  
Prone on the flood extending long and large,  
Lay floating many a load."

Again the shore is reached—a broad, flat strand, where the gently rippling tide plays softly on. Ah, here again we find inhabitants before us; unlike all we have ever seen—new combinations of "kind Nature's plan." Here at our feet, the Rynchosaurus (*ῥύνχος*, a beak; *σαῦρος*, a lizard), with the body of a lizard, the feet of a bird, and the beak of a turtle. Birds, as big as ostriches; crocodiles, and tortoises, are here and there discernible; and among them, just on the shore, watch you strange object; something like a frog, of immense size, as large as the rhinoceros, but with head like a crocodile, teeth like ivory lancets, and skin covered with bony plates; it travels on along the shore, and leaves as it goes the impress of its hand-like feet on the sandy beach. Ah, who would think that those fugacious markings shall remain, and that in future ages, when that sand shall have become sandstone, and they may be digging it to supply his wants; he shall in amazement come upon them, and shall from them discover the form and structure of the creature now before us, and giving it a title descriptive of its structure, shall call it Cheirotherium.\* We are now at the period of the Trias. The dark fringe on the horizon has developed into a glorious mass of vegetation, extending further than the eye can reach. Quick, let us pass the intervening space, and enter on the boundaries of the luxuriant epoch of the carboniferous.

There is something beautiful in the aspect of a forest, when the sun, glancing down his life-giving beams, casts a flood of brightness over the quaint, fantastic shapes which the clusters of leaves assume, and vivifying what it touches, like a few bold strokes on a tame picture, yet but increases the gloom—heightening, by contrast, the sombre appearance of the shade.

Varied, indeed, is the scenery we are passing through! See you large swamp, with waving trees growing among fogs and vapours, like the rank long grass in a damp churchyard, and flourishing in mighty beauty in a semi-liquid mass of stagnant, putrid water, and decaying, rotten leaves.

\* Straight, with tapering stem, from out the pulpy ground, strikes up toward heaven the graceful Calamite, with bright green linear leaves; and all around the surface of the swamp, in rich abundance, mark the different ferns and smaller plants, that, by their fragile frame and quick decay, serve to increase the soft morass. Sustained, too, on a firm basis—matted, as it were, to the ground by its wide-spreading roots, the lofty Sigillaria towers high above the waters. Pass closer to it, and note its elegantly fluted stem, marked with the scars of long-dead leaves. But now we reach a brighter scene. "Soft mossy bowers beneath these canopies extend." Bright flowers and gorgeous plants bloom 'mid the old gray trunks of ancient trees; and round yon lofty stem the busy insect flies. Another sculptured tree, rising up some seventy feet, with linear leaves ranged round the stem: it is the Lepidodendron.

But hark yon distant rumble!—Haste on! for see the lightning flashing down among the tall, rank-growing forest!—And darker still it grows! How horrible!—the damp, decaying smell—the sombre vegetation—and, worse than all, the solemn, awful stillness, unbroken by aught but the undulating breeze, that seems to stir and move some plants, and to avoid the rest; or the quick-repeated thunder-roll,—all go to form a scene too terrible for man's endurance.

Through miles and miles of forest on we go; and here again the sea!—It

\* Perhaps better known as the Labyrinthodendron.

is the ocean of the Old Red Sandstone! But who can venture to describe what the "poet of Geology," has himself occupied his pen upon?

Cast down your glance into the sparkling deep, and you will see the objects of his study. There goes the Cephalaspis, clad in strong armour, with head defended by a large enamelled plate of bone, and appearing in outline like a bright crescent, with a shining sword inserted in the centre. As it swims about among its strange companions. And there is another animal—a fish too—Pterichthys is its name. It is not large—not many inches long—and nothing is it like. Imagine the carapace or shield of a small animal to be furnished with a gradually tapering tail, a head of no large size, but flat, and from the junction of the head and body a pair of long, hard paddles to extend. Paddles, however, they are not, but weapons of defence, and the fish progresses only by its tail.

But we must pass them all, and give our parting look at all the varied forms that

"—sporting with quick glance, show to the sun  
Their waved coats dropp'd with gold."

And now the fishes are more scarce, and over the muddy bottom we see strange creatures crawling. We have entered the last scene of our journey, and the Silurian ocean's billows roll calmly on. Before us, where the towering waves rise up in quickened swell, the coral Zoophytes work at their endless task:

"We see the living pile ascend,  
The mausoleum of its architects."

Further on, too, in the crystal waters, we can see the feathery Graptolite waving its elegant stems; and crawling on the bottom of the clear sea, we can notice the most extraordinary feature of the Silurian fauna—the Trilobites; of all sizes are they, from one inch to six—a strange animal truly—crustaceous too—covered with a shell composed of a number of plates or moveable segments, something like the horny covering of the shrimp. Notice its prominent eyes, one on each side of the head. Strange eyes are those—the cornea of each contains no less than 400 divisions or lenses; and thus each of those small creatures is provided with 800 eyes.† Carnivorous, like so many of the creatures we have passed, we see them feeding on the worms and polyps with which they are surrounded.

But look a little further on at that elegant creature, gracefully bending its jointed stem. Did we not know that it is one of the Crinoides, we would at once pronounce it to be a beautiful plant. Covered over with a delicate, almost transparent substance, similar to the covering or living gelatine of the mushroom coral (*Fungia actiniformis*), it flourishes at the bottom of the ocean.

"Shrunk down within its purple stem to sleep,  
Now feels the water, and again  
Awakening, blossoms out  
All its green anther necks."

A long stem, with its roots in the soft mud, throws itself upwards, and supports a cup-like head, from which proceed its jointed arms. And see the use it makes of them, as bending to-and-fro with the gentle wave, its outstretched arms seize on the prey brought within reach by the current.

But here we close. Millions on millions of years have passed in review before us, and millions on millions still lie unexplored—but naught that we can enter on. Stern rocks of granite—upheaved mountains—volcanoes—earthquakes—convulsive throes of bubbling rock—till all ends in one vast chaos.

What strange knowledge has our journey taught us! True, too, its revelation—that ages on ages—time incalculable, ere man was seen on earth, creatures of exquisite beauty and surpassing strangeness existed—as, too, did others, of bulk so huge, of proportions so enormous, of aspect so terrific, that, before their restored forms, imperfect though the restorations be, all poetic legends of dragons and fiery serpents sink into utter nothingness; and the astonished imagination halts appalled at the gigantic structure and growth forms presented by the relics of an animal life.

\* Hugh Miller, Esq.: so styled by the talented authoress of "Calab Field and Adam Greave."

† According to Kirby and Spence, vol. iii., 25,000 have been counted in a beetle.

ACTIVITY OF THE SWALLOW.—The wonderful activity displayed by these birds forms a striking contrast to the slow habits of most other animals. It may be fairly questioned whether, among the whole feathered tribes which Providence has formed to adorn this part of creation, there are any that in the same space of time pass over an equal extent of surface with the swallow. Let a person take his stand, on a fine summer evening, by a new-mown field, meadow, or river shore, for a short time, and, among the numerous individuals of this tribe that fit before him, fix his eye on a particular one, and follow, for a while, all its circuitous labyrinths—its extensive sweeps—its sudden, rapidly reiterated excursions, little inferior to the lightning itself,—and then attempt, by the powers of mathematics, to calculate the length of the various lines it describes. Alas! even his omnipotent fluxions would avail him little here, and he would abandon the task in despair. Yet, that some definite conception may be formed of this extent, let us suppose that this bird flies, in his usual way, at the rate of one mile in a minute, which, from the many experiments I have made, I believe to be within truth; and that he is so engaged for ten hours every day; and farther, that this active life is extended to ten years, (many of our smaller birds being known to live much longer, even in a state of domestication;) the amount of all these, allowing three hundred and sixty-five days to a year, would give us two millions one hundred and ninety thousand miles; more than eighty-seven times the circumference of the globe.—Wilson's Ornithology.



## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 762.)

"Henry Brady!" was called; and firm as was his self-reliance, his countenance changed, and he rose to his feet, as if to be prepared for a conflict. Conscience, which, it is said, "makes cowards of us all," had the opposite effect upon him—it roused and made him desperate. He knew nothing of what was to be proven by the witness; yet his memory conjured up images of events, which had transpired on a certain night but a few months before—when his own hand had dealt a blow for his safety. He remembered well that Brady was a non-commissioned officer, attached to the right flank guard on that night; and conscience made him feel that it was of this that testimony was about to be offered. He was excited; indeed, he had been so from the beginning of the trial; and it may be doubted whether all the success he proposed to himself would have been an adequate compensation for the torture of that day. The weather was not warm for the season; and yet the sweat stood in large drops upon his brow; and though his features were composed, excepting his eye, his attitude and bearing spoke of the consuming fire within. It cost him a mighty effort to retain his self-possession; for both Carlin and Clayton were still watching him with that steady but sinister gaze, which was so full of meaning to his guilty conscience. But he succeeded in calming himself, at least outwardly; and though the veins upon his forehead swelled like cords, he stood like a lion in the toils, but still unconquered, as if ready to rend the first who should approach him.

"It is a pity, by Jove!" exclaimed Carlin in a whisper, "that powers such as that man has should be so perverted!" Like all intellectual men he recognized and admired mental power wherever it was found.

"Mr. Brady," said Clayton, as the corporal was sworn, and hobbled forward on crutches—the consequence of a wound at Buena Vista, for which he had been discharged—"were you or not attached to the army on the twentieth of February last?"

"I was in the line of the army, sir," replied the young man.

"Where were you on that night?"

"I was one of the corporals of the guard, stationed at the *cañon* at Buena Vista."

"How many prisoners were brought to the guard that night?"

"Only one, sir."

"Did you or not overhear a conversation between the prisoner and any other person?"

"I did, sir."

He was about to proceed, when Thorpe stopped him. "I think," said he, addressing the court in a tone, whose suppressed passion was too evident, "sufficient latitude has been allowed in this cause; and while the defence confined themselves to the limits of the United States, we were not disposed to object. They wish now to take a wider range, and we have no more patience; we object to the testimony peremptorily!"

"What is the object of your question?" asked the judge.

"It has been shown," said Clayton, "that an attempt has been made by Colonel Thorpe to create the impression that young Manning's death was compassed by Vernon, to get him out of the way. We now propose to show by the witness that Colonel Thorpe was himself the mover of the attempt upon the lives of both Manning and Vernon. We can prove this—" his tongue was arrested in mid-speech. Thorpe sprang like a tiger at his throat; and drawing a heavy knife was about to plunge it to his heart, when a blow from a heavy hand behind him felled him to the floor! The court was immediately in commotion—the men rushing within the bar, and the women screaming with terror. The judge called upon the officers to keep order, while the sheriff, who had given the timely blow, stooped down and took the knife from Thorpe's relaxed hand. Several minutes elapsed before order could be restored, when Gillam lifted the prostrate form of Thorpe, and placed him on a chair. His face was pale and distorted, and a stream of frothy, light-coloured blood ran from his mouth and nostrils. A physician was in attendance immediately. He announced that a blood-vessel had been ruptured, and ordered his patient to be removed at once from the court.

When order was at last restored, the State's attorney asked that the trial might be suspended until the following morning.

"It is now very near the hour of adjournment," said he, "and I could wish a little time to reflect upon the course most proper to be taken by me under the extraordinary circumstances."

"Are the defence willing to consent?" asked the judge.

"We are not, sir," said Clayton. "Mr. Vernon must not rest under this charge an hour longer than we can avoid."

"Not another minute!" said a voice from the crowd, which made Vernon start from his feet. A young man in full regimental uniform pushed his way through the crowd, and entering the bar revealed the person of Hugh Manning. Vernon sprang forward, and extended both hands; but, before he reached him, the arms of his father were about his neck, and the old man was weeping like a child! Again the court was in commotion; for a crowd once excited, like a fire once kindled, will ignite again and again, more easily each successive time; and nothing will prevent it but the separation of the mass of combustibles. The sheriff at last restored order again; and by some persuasion finally induced the old man to relinquish his hold upon Hugh, until he could be sworn and examined.

"It is quite unnecessary," said the State's attorney. "I consider it proven that Mr. Vernon is not guilty, and am therefore willing that a *nolle prosequi* should be entered."

"That will not satisfy us," said Clayton. "We cannot suffer this inquiry to stop until we have proven who did this forgery."

Hugh was sworn, and Clayton was about to examine him, when some one drew his attention to the railing round the bar. He whispered with the man a moment, and having consulted with Carlin, returned.

"If the court please," he said, "I have just been informed of the death of Colonel Thorpe. Under the circumstances we deem it improper to pursue this investigation farther than will be done in asking one question. It is this—Do you or do you not know who did not commit this forgery?"

"Without the consent of the prosecution," said the judge, "that form of question cannot be allowed."

"I have no objection to his answering," said the attorney.

"Well," said Hugh, "I do know, for I saw it done. I have, moreover, the note which was written and substituted for Colonel Talbot's. It was not written by Mr. Vernon, and it was not written by me, as I have just heard some were foolish enough to hint. I would have told Mr. Vernon all about this transaction in Mexico, but for reasons which I will give him at some future time. I fell into the usual mistake of soldiers, and supposed that whosoever else might be taken or killed, certainly I should escape; and so kept silence."

The State's attorney had no questions to ask—the case was given to the jury without argument; and without leaving their seats they made up and returned a verdict of, "NOT GUILTY."

As Allen came out of the court-house, he found Colonel Talbot and his daughter standing near the door, waiting for his carriage. The former turned as Vernon stepped out, and at once offered him his hand.

"I have done you injustice, sir," said he, with a nearer approach to frankness than generally marked his manner. "Let me atone for it as publicly as possible."

"No atonement is necessary, colonel," said Allen, taking his hand without hesitation. "The plot against me was too well managed to imply injustice in those who believed me guilty."

"Nevertheless," said Cara, "it was an unjust suspicion. But for the last few days my father's convictions have been much shaken."

"They have, indeed," said the colonel. "But here is the carriage; will you not ride home with us, Allen?"

The invitation was too tempting, and it was too frankly given to be declined. Allen stepped into the carriage and rode away.

"Now," said the colonel, when they were seated in Cara's drawing-room, "I have a word or two to say, and then I will leave you alone. Cara has told me the secret of her deep interest in your trial, and I promised her that if you could establish your innocence, and still wished what she says you did wish, there should be no objection on my part. Do you still wish it?"

Allen began to pour forth a mass of gratitude in a manner too confined not to be at once understood.

"Very well," interrupted Talbot. "I see how it is. I have sometimes thought my course towards your father may have been too harsh. Let my consent now, in some measure atone for it. There she is—take her!"

He turned as he spoke, and left the room. Allen stood for a moment as if bewildered, Cara still sitting on the sofa.

"You don't want me then?" she said, with a smile.

Allen sprang towards her with all his former eagerness—her face was turned to his as he took her in his arms, and—But let us imitate the colonel, and discreetly leave them to their communion. The scene was not fit for other eyes.

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

"And so without more circumstance at all.

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."—SHAKESPEARE.

EARLY on the day after the trial, Vernon and Hugh were together, each recounting to the other his adventures since their sudden parting among the mountains.

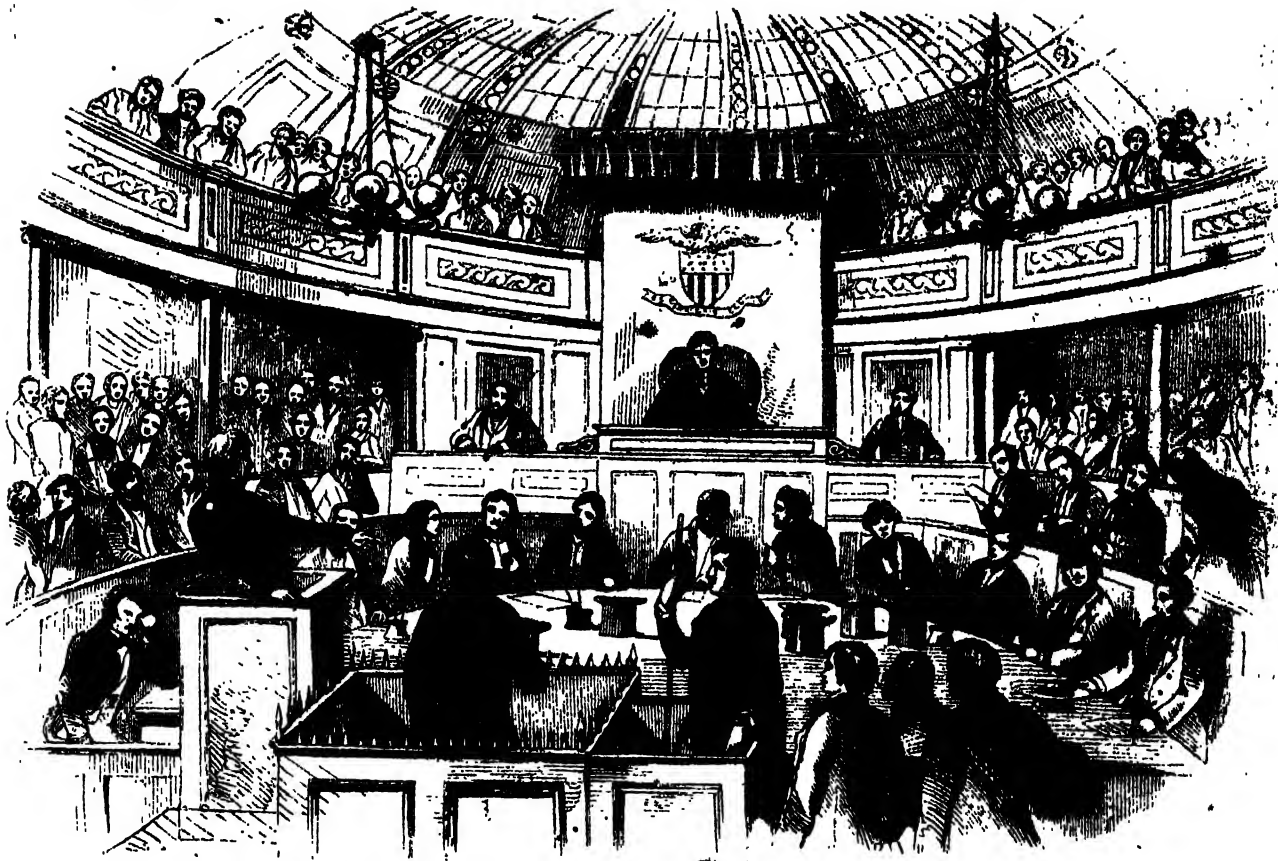
"A few days after this," said Hugh—we take up the story where we left it—"I was suddenly startled in my room by the entrance of Catharina, who told me that a squadron of Urrea's lancers were entering the valley. I rose from the couch where I was laying, and attempted to follow her to a place of security; for although I had gained strength very fast under Catharina's care, I was still too weak to fight, almost too weak to stand. But before we could cross the courtyard another detachment rushed furiously in, firing without discrimination upon all who appeared, Mexicans as well as Texans, and showering curses as profusely as bullets. Luckily, we were both untouched; and in a few moments the captain of the detachment rode forward and announced to us the pleasant fact that we were both his prisoners. We were led away together—and this was the only alleviation of my fate. Even this, however, did not last long; for as soon as the other squadron came up, the officer, who appeared to be the senior, ordered Catharina to be released. They led her away, though not without some demonstrations of the spirit you have seen in her. I saw her no more till about a month ago, when I found her in Matamoras. She is now at the 'American.'"

"You are married, then?" said Allen, in surprise.

"Yes," Hugh answered. "I was unwilling to part from her again, for fear we might not meet so fortunately. She demurred to the demand at first, on the ground that her mourning term was not closed. But she yielded to my entreaties, when I told her I was on my way home, and might not be able ever to return. It was the delay necessary to this affair which kept me so long away—which was so near making my arrival too late."

"But what did the guerillas do with you?" asked Allen.

"I believe they were strongly inclined to kill me at first; but finding that



"I have to repeat, that no one will rejoice more sincerely than we, if the prisoner at the bar shall be able to establish his innocence."

death was likely to come soon enough, they left me to perish in a miserable *rancho* just outside the valley. You remember it, perhaps—on the banks of the river as you enter from towards Monterey? Here I lay two weeks, and when you visited the valley, I must have been there. It is on the opposite side of the stream from the road usually travelled, and was thus not visited by any one, except the old woman and her boy, to whom I am indebted for my life. At the end of the two weeks, a straggling party of the same cut-throats who desolated the valley returned to it; and finding me able to ride, they placed me on a horse and galloped away with me towards the south. We rode thus for several days, when, to my infinite satisfaction, they at last drew their reins and introduced me to their *commandante*—a black-whiskered fellow, with a sword nearly as long as himself. I have forgotten the name of the little town—but I happen to recollect that it was not more than one hundred miles from Tampico; and upon this knowledge I predicated all my hopes of escape.

"I immediately feigned great weakness—though, thanks to an excellent constitution, I was as strong as ever, only a little pale and thin. For nearly two weeks more I kept up the deception—even asking the support of a Mexican's arm when I walked out to take a little air. I told the *commandante* I was losing strength every day, when in fact I was strong enough to tear him limb from limb. They ceased to watch me almost altogether—no doubt thinking that the one man whose aid I always asked was a guard quite sufficient. I gained in my rambles thus, a complete knowledge of the directions, roads, &c.; and among other useful items, I found that the road to Tampico ran out of the town, in the same direction in which I usually walked. About a mile from the town was situated a large *rancho*—and here, the longest walks we took generally ended. Among other things about this place, I observed several very fine horses—and with the freedom generated by a soldier's life, determined that one of them should be mine.

"I at last succeeded in possessing myself of a carbine, taken from some American, and a pair of pistols. These I secreted in my room until night, when I determined to give my friends the slip. There was but one egress to my room, and before this a sentinel walked every night. On that evening I waited in vain for the fellow, who came on at ten o'clock, to go to sleep, as he was in the habit of doing. For some reason or other, however, on this night, he was very wakeful. I thought I would have to kill him, and several times stepped towards the door to do it. At last, however, I thought of a better plan. I called him to me and told him I wanted some wine, for which I was willing to pay handsomely—showing him in the starlight a half-dollar—the only coin the thieving rascals had left me, and that only because it eluded their search. The fellow grasped at the coin—but I drew it back, telling him he could not have it until he brought me some wine. He wanted to wait till he was relieved; but I told him I would be asleep then, and would not want the wine. He at last consented to go after it; and while he was gone I quietly stepped out and walked off. I knew he would not dare to give the

alarm, since, if he did, his desertion would be known; while, if my absence were not discovered till morning, he would get off clear, in the uncertainty as to which sentinel had let me escape. (Their sentinels, like ours, are changed every two hours.)

"I walked as rapidly and as noiselessly as possible to the *rancho*, where I found no difficulty in saddling one of the finest horses in the yard. Mounting him, I rode quietly off—taking it easily for an hour or two, and then pushing rapidly on. I rode all night, without stopping for a moment, except to let my horse drink, and in the morning must have been more than forty miles on my way to Tampico. When my escape was discovered, and whether any pursuit was made I never knew, for, as you may imagine, I did not wait to see. In the morning, a while after sunrise, I got a bowl of goat's milk from a woman at a little *rancho* on the road, and asked her the way to San Luis Potosi. She shook her forefinger at me, and I rode on—she screaming after me that that was the road to Tampico. She did not know which *was*, but she evidently knew this was *not*, the road to San Luis. I watered my horse at a little stream which crossed the road, and then put him into a gallop, which in about four hours brought me in sight of the waters of the Gulf. An hour or two after dark, I was hailed in English—the happiest sound I ever heard—and found myself in Tampico—having made one hundred miles in a little more than eighteen hours. The horse, I regretted to find, when I got up next day, had died during the night; but after such an escape, it was not in my nature to think of slight misfortunes.

"I remained at Tampico a week, when I took passage for Matamoras, where I arrived about six weeks ago. I hastened from thence to Monterey, where I heard of your return home. Knowing the importance of my testimony to you, I laid the matter at once before General Taylor, tendered my resignation, which was accepted, and started home. At Matamoras, as I expected, I found Catharina, we were married, and here I am."

"So I see," said Vernon, with a smile. "But I must see Catharina—can you not take me to her now?"

"By all means," said Hugh. And the friends set out for the hotel where Hugh had taken his bride on his return; ashamed, perhaps, of his father's dingy building and mean furniture. We will not pause on their visit, but move forward to another scene.

\* A gesture among the Mexicans, expressing ignorance or negation.

(To be continued.)

**EXPERIENCE IN ANIMALS.**—Old birds are not so easily approached within gun-shot as young ones; old foxes are less easily caught in traps, and old stags show more cunning. On newly-discovered islands the birds and animals have no fear of man, and the seals and other animals do not move at his approach; but a very short experience teaches them what their safety consists in.

## REVIEW.

## UNCLE TOM IN ENGLAND; OR, A PROOF THAT BLACK'S WHITE. HOULSTON AND STONEMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

AMONGST the many productions, in every department of literature, which are daily being issued from the home as well as the foreign press, there is none, in the region of imagination, that has, for some time, excited greater interest than Mrs. Beecher Stowe's American work, of which an "echo" is before us. For three parts of a century the public of this country have been familiar with the horrors of the Slave Trade; they have shuddered over the narrations of misery, which it has been the portion of many of their sable brethren to endure, and have raised their voice against it as an exemplification of unmitigated inhumanity on the side of the white man. Still slavery goes on, perhaps not increasing, but at such a steady pace as to require every possible human effort of legitimate power to bring it to an end. The great object of the book before us is to aid in this direction. It is a strong appeal to the tenderest sentiments of humanity; and manifests, on the part of the writer, the warmest enthusiasm in the cause he has espoused, and the deepest convictions of the evils he would expose. Its plot is perfectly distinct from that of Mrs. Stowe, although the author has, in some degree, connected the narratives, exhibiting characteristically traits of negro life with great truth and beauty, and expressing them with a fluency, fervour, and feeling, that rises the attention, almost, in spite of ourselves.

The story opens with a rich and redolent sketch of the coast of Africa, basking beneath the brilliant glories of an unclouded sun, and then introduces us to a slave-veel, lying in the offing, waiting to embark her sable cargo of human beings. This scene, and the ship under way, the following graphically told scene of the harrowing system of treatment to which the miserable wretches are subjected, is presented before us:

"The day breaks again! the sun ascends with his everlasting splendour, and shines down his constant smile upon the world. The waves are bright and blue as yesterday, and the winds as free and favouring as the slaver's heart can wish. But who can tell the terrors of the past night! How many hearts have been broken! What bitter torments have racked the breasts!—what visions of ravished homes and ruined loves have torn the hearts and maddened the brains of the doomed victims in this floating hell. Many were the prayers, which these poor heathens offered up to such a god as they had been taught to know, that he might deliver them out of their bondage,—that he might avenge their wrongs upon their captors, or end at once their woes by sinking them in the briny deep.

As the day opens, the different sailors of the crew become more active, as one by one they jump from their hammocks, and come up and pace the deck.

Standing about mid-ships, and splicing a piece of rope, is a big man, with enormous whiskers, thick eyebrows passing directly across the nostril, large ears, high jaws, and altogether colossal form and features. He is in immediate charge over the living cargo; and, having just brushed the cobwebs of sleep from his eyes, he is going below to look after the safety of the freight. But before he goes to make his examination, he deliberately splices one of the thongs of his cat-o'-nine-tails, which had flown off through the dexterity with which the corrective instrument was last used, and, having completed the operation, he flings it out, and jerks his arm and wrist to get the necessary flexion, that he may miss an aim, or throw away a blow. All being ready, he summons two blacks, Petro and Jack, to go down with him, to lend a hand in any operation he may find necessary.

In a moment he is heard cutting and slashing in all directions, upon discovering that some of the captives have been endeavouring to sever their fetters, or that they address imprecations to him as he passes by; for he has long been devoted to this calling, and knows well every angry sentiment uttered by the poor Africans.

"What's here?" said he, coming to one of the divisions; and he proceeds to answer his own query by seizing hold of the legs of a woman, and dragging out her dead body. "Here Petro!" he added, pointing significantly with his finger, upon which Petro disappeared up the ladder, bearing the body across his shoulders. A heavy plunge into the sea indicated that Petro had fulfilled his errand.

A little further on, and he pauses again. Taking hold of another body, he half draws it out,—then, dropping the legs, he stops to put a quid of tobacco into his mouth. Then kneeling down, he catches hold roughly of one of the eyelids, holds it up, takes a secondary glance at the glazed eyeball, and then, with the same significant thrust of the finger, dismisses Jack on a similar errand. Another heavy plunge into the sea explains the result.

Again he halts, with Petro by his side. "Haul her out," and she—that is, the third piece of perishable goods—is hauled out. His expression, however, is that of doubt; so flourishing his cat, he strikes home at the body, and finding that the flesh quivers, and an arm moves, he says gloomily, and with the air of one who has been troubled uselessly, "Shove her back!" and she is shoved back.

This tragedy has many acts, of which the next is the finale, for the first morning of the Slaver at sea. He comes to the spot where the unhappy

wretch who leaped from the boat had been chained, and he finds it covered with gore. The other victims, reddened by the blood of their dead companion, have pushed his corpse away from them as far as possible, and lie huddled up in an opposite corner. Upon examining the corpse he finds that, being a strong man, the unhappy wretch had torn a piece of sheet iron from a beam, and had opened a vein in his throat, by which he had died. Unfastening the fetters from around the feet of the dead body, he delivered it to the custody of Petro, who, though his limbs were well practised, failed to lift it.

"Him too fat, massa, hu! hu!" exclaims Petro, with a broad grin, and a shrug of the shoulders. "Him twa at once, and no mistake. Here, Jack, what you stan' dere' for doin' nuffin'; len' a han', will yer now, or 'll holler out to massa!"

"Wall, 'than, if you want me to len' a han', why not say so, guffar, eh? Aint I ollers willin' to len' a han'. Dere now, your liffin' nuffin'," said Jack, straining himself to the utmost.

"Now, den," said Petro, "lif' fa'r. Wall, there now, that jus too bad, I tell'r."

"Why, I's liffin' above a notch, I tell yer. Now, then; now, mine, I'm gwine to lif'; now, cum on!"

"Cum on!" said Petro; and, by sundry shufflings and haulings, they got the body upon deck.

It was a man of noble make. Of true African cast, his skin was of jet black; but he wore an unusually intellectual expression. His hair receded far over the temples of a high forehead; his shoulders were square; his chest broad; his hips were well set, and his form displayed a truly classic mould; there was still a strong definition upon his upper lip.

"Will massa be step on deck a minute?" said Petro, sticking his head, with an air of great fright, down through the hatch.

"What 'a the matter?" said the overlooker.

"Oh, no, massa, massa; but yer see yer's sartly life in him yet. He's a 'human' in him!"

"Oh, he's a fool—he might have been worth a thousand dollars, but he'll never pick up again now—so over with him." It was done.

Fourteen slaves were thus emancipated by death and murder at the close of the first night.

The remainder of the voyage passed without any remarkable events; for on board a slaver, the death of a captive or two is matter of little moment, and is always looked upon as a necessary occurrence. In all, twenty-eight victims died during the voyage. Once or twice there was an alarm upon a vessel coming in sight being mistaken for an English cruiser; but with this exception, and a few heavy squalls, one of which nearly threw the vessel on her beam ends, nothing of importance occurred. Now and then, during the voyage, a few of the slaves were brought on deck for air and exercise, and then an armed guard paraded with them. At other times, the crew lolled about the ship, and, gathering together, sung rude songs, such as—

"Ho! ho! heave ho!

What's the matter now boys, ho!

Run out the long gun, there's business to be done, boys,

Ho! ho! heave ho!

"Ho! ho! heave ho!

What's the matter now boys, ho!

We're safe in port, so now for the girls, boys,

Ho! ho! heave ho!"

Two black children, having recovered from their fright and injuries, and some of the sailors having taken notice of them on account of their interesting ways, would draw near while the seamen sung, and look wistfully into their faces, always holding each others' hands, and often embracing lovingly, and whispering words which none understood but themselves. After a little while they began to imitate the songs and sayings of the sailors, and this caused a great deal of merriment. The captain, having little else to employ his time, devoted a portion of it to teaching them various odd pranks; they could climb up the ropes and perform dexterous gymnastics upon the deck; and the captain called them MARROSSI and ROSETTA, to which names they soon readily answered.

At length the ship arrived in the harbour of Charleston, the American flag of stars and stripes floating at its mainmast."

This quotation may be taken as a fair specimen of the author's style, and the luminous mode in which he places his pictures before the eye of the imagination. Through the whole extent of the work, consisting of 220 pages the interest is never for a single moment permitted to flag; scene after scene rapidly succeeds each other, as vividly drawn as the paintings of a moving panorama; and every one leaving an impression perfectly distinct from that which has gone before it, or that which is to follow. The rapidity with which the work has been written too, astonished. In seven days, the author informs us, it was composed, printed, and ready for sale; evincing a fluency and facility of composition rarely to be met with, even in this age of railroad speed. This rapidity has, no doubt, been the occasion of some slips of the pen; but these are very few, and mere verbalisms, not at all injuring the text of the story.—That the work will be eminently successful, there can be no doubt; there having been during the first week of its issue, we understand, no fewer than TEN THOUSAND copies of it disposed of, which its great merits, coupled with its extremely low price, must yet vastly extend. We only regret that our limited space will not admit of our giving some more of the striking scenes with which the performance abounds; but, indeed, this would scarcely be fair, considering the cheapness of the work, which every one desirous of getting a true insight into the horrors of the slave traffic, ought immediately to purchase and peruse.



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"THE EDITOR of the HOME COMPANION having designed the whole of this Almanack upon an entirely original and novel plan, offers a few words in explanation thereof. The title page is full of graphic humour. It will be found to contain upwards of ONE HUNDRED comic figures, of the most lively and varied character. The lower portion of the page represents allegorically, Knowledge destroying Ignorance and Vice. At the top and bottom of each Calendar page will be found PICTORIAL CHARADES, each of which represents a word of two syllables—the first division of the picture illustrates the first syllable—the second division the second syllable—and the whole design the complete word. Thus the Charade No. 1, my first is 'break,' my second 'fast,' my whole 'breakfast!' The PICTORIAL ENIGMAS are constructed upon a different principle, which will be sufficiently understood by a glance at the letter-press which accompanies them. The same remark applies to the EXPERIMENTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, which will be found not only pleasing, but highly instructive. The Calendar is enlivened by numerous conundrums, and humorous notices of historical events. For the purpose of heightening the amusement afforded by the Almanack, it has been deemed proper to withhold the answers to the Pastime. These will appear in No. 53 of the "Home Companion." We give numbers and spaces for the reader to write down the answers he conjectures to be correct, so that by obtaining No. 53 he may have a capital evening's amusement by ascertaining how far he is successful. The Editor hopes that he may be privileged to issue a similar Almanack for many years. Several works projected by him having been wholly or partially pirated by persons who could find no other solution to the Enigma of their prosperity, but by appropriating his ideas, he takes this opportunity of intimating that there is little likelihood of the plan of this Almanack being pirated for the outlay upon it has been so great, that it will require a sale of two HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES to REAP THE FIRST COST. It is undeniably the cheapest Almanack ever issued, and the only one of its kind."

## MABEL LEE.

"I have undertaken, at the request of many friends, to write the history of MABEL LEE, whose name stands in fiction. I confess that I am not given to the invention of Tales, made up of sterling and admirable incidents, but being reminded that the life of MABEL LEE is more strange than fiction, and may be written all the more vividly, because absolutely true, I have willingly entered upon the subject, and have already far advanced in its execution. I have never read a novel that interested me half so much as the story of this orphan girl; full of the most remarkable vicissitudes, of many of which I was an actual observer. The Reader must not expect from me a thrilling romance, but a story plainly and truthfully told, that will appeal to every heart, and supply many elements of good example to those who, like MABEL LEE, may have to struggle against the bitter tide of adversity, with a spirit too high and impulsive to submit to the harsh control often imposed upon virtuous but helpless poverty."

THE EDITOR.

## AMUSEMENTS.

EVERY young man should enter upon life with an earnest purpose. He will have need of patience, fortitude, energy, and intense thought, in overcoming the difficulties that must be encountered before his day of trial be over. Life has been called a warfare, and truly so called. It is a warfare with enemies, both within and without—enemies of the flesh and enemies of the spirit. He has to contend, in the world, against the selfishness that would crush every man's interest in the attainment of its own ends; and to contend with the same spirit of selfishness in his own heart, that is ever prompting him to seek an advantage at the sacrifice of other's good. Happy for him, if, when he falls into temptation, he do not fall in temptation, but stand fast by his integrity.

"If life, then, be so grave a matter, what has man to do with amusements?" we hear asked. "In these conflicts with foes within and without, one would think the heart could never heave up with a glad emotion, the eye never brighter, nor the lip smile."

And such could never be the case, if the strife were incessant—if, after a fierce conflict, there did not come a season of repose, in which both mind and body could rest, and be refreshed and invigorated for new combats. It has been argued—and it is evidently a true position—that inaction is not the rest that re-invigorates the exhausted energies of either the mind or body, but a new direction of effort, by which new muscles of the body, or new faculties of the mind, are brought into activity. The true repose, then, which should follow every life conflict—and they are of almost daily occurrence—is an entire diversion of the thoughts and feelings into some new channel. If this be not done, there can be no rest: for the current of thought will flow on unchecked, until the mind becomes diseased, and looses half its power.

And herein we see the use of amusements, or those innocent employments that divert the mind, and fill it with pleasing emotions. After the business of the day is over, these come in their natural order, to refresh and strengthen for new efforts; and it is more in accordance with the dictates of right reason to seek for re-invigoration in these than in dull inaction. To play a game of draughts or chess will do a man more good, after a day of labour and care, than to spend his evening in lounging on the sofa. And he will find the gay doings of a social party of far more benefit to him, if he make one of, and enter into the spirit of that party, than he will to sit out his evening, brooding over the disappointments and crosses of the day, or sadly contemplating the trials of to-morrow.

Amusements, therefore, we hold to be essential to the health of both body and mind. But, like every other good, they are liable to be perverted; and the young are more in danger of perverting them than those who have passed the prime of life. Nearly all the various amusements, public and private, that are entered into at this day, are innocent and useful in themselves, although some of them are sadly perverted to evil ends. Dancing, games, concerts, the opera, scenic representations, &c., are all good in themselves, and may be enjoyed innocently and beneficially by all. In cards, for instance, there is no evil abstractly, nor in a game of cards; but gambling is a great evil—one from which every honest mind shrinks with horror. When made a school of morals, the stage is a powerful teacher of truth, because it shows us vice or virtue in living personifications; but as it now is, we are compelled to acknowledge that it is a poor place of resort for the strengthening of virtuous principles.

At all suitable times, young men will find it useful to seek for recreations and innocent amusements. It will give their minds a healthier tone, and bring them into associations different from business associations, by which they will be able to see new phases of character, and judge more kindly of their fellow-men. In business, each one seeks his own interest; there is no generous deference to the interests of others, and men grow daily more and more selfish; but in social intercourse, one defers to another; there is the form of self-sacrifice for the good of others, at least, and we would then believe no little of its essence.

From this brief presentation of the subject, every one must see that the views taken by those who have adverted against amusements, as either sinful or entirely useless, are erroneous, and founded upon false notions of man's moral nature. Our life here is for the development and perfection of our characters as immortal beings, created originally in true order, and now

## ONWARD!

afforded all possible means for a return to true order. In true order, every affection of the mind, when it comes into activity, produces delight; and as a love of good is the vital principle of true order, when man is restored to what he has lost, his highest and purest delight will be in doing good. Delight or pleasure, then, is not evil, but good, provided it does not flow from the consummation of an evil purpose. It is the healthy reaction of the mind upon orderly effort, and strengthens and prepares it for new and higher efforts. Take away all delight as the reward of effort, and see how quickly the cheek fades and the eye grows dim.

If, then, delight or pleasure be not wrong in the abstract, the seeking of amusements, as means of recreation, after the mind is overwheeled by long and oft-repeated efforts, cannot be wrong; and this every mind not sadly warped by false views must see. But to seek amusements as a means of "killing time," as some do, or as the occupations instead of the occasional recreations of life, is to pervert them from their true object, and to make them highly injurious, instead of beneficial. To engage, night after night, in a trial of skill in games,—to spend two or three evenings every week at balls and parties, or attending theatric or operatic performances,—must enervate instead of strengthening the mind, and will inevitably hinder any young man from rising into distinguished positions of usefulness in society. After the business of the day, the mind will ordinarily find a means of healthy reaction in intellectual pursuits, which form a part of some leading purpose by which a man's life is governed; amusements come in as occasional means of restoring the wasted energies, and should be entered into at intervals, as absolutely essential to the continued healthy activity of our minds.

## THE CHILD'S FOOTSTEPS.

There is a sound most musical and sweet,  
A sound that ever bringeth joy to me,  
And thoughts of innocence for angels meet,  
And warmest love in all its purity:  
'Tis the light-bounding step, all gay and fleet,  
Of happy childhood, with its tiny feet.

No noiseless gliding, as on sin intent,  
Nor slow and measured entrance at the door;  
Each footstep, with a music eloquent,  
Resounds clear on winding stair or polished floor;  
And ere the little dimpled face appears,  
The quick, sweet sound hath charm'd away  
my cares.

Whether in satin slipper delicate,  
Or in its native freedom springing by;  
If in proud palace halls its petted fate,  
Or in the lowly home of poverty;  
Alike its buoyant gladness charms the ear,  
And bringeth thoughts of heavenly beauty near.

I wonder not, if, in His lowly guise,  
Surrounded by the hidden and the vile,  
A sudden splendour lit the Saviour's eyes,  
And His lips parted with a holy smile,  
When, with their upward, sunny gaze,  
drew nigh  
The little fearless forms of Infancy.

Ah, blessed little ones! Their rosy charms  
Lean'd on His bosom, all unpaied by fear;  
Serenely resting in His mighty arms  
Who framed the glory of each starry sphere,  
No thoughts of sinful years for them arose;  
No grief or shame to mar their sweet repose.

Then let His lowly followers not disdain  
To guard such flower-like beauty for their Lord,  
Nor deem the moments wasted, while they  
Fair Infants include obedient to His Word.  
Nay, rather let us, as their bloom we view,  
Seek our own innocent pleasures to renew.

**POPULAR DEFINITIONS.**—What is Fashion? Dinners at midnight, and headaches in the morning? What is Wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulled noses and broken heads. What is Joy? To count your money and find it overrun a hundred pounds. What is Conscience? Something that the guilty feel every time it thunders. What is Knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books or umbrellas. What is Contentment? To sit in the house and see other people stuck in the mud. What is Justice? The opinion of twelve jurymen. What is Ambition? A desire to become possessed of a wooden leg, and half an eyebrow.

**ANECDOTE OF A GAME COCK.**—On the memorable 1st of June (Lord Howe's victory) Captain Berkeley commanded the Marlborough, and broke through the French line between L'Impetueux and Le Mutius, each of superior force, and engaged them both. On going into action the captain ordered all the live stock to be thrown overboard, but at the humble request of his crew permitted them to retain an old game cock, with which they (the crew) had fought several times, and always with success. Though the coop was thrown into the sea, the cock was allowed to range the deck at liberty. In action the Marlborough was so severely handled by her opponents that half the crew were disabled, her captain carried wounded below, her mainmast shot away, and the remainder of the men driven from their quarters. At the very juncture when the Marlborough was on the point of striking, there chanced one of those lulls in the roar of the thundering cannon often experienced in general action. In that momentary silence, when the falling of a rope might be heard, the old game cock, who had escaped the human carnage, hopped up upon the shattered stump of a mainmast, and, with a loud and triumphant flapping of his wings, sent forth such a long and lusty challenge as to be heard in every part of the disabled ship. No individual spoke in reply to the homely but touching alarm; one universal and gallant cheer from the broken crew arose; they remembered the indomitable courage of the bird that sat undismayed above the bleeding horrors of the deck, and every soul on board who could drag their limbs to quarters remained the guns, resumed the action, and forced each of their opponents to surrender. A silver medal was struck by order of Admiral Berkeley; it was hung upon the neck of the old game cock, who, in the parks, and around the princely halls of Goodwood, passed the remainder of his downy days in honour and safety.

**GOING A-HEAD WITH A VENGEANCE.**—Within the last quarter of a century we have made great progress in locomotion, but we were not prepared for the startling project of Mr. D. S. Brown, who proposes to reach America in 48 hours, and make the voyage to India and back in a fortnight. Mr. Brown intends to put his theory into practice by vessels of quite different construction to those at present in use.—*Atlixing Journal.*

**IRISH INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.**—The committee for conducting the Industrial Exhibition to be held in Dublin next year, propose to set apart a portion of the edifice for the purpose of exhibiting, besides sculpture, pictures, not being portraits, in oil and water-colours, frescoes, drawings, and engravings. As this form of Art was excluded from the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, it may be well to direct attention to this arrangement of the Irish committee, in order that our English artists may prepare to assist the objects of the gathering by their contributions.

**AUSTRALIAN COTTON.**—The report of Mr. Bayley, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on some specimens of Australian cotton submitted to him by Dr. Laing, opens up new views of prosperity and wealth for the colony. The specimens were grown at various localities on the eastern shores of Australia. One of the experimental crops, grown at Ipawich, on the Breunell river, consisted of 920 lbs. of cotton in the seed on an acre. Of a sample of this lot, Mr. Bayley says:—"The cotton grown by Mr. Douglas is really beautiful, and worth, if properly cleaned, 2s. a pound. Such superior and excellent attributes of perfect cotton have been rarely seen in Manchester, and prove indisputably the capability of Australia to produce cotton of the most beautiful and useful description, at rates of value varying from 6d. to 2s. 6d. per pound."

**THE ELECTRIC TIME BALL AND CLOCK AT CHARING-CROSS.**—After several days of careful experiment the arrangements for carrying out these novel and interesting telegraphic phenomena were completed, and henceforward the inhabitants of the metropolis may confidently rely upon the descent of the Strand time ball simultaneously with that at Greenwich at 1 p.m. In connection with the ball, the elegant four-dialled electric clock opposite the company's Strand telegraph station at Charing-cross will also show correct time; but it may be as well to state that the minute hand moves only when the minute has been completed, and therefore a person wishing to set a watch must wait until he sees the minute hand suddenly move; the instant it stops will be "Greenwich mean time." This clock is also under the influence of the voltaic current transmitted from Greenwich. The ball falls daily at one o'clock (Sundays included), but should any unforeseen obstruction occur, it will descend at two o'clock, but failure is seldom anticipated, as the arrangements made by the company, in conjunction with the Astronomical Royal at Greenwich, and the South-Eastern Railway Company, are of so perfect a nature as to ensure unerring success.

**FRAUDS AND ADULTERATIONS IN TRADE.**—A late report of the Analytical Sanitary Commission, published in the *Lancet*, records the results of microscopical and chemical analyses of vinegar. It appears that out of twenty-eight samples, purchased at the houses of various retailers, in different parts of town, and the productions of almost every maker of any note, by whom the metropolis and its suburbs are supplied, only four were free from sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol); that twenty-four were adulterated with this corrosive mineral acid; that two contained it in a small quantity; that in three it was present in considerable amount; that twelve contained it in very considerable amount; and that in seven it was present in immense quantity. The report publishes, as usual, the names of the parties selling and the makers of the adulterated articles, together with the names of the four makers and the vendors of the pure article. The fact that the vinegar of these four makers was found to be entirely free from sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol is regarded as important, inasmuch as it proves that the use of that highly objectionable acid, even in small quantities, is not necessary to insure the preservation of vinegar, and shows that its addition is made rather for the purpose of increasing its apparent strength. The report concludes by publishing a letter from Mr. Fletcher, surgeon, of Bromsgrove, showing how families may manufacture for themselves, by a very simple process, a pure vinegar for the table or for the purpose of pickling, by using sugar, treacle, and water, and the fungus known as the vinegar-plant, and thus make themselves independent of dishonest manufacturers. The following opinion from Dr. Ure has been obtained by persons interested in the coffee-trade, with a view to its circulation among the retail dealers previously to the new Excise regulations coming into force. It was maintained by the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, that there was no reliable method of detecting the adulteration of coffee with chicory. The error of this statement was demonstrated by the *Lancet*, but it has been thought advisable to take further steps to make a simple process generally known:—"No problem in science is simpler or more certain than the detection of chicory, or of similar substances, in coffee powder. Ground roasted coffee imparts to cold water merely a pale sherry colour, whereas, when it is adulterated with ground roasted chicory it communicates a brown colour, of greater or less intensity, to cold water. If three glass tubes, set upright, be charged respectively with a few grains weight of—1. pure coffee; 2. of pure coffee mixed with a little chicory; 3. of coffee mixed with much chicory; and into each of these tubes a like quantity of cold water be poured, and if, after agitation the tubes be set upright at rest, the solid particles will soon fall to the bottom, and the transparent liquid in the stems of the tubes will show, by the variable depths of the tinctures, the presence and proportion of coffee and chicory in each of them. An apparatus for making this experiment may be had for 1s., and would give test results of sufficient precision."

# PALLOU PASTIME.

## A Curious Recreation with Sympathetic Ink, called the Book of Fate.

MAKE a book, consisting of seventy or eighty leaves, and in the cover at the end of it, let there be a case which opens next to the back, that it may not be perceived. At the top of each right-hand page, write any question you please, and at the beginning of the book, let there be a table of those questions, with the number of the pages in which each are to be found. They write with common ink on separate papers, each about half the size of the pages, the same questions that are in the book; and under each of them, write with the ink made with the litharge of lead, or the solution of blunuth, the answer. Soak a double paper in a vivifying ink, made of quick lime and orpiment, or the liver of sulphur, and just before you make the experiment, place it in the case that is in the cover of the book. Having done this deliver some of the papers on which the questions are written, to the company; and after they have chosen such as they wish to have answered, let them put them into those leaves where the same questions are contained; then shutting the book for a few minutes, the sulphureous spirit, with which the paper in the cover of the book is impregnated, will penetrate the leaves, and make the answer visible, which will be of a brown colour, and more or less deep, in proportion to the time the book has been closed.

## ENIGMAS.

1.  
Not far from St. Paul's a dependant on trade  
To a grandee of credit his homage once paid;  
A scholar was he, and of learning profound,  
And the gentleman much in his words did abound.  
His friend with a nod having call'd him more near,  
And whisper'd him something, not proper to hear,  
He bowing, march'd off—when at taking a glass,  
I ask'd who that complaisant visitor was?  
His friend paused awhile—then replied, "Sir, that man  
Is commander-in-chief of a numerous clan;  
'Tho' I can with a look, you see, keep him in awe,  
I'll assure you to some he's viceroy, or bashaw.  
His origin's Dutch, as his title displays;  
Like that state, o'er his vassals, despotic he sways;  
And without any trial, in passionate sallies,  
Sends hundreds together fast bound to the galleys,  
Having learnt long ago the chief art of a sov'reign  
As Machiavel taught, to distribute and govern.  
Add to which, in his honour he's nice to a point,  
And can scarce bear a word that is placed out of joint;  
Still full of his knowledge, imposed on the crowd,  
And no man in Europe more things e'er avow'd.  
To hear him, you'd swear he could execute wonders,  
Yet no man alive is so guilty of blunders.  
Nay, more—when the whim he takes into his head,  
The living he quits to converse with the dead.  
Therefore, when you meet him, I'd have you be civil,  
For I can assure you he deals with the devil."

11.  
WITHOUT me you could do nothing; and the Creator himself employed me when he made the world; consequently, as you will readily believe, I was in being even at the deluge. Directed by me, the sun rises and sets, the planets move in their several orbits, and the moon attends to illuminate the hemisphere; he only who formed me can destroy me; and the thousands who abused me whilst living, would give worlds, if they possessed me, to prevent their dissolution.

## PRACTICAL PUZZLES.



PLACE a sixpence in the bottom of a glass, and over the latter put a half-crown, as in the diagram. The puzzle is to remove the small coin from beneath the larger one, without touching either of the coins, or touching or upsetting the glass.



I have a lodging-house in which there are five boarders, all of whom have applied to me to let them cultivate the garden, but they require me to divide the ground around the house into five portions of the same shape and size, giving each two trees. Unless I can do it, I am I shall send my lodgers.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.

"THE DAYS WHEN WE WENT GIPSYING."



"A DEED WITHOUT A NAME."

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a schoolboy, who has but just begun to read, like knowledge itself?
2. What weapon is that which names a good fish?
3. What is the difference between a soldier and a woodman?
4. Why should fine ladies squeezing wet linen, remind us of going to church?
5. Why is a huntsman like juvenile card-players?
6. What foreign letter names the territory of a duke?
7. Why was the parliament of the Commonwealth like Samson?
8. What English verb do I name, by addressing a Turkish governor with reverence?
9. What step must I take to remove the letter A from the alphabet?
10. Why is whatever we speak like the juice of grapes?
11. Why is a person with his eyes closed like a defective schoolmaster?
12. Why is an avaricious man like one with a short memory?
13. What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?
14. What quarter of the sky do I name, by saying—A vowel is behind?
15. Why is a man walking to a town like one endeavouring to prevent a blow?
16. Why is the sun like people of fashion?

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

SUPPOSE a farmer has a calf, which at the end of three years begins to breed, and afterwards brings a female calf every year, and that each calf begins to breed in like manner at the end of three years—bringing forth a cow-calf every year; and that these last breed in the same manner, and so on in regular succession. It is required to determine the whole stock at the end of twenty years.

11.  
A person left by will one half of his property to his son, one third to his daughter, and the remainder, which was £1,000, to his widow. What were their respective fortunes?

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 766.

## ENIGMA.—POWER.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS. 1. £67,816 16s. 8d. 2. 3 miles, 1,300 yards. PRACTICAL PUZZLE.—Loosen the string and draw the loop through the hole in the case it behind, and bring it through No. 1, and slip it over the small hearts; the string may be easily drawn out.

## REARADE.—NIGHT-SHADE.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Miss Maudslayi. 2. Daniel Lambert. 3. The spirit moves him. 4. A bed. 5. An up-bearer. 6. She is full of air. 7. A gendarme. 8. Devil (evil). 9. Plague (ague). 10. Woe. 11. Just ice. 12. A roasted spine rib of pork, with apple sauce. 13. To cover his head. 14. At Endor. 15. He is in action. 16. In the dark. 17. It is a version (aversion).





THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

The best Gungou Tea \$2.00  
The best Imperial Senchong \$2.00

The best Joyous Gunpowder ..... 8s. 6d.  
The best Plantation Coffee ..... 1s. 0d.  
The best Old Mocha Coffee ..... 1s. 6d.  
40s. worth, at wholesale, sent carriage free to any part of  
England by R. S. S. and Co. Tea Merchants.

**BENNETT'S WASH MANUFACTORY**

**B** 05, Washington, D.C., to the Royal Observatory,  
Board of Ordnance, Ordnance, and the Queen.  
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Board of Ordnance, Ordnance, and the Queen.  
**B** 05, Washington, D.C., to the Royal Observatory,  
Board of Ordnance, Ordnance, and the Queen.

Eight day Striking Clock, of his

combining simplicity, durability and precision. Guaranteed to keep perfect time. A large assortment of pocket watches, recently imported, may be selected from our day dial at \$3.

Warmed Scientifically Accurate, and entirely free from the defects of the old Wilm's Instrument. It is Portable, Neat and Trustworthy, and adapted for every Gilchrist's purpose.

Post Office Orders payable as under, will receive prompt attention, JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside, London.  
Every Watch sold at this Manufactory is carefully examined, Timed, and its performance Guaranteed.

120, Strand, and 55, Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park  
Teeth, 1s each, & complete Set, 25s.  
**M. R. JONES**, Inventor and Manufacturer

are permanent, never change colour, break, or decay, and are better adapted for Articulation and Mastication than any hitherto in use. Attendance from 10 till 6.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR, WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, etc.  
**M**AY be with certainty obtained by using a  
 very small portion of ROSALIE COUPELLET  
 PARISIAN POMADE every morning, instead of any oil.

For other propositions. A fortnight's use will, in most instances, show its surprising properties in producing and curling Whiskers, Hair, &c., at any age, from whatever cause deficient, as also checking grayness, &c. Persons who have been deceived by imitations of this Compound,

passed off by so-called "testimonials," as spurious as the article they represent, will do well to make **ONE TRIAL** of the only genuine preparation. Price 2s per pot. **See**

free by post, with instructions, &c., on receipt of 24 postage stamps, by Madame COVELL, Ely-place, Holborn, London; where she may be consulted daily, from 2 till 5. Festimonials—Dr Erasmus Wilson "It is undoubtedly the best preparation known."—Mr. Watson, late Surgeon.

**SOCIETY THOUSAND CURES** by DR.

**BARRY'S** delicious **REVALENTA** **ABALICA**  
**FOOD**, without medicine, inconvenience, or expense, (has  
 it saves fifty times its cost in other remedies ) Cures  
 all of Dyspepsia — From the Right Hon the Lord Mayor

Dr. DeCies:— 'I have derived considerable benefit from Dr. Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to myself and the public to authorize the publication of these lines—Stuart de Decies.'—Cure No. 47, 1891.

fifty years insufferable agony from dyspepsia, indigestion, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach, and vomitings, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food.—Maria Jolly, Worthing Lying-in Hospital, Brighton, Sussex.—In canisters, suitably packed for

all climates, and with full instructions—1 lb.; 2c. 9c.  
1 lb., 4s. 6d., 5 lb., 15s.; 12 lb., 22s., super refined, 5 lb.,  
2s., 10 lb., 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. carriage free on re-  
ceipt of Post office order. Harry Du Barry and Co.,  
Great Street, London, E.C. 4.

**PAINS IN THE BACK, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, INDICATION, HEADACHE,**

DR. DE ROOS' COMPOUND RENAL PILLS. Its  
left name—Renal, or the kidneys—indicates, and how  
established is the most safe and efficacious remedy ever  
discovered for the above-mentioned complaint.

discovered for the above mentioned symptoms, which, if neglected, frequently end in piles, fistula, stone in the bladder, and a lingering death. For root, sativa rheumatism, the dolomieu, erysipelas, dropsy, scrofula, loss of hair and teeth, depression of spirits, blushing, incapacity

er society, study, or business, confusion, giddiness, rotness, sleep without refreshment, fear, nervousness, and even insanity. Next, when, as is often the case, arising from, or complicated with, urinary diseases, they are

... stomach, they correct bile and indigestion, purify and remove the renal secretions, thereby preventing the formation of kidney stones, and establishing for life the healthy functioning of these organs. ONE TRIAL will convince the skeptic.

of their surprising properties  
is contained at 1s 1d, 2s 6d, 4s 6d, and 7s 6d, per  
doz. through all Medicines Vendors in the Kingdom; or  
in difficulty send them to the Author, who will be  
pleased to supply them.

1 to 1, and 5 till 6 (Sunday and public holidays by pre-arrangement).

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### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.**—No. 24. *Washing.*—The most important department of domestic economy naturally includes the wash-house, into which philosophy has found its way for the application of many

useful principles, and much useful practice. When water is hard, and will not readily unite with soap, it will always be proper to boil it before use; which will be found sufficiently efficacious. If the hardness depends solely upon the impregnation of lime, in the form of what modern chemistry designates as a subcarbonate. The philosophical reason for this is, that the lime, by some secret process of nature, is united to a portion of carbonic acid, which causes it to be suspended in the water; but, in the process of boiling, the carbonic acid unites with the neutral carbonic acid, and is carried off with it into the atmosphere. Even exposure to a portion of water so impregnated, leaving it to stand for twenty-four hours, will produce this effect in a great degree upon spring water so impregnated, leaving it to stand for twenty-four hours. In both cases the water ought to be carefully poured off from the sediment, and the neutralized lime, when freed from its extra quantity of carbonic acid, falls to the bottom by its own gravity. Boiling, however, has no effect, when the hardness of the water proceeds from lime united with the sulphuric acid, or sulphate of lime of the modern chemistry; and it is with lime, neutralized, or brought to its proper state, by the application of common wood ashes from the kitchen grate, or of barilla, now called soda, or the domestic ashes, or pearl ash; by the more scientific process of dropping in a solution of subcarbonate of potash. Each of these unites with the sulphuric acid, and separates it from the lime, which gravitates, as in the former case, to the bottom. Having thus philosophically explained the means of the washing-tub, we may offer a saving hint in order to economize the use of soap, which is to put any quantity of pearl-ash into a large jar, covered from the dust; in a few days the alkali will become liquid, which must be diluted by double its quantity of soft water with its equal quantity of new-slacked lime. Boil it half an hour, frequently stirring it; adding as much more hot water, and drawing off the liquor, when the residuum may be boiled afresh, and drained, until it ceases to feel acrid to the tongue. Much soap and much manual labour also may be saved by dissolving alum and chalk in brain water, in which the linen ought to be boiled, then well rinsed out, and exposed to the natural process of bleaching. Soap may also be totally dispensed, or nearly so, in the getting up of muslins and chintzes, which should always be treated agreeable to the oriental manner; that is, to wash them in plain water, and then boil them in souges or rice water; after which they ought not to be submitted to the operation of the smoothing iron, but rubbed smooth with these processes. The economy which must result from these processes renders their consideration important to every private family; in addition to which we must state that the improvements in philosophy extend to the laundry as well as to the wash-house.

**ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD "BANKRUPT."**—R. E.—The establishment of the first traders in exchange who dealt in open market places, is said to have consisted in a bare bench or counter (*bancus*, Lat., *bancus*, Ital.); which bench we are told, in case of the trader's failure, was broken up, by way of public stigma. Hence the name of banker or bench; and hence, as some presume, the etymology of the term Bankrupt.

**WORK.**—R. A. S.—No; to be able to work, and to have it to do are the highest sources of man's happiness. Carlyle speaking of this very subject says:—"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never enlightened, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in lifeless slumber there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Manumitted; mean, is in communication with Nature. The real desire to get work done, will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth."

**MAN.**—R. E.—In our opinion the application is reversed. In naval architecture, the rudder is first fitted in, and then the hull is put on board, and last of all, the sails and the sails. It is a r otherwise in the fitting up and forming of man; he is launched into the world with the cargo of his faculties aboard; and all the while of his passions set; but it is the long and painful work of his life, to acquire the ballast of experience, and to form the rudder of reason; hence, it too often happens that the ballast

vessel is shipwrecked before he has laid in the necessary quantity of ballast, or that he has been so long in completing the rudder, that the vessel is become too crazy to benefit by its application.

**THE PINNACLE OF ART.**—R. L. A.—No. Only a few is it given to attain the highest and noblest point of art. Literally speaking, we can all of us only approach it, and we have already reached our goal when we can acknowledge and attain the point which the Almighty has placed as the limit of our capacities. In this world we can only purpose—only live in revolutions—the true goal lies far beyond us, and consists here in the true and proper appreciation of that which lies around us in this manifold world. Thus the Almighty Creator has revealed himself gently and simply to our weak senses through the medium of Nature. He does not speak to us with his own voice, because we are too weak to understand him; but through Nature he beckons us towards himself, and in every moss, and in every pebble is hidden a secret cypher, which may never be copied or fully read, but which, nevertheless, we may understand.

**PICTURE.**—A. P.—The term, as understood in the Fine Arts, signifies the last touch applied to a picture. It always constitutes the difference between excellence and mediocrity. Small pictures, which are to be closely examined, require the most careful finish, but in larger works too much attention to this detracts from their boldness and vigour. The great masters, therefore, study effect rather than finish. Hence their productions are to be viewed from a distance rather than close; when a few masterly strokes, delivered with an apparently unpractised and careless hand, will convey to the observer's eye, the characteristics of the artist's style of giving to his performances his



—FINISHING TOUCHES.

**MIXTURE OF COLOURS.**—G. U.—It is only amongst ourselves and the aristocratic Americans of the Union where the cry is kept up. At El Dorado, in Central America, the system of amalgamating the black and white inhabitants is largely carried into effect. Mr. Stephens dined at the house of a respectable merchant, and thus describes it:—"At the head of the table was a British officer and opposite to him a mulatto. On his left was another officer, and opposite to him also a mulatto. By chance, a place was made for me between the two coloured gentlemen. Some of my countrymen, perhaps, would have hesitated about taking it—but I did not. Both were well dressed, well educated, and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting, horses, ladies, and wine. And before I had been an hour in Balize, I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation—the subject of so much controversy at home—had been going on quietly for generations: that colour was considered a mere matter of taste, and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives and mulatto children, whom they educated with as much care, and made money for with as much zeal, as if their skins were perfectly white.

**QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.**—F. C.—The erroneous supposition that only three of these farthings were struck in Queen Anne's reign is founded on the fact that there were some pattern or proof coins, which got into circulation, in addition to the coin which was really in use. Several hundreds of Queen Anne's farthings were struck, and those bearing the inscription and lettering given in the annexed diagram are not very rare. The common far-



thing of Queen Anne is worth, to collectors, from seven to twelve shillings, while the pattern coins fetch from one to five pounds.

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD "SOLEISM."**—P. S.—Soul, or Pampelopolia, was a colony of the Athenians, the inhabitants of which in time forgetting their native tongue, spoke a barbarous language—hence, anything rude or uncivilized is termed a soleism.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—C. A. (playing cards were invented about 1300 for the amusement of the King of France). J. S. (it is impossible to say; the Chinese, Japanese, Hindus, and Chaldeans, claim indefinite antiquity). E. F. (No; when a bar of iron is in the magnetic equator, it loses all power on a needle). K. G. (shells are carbonate of lime; bones, phosphate of lime). R. N. (No; there are no organic remains till we come to strata of limestone). R. S. (It was Richard I. who changed the title of the chief magistrates of London from Bailiff to that of Mayor). D. A. (marl is a Saxon word for marrow; hence, a valuable unctuous clay is so called, as being the fatness of the earth). P. C. (the brilliant tint of the rising and setting of the sun, are caused by the refrangibility of the intercepting vapours). F. L. (there are deeper mines on the continent; for example, there is Prutenburg in Bohemia, a mine one thousand yards below the earth's surface. This we believe is the deepest in the world). R. A. (No; neither a woman nor a minor can be outlawed). G. E. (the first monument erected in St. Paul's was that of Howard). F. G. (No; it is upon respiration that the degree of animal heat depends). P. C. (it is undoubtedly to the Greeks that we are indebted for the highest cultivation of all the imitative arts). E. U. (potash softens hard water by decomposing the earthy salts in it). U. F. (the lyre and the harp resemble each other, and are used synonymously. The lyre of the Greeks was similar to the harp of the moderns). P. C. (the sum expended in England for shawls alone is immense, being about £2,000,000). S. A. (when lace is manufactured from silk it is called blonde lace). T. S. (the invention of lamps is ascribed to the Egyptians and from Egypt they were carried into Greece). L. B. (not at all; children learn to speak by imitable imitation). M. O. (the stimulating power of manure is derived from ammonia). F. V. (No; the circumstance alluded to occurred during the reign of our present Queen). J. S. (we insert your Scottish song of

JOHNNIE COOPER.

*Air: Cock up your Beaver.*

When young Johnnie Cooper first came to court me  
A handsomer lad he never could see  
His cheeks were the bloom of the deep blushing heather,  
When a round my mob's sweet kisses would gather,  
His kisses would gather, when blushing like heather,  
Would fly o'er my cheeks as his kisses would gather  
His teeth shone like gowans when beaming with dew,  
And glanced with the kindness of a that is true,  
His lips were like cherries in fine summer weather  
Oh how could I help their sweet kisses to gather,  
Kisses to gather, when blushing like heather,  
Would fly o'er my cheeks as his kisses would gather  
His eyes with their brightness my heart would love tried,  
The mark that I saw them, the mark I admired;  
Whist o'er them each bonnie brow in like a feather,  
As oft round my mouth his sweet kisses would gather,  
Sweet kisses would gather, when blushing like heather,  
Would fly o'er my cheeks as his kisses would gather  
But ah! the fell whiskey on Johnnie caught hold,  
And in the could grave soon his beauty laid cold.  
Nae mair will my cheeks tak' the bloom of the heather,  
As a round my mob's sweet kisses would gather,  
Sweet kisses would gather—nae blushing like heather  
Will fly o'er my cheeks now—the kisses will gather.

\* Mountain daisies.

**E. A. R.** (nitrogen is the gas that remains after air has lost its oxygen). A. J. A. (No; we should say that sublimity and grandeur were the elements of the style of Michel Angelo). X. X. (labour is the produce of intellectual greatness. You must remember that there is no royal road to learning, and in proportion to the well-ordered steadiness of your labours, so in proportion will be the accumulation of your intellectual attainments. It is quite true that in the paths of poetry and light literature, there are some brains, as it were, ready made for its production, but these are so few, comparatively speaking, they must be called rather the exception, than the rule).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Bell-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNES,  
25, Fleet-street, London.



# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 50.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



"His eye was fixed on this object, and regardless where he placed his feet, he soon shrunk back with horror, on perceiving they had nearly trod upon a new-born infant, lying on the ground!"

## NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 774)

"A libel," replied the dean, in a raised voice, "is that which one person publishes to the injury of another."

"And what can the injured person do," asked Henry, "if the accusation should chance to be true?"

"Prosecute," replied the dean.

"But, then, what does he do if the accusation be false?"

"Prosecute likewise," answered the dean.

"How, uncle! is it possible that the innocent behave just like the guilty?"

"There is no other way to act."

"Why, then, if I were the innocent, I would do nothing at all, sooner than I would act like the guilty. I would not persecute—"

"I said *prosecute*," cried the dean in anger. "Leave the room you have no common sense."

"Oh, yes, now I understand the difference of the two words, but they sound so much alike, I did not at first observe the distinction. You said 'the innocent *prosecute*, but the guilty *persecute*.' He bowed (convinced as he thought), and left the room.

After this modern star-chamber, which was left sitting, had agreed on its

mode of vengeance, and the writer of the libel was made acquainted with his danger, he waited, in all humility, upon Lady Clementina, and assured her, with every appearance of sincerity,—

"That she was not the person alluded to by the paragraph in question, but that the initials which she had conceived to mark out her name were, in fact, meant to point out Lady Catherine Newland."

"But, sir," cried Lady Clementina, "what could induce you to write such a paragraph upon Lady Catherine? She *never* plays."

"We know that, madam, or we dared not to have attacked her. Though we must circulate libels, madam, to gratify our numerous readers, yet no people are more in fear of prosecutions than authors and editors: therefore, unless we are deceived in our information, we always take care to libel the innocent; we apprehend nothing from them—their own characters support them—but the guilty are very tenacious, and what they cannot secure by fair means, they will employ force to accomplish. "Dear madam, be assured I have too much regard for a wife and seven small children, who are maintained by my industry alone, to have written anything in the nature of a libel upon your ladyship."

## CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT this period the dean had just published a pamphlet in his own name, and in which that of his friend the bishop was only mentioned with thanks for hints, observations, and condescending encouragement to the author.

This pamphlet glowed with the dean's love for his country, and such a country, as he described, it was impossible not to love.

"Salubrious air, fertile fields, wood, water, corn, grass, sheep, oxen, fish, fowl, fruit, and vegetables," were depicted with the most prodigal hand; "valiant men, virtuous women; statesmen wise and just; tradesmen abounding in merchandise and money; husbandmen possessing peace, ease, plenty; and all ranks liberty."

This brilliant description, while the dean read the work to his family, so charmed poor Henry, that he repeatedly cried out,—

"I am glad I came to this country."

But it soon happened that, a few days after, Lady Clementina, in order to render the delicacy of her taste admired, could eat of no one dish upon the table, but found fault with them all. The dean at length said to her—

"Indeed you are too nice: reflect upon the hundreds of poor creatures who have not a morsel or a drop of anything to subsist upon, except bread and water; and even of the first a scanty allowance, but for which they are obliged to toil six days in the week, from dawn to dusk."

"Pray, uncle," cried Henry, "in what country do these poor people live?"

"In this country," replied the dean.

Henry rose from his chair, ran to the chimney-piece, took up his uncle's pamphlet, and said,

"I don't remember your mentioning them here."

"Perhaps I have not," answered the dean, coolly.

Still Henry turned over each leaf of the book; but he could meet only with luxurious details of "the fruits of the earth, the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea."

"Why here is provision enough for all the people," said Henry; "why should they want? why do not they go and take what of these things?"

"They must not," said the dean, "unless they will starve."

"What uncle, does no part of the earth, nor anything which the earth produces, belong to the poor?"

"Certainly not."

"Why did you not say so, then, in your pamphlet?"

"Because it is what everybody knows."

"Oh! then what you have said in your pamphlet is only what—nobody knows?"

There appeared to the dean, in the delivery of this sentence, a satirical acrimony, which his irritability as an author could not but perceive.

An author, it is said, has more acute feelings in respect to his works than any artist in the world beside.

Henry had some cause, on the present occasion, to think this observation just; for no sooner had he spoken the foregoing words, than his uncle took him by the hand out of the room; and leading him to his study, there he enumerated his various faults, and having told him "it was for all those, too long permitted with impunity, and not merely for the present impudence, that he meant to punish him," ordered him to close his chamber for a week.

In the mean time, the dean's pamphlet (less hurt by Henry's critique than he had been) was proceeding to the tenth edition, and the author's literary reputation beyond what he had ever conferred on his friend the bishop.

The style, the energy, the eloquence of the work, was echoed by every reader who could afford to buy it—some few enlightened ones excepted, who chiefly admired the author's invention.

The dean, in the good-humour which the rapid sale of his book produced, once more took his nephew to his bosom; and although the ignorance of young Henry upon the late occasions had offended him very highly, yet this selfsame ignorance, evinced a short time after upon a different subject, struck his uncle as productive of a most rare and exalted virtue.

Henry had frequently, in his conversation, betrayed the total want of all knowledge in respect to religion or futurity; and the dean, for this reason, delayed taking him to church till he had previously given him instructions wherefore he went.

A leisure morning arrived; on which he took his nephew to his study, and implanted in his youthful mind the first unconfused idea of the Creator of the universe.

The dean was eloquent, Henry was all attention: his understanding, expanded by time to the conception of a God; and not warped by custom, from the sensations which a just notion of that God inspires, dwell with delight and wonder on the information given him: lessons which, transfused into the head of a senseless infant, too often produce, throughout his remaining life, an impious indifference to the truths revealed.

Yet, with all that astonished, that respectful sensibility which Henry showed on this great occasion, he still expressed his doubts, and put questions to the dean with his usual simplicity till he felt himself convinced.

"What!" cried he, after being informed of the attributes imparted from the Supreme Being, and having received the injunction to call frequently to His sight and morning—"what! am I permitted to speak to Him?"

"At all times," replied the dean.

"How! whenever I like?"

"Whenever you like," returned the dean.

"I durst not," cried Henry, "make so free with the bishop, nor dare any of his attendants."

"The bishop," said the dean, "is the servant of God, and therefore must be treated with respect."

"With more respect than his Master?" asked Henry.

The dean not replying immediately to this question, Henry, in the rapidity

"What what say I to say, when I speak to the Almighty?"

"First thank him for the favours he has bestowed on you."

"What favours?"

"You amaze me," cried the dean, "by your question: Do not you live in ease, in plenty, and happiness?"

"And do the poor and the unhappy thank him too, uncle?"

"No wonder," replied the dean, "for having been made a rational creature."

"And does my aunt, and all her card-parties, glorify him for that?"

The dean again made no reply, and Henry went on to other questions, till his uncle had fully instructed him as to the nature and the form of prayer; and now, putting into his hands a book, he pointed out to him a few short prayers, which he wished him to address to Heaven in his presence.

While Henry bent his knees, as his uncle had directed, he trembled, turned pale, and held, for a slight support, on the chair placed before him.

His uncle went to him, and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh," cried Henry, "when I first came to your door with my poor father's letter, I shook for fear you would not look upon me; and I cannot help feeling even more now than I did then."

The dean embraced him with warmth, gave him confidence, and retired to the other side of the study, to observe his whole demeanour on this new occasion.

As he beheld his features varying between the passions of humble fear and fervent hope, his face sometimes glowing with the rapture of thanksgiving, and sometimes with the blushes of contrition, he thus exclaimed apart—

"This is the true education on which to found the principles of religion. The fervour conceived by Heaven in granting the freedom of petitions to its throne can never be conceived with proper force but by those whose most tedious moments are spent in prayer. Unthinking government of themselves! to insult the Deity with a form of worship, in which the mind is so much, say, worse, has repugnance; and, by the very nature of things, is vain, ineffectual even in age, devotion."

Henry's attention was so fully fixed that he forgot there was a spectator of his fervour: but as he heard young William enter the chamber, and even speak to his father.

At length, rising from his knees, he approached his uncle, and with a sedateness in his air, which gave the latter a very favourable opinion of the state of his youthful companion's mind.

"So, Mr. Henry," cried William, "you have been obliged, at last, to say your prayers."

The dean informed his son, that to Henry, it was no punishment to pray.

"It is the strongest joy I ever knew," said William, inadvertently.

"He is right," said Henry. "I was frightened when I first knelt; but when I came to the words which art in Heaven, they gave me courage; for I knew how precious and kind a father is, beyond any one else."

The dean then embraced his nephew, let fall a tear to his poor brother Henry's remembrance, and admonished the youth to show himself equally obedient to other instructions as he had done to those which inculcate duty.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The interim between youth and manhood was passed by young William and young Henry in studious application to literature; some casual mistakes in our customs and manners on the part of Henry, some too close adherences to them on the side of William.

Their different characters when boys were preserved when they became men. Henry still retained that natural simplicity which his early destiny had given him; he wondered still at many things he saw and heard, and at times would venture to give his opinion, contradict, and even act in opposition to persons whom long experience and the approbation of the world had placed in situations which claimed his implicit reverence and submission.

Unchanged in all his boyish tastes, young William, now a man, was never known to infringe upon the statutes of good-breeding, even though sincerity, his own free-will, duty to his neighbour, with many other plebeian virtues and privileges, were the sacrifice.

William inherited all the pride and ambition of the dean, Henry all his father's humility. And yet, so various and extensive is the acceptance of the word pride, that, on some occasions, Henry was proud even beyond his cousin. He thought it far beneath his dignity even to honour, or contemplate with awe, any human being in whom he saw numerous failings; nor would he, to ingratiate himself into the favour of a man above him, stoop to one servility, such as the haughtiness William fully practised.

"I know I am called proud," one day, said William to Henry.

"Dear cousin," replied Henry, "it must be only, then, by those who do not know you; for to me you appear the humblest creature in the world."

"Do you really think so?"

"I am certain of it," answered he, "you always give me your opinion to that of persons in a superior state, but never inferior to their understanding? Would, else, their weak judgment immediately change yours, though before you had been decided on the opposite side? I have known many, I have more people than you; but I never will stoop to act as to speak contrary to my feelings."

"Then, you will never be a great man."

"No, Mr. Henry, I shall be a great man."





so prodigiously astonished at the distinction, the attention, the many offices of civility paid her by him, in preference to her idolised sisters, that her gratitude for such unexpected favours had sometimes (even in his presence and in that of her family) nearly drowned her eyes with tears. Yet they were only trifles, in which Henry had the opportunity or the power to give her testimony of his regard—trifles, often more grateful to the sensible mind than efforts of high importance; and by which the proficient in the human heart will accurately trace a passion, wholly concealed from the dull eye of the unskilled observer.

The first cause of amazement to Rebecca in the manners of Henry was, that he talked with *her* as well as with her sisters; no visitor else had done so. In appointing a morning's or an evening's walk, he proposed her going with the rest; no one had ever required her company before. When he called and she was absent, he asked where she was; no one had ever missed her before. She thanked him most sincerely, and soon perceived that, at those times when he was present, company was more pleasing even than books.

Her astonishment, her gratitude, did not stop here—Henry proceeded in attention—he soon selected her from her sisters, to tell her the news of the day; answered her observations the first; once gave her a sprig of myrtle from his bosom in preference to another who had praised its beauty; and once—never-to-be-forgotten kindness—sheltered her from a hasty shower with his *parapluie*, while he lamented, to her drenched companions, that he had but *one* to offer.

From a man whose understanding and person they admire, how dear, how impressive on the female heart is every trait of tenderness! Till now, Rebecca had experienced none, not even of the parental kind; and merely from the overflowings of a kind nature (not in return for affection) had she ever loved her father and her sisters. Sometimes, repulsed by their severity, she transferred the fulness of an affectionate heart upon birds, or the brute creation; but now, her alienated mind was recalled and softened by a sensation that made her long to complain of the burden it imposed. Those obligations, which exact silence are a heavy weight to the grateful; and Rebecca longed to tell Henry, that even the forfeit of her life would be too little to express the full sense she had of the respect he paid to her. But as modesty forbade not only every kind of declaration, but every insinuation purporting what she felt, she wept through sleepless nights from a load of suppressed explanation; yet still she would not have exchanged this trouble for all the beauty of her sisters.

#### CHAPTER X.

OLD John and Hannah Primrose, a prudent, hardy couple, who, by many years of peculiar labour and peculiar abstinence, were the least poor of all the neighbouring cottagers, had an only child (who has been named before) called Agnes; and this cottage girl was reckoned, in spite of the beauty of the elder Miss Rymers, by far the prettiest female in the village.

Reader of superior rank! if the passions which rage in the bosom of the inferior class of human kind are beneath your sympathy, throw aside this little history, for Rebecca Rymer and Agnes Primrose are its heroines.

But you, unprejudiced reader, whose liberal observations are not confined to stations, but who consider all mankind alike deserving your investigation; who believe that there exist, in some, knowledge without the advantage of instruction; refinement of sentiment independent of elegant society; honourable pride of heart without dignity of blood; and genius destitute of art to render it conspicuous,—you will, perhaps, venture to read on, in hopes that the remainder of this story may deserve your attention, just as the wild herb of the forest, equally with the cultivated plant in the garden, claims the attention of the botanist.

Young William saw in young Agnes even more beauty than was beheld by others; and on those days when he felt no inclination to ride, to shoot, or to hunt, he would contrive, by some secret device, the means to meet with her alone, and give her tokens (if not of his love) at least of his admiration of her beauty, and of the pleasure he enjoyed in her company.

Agnes listened, with a kind of delirious enchantment, to all her elevated and eloquent admirer uttered; and in return for his praises of her charms, and his equivocal replies in respect to his designs towards her, she gave to him her most undisguised thoughts, and her whole enraptured heart.

This harmless intercourse (as she believed it) had not lasted many weeks before she loved him: she even confessed she did, every time that any unwonted mark of attention from him struck with unexpected force her insatuated senses.

It has been said by a celebrated writer, upon the affection subsisting between the two sexes, that "there are many persons who, if they had never heard of the passion of love, would never have felt it." Might it not with equal truth be added, that there are many more, who having heard of it, and believing most firmly that they feel it, are nevertheless mistaken? Neither of these cases was the lot of Agnes. She experienced the sentiment before she ever heard it named in the sense with which it had possessed her—joined with numerous other sentiments: for genuine love, however rated as the chief passion of the human heart, is but a poor dependant, a retainer upon other passions—admiration, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride in the object. Divest the boasted sensation of these, and it is no more than the impression of a twelve-month, by courtesy, or vulgar error, termed love.

Agnes was furnished with the rarest structure of the human frame, and destined by the tenderest thrillings of the human soul, to inspire and to experience real love: but her nice taste, her delicate thoughts, were so refined beyond the sphere of her own station in society, that nature would have produced this prodigy of attraction in vain, had not one of superior education

and manners assailed her affections; and had she been accustomed to the conversation of men in William's rank of life, she had, perhaps, treated William's addresses with indifference: but, in comparing him with her familiar acquaintance, he was a miracle! His unremitting attention seemed the condescension of an elevated being; whom she looked up to with reverence, with admiration, with awe, with pride, with sense of obligation—and all those various passions which constitute true, and never-to-be-eradicated, love.

But in vain she felt, and even avowed with her lips, what every look, every gesture, had long denoted; William, with discontent, sometimes with anger, upbraided her for her false professions, and vowed that while one tender proof, which he fervently besought, was wanting, she did but aggravate his misery by less endearments.

Agnes had been taught the full estimation of female virtue; and if her nature could have detested any one creature in a state of wretchedness, it would have been the woman who had lost her honour; yet, for William, what would not Agnes forfeit! The dignity, the peace, the serenity, the innocence of her own mind, love soon encouraged her to fancy she could easily forego; and this same overpowering influence at times so forcibly possessed her, that she even felt a momentary transport in the contemplation of so precious a sacrifice to him. But then she loved her parents; and their happiness she could not prevail with herself to barter even for *his*. She wished he would demand some other pledge of her attachment to him; for there was none but this, her ruin in no other shape, that she would deny at his request. While thus she deliberated, she prepared for her fall.

Bred up with strict observance both of his moral and religious character, William did not dare to tell an unequivocal lie even to his inferiors—he never promised Agnes he would marry her; nay even, he paid so much respect to the forms of truth, that no sooner was it evident that he had obtained her heart, her whole soul entire—so that loss of innocence would be less terrifying than separation from him—no sooner did he perceive this, than he candidly told her he could never make her his wife. At the same time, he lamented "the difference of their births, and the duty he owed his parent's hopes," in terms so pathetic to her partial ear, that she thought him a greater object of compassion in his attachment even than herself; and was now urged by pity to remove the cause of his complainings.

One evening Henry accidentally passed the lonely spot where William and she constantly met; he observed his cousin's impassioned eye, and her affectionate yet fearful glance. William, he saw, took delight in the agitation of mind, in the strong apprehension mixed with the love of Agnes: this convinced Henry that either he or himself was not in love; for his heart told him he would not have beheld such emotions of tenderness mingled with such marks of sorrow, upon the countenance of Rebecca, for the wealth of the universe.

The first time he was alone with William after this, he mentioned his observation on Agnes's apparent affliction, and asked why her grief was the result of their stolen meetings?

"Because," replied William, "her professions are unlimited, while her manners are reserved; and I accuse her of loving me with unkind moderation, while I love her to distraction."

"You design to marry her, then?"

"How can you degrade me by the supposition?"

"Would it degrade you more to marry her than to make her your companion?—to talk with her for hours in preference to all other company?—to wish to be endeared to her by still closer ties?"

"But all this is not raising her to the rank of my wife."

"It is still raising her to that rank for which wives alone were allotted."

"You talk wildly! I tell you I love her; but not enough, I hope, to marry her."

"But too much, I hope, to undo her?"

"That must be her own free choice—I make use of no unwarrantable methods."

"What are the warrantable ones?"

"I mean, I have made her no false promises—offered no pretended settlement—vowed no eternal constancy."

"But you have told her you love her; and, from that confession, has she not reason to expect every protection which even promises could secure?"

"I cannot answer for her expectations; but I know, if she should make me as happy as I ask, and I should then forsake her, I shall not break my word."

"Still she will be deceived; for you will falsify your looks."

"Do you think she depends on my looks?"

"I have read in some book, 'Looks are the lover's sole dependence.'"

"I have no objection to her interpreting mine in her favour; but then, for the consequences, she will have herself, and only herself, to blame."

"Oh, Heaven!"

"What makes you exclaim so vehemently?"

"A forcible idea of the bitterness of that calamity which inflicts self-reproach! Oh, rather deceive her—leave her the consolation to reproach you, rather than herself."

"My honour will not suffer me."

"Exert your honour, and never see her more."

"I cannot live without her."

"Then live with her by the laws of your country; and make her and yourself both happy."

"Am I to make my father and my mother miserable? They would disown me for such a step."

"Your mother, perhaps, might be offended, but your father could not. Remember the sermon he preached but last Sunday, upon—the shortness of

this life—contempt of all riches and worldly honours in balance with a quiet conscience—and the assurance he gave us, that the greatest happiness enjoyed upon earth was to be found under a humble roof, with heaven in prospect."

"My father is a very good man," said William; "and very instead of being satisfied with a humble roof, he looks impatiently forward to a bishop's palace."

"He is so very good, then," said Henry, "that perhaps, seeing the dangers to which men in exalted stations are exposed, he has such extreme philanthropy, and so little self-love, he would rather that himself should brave those perils incidental to wealth and grandeur than any other person."

"You are not yet civilised," said William; "and to argue with you is but to instruct without gaining instruction."

"I know, sir," replied Henry, "that you are studying the law most assiduously, and indulge flattering hopes of rising to eminence in your profession; but let me hint to you, that though you may be perfect in the knowledge how to administer the commandments of men, unless you keep in view the precepts of God, your judgment, like mine, will be fallible."

The dean's family passed this first summer at the new-purchased estate so pleasantly, that they left it with regret when winter called them to their house in town.

But if some felt concern in quitting the village of Anfield, others, who were left behind, felt the deepest anguish. Those were not the poor; for rigid attention to the religion and morals of people in poverty, and total neglect of their bodily wants, was the dean's practice. He forced them to attend church every Sabbath; but whether they had a dinner on their return was too gross and temporal an inquiry for his spiritual fervour. Good of the soul was all he aimed at; and this pious undertaking, besides his diligence as a pastor, required all his exertion as a magistrate; for to be very poor and very honest, very oppressed yet very thankful, is a degree of sainted excellence not often to be attained, without the aid of zealous men to frighten into virtue.

Those, then, who alone felt sorrow at the dean's departure, were two young women, whose parents, exempt from indigence, preserved them from suffering under his unprying piety; but whose discretion had not protected them from the bewitching smiles of his nephew, and the seducing wiles of his son.

The first morning that Rebecca rose, and knew that Henry was gone till the following summer, she wished she could have laid down again and slept away the whole long interval. Her sisters' peevishness, her father's austerity, she foresaw, would be insupportable, now that she had experienced Henry's kindness, and he was no longer near to fortify her patience. She sighed—she wept—she was unhappy.

But if Rebecca awoke with a dejected mind and an aching heart, what were the sorrows of Agnes? The only child of doting parents, she never had been taught the necessity of resignation—untutored, unlearned, unused to reflect, but knowing how to feel; what were her sufferings when, on waking, she called to mind that William was gone, and with him gone all that excess of happiness which his presence had bestowed, and for which she had exchanged her future tranquillity.

Loss of tranquillity even Rebecca had to bemoan: Agnes had still more—the loss of innocence.

If William remained in the village, shame, even conscience, perhaps, might have been silenced; but, separated from her betrayer, parted from the joys of guilt, and left only to its sorrows, every sting which quick sensibility could sharpen, to torture her, was transfixed in her heart. First came the recollection of a cold farewell from the man whose love she had hoped her yielding passion had for ever won; next flashed on her thoughts her violated person; next, the crime incurred; then her cruelty to her parents; and, last of all, the horrors of detection.

She knew that as yet, by wariness, care, and contrivance, her meetings with William had been unsuspected; but, in this agony of mind, her fears forbade an informer who would defy all caution; who would stigmatize her with a name—dear and desired by every virtuous female—abhorrent to the blushing harlot—the name of mother.

That Agnes, thus impressed, could rise from her bed, meet her parents and her neighbours with her usual smile of vivacity, and voice of mirth, was impossible; to leave her bed at all, to creep down stairs, and reply in a faint, broken voice to questions asked, were, in her state of mind, mighty efforts, and they were all to which her struggles could attain for many weeks.

William had promised to write to her while he was away: he kept his word; but not till the end of two months did she receive a letter. Fear for his health, apprehension of his death during this cruel interim, caused an agony of suspense, which, by representing him to her distracted fancy in a state of suffering, made him, if possible, still dearer to her. In the excruciating anguish of uncertainty, she walked with trembling steps through all weathers (when she could steal half a day while her parents were employed in labour abroad) to the post-town, at six miles' distance, to inquire for his long-expected, long wished-for letter. When at last it was given to her, that moment of consolation seemed to repay her for the whole time of agonising terror she had endured.

"He is alive!" she said, "and I have suffered nothing."

She hastily put this token of his health and his remembrance of her into her bosom, rich as an empress with a new-acquired dominion. The way from home, which she had trod with heavy pace, in the fear of renewed disappointment, she skimmed along, on her return, swift as a doe: the cold did not pierce, neither did the rain wet her. Many a time she put her hand upon the prize she possessed, to find if it were safe: once, on the road, she took it from her bosom, curiously viewed the seal and the direction, then replacing it, did not move her fingers from their fast grips, till she arrived at her own house.

Her father and her mother were still absent. She drew a chair, and placing it near to the only window in the room, seated herself with ceremonial order; then gently drew forth her treasure, laid it on her knee; and with a smile that almost amounted to a laugh of gladness, once more inspected the outward part before she would trust herself with the excessive joy of looking within.

At length the seal was broken—but the contents still a secret. Poor Agnes had learned to write as some youths learn Latin; so short a time had been allowed for the acquirement, and so little expert had been her master, that it took her generally a week to write a letter of ten lines, and a month to read one of twenty. But this being a letter on which her mind was deeply engaged, her whole imagination aided her slender literature, and at the end of a fortnight she had made out every word. They were these:

"DEAR AGNES,—I hope you have been well since we parted: I have been very well myself; but I have been teased with a great deal of business, which has not given me the time to write to you before. I have been called to the bar, which engages every spare moment; but I hope it will not prevent my coming down to Anfield with my father in the summer.

"I am, dear Agnes,

"With gratitude for all the favours you have conferred on me,

"Yours, &c.

"W. N."

To have beheld the illiterate Agnes trying for two weeks, day and night, to find out the exact words of this letter, would have struck the spectator with amazement, had he also understood the right, the delicate, the nicely proper sensations with which she was affected by every sentence it contained.

She wished it had been kinder, even for his sake who wrote it; because she thought so well of him, and desired still to think so well, that she was sorry at any faults which rendered him less worthy of her good opinion. The cold civility of his letter had this effect—her clear, her acute judgment felt it a kind of prevarication to promise to write—and then write nothing that was hoped for. But, enthralled by the magic of her passion, she shortly found excuses for the man she loved, at the expense of her own condemnation.

"He has only the fault of inconstancy," she cried; "and that has been caused by my change of conduct. Had I been virtuous still, he had still been affectionate." Bitter reflection!

Yet there was a sentence in the letter, that, worse than all the tenderness left out, wounded her sensibility; and she could not read the line, *gratitude for all the favours conferred on me*, without turning pale with horror, then kindling with indignation at the common-place thanks which insultingly reminded her of her innocence given in exchange for unmeaning acknowledgments.

## CHAPTER XI.

ABSENCE is said to increase strong and virtuous love, but to destroy that which is weak and sensual. In the parallel between young William and young Henry, this was the case; for Henry's real love increased, while William's turbulent passion declined in separation: yet had the latter not so much abated, that he did not perceive a sensation, like a sudden shock of sorrow, on a proposal made him by his father, of entering the marriage state with a young woman, the dependent niece of lady Bendham; who, as the dean informed him, had signified her lord's and her own approbation of his becoming their nephew.

At the first moment William received this intimation from his father, his heart revolted with disgust from the object, and he instantly thought upon Agnes with more affection than he had done for many weeks before. This was from the comparison between her and his proposed wife; for he had frequently seen Miss Sedgely at Lord Bendham's, but had never seen in her whole person or manners the least attraction to excite his love. He pictured to himself an unpleasant home with a companion so little suited to his taste, and felt a pang of conscience, as well as of attachment, in the thought of giving up for ever his poor Agnes.

But these reflections, these feelings, lasted only for the moment: no sooner had the dean explained why the marriage was desirable, recited what great connections and what great patronage it would confer upon their family, than William listened with eagerness, and both his love and his conscience were, if not wholly quieted, at least for the present hushed.

Immediately after the dean had expressed to Lord and Lady Bendham his son's sense of the honour and the happiness conferred on him, by their condescension in admitting him a member of their noble family,—Miss Sedgely received from her aunt nearly the same shock as William had done from his father. For she (placed in the exact circumstance of her intended husband) had frequently seen the dean's son at Lord Brudham's, but had never seen in his whole person or manners the least attraction to excite her love. She pictured to herself an unpleasant home with a companion so little suited to her taste; and at this moment she felt a more than usual partiality to the dean's nephew, finding the secret hope she had long indulged, of winning his affections, so near being thwarted.

But Miss Sedgely was too much subjected to the power of her uncle and aunt to have a will of her own, at least to dare to utter it. She received the commands of Lady Bendham with her accustomed submission, while all the consolation for the grief they gave her was, "that she resolved to make a very bad wife."

"I shall not care a pin for my husband," said she to herself; "and so I will dress and visit, and go just as I like—he dares not be unkind because of my aunt. Besides, now I think again, it is not so disagreeable to marry him as if I were obliged to marry him any other family, because I shall see his cousin Henry as often, if not oftener, than ever."

For Miss Sedgely—whose person he did not like, and with her mind thus disposed—William began to force himself to shake off every little remaining affection, even all pity, for the unfortunate, the beautiful, the sensible, the doting Agnes; and determined to place in a situation to look down with scorn upon her sorrows, this weak, this unprincipled woman.

Connections, interests, honours, were powerful advocates: his private happiness William deemed trivial, compared to public opinion; and to be under obligations to a *poor* wife's relation, gave greater renown in his servile mind than all the advantages which might accrue from his own intrinsic independent worth.

In the usual routine of pretended regard, and real indifference, sometimes disgust, between parties allied by what is falsely termed *prudence*, the intended union of Mr. Norwynch with Miss Sedgely proceeded in all due form; and at their country-seats at Anfield, during the summer, their nuptials were appointed to be celebrated.

William was now introduced into all Lord Benthams's courtly circles; his worldly soul was entranced in glare and show; he thought of nothing but places, pensions, titles, retinues; and steadfast and alert, unshaken in the pursuit of honours, neglected the lesser means of rising to preferment—his own endowments. But in this round of attention to pleasures and to study, he no more complained to Agnes of "excess of business." Cruel as she had once thought that letter in which he thus apologised for slighting her, she at last began to think it was wondrous kind; for he never found time to send her another. Yet she had studied with all her most anxious care to write him an answer; such a one as might not lessen her understanding, which he had often praised, in his esteem.

Ah, William! even with lesser anxiety your healing, ambitious heart panted for the admiration of an attentive auditory, when you first ventured to harangue in public! With far less hope and fear (great as yours were) did you first address a crowded court, and thirst for its approbation on your efforts, than Agnes sighed for your approbation, when she took a pen and awkwardly bewailed over a sheet of paper. Near twenty times she began—but to a gentleman—and one she loved like William—what could she dare to say? Yet she had enough to tell, if shame had not interposed—or if remaining confidence in his affection had but encouraged her.

Overwhelmed by the first, and deprived of the last, her hand shook, her head drooped, and she dared not communicate what she knew must inevitably render her letter unpleasing; and still more depreciate her in his regard, as the occasion of incumbrance, and of injury to his moral reputation.

Her free, her liberal, her venturous spirit, subdued, intimidated by the force of affection, she only wrote,—

"Sir,—I am sorry you have so much to do, and should be ashamed if you put it off to write to me. I have not been at all well this winter—I never before passed such a one in all my life, and I hope you will never know such a one yourself in regard to not being happy—I should be sorry if you did—think I would rather go through it again myself than you should. I long for the summer, the fields are so green, and everything so pleasant at that time of the year: I always do long for the summer, but I think never so much in my life as for this that is coming—though sometimes I wish that last summer had never come. Perhaps you wish so too—and that this summer would not come either.

"Hope you will excuse all faults, as I never learnt but one month.

"Your obedient humble servant,

A. P."

## CHAPTER XII.

SUMMER arrived—and lords and ladies, who had partaken of all the dissipation of the town, whose opera-houses, gaming-houses, and various other houses, had detained noble nights from their peaceful home, were now poured forth from the metropolis, to imbibe the wholesome air of the farmer and peasant, and disseminate, in return, moral and religious principles.

Among the rest, Lord and Lady Benthams, strenuous opposers of vice in the poor, and gentle supporters of it in the rich, never played at cards, or had concerts on a Sunday, in the village, where the poor were spies; he there never gazed, nor drank, except in private; and she banished from her doors every woman of sullied character. Yet poverty and idleness are not the same; the poor can hear, can talk, sometimes can reflect; servants will tell their equals how they live in town; listeners will smile and shake their heads; and thus hypocrisy, instead of cultivating, destroys every seed of moral virtue.

The arrival of Lord Benthams's family at Anfield announced to the village that the dean's would quickly follow. Rebecca's heart bounded with joy at the prospect. Poor Agnes felt sinking, a foreboding tremor, that wholly interrupted the joy of her expectations. She had not heard from William for five tedious months; she did not know whether he loved or despised—whether he thought of or had forgotten her. Her reason argued against the hope that he loved her; yet hope still subsisted; she would not abandon herself to despair while there was doubt: she had frequently been deceived by the appearance of circumstances; and perhaps he might come all kindness, perhaps even not like her the less for that indisposition which had changed her bloom to paleness, and the sparkling of her eyes to a pensive languor.

Henry's sensations, on his return to Anfield, were the selfsame as Rebecca's were—sympathy in thought, sympathy in affection, sympathy in virtue, made them so. As he approached near to the little village, he felt more light than usual. He had committed no trespass there, dreaded no person's reproach or inquiry; but his arrival might prove, at least to one object, the source of rejoicing.

William's sensations were the reverse of these. In spite of his ambition,

and the flattering view of one day accomplishing all to which it aspired, he often, as they proceeded on their journey, eyed the gaiety of Henry, and felt an inward monitor, that told him, he must first act like Henry, to be as happy.

His intended marriage was still, to the families of both parties (except to the heads of the houses) a profound secret. Neither the servants, nor even Henry, had received the slightest intimation of the designed alliance; and this to William was matter of some comfort.

When men submit to act in contradiction to their principles, nothing is so precious as a secret. In their estimation, to have their conduct known is the essential mischief; while it is hid, they fancy the air but half contaminated; and to the moiety of a crime they reconcile their feelings. All in progression, the whole, when disclosed, appears trivial. He designed that Agnes should receive the news from himself by degrees, and in such a manner as to console her, or at least to silence her complaints; and with the wish to soften the regret which he still felt on the prudent necessity of yielding her wholly up when his marriage should take place, he promised to himself some intervening hours of private meetings which he hoped would produce satiety.

While Henry flew to Mr. Rymer's house with a conscience clear, and a face enlightened with gladness; while he met Rebecca with open-hearted friendship and frankness, which charmed her soul to peaceful happiness; William skulked around the cottage of Agnes, dreading detection; and when towards midnight he found the means to obtain the company of the sad inhabitant, he grew so impatient at her tears and sobs, at the delicacy with which she withheld her carresses, that he burst into bitter upbraidings at her coyness; and at length (without discovering the cause of her peculiar agitation and reserve) abruptly left her, vowing never to see her more.

As he turned away, his heart even congratulated him that he had made so discreet a use of his momentary disappointment, as thus to shake her off at once without further explanation or excuse.

She, ignorant and illiterate as she was, knew enough of her own heart to judge of his, and to know that such violent affections and expressions, above all, such a sudden, heart-breaking manner of departure, were not the effects of love, nor even of humanity. She felt herself debased by a ruffian; yet still, having loved him when she thought him a far different character, the blackest proof of the deception could not erase a sentiment formed whilst she was deceived.

She passed the remainder of the night in anguish; but with the cheerful morning some cheerly thoughts consoled her. She thought, perhaps William by this time had found himself to blame; had conceived the cause of her grief and her distant behaviour, and had pitied her.

The next evening she waited, with anxious heart, for the signal that had called her out the foregoing night; in vain she watched, counted the hours, and the stars, and listened to the nightly stillness of the fields around; they were not disturbed by the tread of her lover. Daylight came; the sun rose in its splendour; William had not been near her, and it shone upon none so miserable as Agnes.

She now considered his word, "never to see her more," as solemnly passed; she heard anew the impressive, the implacable tone in which the sentence was pronounced; and could look back on no late token of affection, on which to found the slightest hope that he would recall it.

Still, reluctant to despair—in the extremity of grief, in the extremity of fear for an approaching crisis which must speedily arrive—she (after a few days had elapsed) trusted a neighbouring peasant with a letter to deliver to Mr. Norwynch, in private.

This letter, unlike the last, was dictated without the hope to please: no pains were taken with the style, no care in the formation of the letters: the words flowed from necessity; strong necessity guided her hand.

"Sir,—I beg your pardon—pray don't forsake me all at once—see me one time more—I have something to tell you—it is what I dare tell nobody else—and what I am ashamed to tell you—yet pray give me a word of advice—what do I don't know—I then will part, if you please, never to trouble you, never any more—but hope to part friends—pray do, if you please—and see me one time more. Your obedient,

A. P."

These incorrect, inelegant lines produced this immediate reply.

"TO AGNES PRIMArose.

"I have often told you that my honour is as dear to me as my life: my word is a part of that honour—you heard me say I would never see you again. I shall keep my word."

When the dean's family had been at Anfield about a month, one misty morning, such as portends a sultry day, as Henry was walking swiftly through a thick wood, on the skirts of the parish, he suddenly started on hearing a distant groan, expressive, as he thought, both of bodily and mental pain. He stopped to hear it repeated, that he might pursue the sound. He heard it again; and though now but in murmurs, yet, as the tone implied excessive grief, he directed his course to that part of the wood from whence it came.

As he advanced, in spite of the thick fog, he discerned the appearance of a female stealing away on his approach. His eye was fixed on this object; and, regardless where he placed his feet, he soon shrunk back with horror, on perceiving they had nearly trod upon a new-born infant, lying on the ground. A lovely male child, entered on a world where not one preparation had been made to receive him.

"Ah!" cried Henry, forgetting the person who had fled, and with a smile of compassion on the helpless infant, "I am glad I have found you; you give more joy to me, than you have done to your hapless parents. Poor dear," concluded he, while he took off his coat to wrap it in; "I will take care of you while I live; I will live for you, rather than you shall want—but first I will carry you to those who can at present do more for you than myself."

(To be continued.)



## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river. The rest of the party disembarked, and, uncovering, saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy. "By ten o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. There are no times for trifling." "Depend upon us," replied one of the party. "I do," he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the banks of the river.

That evening a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was said that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period, when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitations of Rufus Ragsdale, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honour the party, for a few hours, with his presence. After continuing his path for some distance, along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brushwood, tinged with a thousand eyes of departing summer—here and there a gray crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and scarlet woodbine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places, the arms of the shehnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness, and cast a gloom, deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and like a deer a young Indian girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian only fell upon her knees, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbade him to proceed. "What seek you, my wild flower?" said the general. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitated the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand as forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. "That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but my trust is in God; he has never yet deserted me;" and resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Ragsdale. In the midst of the hilarity, the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests, and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Ragsdale assuring them that it was only a discharge of ordnance in honour of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was again resumed; but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who now sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng. A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of a myrtle bush close to his side. "Hail again here!" he exclaimed with astonishment; but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it in his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointing to it, said in a whisper—"Snake! snake!" and the next moment mingled with the company, who appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well-known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; he saw nothing in it to excite his suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth and confounded and horror-stricken read—"Beware! you are betrayed!"

It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings, and trust to that Power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost momentarily interrupted by a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with mistrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Ragsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, and ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad green lawn which extended to the river, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them?" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal?" At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating, for a moment, the surrounding scenery, and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly toward the shore. "All's well," he continued; "in three minutes I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more." Then gaily turning to Washington, he said—"Come, general, pledge me to the success of our arms."

The eye of Ragsdale, at that moment, encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground; his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem of "God save the King" burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men, attired in British uniforms, with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The American officers drew their swords, but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, and quietly remarked to them—"Be calm, gentlemen; this is an honour we did not anticipate." Then turning to Ragsdale, said—"Speak, sir; what does this mean?"

"It means," replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington, "that you are my prisoner. In the name of King George, I arrest you." "Never!" exclaimed the general. "We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way," and he waved his sword to the guards who stood with their muskets levelled as if ready to fire, should they attempt to escape. In an instant, were their weapons reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Ragsdale, and the agonizing surprise of Washington, his own brave party, whom he had left in charge of the barge, stood revealed before him. "Be silent, traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment, let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth." The wife and daughter, clinging to his knees in supplication, but an irrepressible oath had passed his lips, that never again should treason receive his forgiveness. "For me, the traitor Arnold should receive his forgiveness, but not for the traitor Ragsdale," he said, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "at the agony of the wife and daughter, for my own life, I need not, but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions, demand this sacrifice for the sake of humanity I pity him; but by my oath, and now in the presence of heaven, I swear I will not forgive him."

## SPRING CLEANING.

THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year. Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors, and scouring for and near; Meep'd in the corners of the room the ancient dust lay quiet. Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot; But now the carpets all are up, and from the mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now practised, Wherein we dwell, nor dream'd of dirt, so cosy and contented? Alas! they've turn'd all upside down that quiet suite of rooms, With sops and suds, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms; Chairs, tables, stands, are standing round, at sixes and at sevens, While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlour and the chamber floors were clean'd a week ago; The carpets shook, and windows wash'd, as all the neighbours know; But still the rancidum had escaped—the table piled with books, Pens, ink, and paper all about, peace in its very looks—

Will tell the women on them all, he says the plague on men, And then they vanish all away, books, paper, ink, and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights, To find all things are "set to rights," that they have "let to rights," When the sound of driving wheels is heard, though the house is far from town, And the carpet-woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill, He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before, And sighs to find them on the dock or in the drawer no more.

And then he grinsly thinks of her, who set this fuss afloat, And wishes she were out at once in a very leaky boat. He meets her at the parlour door, with hair and cap away, With sleeves turn'd up, and apron in hand, defence in her eye, He finds quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said, So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

A SUFFRAGER.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.—Dean Swift was once travelling through one of the rural parishes some leagues from London, and introducing himself to the parson as a member of the same profession, was invited to partake of his fraternal hospitalities. The dean consented, and accompanied the parson to his church next morning. And there the dean had the satisfaction of hearing one of his own sermons preached by an ignorant "Bible-banger," without a hint or word of acknowledgment. When the services were over, the dean asked the preacher how long it took him to write such a sermon.—"O!" said the minister, "I wrote that in about two hours."—"Did you, indeed?" said the dean, in reply; "why it took me over two months to write that very sermon."

RENOUNCING BACHELORISM.—The editor of an American newspaper went to another State, and took to himself a wife. On his return home, and on resuming the editorial chair, he thus discourses:—"And in announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelorism and bachelors—and we expect to be disgusted with both—several weeks. We are well aware that, in days gone by, we occasionally made ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence, and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and of course knew but one side of the subject. Now stand up here, you consumed ugly pictures of humanity, rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions. What are you fit for in this world? What interest have you in the generations yet unborn you read of? Where will you be when old men, if your vile habits ever permit you to arrive at a good old age? Won't you be like lonely, scarred, and scathed trees standing in a big clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frosts by young saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumpkins in a corn-field, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold your heads up, and talk like men, whether you can act so or not. Now don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you; all smiling and sagacious, heads overflowing with love ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies—feelings rich as cream, which by a kindred spirit can soon be worked into butter, and spread over your life, till you are as happy as the birds of spring. Look at 'em, and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage-garden of humanity—what are you holding back for? Now, just return—put on your best looks and your other coat—visit the girls, get cream them—then propose, get accepted, marry—and—the country will rely on you as a faithful and well-disposed citizen."

## A VISION OF CONSOLATION.

THE tempest of grief, which, for a time had raged so wildly in the heart of Mrs. Freeland, exhausted by its own violence, sobbed itself away, and the stricken mother passed into the land of dreams.

To the afflicted sleep comes with a double blessing. Rest is given to the wearied body and to the grieving spirit. Often, very often, the Angel of Consolation bends to the dreaming ear, and whispers words of hope and comfort; that from no living lips had yet found utterance.

And it was so now with the sleeping mother. A few hours only had passed since she stood looking down, for the last time, on the fair face of her youngest born. Over his bright blue eyes, into whose heavenly depths she had so loved to gaze, the pale lids had closed for ever. Still lingered around his lips the smile left there by the angels, as, with a kiss of love, they received his parting spirit. In the curling masses of his rich, golden hair, the shadows nestled away, as of old, while his tiny fingers held a few white blossoms, as with a living grasp? Was it death, or sleep? So like a sleeping child the sweet boy lay, that it seemed every moment, as if his lips would unclose, his eyes open to the light, and his voice come to the listening ear with its tones of music.

If to the mother had come this illusion, it remained not long. Wild with grief, she turned away as the sweet face she had so loved to gaze upon was hidden from her straining eyes for ever.

Hidden from her eyes did we say? Only hidden from her natural eyes. Still he was before the eyes of her spirit in all his living beauty.—But to her natural affections, he was lost—even as he had faded from before her natural eyes; and, in the agony of bereavement, it seemed that her heart would break. Back to her darkened chamber she went. Her nearest and dearest friends gathered around, seeking lovingly to sustain her in her great afflictions; but she refused to be comforted.

At length, as at first said, the tempest of grief, which, for a time, raged so violently in the heart of Mrs. Freeland, sobbed itself away, and the stricken mother, passed into the land of dreams.

For the most part, dreams are fantastic. Yet, they are not always so. In states of deep sorrow, or strong trial, when the heart turns from the natural world, hopeless of aid or consolation, truth often comes in dreams and similitudes.

The mother found herself in the company of two beautiful maidens, in the very flower of youth: and as she gazed earnestly into their faces, which seemed transparent from an inward celestial light, she saw expectation therein, a loving expectation. They stood beneath the eastern portico of a pleasant dwelling, around which stately trees—the branches vocal with the songs of feathered minstrels—lifted their green tops far up into the crystal air. Flowers of a thousand hues and sweet odours were woven into forms and figures of exquisite beauty upon the carpet of living green spread over the teeming earth; while groups of little children sported one with another, and mingled their happy voices with the melody of birds.

Yet, amid all this external joy and beauty, the hand of grief still lay upon the mother's heart: and when she looked upon the sportive infants around her, she sighed for her own babe.—Even as she sighed, one of the maidens turned to her, and said, while her whole countenance was lit up with a glow of delight:—

"It has come. A new babe is born unto heaven."

And, as she spoke, she gathered her arms quickly to her bosom, and the wondering mother saw lying thereon her own child! The other maiden was already bending over the infant—already had she greeted its coming with a kiss of love. Quickly both retired within the dwelling, and the bereaved mother went with them, eager to receive the babe she had lost.

"Oh, my child! My child!" she said. "Give me my child!" And ere the words had died upon her lips, the maiden who had received the babe gave it into her arms, when she clasped it with a wild delight, and rained tears of gladness upon its face.

For a time the two maidens looked upon the mother in silence—and in their bright countenances love and pity were blended. At length one of them said to her—and she smiled sweetly, and spoke with an exquisite, penetrating tenderness—

"Your heart is full of love for your babe?"

"He is dearer to me than life—dearer than a thousand lives," replied the mother quickly, drawing the babe closer to her bosom.

"Love seeks to bless the object of its regard."

There was a meaning in the words and tone of the maiden, as she said this, that caused the mother to look into her face earnestly.

"This is not the land of sickness, of sorrow, of death," resumed the maiden, "but the land of eternal life and blessedness. Into this land your babe has been born. You are here only as a visitant, and must soon return, to bear a few more trials and pains, a few more conflicts with evil—but the end is your preparation for these heavenly regions."

A shadow fell instantly upon the mother's heart. Tears rushed to her eyes, and she drew her arms more tightly about her babe.

"Shall we keep this babe in our heavenly home; or will you bear it with you back to the dark, cold, sad regions of mortality?"

"Do not take from me my more than life!" sobbed the mother wildly. "Oh! I cannot give you my child." And more eagerly she hugged it to her breast.

For a time there was silence. Then one of the maidens gently laid her hand upon the mother, and she lifted her bowed head.

"Come," said the maiden.

The mother arose, and the two walked into the open air, and passing through

the group of children sporting on the lawn and in the gardens, went for what seemed the space of a mile, until they came to a forest, into the depths of which they penetrated; and, for a time, the farther they went, the darker and more gloomy it became, until scarcely a ray of light from the arching sky came down through the dense and tangled foliage. At last they were beyond the forest.

"Look!" said the companion.

The mother lifted her eyes—the babe had strangely passed from her arms. A dwelling, familiar in aspect, stood next, and through an open window she saw a sick child lying upon a bed, and knew it as her own. Its little face was distorted by pain and flushed with fever, and as it tossed restlessly to and fro, its moans filled her ears. She stretched forth her hands, yearning to give some relief; even as she did so, the scene faded from her view, and next she saw an older child, bearing still the lineaments of her own. There was the same broad, white forehead and clustering curls; the same large bright eyes, and full ruddy lips; but, alas! not the soft veil of innocence which had given the features of the babe such a heavenly charm. The fine brow was contracted with passion; the eyes flashed with an evil light, and the lips were tightly drawn, and with something of defiance, against the teeth. The boy was resisting, with a stern determination, the will of the parents—was setting at naught those early salutary restraints which are the safeguard of youth.

"Oh! my unhappy boy!" cried the mother.

The scene changed as she spoke. The boy, now grown up to manhood, once more stood before her. Alas! How had the light of innocence faded from his countenance, giving place to a shadow of evil, the very darkness of which caused a cold shudder to pass through the mother's frame.

"Look again," said the maiden, as this scene was fading.

But the mother hid her face in her hands, and turned weeping away.

"Look again."

And this time there was something so heart-cheering in the maiden's voice, that the mother lifted her tearful eyes. She was back again in the beautiful place from which she had gone forth a little while before, and her babe, beautiful as innocence itself, lay sweetly sleeping in the arms of the lovely maiden, who had received it on its first entrance into Heaven. With a heart full of joy, the mother now bent over the slumbering babe, kissing it again and again.

"Grieving mother," said the angel-maiden, in tones of flute-like softness, "God saw that it would not be good for your child to remain on earth, and he, therefore, removed it to this celestial region, where no evil can ever penetrate. To me, as an angel-mother, it has been given; and I will love it, and care for it, with a love as pure and tender as the love that yearns in your bosom. As its infantile mind opens, I will pour in heavenly instruction, that it may grow in wisdom, and become an angel. Will you not let me have it freely?"

"But why may I not remain here and be its heavenly mother? Oh! I will love and care for it with a tenderness and devotion equal to, if not exceeding yours."

Even while the mother spoke, there was a change. She saw before her other objects of affection. There was her husband, sitting in deep dejection, sorrowing for the loss of one who was dear as his own life; while three children, the sight of whom stirred her maternal heart to its profoundest depths, lay sleeping in each other's arms, the undried tears yet glistening on their lashes.

The wife and mother stretched forth her hands towards these beloved ones, eager to be with them again, and turn their grief into gladness. But, in a moment, there passed another change. The pleasant home in which her children had been sheltered for years, no longer held them; the fold had been broken up, and the tender lambs scattered. One of these little ones the mother saw, sitting apart from a group of sportive children, weeping over some taskwork. The bloom on her cheek had faded—its roundness was gone—the light of her beautiful eyes was quenched in tears. And, as she looked, a woman came to the child and spoke to her harshly. She was about springing forward, when another scene was presented. Her first-born, a noble-spirited boy, to whose future she had ever looked with pride and pleasure, stood before her. Alas! how changed. Everything about him showed the want of a mother's care and considerate affection, and from his dear young face had already vanished the look of joyous innocence she had so loved to contemplate.

Again the mother was in the presence of the angel-maiden, to whose loving arms a good God had confided the babe, which, in his wisdom, he had removed from the earth. And the angel-maiden, as she looked first at the babe in her arms, and then at the mother, smiled sweetly, and said,—

"He is safe here; will you not let him remain?"

And, with a gushing heart, the mother answered,—

"Not for worlds would I take him with me into the outer life of nature. Oh! no. He is safe—let him remain."

"And you will return to those who still need your love and care?"

"Yes—yes!" said the mother, earnestly, "let me go to them again. Let me be their angel on earth."

There came, now, another change. The mother was back again in her chamber of sorrow, and undried tears were yet upon her cheeks. But, she was comforted and reconciled to the great affliction which had been sent, for good, from heaven.

Those who saw Mrs. Freeland in the first wild grief that followed the loss of her babe, wondered at her serene composure when she came again among them. And they wondered long, for she spoke not of this Vision of Consolation. It was too sacred a thing to be revealed to any save the companion of her life.



MRS. INCHBALD.

THIS lady, whose name is well known as the authoress of "The Simple Story," "Nature and Art," and a host of dramatic pieces, was born at Stan- ingfield, a farm in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmonds, in the county of Suffolk, on the 15th of October, 1753. Her father, who died in her infancy, left a large family of daughters, all, but particularly Elizabeth, the subject of this memoir, remarkable for personal beauty. At the age of sixteen she is described as being "tall, slender, straight, of the purest complexion, and most beautiful features; her hair of a golden auburn, and her eyes full at once of spirit and sweetness." Her education had, however, been totally neglected; and although she possessed a strong love of reading, it was not to be expected that her choice should always be the wisest. Nor are we surprised that ill-directed reading, and a casual acquaintance with some member of the Norwich Theatre, should early have inspired her with a passion for the stage.

Her first effort to gratify this inclination was an application to the Norwich manager, which was unsuccessful. Her disappointment did not damp her resolution; and in April, 1772, she secretly left her home, and repaired to London, where she found herself in a situation of great difficulty. More than one of her sisters, it is true, had married, and were settled in London; but her object would have been frustrated had they been aware of her presence. She had, therefore, intended to seek a distant relation, who lived in the Strand; but on reaching the house, she found her friend had retired from business, and was settled in North Wales. It was near ten o'clock at night, and her distress at this disappointment moved the compassion of the people of the house, who kindly offered her a lodging for the night. This civility, however, awakened her suspicions: she had read in "Clarissa Harlowe" of various modes of seduction practised in London, and feared that similar intentions were meditated against her. These reflections occurring directly after she had accepted of the proffered accommodation, and being strengthened by an appearance of prying curiosity in her entertainers, Elizabeth suddenly seized her band-box (all her luggage), and, without a word of explanation, rushed out of the house, and left them to conjecture that she was either a maniac or an impostor. She ran she knew not whither; at length she stopped at a house where a bill in the window proclaimed that there were "Lodgings to let," and was on the point of being received under the feigned character of a milliner's apprentice, when the man, from whose house she had escaped, and who had followed her, came up, and threw her into woeful confusion. She was treated as an impostor, threatened with the watch-house, and at length turned into the street. Here she wandered till two o'clock in the morning, when she found herself at Holborn-bridge. Seeing the York stage, which she understood to be full, set off, she entered the inn, pretended she was a disappointed passenger, and solicited a lodging. Here she remained for the night, and the next day was told that another York stage would set off in the evening. This intelligence being communicated with an air of suspicion, which was extremely mortifying, she immediately took out all the money she had, to her last halfpenny, and absolutely paid for a journey she never intended to take. The landlady, now satisfied, invited her to breakfast, but, this she declined, saying she was in haste to visit a relation. Thus she escaped the expense of a breakfast, and, on returning to the inn, stated that her relation wished her to remain in town a few days longer. By this means she secured her apartment, and avoided the expense of living at the inn, by subsisting on what she could afford to purchase in her walks, whilst the people at the inn supposed her to be entertained by her relation. Her finances were at length exhausted, that, for the last two days that she

remained at the inn, she subsisted on two halfpenny rolls, and the water contained in the bottle in her bed-room. Meantime she occupied herself in seeking an engagement with some theatre, and was willingly listened to by several managers, her beauty procuring her a ready hearing; but, alas! it also procured her insulting offers, which she indignantly rejected. It was under these circumstances that she sought advice from Mr. Inchbald, an actor of reputation, and a man of middle age, whom she had seen at Bury St. Edmonds, and accidentally met in London. He did all he could to soothe her sorrow, and calm the distress she felt at the conduct she had experienced, and recommended marriage as her only protection. "But who would marry me?" cried she. "I would," replied Mr. Inchbald, with eager warmth. "If you would have me." The lady consented, and they were married in a very few days after this singular declaration. Although there was very little love, on the lady's side at least, in this connection, yet they lived comfortably together: it is true that some domestic discords are recorded by Mrs. Inchbald in a diary, some fragments of which have been preserved, chiefly on account of Mrs. Inchbald's desiring to appropriate some portion of their gains to the relief of her sisters, who had fallen into difficulties, a motive which Mr. Inchbald strenuously opposed. Further than this, no disagreement appears to have interrupted the harmony of their union.

Mr. Inchbald carried his wife to Bristol, where she appeared in the character of Cordelia; they subsequently went to Edinburgh, and continued there some years, deriving sufficient emolument from their joint labours to enable them to live comfortably. Mr. Inchbald's health began to fail, and on leaving Edinburgh (a step, according to some biographers, caused by a disagreement with Mrs. Yates, the celebrated actress,) she and her husband paid a visit to France, where Mr. Inchbald proposed to follow the profession of a painter, having a tolerable knowledge of that art. This scheme was unsuccessful, and, on their return from France, they were reduced to great straits for want of money, and found considerable difficulty in procuring permanent engagements. Liverpool, Birmingham, and various other places, were visited without success, until at length they found a haven at York, where they resided until the death of Mr. Inchbald, in 1779. At York their gains amounted to about two guineas and a half a week, from which they contrived to save somewhat, and Mrs. Inchbald was enabled to afford a little assistance to her sisters, two of whom were now widows, and in very reduced circumstances.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Inchbald still continued her profession, and in the beginning of the next year accepted a short engagement at Edinburgh; she then returned to York, but soon finally quitted it, and proceeded to the metropolis, where she had procured an engagement, and where she continued to perform till 1789, when she retired from the stage. Her success as an actress was never great, her histrionic powers not rising above the level of respectability; but her fine face and elegant figure gave her great advantages. Immediately on her arrival in London, she began that course of industry and economy which she pursued to the end of her life, and on account of which she has frequently incurred the unworthy reproach of avarice. It is true she worked incessantly, and saved every possible penny; but, for what did she do this? For her own gratification?—to enjoy the sordid pleasure of gloating over her increasing treasure? Was it for this she denied herself comforts, and sometimes even necessities? No. Her exertions were all made, and her gains were all applied, for the relief of her aged and infirm relatives. Speaking of one of them in a letter to a friend, she thus expresses herself:—"Poor woman, she is now so infirm that she cannot walk a few paces without resting—her hair as white as snow, and her teeth are all gone." And again:—"Many a time this winter, when I cried with cold, I said to myself, 'But, thank God, my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning, all her provision bought, and brought to her ready cooked: she would be less able to bear what I bear.' And how much more would I have to suffer, but from this reflection! It almost made me warm when I reflected that she felt no cold."—"I say no, to all the vanities of the world, and perhaps soon shall have to say that I allow my poor infirm sister a hundred a year. I have raised my allowance to eighty; but, in the rapid stride of her wants, and my obligation as a Christian to make no selfish refusal to the poor, a few months, I foresee, must make the sum a hundred." For such objects as these did this noble-minded woman toil and save.

When she settled in London, she began to occupy her leisure hours in the composition of dramatic pieces; and though full half-a-dozen of the MSS. written in a vile cramped hand, on whitey-brown paper (for the sake of economy), and full of orthographical errors, had been rejected, still she persevered, and at length prevailed on Colman, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, to read a farce called "The Mogul's Tale." It was performed with great applause in 1784, and Mrs. Inchbald received a hundred guineas. Fortune now began to smile on her; the rejected plays were brought forward, and managers no longer took fright at the whitey-brown paper. Mrs. Inchbald rapidly produced a variety of dramatic pieces, for which she received sums increasing in amount as her fame became better established: for the comedy of "I'll tell you What," produced in 1785, she received three hundred pounds, besides a considerable sum for copyright. She had begun her first novel, "The Simple Story," several years before, and had shown the sketch of it to John Keble, in one of her provincial tours, soon after her return from France. She now drew forth the neglected MSS. and completed "The Simple Story," which was published in 1791. Her second novel, "Nature and Art," did not appear until 1796. Besides producing these works, and numerous dramatic pieces, she edited a very good collection of English plays, with short notices of each. This edition is still held in esteem.

Mrs. Inchbald continued her life of honorable exertion and virtuous self-denial till the year 1821, when she died at her residence, Kensington, in her sixty-ninth year.



## A PANTHER HUNT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GERSACKER.

BARKING and yelping, with noses close to the ground, three noble hounds of rare breed pushed through the thickly-grown wood, sometimes losing the track midst the withered leaves, then, snuffing about the decayed and prostrate trees, they would once more resume the chase in full cry—a sure sign that their pursuit was of the bear or panther, and not the plumb-footed stag, which if it did at times lure them for a brief period from the path, never rendered them wholly untrue to it.

They had now reached a spot where their foe had evidently been for a time, and must have crossed their road; for, stopping for a moment, they sought, whimpering wildly, more eagerly than ever through the closely hanging parasitical plants which, like a living wall, encircled the place, then returning again and again to the centre, renewed their howls and lamentations as before.

Suddenly the bushes parted, and a young man on a small black Indian pony, cutting by one vigorous stroke, with the broad hunting-knife he held in his hand, the creepers which threatened to drag him off his horse, leaped in directly between the hounds, who, delighted at the appearance, fawned upon him for an instant, then, urged to redoubled zeal, by the neighbourhood of their master, proceeded anew in their search.

"So, so! my brave dogs!" cried the young hunter, stopping to replace his knife in its sheath, and laying the rifle, which he carried on his shoulder, on the saddle before him. "So, right! seek!—seek you here, on the road, and this time I think we shall succeed in nabbing the pig-stealer that has escaped us so often. Hurrah," shouted he, raising himself in the saddle as he saw the oldest of the dogs taking the lead, and, followed closely by the others, plunge at once into the thicket. "Hurrah." And throwing his gun again across his shoulder, as he seized the reins in his right hand and pressed his heels against the pony's side, he flew in wild bounds after the dogs. On the way lay trunks of trees, overgrown bushes, marshy sloughs and slimy channels, but nothing could repress their ardour. Onward and onward still they went, followed by the black pony snorting and foaming, and its rider lurching loudly with delight. Once more the hounds stopped, but this time from no uncertainty as to the path their enemy had taken; for, barking and howling, they sprang at one of the mightiest oaks on the upland, gnawing with rage the roots and bark of the noble tree which had afforded shelter to their foe, and thus hindered their pursuit of him. The hunter now arrived at the chosen spot, and, without staying to check his horse, he leaped in one bound, which almost oversteered the animal, from out his saddle, and began with eager glance to search throughout the thick leaves of the tree, round which the dogs were jumping in so much exultation, and soon espied, betwixt two of the branches, the form of some living creature, which, clinging closely to the boughs, seemed to deem itself altogether unnoticed and concealed. It was, indeed, sufficiently dark amidst the shade of the thick foliage, for a less practised eye than that of our young hunter of the forest to have remained some time in doubt as to the description of animal which so earnestly sought to shun his observation. But Weston's eagle eye soon recognised in the crouching figure and long tail, which it could not perfectly conceal, the panther's cub, and raised his gun to fetch it more certainly from its height, while the dogs, breathless with expectation, looked now towards the rifle, from which they momentarily expected to see the flash, and now towards the summit of the oak, in whose branches they knew their enemy to be. But in vain was the low whine, with which they hoped to hasten the proceedings of their master: he seemed suddenly to change his mind, and, laying his gun aside, he commenced once more a cautious and attentive examination of the tree. Measured, at length, apparently, of that which he desired to know, he unbuckled the belt in which his knife and tomahawk were stuck, and, taking off his hunting-shirt, again returned towards the oak, from which the dogs, though anxiously observant of his every movement, had never once removed their eyes.

"I will try," he murmured to himself—"and take it alive; for, if I bring a young panther to Little Rock, I shall readily obtain my ten or fifteen dollars for it; but if, on the other hand, I shoot it, its skin will be worth nothing. The old one must have left it, as I cannot see it anywhere in the tree, and, for ten dollars, one may for once bear a few scratches from the young chap. So, look out, Master Panther, I'm coming."

With these words he went to his pony, which was grazing quietly hard by, unslung a rope from around its neck, buckled on his girdle again, in which he replaced his knife, but left the tomahawk behind, and began to ascend the mighty tree: drawing the rope three times round the stem, which he could not firmly clasp, and, fastening the ends together, he seized it sometimes with the right and sometimes with the left arm, and by its assistance cautiously mounted up to the top; while the hounds, comprehending instantly what he meant, jumped with delight around the oak. Slowly, then, indeed, but surely, he climbed nearly forty feet up the slender body ere he arrived at the first branch: when, stopping for a moment to rest himself and take breath, he felt if his knife was still secure, and looked up towards the young panther, which remained almost motionless, and clinging to the same branches as at first. Weston then slung the rope, which he no longer needed, round his shoulder, and, making use of the twigs as rails for his natural ladder, he ascended quickly and lightly towards the cub, which, though it did not move in the least, still kept its fiery eyes fixed on its approaching foe. But yet wilder glances were watching the progress of our hunter, who was wholly unconscious of the proximity of so grim and dangerous a foe—none other than the mother of the cub, who lay, with tail gently waving, in one of the higher branches that stood beside, with branches interlaced in that in which he was, ready for the spring, and staring but to await his nearer approach.

ere, with a vigorous bound, she threw herself, tooth and claw, upon the audacious man who would dare to seize her offspring. Carelessly, then, swinging from bough to bough, Weston was now close upon the young one, who, raising itself gently, after the fashion of a cat, with its back up, stood upon the branch and looked down upon the hunter as if not perfectly comprehending the danger to be apprehended from him.

Weston stopped, and, taking the rope from off his shoulder, he formed a noose with it to catch over the panther's head; then, settling himself grimly between two branches, he looked up in expectation of the proper moment for attack, and saw, directly opposite, and hardly ten paces from him, the glowing eyes of the female as she sat down in readiness for the spring.

Brought up from childhood in the woods, and well acquainted with the dangers which so often threaten the solitary sportsman, Weston remained, in this fearful moment, presence of mind enough to place the body of the tree between him and his enemy, ere the latter could divine his intention; and this he fortunately succeeded in effecting just in time, as that instant the dark figure of the panther leaped upon the spot he had quitted, and gazed with fiery eyes on the undaunted hunter, who, with his left arm clasped around a branch, held in his right hand his long knife, as with every breath he drew he expected to see the enraged animal spring down upon him. She, however, intimidated by the eye he kept firmly fixed upon her, was satisfied to know the safety of her young, and to lie attentively marking every movement of her foe at scarcely six paces from him. At this moment, Weston first believed he was lost: for, even if able to use his knife, a good, stout weapon, against his grim antagonist, still the place on which he stood, and from whence the slightest false step would dash him headlong to the ground, was by no means suitable for so fearful a struggle.

But perceiving then that his adversary was content with merely watching him, he swiftly but cautiously, and without any rash movement, which might irritate the monster, replaced the knife in his sheath, and slowly commenced his retreat. The panther, seeing him remove further and further away followed him leisurely; and often did he feel for his weapon, as he saw her about to take a leap, yet without ever daring to bring himself to an open and eye to eye encounter.

Arriving, then, once more at the last branch, he again fastened the rope around the stem and slid as quickly as possible down it. The dogs, meanwhile, driven almost to despair by perceiving their enemy in the branches without being able to get at her, jumped and howled in a heart-breaking manner about. At length Weston once more regained the firm ground, with clothes torn, blood oozing from his arms, cut by the rough bark of the tree, his knees trembling, and strength exhausted. But not one moment did he allow himself for repose; but, hastening to where his gun was laid, he seized and levelled it towards the panther's fancied place of security. Vain, however, were all his efforts to hold the heavy barrel steady for a second—his limbs shook; so he was compelled to throw himself down to rest, yet without withdrawing his eyes an instant from the form of the animal, which was now close to the stem, and its young one, no longer apprehensive of danger, with tail uplifted, stretched itself comfortably on the bough beside its mother. Weston soon recovered himself, and, seizing once more his rifle, took a long and steady aim, until the distant hills reverberated with the echo of its thunder. The beast, pierced through by the ball, drew itself together, and sprang in furious haste from bough to bough, the branches bending beneath her weight, until she gained the lofty summit of the tree, when having reached the highest point, and striving to get still further, the slender foliage gave way and she toppled over, clutching with powerful claws at every leaf and twig in her descent, till, with a mighty crash, midst the expectant howling of the dogs, she fell at Weston's feet. There was now no further impediment to the capture of the young one, who had followed the mother in terror to the lowest branches of the tree: but Weston's nerves had been too strained in his first attempt to admit of his trying the perilous path anew. So, reloading his gun, he brought it in one shot within reach of the dogs, who flew upon it in a fury.

In a brief space, the skins were thrown across the pony's back, and away trotted our bold hunter, followed by his hounds, in search of new dangers and fresh prey.

**CITY ANTIQUITIES.**—For some time past excavations have been making on Tower-hill, close to the fragment of the old city wall, which was given up by the Corporation a few years since to be pulled down, but was saved by the interposition of the Woods and Forests. This fragment, in the almost entire absence of any other remains of the great wall which once surrounded the city, is very interesting, the upper part is probably not older than the time of Henry III., but the lower is Roman. The recent excavations have revealed some of this Roman masonry, which had been concealed by houses and other buildings. It was in excellent preservation; the facing-stones were quite perfect, and the rows of red tiles remained to the extent of two or three layers. Close to this portion of the wall, and piled up to a considerable height, was a mass of cut and sculptured stones, which appear to have formed part of some buildings of magnitude such as, around in Roman London. Some of these had been foundation-stones, others were portions of cornices, pilasters, and columns, and one was the base of a millstone in lava. The most attractive of these stones is now in the British Museum. It is 5 feet in length, and at one end has sculptured foliage, bound by strings. Another large flat slab (upwards of 5 feet in length) is inscribed with letters, some of which are 9 inches in length; they apparently belong to a sepulchral inscription of which only three lines remain. The other stones have been carefully removed by Mr. W. J. Hall, to whom the grounds have been leased by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and will be kept in safety until a convenient place can be found for their preservation.

## WORK OF GREAT INTEREST

**UNCLE TOM IN ENGLAND; OR, A PROOF THAT BLACK'S WHITE:** being an Echo to the American "UNCLE TOM," by Mrs. BECHER STOWE. In ornamental cover. Price 1s.

London: JOHN BERNARD, 68, Fleet-street; and all Booksellers.

## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## OUR NEW VOLUME.

In addition to the attractions we have already announced to appear in our New Volume, we are happy to add a Series of Illustrated TALES OF SCOTTISH SONG, by JOHN SIMES, Lecturer on Scottish Song; and also SKETCHES OF LIFE IN AUSTRALIA, communicated from the spot, with Original Plans and Views, highly interesting to all who intend to emigrate, or whose friends may have already taken their departure.

As already announced, in the Second Volume, will be commenced a NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE of great interest, by the EDITOR, entitled MABEL LEE; OR, THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AN ORPHAN'S LIFE. All the other Articles will be Original, and be written expressly for the HOME COMPANION. Each alternate Number will contain, in addition to the continuous tale by the Editor, a Complete Story, founded upon a popular drama, under the general title of "TALES FROM CELEBRATED DRAMATISTS," and after the manner of "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare." These will include, *The Bondman, The Maid of Honour, The Duke of Milan, The Picture, The Fatal Dowry, The Great Duke of Florence, The Alchemist, The For, The Silent Woman, The Broken Heart, The Jew of Malta, Faustus, Filina Corombona, The Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, King and No King, The Elder Brother, Boadicea, The Loyal Subject, Wit without Money,* and various others.

Departments will be opened for the Artist, the Mechanic, the Farmer, the Gardener, the Housewife, and the Juvenile. Under these heads will be given every kind of new discovery, and every fact of interest. Each department will be under the care of an Editor, whose attention will be earnestly directed to the bringing together of the essence of information and interest relating to the several subjects embraced, derived from peculiar and authentic sources.

Essays, Biographies, Letters from Correspondents, articles upon Natural History, Enigmas, &c., &c., together with a light and agreeable miscellany, will complete the arrangements for the New Volume of the HOME COMPANION, the whole giving it the highest title to UNIVERSAL RECEPTION BY THE BRITISH PEOPLE.

## THE ALMANACK

IS NOW READY, and is undoubtedly the greatest wonder of the year. We confidently assert that the Readers of the HOME COMPANION will thank us for affording them a very rich treat. Such an Almanack has never been published before. We quote the following brief preface to the Almanack itself:

"THE EDITOR of the HOME COMPANION having designed the whole of this Almanack upon an entirely original and novel plan, offers a few words in explanation thereof. The title page is full of graphic humour. It will be found to contain upwards of ONE HUNDRED comic figures, of the most lively and varied character. The lower portion of the page represents allegorically, Knowledge destroying Ignorance and Vice. At the top and bottom of each Calendar page will be found PICTORIAL CHARADES, each of which represents a word of two syllables—the first division of the picture illustrates the first syllable—the second division the second syllable—and the whole design the complete word. Thus the Charade No. 1, my first is 'break,' my second 'fast,' my whole 'breakfast.' The PICTORIAL ENIGMAS are constructed upon a different principle, which will be sufficiently understood by a glance at the letter-press which accompanies them. The same remark applies to the EXPERIMENTS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, which will be found not only pleasing, but highly instructive. The Calendar is enlivened by numerous conundrums, and humorous notices of historical events. For the purpose of heightening the amusement afforded by the Almanack, it has been deemed proper to withhold the answers to the Pastimes. These will appear in No. 53 of the 'Home Companion.' We give numbers and spaces for the reader to write down the answers he conjectures to be correct, so that by obtaining No. 53 he may have a capital evening's amusement by ascertaining how far he is successful. The Editor hopes that he may be privileged to issue a similar Almanack for many years. Several works projected by him having been wholly or partially pirated by persons who could find no other solution to the Enigmas of their prosperity, but by appropriating his ideas, he takes this opportunity of intimating that there is little likelihood of the plan of this Almanack being pirated, for the only way upon it has been so great, that it will require a sale of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES TO REPAIR THE FIRST COST. It is undeniably the cheapest Almanack ever issued, and the only one of its kind."

## MABEL LEE.

"I have undertaken, at the request of many friends, to write the history of MABEL LEE, whose name alone is fictitious. I confess that I am not given to the invention of tales, made up of startling and impossible incidents, but being reminded that the life of MABEL LEE is more strange than fiction, and may be written all the more vividly, because absolutely true, I have willingly entered upon the subject, and have already far advanced in its execution. I have never read a novel that interested me half so much as the story of this orphan girl; full of the most remarkable vicissitudes, of many of which I was an actual observer. The Reader must not expect from me a thrilling romance, but a story plain and truthfully told, that will appeal to every heart, and supply many elements of good example to those who, like MABEL LEE, may have to struggle against the bitter tide of adversity, with a spirit too high and impulsive to submit to the harsh control often imposed upon virtuous but helpless poverty."

THE EDITOR.

## ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Music, dancing, and a truly polished and graceful manner in social intercourse, with a knowledge of those modes and forms that are founded upon a just regard of man for man, which prevail in society, are known as accomplishments. With regard to the first of these, there is but little difference of opinion; the second has many warm advocates, and many bitter and unrelenting opponents, who see in it evil, and only evil; and there are some who appear to think any serious regard to the latter, especially the making of rules for observance, a sign of weakness and folly.

As respects music, it is clear to us, that, if a person have any taste at all in that way, he ought by all means to cultivate it. It will not only extend greatly his own means of enjoyment, but give him the power of contributing much to the enjoyment of others. We do not think it would be wise for him to devote all his leisure time to music, to the neglect of other and graver pursuits; but there are times when the mind wears of thought, and will be refreshed and strengthened to attempt new efforts, if its slumbering affections be awakened into life and activity by music. While words give utterance to the thoughts of the mind, music expresses its affections; and thoughts when uttered, and feelings when expressed, are in greater fullness and power. So well satisfied are we that there is great use in the cultivation of music, that we believe all men who are ignorant of the sciences have defects which no cultivation of the intellect alone can possibly overcome.

Against dancing much has been urged, but nothing that we have seen having any basis in rational truth. It has been called sinful; but nothing is sinful, except what is done from evil intent. Some have said that it awakens impure thoughts; but they who allege this either have impure minds or have never danced. Such is well known not to be the case. It is a frivolous waste of time, say others, and unworthy the dignity of men and women. If it is made to interfere with any duty, it is certainly a waste of time; as to the "dignity," the objection will be worth considering, when it is understood in what a man's true dignity consists. It is a fact worthy of observation, that the most strenuous opposers of dancing are those who have least charity, so called, for their neighbours; and that one of these persons will spend an evening in animadverting upon the faults and foibles of others, and indulging in a spirit of ill-will and censoriousness, while those engaged in dancing during the time have been blessing each other with a spontaneous and generous reciprocation of the kindest feelings. It is a bolder spirit, indeed, that does not feel kindly emotions while threading the graceful mazes of a cotillon, every step and every emotion of the body harmonising with sweet music.

The whole truth, in regard to the objections against dancing which prevail lies in the fact that it is erroneously imagined that all pleasures are incompatible with religion, than which there cannot possibly be a greater mistake. The pleasures of sense are not evil in themselves, but good; the evil lies in their perversion and abuse. The partaking of food is a highly-gratifying sensual pleasure; but it is not evil, except where eating is abused to the injury of the health. It cannot be evil for the ear, so finely attuned, to take in the harmonies of music; although for any one to neglect all the duties of life in giving himself up to the enjoyment of music, would certainly be a great evil. It cannot be evil to enjoy the odour of sweet flowers, nor to delight in viewing an exquisite picture, or piece of statuary, or a beautiful landscape; and yet these are all pleasures of the senses, so called, though in reality the pleasures of the soul, as it looks out upon and hearkens unto the world of nature, and there sees and hears those things that correspond to affections and principles in itself. The law of our spiritual constitution is, that all things of the mind come into their fullest power and delight in the lowest or sensual plane; and all who hinder in any way this descent of the soul into the orderly plane of its activity, destroy much of its vital force, and take away its power of clear intellectual discrimination.

Dancing is nothing more nor less than graceful movements of the body in time with music, and is joined in by two, three, or a much greater number, all acting in concert. The brightening eye, the glowing cheek, and the smiling lip, attest the pleasure that is felt by each. A pleasure in what? In accomplishing an evil purpose? None will say that. There is delight, and it must be either in good or evil. It is in evil. And if so, in what does it consist? "The dancers are virtuous maidens and young men of good principles, who, to the sound of music have arrayed themselves upon the

floor, and are moving their bodies with harmony with it. It is not evil, we unhesitatingly say, but good; for it is always good for the mind to flow down into external acts that are in themselves innocent, and encourage kindness and good-will from one toward another; and this is precisely what occurs in dancing. The objections against its abuse are as good as objections against the abuse of anything else, but no better. Another use of dancing is, that it gives a young man an easier and more graceful carriage, with more freedom in his social intercourse. It also aids him in acquiring a self-possession in company, which is so necessary for the pleasure of all, yet so hard to attain in mere conversational circles, or even in the half-awkward promenade, into which a stiff and formal sitting party is sometimes broken up by an effort, soon to subside again into its score of little circles, all detached from the rest, and feeling nothing in common with the whole.

By all means take lessons in dancing, if you have not yet done so, we would say to every young man. Don't let an awkward bashfulness prevent your doing so; for it is one of the very best means you can adopt for its correction. You are a social being, and are bound to mingle in society, both for your own good and the good of others. You are under obligations to give your quota to the general enjoyment, and under a like obligation to take your own in return, for the sake of that healthy flow of spirits so essential to the right performance of all our duties in life. And, unless you have those accomplishments that are common in polite society, you can neither give nor receive all the benefits that spring from right social intercourse.

The laws of etiquette, or those conventional forms of good breeding, which prevail in society, when they are founded upon a just regard of man for man, should always be observed. Among these laws, as found in books of etiquette, are many which have in them no vital principle—which are the mere offspring of a sickly pride. They may be known from the fact that they are not based upon a generous consideration of others. These may be observed or not, as any one thinks best; and, when among those who make it a point to observe them, we should think it wise not to interrupt the general good feeling by their violation, unless a principle were involved. It is not wrong in itself to drink tea from your saucer instead of your cup, nor to eat with your knife instead of your fork; still, as these are usages of polite society, a man of good common sense will observe them when in company, no matter how partial he may be to his knife and saucer.

We would recommend to every young man to read carefully one or more books on etiquette and good-breeding, and thereby acquaint himself with the laws that are observed in polite society. We would not, however, advise him to adopt all the forms and observances there laid down, but to take each one, and analyse it carefully, and see upon what it is based—pride, or the kind consideration of others; and where he finds that a violation of the law will subject any one to unnecessary pain or annoyance, he should carefully obey it under all circumstances.

## THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
'Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets,  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head.  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The money-marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmother has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin.  
And it rests upon his chin,  
Like a staff.  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a me ancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-corner'd hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer.

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

**HOW TO ADMONISH.**—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend, as dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are as few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweet and pleasant ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment, and a complacency of behaviour, will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if, instead of pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseasonable expressions of passion, we cease to have any influence over them; or rather create a feeling antagonistic to the advice we wish to give them.

## ONWARD!

**EVENING CLASSES.**—The annual meeting of the Society by which the Evening Classes are sustained in so many parts of London, has been held at Crosby Hall, and a favourable report was made of the last year's proceedings. The good done by these Evening Classes, as we have reason to know, is almost incalculable. They should be recommended to the attention of young men by all who take an interest in their progress and education.

**RUSSIAN EXPEDITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.**—An expedition is about to be sent by the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, to the Russian possessions in North America, and the dependent islands, to make scientific investigations. In addition to the sum awarded by the Society, two Russian noblemen, named Golubkon and Czapski, have severally given the munificent sums of £4,320 and £4,032.

**THE PEOPLE'S PARK AT BATTERSEA.**—The bridge which is to lay open the grounds of Battersea for the service of the crowded population of Chelsea, is proceeding, like most of our social movements, slowly but steadily. While the works at the river are in progress, approaches are making on both sides:—on the Surrey side, from Clapham, Brixton, and Wandsworth; on the Middlesex side, from Kensington, Chelsea, and Fulham. By these means the improvements are expected to be all finished at the same time.

**SEWAGE MANURE.**—From recent experiments it has been found that Mr. Stothert has succeeded in the invention of a means of completely deodorising sewage, and reducing it to a condition thoroughly manageable for application beneficially to agriculture. The precipitate, or sedimentary portion, after being dried, will be applied in a way similar to guano. The clear supernatant water, containing valuable fertilising salts, is applicable as liquid manure either by irrigation on the surface, or by means of pipes, the choking up by sediment from the sewage being completely obviated. Another important use to which the clear liquor may be applied, is for flushing, and at the same time deodorising the sewers. By its power of instantly arresting fermentation, fixing the gases, and deodorising the sewage, it becomes a means of removing the smell of the sewers, and abating the gully nuisance, keeping the sewers clean and free from those pestilential smells and gases which render it an unwholesome employment for workmen to enter them for purposes of repair, &c. The Commissioners present hoped that the process might, without delay, be carried out on a large scale for the benefit of the metropolis.

**THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The work of re-constructing the Great Exhibition building at Sydenham is proceeding with great vigour; and that spectacle of well-applied labour, which in Hyde Park excited such unqualified admiration, is about to be successfully repeated. Already the site has been cleared, the foundations to a great extent prepared, a vast mass of materials collected on the ground, and even the plan of the surrounding gardens and their embellishments roughly sketched out. Huge piles of materials arranged so as to be most available, are stacked in order along the ground. There are long rows of iron columns, mountains of sashbars, window-frames, panelling, Paxton gutters, railings, bracings, girders, and other materials, all bearing about them the traces of their late uses, and apparently little deteriorated in condition. There is also an immense accumulation of glass, stowed away in a shed erected for the purpose, and the per-centage of the material destroyed in the transfer from Hyde Park is said to be remarkably small. In laying the foundations, the permanent character of the new structure is shown by the increased size of them, but the old proportions and the rule of having everything a multiple of 24, are preserved. While the actual site of the palace has thus been cleared and prepared for the superstructure, and a pile vast accumulations of materials have been made, the working drawings have also been completed, and a few weeks more will show the whole design growing to reality, with a speed and certainty which the mechanical resources of this country alone render practicable.

**PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN WALES.**—The *Carmarthen Journal* has an interesting article on the state of education in Wales. Much good has been done by the schools recently established throughout the Principality. In the mining and slate districts of North Wales several new schools are in progress of erection, while those already established are in a state of great efficiency. Upwards of 60 masters, says the journal referred to, are at present in the Carmarvon Training Institution during the harvest meeting, and these instruct no less than 4,500 children in the diocese of Bangor and St. Asaph. At Trawsfynydd, in the heart of the Merionethshire hills, a school has been established, which, considering the scattered state of the population in these mountainous districts, is carried on with remarkable success; but, generally speaking, the physical obstacles to regular attendance at school are so great in the more isolated and hilly parts of the country, as well as in portions of Cardiganshire and Montgomeryshire, that but little good can be at present effected. In the more northern counties, and in Anglesey, the results are highly satisfactory. In South Wales, the various educational institutes are, on the whole, in a very promising state; particularly in the rising town of Aberdare, in Glamorganshire, where great efforts are making to satisfy the scholastic wants of a rapidly increasing population. The chief point of interest in these Welsh schools is the rapid progress of the English tongue—the Italian that is to put the Saxon and Cymric peasant on the same level of opportunity. Some very eccentric individuals are trying to persuade the Welshman that he and his sons are better off without English than they would be with it; but every line of railway into the hill districts helps to proclaim the absurdity of this notion. The Welsh-speaking peasant finds himself unable to travel, traffic, or talk, as prosperously as his neighbour who has condescended to know the common tongue of the land of which his country forms a part.



## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*A curious Chemical Experiment, called the Tree of Diana.*

MAKE an amalgam, without heat, of two drams of leaf silver with one dram of quicksilver. Dissolve this amalgam in two ounces, or a sufficient quantity of pure nitrous acid of a moderate strength: dilute the solution in about a pound and a half of distilled water, agitate the mixture, and preserve it in a glass bottle with a ground stopper. When you would make your tree, put into a phial the quantity of an ounce of the above preparation, and add to it about the size of a pea of an amalgam of gold or silver as soft as butter: the vessel must then be left at rest, and soon afterwards small filaments appear to issue out of the ball of amalgam, which quickly increase, and shoot out branches in the form of shrubs. A metallic arborization somewhat similar, may be produced in the following manner:—Dissolve a little sugar-of-lead in water, and fill a phial with the solution. Pass a wire through the cork, and affix to the upper part of the wire a small bit of silver, or zinc, in such a manner that it may be immersed in the solution, not far from its surface. Set the phial in some place where it may remain undisturbed, and in about twenty-four hours you will perceive the lead beginning to shoot round the wire: this process will continue going on slowly, till you have a beautiful metallic tree. If you have a wide-mouthed phial, or glass jar, the experiment may be pleasingly diversified, by arranging the wire in various forms.

## ENIGMAS.

LIKE the productions of the pregnant earth,  
The jarring elements first gave me birth,  
And some adepts will strenuously report,  
That still my parents are my chief support.  
All o'er the surface of this earthly sphere,  
As much familiar as the clothes we wear;  
And mostly vary with the various climes,  
Affinity preserving with the times;  
Nor, like the prince, can I all parties please,  
No more on land, than on the faithless seas.  
Sometimes I smile, sometimes I weep again;  
Sometimes I frown, then quickly smile again;  
Like blust'ring bullies boldly force my way,  
Anon am passive and as meek as they.  
No Billingsgate e'er yet could scold so loud,  
Nor no quack-doctor so harangue a crowd,  
The country farmer courts me all the year,  
And belles and beaux when gay they would appear.  
Some Virtuosos, of judicial tribe,  
Who rules and maxims to mankind prescribe,  
Making their judgments of the times to come,  
The fall of kingdoms, or the fate of Rome,  
Foretell my temper, which e'er way I incline,  
Either when jovial, or when saturnine.  
My ways are too abstruse, my laws too intricate,  
My source beyond their skill to penetrate;  
I act by latent causes yet unknown,  
Govern'd by power quite foreign to my own.  
Some modern sophs licentiously compare  
My frequent changes to th' inconstant fair.

## II.

I am a constant attendant upon virtue, although the offspring of shame; fair ladies, never do wrong, for fear I should fly in your very faces, and betray you to all who look upon you.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

## I.

A castle wall there was, whose height I found  
Was just one hundred feet above the ground:  
Against the wall a ladder stood upright,  
Of the same length the castle was in height.  
A waggish youth the ladder foot did slide  
Along the ground, just ten feet from the side;  
Now I would know how far the top did fall,  
By pulling out the ladder from the wall?

## II.

At Matlock, near the Peak, in Derbyshire, where there are many surprising natural curiosities, there is a rock by the side of the river Derwent, rising perpendicularly to a wonderful height; which being inaccessible, I endeavoured to measure, and found, by a mathematical calculation, that the distance between the place of observation and the foot of the rock was  $55\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and from the same point to the top of the rock it was  $140\frac{1}{2}$  yards, nearly. Required the height of this stupendous rock?

## III.

THERE are two columns in the ruins of Persepolis, left standing upright: one is 64 feet above the plain, and the other fifty; and between these, in a right line, stands an ancient statue, the head whereof is 97 feet from the summit of the higher, and 86 feet from that of the lower column; the base whereof measures just 76 feet from the centre of the figure's base. From these data, the distance of the tops of the columns is required?

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE ACE OF CLUBS.—HOLDING ON WITH MIGHT AND MAIN.

## REBUSES.

## I.

A numeral, a pronoun, and a syllable that in sound resembles the neighing of a horse, will compound that, without which, even a palace would prove an uncomfortable habitation.

## II.

THE last in a firm, who must work 'till he tire,  
While names more important grow rich and retire;  
That ne'er attain'd good, which all mortals pursue,  
But miss'd by so many for want of a clue;  
The era we date from (I mean it in Latin);  
The dress of the clergy, silk, linen, or satin;  
A youngster who goes of your errands, or digs;  
A thing which old people tuck under their wigs,  
A dark red abyss, whence winds issue, and give  
A response to the question you wish to receive.  
A man who for pleasure gives animals pain,  
And takes that away he can ne'er give again.  
A thing which reflects without speaking a word;  
He to whom the vast plan of our system occur'd.  
A fish, or a queen (which will please you the most)  
Or if you prefer the extremes of a post.  
Unite these initials, and place in a row,  
And then as distinguish'd a hero 'twill show  
As Europe can boast, tho' her annals be long,  
And ages have pass'd since he flourish'd in song.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

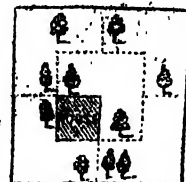
Page 781.

## ENIGMAS.—1. A PRINTER. 2. TIME.

## PRACTICAL PUZZLES.—

1. Blow with considerable force down one side of the glass upon the edge of the half-crown. The sixpence will be expelled by the force of the air, and will fall either upon the upper surface of the half-crown, or upon the table. A little practice will render the performance of this feat very easy.

## 2.



CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because he is learning. 2. Pike. 3. The one supports his arms, the other's arms support him. 4. Because the bells are ringing. 5. Because his game mostly runs on all fours. 6. A Dutch-y. 7. Because it overthrew a House of Lords. 8. O-boy. 9. By B heading the alphabet. 10. Because it is expressed. 11. Because he keeps his pupils in darkness. 12. Because he is always for-giving. 13. An icicle. 14. E-g-g-g. 15. Because he is going to-morrow. 16. Because he turns night into day.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1. 1,276. 2. The son's, £3,000; the daughter's, £2,000.

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

WHY is a pig's tail like a carving knife? Because it is flourished over a ham.

WHY would a spider be a good correspondent? Because he drops a line by every post.

CONTRADICTION.—The report that a Yankee had invented a machine for taking the noise out of thunder.

To be wise we must have experience, as well as the contents of a library in our minds.

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, said, "Oh! how I do wish that this was called *wish*, and well paid."

"I think our church will last a good many years yet," said a waggish deacon to his minister. "I see the *sleepers* are very sound."

WHEN does a man devote a musical instrument? When he has a piano forte (piano for tea.)

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave to each of his children? Parents.

AN Irish paper says, that among those mortally wounded at Waterloo, was Major O'Brien; afterwards Mayor of Dublin.

A QUANDARY.—A baker with both arms in the dough up to his elbows, and a flea in the leg of his trousers.

JOHN says he hates to see women buying furniture at auction rooms. The prettiest then look ugly—their countenances so are for-bidding.

"WHAT is the feminine of hero?" asked a pedagogue of a young hopeful. "*Shero!*" was the prompt answer, which took the dominie all aback.

"Doctor, do you think tight-lacing is bad for the consumption?" "Not at all—it is what it lives on." The doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

A hailf once, a sentimental man,  
To seize a cobbler went, and thus began:

"Depart—I must have all;"

"If that's the case, thou stupid fool,"

The cobbler said, and handing him a tool,

"Depart, thou hast my awl!"

ONE of the broadest hints to pop the question which it is possible for a young lady to give a gentleman, is to declare to him her intentions of never marrying.

WHY can a person cook eggs sooner in England than in America? Because in England all that he has to do is to steal them, and they immediately become poached eggs.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsey," said a despairing lover to a truant lass. "It can't do you much harm, John, for 'twas an amazing *small* piece you had, any way."

AN auctioneer exclaimed, "Why, really, ladies and gentleman, I'm giving these things away!" "Are you?" said an old lady present; "well, I'll thank you for that silver pitcher you have in your hand."

"Don't you think Rev. Mr. K. a preacher of great power?" asked a gentleman, in reference to a pompous, long-winded divine, who spoke in a high-keyed, drawing voice. "Yes, high-draw-ic power," was the reply of the person addressed.

THE ASPIRATED "H."—Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her "Kathleen Mavourneen" for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sang it thus—"The 'orn of the 'unter is 'eard on the 'ill;" but Moore had laid the same trap in the "Woodpecker"—"A 'art that is 'umble might 'ope for it 'ere."

AN American, now travelling in Europe, says, "Dutoli babies are the most phlegmatic, contented, independent-looking little creatures on the face of the globe. They never cry. In order to test this, I pinched several of them as I passed in the crowd. One of them slightly yawned; the others merely gazed placidly at me, but made no sign."—Model babies, those.

Tom, taken by Tim his new mansion to view,  
He observed, "Tis a big one, with windows too few."

"As for that," replied Tim, "I'm the builder's forgiver,

For taxes 't will save, and that's good for the *lierr*."

"True," says Tom, "as you live upon farthings and mites,

For the *lierr* 'tis good—but 'tis bad for the *lights*."

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS PUPILS.—"Joseph, where is Africa?" "On the map, sir." "I mean, Joseph, in what continent—the Eastern or the Western continent?" "Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em down South." "What are its products?" "Africa, sir, or down South?" "Africa, you blockhead!" "Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any." "How do the African people live?" "By drawing." "Drawing what—water?" "No, sir, by drawing their breath."

A Glasgow paper tells a rich anecdote of a sailor. "Jack," newly off a voyage, and elevated with a glass of grog, is a queer animal. One of this class was a passenger in a railway carriage between Greenock and Port Glasgow, in which was a phlegmatic Jack who was not scrupulous in his phraseology, and the clergyman in a solemn tone expressed his fear that the young man was on the road to the devil. "Well," "don't matter much," replied Jack, "I have got a return ticket!"

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Infinite are the consequences which follow from a single, and often apparently a very insignificant circumstance. Paley narrowly escaped being a baker. Cromwell was near being strangled in his cradle by a monkey. Henry VIII. is smitten with the beauty of a girl eighteen; and, ere long, "the Reformation beams from Bullen's tower." Charles Wesley refuses to go with his wealthy namesake to Ireland; and the inheritance, which would have been his, goes to build up the fortunes of a Wellesley instead of a Wesley; and to this decision of a school-boy (as Mr Southey observes) Methodism may owe its existence, and England its military, its civil, and political glory.

TIMED RAZORS.—Barbers often tell us that razors get tired of shaving but if laid by for twenty days, they will then shave well. By microscopic examination it is found that the tired razor, from long stropping by the same hand, and in the same directions, has the ultimate particles or fibres of its surface or edge all arranged in one direction; like the edge of a piece of cut velvet; but, after a month's rest, these fibres re-arrange themselves heterogeneously, crossing each other, and presenting a saw-like edge, each fibre supporting its fellow, and hence cutting the beard, instead of being forced down flat without cutting, as when laid by. These, and many other instances, are offered to prove that the ultimate particles of matter are always in motion. And they say that, in the process of welding, the absolute momentum of the hammer causes an entanglement of orbits of motion, and hence a re-arrangement, as in one piece; indeed, in the cold state, a leaf of gold laid on a polished surface of steel, and stricken smartly with a hammer, will have its particles forced into the steel so as to permanently gild it at the point of contact.

MAN A GREAT GALVANIC BATTERY.—The remarkable fact of the existence, in all parts of the body, of an alkaline liquid, the blood, and an acid liquid, the juice of flesh, separated by a very thin membrane, and in contact with muscle and nerve, seems to have some relation to the fact now established of the existence of electric currents in the body, and particularly to those which occur when the muscles contract. The animal body may be regarded as a galvanic engine for the production of mechanical force. This force is derived from the food, and, with food, is derived from the solar rays. A working man, it has been calculated, produces, in twenty-four hours, an amount of heating or thermal effect equal to raising nearly 14,000,000 lbs. to the height of one foot,—heat being one form of mechanical effect. But, from causes connected with the range of temperature, he can only produce, in the form of actual work done, about as much mechanical effect as would raise 3,500,000 lbs. to the height of one foot, and that in twenty-four hours. Even this is a prodigious amount of force; and whether we regard it as derived from heat, electricity, or chemical action, it is ultimately derived from the luminous solar rays, on which vegetation depends.—Gregory's Chemistry.

HOW TO SHOW LOVE FOR A WIFE.—Show love for your wife, and your admiration of her, not in nonsensical compliment; not in picking up her handkerchief or her glove, or in carrying her fan; not, though you have the means, in hanging trinkets or baubles upon her; not in making yourself a fool by winking at and seeming pleased with her foibles, or follies, or faults; but show them by acts of real goodness toward her; prove, by unequivocal deeds, the high value you set on her health, and life, and peace of mind; let your praise of her go to the full extent of her deserts, but let it be consistent with truth and with sense, and such as to convince her of your sincerity. He who is the flatterer of his wife, only prepares her ears for the hyperbolic stuff of others. The kindest appellation that her Christian name affords, is the best that you can use, especially before faces. An everlasting "my dear" is but a sorry compensation for the want of that sort of love that makes the husband cheerfully toil by day, break his rest by night, endure all sorts of hardships, if the life or health of his wife demand it. Let your deeds, and not your words, carry to her heart a daily and hourly confirmation of the fact, that you value her health, and life, and happiness, beyond all other things in this world; and let this be manifest to her, particularly at those times when life is more or less in danger.

RAPIDITY OF THOUGHT IN DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point of analogy, is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind! for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and awaking in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—Dr. Winstow's Psychological Journal.







### Editor's Note-Book.

**DOMESTIC HINTS.—No. 25.**  
**Economy of Fuel.**—There is no part of domestic economy which everybody professes to understand better than the management of a fire, and yet there is no branch in the

household arrangement where there is a greater proportional and unnecessary waste, than arises from ignorance and mismanagement in this article. It is an old adage that we must stir no man's fire until we have known him seven years; but we might find it equally prudent if we were careful as to the stirring of our own. Anybody, indeed, can take up a poker and toss the coals about; but that is not stirring a fire! In short, the use of a poker applies solely to two particular points—the opening of a dying fire, so as to admit the free passage of the air into it, and sometimes, but not always, through it—or else approximating the remains of a half-burned fire, so as to concentrate the heat, whilst the parts still ignited are opened to the atmosphere. The same observation may apply to the use of a pair of bellows, the mere blowing of which, at random, nine times out of ten will fail; the force of the current of air sometimes blowing out the fire, as it is called, that is, carrying off the caloric too rapidly, and at others, directing the warmed current from the unlighted fuel, instead of into it. To prove this, let any person sit down with a pair of bellows, to a fire only partially ignited, or partially extinguished; let him blow, at first, not into the burning part, but into the dead coals close to it, so that the air may partly extend to the burning coal. After a few blasts let the bellows blow into the burning fuel, but directing the stream partly towards the dead coal; when it will be found that the ignition will extend much more rapidly than under the common method of blowing furiously into the flame at random. If the consumer, instead of ordering a large supply of coals at once, will, at first, content himself with a sample, he may with very little trouble ascertain who will deal fairly with him; and, if he wisely pays ready money, he will be independent of his coal merchant; a situation, which few families, even in genteel life, can boast of. Indeed we cannot too often repeat the truth, that to deal for ready money only, in all the departments of domestic arrangement, is the truest economy. Ready money will always command the best and cheapest of every article of consumption, if expended with judgment; and the dealer, who means to act fairly, will always prefer it. Trust not him who seems more anxious to give credit, than to receive cash. The former hopes to secure custom by having a hold upon you in his books; and continues always to make up for his advance, either by advanced price, or an inferior article; whilst the latter knows that your custom can only be secured by fair dealing. There is, likewise, another consideration, as far as economy is concerned, which is not only to buy with ready money, but to buy at proper seasons; for there is with every article a cheap season and a dear one; and with none more than coals: inasmuch that the master of a family, who fills his coal cellar in the middle of the summer, rather than the beginning of the winter, will find it filled at half the expense it would otherwise cost him; and will be enabled to see December's snows falling without feeling his enjoyment of his fire-side lessened by the consideration that the cheerful blaze is supplied at twice the rate that it need have done, if he had exercised a little more foresight. We must now call to the recollection of our readers, that chimneys often smoke, and that coals are often wasted by throwing too much fuel at once upon a fire. To prove this observation, it is only necessary to remove the superfluous coal from the top of the grate, when the smoking instantly ceases; as to the waste, that evidently proceeds from the frequent imtemperate and injudicious use of the poker, which not only throws a great portion of the small coals among the cinders, but often extinguishes the fire it was intended to foster.

**A GOOD WIFE.**—P. C.—Your question is very difficult to answer; however, we will essay.—A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should not be like. First, she should be like a snail, always keep within her house; but she should not be like a snail, to carry all she has on her back. Secondly, she should be like an echo, speak when she is spoken to; but she should not be like an echo, always to have the last word. Thirdly, she should be like a town-clock, always keep time and regularity; but she should not be like a town-clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

**A HAPPY MAN.**—F. G.—There is little good to be found in the human heart; and he is a happy man, though we say not a better, who looks merely on the surface, and takes all for gold that glitters, and all for gems that shine. The one may be tinsel, and the other coloured glass;—what matter, if he who wears and he who looks sees not their worthlessness?

**REASON AND PASSION.**—M. L.—The civil war between reason and passion has occasioned two opposite projects for the restoring of peace to mankind, the one, of those who were for renouncing their passions and becoming gods; the other, of those who were for renouncing their reason and becoming beasts. But neither one nor the other could take effect. Reason ever continues to accuse the bareness and injustice of the passions, and to disturb the repose of those who abandon themselves to their dominion; and, on the contrary, the passions remain lively and vigorous in the hearts of those who talk the most of their extirpation.

**THE HUMAN RACE.**—G. A.—It was Wallace who, in 1760, produced a work on the numbers of mankind, developing the principle of increase of numbers being in higher ratio than increase of food, which was only adopted and copied by Malthus. The other was the originator of the idea. When you ask, however, whether the human race and the present system of animal economy will endure as long as the globe and its solar reactions, we have no data to answer your question, but by reference to the past. Casting our eye backward, then, we see races, kinds, and forms, once covering the surface, now no more. We find ages of shelly beings, of reptiles, of pachyderms, and of gigantic creatures. We now find races re-acting on an atmosphere as 79 to 21, and sustained by water 11 to 79. Will these proportions last? Does not oxygen increase and hasten life, and does not water desiccate? We see the human race flowing from the east to the west and south, giving origin of potent results when the tour is completed. We see species after species disappearing from the face of the earth, and even within the limited circle of our own vision we have been the unwilling witness of one fell swoop destroying a whole family, and thereby



TERMINATING A BLIND EXISTENCE.

**PATRIOTS.**—T. Y.—It is difficult to say. In former times patriots tried themselves on two things: their own poverty, and the riches of the state. But poor as these men were, there were kings not rich enough to purchase them, nor powerful enough to intimidate them. In modern times, it would be easier to find a patriot rich enough to buy a king, than a king not rich enough to buy a patriot. Valerius Maximus informs us, that Ælius Pictus tore to pieces, with his own teeth, a woodpecker, because the augur, being consulted, had replied, that if the bird lived, the house of Ælius would flourish, but that if he died, the prosperity of the state would prevail. Modern patriots have discovered that a roasted woodcock is a better thing than a raw woodpecker.

**A PARACHUTE.**—P. U.—If you are ambitious of making an ascent, and, perhaps, a descent, we would advise you to think well before you make the experiment, as chance may not leave it in your power ever to make another. However, a parachute on a small scale may be made without much trouble. Take a square piece of cap or tissue paper, and to each of the corners attach a piece of thread twice as long as the paper is broad. Tie the ends of the strings evenly in a knot together, and affix to the knot a cork of moderate size. Let the whole be dropped from an upper window, and you will see the paper expand, and that its resistance will allow the cork to come only slowly to the earth. As a contrast, it will be worth while to drop a piece of cork, without the paper, out of the window at the same time, to observe how much more rapidly it will come to the

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—M. R. (by all means go home). T. F. (the Provencal poets were Chaucer's originals). P. C. (it is said that aperient medicines, such as salts, improve the vigour and fancy of the mind). M. C. (the largest impressions of any single book are those of Moore's Almanack). E. U. (Painters, poets, and dramatists, have done as much as priests to give currency to gross superstitions). L. S. (Madrid is the capital of Castile and all the Spains). E. G. (the poor under the Mosaic law were entitled to the tithe of every third year; to one-sixtieth of the crops of every year, and to the full half of every seventh year). J. S. (we insert your song—

TO MARY.

O! charming is the hour at e'en, when Mary meets w'  
me,  
Down by the deep and lanesome glen, beside the rowan  
tree,  
There joy leaps in the faceming stream, as down the rocks  
it rolls,  
Like healthy Industry that gilds its daily wark w' smiles  
The polish Art confers on life, my Mary doesna ken,  
But Nature's schule has g'ien her ways, that Art's could  
nevr win,  
And when we meet, twa velvet leaves, blawn frae the red,  
red rose,  
You'd think had lighted on her cheeks, their blushes to  
disclose.  
Like bramble berries black and ripe, and shining in the  
sun,  
Are Mary's een which, lang ago, my ardent love hwe  
wou;  
They speak a heart w' kindness fraught, a soul frae evil  
free,  
And rapture comes w' every glance, my Mary g'ies to  
me.  
'Mang a' the pleasures life can give, there's none like  
those o' love,  
It makes the Paradise below, as well's the Heaven aboe,  
Though gold in heaps should fa' to me, and Fame my  
name should blaw,  
One loving glance o' Mary's een, I wadna gie for a').  
The mountain ash.

T. F. O. (metal pins were not known in England till the 16th century). G. P. (the wood of the Norway fir is called white deal). P. C. (the more succulent a plant is, the more potash it affords). E. E. (No; post-offices were first established in France about 1462, and not in England till 1581). C. U. (a profile generally indicates the intellectual character). U. A. (for what purpose of usefulness the pyramids of Egypt were erected is not exactly known, some think the object was to make astronomical observations). P. F. (rubies are in general about the size of a large plum). M. M. (not at all, we are immeasurably before them in the Arts; the Romans, for example, were altogether ignorant of the true origin of silk). D. E. (Yes; a phosphorescent light is emitted from sugar, if rubbed hard). E. A. (in cutting at whist, the ace is considered the lowest card). H. Y. (the Judge of Arches court is called Dean of Arches). T. M. (Chantry, the sculptor, was born at Norton, near Sheffield, in 1781). M. N. (No; Michael Scott was as much a magician as Prospero; he had the fame of one among the vulgar, and among the learned figured as a philosopher. He was a celebrated linguist, and made an excellent translation of some of the writings of Aristotle. He lived to a great age, and died about 1290). T. M. (No; *embonpoint* does not mean absolute fatness; its signification extends only to a moderate and agreeableness of figure). F. A. (a dragoman is the interpreter attached to European embassies or consulates in the Levant). P. C. (the best coffee comes from Mocha, in Arabia Felix). C. C. (Yes, hemlock is a poison when taken in large quantities, and so is gin, although they may be both sometimes usefully employed in medicine). M. O. (a colour is said to "bear a body," when it is of a nature to be ground so finely, and to mix with the oil so entirely, as to seem only a very thick oil of the same colour; of this nature are white-lead, and ceruse, lamp black, ivory black, and some others). T. E. F. (the drones of a beehive are supposed to be males, that eat but do not work or contribute to the common stock). E. G. R. (the diamond is the hardest and most valuable of all the precious stones).



Printed by WILLIAM TILES, Bolt-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BENNETT,  
96, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 51.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



"At length, she cast herself on her knees before the father of her betrayer, and supplicated he would not punish her with severity, as she most penitently confessed her fault, so far as it related to herself."

## NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 790.)

Thus Henry said and thought, while he enclosed the child carefully in his coat, and took it in his arms. But, proceeding to walk his way with it, an unlucky query struck him, *where he should go.*

"I must not take it to the dean's," he cried, "because Lady Clementina will suspect it is not nobly, and my uncle will suspect it is not lawfully born. Nor must I take it to Lord Bendham's for the self-same reason; though, could it call Lady Bendham mother, this whole village, nay, the whole country round, would ring with rejoicings for its birth. How strange!" continued he, "that we should make so little of human creatures, that one sent among us, wholly independent of his own high value, becomes a curse, instead of a blessing, by the mere accident of circumstances."

He now, after walking out of the wood, peeped through the folds of his coat, to look again at his charge. He started, turned pale, and trembled to behold what, in the surprise of first seeing the child, had escaped his observation. Around the little throat was a cord, entwined by a slipping noose, and drawn halfway, as if the trembling hand of the murderer had revolted from its dreadful office, and he or she had left the infant to pine away in nakedness and hunger rather than see it die.

Again Henry wished himself joy of the treasure he had found; and more

fervently than before; for he had not only preserved one fellow-creature from death, but another from murder.

Once more he looked at his charge, and was transported to observe upon its serene brow and sleepy eye no traces of the dangers it had passed; no trait of shame either for itself or its parents; no discomposure at the unwelcome reception it was likely to encounter from a proud world. He now slipped the fatal string from its neck; and, by this affectionate disturbance causing the child to cry, he ran (but he scarcely knew whither) to convey it to a better nurse.

He at length found himself at the door of his dear Rebecca; for so very happy Henry felt at the good luck which had befallen him, that he longed to bestow a part of the blessing upon her he loved.

He sent for her privately out of the house, to speak to him. When she came, "Rebecca," said he (looking around that no one observed him),—"Rebecca, I have brought you something you will like."

"What is it?" she asked.

"You know, Rebecca, that you love deserted birds, strayed kittens, and motherless lambs; I have brought something more pitiable than any of these. Go, get a cap and a little gown, and then I will give it you."

"A gown!" exclaimed Rebecca. "If you have brought me a monkey, much as I should esteem any present from you, indeed, I cannot touch it." "A monkey!" repeated Henry, almost in anger: then, changing the tone of his voice, exclaimed in triumph, "It is a child!"

On this he gave it a gentle pinch, that its cry might confirm the pleasing truth he spoke.

"A child!" repeated Rebecca, in amaze.

"Yes, and indeed I found it."

"Found it?"

"Indeed I did. The mother, I fear, had just forsaken it."

"Inhuman creature!"

"Nay, hold, Rebecca! I am sure you will pity her when you see her child; you then will know she must have loved it; and you will consider how much she certainly had suffered, before she left it to perish in a wood."

"Cruel!" once more exclaimed Rebecca.

"Oh, Rebecca, perhaps, had she possessed a home of her own, she would have given it the best place in it; had she possessed money, she would have dressed it with the nicest care; or, had she been accustomed to disgrace, she would have gloried in calling it hers! But now, as it is, it is sent to us—you and me, Rebecca, to take care of it."

Rebecca, soothed by Henry's compassionate eloquence, held out her arms, and received the important parcel; and, as she kindly looked in upon the little stranger, "Now, are not you much obliged to me," said Henry, "for having brought it to you? I know no one but yourself to whom I would have trusted it with pleasure."

"Much obliged to you," repeated Rebecca, with a very serious face; "if I did but know what to do with it—where to put it—where to hide it from my father and sisters."

"Oh, anywhere," returned Henry. "It is very good—it will not cry. Besides, in one of the distant, unfrequented rooms of our old abbey, through the thick walls and long gallery, an infant's cry cannot pass. Yet pray be cautious how you conceal it; for if it should be discovered by your father or sisters, they will take it from you, prosecute the wretched mother, and send the child to the parish."

"I will do all I can to prevent them," said Rebecca; "and I think I call to mind a part of the house where it *must* be safe. I know, too, I can take milk from the dairy, and bread from the pantry, without their being misapprehended, or my father much the poorer. But if—"

At that instant they were interrupted by the appearance of the stern curate at a little distance. Henry was obliged to run swiftly away, while Rebecca returned by stealth into the house with her innocent burden.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is a word in the vocabulary more bitter, more direful in its import, than all the rest. Reader, if poverty, if disgrace, if bodily pain, even if alighted love be your unhappy fate, kneel and bless heaven for its beneficent influence, so that you are not tortured with the anguish of *remorse*.

Deep contrition for past offences had long been the punishment of unhappy Agnes; but till the day she brought her child into the world, *remorse* had been averted. From that day life became an insupportable load, for all reflection was torture. To think, merely to think, was to suffer excruciating agony; yet, never before was thought so intrusive; it haunted her in every spot, in all discourse or company: sleep was no shelter—she never slept but her racking dreams told her—she had slain her infant.

They presented to her view the naked innocent whom she had longed to press to her bosom, while she lifted up her hand against its life. They laid before her the piteous babe whom her eye-balls strained to behold *once more*, while her feet hurried her away for ever.

Often had Agnes, by the winter's fire, listened to tales of ghosts—of the increasing sting of a guilty conscience; often had she shuddered at the recital of murders; often had she wept over the story of the innocent put to death, and stood aghast that the human mind could premeditate the heinous crime of assassination!

From the tenderest passion the most savage impulse may arise: in the deep recesses of fondness, sometimes, is implanted the root of cruelty; and from loving William with unbounded, lawless affection, she found herself depraved so as to become the very object which could most of all excite her own horror.

Still, at delirious intervals, that passion which, like a fatal talisman, had enchanted her whole soul, held out the delusive prospect that "William might yet relent;" for though she had for ever discarded the hope of peace, she could not force herself to think, but that, again blest with his society, she should, at least for the time that he was present with her, taste the sweet cup of "forgetfulness of the past," for which she so ardently thirsted.

"Should he return to me," she thought in those paroxysms of delusion, "I would to him unbosom all my guilt; and as a remoter, a kind of unwary accomplice in my crime, his sense, his arguments, ever ready in making light of my sins, might afford a respite to my troubled conscience."

While thus she unwittingly thought, and sometimes watched through the night, starting with convulsed rapture at every sound, because it might possibly be the harbinger of him, he was busied in carefully looking over marriage articles, fixing the price of residence with his destined bride, or making love to her in formal process. Yet, Agnes, vaunted—she sometimes thought on thee; he could not witness the folly, the weakness, the vanity, the selfishness, of his future wife, without frequently comparing her with thee. When equivocal words, and prevaricating sentences fell from her lips, he remembered with a sigh thy candour—that open sincerity which dwelt upon thy tongue, and seemed to vie with thy undisguised features to charm the listener even beyond the spectator. While Miss Sedgeley eagerly grasped at all the gifts he offered, he could not but call to mind that Agnes's declining hand was always closed, and her looks forbidding every time he proffered such disrespectful tokens of his love. He recollected the softness which beamed from her eyes, the blush on her face at his approach, while he could never discern one glance of tenderness from the eyes of Lord Rend-

ham; and the artificial bloom on her cheeks was nearly as disgusting as the ill-conducted artifice with which she attempted gentleness and love.

But all these impediments were only observed as trials of his fortitude; his prudence could overcome his aversion, and thus he valued himself upon his manly firmness.

'Twas now, that William being rid, by the peevishness of Agnes, most honourably of all future ties to her, and the day of his marriage with Miss Sedgeley being fixed, that Henry, with the rest of the house, learnt what to them was news. The first dart of Henry's eye upon his cousin, when in his presence, he was told of the intended union, caused a reddening on the face of the latter: he always fancied Henry saw his thoughts; and he knew that Henry in return would give him *his*. On the present occasion, no sooner were they alone, and Henry began to utter them, than William charged him, not to dare to proceed; for that, too long accustomed to trifle, the time was come when serious matters could alone employ his time; and when men of approved sense must take place of friends and confidants like him.

Henry replied, "The love, the sincerity of friends, I thought, were their best qualities; these I possess."

"But you do not possess knowledge."

"If that be knowledge which has of late estranged you from all who bear you a sincere affection, which imprints every day more and more upon your features the marks of gloomy inquietude, am I not happier in my ignorance?"

"Do not torment me with your ineffectual reasoning."

"I called at the cottage of poor Agnes the other day," returned Henry: "her father and mother were taking their homely meal alone; and when I asked for their daughter, they wept, and said, Agnes was not the girl she had been."

William cast his eyes on the floor.

Henry proceeded:—"They said a sickness, which they feared would bring her to the grave, had preyed upon her for some time past. They had procured a doctor, but no remedy was found, and they feared the worst."

"What worse?" cried William (now recovered from the effects of the sudden intelligence, and attempting a smile), "do they think she will die? And do you think it will be for love? We do not hear of these deaths often, Henry."

"And if she die, who will hear of that? No one but those interested to conceal the cause; and thus it is that dying for love becomes a phenomenon."

Henry would have pursued the discourse farther; but William, impatient on all disputes except where his argument was the better one, retired from the controversy, crying out, "I know my duty, and want no instructor."

It would be unjust to William to say he did not feel for this reported illness of Agnes: he felt during that whole evening, and part of the next morning; but business, pleasures, new occupations, and new schemes of future success, crowded to dissipate all unwelcome reflections; and he trusted to her youth, her health, her animal spirits, and, above all, to the folly of the gossips' story of *dying for love*, as a surety for her life, and a safeguard for his conscience.

The child of William and Agnes was secreted, by Rebecca, in a distant chamber belonging to the dreary paragonage, near to which scarcely any part of the family ever went. There she administered to all its wants, visited it every hour of the day, and at intervals during the night, viewed almost with the joy of a mother its health, its promised life, and in a short time found she layed her little gift better than anything on earth, except the giver.

Henry called the next morning; and the next, and many succeeding times, in hopes of an opportunity to speak alone with Rebecca, to inquire concerning her charge, and consult when and how he could privately relieve her from her trust, as he now meant to procure a nurse for wages. In vain he called or lurked around the house; for near five weeks all the conversation he could obtain with her was the company of her sisters, who, beginning to observe his preference, his marked attention to her, and the languid, half-smothered transport with which she received it, indulged their envy and resentment at the contempt shown to their charms, by watching her steps when he was away, and her every look and whisper while he was present.

For five weeks, then, he was continually thwarted in his expectation of meeting her alone; and at the end of that period, the whole design he had to accomplish by such a meeting was rendered abortive.

Though Rebecca had, with strictest caution, locked the door of the room in which the child was hid, and covered each crevice, and every aperture through which sound might more easily proceed; though she had surrounded the infant's head with pillows, to obstruct all noise from his crying, yet one unlucky night, the strength of his voice increasing with his age, he was heard by the maid who slept the nearest to that part of the house.

Not meaning to injure her young mistress, the servant next morning simply related to the family what sounds had struck her ear during the night, and whence they proceeded. At first she was ridiculed, for supposing herself awake, when in reality she must be dreaming. But steadfastly persisting in what she had said, and Rebecca's blushes, confusion, and eagerness to prove the maid mistaken, giving suspicion to her charitable sisters, they watched her the very next time she went by stealth to supply the office of a mother; and breaking abruptly on her while feeding and caressing the infant, they instantly concluded it was her own, seized it, and, in spite of her entreaties, carried it down to their father.

That account which Henry had given Rebecca, of his having found the child, and which her own sincerity, joined to the faith she had in his word, made her receive as truth, she now felt would be heard by the present auditors with contempt, even with indignation, as a falsehood. Her slight is easier conceived than described.



Accused, and forced by her sisters, along with the child, before the curate, —his attention to their representation,—his crimsoned face, knit brow, and thundering voice,—struck with terror her very soul. Innocence is not always a protection against fear—sometimes less bold than guilt.

In her father and sisters she saw, she knew, the suspicious, partial, cruel, boisterous natures by whom she was to be judged: and timid, gentle, oppressed, she fell trembling on her knees, and could only articulate, "Forgive me!"

The curate would not listen to this supplication till she had replied to his question, "Whose child is this?"

She replied, "I do not know."

Questioned louder, and with more violence still, how the child came there, wherefore her affection for it, and whose it was? she felt the improbability of the truth still more forcibly than before, and dreaded some immediate peril from her father's rage, should she dare to relate an apparent lie. She paused to think upon a more probable tale than the real one, and as she hesitated, shook in every limb, while her father exclaimed:

"I understand the cause of this terror: it confirms your sisters' fears, and your own shame. From your infancy I have predicted that some fatal catastrophe would befall you. I never loved you like my other children—I never had the cause: you were always unlike the rest, and I knew your fate would be calamitous; but the very worst of my forebodings did not come to this—so young, so guilty, and so artful! Tell me this instant, are you married?"

Rebecca answered, "No."

The sisters lifted up their hands.

The father continued:—"Vile creature! I thought as much. Still I will know the father of this child."

She cast up her eyes to Heaven, and firmly vowed she did not know herself; nor who the mother was.

"This is not to be borne!" exclaimed the curate, in fury. "Persist in this, and you shall never see my face again. Both your child and you I'll turn out of my house instantly, unless you confess your crime and own the father."

Curious to know this secret, the sisters went up to Rebecca with seeming kindness, and conjured her to spare her father still greater grief, and her own and her child's public infamy, by acknowledging herself its mother, and naming the man who had undone her. Emboldened by this insult from her own sex, Rebecca now began to declare the simple truth. But no sooner had she said, that the child was presented to her care by a young man who had found it, than her sisters burst into laughter, and her father into redoubled rage.

Once more the women offered their advice, to confess and be forgiven. Once more the father raved. Beguiled by solicitations, and terrified by threats, like women formerly accused of witchcraft, and other wretches put to the torture, she thought her present sufferings worse than any that could possibly succeed; and felt inclined to confess a falsehood, at which her virtue shrunk, to obtain a momentary respite from reproach: she felt inclined to take the mother's share of the infant, but was at a loss to whom to give the father's. She thought that Henry had entailed on himself the best right to the charge; but she loved him, and could not bear the thought of accusing him falsely.

While, with agitation in the extreme, she thus deliberated, the proposition again was put, whether she would trust to the mercy of her father by confessing, or draw down his immediate vengeance by denying her guilt? She made choice of the former, and, with tears and sobs, owned herself the mother of the boy. But still,—

"Who is the father?"

Again she shrunk from the question, and fervently implored to be spared on that point. Her petition was rejected with vehemence; and the curate's rage increased till she acknowledged Henry was the father.

"I thought so," exclaimed all her sisters at the same time.

"Villain!" cried the curate; "the dean shall know, before this hour is expired, the baseness of the nephew whom he supports upon charity: he shall know the misery, the grief, the shame he has brought on me, and how unworthy he is of his protection."

"Oh, have mercy on him!" cried Rebecca, as she still knelt to her father: "do not ruin him with his uncle, for he is the best of human beings."

"Ay, ay, we always saw how much she loved him," cried her sisters.

"Wicked, unfortunate girl!" said the clergyman (his rage now subsiding, and tears supplying its place), "you have brought a scandal upon us all: your sisters' reputation will be stamped with the colour of yours; my good name will suffer; but that is trivial, your soul is lost to virtue, to religion, to shame!"

"No, indeed!" cried Rebecca: "if you will but believe me."

"Do not I believe you? Have not you confessed?"

"You will not pretend to unsay what you have said," cried her eldest sister; "that would be making things worse."

"Go, go out of my sight!" said her father. "Take your child with you to your chamber, and never let me see either of you again. I do not turn you out of my doors to-day, because I gave you my word I would not, if you revealed your shame; but by to-morrow I will provide some place for your reception, where neither I nor any of your relations shall ever see or hear of you again."

Rebecca made an effort to cling around her father, and once more to declare her innocence; but her sisters interposed, and she was taken, with her reputed son, to the chamber where the curate had sentenced her to remain, till she quitted his house for ever.

The curate, in the disorder of his mind, scarcely felt the ground he trod,

as he hastened to the dean's house to complain of his wrongs. His name procured him immediate admittance into the library—and the moment the dean appeared, the curate burst into tears. The cause being required of such "very singular marks of grief," Mr. Rymer described himself as having been, a few moments ago, the happiest of parents; but that his peace and that of his whole family had been destroyed by Mr. Henry Norwynne, the dean's nephew. He now entered into a minute recital of Henry's frequent visits there, and of all which had occurred in his house that morning—from the suspicion that a child was concealed under his roof, to the confession made by his youngest daughter, of her fall from virtue, and of her betrayer's name.

The dean was astonished, shocked, and roused to anger: he vented reproaches and menaces on his nephew; and, blessing himself in a virtuous son, whose wisdom and counsel were his only solace in every care, sent for William, to communicate with him on this unhappy subject.

William came, all obedience, and heard with marks of amazement and indignation the account of such black villany! In perfect sympathy with Mr. Rymer and his father, he allowed "no punishment could be too great for the seducer of innocence, the selfish invader of a whole family's repose." Nor did William here speak what he did not think—he merely forgot his own conduct; or if he did recall it to his mind, it was with some fair interpretation in his own behalf—such as self-love ever supplies to those who wish to cheat intruding conscience.

Young Henry being sent for, to appear before this triumvirate, he came with a light step and a cheerful face. But, on the charge against him being exhibited, his countenance changed—yet only to the expression of surprise. He boldly asserted his innocence, plainly told the real fact, and with a deportment so perfectly unembarrassed, that nothing but the asseverations of the curate, that his daughter had confessed the whole, could have rendered the story Henry told suspected; although some of the incidents he related were of no common kind. But Mr. Rymer's charge was an objection to his veracity, too potent to be overcome; and the dean exclaimed, in anger:

"We want not your avowal of your guilt—the mother's evidence is testimony sufficient."

"The virtuous Rebecca is not a mother," said Henry, with firmness.

William here, like Rebecca's sisters, took Henry aside, and warned him not to add to his offence, by denying what was proved against him. But Henry's spirit was too manly, his affection too sincere, not to vindicate the chastity of her he loved, even at his own peril. He again and again protested she was virtuous.

"Let her instantly be sent for," said the dean, "and this madman confronted with her." Then adding, that as he wished everything might be conducted with secrecy, he would not employ his clerk on the unhappy occasion: he desired William to draw up the form of an oath, which he would administer as soon as she arrived.

A man and horse were immediately despatched to bring Rebecca: William drew up an affidavit, as his father had directed him—in Rebecca's name solemnly protesting she was a mother, and Henry the father of her child—and now the dean, suppressing till she came the warmth of his displeasure, spoke thus calmly to Henry:

"Even supposing that your improbable tale of having found this child, and all your declarations in respect to it, were true, still you would be greatly criminal. What plea can you make for not having immediately revealed the circumstance to me or some other proper person, that the real mother might have been detected, and punished for her design of murder?"

"In that, perhaps, I was to blame," returned Henry; "but whoever the mother was, I pitied her."

"Compassion on such an occasion was ill-placed," said the dean.

"Was I wrong, sir, to pity the child?"

"No."

"Then how could I feel for *that*, and yet divest myself of all feeling for its mother?"

"Its mother!" exclaimed William, in anger; "she ought to have been immediately pursued, apprehended, and committed to prison."

"It struck me, cousin William," replied Henry, "that the father was more deserving of a prison: the poor woman had abandoned only *one*—the man, in all likelihood, had forsaken *two* pitiable creatures."

William was pouring execrations on "the villain, if such there could be," when Rebecca was announced. Her eyes were half closed with weeping: deep confusion overspread her face; and her tottering limbs could hardly support her to the awful chamber where the dean, her father, and William, sat in judgment, whilst her beloved Henry stood arraigned as a culprit, by her false evidence. Upon her entrance, her father first addressed her, and said, in a stern, threatening, yet feeling tone:

"Unhappy girl! answer me before all present—Have you, or have you not, owned yourself a mother?"

She replied, stealing a fearful look at Henry, "I have."

"And have you not," asked the dean, "owned that Henry Norwynne is the father of your child?"

She seemed as if she wished to expostulate. The curate raised his voice:

"Have you, or have you not?"

"I have," she faintly replied.

"Then here," cried the dean to William, "read that paper to her, and take the Bible."

William read the paper, which in her name declared a monstrous falsehood: he then held the book in form, while she looked like one distracted—wringing her hands, and was near sinking to the earth. At the moment when the book was lifted up to her lips to kiss, Henry rushed to her.

"Stop!" he cried: "Rebecca, do not wound your future peace."

plainly see under what prejudices you have been accused—under what fears you have laboured. Put do not be terrified into the commission of a crime which hereafter will distract your delicate conscience. My requesting you of your father for my wife will satisfy his scruples, prevent your oath—and here I make the demand."

"He at length confessed! Surprising audacity! Complicated villany!" exclaimed the dean; then added, "Henry Norwyme, your first guilt is so enormous—your second, in steadfastly denying it, so base—this last conduct so audacious—that, from the present hour, you must never dare to call me relation, or to consider my house as your home."

William, in unison with his father, exclaimed, "Indeed, Henry, your actions merit this punishment."

Henry answered with firmness, "Influct what punishment you please."

"With the dean's permission, then," said the curate, "you must marry my daughter."

Henry started. "Do you pronounce that as a punishment? It would be the greatest blessing Providence could bestow. But how are we to live? My uncle is too much offended ever to be my friend again; and in this country, persons of a certain class are so educated, they cannot exist without the assistance, or what is called the patronage, of others: when that is withheld, they steal or starve. Heaven protect Rebecca from such misfortune!—Sir (to the curate), do you but consent to support her only a year or two longer, and in that time I will learn some occupation that shall raise me to the eminence of maintaining both her and myself without one obligation, or one inconvenience, to a single being."

Rebecca exclaimed, "Oh, you have saved me from such a weight of sin, that my future life would be too happy passed as your slave."

"No, my dear Rebecca, return to your father's house, return to slavery but for a few years more, and the rest of your life I will make free."

"And can you forgive me?"

"I can love you; and in that is comprised everything that is kind."

The curate, who, hating a few passions and a few prejudices, was a man of some worth and feeling, and felt, in the midst of her distress, though the result of supposed crimes, that he loved this neglected daughter better than he had before conceived; and he now agreed to take her home for a time, provided she were relieved from the child, and the matter so hushed up, that it might draw no imputation upon the character of his other daughter.

The dean did not degrade his consequence by consultations of this nature; but, having penetrated (as he imagined) into the very bottom of this intricate story, and issued his mandate against Henry, as a mark that he took no farther concern in the matter, he proudly walked out of the room, without uttering another word. William as proudly and as silently followed. The curate was inclined to adapt the manners of such great examples: but self-interest, some affection to Rebecca, and concern for the character of his family, made him wish to talk a little more with Henry; who now repeated what he had said respecting his marriage with Rebecca, and promised to come the very next day, in secret, and deliver her from the care of the infant, and the suspicion that would attend her nursing it.

"But, above all," said the curate, "procure your uncle's pardon, for without that—without his protection, or the protection of some other rich man—to marry, to obey God's ordinance, *increase and multiply*, is to want food for yourself and your offspring."

Though this unfortunate occurrence in the curate's family was, according to his own phrase, "to be hushed up," yet certain persons of his, of the dean's, and of Lord Benthams house, immediately heard and talked of it. Among these, Lady Benthams was most of all shocked and offended. She said she never could bear to hear Mr. Rymer either pray or preach again; he had not conducted himself with proper dignity either as a clergyman or a father: he should have imitated the dean's example in respect to Henry, and have turned his daughter out of doors. Lord Benthams was less severe on the seduced, but had no mercy on the seducer—"a vicious youth, without one accomplishment to endear vice." For vice, Lord Benthams thought (with certain philosophers), might be most exquisitely pleasing in a pleasing garb. "But this youth smelt without elegance, without one particle of wit, or an atom of good breeding."

Lady Clementina would not permit the subject to be mentioned a second time in her hearing. Extreme delicacy in woman, she knew, was bewitching; and the delicacy she displayed on this occasion went so far, that she could not even intercede with the dean to forgive his nephew, because the topic was too gross for her lips to name, even in the ear of her husband.

Miss Sedgley, though on the very eve of her bridal-day with William, felt so tender a regard for Henry, that often she thought Rebecca happier in disgrace and poverty, blest with the love of him, than she was likely to be in the possession of friends and fortune with his cousin.

Had Henry been of a nature to suspect others of evil, or had he felt a confidence in his own worth, such a passion as this young woman's would soon have disclosed its existence; but he, regardless of any attractions of Miss Sedgley, equally supposed he had none in her eyes; and thus, fortunately for the peace of all parties, this prepossession ever remained a secret, except to herself.

So little did William conceive that his clownish cousin could rival him in the affections of a woman of fashion, that he even slightly solicited his father that Henry might not be banished from the house, at least till after the following day, when the great festival of his marriage was to be celebrated. But the dean refused, and reminded him, as he was taught, both by his moral and religious character in the eyes of God, and still more in the eyes of men, to show lasting repentance of iniquity like his.

William acquiesced, and immediately delivered to his cousin the dean's wishes for his amendment and a letter of recommendation procured from Lord

Benthams, to introduce him on board a man-of-war; where, he was told, he might hope to meet with preferment, according to his merit, as a sailor and a gentleman. Henry pressed William's hand on parting, wished him happy in his marriage, and supplicated, as the only favour he would implore, an interview with his uncle, to thank him for all his former kindness, and to see him for the last time.

William repeated this petition to his father, but with so little energy, that the dean did not grant it. He felt himself, he said, compelled to resent that reprobate character in which Henry had appeared; and he feared lest the remembrance of his last parting from his brother might, on taking a formal leave of that brother's son, reduce him to some tokens of weakness that would ill become his dignity and just displeasure. He sent him his blessing, with money to convey him to the ship; and Henry quitted his uncle's house in a flood of tears, to seek first a new protectress for his little foundling, and then to seek his fortune.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE wedding day of Mr. William Norwyme with Miss Caroline Sedgley arrived; and on that day the bells of every parish surrounding that in which they lived joined with their own in celebration of the blissful union. Flowers were strewed before the new-married pair and favours and ale made many a heart more glad than that of either bridegroom or bride. Upon this day of ringing and rejoicing, the bells were not muffled, nor was conversation on the subject withheld from the ear of Agnes. She heard like her neighbours; and, sitting on the side of her bed in her little chamber, suffered, under the cottage roof, as much affliction as ever visited a palace.

Tyrants, who have imbrued their hands in the blood of myriads of their fellow-creatures, can call their murders "religion, justice, attention to the good of mankind." Poor Agnes knew no sophistry to calm her sense of guilt: she felt herself a harlot and a murderer; a slighted, a deserted wretch, bereft of all she loved in this world, all she could hope for in the next. She complained bitterly of illness, not could the entreaties of her father and mother prevail on her to share in the sports of this general holiday. As none of her humble visitors suspected the cause of her more than ordinary indisposition, they endeavoured to divert it with an account of everything they had seen at church—what the bride wore—how joyful the bridegroom looked—and all the seeming signs of that complete happiness which they conceived was for certain tasted.

Agnes, who, before this event, had at moments suppressed the agonising sting of self-condemnation, in the faint prospect of her lover one day restored, on this memorable occasion lost every glimpse of hope, and was weighed to the earth with an accumulation of despair.

Where is the degree in which the sinner stops? Unhappy Agnes! the first time you permitted indecorous familiarity from a man who made you no promise, who gave you no hope of becoming his wife, who professed nothing beyond those fervent, though slender, affections which attach the rake to the wanton; the first time you interpreted his kind looks and ardent prayers into tenderness and constancy; the first time you descended from the character of purity, you rushed imperceptibly on the blackest crimes. The more sincerely you loved, the more you plunged in danger: from one ungoverned passion proceeded a second, and a third. In the fervency of affection you yielded up your virtue! In the excess of fear, you stained your conscience with the intended murder of your child! and now, in the violence of grief, you meditate—what?—to put an end to your existence by your own hand!

After casting her thoughts around, anxious to find some little bud of comfort on which to fix her longings, eye, she beheld, in the total loss of William, nothing but a wide waste, an extensive plain of anguish. "How am I to be sustained through this dreary journey of life?" she exclaimed. Upon this question she felt, more poignantly than ever, her loss of innocence: innocence would have been her support; but, in place of this best prop to the afflicted, guilt flashed on her memory every time she flew for aid to reflection.

At length, from horrible rumination, a momentary alleviation came;—"But one more step in wickedness," she triumphantly said, "and all my shame, all my sufferings are over." She congratulated herself upon the lucky thought; when, but an instant after, the tears trickled down her face for the sorrow her death, her sinful death, would bring to her poor and beloved parents. She then thought upon the probability of a sigh it might draw from William; and the pride, the pleasure of that little tribute, counterpoised every struggle on the side of life.

As she saw the sun decline, "When you rise again," she thought, "when you peep bright to-morrow morning into this little room to call me up, I shall not be here to open my eyes upon a hateful day—I shall no more regret that you have waked me! I shall be sound asleep, never to wake again in this wretched world—not even the voice of William would then awake me."

While she found herself resolved, and evening just come on, she hurried out of the house, and hastened to the fatal wood; the scene of her dishonour.—the scene of intended murder—and now the meditated scene of suicide.

As she walked along between the close-set trees, she saw, at a little distance, the spot where William first made love to her; and where, at every appointment, he used to wait her coming. She darted her eye away from this place with horror; but, after a few moments of emotion, she walked slowly up to it—shed tears, and pressed with her trembling lips that tree, against which he was accustomed to lean while he talked with her. She felt an inclination to make this the spot to die in; but her preconcerted, and the less frightful death, of leaping into a pool on the other side of the wood, induced her to go onwards.

Presently, she came near the place where her child, and William's, was exposed to perish. Here she started with a sense of the most atrocious guilt; and her whole frame shook with the dread of an approaching, an omnipotent Judge, to sentence her for murder!

She halted, appalled, aghast! undetermined whether to exist longer beneath the pressure of a criminal conscience, or die that very hour, and meet her final condemnation.

She proceeded a few steps farther, and beheld the very ivy-bush close to which her infant lay, when she left him exposed: and now, from this minute recollection, all the mother rising in her soul, she saw, as it were, her babe again in its deserted state; and, bursting into tears of bitterest contrition and compassion, she cried,—

"As I was merciless to thee, my child, thy father has been pitiless to me! As I abandoned thee to die with cold and hunger, he has forsaken, and has driven me to die by self-slaughter."

She now fixed her eager eyes on the distant pond, and walked more softly than before, to rid herself of her agonizing sensations.

Just as she had nearly reached the wished-for brink, she heard a footstep, and saw, by the glimmering of a clouded moon, a man approaching. She turned out of her path, for fear her intentions should be guessed at and opposed; but still, as she walked another way, her eye was wishfully bent towards the water that was to obliterate her love and her remorse—obliterate, for ever, William and his child.

It was now that Henry, who, to prevent scandal, had stolen at that still hour of night to rid the curate of the incumbrance so irksome to him, and take the foundling to a woman whom he had hired for the charge: it was now that Henry came up, with the child of Agnes in his arms, carefully covered all over from the night's dew.

"Agnes, is it you?" cried Henry, at a little distance. "Where are you going thus late?"

"Home, sir," said she, and rushed among the trees.

"Stop, Agnes," he cried; "I want to bid you farewell: to-morrow I am going to leave this part of the country for a long time. So God bless you, Agnes!" Saying this, he stretched out his arm to shake her by the hand.

Her poor heart trusting that his blessing, for want of more potent offerings, might, perhaps, at this tremendous crisis, ascend to Heaven in her behalf, she stopped, returned, and put out her hand to take his.

"Softly!" said he, "don't wake my child: this spot has been a place of danger to him; for underneath this very ivy-bush it was that I found him."

"Found what?" cried Agnes, with a voice elevated to a tremulous scream.

"I will not tell you the story," replied Henry; "for no one I have ever yet told of it would believe me."

"I will believe you, I will believe you," she repeated, with tones yet more impressive.

"Why, then," said Henry, "only five weeks ago—"

"Ah!" shrieked Agnes.

"What do you mean?" said Henry.

"Go on," she intimated, in the same voice.

"Why, then, as I was passing this very place, I wish I may never speak truth again, if I did not find"—here he pulled aside the warm rug in which the infant was wrapt—"this beautiful child."

"With a cord?"

"A cord was round its neck."

"'Tis mine—the child is mine—it is mine—my child—I am the mother and the murderer—I fixed the cord, while the ground shook under me—while flashes of fire darted before my eyes—while my heart was bursting with despair and horror! But I stopped short—I did not draw the noose—I had a moment of strength, and I ran away. I left him living—he is living now—escaped from my hands—and I am no longer ashamed, but overcome with joy that he is mine! I bless you, my dear, my dear, for saving his life—for giving him to me again—for preserving my life, as well as my child!"

Here she took her infant, pressed it to her lips and to her bosom; then bent to the ground, clasped Henry's knees, and wept upon his feet.

He could not for a moment doubt the truth of what she said; her powerful, yet broken accents, her convulsive embraces of the child, even more than her declaration, convinced him she was its mother.

"Good Heaven!" cried Henry, "and this is my cousin William's child!"

"But your cousin does not know it," said she: "I never told him—he was not kind enough to embolden me; therefore do not blame him for my sin! he did not know of my wicked design—he did not encourage me—"

"But he forsook you, Agnes."

"He never said he would not. He always told me he could not marry me."

"Did he tell you so at his first private meeting?"

"No."

"Nor at the second?"

"No; nor yet at the third."

"When was it he told you so?"

"I forget the exact time; but I remember it was on that very evening when I confessed to him—"

"What?"

"That he had won my heart."

"Why did you confess it?"

"Because he asked me, and said it would make him happy if I did so."

"Cruel! dishonourable!"

"Nay, do not blame him: he cannot help not loving me no more than I can help loving him."

Henry rubbed his eyes.

"Bless me, you weep! I always heard that you were brought up in a savage country; but I suppose it is a mistake: it was your cousin William."

"Will you not apply to him for the support of your child?" asked Henry.

"If I thought he would not be angry."

"Angry! I will write to him on the subject, if you will give me leave."

"But do not say it is by my desire. Do not say I wish to trouble him: I would sooner beg than be a trouble to him."

"Why are you so delicate?"

"It is for my own sake—I wish him not to hate me."

"Then thus you may secure his respect. I will write to him, and let him know all the circumstances of your case; I will plead for his compassion on his child, but assure him that no conduct of his will ever induce you to declare (except only to me, who knew of your previous acquaintance) who is the father."

To this she consented: but when Henry offered to take from her the infant, and carry him to the nurse he had engaged, to this she would not consent.

"Do you mean, then, to acknowledge him yours?" Henry asked.

"Nothing shall force me to part from him again. I will keep him, and let my neighbours judge of me as they please."

Here Henry caught at a hope he feared to name before.

"You will, then, have no objection," said he, "to clear an unhappy girl to a few friends, with whom her character has suffered by becoming, at my request, his nurse?"

"I will clear any one, so that I do not accuse the father."

"You give me leave, then, in your name, to tell the whole story to some particular friends, my cousin William's part in it alone excepted?"

"I do."

Henry now exclaimed, "God bless you!" with greater fervour than when he spoke it before; and he now hoped the night was nearly gone, that the time might be so much the shorter before Rebecca should be reinstated in the esteem of her father, and of all those who had misjudged her.

"God bless you!" said Agnes, still more fervently, as she walked with unguided steps towards her home, for her eyes never wandered from the precious subject which caused her unexpected return.

## CHAPTER XV.

HENRY rose early in the morning, and flew to the curate's house, with more than even his usual thirst of justice, to clear injured innocence—to redeem from shame her whom he loved. With eager haste he told that he had found the mother, whose fall from virtue Rebecca, overcome by confusion and threats, had taken on herself.

Rebecca rejoiced; but her sisters shook their heads; and even the father seemed to doubt.

Confident in the truth of his story, Henry persisted so boldly in his affirmations, that, if Mr. Rymer did not entirely believe what he said, he secretly hoped that the dean and other people might; therefore he began to imagine he could possibly cast from his family the present stigma, whether or no it belonged to any other.

No sooner was Henry gone than Mr. Rymer waited on the dean, to report what he had heard; and he frankly attributed his daughter's false confession to the compulsive methods he had adopted in charging her with the offence. Upon this statement, Henry's love to her was abated a solution of his seemingly inconsistent conduct on that singular occasion.

The dean immediately said, "I will put the matter beyond all doubt: for I will this moment send for the present reputed mother; and, if she acknowledges the child, I will instantly commit her to prison for the attempt of putting it to death."

The curate applauded the dean's sagacity: a warrant was issued; and Agnes brought prisoner before the grandfather of her child.

She appeared astonished at the part in which she found herself. Confused, also, with a thousand unexpressed sensations, which the dean's presence inspired, she seemed to prevaricate in all she uttered.

Accused of this prevarication, she was still more disconcerted; said and unsaid; confessed herself the mother of the infant; but declared she did not know, then owned she did know the name of the man who had undone her, but would never utter it. At length, she cast herself on her knees before the father of her betrayer, and supplicated he would not punish her with severity, as she most penitently confessed her fault, so far as it related to herself.

While Mr. and Mrs. Norwynne, just entered on the honeymoon, were sitting side by side, enjoying, with peace and with honour, conjugal society, poor Agnes, threatened, reviled, and sinking to the dust, was hearing, from the mouth of William's father, the enormity of those crimes to which his son had been accessory. She saw the millions written that was to convey her into a prison—saw herself delivered once more into the hands of constables, before her resolution left her of concealing the name of William in her story. She now, overcome with fright, and thinking she should expose him still more in a public court, if, hereafter, on her trial, she should be obliged to name him—she now humbly asked the dean to hear a few words she had to say in private; where she promised she would speak nothing but the truth.

"This was impossible," he said, "no private confessions before a magistrate! All must be done openly."

She urged again and again the same request: it was denied more peremptorily than at first. On which she said,

"Then, sir, forgive me, since you force me to it, if I speak before Mr. Rymer and these men, what I would for ever have kept a secret if I could. One of your family is my child's father."

"Any of my servants?" cried the dean.



"No."

"My nephew?"

"No; one who is nearer still."

"Come this way," said the dean, "I will speak to you in private."

It was not that the dean, as a magistrate, distributed partial decrees of pretended justice—he was rigidly faithful to his trust: he would not inflict punishment on the innocent, nor let the guilty escape; but, in all particulars of refined or coarse treatment, he would alleviate or aggravate according to the rank of the offender. He could not feel that a secret was of equal importance to a poor man to a rich person; and while Agnes gave no intimation but that her delicacy rose from fears for herself, she did not so forcibly impress him with an opinion that it was a case which had weighty cause for a private conference, as when she boldly said a part of *his* family, very near to him, was concerned in her tale.

The final result of their conversation, in an adjoining room was, a charge from the dean, in the words of Mr. Rymer, "to hush the affair up;" and his promise that the infant should be immediately taken from her, and that she should have no more trouble with it.

"I have no trouble with it," replied Agnes: "my child is now all my comfort: and I cannot part from it."

"Why, you inconsistent woman, did you not attempt to murder it?"

"That was before I had nursed it."

"'Tis necessary you should give it up. It must be sent some miles away; and then the whole circumstance will be soon forgotten."

"I shall never forget it."

"No matter: you must give up the child. Do not some of our first women of quality part with their children?"

"Women of quality have other things to love: I have nothing else."

"And would you occasion my son, and his new-made bride, the shame and the uneasiness—"

Here Agnes burst into a flood of tears; and, being angrily asked by the dean, why she blubbered so?

"I have had shame and uneasiness," she replied, wringing her hands.

"And you deserve them: they are the sure attendants of crimes such as yours. If you allured and entrapped a young man like my son—"

"I am the youngest by five years," said Agnes.

"Well, well, repent," returned the dean, "repent, and resign your child. Repent, and you may yet marry an honest man, who knows nothing of the matter!"

"And repent too?" asked Agnes.

Not the insufferable ignorance of young Henry, when he first came to England, was more vexatious or provoking to the dean than the rustic simplicity of poor Agnes's uncultured replies. He at last, in an offended and determined manner, told her that if she would resign the child, and keep the father's name a secret, not only the child should be taken care of, but she herself might, perhaps, receive some favours; but if she persisted in her imprudent folly, she must expect no consideration on her own account; not should she be allowed for the maintenance of the boy, a sixpence beyond the stated sum for a poor man's unlawful offspring.

Agnes, resolving not to be separated from her infant, bowed resignation to this last decree, and, terrified at the loud words and angry looks of the dean, after being regularly discharged, stole to her home; where the smiles of her infant, and the caresses she lavished on it, repaid her for the sorrows she had just suffered for its sake.

Let it here be observed, that the dean, on suffering Agnes to depart without putting in force the law against her, as he had threatened, did nothing as it were, *behind the curtain*. He openly and candidly owned, on his return to Mr. Rymer, his clerk, and the two constables who were attending, that an affair of some little gallantry, in which he was extremely sorry to say his son was rather too nearly involved, required, in consideration of his recent marriage, and an excellent young woman's (his bride's) happiness, that what had occurred should not be publicly talked off; therefore he had thought proper only to reprimand the hussy, and send her about her business."

The curate assured the dean, that upon this, and upon all other occasions, which should, would, or could occur, he owed to his judgment, as his superior, implicit obedience.

The clerk and the two constables most properly said, his honour was a gentleman, and of course must know better how to act than they.

The pleasures of a mother, which Agnes experienced, did not make her insensible to the sorrow of a daughter.

Her parents had received the stranger child, along with a fabricated tale she told "of its appertaining to each other," without the smallest suspicion; but, by the secret diligence of the curate, and the nimble tongue of his elder daughters, the report of all that had passed on the subject of this unfortunate infant soon circulated through the village; and Agnes, in a few weeks, had seen her parents pine away in grief and shame at her loss of virtue.

She perceived the neighbours avoid, or openly sneer at her; but that was little; she saw them slight her aged father and mother upon her account; and she now took the resolution rather to perish for want in another part of the country, than live where she was known, and so entail an infamy upon the few who loved her. She slightly hoped, too, that, by disappearing from the town and neighbourhood, some little reward might be allowed her, for her banishment, by the dean's family. In that she was deceived. No sooner was she gone, indeed, than her guilt was forgotten; but with her guilt her wants. The dean and his family rejoiced at her and her child's departure; but as this mode she had chosen seemed to be no specified condition in the terms proposed to her, they did not think they were bound to pay her for it; and while she was too fearful and bashful to solicit the dean, and too proud

(forlorn as she was) to supplicate his son, they both concluded she wanted for nothing; for to be poor, and too delicate to complain, they deemed incompatible.

To heighten the sense of her degraded, friendless situation, she knew that Henry had not been unmindful of his promise to her, but that he had applied to his cousin in her and her child's behalf: for he had acquainted her that William's answer was, all obligations on his part were now undertaken by his father; for that Agnes, having chosen (in a fit of malignity upon his marriage) to apprise the dean of their former intercourse, such conduct had for ever cancelled all attention due from him to her, or to her child, beyond what its bare maintenance exacted.

In vain had Henry explained to him, by a second application, the predicament in which poor Agnes was involved, before she consented to reveal her secret to his father: William was happy in an excuse to rid himself of a burden; and he seemed to believe what he wished to be true, that she had forfeited all claim to his further notice.

Henry informed her of this unkind reception of his efforts in her favour, in as gentle terms as possible, for she excited his deepest compassion. Perhaps our own misfortunes are the cause of our pity for others, even more than their ills; and Henry's present sorrows had softened his heart to peculiar sympathy in woe. He had unhappily found, that the ardour which had hurried him to vindicate the reputation of Rebecca was likely to deprive him of the blessing of his ever becoming his wife; for the dean, chagrined that his son was at length proved an offender, instead of his nephew, submitted to the temptation of punishing the latter, while he forgave the former. He sent for Henry, and having coldly congratulated him on his and Rebecca's innocence, represented to him the impropriety of marrying the daughter of a poor curate, and laid his commands on him never to harbour such an intention more. Henry found this restriction so severe, that he would not promise obedience; but on his next attempt to visit Rebecca, he met a positive repulse from her father, who signified to him, that the dean had forbidden him to permit their farther acquaintance; and the curate declared, that, for his own part, he had no will, judgment, or faculties, but that he submitted in all things to the superior clergy.

At the very time young Henry had received the proposal from Mr. Rymer of his immediate union with his daughter, and the dean had made no objection, Henry waived the happiness for the time present, and had given a reason why he wished it postponed. The reason he then gave had its weight; but he had another concealed, of yet more import. Much as he loved and looked forward with rapture to that time when every morning, every evening, and all the day, he should have the delight of Rebecca's society, still there was one other wish nearer his heart than this one desire, which, for years, had been foremost in his thoughts, and which not even love could eradicate: he longed, he pined to know what fate had befallen his father. Provided he were living, he could conceive no joy so great as that of seeing him; if he were dead, he was anxious to pay the tribute of filial piety he owed, by satisfying his affectionate curiosity in every circumstance of the sad event.

While a boy, he had frequently expressed these sentiments to both his uncle, and his cousin; sometimes they apprised him of the total improbability of accomplishing his wishes; at other times, when they saw the disappointment weigh heavy on his mind, they bade him wait till he was a man, before he could hope to put his designs in execution. He did wait. But on the very day he arrived at the age of twenty-one, he made a vow that to gain intelligence of his father should be the first important act of his free will.

Previously to this time, he had made all the inquiries possible, whether any new adventure to that part of Africa in which he was bred was likely to be undertaken. Of this there appeared to be no prospect, till the intended expedition to Sierra Leone was announced, and which favoured his hope of being able to procure a passage among those adventurers, so near to the island on which his father was (or had been) prisoner, as to obtain an opportunity of visiting it by stealth.

Fearing contention, or the being dissuaded from his plans if he communicated them, he not only formed them in private, but he kept them secret; and, his imagination filled with the kindness, the tenderness, the excess of fondness he had experienced from his father, beyond any other person in the world, he had thought with delight on the separation from all his other kindred, to pay his duty to him, or to his revered memory. Of late, indeed, there had been an object introduced to his acquaintance, from whom it was bitter to part; but his designs had been planned and firmly fixed before he knew Rebecca; nor could he have tasted contentment even with her, at the expense of his piety to his father.

In the last interview he had with the dean, Henry, perceiving that his disposition towards him was not less harsh than when, a few days before, he had ordered him on board a vessel, found this the proper time to declare his intentions of accompanying the fleet to Sierra Leone. His uncle expressed surprise; but immediately gave him a sum of money, in addition to that he had sent him before, and as much as he thought might defray his expenses; and as he gave it, by his willingness, his look, and his accent, he seemed to say, "I foresee this is the last you will ever require."

Young William, though a very dutiful son, was amazed when he heard of Henry's project, as the serious and settled resolution of a man.

Lady Clementina, Lord and Lady Bredham, and twenty others, wished him a successful voyage, and thought no more about him. It was for Rebecca alone to feel the loss of Henry—it was for a mind like hers alone to know his worth; nor did this last proof of it, the quitting her for one who claimed by every tie a preference, lessen him in her esteem. When, by a message from him, she became acquainted with his design, much as it inter-

ferred with her happiness, she valued him the more for this observance of his duty; the more regretted his loss, and the more anxiously prayed for his return—a return, which he, in the following letter, written just before his departure, taught her to hope for with augmented impatience:

"MY DEAR REBECCA,—I do not tell you I am sorry to part from you—you know I am, and you know all I have suffered since your father denied me permission to see you. But perhaps you do not know the hopes I enjoy, and which bestow on me a degree of peace; and those I am eager to tell you. I hope, Rebecca, to see you again; I hope to return to England, and to overcome every obstacle to our marriage; and then, in whatever station we are placed, I shall consider myself as happy as it is possible to be in this world. I feel a conviction that you would be happy also.

"Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks; others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species: but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has, even in the midst of all his profusion of splendour and grandeur, I pronounce him a being in deep adversity. In loving you, I am happier than my cousin William, even though I am obliged to leave you for a time.

"Do not be afraid you should grow old before I return—age can never alter you in my regard. It is your gentle nature, your unaffected manners, your easy cheerfulness, your clear understanding, the sincerity of all your words and actions, which have gained my heart; and while you preserve charms like these, you will be dearer to me with white hairs and a wrinkled face, than any of your sex who, not possessing all these qualities, possess the form and features of perfect beauty. You will esteem me, too, I trust, though I should return on crutches with my poor father, whom I may be obliged to maintain by daily labour.

"I shall employ all my time, during my absence, in the study of some art which may enable me to support you both, provided Heaven will bestow two such blessings on me. In the cheering thought that it will be so, and in that only, I have the courage, my dear, dear Rebecca, to say to you—Farewell!

"H. NORWYNX."

Before Henry could receive a reply to his letter, the fleet in which he sailed put to sea. By his absence, not only Rebecca was deprived of the friend she loved, but poor Agnes lost a kind and compassionate adviser. The loss of her parents, too, she had to mourn: for they both sickened, and both died, in a short time after. And now wholly friendless in her little exile, where she could only hope for toleration, not being known, she was contending with suspicion, rebuffs, disappointment, and various other ills, which might have made the most rigorous of her Auldfield persecutors feel compassion for her, could they have witnessed the throbs of her heart, and all the deep wounds there imprinted.

Still, there are few persons whom Providence afflicts beyond the limits of all consolation—few cast so low as not to feel pride on certain occasions; and Agnes felt a comfort and dignity in the thought that she had both a mind and a body capable of sustaining every hardship which her destiny might inflict, rather than submit to the disgrace of soliciting William's charity a second time. This determination was put to a variety of trials. In vain she offered herself to the strangers of the village, in which she was accidentally cast, as a servant; her child, her dejected looks, her broken sentences, a wildness in her eye, a kind of bold despair which at times overspread her features, her imperfect story, who and what she was, prejudiced all those to whom she applied; and after thus travelling to several small towns and hamlets, the only employer she could obtain was a farmer, and the only employment to tend and feed his cattle, while his men were in the harvest, tilling the ground, or at some other labour which required, at the time, peculiar expedition.

Though Agnes was born of peasants, yet, having been the only child of industrious parents, she had been nursed with a tenderness and delicacy ill suited to her present occupation. But she endured it with patience; and the most laborious part would have seemed light, could she have dismissed the reflection—what it was that had reduced her to such a state. Soon her tender hands became hard and rough, her fair skin burnt and yellow; so that when, on a Sunday, she has looked in the glass, she has started back, as if it were some other face she saw instead of her own. But this loss of beauty gave her no regret: while William did not see her, it was indifferent to her whether she were beautiful or hideous. On the features of her child only, she now looked with joy: there she fancied she saw William at every glance; and, in the fond imagination, felt, at times, every happiness short of seeing him.

By herding with the brute creation, she and her child were allowed to live together, and this was a state she preferred to the society of human creatures, who would have separated her from what she loved so tenderly. Anxious to retain a service in which she possessed such a blessing, care and attention to her humble office caused her master to prolong her stay through all the winter: then, during the spring, she tended his yearning sheep,—in the summer, watched them as they grazed; and thus season after season passed, till her young son could afford her assistance in her daily work. He now could charm her with his conversation as well as with his looks. A thousand times, in the transports of parental love, she has pressed him to her bosom, and thought, with an agony of horror, upon her criminal, her mad intent to destroy what was now so dear, so necessary to her existence.

Still the boy grew up more and more like his father. In one resemblance alone he failed: he loved Agnes with an affection totally distinct from the pitiful and childish gratification of his own self-love; he never would quit her side for all the tempting offers of toys or money; never would eat of rarities given to him, till Agnes took a part; never crossed her will, however

contradictory to his own; never saw her smile that he did not laugh; nor did she ever weep, but he wept too.

## CHAPTER XVI.

FROM the mean subject of oxen, sheep, and peasants, we return to persons; that is, persons of rank and fortune. The bishop, who was introduced in the foregoing pages, but who has occupied a very small space there, is now mentioned again, merely that the reader may know he is at present in the same state as his writings—dying; and that his friend, the dean, is talked of as the most likely successor to his dignified office. The dean, most assuredly, had a strong friendship for the bishop, and now, most assuredly, wished him to recover; and yet, when he reflected on the success of his pamphlet a few years past, and of many which he had written since on the very same subject, he could not but think that he had more righteous pretensions to fill the vacant seat of his much beloved and reverend friend (should fate ordain it to be vacated) than any other man; and he knew that it would not take one moment from that friend's remaining life, should he exert himself, with all due management, to obtain the elevated station when he should be no more.

In presupposing the death of a friend, the dean, like many other virtuous men, always supposed him going to "a better place." With perfect resignation, therefore, he waited whatever change might happen to the bishop; ready to receive him with open arms if he recovered, or equally ready, in case of his dissolution, to receive his dignities.

Lady Clementina displayed her sensibility and feeling for the sick prelate by the extravagance of hysteric fits; except at those times when she talked seriously with her husband upon the injustice which she thought would be done to him, and to his many pamphlets and sermons, if he did not immediately rise to the episcopal honour.

"Surely, dean," said she, "should you be disappointed upon this occasion, you will write no more books for the good of your country!"

"Yes, I will," he replied; "but the next book I write for the good of my country shall be very different, nay, the very reverse of those I have already written."

"How, dean! would you show yourself changed?"

"No; but I will show that my country is changed."

"What! since you produced your last work, only six weeks ago?"

"Great changes may occur in six days," replied the dean, with a threatening accent; "and if I find things have taken a new and improper turn, I will be the first to expose it."

"But before you act in this manner, my dear, surely you will wait —"

"I will wait till the sea is disposed of to another," said he.

He did wait: the bishop died: the dean was promoted to the see of \* \* \*

While the bishop and his son were sailing before prosperous gales on the ocean of life, young Henry was contending with adverse winds, and many other perils, on the watery ocean; yet still his distresses and dangers were less than those which Agnes had to encounter upon land. The sea threatens an untimely death; the shore menaces calamities from which death is a refuge. The afflictions she had already experienced could just admit of aggravation: the addition occurred.

Had the good farmer, who made her the companion of his flocks and herds, lived till now, till now she might have been secure from the annoyance of human-kind; but, thrown once more upon society, she was unfit to sustain the conflict of decorum against depravity. Her master, her patron, her preserver, was dead; and hardly as she had earned the pittance she received from him, she found that it surpassed her power to obtain the like again. Her doubtful character, her capacious mind, her unmethodical manners, were still badly suited to the nice precision of a country housewife; and as the prudent mistress of a family soared at her pretensions, she, in her turn, scorned the narrow-minded mistress of a family.

In her inquiries how to gain her bread free from the cutting reproaches of discretion, she was informed that London was the only private corner where guilt could be secreted undisturbed; and the only public place where, in open day, it might triumphantly stalk, attended by a train of audacious admirers.

There was a charm to the ear of Agnes in the name of London, which thrilled through her soul. William lived in London; and she thought that, while she retired to some dark cellar with her offence, he probably would ride in state with his, and she at humble distance might sometimes catch a glance of him.

As difficult as to eradicate insanity from a mind once possessed, so difficult it is to erase from the lover's breast the deep impression of a real affection. Cocoon may prevail for a short interval, still love will rage again. Not all the ignominy which Agnes experienced in the place where she now was, without a home; not the hunger which she at times suffered, and even at times saw her child endure; not every inducement for going to London, or motive for quitting her present desolate station, had the weight to affect her choice so much as—in London she should live nearer William: in the present spot she could never hope to see him again, but there, she might chance to pass him in the streets; she might pass his house every day unobserved; might inquire about him of his inferior neighbours, who would be unsuspicious of the cause of her curiosity. For these gratifications she should imbibe new fortitude: for these she could bear all hardships which London threatened; and for these she at length undertook, a three weeks' journey to that perilous town on foot—cheering, as she walked along, her innocent and wearied companion.

(To be continued.)

## THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY

We are confirmed in the conclusion that the popular diffusion of knowledge is favourable to the growth of science, when we reflect that, vast as the domain of learning is, and extraordinary as is the progress which has been made in almost every branch, we may assume as certain, we will not say that we are in its infancy, but that the discoveries which have been already made, wonderful as they are, bear but a small proportion to those that will hereafter be effected; and that in everything that belongs to the improvement of man, there is yet a field of investigation broad enough to satisfy the most eager thirst for knowledge, and diversified enough to suit every variety of taste, order of intellect, or degree of qualification. For the peaceful victories of the mind, that unknown and unconquered world, for which Alexander wept, is for ever near at hand: hidden, indeed, as yet, behind the veil with which Nature shrouds her undiscovered mysteries, but stretching all along the confines of the domain of knowledge, sometimes nearest when least suspected. The foot has not yet pressed, nor the eye beheld it; but the mind, in its deepest musings, in its wildest excursions, will sometimes catch a glimpse of the hidden realm—a gleam of light from the Hesperian island—a fresh and fragrant breeze from off the undiscovered land.

"Saluban odours from the spiky shore,"

which happier voyagers in after times, shall approach, explore and inhabit. Who has not felt, when, with his very soul concentrated in his eyes, while the world around him is wrapped in sleep, he gazes into the holy depths of the midnight heavens, or wanders in contemplation among the worlds and systems that sweep through the immensity of space—who has not felt as if their mystery must yet more fully yield to the ardent, unwearied, imploring research of patient science? Who does not, in those choice and blessed moments, in which the world and its interests are forgotten, and the spirit retires into the innermost sanctuary of its own meditations, and there, unconscious of everything but itself and the infinite Perfection, of which it is the earthly type, and kindling the flame of thought on the altar of prayer—who does not feel, in moments like these, as if it must at last be given to man to fathom the great secret of his own being—to solve the mighty problem

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate?"

When we think in what slight elements the great discoveries that have changed the condition of the world have oftentimes originated, on the entire revolution in political and social affairs which has resulted from the use of the magnetic needle; on the world of wonders, teeming with the most important scientific discoveries, which has been opened by the telescope; on the all-controlling influence of so simple an invention as that of moveable metallic types; on the effects of the invention of gunpowder, no doubt the casual result of some idle experiment in alchemy; on the consequences that have resulted, and are likely to result, from the application of the vapour of boiling water to the manufacturing arts, to navigation and transportation by land, on the results of a single sublime conception in the mind of Newton, on which he erected, as on a foundation, the glorious temple of the system of the heavens, in fine, when we consider how, from the great master-principle of the philosophy of Bacon—the induction of Truth from the observation of Fact—has flowed, as from a living fountain, the fresh and still swelling stream of modern science; we are almost oppressed with the idea of the probable connection of the truths already known, with great principles which remain undiscovered,—of the proximity in which we may unconsciously stand, to the most astounding, though unrevealed mysteries of the material and intellectual world.

If, after thus considering the seemingly obvious sources from which the most important discoveries and improvements have sprung, we inquire into the extent of the field, in which farther discoveries are to be made, which is no other and no less than the entire natural and spiritual creation of God—a grand and lovely system, even as we imperfectly apprehend it, but no doubt most grand, lovely and harmonious, beyond all that we now conceive or imagine; when we reflect that the most insulated, seemingly disconnected, and even contradictory parts of the system, are no doubt, bound together as portions of one stupendous whole; and that those which are at present the least explicable, and which most completely defy the penetration hitherto bestowed upon them, are as intelligible, in reality, as that which seems most plain and clear; that as every atom in the universe attracts every other atom, and is attracted by it, so every truth stands in harmonious connection with every other truth; we are brought directly to the conclusion, that every portion of knowledge now possessed, every observed fact, every demonstrated principle, is a clue, which we hold by one end in the hand, and which is capable of guiding the faithful inquirer farther and farther into the innermost recesses of the labyrinth of Nature. Ages and ages may elapse, before it conduct the patient intellect to the wonders of science to which it will eventually lead him; and perhaps with the next step he takes, he will reach the goal, and principles destined to affect the condition of millions beam in characters of light upon his understanding. What was at once more unexpected and more obvious than Newton's discovery of the origin of light? Every living being, since the creation of the world, had gazed on the rainbow; to count had the beautiful mystery revealed itself. And even the great philosopher himself, while dissecting the solar beam, while actually untwisting the golden and silver threads that compose the ray of light, laid open but half its wonders. And who shall say that to us, to whom, as we think, modern science has disclosed the residue truths more wonderful than those now known will not yet be revealed?

It is, therefore, by no means to be feared, that the human mind has

seemed to linger for a long time around certain results—as ultimate principles—that they and the principles closely connected with them are not likely to be pushed much farther; nor, on the other hand, does the intellect always require much time to bring its noblest truths to seeming perfection. It was, we suppose, two thousand years from the time when the peculiar properties of the magnet were first observed, before it became, through the means of those qualities, the pilot which guided Columbus to the American continent. Before the invention of the compass could take full effect, it was necessary that some navigator should practically and boldly grasp the idea that the globe is round. The two truths are apparently without connection; but in their application to practice, they are intimately associated. Hobbes says that Dr. Harvey, the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood, is the only author of a great discovery who ever lived to see it universally adopted. To the honour of subsequent science, this remark could not now, with equal truth, be made. Nor was Harvey himself without some painful experience of the obstacles arising from popular ignorance, against which truth sometimes forces its way to general acceptance. When he first proposed the beautiful doctrine, his practice fell off; people would not continue to trust their lives in the hands of such a dreamer. When it was firmly established and generally received, one of his opponents published a tract *de circulo sanguinis Salomone*, and proved from the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, that the circulation of the blood was no secret in the time of Solomon. The whole doctrine of the Reformation may be found in the writings of Wiclif; but neither he nor his age felt the importance of his principles, nor the consequences to which they led. Huss had studied the writings of Wiclif in manuscript, and was in no degree behind him in the boldness with which he denounced the papal usurpations. But his voice was not heard beyond the mountains of Bohemia; and he expired in agony at the stake, and his ashes were scattered upon the Rhine. A hundred years passed away. Luther, like an avenging angel, burst upon the world, and denounced the usurpations of the church, and rallied the host of the faithful, with a voice which might almost call up those ashes from their watery grave, and form and kindle them again into a living witness of the truth.

Thus Providence, which has ends innumerable to answer, in the conduct of the physical and intellectual, as well as of the moral world, sometimes permits the great discoverers fully to enjoy their fame, sometimes to catch but a glimpse of the extent of their achievements, and sometimes sends them dejected and heart-broken to the grave, unconscious of the importance of their own discoveries, and not merely undervalued by their contemporaries, but by themselves. It is plain that Copernicus, like his great contemporary, Columbus, though fully conscious of the boldness and the novelty of his doctrine, saw but a part of the changes it was to effect in science. After harbouring in his bosom for long, long years that pernicious heresy—the solar system—he died on the day of the appearance of his book from the press. The closing scene of his life, with a little help from the imagination, would furnish a noble subject for an artist. For thirty-five years he has revolved and matured in his mind his system of the heavens. A natural mildness of disposition, bordering on timidity, a reluctance to encounter controversy, and a dread of persecution, have led him to withhold his work from the press, and make known his system but to a few confidential disciples and friends. At length he draws near his end; he is seventy-three years of age, and he yields his work on "The Revolution of the Heavenly Orbs," to his friends for publication. The day at last has come, on which it is to be ushered into the world. It is the 24th of May, 1543. On that day, the effect, no doubt, of the intense excitement of his mind, operating upon an exhausted frame—an effusion of blood brings him to the gates of the grave. His last hour has come; he lies stretched upon the couch from which he will never rise, in his apartment at the Canonry at Frauenberg, East Prussia. The beams of the setting sun glance through the Gothic windows of his chamber; near his bedside is the armillary sphere, which he has contrived to represent his theory of the heavens; his picture, painted by himself, the amusement of his earlier years, hangs before him; beneath it are his astrolabe, and other imperfect astronomical instruments, and around him are gathered his sorrowing disciples. The door of the apartment opens,—the eye of the departing sage is turned to see who enters: it is a friend, who brings him the first printed copy of his immortal treatise. He knows in that book he contradicts all that had ever been distinctly taught by former philosophers; he knows that he has rebelled against the sway of Ptolemy, which the scientific world had acknowledged for a thousand years; he knows that the popular mind will be shocked by his innovations; he knows the attempt will be made to press even religion into the service against him; but he knows that his book is true. He is dying, but he leaves a glorious truth, as his dying bequest to the world. He bids the friend who has brought it place himself between the window and his bedside, that the sun's rays may fall upon the precious volume, and he may behold it once more, before his eyes grow dim. He looks upon it, takes it in his hands, presses it to his breast, and expires. But no, he is not wholly gone. A smile lights up his dying countenance; a beam of returning intelligence kindles in his eye; his lips move; and the friend who leans over him, can hear him faintly murmur the beautiful sentiments which the Christian lyricist of a later age has so finely expressed in verse:

"Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell, with all your feeble light;  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon, pale empress of the night;  
And thou, resplendent orb of day, in brighter flames array'd,  
My soul which springs beyond thy sphere, no more demands thy aid.  
Ye stars are but the shining dust of my divine abode.  
The pavement of those heavenly courts, where I shall reign with God."

So died the great Columbus of the heavens.

FAIRBET.





"They approached Cara, who stood happy and smiling beside Allen, quietly receiving the congratulations, some sincere, and not a few envious and spiteful, of the assembled company."

## CAROLINE AND CATHARINA.

(Continued from page 777)

A large party was assembled in Colonel Talbot's house. All that was rich in costume or beautiful in form and feature, floated here in the excitement and flutter of a crowd met for pleasure. Many were here whom we have never seen in the course of our journey through this book, nay, scarcely any whom we have seen, could now be found in all that crowd. Mary Bryce was the sole representative of that social circle, to which we fear we have not done justice. Several months had passed away since the death of her cousin Thorpe; and though some scores of fainting fits, and as many "palpitations" had attested her grief, it was remarked that she never lost any of her flesh, and never allowed her mourning to interfere with her pleasures. On this evening, then, she was in high spirits and higher dress; her father's few months in the service having, (his accounts being now satisfactorily adjusted,) by some *hocus pocus*, best known to quarter-masters and commissaries, wonderfully recruited his finances. Nor was she in the least changed; her voice was as loud, and her manners as free as ever; her manoeuvres to attract attention as transparent, her dress as low in the neck, her movements as fairy-like, and her hands as conspicuous as in former times. She endeavoured always to be near Catharina—now a bride of some months—because about her was generally a larger crowd than in any other part of the room. The beauty and grace of the young Mexican attracted every one; and her fascinations were by no means diminished by the rumour—not altogether so unfounded—that she had brought Hugh a magnificent fortune. Hugh was proud of her, though there was none of that uxorious fondness too often exhibited by young men in his position. The experience acquired in a few months of campaigning, had given him a knowledge of the world; and his intercourse with all kinds of people, had given him a sort of polish, which sat well upon his naturally refined character. The little *brusquerie* still remaining—inseparable from his nature—gave to his manners a piquancy and relish, not possessed by any of those who prided themselves upon their air of *ton*.

He was standing in a quiet corner of the room, talking to Carlin; while Catharina was painfully receiving the familiar attentions, almost caresses, of Mary Bryce, and endeavouring to reply, at the same time, to the profound remarks of a tall, black-whiskered merchant, who affected the exquisite gentleman. Many, who saw this conjunction, smiled knowingly; for they thought, not incorrectly, that Mr. Jenkins was attracted to Catharina's side, as much by the presence of Mary, as by the beauty of the bride. Jenkins was a specimen of that class of men whose fathers raked together in a lifetime of toil enough to enable their sons to enter mercantile business, and set up for fine gentlemen. He had received some two or three thousand dollars from the family estate; and, being remarkably penurious, and not at all scrupulous, had gradually gained money enough to make his hand an

object to young ladies, who "sell themselves to inquietude" for gold. To his limited wealth, he added a presumptuous vanity, which made him very obtuse to the frequent rebuffs to which his vulgarity subjected him. A little affectation of polite reading, and the most abject toadyism to those above him, enabled him to secure a place in society; so that the man, who, by the vulgarity of his origin, and the stupidity and coarseness of his character, was, a few years before, infinitely below the standard of respectability, had now become almost a lion. He had been with the army, too, in the character of a sutler; and his extortions and manifold villainies had given him no small accession of fortune—his success, in a word, had given him impunity for swindling. When he returned, he had at once attracted Mary Bryce's attention—that young lady having failed in her blandishments on Vernon—and there was yet sufficient of the clodpole in him to be flattered by her preference. Among the men, too, she was considered a dashing woman; and being insecure of his own social footing, Jenkins felt that this was precisely the wife he wanted. He was not penetrating enough to see, that, though all the men liked to be with her, none of them respected her; and that the very qualities which made her attractive to them—her license of manner, and her illegitimate affectation of child-like confidence—would make her a dangerous and trustless wife. He had been pampered and spoiled by lion-hunting women; and she thought he was a prize. They were thus, at the period of which we speak—we were about to say betrothed; but a word which implies purity and affection should not be so prostituted. They were, then, "engaged to be married"—a phrase which commits us to nothing—applicable to the pure and the impure alike—and sufficiently descriptive of a compact, founded upon vanity, built up by indelicacy, and completed in folly.

Colonel Talbot was walking uneasily about the room, speaking patronizingly or politely to all his guests, and evidently impatient for the consummation of something for which he was waiting. This was true, too, of all the company. They stood in groups, talking in broken accents, or moved unquietly from place to place. Had it not been for the silks, laces, ribbons, scarfs, and other trappings of a party of pleasure, one might have thought them assembled for a funeral, and that they were now awaiting the corpse. Impatient glances were every moment thrown towards the door opening from the west drawing-room, which the reader will recollect led to Cara's rooms. At last it was seen to open slightly, and a rush was made for the west-room. The crowd ranged themselves closely round it, leaving a space in front of the door unoccupied, except by a tall, grave-looking man in black, who folded his hands and threw his eyes up the ceiling. At last the door was flung open, and passing through, there came a company of six persons, "two and two." The first couple were Clayton and a Miss Linton—a very beautiful woman, whom he afterwards married; the second couple the reader has never seen; and the third were Cara and Vernon! The former was attired—I chronicle this for the benefit of my fair readers—in a dress of simple white, made of the richest material, however, and hanging upon her

fairy-like figure with all the grace and taste of picture drapery. She wore but two ornaments—the marriage-ring and a wreath of diamonds. But far more beautiful than any diamond—happier and brighter than the sparkle of any jewel, was the smile upon her lips. She turned a little pale as she entered and saw the numberless eyes directed at her; but she looked up into Allen's face with an expression of confidence, and the colour returned to her cheek. She pressed close to him, he took her hand in his—and they were married!

"There is one thing, Hugh," said Carlin—they were still talking together while the guests were occupied in congratulating "the happy pair"—"which you have never explained to me; why you did not tell Vernon of Thorpe's forging Talbot's name as soon as he came in. I could never understand it."

"Things very easily explained," said Hugh. "I was anxious that Vernon should go with us to Mexico; and I knew that he could not do so unless he effected this loan. I knew, also, that he would make no further effort to do so, if I told him; and I foolishly thought that I could tell him at any time—soon enough to save him from a false accusation. The note was drawn at twelve months, and I always intended to tell him, in time to send him home before its maturity. One thing after another prevented my doing so, until we were unfortunately separated near Buena Vista, and came near not meeting again."

"He would have been acquitted, any how," said Carlin; "though in some minds there would still have been a doubt."

"And I luckily reached home in time to clear up that doubt," said Hugh. "It has taught me one lesson, at all events: that he who attempts to cover any iniquity, even for a moment, and for a good purpose, is doing a great wrong."

"The affair has not been profitless, then," said Clayton, approaching them with Catharina on his arm, so as to overhear the last sentence.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil; Would man observingly distil it out."

"I dare say," said Carlin to Catharina, "you think there may be some 'goodness' come out of even so great an evil as war—I know my friend Manning thinks so."

"Good to individuals, perhaps," she said, in those musical tones, thrilling with language, beautifully broken but perfectly pure, "as to me from this war;" she looked at Hugh with a glance which told how deep was her sincerity; "but to nations unmixed evil."

"That is the only subject upon which we have any contention," said Hugh; "and upon that I fear we will never agree."

"If there is danger of a rupture," said Clayton, laughing, "we had better go back." And they turned away again, the glance between Hugh and Catharina as they did so, attesting how groundless was the fear thus jestingly expressed.

"I am afraid," said Carlin, as they passed out of sight, "that Miss Bryce will eat the bride up—let us go to her rescue."

"You think, then," said Hugh, with a smile, "that her attentions are more voracious than voracious?"

They approached Cara, who stood happy and smiling beside Allen, quietly receiving the congratulations, some sincere, and not a few envious and spiteful, of the assembled company. And here, in the first blush of blooming womanhood, let us leave her; with this further chronicle, however, that at this day she is as lovely and as loving, as beautiful and as happy, as upon that evening when she had just entered the garden of life.

Mary Bryce is now Mrs. Jenkins; and if a liberal allowance of flesh, and great apparent spirits are any indication, she, too, is happy in her wedlock. Her time is divided between ostentatious attentions too, and proud exhibitions of a very fat baby (with which she was blessed a year after her marriage), and many demonstrations of interest in the welfare of all her friends. This interest is, by the said friends, not very extravagantly valued—but it is probably as highly valued by them, as is the blessing of the baby by her husband. For Mary, being indispensable in all conspicuous places, and having a salutary horror of babies in public assemblies, devotes upon him the duties of nurse—leaving him at home to perform these pleasant functions, while she blesses the world at large with the pleasures of her edifying manners and conversation. She says "Cara is faded! O! very much faded, indeed!" But her eyes always were sharper than any one's else, and in this case no less so. For the signs of fading are visible to none others.

"She'll be spying before long," said Hugh Manning to Vernon, "that Cara leads a miserable life with you—O! most miserable!" And he threw up his hands with a good imitation of Mary's tragical manner. "But if you can make Cara more miserable than poor deluded Jenkins, stupid as he is, you have powers of torture far above what I suppose."

"What has become of Maria Thorpe?" asked Allen, willing to change the subject—for the recollection of certain unsuccessful blandishments of Mary upon himself, furnished what to another man would have been a flattering explanation of his gloomy anticipations.

"You are so much engrossed by your painting," said Hugh, "that you know absolutely nothing of what goes on around you! She was married yesterday morning to Major Bryce, and they are now gone on their bridal tour to the South."

"When do you go South yourself?"

"Whenever Catharina is ready," answered Hugh. "We want to reach Monterey by the first of December. I have to settle up the estate, and shall then return home to stay. I have settled up my father's estate a month ago. When I get this property in Monterey, I don't know what I shall do with it all."

"Wealth properly used," said Allen, "is a blessing to the possessor and to every one around him."

"What have you and Cara determined upon about going with us?" asked Hugh, after a pause.

"If you do not start before the first of November we will go," answered Allen.

This conversation took place last fall; and now, at the present writing, they are all spending the winter in Monterey. Colonel Talbot has retired from business, possessed of great wealth; and has settled upon Allen and his daughter an income more than sufficient for all their wants—thus enabling Vernon to realize the dream of his life; to pursue his art with the enthusiasm of his character, and the success of every man of true genius. The colonel is a contented man; though his manners are still a little dignified and pompous. His dignity, indeed, is never absent, except to his son-in-law and daughter—and even to them the only jesting which he ever indulges in upon the happy resuscitation of the old form of "Talbot and Vernon."

## ADDRESS TO WEALTHY GENTLEMEN.

Woe! dost thou keep up wealth, which thou must quit?  
Or, what is worse, dost thou try to fly?  
Why dost thou look thyself when thou'rt to fly,  
O man, ordained to die?  
Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,  
Thou who art underground to lie?  
Thou cover'st and plant'st but no fruit must see,  
For Death, alid is sowing here.  
Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem,  
A wealthy husband thou wouldst seem:  
Thou'rt a man like a bought slave, thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweat and toil.  
Oftentimes fool! thou needs must meddling be  
In business that concerns not thee.  
Thou when to future years thou extend'st the care,  
Thou dost but in other men's affairs.  
Even aged men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for age prepare,  
Provisions for long travel they design,  
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely thou'nt neglect poor winter hoards  
The stock which summer's wealth affords;  
In grasshoppers, who must in autumn die,  
How vain were such an industry.

Of power and honour the deceitful light  
Might have deceived our cheated sight,  
If it of life the whole small time would stay,  
And be our constant all the day.

The lightning that blazes but in a cloud,  
(Though shining bright and speaking loud.)  
While it begins, concludes its violent race,  
And where it glides it wounds the place.

O scene of fortune, which dost fair appear  
Only to men that stand not near,  
Proud poverty that tinsel bravery wears,  
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep  
Only to men that stand not near,  
Placed beneath envy, above envying rise,  
Thy great men, great things desire.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,  
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark,  
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound,  
Thy humble nest, built on the ground.

HELP YOURSELF.—This is the true secret of success, the master-key that unlocks all difficulties, in the various paths of life. *Aide-toi, et le ciel t'aidera*, as the French have it—help yourself, and heaven will help you. The greatest affliction that can befall a young man is to be the recipient of charity—to lean for any length of time upon others for support. He who begins with crutches will end with crutches. It is not in the sheltered garden, but on the rugged Alpine cliffs, where the storm beats most violently, that the hardiest plants are reared. It is not by the use of corks, bladders, and life preservers, that you can best learn to swim, but by plunging courageously into the wave, and buffeting it, like Caesar and Cassius, "with lusty sinews." The moneyed charity of individuals to individuals is one of the greatest curses that afflict society. It is the upas-tree that paralyzes and reduces to the last gasp the moral energy of every man who inhales its poisonous atmosphere. Under the appearance of aiding, it weakens its victims, and keeps them in perpetual slavery and degradation. Cold, consequential, and patronizing, it freezes the recipient into humiliation, and there leaves him, as firmly wedged as Sir John Franklin amid the thick-ribbed ice of the Arctic Ocean. Money bestowed this way is nine times out of ten more truly wasted than if thrown into the sea. It is labour bestowed upon a worthless soil, incapable of yielding anything but a crop of weeds, or feeble plants which never reach maturity. God never intended that strong, independent human beings should be reared by clinging to others, like the ivy to the oak, for support. The difficulties, hardships, and trials of life—the obstacles that one encounters in the road to fortune—are positive blessings. They knit his muscles more firmly and teach him self-reliance, just as by wrestling with an athlete who is superior to us, we increase our own strength, and learn the secret of his skill. Read the history of the rich and poor in all ages and countries, and if you do not find that the "lucky dogs," as they are called, began life at the foot of the ladder, without a finger's "lift" from anybody, while the "unfortunates," who sit along the paths of life more like scarecrows than human beings, attribute the first declension in their fortunes to having been bolstered and propped up by others—we will resign all pretensions to philosophy. All experience shows that this boasted benevolence tends to extinguish the faint sparks of energy in those who partake of it, till having, fallen into the despair and indolence inseparable from a cultivated sense of inferiority, they look upon themselves as beyond the pale of hope, and at last lose even the wish for independence. Those who entertain a really just estimate of their own abilities, and journey through life with a determination to improve themselves by every passing occurrence, and thus give stability to their own minds, may be said to be really independent of the world, and, therefore, the architects of their own position.

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## MARRIAGE.

How oft it has the poet's lyre been string'd to and the sacred institution of marriage—how often has the stern moralist laboured to prove its inestimable felicity—how often has the venerable philosopher left the boundless labyrinth of abstract science to join the consecrated throng—how often has the war-worn warrior, hardened by the din of clanging swords, sought repose in the joys of matrimony—how often has the princely heir, that bears a regal crown, sought a pleasure here, far above all the glittering pomp of a purple robe—how often has the votary of profligacy knelt and received forgiveness and happiness at the shrine of matrimony—and how often have individuals of all classes, and of all nations, found a beacon here, which directs and guides them to that standard of bliss from whence they can wave the banner of continued love and harmony, and bid defiance to the many restless follies of life?

Men, though pursuing various courses, are all endeavouring to gain that grand central boon, happiness. But how opposite are the various means adopted in order to realize this treasure.

The hermit exclaims,

"O! solitude, bliss'd state of man below."

And the more busy and covetous,—

"Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,  
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die"

Man was neither created to seclude himself from the scene of life, nor to worship fortune's "glittering wave;" but that he should acknowledge the omnipotent power of his Maker, by promoting those laws and institutions which that power has thought fit, in His wise dispensations, to create for the blessing of man. It is the fundamental duty of man, first to regulate his own actions so that they may prove conducive to his happiness here, and essential to the blessings of eternity, and then to look around him, and, if he is capable, render assistance to others, and not that we should imitate Diogenes, who degraded himself below the brute creation, or Pythagoras, who when invited to a wedding gave this answer;—"I never desire to go to such a feast, or be present at a funeral."

"The first marriage was in Paradise—the first persons conjoined were the first parents of mankind, and the great Dispenser of all good was the Author of their union." With such an example as this, who will not exclaim, with Shakspeare, that marriage "is a pattern of celestial peace?" Indeed we look upon marriage as an institution which creates all those fine ties of love and friendship which soften the heart, and purifies the mind.

The marriage state is sometimes not productive of happiness, but it generally happens where virtue is absent,—

"No means of happiness when virtue yields;  
That basis falling, falls the building too,  
And lays in ruins every virtuous joy."

But these are but few in comparison to the number of marriages that daily occur. When the holy bond is cemented by the ties of continued love, and the heart vibrates at the pleasing impulse, we care little what that undesirable wanderer, the bachelor, may say, for we

"By sweet experience know,  
That marriage, rightly understood,  
Gives to the tender and the good,  
A Paradise below."

"Marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is evidently the dictate of Nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness." It is a state not only suited to the conditions of some few individuals, but appropriated to all persons, under all circumstances—extended to the concave arch of heaven, and of incalculable duration. It will brighten affliction's gloomy countenance, and make sorrow wear a cheerful garment. It will deck the humble and contented cot with almost heavenly bliss, and waft its fragrance even to the most remote recesses of poignant misery.

If we trace marriage to a low state we may there see cheerfulness and contentment depleted even in the white-washed wall and the clean fire-side, where though luxury is unknown, the husband returns from his diurnal labour, and rests in the bosom of felicity, while the scanty mite is sweetened when distributed by a wife's hands. But, say some, how is the marriage state when surrounded by a family? Why, if possible, enjoying more felicity: they, instead of detracting in the least degree from the happiness of this state, present themselves as living images and tokens of love, who live to cheer the parent when life shall almost have spun its web.

Marriage has been, by all nations, whether civilized or barbarous, ancient or modern, held with respect and veneration. We have instances of it on record from the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, &c., &c.; indeed, many burdens have at various periods been imposed upon the bachelors, and honourable rewards offered to those who entered the marriage state. Lycurgus and Augustus enacted many severe laws to that effect. In short, if we turn our attention to the manner in which this ceremony is conducted, whether it be by Arabs, Grecians, Turks, Russians, Spaniards, or Greenlanders, or Laplanders, we shall find that all, in their native ceremony, pay respect and love to this state. The Samoides and Thibets are the most careless: a verbal consent forming the marriage ceremony; in short, the women are allowed a plurality of husbands, but these are rare exceptions.

Many persons take a too superficial view of the marriage life, only looking at the few difficulties with which it is sometimes entailed; and by this means make that appear unproductive of happiness, which was by God himself instituted for the promotion of comfort in all his creatures. If the married man has more anxiety and cares than he who enjoys celibacy, he has, at the same time, a far greater portion of real felicity than the bachelor can possibly enjoy. Bishop Taylor, who seems to have well known the human character, has left some valuable truths on this head, which, though brief, contain much of sterling nature. He says, "Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage has its cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome, and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety. . . . His kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. . . . Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

Marriage, before engaged in, ought to be maturely considered, and formed on the basis of sincerity and affection; when this is not adopted, the result generally is unpropitious. Those marriages, too, that are contracted through the persuasive arts of friends, for the purpose of adding wealth to wealth, not unfrequently prove their stability in a court of justice. But when marriage is raised upon the unshaken rock of love and esteem, the

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets"

will never cease to flow, but as time glides on, still flow with an almost more rapid stream.

DANCING.—Though ladies are always more graceful than men, I must here warn them against the modern style of waltzing, which is the reverse of graceful, being little more than a romping twirl, intended only, as far as I can perceive, to make parties giddy. The old waltz, sometimes called the Spanish waltz, was a very graceful dance; but its character is changed, and there is nothing either graceful or pleasing in seeing gentlemen pulling and hauling their partners on, seeing the pretty pairs spinning round and round, jostling against each other, to say nothing of an occasional tumble, till the few who can keep time and step, feel their heads going, and till the ladies are forced to lean, panting, and with flushed cheeks and heaving breast, against the very walls of the room for support. No pretty girl, no young lady, indeed, whether pretty or not, should ever, if she values true and gallant admiration, allow herself to be associated with the recollection of anything that is markedly ungraceful, however harmless in itself, and should never, therefore, dance modern waltzes, polkas, or gallopados.



## ONWARD!

**ADMIRALTY COMMISSION OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.**—The Duke of Northumberland has appointed a commission to visit all the principal ship-building and engineering establishments in the United Kingdom, to collect such facts as they may deem useful for conducting the national establishments, and for the advantage of the mercantile marine.

**PUBLIC BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES.**—The return for the quarter ending Midsummer, 1852, shows that there were 214,369 bathers, and 41,502 washers, at the six establishments in London, during the quarter; the receipts being £3,509 3s. 11d.; being an increase of £1,443 7s. 10d. over the preceding quarter of this year. The returns from Liverpool, Hull, Bristol, Preston, Birmingham, and Maidstone, are equally encouraging, showing the desire there is for cleanliness among the great mass of the people, as well as the capability of these institutions when in active operation.

**FRUITS OF FREE TRADE.**—A correspondent of the *Times* says:—"As one of the fruits of free trade, the Exbridge guardians are sending vegetables into the London market, the inmates being so few that they are unable to consume them. At no time since the union has been opened have there been so few inmates as during this summer, scarcely enough, indeed, to do the necessary work of the house: those remaining consist of the aged, the halt, the lame, and the blind, excepting, indeed, a few children. The duty of the guardians has been almost nominal, two or three of the parishes being entirely free from pensioners."

**EDUCATION IN DRAWING.**—The Committee of Privy Council for Education have recently issued circulars to the Inspectors of Schools, directing them to aid, by every means in their power, the system proposed by the Department of Practical Art for causing elementary drawing to become a part of the national education. It is intended to teach the very simple elements of drawing in all schools willing to bear a small proportion of the necessary expense, and then to admit the qualified scholars to study in a central drawing-school in every town. The importance of the new scheme thus set on foot will be fully appreciated when it is remembered that until the public ignorance in such matters is removed, no extensive or successful effort can be made to raise the standard of taste in our manufacturers.

**INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE ASSOCIATION.**—In reply to the letter addressed by the Society of Arts to the foreign Ministers resident in London, on the subject of international postage, the Ministers of France, Austria, the United States, Spain, Brazil, Sardinia, Portugal, the Hanse Towns, the Netherlands, and Turkey, have expressed their interest and sympathy for the objects of the Association. With the intention of extending the sphere of their operations, the Association intends to form branch societies in the provinces; and they have already received promises of support from Bath, Cork, Cheltenham, Dumbarton, Deal, Dublin, Exeter, Falkirk, Glasgow, Huntingdon, Huddersfield, Halifax, Hastings, Leicester, Leeds, Meithy Tydvil, Manchester, Newcastle, Northampton, Nottingham, Oxford, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Reading, Rotherham, Spalding, Swansea, Sheffield, Sunderland, Staffordshire Potteries, Totnes, Tiverton, Wareham, Wisbeach, and Waterford.

**SEA BATHING IN LONDON.**—In the early development of the railway system, it will be remembered, more than one proposal was made for bringing sea-water from the coast by pipes. We have now before us a prospectus of the London Sea-Water Company, formed for carrying out a somewhat similar enterprise. It is proposed to construct a sea-wall, engine-house, reservoir, and offices at Middlewick, on the eastern coast of Essex; and to lay down a cast-iron main conduit thence through Southminster, Althorn, Latchington, Runwell, Wickford, East Houndon Hill, Gpminster, Horchurch, Langtons, Havering Well, Beacon-Tree Heath, Great Ilford, Stratford, Old Ford-road, Ford-lane, Hackney Wick, and Homerton, to Clapton, terminating in a reservoir formerly used by the East London Waterworks Company, extending over an area of two acres, in Powell's Field. It is intended in the first instance, to construct two bathing establishments—one in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square for the east, and the other near Cavendish-square for the western districts of London. The erection of the establishments at Middlewick and London, with every other outlay, will not exceed £90,000.

**ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH PROGRESS.**—The extension of the electric telegraph to Hurst Castle in Hants, opposite the Needle rocks in the Isle of Wight, may be considered of national importance. Next year, above a dozen foreign mail-packets will pass the Needles every month, averaging one nearly every other day, on their way to Southampton; and the fact of their approach to the latter place will be known by means of the Hurst Castle Telegraph two hours before their actual arrival. As soon as the extension of the telegraph to Hurst Castle is completed, the Southampton Chamber of Commerce purpose effecting some arrangement with the post-office and railway authorities by which, up to the latest period of the day possible, the foreign mails shall be dispatched to London from Southampton, either by ordinary or special train, immediately on their arrival at the latter port. The railway authorities are opposed to special trains, unless notice of them can be previously given to every portion of their line. By the extension of the electric telegraph to Hurst such notice can be given. It is calculated that, taking into consideration the readiness with which foreign mails can be sorted in the General Post-office, and distributed to all parts of the country from thence, and considering also the rapidity with which the mails will be forwarded to London from Southampton, when the Hurst Castle Telegraph is completed, that the utmost possible convenience will be provided for the public next year.

## POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

## • CHEERFULNESS.

And her against sweet Cheerfulness was placed,  
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening clear,  
Were deck'd with smiles, that all sad humours chased  
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

*Spenser's Faery Queen.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,  
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.—*Massinger.*

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? •  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish!—*Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice.*

When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulders flung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rang.—*Collins's Passions.*

Thus without share in coin or land,  
But well content to hold  
The wealth of Nature in my hand,  
One flail of virgin gold,—  
My love above me like a sun,—  
My own bright thoughts my wings,—  
Through life I trust to flutter on  
As gay as aught that sings.—*R. M. Minns.*

## CHILDHOOD AND CHILDREN.

The whining schoolboy with his satchel,  
And shuning morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school.—*Shakspeare's As you like it.*

At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.—*Ibid.*

Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,  
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

*Shakspeare's Winter Tale.*

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make no doubt us happy by his reign.

*Shakspeare's Richard III.*

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?  
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?—*Ibid.*

O 'tis a pious boy;  
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable,  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.—*Ibid.*

Look here and weep with tenderness and transport!  
What is all tasteless luxury to this?  
To these best joys, which holy love bestows?  
Oh Nature, patient nature, thou alone  
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

*Thomson's Agamemnon.*

O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize.—*Thomson's Seasons.*

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charin,  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.—*Ibid.*

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast!—*Ibid.*

Thank to the gods, my boy has done his duty!—  
Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place  
His urn near mine.—*Addison's Cato.*

Why was my prayer accepted? why did Heaven  
In anger hear me when I ask'd a son?—*Hannah More's Moses.*

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*A Curious Pyrotechnical Experiment, with Liquid Phosphorus.*

TAKE a piece of common phosphorus, of about the size of a pea, and cutting it very small, put it into a glass of clear water, and boil it in a little earthen vessel over a moderate fire. Then take a phial with a narrow neck, and having plunged it into boiling water, take it out again, and put the boiling mixture immediately into it, stopping the phial instantly with a glass stopper, and covering it with a cement, that the air may in no degree enter. Then, if this mixture be put in a dark room, it will shine for several months, though the phial be not touched; but if it be shaken, especially in warm dry weather, very strong coruscations, like lightning, will dart from the middle of the water; and, if the phial be sufficiently long, or broad, and a piece of paper be pasted over it, any letters or figures which may be written on it will appear strongly illuminated. If any letters or figures be drawn with it on a white wall, in a dark room, they will likewise appear luminous.

## ENIGMAS.

I.

SOME characters two different aspects wear,  
One foul as sin, and one divinely fair,  
An instance I, this general truth to prove,  
Who deadly hate excite, and tenderest love;  
And as in character, in form, you'll see,  
Complexion, dress, the same diversity.  
First you're to learn, I am a living creature,  
But yet observe, I don't possess one feature:  
I'm black, I'm white, I'm yellow, red and brown;  
Sometimes I'm very small, sometimes well grown;  
Slender and delicate I oft appear,  
And, frequently, a coarse plump figure wear;  
In rags am seen, and such a dirty plight,  
All own I am not fit to come in sight:  
Yet oft in gold and silver I appear,  
Adorn'd with braids of lovely colour'd hair  
And pearls and gems of richest lustre wear.  
Now that my shape, complexion, dress, are told,  
My different qualities I'll next unfold.  
Vice, Folly, Vanity, from me proceed,  
And I perform each prudent, virtuous deed;  
In acts of sweet humanity employ'd,  
Yet through my means is innocence destroy'd:  
The greatest earthly blessings I bestow,  
And I create unutterable woe.  
Proud courtiers at my shrine submissive bend,  
And love-sick swains to me petitions send.  
Yet I to courtiers often prove a foe,  
And lovers' hopes as often overthrow.  
I've travell'd into every foreign land,  
And can the languages of all command;  
Yet though so learn'd, I may be thought a dunce,  
When I avow, I can't my name pronounce.  
Though of a wondrous share of pow'r possess'd,—  
For men with crowns and sceptres I invest,  
Give wealth and titles, pensions, or a place,  
Can doom to penury, or foul disgrace—  
Yet, against destiny, I vainly strive,  
Spite of my pow'r, I've oft been burnt alive.

II.

THERE is a certain natural production, neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral; it exists upon the surface of the earth, from two feet to six; it is neither male nor female, but between both. It is often mentioned in the Old Testament, and strongly recommended in the New.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

I.

SAWNEY, a youth with an accomplished air,  
Long courted Moggy, delicate and fair;  
To gain her friendship ev'ry art essays,  
To meet her kindness tries a thousand ways.  
A globular silver snuff-box Sawney buys,  
To give his Moggy—for whose love he sighs;  
Which cost a guinea, as it does appear:  
'Three inches just was the diameter.  
Now Sawney thinks the box is rather small,  
So on the silversmith again does call,  
To change the box—an inch and a quarter more  
Was the diameter, than that before.  
Now, Tyro, tell me what this box would cost,  
And then of your expertness you may boast.

II.

A man overtaking a maid who was driving a flock of geese, said to her—  
"How do you do, sweetheart, where are you going with these 80 geese?"  
"No, sir," said she, "I have not 80; but if I had as many more, half as many more, and 20 geese besides, I should have 80." How many geese had she?

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE EIGHT OF DIAMONDS.—A BRILLIANT COURT.

## CHARADES.

I.

My *first* is a capital character in the annals of Parnassus; my *second* is celebrated in the annals of Billingsgate; and my *third* is a leader in the annals of biography.

II.

With fierce to the battle the soldier has rush'd,  
And returns in my *first* with prond triumph flush'd,  
With what honours, what wealth, can my *second* repay  
The hero, for gaining so glorious a day?  
But, oh! 'tis my *whole*, crimson flower, when blown,  
Shall, presented by woman, his happiness crown.

III.

In light graceful folds, plays my *first* with the gale,  
And yet they provide it firm footing;  
My *next* the cat's ears are, her nose, and her tail;  
My *whole* holds two quarts, if they're put in.

## REBUSES.

I.

My *first* is a king who in England once reign'd,  
The first Norman monarch this country maintain'd;  
My *second's* a god whom the ancients adored,  
Who slew the great serpent that mortals abhor'd;  
My *third* is a city, in history oft nam'd,  
Which for bravery and learning so justly was fam'd;  
And my *last* is the name of a country of old,  
Where God's chosen people were slaves, we are told.  
Now, when the initials of these are combined,  
The name of a town in fair Essex you'll find.

II.

As a proof of genius, and to try your invention,  
Say what, in surprise, we frequently mention,  
A French affirmative (not to be too intrusive)  
The beginning of error, without a conclusive.  
The first of a ford, with a part of a lord,  
And a term in the compass—a peculiar word.  
These connected together, and properly join'd,  
Discover a town, which I leave you to find.

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

Page 797.

## ENIGMAS.—I. THE WEATHER. 2. A BLUSH.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1. Nearly 6 inches, or 128 yards. 3. 160-95630 feet.

REBUSES.—1 C, him, ney—Chimney. 2. Co., happiness. Anno Domini, robes, lad, ear, mouth and/or glass Newton, cel. Esther e'd—Charlemagne

## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

WHY is a tight shoe like a fine summer?—Because it makes the corn grow.

WHY is Burton's brewery like a Jew's coffee-house?—Because He brews drink there.

LEGAL INFORMATION.—If you bite a man's nose off, what are you bound by law to do?—*Keep the piece.*

AN indirect way of getting a glass of water at a watering-place, is to call for a third cup of tea.

As shoes that have nail-points projecting upwards through the heel, so is a peevish wife.

HE that accustoms himself to buy superfluities, may, ere long, be obliged to sell his necessities.

THE patient mule which travels night and day, will, in the end, go farther than the Arabian courser.

A DANDY is generally supposed to be about one-fourth walking-stick, and the rest—kid gloves and hair.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

Old Gentleman to precocious Child—"Well, my little darling, I have brought you some sugar-plums; you shall have them when I go away." Precocious Child—"Oh, then, give them to me, and go away now!"

AN Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

PRAY, is it owing to the weather,  
That U and I can't dine together?  
Why no—the reason is, d'ye see,  
U cannot come till after T.

A gentleman being asked whether he was seriously injured when a steam-boiler exploded, is said to have replied, that he was so used to being blown up by his wife, that mere steam had no effect on him.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, if bad fish was sold to the poor, the knavish fishmonger was decorated with a necklace of his own unsavoury commodity, and was then perched on a stand in the market.

AMERICAN SHREWDSNESS.—"My child, take those eggs to the store, and if you can't get ninepence a dozen, bring them back." Jemmy went, as directed, and came back again, saying, "Mother, let me alone for a trade; they all tried to get 'em for a shilling, but I screwed 'em to ninepence."

A servant-girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained in the death of a devoted husband. "Poor Mary!" said she, "though George has been dead near six months, yet she grinds her teeth even now whenever she thinks of him!"

"Plaze, sir," said an Irishman to a traveller, "would yez be so oblaiging as to take me great coat, here, to Boston wit' yez?" "Yes," said the man in the wagon, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for shure I'll remain inside uv it."

AN Irishman, who had a pig in his possession, was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied, "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a strake o' fat and a strake o' lane aqually me after 't other?"

AN outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that my hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

Two widowers were once condoling together on the death of their wives; one of them exclaimed, with a sigh, "Well may I bewail my loss, for I had so few differences with the dear deceased, that the last day of my marriage was as happy as the first." "There I surpass you," said his friend, "for the last day of mine was happier."

MONEY, 'tis said, is evil's root,  
Yet justly we may doubt it;  
Who can expect good thriving fruit  
From any stock without it?

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master one morning a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other. "How comes it, you rascal, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is, that the pair down-stairs are in the same fix."

"Papa," said a little boy to his parent the other day, "are not sailors, very, very small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father, "pray, what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

HOOK AND CROOK.—Strongbow, on entering Waterford Harbour, observed a castle on one shore, and a church on the other; inquiring what they were, he was told it was the castle of Hook, and the church of Crook. "Then," said he, "we must enter and take the town by Hook or by Crook." Hence the proverb to this day.

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

THE CHIEF GOOD.—Cæsus placed the chief good in riches; Periander, of Corinth, in honour; Socrates, in knowledge; Plato, in idleness; Orpheus, in beauty; Milo, the Cretonian, in bodily strength; Thales, the Milesian, in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus, in benevolence; Aristotle, in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness.

A PATERN WOMAN.—A good housewife should not be a person of "one idea," but should be equally familiar with the flower-garden and flour-barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will, doubtless, prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful sower of grain, she is equally skilful as a sewer of garments; he keeps his hoes bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

A BENEFICIAL RULE.—The following fact is mentioned by Dr. W. C. Taylor, as having occurred within his knowledge. A gentleman who employed several labourers, made it a rule never to pay any sum, however small, without getting a receipt. The shame which those who were unable to write their names felt in getting their marks, though no observation was made on the circumstance, had a perceptible effect in inducing them to seek instruction for their children, and, in more than one instance, for themselves.

There's not a flower that decks the vale;  
There's not a beam that lights the mountain;  
There's not a shrub that stirs the gale;  
There's not a wind that stirs the fountain;  
There's not a hue that paints the rose;  
There's not a leaf around us lying,  
But in its use or beauty shows  
True love to us, and love undying.

SKILFUL ANATOMISTS.—It may not be generally known that the tadpole acts the same part with fish, that ants do with birds; and that, through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads, attached to the head and tail, in an horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often, till the tadpoles have finished their work. Two or three tadpoles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.

MUSIC AND MENTAL EXERTION.—Alfred often, before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. "Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after,"—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon had often music played in the room adjoining his study. Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poet sublime emotions, might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdaloue or Massillon, was once found playing on a violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch preparatory to his sermon, which within a short interval he was to preach before the court. Curran's favourite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for hours together would he fidget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, in collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming emergency at the bar.

## A PERSIAN FABLE.

A little particle of rain,  
That from a passing cloud descended,  
Was heard thus idly to complain:—  
"My brief existence now is ended,  
On feast of earth and sky,  
Useless to live, unknown to die."  
It chanced to fall into the sea,  
And there an open shell received it;  
And after years, how rich was he  
Who from its prison-house relieved it!  
The drop of rain had form'd a gem,  
To deck a monarch's diadem.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—We do not assume that we recognize that which is truly beautiful in all that makes humanity approach to the Divine; but if there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi than the subjoined, we have not seen it:—"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband: let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy: and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world: make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and for ever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity, and compliance. Keep me from all ungiveness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness, of passion and humour; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God for ever."



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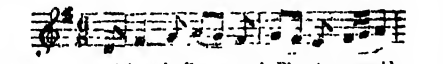
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O Love thy Place, with Plein thy crown'd

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**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.**

**ASTONISHING REMEDIES for the CURE of ULCEROUS WOUNDS.**—Extract of a letter from John Noble, Esq., Mayor of Boston, dated August 12th, 1852. "To Professor Holloway.—Dear Sir,—Mrs. Sarah Dixon, of Ligonier-street, Boston, has this day deposited before me that she was afflicted with ulcers on her arms, feet, and numerous parts of her body, and although the first medical advice was procured at the cost of a large sum of money, she obtained no relief, but became worse. Being advised to try your invaluable Pills and Ointment, she did so, and recovered in their use; by which means she has been perfectly cured." Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 244, Strand.



### Editor's Note-Book.

DOMESTIC HINTS.—No. 26.  
Family Tool Chests.—Much inconvenience, and considerable expense might be saved, if it was the general custom to keep in every house certain tools for the purpose of pur-

forming at home what are called small jobs, instead of being always obliged to send for a mechanic and pay him for executing little things that, in most cases, could be sufficiently well done by a man or boy belonging to the family, provided that the proper instruments were at hand. The cost of these articles in the house are far beyond the expense. For instance, there should be an axe, a hatchet, a saw (a large wood-saw also, with a buck or stand, if wood is burned), a claw-hammer, a mallet, two gimlets of different sizes, two screw-drivers, a chisel, a small plane, one or two jack-knives, a pair of large scissors or shears, and a carpet fork or stretcher. Also, an assortment of nails of various sizes, from large spikes down to small tacks, not forgetting brass headed nails, some larger and some smaller. Screws, likewise, will be found very convenient, and hooks on which to hang things. The nails and screws should be kept in a wooden box, made with divisions to separate the various sorts, for it is very troublesome to have them mixed. No house should be without glue, chalk, putty, common paint, cord, twine, and wrapping paper. And let care be taken to keep up the supply, lest it should run out unexpectedly, and the deficiency cause delay and inconvenience at a time when their use is most wanted. It is well to have somewhere, in the lower part of the house, a deep light closet, appropriated entirely to tools and things of equal utility, for executing promptly such little repairs as convenience may require, without the delay or expense of procuring an artisan. This closet should have at least one large shelf, and that about three feet from the floor. Beneath this shelf may be a deep drawer, divided into two compartments. This drawer may contain cakes of glue, pieces of chalk, and balls of twine of different size and quality. There may be shelves at the sides of the closet for glue pots, paste-pots, and brushes, pots for black, white, green, and red paint, cans of painting oil, paint-brushes, &c. Against the wall, above the large shelf, let the tools be suspended, or laid across nails or hooks of proper size to support them. This is much better than keeping them in a box, where they may be injured by rubbing against each other, and the hand may be hurt in feeling among them to find the thing that is wanted. But when hung up against the back wall of the closet, of course each tool can be seen at a glance. We have been shown an excellent and simple contrivance for designating the exact places allotted to all these articles in a very complete tool closet. On the closet wall, directly under the large shelf that support the tools, is drawn with a small brush dipped in black paint or ink, an outline representation of the tool or instrument belonging to that particular place. For instance, under each saw is sketched the outline of that saw, under each gimlet a sketch of that gimlet, under the screw drivers are slight drawings of screw drivers. So that when bringing back any tool that has been taken away for use, the exact spot to which it belongs can be found in a moment; and all confusion in putting them up and finding them again is thus prevented. Wrapping paper may be piled on the floor under the large shelf. It can be bought very low by the ream, at the large paper warehouses; and every house should keep a supply of it in several varieties. For instance, coarse brown paper for common purposes, that denominated ironmonger's paper, which is strong, thick, and in large sheets, is useful for packing heavy articles; and equally so for keeping silks, ribbons, blondes, &c., as it preserves their colours. Newspapers are unfit for wrapping anything, as the printing ink rubs off the articles inclosed in them, and also soils the gloves of the person that carries the parcel. When shopping, if the person at the counter proceeds to wrap up your purchase in newspaper (a thing rarely attempted in a genteel shop), refuse to take it in such a cover. It is the business of every respectable shopkeeper to provide proper paper for this purpose, and printed paper is not proper. Waste newspapers had best be used for lighting fires, singeing the ends of the hair, and cleaning windows and mirrors. Waste paper that has been written on, cut into slips, and creased and folded, makes very good albumenets or lantern-lighters. These matters may appear of trifling importance, but order and regularity are necessary to happiness.

LIVE.—P. C.—Indeed we cannot compare it to anything more appropriate than a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people squat down and pick the fruit, no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, stands heretofore, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in its trousers.

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.—P. U.—The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the week's business (on Wednesday morning) retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensely; but preserve a composed demeanour always. Is it surprising their days should be long in the land?

WEALTH AND POVERTY.—F. S.—In all questions about the poor it should be considered that law-makers and governors are of the class of the rich, and that to improve the condition of poverty, concessions and sacrifices are demanded on the part of the rich. The most that the laws of wealthy legislation attempt, is to vary the relations of poverty and industry, forgetting that of nothing, nothing ever came. In the society of Great Britain, nine tenths of the property is divided amongst one-tenth of the people, or, in other words, only one-tenth of the property is divided among nine tenths; and we fear that it is too much the study of the TENTH to protect their own rights, at whatever consequence to the NINE-TENTHS. Wealth and property in a community are mere relations of the common stock of property, and there are various ways and means of relieving the poor. These of course it would be useless to enumerate; but, in our opinion there is none which is more heartless than that which is too often evinced in



FEEDING HUNGER WITH A FACT.

NOVEL READING.—P. C.—It does not surprise us at all. Tristram Shandy says that "of all cants, the cant of criticism is the worst." Under the head of this worst of all cants, we register the ill-natured remarks which are so frequently made in the present day about novel reading. You shall hear a fellow who never read a novel in his life, and who can scarcely read at all, speak with an air of infallible disdain about novelists and novels. You shall hear a little editor, somewhere in the region of the Old Bailey, thundering away about love-sick stories, and poisoning the community with over wrought representations of factitious circumstances. In short, all those who are too ignorant to understand, too heartless to feel, or too much absorbed in selfish and worldly pursuits to take any interest in virtue or nobleness, will exclaim against love stories. There are also some self-made writers—we use the term in contradistinction to such as God has made—who have found one peculiar train of thought, and one peculiar style most easy and natural to them, and who differ from the common herd only in having learned to put one word after another in Indian file. You shall hear such writers speak against those books and those stories wherein the best feelings of our nature are portrayed, and whose tendency is to exalt the mind above the paltry considerations of what we shall eat and what we shall put on.

MOUING.—C. F.—It was different in different countries. Among the ancients, mourning was expressed by various signs:—tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside ensigns of honour; thus Plutarch, from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. Amongst the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law, for women who had lost their husbands. The colours of the dress or habit worn to signify grief vary in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black, which, being the privation of light, is supposed to denote the termination of life. In China, it is white, the emblem of purity, which colour was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies. In Egypt, it is yellow, which, representing the colour of leaves when they fall, and flowers when they fade, signifies that death is the end of all human hopes. In Ethiopia, brown, which denotes the earth to which all the dead return. In

Turkey, blue, which is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys. Kings and cardinals mourn in purple or violet, which is supposed to express the combination of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieves and howlings is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—T. F. (true peace is to have peace with virtue, and war with vice). G. A. (you are wrong, we think, in one sense, and may be right in another, but we would recommend you never to blame a friend, without joining some commendation with the reproof). C. H. (Barbarossa was a famous pirate, the history of whom would fill many pages. He proclaimed himself king of Algiers and Tunis, and took possession of the kingdom of Tremecen; but was defeated by Gonzalez, governor of Oran, and put to death, in 1518). S. R. (yes; even in Lapland and Siberia, trees are often found converted into iron ore, and carbonate of copper). R. S. (Mount Ararat is 17,000 feet above the sea level, and 10,000 feet above the table land, on which it stands). X. Y. (no; the mines in Chili are worked by a proprietor, and one who finds capital, called the habilitator). P. C. (the first book of principles of political economy was the treatise of North, in 1691, entitled "Discourses on Trade." Nothing of importance appeared in England from that time till the publication of Stewart's "Principles of Political Economy," which was superseded by Smith's "Wealth of Nations.") J. W. (it is altogether a system of falsity. Glory in war must be derived solely from the justice of the war. Those who are victorious in an unjust war, have no higher glory than अपराधिन to the success of a banditti). C. Y. (a master in the navy has charge of all the ship's material. The gunner, of the ordnance, &c.; the boat-swain superintends the stores, and the purser manages the provisions). HENRY (winter wheat is sown between September and November; and spring, in March and April. The seed is 2½ to 3 bushels per acre). U. K. (all people divide themselves into four classes; husbandmen, traders, soldiers, and clergy. The Hindoo system peculiarly consists in fixing each for life). J. B. (we meet your

### FAREWELL TO REVELRY.

Ye sons of night, of mirth and gl'o,  
Farewell for once, for ever!  
No more I'll join your revelry,  
The hour is come to sever.  
Too long you've been my friendly foe,  
My health and fortune's ruin,  
My path through life with countless woes  
You've ruthlessly been strowin'.  
How fair the days of my youth's years;  
How bright my manhood's dawning—  
No blighted hopes, no dastard fears—  
No Bacchusian fanning.  
A soul of fire, and unoppress'd,  
A heart for any danger;  
A ready hand for the distress'd,  
And aid for the stranger.  
But cold, cold now that poor heart beat,  
Which erst was warm with feeling,  
My summer hour so fastly fleet,  
Life's currents are congealing  
Ye friends, be warned by my ravens,  
And mind that Health's a treasure,  
Be sober while ye may be so,  
And shun the god of Pleasure.)

T. Y. (all animals ruminate which have horns and cloven feet). INQUIRER (the quotation is from Cobbett, when apostrophising and depicting the miseries of a quill-driver in Gray's Inn. You, however have misquoted it. "Gracious Heavens!" says he, "if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber: stretch me under the burning line, and deny me thy propitious dew; nay, if it be thy will, succumb to me with a infected and pestilential air of a democratical club-room, but save me from the desk of an attorney.") L. W. (we would not advise. Remember that friendships made in misfortune generally last for ever). W. S. (beware of him! the address that conceals hypocrisy is the curse of life.)



Printed by WILLIAM TYLER, Bolt-court, London;  
and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BENNETT,  
69, Fleet-street, London.

# THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF THE AMUSING AND THE USEFUL.

No. 52.—Vol. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



*'She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks; and many witnesses had appeared against her before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge.'*

## NATURE AND ART.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from page 307.)

William! in your luxurious dwelling! possessed of coffers filled with gold! relations, friends, joyful around you! delicious viands and rich wines upon your sumptuous board, voluptuousness displayed in every apartment of your habitation! contemplate for a moment, Agnes, your first love, with her son, your first and only child, walking through frost and snow to London, with a foreboding fear on the mother—that, when arrived, they both may perish for the want of a friend.

But no sooner did Agnes find herself within the smoke of the metropolis, than the old charm was renewed; and scarcely had she refreshed her child at the poor inn at which she stopped, than she inquired how far it was to that part of the town where William, she knew, resided.

She received for answer, "About two miles."

Upon this information, she thought that she would keep in reserve, till some new sorrow befall her, the consolation of passing his door (perchance of seeing him), which must ever be an alleviation of her grief. It was not long before she had occasion for more substantial comfort. She soon found she was not likely to obtain a service here, more than in the country. Some objected that she could not make caps and gowns; some that she could not preserve and pickle; some, that she was too young; some, that she was too

pretty; and all declined accepting her, till at last a citizen's wife, on condition of her receiving but half the wages usually given, took her as a servant of all work.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works, during the brightest day, by the aid of artificial light. There are in London kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these, under ground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night, subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not estimating as she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants "with a dismissal;" at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sound of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—"to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings, and vile drudgery," must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So, death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.

All the care of Agnes to please, her fear of offending, her toilsome days, her patience, her submission, could not prevail on her; she saved to retain her one hour after, by chance, she had heard "that she was the mother of a child; that she wished it should be kept a secret; and that she stole out now and then to visit him."



Agnes, with swimming eyes and an almost breaking heart, left a place where to have lived one hour, would have plunged any fine lady in the deepest grief.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AGNES was driven from service to service—her deficiency in the knowledge of a mere drudge, or her lost character, pursuing her wherever she went:—at length, becoming wholly destitute, she gladly accepted a place where the latter misfortune was not the least impediment.

In one of those habitations, where continual misery is dressed in continual smiles; where extreme of poverty is concealed by extreme of finery; where wine dispenses mirth only by dispensing forgetfulness; and where female beauty is so cheap, so complying, that, while it inveigles, it disgusts the man of pleasure, in one of those houses, to attend upon its wretched inhabitants, Agnes was hired. Her feelings of rectitude submitted to those of hunger; her principles of virtue (which the loss of virtue had not destroyed) received a shock when she engaged to be the abettor of vice, from which her delicacy, morality, and religion shrunk; but persons of honour and of reputation would not employ her—was she then to perish? That perhaps was easy to resolve: but she had a child to leave behind! a child, from whom to part for a day was a torment. Yet, before she submitted to a situation which filled her mind with a kind of loathing horror, often she paced up and down the street in which William lived, looked wistfully at his house, and sometimes, lost to all her finer feelings of independent pride, thought of sending a short petition to him; but, at the idea of a repulse, and of that frowning brow which she knew William could dart on her petitions, she preferred death, or the most degrading life, to the trial.

It was long since that misfortune and dishonour had made her callous to the good or ill opinion of all the world except his; and the fear of drawing upon her his increased contempt was still, at the crisis of applying, so powerful, that she found she dared not hazard a reproof from him even in the person of his father, whose rigour she had already more than once experienced, in the frequent harsh messages conveyed to her with the poor stipend for her boy.

Avoid by the rigid and pious character of the new bishop, the growing reputation for rising honours of his son, she mistook the appearance of moral excellence for moral excellence itself, and felt her own unworthiness even to become the supplicant of those great men.

Day after day she watched those parts of the town through which William's chariot was accustomed to drive: but to see the carriage was all to which she aspired—a feeling not to be described, forced her to cast her eyes upon the earth as it drew near to her; and when it had passed, she beat her breast and wept, that she had not seen him.

Impressed with the superiority of others, and her own squalor and disgusting state, she cried, "Let me meet with those who won't despise me—let me only see faces whereon I can look without confusion and terror—let me associate with wretches like myself, rather than force my shame before those who are so good, they can but scorn and hate me."

With a mind thus languishing for sympathy in disgrace, she engaged a servant in the house just now desecrated. There, disregarding the fatal proverb against "evil communications," she had not the firmness to be an exception to the general rule. That pliant disposition, which had yielded to the licentious love of William, stooped to still baser prostitution in company still more depraved.

At first she shuddered at those practices she saw, at those conversations she heard; and blessed herself that poverty, not inclination, had caused her to be a witness of such profligacy, and had condemned her in this vile abode to be a servant, rather than in the lower rank of mistress. Use softened those horrors every day—at length self-defence, the fear of ridicule, and the hope of favour, induced her to adopt that very conduct from which her heart revolted.

In her sorrowful countenance and fading charms, there yet remained attraction for many visitors; and she now submitted to the mercenary profligations of love—more odious, as her mind had been subdued by its most captivating, most endearing joys.

While incessant regret whispered to her "that she ought to have endured every calamity rather than this," she thus questioned her nice sense of wrong:—"Why, why respect myself since no other respects me? Why set a value on my own feelings, when no one else does?"

Degraded in her own judgment, she doubted her own understanding, when it sometimes told her she had deserved better treatment—for she felt herself a fool in comparison with her learned seducer and the rest who despised her. "And why," she continued, "should I ungratefully persist to condemn women, who alone are so kind as to accept me for a companion? Why refuse conformity to their customs, since none of my sex besides will admit me to their society, a partaker of virtuous habits?"

In speculation, these arguments appeared reasonable, and she pursued their dictates; but in the practice of the life in which she plunged, she proved the fallacy of the system; and at times tore her hair with frantic sorrow—that she had not continued in the midway of guilt, and so preserved some portion of self-approbation, to recompense her, in a small degree, for the total loss of the esteem of all the reputable world.

But she had gone too far to recede. Could she now have recalled her innocence, even that remnant she brought with her to London, experience would have taught her to have given up her child, lived apart from him, and once more with the Krute creation, rather than to have mingled with her present society. Now, alas! the time for flying was past—all prudent choice was over—even all reflection was gone for ever—or only admitted of such

passions, when it imperiously forced its way amidst the scenes of tumultuous mirth, or licentious passion, of distracted riot, shameless effrontery, and wild intoxication—when it would force its way—even through the walls of a brothel.

Is there a reader so little experienced in the human heart, so forgetful of his own, as not to feel the possibility of the following fact?

A series of uncommon calamities had been for many years the lot of the elder Henry—a succession of prosperous events had fallen to the share of his brother William. The one was the envy, while the other had the compassion of all who thought about them. For the last twenty years, William had lived in a succession bordering upon splendour, his friends, his fame, his fortune daily increasing; while Henry, throughout that very period, had been loved on earth, and was now existing in a society—and yet, during those twenty years, where William was the happy moment, Henry lived in misery.

That the state of the mind, and not outward circumstances, is the nice point on which happiness depends, is but a trite remark; but that intellectual power should have the force to render a man discontented in extraordinary prosperity, such as that of the present bishop, or contented in his brother's extreme of adversity, requires illustration.

The first great affliction to Henry was his brother's ingratitude; but reasoning on the frailty of man's nature, and the force of man's temptations, he found excuses for William, which made him support the treatment he had received with more tranquillity than William's proud mind supported his brother's marriage. Henry's indulgent disposition made him less angry with William, than William was with him.

The next affliction Henry suffered was the loss of his beloved wife. That was a grief which time and change of objects gradually alleviated; while William's wife was to him a permanent grief: her puerile mind, her talking vanity, her affected virtues, soured his domestic comfort; and, in time, he had suffered more painful moments from her society, than his brother had experienced, even from the death of her he loved.

In their children, indeed, William was the happier—his son was a pride and pleasure to him, while Henry never thought upon his without lamenting his loss with the bitterest anguish. But if the elder brother had in one instance the advantage, still Henry had a resource to overbalance this article. Henry, as he lay imprisoned in his dungeon, and when his punishment being settled, he was again allowed to wander and seek his subsistence where he would,—in all his tedious walks and solitary resting-places, during all his lonely days and mournful nights, had this resource to console him:

"I never did a injury to any one; never was harsh, severe, unkind, deceitful: I did not merely confine myself to do my neighbour no harm, I strove to do him service."

This was the resource that cheered his sinking heart amidst gloomy deserts and a barbarous people; lured him to peaceful slumber in the hut of a savage hunter, and in the hearing of the lion's roar, at times impressed him with a sense of happiness, and made him contemplate, with a longing hope, the resurrection of a future world.

The bishop, with all his comforts, had no comfort like this: he had his solitary reflections too; but they were of a tendency the reverse of these.

"I had my brother ill," was a secret thought of most powerful influence: it kept him waking upon his safe and commodious bed; was sure to recur with every misfortune by which he was threatened, to make his fears still stronger; and came, with invidious stabs, upon every successful event, to take from him a part of his joy. In a word, it was conscience which made Henry's years pass happier than William's.

But though, comparatively with his brother, William was the less happy man, yet his self-reproach was not of such magnitude, for an offence of that atrocious nature, as to banish from his breast a certain degree of happiness, sensibility to the smiles of fortune; nor was Henry's self-acquittal of such exquisite kind as to chase away the feeling of his desolate condition.

As he fished or hunted for his daily dinner, many a time in full view of his prey, a sudden burst of sorrow at his fate, a sudden longing for some dear associate, for some friend to share his thoughts, for some kind shoulder on which to lean his head, for some companion to partake of his repast, would make him instantaneously desist from his pursuit, cast him on the ground in a fit of anguish, till a shower of tears, and his conscience, came to his relief.

It was after an exile of more than twenty-three years—when, on one sultry morning, after pleasant dreams during the night, Henry had waked with more than usual perception of his misery—that, sitting upon the beach, his wishes and his looks all bent on the sea towards his native land, he thought he saw a sail swelling before an unexpected breeze.

"Sure I am dreaming still!" he cried. "This is the very vessel I saw last night in my sleep! Oh, what cruel mockery, that my eyes should so deceive me!"

Yet, though he doubted, he leaped upon his feet in transport: held up his hands, stretched at their length, in a kind of ecstatic joy; and as the glorious sight approached, was near rushing into the sea to hail and meet it. For a while hope and fear kept him in a state bordering on distraction. Now he saw the ship making for the shore, and tears flowed for the grateful prospect. Now it made for another point, and he vented shrieks and groans from the disappointment.

It was at those moments, while hope and fear thus possessed him, that the horrors of his abode appeared more than ever frightful. Inevitable evils, which must be borne; but that calamity which admits the expectation of relief, and then denies it, is insupportable.

After a few minutes passed in dreadful uncertainty, which enhanced his wishes for happiness, the ship evidently drew near the land—a boat was launched from her—and while Henry, now upon his knees, wept, and prayed

servently for the event, a youth sprang from the barge on the strand, rushed towards him, and falling on his neck, then at his feet, exclaimed:

"My father! oh, my father!"

William! dear! bishop! what are your honours, what your riches, what all your possessions, compared to the happiness, the transport, bestowed by this one sentence on your poor brother Henry!

The crosses on land, and the perilous events at sea, had made it now two years since young Henry first took the vow of a man, no longer dependent on the will of another, to seek his father. His fatigues, his dangers, were well recompensed. Instead of weeping over a silent grave, he had the inexpressible joy to receive a parent's blessings for his labours. Yet the elder Henry, in any other than the favourite spot, which the younger (keeping in memory every incident of his former life) knew his father had always chosen for his morning contemplations; and where, previously to his coming to England, he had many a time kept him company. It was to that particular corner of the island that the captain of the ship had generously ordered they should steer, out of the general route to gratify the filial tenderness he expressed. But scarcely had the interview between the father and the son taken place, than a band of natives, whom the appearance of the vessel had called from the woods and hills, came to attack the invaders. The elder Henry had no friend with whom he wished to shake hands at his departure: the old negro servant, who had assisted in young Henry's escape, was dead; and he experienced the excessive joy of bidding adieu to the place, without one regret for all he left behind.

On the night of that day, whose morning had been marked by peculiar sadness at the lowering prospect of many cailed years to come, he slept on board an English vessel, with Englishmen his companions, and his son, his beloved son—who was still more dear to him for that mind which had planned and executed his rescue—this son, his attentive servant, and most affectionate friend.

Though many a year passed, and many a rough encounter was destined to the lot of the two Henrys, before they saw the shores of Europe, yet to them, to live or to die together was happiness enough: even young Henry for a time asked for no greater blessing—but, the first glow of filial ardour over, he called to mind, "Rebecca lived in England;" and every exertion which love, founded on the highest reverence and esteem, could dictate, he employed to expedite a voyage, the end of which would be crowned by the sight of her.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE contrast of the state of happiness between the two brothers was nearly resembled by that of the two cousins—the riches of young William did not render him happy; nor did the poverty of young Henry doom him to misery. His affectionate heart, as he had described in his letter to Rebecca, loved persons rather than things; and he would not have exchanged the society of his father, nor the prospect of her hand and heart, for all the wealth and splendour of which his cousin William was the master.

He was right. Young William, though he viewed with contempt Henry's inferior state, was far less happy than he. His marriage had been the very counterpart of his father's; and, having no child to create affection to his home, his study was the only relief from that domestic incumbrance called his wife; and though, by unremitting application there (joined to the influence of the potent relations of the woman he hated), he at length arrived at the summit of his ambitious desires, still they poorly repaid him for the sacrifice he had made in early life of every tender disposition.

Striding through a list of rapid advancements in the profession of the law, at the age of thirty-eight he found himself raised to a preferment such as rarely falls to the share of a man of his short experience—he found himself invested with a judge's robe; and, gratified by the exalted office, curbed more than ever that aversion which her want of charms or sympathy had produced against the partner of his honours.

While William had thus been daily rising in fortune's favour, poor Agnes had been daily sinking deeper and deeper under fortune's frowns; till at last she became a midnight wanderer through the streets of London, soliciting, or rudely demanding, money of the passing stranger. Sometimes hunted by the watch, she affrighted fled from street to street, from portico to portico—and once, unknowing in her fear which way she hurried, she found her trembling knees had sunk, and her wearied head was reclined, against the stately pillars that guarded William's door.

At the sudden recollection where she was, a swell of passion, composed of horror, of anger, of despair, and love, gave reanimated strength to her failing limbs; and, regardless of her pursuers' steps, she ran to the centre of the street, and looking up to the windows of the mansion, cried, "Ah! there he sleeps in quiet, in peace, in ease—he does not even dream of me—he does not care how the cold pierces, or how the people persecute me! He does not thank me for all the lavish love I have borne him and his child! His heart is so hard, he does not even recollect that it was he who brought me to ruin."

Had these miseries, common to the unhappy prostitute, been alone the punishment of Agnes—had her crimes and sufferings ended in distress like this—her story had not, perhaps, been selected for a public recital; for it had been no other than the customary history of thousands of her sex. But Agnes had a destiny yet more fatal. Unhappily, she was endowed with a mind so sensibly alive to every joy, and every sorrow, to every mark of kindness, every token of severity, so liable to excess in passion, that, once perverted, there was no degree of error from which it would revolt.

Taught by the conversation of the dissolute peas, with whom she now associated, or by her own observation on the worldly reward of elevated villany,

she began to suspect that dishonesty was only held a sin to secure the property of the rich; and that, to take from those who did not want, by the art of stealing, was less guilt than to take from those who did want, by the power of the law.

By false yet seducing opinions such as these, her reason estranged from every moral and religious tie, her necessities urgent, she reluctantly accepted the proposal to mix with a band of practised sharpers and rascals, and became an accomplice in negotiating bills forged on a country banker.

But though ingenious in arguments to excuse the deed before its commission, in the act she had ever the dread of some incontrovertible statement on the other side of the question. Intimidated by this apprehension, she was the veriest bungler in her vile profession—and on the alarm of being detected, while every one of her confederates escaped and absconded, she alone was seized, was arrested for issuing notes they had fabricated, and committed to the provincial gaol, about fifty miles from London, where the crime had been perpetrated, to take her trial for—life or death.

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out, or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her by command of the laws of their country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes, at the county-town in which she is imprisoned, is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire hall—the gaol doors are opened—they go in sad procession—the trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge—and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned justice before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste even on the brink of the grave! After reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that, till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of joy, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took place of her first immoderate joy:—she feared, that although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was. Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her, if he recognized her, he might possibly befriend her cause; and life, bestowed through William's friendship, seemed a precious object! But again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice. In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar, and her guilty land held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity, than the judge and the culprit; and yet these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind. His thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, desponding countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered amongst a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful, lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks; and many witnesses had appeared against her before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge. She then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitied but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight; and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her:

"What defence have you to make?"

It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging! It almost charmed her to a love of life!—not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone, vowing never to see or speak to her more.

She could have hung upon the present words for ever! She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, from his benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for the consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side, when last he parted from you as if there had, the awful William had been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned by the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered:

"Recollect yourself. Have you no witnesses—no proof in your behalf?"

A dead silence followed these questions.

He then mildly, but forcibly, added:—"What have you to say?"

Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated:—"Nothing, my Lord."

After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone:—"Have you no one to speak to your character?"

The prisoner answered,—“No.”

A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted. He summed up the evidence; and every time he was compelled to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—withered under the weight of his minute justice more than from the prospect of a shameful death.

The jury consulted but a few minutes. The verdict was,—“Guilty.”

She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce her sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion—retreated a step or two back,—and, lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed,—“Oh, not from you!”

The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying.

Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the fatal speech, ending with “Dead! dead! dead!”

She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon; while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

## CHAPTER XIX.

If, unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind, of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her: yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts: he felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness, to soften the fatigue of studious labour; to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it were male or female, whether a beggar in the streets, or dead—various and important public occupations forbade him to waste time to inquire. Yet the poor, the widow, and the orphan, frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities; gave largely; and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligations, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him, who love to do every good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants who will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters: there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their husbands. Duty is a familiar word, which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity, valour, self-denial, and bounty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity—had he adopted private pity, instead of public munificence—had he cast an eye at home, before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*Remorse*—the tortures of which he for the first time proved, on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way, a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

“March the 12th, 179—

“The last dying words, speech, and confession; birth, parentage, and education; life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning, between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

“Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ———— [William started at the name of the village and county];—“but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the path of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury, or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

“And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of the crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her, to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.”

## “POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

“So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death, and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her, she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delicious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth about sixteen, who has never forsaken

his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her fatal sentence passed, than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually on this child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy. But notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation, when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.

No sooner had the name of “Anfield” struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind, to give him full conviction whom it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even a suspicion who she was, either from her name, or from her person, during the whole trial.

But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation, was absorbed by—*Remorse*:—it wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart, as it would do a tender one. It harked on his firm, inflexible mind, as it would on a weak and pliant brain. Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*Remorse*.

A few momentary cessations from the pangs of a guilty conscience were given to William, as soon as he had despatched a messenger to the goal in which Agnes had been confined, to inquire after the son she had left behind, and to give orders that immediate care should be taken of him. He likewise charged the messenger to bring back the petition she had addressed to him during her supposed insanity; for he now experienced no trivial consolation in the thought that he might possibly have it in his power to grant her a request.

The messenger returned with the written paper, which had been considered by the persons to whom she had intrusted it, as the distracted dictates of an insane mind; but proved to William, beyond a doubt, that she was perfectly in her senses.

## “TO LORD CHIEF JUSTICE NORWYNNE.

“MY LORD,—

“I am Agnes Primrose, the daughter of John and Hannah Primrose, of Anfield. My father and mother lived by the hill at the side of the little brook where you used to fish, and so first saw me.

“Pray, my lord, have mercy on my sorrows; pity me for the first time, and spare my life. I know I have done wrong—I know it is presumption in me to dare to apply to you, such a wicked and mean wretch as I am; but, my lord, you once condescended to take notice of me—and though I have been very wicked since that time, yet if you would be so merciful as to spare my life, I promise to amend it for the future. But if you think it proper I should die, I will be resigned; but then I hope, I beg, I supplicate, that you will grant my other petition. Pray, pray, my lord, if you cannot pardon me, be merciful to the child I leave behind. What he will do when I am gone, I don't know,—for I have been the only friend he has had ever since he was born. He was born, my lord, about sixteen years ago, at Anfield, one summer's morning, and carried by your cousin Mr. Henry Norwynne, to Mr. Rymer's, the curate there,—and I swore whose child he was before the dean, and I did not take a false oath. Indeed, indeed, my lord, I did not.

“I will say no more, for fear this should not come safe to your hand, for the people treat me as if I were mad. So I will say no more, only this, that whether I live or die, I forgive everybody, and I hope everybody will forgive me; and I pray that God will take pity on my son, if you refuse; but I hope you will not refuse.

“AGNES PRIMROSE.”

William rejoiced, as he laid down the petition, that she had asked a favour he could bestow; and hoped, by his protection of the son, to redress, in some degree, the wrongs he had done the mother. He instantly sent for the messenger into his apartment, and impatiently asked, “If he had seen the boy, and given proper directions for his care.”

“I have given directions, sir, for his funeral.”

“How?” cried William.

“He pined away ever since his mother was confined, and died two days after her execution.”

Robbed, by this news, of his only gleam of consolation—in the consciousness of having done a mortal injury for which he never now by any means could atone, he saw all his honours, all his riches, all his proud selfish triumphs fade before him! They seemed like airy nothings, which in rapture he would exchange for the peace of a tranquil conscience!

He envied Agnes the death to which he first exposed, then condemned her; he envied her even the life she struggled through from his neglect, and felt that his future days would be far less happy than her former existence. He calculated with precision.

The progressive rise of William and fall of Agnes, had now occupied nearly the term of eighteen years. Added to these, another year elapsed before the younger Henry completed the errand on which his heart was fixed, and returned to England. Shipwreck, imprisonment, and other ills to which the poor and unfriended traveller is peculiarly exposed, detained the father and son in various remote regions until the present period; and for the



fifteen years, denied them the means of all correspondence with their own country.

The elder Henry was now past sixty years of age, and the younger almost beyond the prime of life. Still length of time had not diminished, but rather had increased their anxious longings for their native home.

The sorrows, disappointments, and fatigues, which, throughout these tedious years were endured by the two Henrys, are of that dull, monotonous kind of suffering, better omitted than described; mere repetitions of the exile's woes, that shall give place to the transporting joy of return from banishment! Yet, often as the younger had reckoned, with impatient wishes, the hours which were passed distant from her he loved, no sooner was his disastrous voyage at an end, no sooner had his feet trod upon the shore of Britain, than a thousand wounding fears made him almost doubt whether it were happiness or misery he had obtained by his arrival. If Rebecca were living, he knew it must be happiness: for his heart dwelt with confidence on her faith—her unchanging sentiments. But death might possibly have ravished from his hopes what no mortal power could have done. And thus the lover creates a rival in every ill, rather than suffer his fears to remain inanimate.

The elder Henry had less to fear or to hope than his son; yet he both feared and hoped with a sensibility that gave him great anxiety. He hoped his brother would receive him with kindness, after his long absence, and once more take his son cordially to his favour. He longed impatiently to behold his brother; to see his nephew; nay, in the ardour of the renewed affection he just now felt, he thought even a distant view of Lady Clementina would be grateful to his sight! But still, well remembering the pomp, the state, the pride of William, he could not rely on his affection, so much he knew that it depended on external circumstances to excite or to extinguish his love. Not that he feared an absolute repulsion from his brother; but he feared what to a delicate mind is still worse, reserved manners, cold looks, absent sentences, and all that cruel retinue of indifference with which those who are beloved so often wound the bosom that adores them.

By inquiring of their countrymen (whom they met as they approached the end of their voyage) concerning their relation the dean, the two Henrys learned that he was well, and had for some years past been exalted to the bishopric of ——. This news gave them joy, while it increased their fear of not receiving an affectionate welcome.

The younger Henry, on his landing, wrote immediately to his uncle, acquainting him with his father's arrival in the most abject state of poverty; he addressed his letter to the bishop's country residence, where he knew, as it was the summer season, he would certainly be. He and his father then set off on foot towards that residence—a palace.

The bishop's palace was not situated above fifty miles from the port where they had landed; and at a small inn, about three miles from the bishop's, they proposed (as the letter to him intimated) to wait for his answer, before they intruded into his presence.

As they walked on their solitary journey, it was some small consolation that no creature knew them.

"To be poor and ragged, father," the younger smilingly said, "is no disgrace, no shame, thank Heaven, where the object is not known."

"True, my son," replied Henry: "and perhaps I feel myself much happier now, unknowing and unknown to all but you, than I shall in the presence of my fortunate brother and his family: for there, confusion at my ill success through life may give me greater pain, than even my misfortunes have inflicted."

After uttering this reflection, which had preyed upon his mind, he sat down on the road-side to rest his agitated limbs, before he could proceed farther. His son reasoned with him—gave him courage; and now his hopes preponderated, till after two days' journey, on arriving at the inn where an answer from the bishop was expected, no letter, no message, had been left.

"He means to renounce us," said Henry, trembling, and whispering to his son.

Without disclosing to the people of the house who they were, or from whom the letter or the message they inquired for was to have come, they retired, and consulted what steps they were now to pursue.

Previously to his writing to the bishop, the younger Henry's heart, all his inclinations, had swayed him towards a visit to the village in which was his uncle's former country seat—the beloved village of Anfield; but respect to him, and duty to his father, had made him check those wishes: now they revived again; and with the image of Rebecca before his eyes, he warmly entreated his father to go with him to Anfield, at present only thirty miles distant, and thence write once more—then again wait the will of his uncle.

The father consented to this proposal, even glad to postpone the visit to his dignified brother.

After a scanty repast, such as they had been long injured to, they quitted the inn, and took the road towards Anfield.

It was about five in the afternoon of a summer's day, that Henry and his son left the sign of the Mermaid, to pursue their third day's journey: the young man's spirits elated with the prospect of the reception he should meet from Rebecca; the elder dejected, at not having received a speedy welcome from his brother.

The road which led to Anfield by the shortest course, of necessity took our travellers within sight of the bishop's palace. The turrets appeared at a distance; and on the sudden turn round the corner of a large plantation, the whole magnificent structure was at once exhibited before his brother's astonished eyes! He was struck with the grandeur of the habitation; and totally forgetting all the unkind, the contemptuous treatment he had ever received from its owner (like the same Henry in his earlier years), smiled with a kind of transport that William was so great a man.

After this first joyous sensation was over, "Let us go a little nearer, my son," said he; "no one will see us, I hope; or, if they should, you can run and conceal yourself; and not a creature will know me; even my brother would not know me thus altered; and I wish to take a little farther view of his fine house, and all his pleasure-grounds."

Young Henry, though impatient to be gone, would not object to his father's desire. They walked forward between a shady grove and a purling rivulet, snuffed in odours from the jessamine banks, and listened to the melody of an adjoining aviary.

The allurements of the spot seemed to enchain the elder Henry, and he at length sauntered to the very avenue of the dwelling; but just as he had set his daring, yet trembling feet upon the turf which led to the palace gates, he suddenly stopped, on hearing, as he thought, the village clock strike seven; which reminded him that evening drew on, and it was time to go. He listened again, when he and his son, both together, said, "It is the toll of the bell before some funeral."

The signals of death, while they humble the rich, inspire the poor with pride. The passing bell gave Henry a momentary sense of equality, and he courageously stepped forward to the first winding of the avenue.

He started back at the sight which presented itself!

A hearse—mourning coaches—mutes—plumed horses—with every other token of the person's importance, who was going to be committed to the earth.

Scarcely had his terrified eyes been thus unexpectedly struck, when a coffin borne by six men issued from the gates, and was deposited in the waiting receptacle; while gentlemen in mourning went into the different coaches.

A standard-bearer now appeared with an escutcheon, on which the keys and mitre were displayed. Young Henry, upon this pathetically exclaimed, "My uncle! it is my uncle's funeral!"

Henry, his father, burst into tears.

The procession moved along.

The two Henrys, the only real mourners in the train, followed at a little distance—in rags, but in tears.

The elder Henry's heart was nearly bursting: he longed to clasp the dear remains of his brother, without the dread of being spurned for his presumption. He now could no longer remember him either as the dean or bishop; but, leaping over that whole interval of pride and arrogance, called only to his memory William, such as he knew him when they lived at home together, together walked to London, and there together almost perished for want.

They arrived at the church: and, while the coffin was placing in the dreary vault, the weeping brother crept slowly after to the hideous spot. His reflections now fixed on a different point.

"Is this possible?" said he to himself. "Is this the dean, whom I ever feared? Is this the bishop of whom, within the present hour, I stood in awe? Is this William, whose every glance struck me with his superiority? Alas, my brother! and is this horrid abode the reward for all your aspiring efforts? Are these sepulchral trappings the only testimonies of your greatness, which you exhibit to me on my return? Did you foresee an end like this, while you treated me, and many more of your youthful companions, with haughtiness and contempt; while you thought it becoming of your dignity to shun and despise us? Where is the difference now, between my departed wife and you? or, if there be a difference, she, perchance, has the advantage. Ah, my poor brother! for distinction in the other world, I trust, some of your anxious labours have been employed; for you are now of less importance in this than when you and I first left our native town, and hoped for nothing greater than to be suffered to exist."

On their quitting the church, they inquired of the by-standers the immediate cause of the bishop's death, and heard he had been suddenly carried off by a raging fever.

Young Henry inquired if Lady Clementina was at the palace, or Mr. Norwynne?

"The latter is there," he was answered by a poor woman; "but Lady Clementina has been dead these four years."

"Dead! dead!" cried young Henry. "That worldly woman! quitted this world for ever!"

"Yes," answered the stranger: "she caught cold, by wearing a new-fashioned dress that did not half cover her, wasted all away, and died the miserablest object you ever heard of."

The person who gave this melancholy intelligence concluded it with a hearty laugh; which would have surprised the two hearers, if they had not before observed that amongst all the village crowd that attended to see this solemn show, not one afflicted countenance appeared, not one dejected look, not one watery eye. The pastor was scarcely known to his flock; it was in London that his meridian lay, at the levee of ministers, at the table of peers, at the drawing-rooms of the great; and now his neglected parishioners paid his indifference in kind.

The ceremony over, and the mourning suite departed, the spectators dispersed with gibes and jeering faces from the sad spot; while the Henrys, with heavy hearts, retraced their steps back towards the palace. In their way, at the crossing of a stile, they met a poor labourer returning from his day's work; who, looking earnestly at the throng of persons who were leaving the churchyard, said to the elder Henry,—

"Pray, master, what are all them folk gathered together about? What's the matter there?"

"There has been a funeral," replied Henry.

"Oh, zooks! what! a burying—ay, now I see it is; and I warrant of our old bishop—I heard he was again ill. It is he they have been putting into the ground! is not it?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"Why, then, so much the better."

"The better!" cried Henry.

"Yes, master; though I should loath to be where he is now."

Henry started—

"He was your pastor, man."

"Ha, ha, ha! I should be sorry that my master's sheep, that are feeding yonder, should have no better pastor—the fox would soon get them all."

"You surely did not know him?"

"Not much, I can't say I did; for he was above speaking to poor folks, unless they did any mischief—and then he was sure to take notice of them."

"I believe he meant well," said Henry.

"As to what he meant, God only knows; but I know what he did."

"And what did he?"

"Nothing at all for the poor."

"If any of them applied to him, no doubt—"

"Oh, they knew better than all that comes to; for, if they asked for anything, he was sure to have them sent to Bridewell or the workhouse. He used to say, 'The workhouse was a fine place for a poor man—the foul good enough, and enough of it;' yet he kept a dainty table himself. His dogs, too, fared better than the poor. He was vastly tender and good to all his horses and dogs, I will say that for him; and to all brute beasts: he would not suffer them to be either starved or struck—but he had no compassion for his fellow-creatures."

"I am sensible you do him wrong."

"That he is the best judge of by this time. He has sent many a poor man to the house of correction; and now 't is well if he has not got a place there himself. Ha, ha, ha!"

The man was walking away, when Henry called to him,

"Pray can you tell me if the bishop's son be at the palace?"

"Oh, yes, you'll find master there, treading in the old man's shoes, as proud as Lucifer."

"Has he any children?"

"No, thank God! There's been enow of the name; and, after the son is gone, I hope we shall have no more of the breed."

"Is Mrs. Norwynne, the son's wife, at the palace?"

"What, master! did not you know what's become of her?"

"Any accident?"

"Ha, ha, ha! yes. I can't help laughing—why, master, she made a mistake, and went to another man's bed—and so her husband and she were parted,—and she has married the other man."

"Indeed!" cried Henry, amazed.

"Ay, indeed; but if it had been my wife, or yours, the bishop would have made her do penance in a white sheet: but, as it was a lady, why, it was all very well—and any one of us that had been known to talk about it would have been sent to Bridewell straight. But we did talk, notwithstanding."

The malicious joy with which the peasant told this story, made Henry believe (more than all the complaints the man uttered) that there had been a want of charity and Christian deportment in the whole conduct of the bishop's family. He almost wished himself back on his savage island, where brotherly love could not be less than it appeared to be in this civilised country.

## CHAPTER XX.

As Henry and his son, after parting from the poor labourer, approached the late bishop's palace, all the charms of its magnificence, its situation, which, but a few hours before, had captivated the elder Henry's mind, were vanished; and, from the mournful ceremony he had since been witness of, he now viewed this noble edifice but as a heap of rubbish piled together, to fascinate weak understandings, and to make even the wise and religious man, at times, forget why he was sent into this world.

Instead of presenting themselves to their nephew and cousin, they both felt an unconquerable reluctance to enter under the superb, the melancholy roof. A bank, a hedge, a tree, a hill, seemed at this juncture, a pleasanter shelter; and each felt himself happy in being a harmless wanderer on the face of the earth, rather than living in splendour, while the wants, the revilings of the hungry and the naked, were crying to Heaven for vengeance.

They gave a heartfelt sigh to the vanity of the rich and the powerful; and pursued a path where they hoped to meet with virtue and happiness.

They arrived at Anfield.

Possessed by apprehensions, which his uncle's funeral had served to increase, young Henry, as he entered the well-known village, feared every sound he heard would convey information of Rebecca's death. He saw the parsonage-house at a distance, but dreaded to approach it, lest Rebecca should no longer be an inhabitant. His father indulged him in the wish to take a short survey of the village, and rather learn by indirect means, by observation, his fate, than hear it all at once from the lips of some blunderer.

Anfield had undergone great changes since Henry left it. He found some cottages built where formerly there were none; and some were no more where he had frequently called, and held short conversations with the poor who dwelt in them. Amongst the latter number was the house of the parents of Agnes—fallen to the ground! He wondered to himself where that poor family had taken up their abode. Henry, in a kinder world!

He once again cast a look at the old parsonage-house; his inquisitive eye

informed him there no alteration had taken place externally; but he feared what change might be within.

At length he obtained the courage to enter the churchyard, in his way to it. As he slowly and tremblingly moved along, he stopped to read here and there a gravestone; as mild, instructive conveyers of intelligence, to which he could attend with more resignation than to any other reporter.

The second stone he came to he found was erected "To the memory of the Rev. Thomas Rymer," Rebecca's father. He instantly called to mind all that poor curate's quick sensibility of wrong towards himself; his unbridled rage in consequence; and smiled to think how trivial now appeared all for which he gave way to such excess of passion.

But, shocked at the death of one so near to her he loved, he now feared to read on, and cast his eyes from the tomb, accidentally, to the church. Through the window of the chancel, his sight was struck with a tall monument of large dimensions, raised since his departure, and adorned with the finest sculpture. His curiosity was excited—he drew near, and he could distinguish (followed by elegant poetic praise), "To the memory of John, Lord Viscount Bendham."

Notwithstanding the solemn, melancholy, and anxious bent of Henry's mind, he could not read these words, and behold this costly fabric, without indulging a momentary fit of indignant laughter.

"Are sculpture and poetry thus debased," he cried, "to perpetuate the memory of a man whose best advantage is to be forgotten; whose no one action merits record, but as an example to be shunned?"

An elderly woman, leaning on her staff, now passed along the lane by the side of the church. The younger Henry accosted her, and ventured to inquire where the daughters of Mr. Rymer, since his death, were gone to live?

"We live," she returned, "in that small cottage across the clover field."

Henry looked again, and thought he had mistaken the word *we*; for he felt assured that he had no knowledge of the person to whom he spoke.

But she knew him, and, after a pause, cried—

"Ahl Mr. Henry, you are welcome back. I am heartily glad to see you—and my poor sister Rebecca will go out of her wits with joy."

"Is Rebecca living, and will be glad to see me?" he eagerly asked, while tears of rapture trickled down his face. "Father," he continued, in his ecstasy, "we are now come home to be completely happy; and I feel as if all the years I have been away were but a short week; and as if all the dangers I have passed had been light as air. But is it possible," he cried, to his kind informer, "that you are one of Rebecca's sisters?"

Well might he ask; for, instead of the blooming woman of seven-and-twenty he had left her, her colour was gone, her teeth impaired, her voice broken. She was near fifty.

"Yes, I am one of Mr. Rymer's daughters," she replied.

"But which?" said Henry.

"The eldest, and once called the prettiest," she returned: "though people now tell me I am altered; yet I cannot say I see it myself."

"And are you all living?" Henry inquired.

"All but one; she married and died. The other three, on my father's death, agreed to live together, and knit or spin for our support. So we took that small cottage, and furnished it with some of the parsonage furniture, as you shall see; and kindly welcome I am sure you will be to all it affords, though that is but little."

As she was saying this, she led him through the clover-field towards the cottage. His heart rebounded with joy that Rebecca was there: yet, as he walked, he shuddered at the impression which he feared the first sight of her would make. He feared what he imagined (till he had seen this change in her sister) he should never heed. He feared Rebecca would look no longer young. He was not yet so far master over all his sensual propensities, as, when the trial came, to think he could behold her look like her sister, and not give some evidence of his disappointment.

His fears were vain. On entering the gate of their little garden, Rebecca rushed from the house to meet them, just the same Rebecca as ever.

It was her mind, which, beaming on her face, and actuating her every motion, had ever constituted all her charms; it was her mind which had gained her Henry's affection. That mind had undergone no change; and she was the selfsame woman he had left her.

He was entranced with joy.

The fare which the Henrys partook at the cottage of the female Rymer was such as the sister had described—mean, and even scanty; but this did not in the least diminish the happiness they received in meeting, for the first time since their arrival in England, human beings who were glad to see them.

At a stinted repast of milk and vegetables, by the glimmering light of a little brushwood on the hearth, they yet could feel themselves comparatively blest, while they listened to the recital of afflictions which had befallen persons around that very neighbourhood, for whom every delicious viand had been procured to gratify the taste, every art devised to delight the other senses.

It was by the side of this glimmering fire, that Rebecca and her sisters told the story of poor Agnes's fate, and of the thorn it had for ever planted in William's bosom—of his reported sleepless, perturbed nights; and his gloomy, or half-distracted days; when, in the fullness of remorse, he has complained—of a guilty conscience! of the weariness attached to continual prosperity! the misery of wanting an object of affection!"

They told of Lord Bendham's death from the effects of intemperance; from a mass of blood infected by high-seasoned dishes, mixed with copious draughts of wine—repletion of food and liquor, not less fatal to the existence of the rich, than the want of common sustenance to the lives of the poor.

They told of Lady Benthams ruin since her lord's death, by gaming. They told "that now she suffered beyond the pain of common indigence, by the cutting triumph of those whom she had formerly despised."

They related (what has been told before) the divorce of William, and the marriage of his wife with a libertine; the decease of Lady Clementina, occasioned by that incorrigible vanity which even old age could not subdue.

After numerous other examples had been recited of the dangers, the evils that riches draw upon their owners, the elder Henry rose from his chair, and, embracing Rebecca and his son, said, "How much indebted are we to Providence, my children, who, while it inflicts poverty, bestows peace of mind; and in return for the trivial grief we meet in this world, holds out to our longing hopes the reward of the next!"

Not only resigned, but happy in their station, with hearts made cheerful rather than dejected by attentive meditation, Henry and his son planned the means of their future support, independent of their kinsman William—nor only of him, but of every person and thing but their own industry.

"While I have health and strength," cried the old man,—"and his son's looks acquiesced in all the father said,—"I will not take from any one in affluence what only belongs to the widow, the fatherless, and the infirm; for to such alone, by Christian laws—however custom may subvert them—the overplus of the rich is due."

## CHAPTER XXI.

By forming an humble scheme for their remaining life, a scheme depending upon their own exertions alone, on no light promises of pretended friends, and on no sanguine hopes of certain success, but with prudent apprehension, with fortitude against disappointment, Henry, his son, and Rebecca (now his daughter), found themselves, at the end of one year, in the enjoyment of every comfort which such distinguished minds knew how to taste.

Exempt both from patronage and from control—healthy—alive to every fruition with which nature blesses the world; dead to all out of their power to attain, the works of art—susceptible of those passions which endear human creatures one to another, insensible to those which separate man from man—they found themselves the thankful inhabitants of a small house or hut, placed on the borders of the sea.

Each morning wakes the father and the son to cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market town. The evening sends them back to their home in joy, where Rebecca meets them at the door, affectionately boasts of the warm meal that is ready, and heightens the charm of conversation with her taste and judgment.

It was after a supper of roots from their garden, poultry that Rebecca's hand had reared, and a jug brewed by young Henry, that the following discourse took place:

"My son," said the elder Henry, "where, under heaven, shall three persons be met together, happy as we three are? It is the want of industry, or the want of reflection, which makes the poor dissatisfied. Labour gives a value to rest, which the idle can never taste; and reflection gives to the mind a degree of content, which the unthinking never can know."

"I once," replied the younger Henry, "considered poverty a curse; but after my thoughts became enlarged, and I had associated for years with the rich, and now mix with the poor, my opinion has undergone a total change—for I have seen, and have enjoyed, more real pleasure at work with my fellow-labourers, and in this cottage, than ever I beheld, or experienced, during my abode at my uncle's; during all my intercourse with the fashionable and the powerful of this world."

"The worst is," said Rebecca, "the poor have not always enough."

"Who has enough?" asked her husband. "Had my uncle? No: he hoped for more—and in all his writings sacrificed his duty to his avarice. Had his son enough, when he yielded up his honour, his domestic peace, to gratify his ambition? Had Lady Benthams enough, when she staked all she had, in the hope of becoming richer? Were we, my Rebecca, of discontented minds, we have now too little. But conscious, from observation and experience, that the rich are not so happy as ourselves, we rejoice in our lot."

The tear of joy which stole from her eye expressed, more than his words, a state of happiness.

He continued:—"I remember, when I first came a boy to England, the poor excited my compassion; but now that my judgment is matured, I pity the rich. I know that in this opulent kingdom, there are nearly as many persons perishing through intemperance, as starving with hunger; there are as many miserable in the lassitude of having nothing to do, as there are of those bowed down to the earth with hard labour; there are more persons who draw upon themselves calamity by following their own will, than there are who experience it by obeying the will of another. Add to this, that the rich are so much afraid of dying, they have no comfort in living."

"There the poor have another advantage," said Rebecca; "for they may defy not only death, but every loss by sea or land, as they have nothing to lose."

"Besides," added the elder Henry, "there is a certain joy, of the most gratifying kind that the human mind is capable of tasting, peculiar to the poor; and of which the rich can but seldom experience the delight."

"What can that be?" cried Rebecca.

"A kind word, a benevolent smile, one token of esteem from the person whom we consider as our superior."

To which Rebecca replied, "And the rarity of obtaining such a token is what increases the honour."

"Certainly," returned young Henry; "and yet those in poverty, un-

grateful as they are, murmur against that government from which they receive the blessing."

"But this is the fault of education, of early prejudice," said the elder Henry. "Our children observe us with respect, even reverence, to the wealthy, while we slight or despise the poor. The impression thus made on their minds in youth is indelible during the more advanced periods of life; and they continue to pine after riches, and lament under poverty: nor is the seeming folly wholly destitute of reason; for human beings are not yet so deeply sunk in voluptuous gratification, or childish vanity, as to place delight in any attainment which has not for its end the love or admiration of their fellow-beings."

"Let the poor, then," cried the younger Henry, "no more be their own persecutors—no longer pay homage to wealth—simultaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease—the idol will be broken."

CONCLUSION.

## • THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

Few men have occupied a more distinguished position in literature, or displayed greater ability in the various characters of historian, essayist, and poet, than the subject of this memoir. To enter into the details of a life consecrated to study, and still actively engaged in disseminating high principles of intelligence, would exceed the limits to which we are necessarily confined; a few observations on the career and the productions of Mr. Macaulay must therefore suffice. He was born in 1800, and received his early education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gave promise of the intellectual eminence to which he has attained. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a rich merchant, whose commercial prosperity was greatly interested in the African trade, but who, nevertheless, zealously and actively advocated the abolition of slavery, against his own pecuniary advantage. In the year 1822, Mr. Macaulay received his bachelor's degree and a fellowship, and after a brilliant university campaign, applied himself to the law and became a barrister. The grave duties of his profession did not, however, prevent him from pursuing the more interesting, and probably more congenial pursuits of literature, and his "Essay on Milton," contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, 1826, was the commencement of a series of admirable critical writings, which have justly received the ovation of popularity. The political bias of Mr. Macaulay inclining him to the Whigs, he was speedily invited to join the ranks of that party in Parliament, and he rendered them important services by his effective powers as a public orator. He was appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts, and in 1834 became Secretary to the India Board. Mr. Macaulay has since rendered valuable services in the Senate, and is generally considered one of its most prominent members.

It was during his college days that the true poetic instinct became evinced to the world by the publication of an admirable heroic ballad, "The War of the League." He afterwards contributed a series of poems, entitled "Lays of the Roundheads," in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, a periodical of which Professor Wilson is said to have declared that its four or five volumes were equal in talent to anything in periodical literature.

"The Lays of Ancient Rome," the latest poetical production of Mr. Macaulay, impressed with the broad stamp of genius, at once elevated him into the foremost ranks of the "inspired few." Mr. Gilfillan, in his admirable "Gallery of Literary Portraits," says,—

"These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon (not, as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurling laughter), but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the 'Lays' appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the 'Lays' have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose quo epithet, 'red wat shod,' whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the 'Earnest Cry,' and whose one song, 'Go fetch for me a pint of wine,' are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Written, it is said, in the War-office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her last poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon its rapidly and furiously-filling page."

Mr. Macaulay is now engaged upon the great work which has added fresh laurels to his fame—"The History of England," two volumes of which have already appeared, and have excited the eager anticipations of the public.

Many and varied have been the opinions expressed on the peculiar genius of Macaulay; but we cannot do better than quote those of the critic above-mentioned, who, in speaking of the contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, observes:—

"We confess that, had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new Waverley tale. 'More—give us more—it is divine!' we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum's speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly to lift up its head—'What have you gained? Have you only risen





from a more refined "Noctes Ambrosianæ"? Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears? As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

"But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling-stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious—'What we can so easily understand we could easily equal;' and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undiluted. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without colouring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shied. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps, under a weightier burden, like Charon's skill, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his United paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on 'Milton,' and the 'Present Administration,' there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, is all this over. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his pages more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; and interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendour."

## THE OLD QUEEN.

In a small but magnificent cabinet at Hampton-court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long-endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful and costly, enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste; hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network and wove over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of Paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old Queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a Mosaic of precious stones, whereon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Everything in the palace seemed moving on with the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the antechamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond might be seen the maids of honour and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighbourhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the colour paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister, Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment, and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face, and those who gazed upon it saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart, and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into a deep thought.

All at once, Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed, as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with a quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it not! To save his own life, will he not bend that stubborn will? and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added, "But if the loss of our love and favour bowed him not, what can be hoped from a fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—?" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling, disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favourite—the lover of her old age—it was his death-warrant that her counsellors had laid before her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, and lacked nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hands and face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of passionate feeling, and trampled it under her foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex, my best, last beloved, if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token, Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favour has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe, if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved. Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her feet, and dashing aside the tears that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than regal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her; one a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of

the Queen, clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence, and you also, Lady Blunt, or Leicester, or Essex; for of your many husbands, dams, we are puzzled to know whose name befits you. Have you not with received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady, most august Queen!" cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in his mercy, touch your heart in our behalf, for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favourite; the wife of Essex, her last. Ah! how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumphs of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let all hope perish!"

"Oh, say not, great Queen; say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it, by wedding with thy baby face!"

"Oh, that he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands; for she saw that her very loveliness pleaded against her. "God help me! I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him? Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and diadainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward on her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester, the mother of Essex, grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its pallor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow; but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your Highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas! I know not; for I have ever been an humble and loving subject, —a—"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanour was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy even of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish; but save my son!"

Still the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favour with your Highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly; but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for so much love."

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

"Your son was a traitor," she said, "taken with arms in his hands; he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!"

"He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!"

pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. "When you condemn him, I can but answer, he was guilty; but he loved you beyond all earthly things."

"Beyond all earthly things!" cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

"Spare but his life," she said, "and I will never see him more. I can give him up, but not to the block! Oh God, not to the block!" and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it.

"Take this," she said reaching it toward the elder Countess; "it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son."

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sank down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added, "Go and see your son, but go alone; and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!"

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife, which was pale and wild with sudden emotions, to that of the Queen.

"The Lady Essex will remain here," she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her!" cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. "Mother, mother! plead for me!"

"Go!" said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. "The Countess of Essex will await you here."

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor; the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must remit him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and covered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the queen arose, and entered her bedchamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heartsick with suspense.

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience-chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart, and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth returned to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been alone in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies-in-waiting at the door. She, too, was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy countess arose as she saw the queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty. Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bedchamber opened the door, and announced, "The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth, sharply, for she was anxious almost at the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you, doubtless,—and your son; felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He—"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our whole council,—nay, against all England!"

"Alas! alas!" said the countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heartbroken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with both hands: very pale those hands were, and so also was her face, but every feature seemed locked with fierce resolution: she was calm and stern as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish broke from the two women as they saw her take up the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered; "then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes; "Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not—"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex's death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. "Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen, as it were, with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the great God of heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

## CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex's execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again sweetly, as if nothing had happened. Alas! how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the haughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that ever trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

"What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yeoman of the guard, as he arose, an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without of explanation and entreaty soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visitor, who paused by the entrance, and taking the yeoman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech of her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you, the Queen would arise from her couch at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you, this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value liberty and life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to her death-bed. I must see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies; but remember, if evil comes of this I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her slumber at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only a message by word of mouth?"

said the yeoman, still hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend, hasten, I beseech you, and give it to the Queen. Heaven only knows what torment my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet and pillowed upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bedchamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's, and sparkling with rings; "I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This will make you a head shorter some fine day, master yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman, sharply. "Give it to the first lady of the bedchamber, and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter, it shall not be said that the beloved of the fairest and sweetest lady about the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion," cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yeoman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I will find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go, go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham-house was well authorised by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if bereft of all patience by the boy's foppish airs, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and, at all peril, present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake. "You trifle with a message from the dying," he said, sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed, that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and, without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready, at a moment's warning, to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bedchamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labour that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair timidly with his,—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low, for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity, he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter,—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.



"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal; "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham-house. He says the countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, will have speech with the Queen—that this letter must be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand; "our royal mistress is ill at ease since—since his death; she gets but little sleep... I dare not disturb her."

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor countess is in such a strait,—if she is in truth dying," said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake.

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bedchamber. "Arabella! Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter," whispered the lady; and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed, her face looking haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her nightcap, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream? I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying! The Countess of Nottingham,—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham-house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil; "I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal, and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor. "Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick! quick! No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the antechamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham-house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summon the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the last few months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black were heaped over the sky, and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard; no word was spoken, save when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden, half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced.

"Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone;" and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awestricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slowly, upright and majestic.

"It is the Queen," cried the dying countess, lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen,—and I can now die."

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand.

The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham, you have sent for the Queen, and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman!" she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring?"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes to shut out the terribly angry that convulsed the aged face bending over her death pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath, and a wild fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block;—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath; her lips grew livid, her eyes burned as with fire, and every vein in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath; "Woman, God may forgive you, but I never will!"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death throes, cowered down and grovelled in her bed.

"Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen, for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth, "Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman, and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unquenchably, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrilege to the dead.

Ten minutes went by, during which Elizabeth stood over that death couch: then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning, her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight, gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex when highest in her favour, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring, a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud, and by this treachery Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again,—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace,—or that in a few weeks she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart-sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

PERFECTION.—That writer who aspires to immortality should imitate the sculptor, if he would make the labours of the pen as durable as those of the chisel. Like the sculptor, he should arrive at ultimate perfection, not by what he adds, but by what he takes away; otherwise all his energy may be hidden in the superabundant mass of his matter, as the finished form of Apollo, in the unworked solidity of the block. A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have re-touched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

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## THE HOME COMPANION:

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

## CHILDHOOD.

CHILDREN are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the world, employ a great portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the National Debt; the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men, with full-grown mustachios and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats. Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers, and magistrates in miniature disguise, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality; unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened, teach women of fashion to criticise yep, and grave metaphysicians to cackle upon all fours.

It is not only to their parents and near connections that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favourites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strange, the affected, or the morose. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their ownway, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigny playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parents' folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour, like many of their elders; they insist upon having your watch,

and spoiling what they do not understand, like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts; they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more wine, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and spicers as Bonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase.

We love a child's ball,—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told, satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification, may lurk beneath; no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter: a duel or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies—

"There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,  
The joy can scarcely reach the heart;"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or to be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. Those occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mamma; those peals of young laughter so thrilling and so infectious; those animated voices and bright faces assure the donors of the feast that they have conferred a few hours of exquisite happiness on the dear little beings around them, afforded them food for chattering and mirth for many days, and perhaps planted in their grateful memories one of those sunny spots to which the man looks back with pleasure and wonder, when sated, wearied, and disappointed, he sees with surprise how easily and how keenly he was once delighted.

Little girls are our favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness, and ignorance of evil, which are their sister's peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to us so attractive and delightful as a lovely, intelligent, gentle, little girl, of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary but the very idea of sin. It is true, that—

"Evil into the mind of God or man,  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind—"

but, to those who have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who, by a single word, help to shorten this beautiful period!

"That man was never born whose secret soul,  
With all its motley treasures of dark thoughts,  
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,  
Was ever open'd to another's scan."

Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read us every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him. Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasant cast, will now learn for the first time, that "everybody says he has a terrible squint."

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art,—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the epistemonian joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed, fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

## PARLOUR PASTIME.

*A Remarkable Experiment, called Prince Rupert's Drops.*

TAKE up a small quantity of the melted matter of glass with a tube, and let a drop of it fall into a vessel of water. This drop will have a small tail, which being broken, the whole substance of the drop will burst, with great violence, into a fine powder, and give a little pain to the hand, but do no hurt to it.

It is a remarkable circumstance in this experiment, that the bulb or body, will bear the stroke of a hammer without breaking; but when the tail is broken, the above mentioned effect is produced. If the drop be cooled in the air, the same effect will not take place; and if it be ground away on a stone, nothing extraordinary appears; but if it be put into the receiver of an air pump, and then broken, the effect will be so violent as to produce light.

## ENIGMAS.

LADIES, you've seen us in an instant rise  
Perfectly form'd, and of a beauteous size;  
Our end you've in an instant seen,  
With countenance gay and smiling, and serene;  
Our hasty births, to various causes due,  
And what creates us oft destroys us too;  
Yet still with ease the bright successions flow,  
Where numbers die, maturely numbers grow;  
Each temp'rate clime this generation yields,  
Thick as fallen leaves in Autumn, strew the fields,  
Numerous as insects at the evening hours,  
Or drops of rain in soft descending showers;  
Seldom produced on the bleak northern coast,  
Where seas lie stiffen'd in eternal frost:  
Our tender constitution cannot bear  
The cold of one continued wintry year.  
From lands far distant, o'er the briny tide,  
In some tall vessel see us safely ride.  
Should hurricanes now on the ocean roar,  
And roll the deep vast mountains to the shore;  
Should these vast mountains dash the vessel down,  
And men and cargo in the ocean drown;  
Both storms and hurricanes we boldly brave,  
And smoothly sail o'er the proud Alpine wave.  
Now see us round with lively purple glow,  
With all the colours of the painted bow;  
Then see us borne on zephyr's downy wing;  
So larks mount upwards, and essay to sing;  
But what avail these beauties that we boast,  
These various dyes all in a moment lost!  
Ladies, 'tis wondrous strange, but surely true,  
That oft we're seen familiarly with you;  
Though unregarded, 'tis by your command,  
We kiss your rosy lips, or touch your hand;  
Then say what can these short-lived creatures be,  
Which ev'ry day you either touch or see.

## II.

WHAT is that which is a friend and an enemy, a blessing and a curse, which saves life, and takes it away; is long and short, round and square, rough and smooth, straight and crooked, hard and soft, hot and cold, and most wanted where it is in the greatest plenty; which accommodates itself to all palates; is sweet and of a bad smell, strong and weak; sometimes able to bear the greatest burdens, but at other times will not bear a pin. For which men make long journeys, though they have it in the greatest plenty at home. It is subject to reflection, and has the power of dissolving matrimony: it has the privilege to kiss the lips of the fairest ladies, assist them in dressing, and is highly instrumental towards improving their charms. It is subservient and overbearing, death and an antidote, causes famine and plenty, is a fluid and a solid, a mountain and a valley, has a numerous offspring, yet is an enemy to children. It is the theme of poets, an improvement of music, of great use in fortifications, employed in the finest paintings, and produces the noblest architecture in the world?

## CHARAD'S.

## I.

WHEN eve returns, with Betty I will stray,  
Across yon field which marks our flow'ry way;  
My first we then shall see feed careless on,  
In upland meadow, or on daisied lawn;  
My next, to her's I will most sweetly press,  
And thus obtain my greatest, highest bliss;  
Unto these two, you then may view  
A flower of very pretty hue.

## II.

My first is equally friendly to the friend and the lover, the toper and the student. My second is light's opposite; yet they are frequently seen hand in hand; and their union, if judicious, gives much pleasure. My whole, is tempting to the touch, grateful to the sight, but fatal to the taste.

## TRANSFIGURED PLAYING CARDS.



THE SEVEN OF DIAMONDS.—CLOWNISH MANNERS.

## TRANSPPOSITIONS

## I.

COMPLETE, I am an useful article of furniture, sometimes; but by no means always, in the form of a sofa; beheaded, I am what you generally are inclined to do when your dinner is ready; curtailed, I am either a mountain or a plain, according to the state of the weather, but though many miles in extent, have not solidity to support the steps of an infant.

## II.

Six letters, only, form my name,  
Yet more than twice six words I frame.  
I'm used, fair ladies, in your dress,  
But how, I must not here express,  
For fear too much I should confess.  
To Britain's isle I'm a defence;  
Am sometimes substitute for sense;  
To wisdom I a guide was once,  
And now perchance may guide a dunce.  
To form the rainbow I assist,  
And am a most destructive beast.  
The firmament's adorn'd by me;  
And that I'm swift all will agree.  
An humble vehicle am I;  
And am a chariot of the sky.  
I'm food, I'm raiment, show surprise;  
And mark where Portsmouth harbour lies.  
A tale of scandal, you will ow'  
Is often, through my means made known.  
Placed to direct; by infants used  
(Then how dear ma and pa are amused)  
These eighteen words if you make out,  
You'll clever think yourself, no doabt.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A traveller left Exeter at eight o'clock in the morning, and walked towards London, at the rate of three miles an hour, without intermission; while another set out from London at four o'clock the same evening, and walked towards Exeter, at the rate of four miles an hour. Now, supposing the distance between these two cities to be 130 miles, on what part of the road will they meet?

## ANSWERS TO THE PASTIME OF LAST EVENING.

## Page 13.

## ENIGMAS.—1. The HAND. 2. LOVE.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1. £2 19s. 8d. 2. Twenty-four.

## CHARADES.—1. Adm. 2. Carnation. 3. Lagon.

## REBUSES.—1. William, Apollo, Rome, Egypt—Warr. 2. Haverford West.



## OUR CORNER CUPBOARD!

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A party of stout countrymen were playing a game of cudgels in the north of England, when a spectator gravely observed—"The rustic amusement of cudgel-playing should be abolished, as it affects the security of the Crown."

COMPLAINT is no longer confined to the polite circles. A captain of a vessel was lately called out of a coffeehouse at Wapping, by a waterman, with the following address: "An't please your honour, the tide is waiting for you."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a tired, fidgety minister to her maid of all work. "Why, look you, missus," said the poor confounded Cornishman, "the candle fell into some water, and I put it in the oven to dry."

WHEN those trusty defenders of the country, the Tower Hamlets militia, were doing duty, a fat shopkeeper having fallen asleep when sentry, was called upon to give the watchword. "The watchword!" said another; "ask him for the counter-sign."

SAYS Tom to Joe, "I've dismissed my servant." "Discharged, you meant to have said," remarked Joe. "No, sir, there is no difference between the terms—they are synonymous." "Well, then," added Joe, "I'll just discharge that small debt I owe you, and call it discharged."

"The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but in my opinion the moon is worth two of it: for the moon affords us light in the night time, when we really want it; whereas we have the sun with us in the day time, when we have no occasion for it."

A place under government,  
Was all that Paddy wanted;  
He married soon a scolding wife,  
And thus his wish was granted.

A farce was produced in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water." "I predict its fate," said he. "What fate?" whispered the anxious author at his side. "What fate?" said Bannister; "why what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

WHY is a four-quart jug like a lady's side-saddle? Because it holds a gall-on.—Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs like a goddess? Because she is a second Flora.—Why is a man half-asleep like twice six? Because he's a "dore-in." The youth who perpetrated this was drowned on Saturday while fishing.

SHERIDAN is reported to have once fallen into a coal cellar on his way home after a good supper at Drury Lane; and his abuse of the vendor, for not keeping a light at his cellar-door, was warmly retorted by the wife. "D—n it," cried Sheridan, who was not hurt, "do you think I want to pocket your coals?" "No!" retorted the wench, "but your nose may set the coal-hole on fire."

KEEPING HIS PROMISE.—*Farmer's Boy*.—Mr. Blacksmith, did I tell you how that we broke the chain, and John slipped one broken link through the other, and put his finger in for a "toggly," and the oxen started ahead and cut his finger off, and that John felt badder at making a fool of himself than he did about the loss of his finger? *Blacksmith*.—No; you didn't tell of that. *Farmer's Boy*.—No, not aint agoing to; for I promised John I wouldn't!

AN American editor, who has been married about a year, speaking of the babies, says:—"The delight of the days—the torment of the nights—elegant in full dress, but horrible in dishabille—beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell—exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully de trop in the parlour, stage, or railway car—the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlimited spankings—the glory of 'pa'—the happiness of 'ma'—who would 'nt have 'em?"

WHEN we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,  
How we laugh at the barristers' wigs, bands, and gowns!  
But no sooner we want them, to sue or defend,  
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

MARRIED A SCOTCHMAN.—In the year 1797, when democratic notions ran high, it may be remembered that the king's coach was attacked as his majesty was going to the House of Peers. A gigantic Hibernian, on that occasion, was conspicuously loyal in repelling the mob. Soon after, to his no small surprise, he received a message from Mr. Dundas, to attend at his office. He went, and met with a gracious reception from the great man, who, after prefacing a few encomiums on his active loyalty, desired him to point out any way in which he would wish to be advanced, his majesty having particularly noticed his courageous conduct, and being desirous to reward it. Pat scratched and scraped for a while, half thunderstruck; "The devil take me, I know what I'm fit for," "Nay, my good fellow," cried Harry, "I think a moment, and dinna throw yourself out o' the way o' fortune." Pat hesitated a moment, mulling as if some odd idea had strayed into his noddle, "I'll tell you what, mister, make a Scotchman of me, and by St. Patrick, there'll be no fear of my getting on." The Minister gazed awhile at the Gael-apropos wit: "Make a Scotchman of you, sir! that's impossible, for I can't give you prudence."

## OUR MEMORANDUM BOOK!

CONVERSATION.—It is a poor policy to converse much with your inferiors, unless, as Sir Thomas Browne advises, you wish "by frequent victories and spoils over others' judgments to confirm your own." If you would improve by conversation, seek the society of strong intellects, that can draw out your energies and give you play. It is by grappling with more powerful minds that the faculties of our own are knit into strength. A skilful angler only exults in his sport when he has a strong and troublesome fish upon his hook, that puts him on his mettle, and requires all his art to bring him in.

CLEANLINESS ABOUT THE HOUSE.—As a general rule for living neatly and saving time, it is better to keep clean than to make clean. If you are careful not to drop crumbs of bread or cake on the carpet, you will escape an untidy room, and save the trouble of cleaning it. In working, if you make a practice of putting all the ends of your thread into a division of your work-box, kept for the purpose, and never let one fall on the floor, the room will look very differently at the end of the morning, from what it does when this is not attended to. A house is kept far cleaner when all the family are taught to wipe their feet thoroughly, on coming in from out of doors, than it can be done where this is neglected. There are a thousand ways of keeping clean and saving labour and time, which it is well worth while to learn and practice.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—That house will be kept in turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to failings, no meek submission to injuries, no soft answers to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood upon the hand-irons and apply fire to it, it will go out; put on another stick, and they burn; add half a dozen, and you will have a grand conflagration. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly get ashamed, and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw others into the scrape, and let one harsh word be followed by another; and there will soon be a blaze which will envelop them all in its lurid splendours. The venerable Philip Henry understood this well, and when his son Matthew, the commentator, was married, he sent these lines to the wedded pair:—

"Love one another, pray oft together, and see  
You never both together angry be;  
If one speak fire, rather with water come;  
Is one provoked? be the other soft and dumb."

MOTHERLY LOVE.—Last among the characteristics of woman is that sweet motherly love with which Nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over his wailings; her heart beats quicker at his joys; her blood flows more softly through her veins when the breast at which he drinks knits him to her. In every uncorrupted nation of the earth, this feeling is the same. Climate, which changes everything else, changes not that. It is only the most corrupting forms of society which have power gradually to make luxurious vice sweeter than the tender cares and toils of maternal love. In Greenland, where the climate affords no nourishment for infants, the mother nourishes her child up to the third or fourth year of his life. She endures from him all the nascent indications of the rude and domineering spirit of manhood with indulgent and all-forgiving patience. The negress is armed with more than manly strength when her child is attacked by savage beasts. We read with astonished admiration the example of her matchless courage and contempt of danger. But it death robs that tender mother, whom we are pleased to call a savage, of her best comfort—the charm and care of her existence—where is the heart that can conceive her sorrow?

THAT WILL DO.—"That will do," is a phrase of modern invention. The ancients knew of no such expression, or the Egyptians would never have raised the pyramids, nor the Greeks and Romans displayed that love of the beautiful which led them to impart a poetic grace even to the meanest utensils for household use, as the remains of Pompeii fully testify. "That will do," is the excuse of mediocrity, unable to soar to better things. "That will do," is the self-dispensation given by the lazy painter, who glosses over the want of anatomical correctness by a showy colouring. "That will do," is the besetting sin of architects who lay their short-comings to the want of a favourable site, or an Italian climate. "That will do," is the precept held in veneration by most servants. "That will do," makes your sloven and your slattern. A man who adopts this motto with regard to dress does not mind being seen with a dirty shirt, and a beard of two days' growth; while the same fatal saying allows a woman to go about the house with curl papers, and slipshod. "That will do," applied to household matters, is equally bad, and more annoying to friends than when applied to dress. You may expect ill-cooked dinners in any house where the heads adopt this maxim—to say nothing of shabby carpets, faded paint, dirty muslin curtains, &c. "That will do," has conjured up a host of inefficient teachers, and a still larger proportion of imperfect scholars. "That will do," has sunk many a ship—caused the downfall of scaffolding holding hundreds of human beings—occasions at least half the fires that take place, and is at the bottom of most railway disasters. "That will do," is the enemy to all excellence, and would see the conscience of the most virtuous man alive, if he hearkened to its dictates. The only persons to whom we recommend it are drunkards, gamblers, and spendthrifts, who may very properly exclaim—"That will do." All should bear in mind that nothing will "do" but the very best in point of excellence.





## Editor's Note-Book.

## DOMESTIC HINTS:—No. 27.

**Carpet.**—In buying a carpet, as in everything else, those of best quality are cheapest in the end. As it is extremely desirable that they should look clean as long as possible,

buy a carpet that has any white in it. Even a small portion of white interspersed through the whole, will in a short time give a dirty appearance to the whole; and certainly no carpet can be worse for use than one with a white ground. A carpet in which all the colours are light, never has a clean, bright, effect, from the want of dark tints to contrast and set off the light.

For a similar reason, carpets whose colours are all of what artists call middle tint (neither dark nor light), do not fail to look dull and dingy, even when quite new.

The caprices of fashion at times bring these ill coloured carpets into vogue; but in apartments where elegance is required, they always have a bad effect. For a carpet to be really beautiful and in good taste, there should be, as in a picture, a judicious disposal of light and shadow, with a gradation of very bright and of very dark tints; some almost white, and others almost or quite black.

The most truly classic, rich, and elegant carpets are those where the pattern is formed by one colour only, but changed in every variety of shade. For instance, we have the Brussels carpet entirely red; the pattern formed by shades of that, varying from the deepest crimson to a black (to the palest pink (almost a white), and all of green only, shaded from the darkest bottle green, in some parts of the figure, to the lightest green in others. Another, in which there was no colour but brown in all its various gradations, some of the shades being nearly black, others of a light buff. All these carpets had much the look of rich cut velvet. The pattern, sofa, &c., of course, were of corresponding colour, and the effect of the whole was noble and elegant.

Carpets that present a great variety of different and gaudy colours, are much less in demand than formerly. They are now only, with the dark and light shades of each, make a very handsome carpet. A very light blue, with the figure of shaded crimson or purple, is extremely well; so does a salmon-colour or buff, with a deep green figure; or a light yellow, with a shaded blue or purple figure. If you cannot get a hearth-rug that exactly corresponds with the carpet, get one entirely different. We have seen very handsome hearth-rugs, with a rich black velvet looking ground, and the figure of shaded blue, or of various tints of red and orange. No carpet decidedly light-coloured, however, has a good effect on the floor, or continues long to look clean.

**IS AN ANTIQUARIAN?**—P. C.—A thorough-paced antiquarian not only remembers what all other people forget, but he also forgets what other people think it proper to remember.

**TO KNOW THE PAINS OF POWER,** you must know those who have it; to know its pleasures, you must know those who are seeking it; the pains of power are its pleasures imaginary; so from this you can draw your solatary.

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the smallest village in Spain, as goats pervade the land; and as tea and beer are indigenous in the remotest corner of Great Britain, so ice or beaten snow is to be found in the meanest hamlet in Spain; for all over the land there are mountains whose heads are ever capped in white. Such drinks bear the names of sorbetes, from the Persian shorbet, to distinguish them from the quesito (literally small cheeses), hard frozen creams and wafers. These are the only things sold at the caf   in Madrid; which do not, as at Paris, profess to give any eatable.

## INTELLECTUAL POWER AND STEAM POWER.—P. E.—

There is a spot in Birmingham, where the steam-power is concentrated on a very large scale, in order to be let out in small parts and parcels to those who may stand in need of it; and something similar to this may be observed of the power of mind in London. It is concentrated and brought together here into one focus, so as to be at the service of all who may wish to avail themselves of it. And Doctor Johnson was not far from the truth, when he observed that he could sit in the smoky corner of Bolt-court, and draw a circle round himself, of one mile in diameter, that should comprise and embrace more energy, ability, and intellect, than could be found in the whole island besides. The circumstance of talent of every kind being so accessible in consequence of its being so contiguous, this it is that designates London as the real university of England. If we wish indeed, to collate manuscripts, we may repair to Oxford or to Cambridge, but we must come to London if we would collate men.

## BUSINESS HINTS.—T. U.—All, at any rate, much,

depends upon the organization of a man to enable him to put on (fairly and completely) the full dress of those habits known, *par excellence*, in this country as business ones. You ask for the "phenomenological definition of such a man's mind." This would require a very minute analysis, and a much greater degree of space than we can allot to such a subject. But in an off-hand way we should think the leading features of his organism would manifest large Causality, Number, Order, Time, and Acquisitiveness, with a Phlegmatic temperament, slightly tinged with the Sanguine. Such fellows may be found upon Change, in Cheapside, the Strand, or Fleet-street, no further West, —at all hours fully habited in their own way, and



## TAKING TIME BY THE FORTLOCK.

**WRITING TO PLEASE.**—M. A.—To write to please the lowest, few would; to write to please the highest, fewer can; we must either stoop to the ignorance of the one, or surmount the envy of the other. You should then strive to steer between them, if you would consult both your fortune and your fame. In the middle classes there is measure of judgment fully equal to any demands you can make upon it—a judgment not too fastidious from vanity, nor too inamiable from ignorance; and he that can balance the centre, may not be fearful as to the two extremes.

**SMALL TALK.**—C. L.—Nobody abuses small talk unless he be a stranger to its convenience. Small talk is the small change of life: there is no getting on without it. There are times when "the folly to be wise;" when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in a hall-room, unless he leave his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle, as a death's head on a festive board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk; who would never answer at their servants or—the weather. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon, or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling; in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all dignity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who cannot talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles, and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

**STEAM NAVIGATION ACROSS THE PACIFIC.**—M. U. F.—Yes; the long-projected scheme for regular steam navigation across the Pacific is now in progress, of being carried into execution. The recently incorporated Australasian Pacific Mail Steam Company has contracted for five iron screw vessels of large burden and great power. The vessels are to be built by Napier, of Glasgow (two); Caird and Co., of Greenock; Reid and Co., of Port Glasgow; and Miller, Ravenshill and Co., of London.

**COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.**—D. F. (if you think to arrive at a good end by a bad beginning, then pursue your course; if otherwise, reverse it). A MUSICIAN (yes; more than that, the instrument (the horn) has been played in a concert of two hundred trumpeters, from the size of a penny trumpet, to some of twenty feet long). T. F. F. (no; both Murillo and Velasquez were Spaniards). C. D. (the full time of high-water at the new and full moon at the London Docks, is two hours, two minutes, and ten minutes are added to London Bridge). H. H. (all volcanoes appear to exist near a sea; and by the matter they eject, to have some communication with it). P. Y. (the fossil oyster-beds rest upon the chalk). The strata above contain fresh water and marine shells). E. B. (the wild briar is the parent of the rose; the sloe, of plums, peaches, apricots, and nectarines; the crab, of apples of all kinds; and corn, the improvement of the grass). X. Y. (no; the sea-green turtle is most prolific in the rivers of South America). C. C. C. (we think the opposite; namely, that the miser possesses not, but is possessed by his wealth). S. L. (yes; a blue dye may be given by a solution of indigo in sulphuric acid). P. C. (no; it was General, afterwards Lord Harris, who invented Seringapatam, and took it in a month). R. L. (our business in this department is not with figures of speech, but to inform the judgment, and instruct our numerous correspondents with all the brevity possible). E. E. U. (apply to some medical journal). C. E. (potash softens hard water by decomposing the earthy salts in it). U. F. (to answer your question would require a treatise in itself, so multifarious have been the opinions upon the subject, we must, therefore, decline saying anything of it here). B. A. (yes, frequently; even in Lapland trees are often found in mines converted into ice). P. (mineral is the first part of the daily service; particularly in the Romish church). B. Y. (yes). J. S. (we insert your pleasing verses, entitled "My Own Song;" the lines "On a Dew Drop," we think scarcely suitable).

## MY OWN SONGS.

## THE CALM.

There's a song in the brooks, there's a song in the trees,  
That steals through my soul on the voice of the breeze  
That soothes my proud heart, and subdues into rest  
Those passions that haunt and that torture my breast  
'Tis the sweet song of Nature!—for ever it brings  
New music to me, though the same it eye sings.

## THE TEMPEST.

There's a song in the billows that roll on the sea,  
In the black clouds that o'er them majestically flee;  
In the sweep of the tempest that fierce hurries by,  
There's a wild song of measureless harmony;  
Yet wild though it be, to me it eye brings  
Fresh music, because it is Nature that sings.

## THE WIFE.

There's a song in her eye, in her cheek's blushing glow,  
In her bright cherry lip, in her teeth's glancing snow,  
In her sensitive frame, with her soul gushing through,  
And her heart throbbing high with the love that is true,  
There's a song in all these, and for ever they bring  
A sweet song to me, though the same they eye sing.

## THE HOME.

There's a song on my hearth with my children at play,  
There's a song in my fire as it blazes away,  
In my old rocking chair, in the tick of my clock,  
In my old oaken book-case, that ne'er knew a lock;  
There's a song in all these, and for ever they bring  
A fresh song to me, though the same they eye sing.

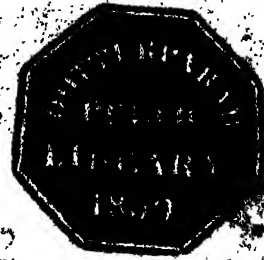
G. P. (It might have been so three hundred years ago, but now things are changed, and no one can be ignorant, and at the same time, respectable). T. F. (Jean Paul Richter was a German; his works are numerous, though generally in the form of romances, written with much singularity of style, and treating of abstruse questions in philosophy). P. D. (no).



Printed by WILLIAM TAYLOR, Bolt-court, London; and published for the Proprietor by JOHN BARNARD, 65 Fleet-street, London.



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